

cial episcopate waited in the Cathedral of St. John, surrounded by the canons capitularo, the collegiate bodies and the clergy of all the churches of the city. The magistrates and the officers commanding the army were in attendance outside the city gate; battalions of the national guard lined the way.

According to programme the Holy Father should have arrived at nine o'clock at night: the streets were strewn with flowers for the passage, and from Moncalier to Turin the whole way was most brilliantly illuminated. In all this they had not taken into account the immense crowds and the devotion of the people through which the Pontiff would have to pass. It took four hours for the august cortege to travel the last ten miles.

Clotilde, whom Uncle Chaffred held by the hand, would not be content until she had visited the Cathedral to see the superb pontifical throne raised on seven steps, and resplendent with purple and gold. Then gliding past the attendants she made her way with her faithful guardian to the head of Rue du Po, and there placed herself determinedly between two grenadiers, who kindly left her space between them.

The people who had already waited seven hours, began to get impatient, when all at once the cry arose.

The Pope! the pope! At these magic words the multitude surged to and fro with delirious joy: some thanked God with loud voice, others bent their knees to the ground as though the Holy Father was already in sight. The bells sounded from all the towers of Turin: discharges of fire arms alternated with discharges of cannon. The old capital appeared beyond itself as it applauded the Vicar of Christ, who advanced slowly, blessing the kneeling crowd. Thus things went on as far as the royal palace, which itself appeared to take part in the universal joy, and to feel the honor done it by having to receive so illustrious and so highly venerated a guest. It stood resplendent with a thousand lights.

At the foot of the royal staircase General Menou again presented himself to receive the Holy Father with as much honor as possible: the vestibules, galleries and rooms which led to the apartment destined for the Sovereign

Pontiff were thronged with ladies and gentlemen who had used every influence to obtain admission and who threw themselves on their knees to receive the papal blessing.

To the joy of all the Pope put off his departure which had been fixed for the morrow and promised to remain another day with his faithful Turinese.

After having heard mass in the Holy Chapel the Holy Father gave himself up entirely to the pious Turinese. He admitted all to audience who presented themselves. As he rode from the Cathedral to the royal apartment, the people pressed forward, some to kiss the mule on which he rode, others to kiss his hand, others to kiss the hem of his garments. Seeing himself thus surrounded on all sides by crowds anxious to get near him he cried out (the words are historical) "My children; do not press; be not afraid; I am in the midst of you."

Chaffred Malbrouch was known to Cardinal Antonelli and to the Marquise Sacchetti. He had no difficulty in obtaining a good place and permission to present his two nieces, nay more; Chaffred was personally known to his Holiness. When then Pius VII recognised the old Piedmontese in the ante-chamber struggling with his fair charges one in each hand through a dense crowd, he kindly sent Prince Altieri to his aid, to bring him to him. Chaffred knelt before the Holy Father, and his two nieces bent down to kiss the apostolic feet. The Pope seeing this, raised them up giving a hand to each. Clotilde pressed the hand offered her and covered it with kisses. She was speechless with emotion and tears of joy and of devotion to his cause filled her eyes. The Pope felt the tears fall on his hand. "My dear child," said he I bless you: be good; love and fear God like your dear uncle here." As he said this he took a lock of Chaffreds grey hairs between his fingers adding,

"Ah! naughty man; I know you: you are here to play some of your droll pranks!"

"Holy Father!" said Chaffred, since you have consecrated my hair thus by your touch, I will never cut it more.—At least not until I have finished my droll pranks."