

such a degree that the officers who escorted him thought it their duty to forward the news to the Government at Turin, and to ask for instructions if they ought to remain there, or continue their journey. The answer given them was to execute whatever orders they had received; whence, though the pope had on the morning of the 14th received the holy viaticum, he was forced to begin his journey again on the following night, and to continue it night and day until the morning of the 20th, when he arrived at Fontainebleau. He never left his carriage the whole of the road, and when he required any food or repose, his carriage (as already mentioned) was driven into the courtyard of the post-house in the least populous towns. The porter at the imperial palace of Fontainebleau having no orders, as yet, from the minister at Paris, could not admit him, and he was brought to a house of his not far distant from the palace. A few hours afterwards the order came to admit the holy father into the palace, where some of the emperor's ministers came from the capital to pay their compliments to him.

This brutal conduct to a dying old man is well matched by the reception of Cardinal Pacca in his three years' prison at Fenestrelles.

I had scarcely entered my room, than I ran instantly to my window to observe if I should have even the benefit of the fine view, if it were possible in this horrid prison, but I found that it looked upon a flight of steps in the interior of the fortress, and had in front a high wall, which in fact excluded all view. I went to the other window of the room, and saw a very high alpine mountain, the Aberjan, of which the summit only was visible; and in several places the snow was to be seen in the summer season, which I left master of the field in the same place, after three years and a half's imprisonment. The apartment in which I passed almost all that time, was on the ground floor; the roof was cracked and rent in several places, from the shocks of an earthquake of the year before; the walls, black and smoked, resembled those of kitchens and blacksmiths' shops, and from the flooring to the height of the cornice, the walls were covered with disgusting remains of those dirty writings, which Monsignore Giovanni della Casca forbids even the mention of. The flooring was composed of boards, half rotten, covered with dirt, and fit only to be, as they were, the receptacle of mice. I found no other furniture in the room than what I had hired at first at my own expense, consisting of a bed, four old broken cane-bottomed chairs, and a wooden table roughly made, exactly like a shoemaker's bench. Whatever I saw around me, and what I had heard from the commandant on my first arrival in the fortress, caused a terror in my mind which increased when I saw that my servant did not return from the village where he had remained with my clothes. The thought of being left alone, totally abandoned, in the hands of the governor, excited other painful ideas in my mind, upon which I had recourse to the means of consolation

which religion administers, and recited some devout prayers on my knees. On a sudden my mind became serene, and a short time after, my faithful servant returned, and I had the assurance that he was to remain with me. The Major Jamas, who inhabited the fort, came in the evening to visit me, and learn if I wanted anything, and how I found myself. Having thanked him for his attention to me, I told him that being a priest, and also an archbishop, I wished to say mass in the chapel of the fortress, which I considered certainly would not be denied me; and I begged him to have a priest brought by the commandant as a confessor, many days having elapsed since my last confessor. The Major answered me, that he believed there would be no difficulty with the commandant as to the celebration of mass, but that it appeared difficult that a confessor should be assigned to me after the strict orders from the government not to permit any one to speak to me. "But you can," said he, "say mass when you wish." I replied, "I have not the good fortune of being without sin, and if a confessor is not allowed me, I must to my great regret, abstain from celebrating mass." He then concluded by saying he would report my request to the commandant, and afterwards give me the answer.

The wind, which rose that night, produced immediately a great cold in the atmosphere, unusual at this season, and made a great impression on me, not being well provided with winter clothing. I wished to make a fire in the grate, but was obliged to put it out immediately, from the great smoke which filled the room, and nearly took away my breath; and forced to close the opening of the chimney, because the wind shook and threw down the few articles of furniture I had.

To these sufferings of the body were added the afflictions of the mind. I had the night before asked for some book to occupy my time, and distract me a little, and was sent a volume of Voltaire by an officer. I heard a bell ring in the corridor in front of my room, and learnt that a priest, a prisoner, was going to say mass in the chapel. I immediately desired my servant to ask Major Jamas if I could go with the other prisoners to hear it. He sent me the word that he had not had any instruction from the commandant on this point; that he would ask, and let me have an answer for my satisfaction the next day. This rigorous conduct began to tire me, and was, indeed, extraordinary towards a cardinal archbishop. He asks for a confessor, and the answer is, that it cannot be granted; he asks for a book, and they send him a volume of Voltaire; he expresses his desire of hearing mass, and does not obtain the permission, and is even answered that they will ask instructions, whether they will grant it or not in future. How could one not be stung to the quick at such harsh treatment?

Everything appeared directed to take away that comfort which religion can only administer under such painful circumstances. I held my tongue, and suf-

fered with patience, "hoping the good, and tolerating the evil." The commandant came to pay me a visit, with Major Gazan, and I instantly introduced the subject of the mass and confessor, praying him to comply with my request on these two important points. He answered me that he would give orders to the gaoler to come and let me know in the morning, when mass was to be celebrated, and to accompany me to the chapel, but that it was not in his power to grant me a confessor, from the express order given to him by the Government not to allow me to speak with any one whomsoever.

But, enough of this. We conclude with a characteristic anecdote of Cardinal Maury, which does something towards settling any doubts that may have existed as to this personage's character. We do not recollect to have met it before.

CARDINAL MAURY.

This worthy ecclesiastic found the means one day of entering my room, and we held a long conversation on the religious affairs of France. He talked much about the Cardinal Maury, and I remember well what was said about this member of our body. Towards the end of our conversation, I said to him, "Signor Hanon, I have heard great eulogiums of a panegyric in praise of St. Vincent of Paul, composed many years since by the Abbe, now Cardinal Maury. I am persuaded you must have heard it; it is really a master-piece of sacred eloquence." To which he replied, "Yes, your eminence, that praise may be given it." Why, then, did not Maury publish it, as he has his other literary productions?" "I suspect," he added, "your eminence, that he has not done so, nor will he at any time, that he may not be given the lie as to a fact he states." "What does this mean?" I answered. "Know," said he, "that we, the community of St. Lazarus, were surprised on hearing a fact stated in that panegyric, which is not mentioned in the life of the saint nor in any of the memoirs preserved by us. We, consequently, ask the Abbe Maury where he had found so important a fact of the saint's life, which was unknown to us all. He answered, he had found and extracted it from the proceedings of his canonization. We, who had the originals, made researches, and could not find it. It is, therefore, to be suspected that he invented it; and talking of Cardinal Maury, I will mention a curious anecdote. We had the custom at the convent of St. Lazarus, of inviting the preacher to dinner with us, and acquainting him, at the same time, that he might bring with him any other confidential friends. The Abbe Maury accepted the invitation, and brought three literary friends to dinner that day, belonging to the Academy, and noted in Paris for their incredulity and the irreligious writings they had published. Your eminence may well imagine that this was highly displeasing to the whole community, and some of our oldest members would not appear in the refectory, refusing to sit at the same table with these pretended philosophers." We conclude with recommending this

volume to our readers, merely adding that this is a translation from the original edition, unpruned by the scissors of the censors. The consequence is that the names of persons in authority are given in every instance. The translator closes his short preface by informing us "that whatever trifling sum may accrue after the expenses of the publisher are paid, will be handed over for the benefit of that excellent institution, established and conducted by the Sisters of Charity, the Hospital of St. Vincent Stephen's Green, Dublin, where patients are admitted and attended without religious distinction."

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Menagerie—Animals and their Instincts, &c.—

I have, though on the wrong side of fifty, been, to night, to the MENAGERIE, on Walnut street. I saw there, a thousand times more of animal instincts, and of their claims upon man to be kind to their species, than I witnessed, when a boy, in Ricket's Circus.—There (in that Circus) I saw, only, the horse tamed, and educated. Here (in the Menagerie) I saw lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, camels, &c., all performing parts, at the will of their keepers, which brought them almost within the circle of human intelligence! The very Millenium would seem to have come—for there the lion and the lamb lie down together; the young child puts its hand upon the creature's den, and receives no hurt—and none from the serpent but only the

"Homage of its arrowy tongue,"

DRIESBACH, the necromancer, as he would seem to be, the subduer of lions, leopards, tigers, more than divided my astonishment with those voracious beasts that he had tamed. His will, is their will. They lie down, and get up, at his bidding, caress him, embrace him, one lies down and submits to be handled, as the chambermaid handles the bed; another furnishes a pillow; and when he reclines upon these, a third comes at his bidding, and serves for a covering. The infant, in the mother's arms is not more subject to her will, than are these caged lions, tigers, leopards, &c., to Driesbach's.

In all his performance with these terrific animals, he employs *pantatmire*, which is language to them. His finely developed form, and sparkling and penetrating black eye, combine to bring the lions to his purpose; while his splendid attitudes astonish and delight his audience. A sculptor might profit by an attendance upon these postures. Sometimes with one knee bent forward, and one leg bent backward, one hand finding a pedestal on a lion's head, whilst the other points into the air, where his eye seems to be reading the lessons he has taught these Syrian monsters. But it is when he opens his intercourse with the beasts, and walks the platform, raised some six feet from the pit, that we see the terror of his near connection with the "beasts in their lairs."—A hopelessness overcomes him—he yields—falls!—When, through the tops of a tree, six or eight feet above, we see peering, a tiger's head. For a moment the beast surveys the prostrate man—then]