

this was altered for the better, and to the kindness of this worthy officer my husband and the other prisoners owed very much. The Prince was even permitted, on giving his word of honour, to go now and then in the city, and I could remain with him in prison until ten o'clock in the evening.

The citizens of Queretaro behaved very kindly towards the prisoners, and supported them by providing for their meals and other comforts. My husband has described his prison life in his book, and as I could but copy him I shall pass over this period of my stay in Queretaro, and only mention my rather curious transactions with the physician who had embalmed the Emperor.

It is well known what difficulties the Liberal Government placed in the way of those persons who were sent to fetch the body of the poor Emperor. But not only the Government speculated with the body,—Dr. Licca, who had embalmed him, did the same. This doctor had made a plaster of Paris cast from the face of the Emperor, and Dr. Basch wrote to my husband to procure it for him. He commissioned me to speak to the doctor, and I went accordingly to see him.

This doctor was a low, mercenary wretch, who already had made his name infamous by betraying General Miramon, and by the brutal manner in which he treated the body of the Emperor. When he plunged his knife into the corpse, he said, 'What a