

many coming from the most distant estates. As soon as the pontifical carriage appeared in the distance the *Te Deum* was entoned and all knelt down asking the papal benediction. The military saluted the Holy Father with joyous salvos and disputed the honor of following the cortege to the extreme limits of their department. Happy the house where the Pope chanced to stay for repose! What do I say? He thought little of repose. So many persons of distinction asked to be allowed to kiss his feet—such crowds of devout people pressed forward to be near him it only for a moment,—his room was besieged by such a multitude that the Holy Father was obliged to give himself up to his beloved children, and ceased not to bless them from terrace and balcony.

But all this was nothing in comparison to the reception prepared for him by the loyal city of Turin. Cardinal Cambaceres the senator D'Abouville and the Italian Count Salmatoris master of ceremonies and introducer of ambassadors had been sent as *envoyés extraordinaires* to escort him on the remainder of his journey. All the bishops of the province had been summoned. To form the Papal Court at Turin General Menou the administrator of Piedmont was charged to arrange by the help of his eastern experience (he was an Egyptian) the most gorgeous reception he could imagine: the ministers were to second his efforts. The demonstration commenced ten miles from the capital in the city of Poirine. There a triumphant arch was erected in the name of the Province of Po; with a magnificent inscription in honor of the Holy Father; and as the Pontiff would not arrive until nightfall this arch was lit up with a flood of light—a thousand torches revealed its outlines, the statues, the garlands the decorations and the drapery. At the foot of the arch General Menou and the prefect Occelli accompanied by their staff, and surrounded by the clergy, the municipal guard and a vast concourse of people held themselves in readiness.

As soon as the papal sappers and advance guard of cavalry appeared the strains of martial music resounded on every side: on its nearer approach the crowd threw itself on its knees and the general and prefect hastening to open

the door of the papal carriage received its illustrious occupant on their knees. General Menou then delivered a short address, in which he compared Pius VII to St. Leo III, and Napoleon to Charlemagne; and assured the Pope that from Turin to the Palace of the Tuileries, he would meet nothing but the profoundest respect, and the entire devotion of the French nation. This was true: sectarian France disappeared on the arrival of the Pope, and France of the Frenchman stood to receive him. The Prefect in his turn declared himself happy at having the extreme honour of welcoming the greatest of popes in the name of the greatest of governments; he extolled the glory of the emperor, as the restorer of religion in France, and begged the Holy Father to repose with entire confidence on the filial love of the Turinese.

Moved by so many marks of respect, by such splendid preparation found in a little village lost in the woods, but above all by the presence of so many thousands of faithful children, who stood before him beneath the light of so many torches the Pope would have descended to give a solemn blessing to the multitude.

"Excuse us your Holiness!" said the officials; "the hour is late, and the cold increasing—do not disturb yourself. Allow us to proceed at the gallop in order to arrive as soon as possible at the capital, all Turin is at its place in the streets awaiting anxiously the arrival of the Supreme Head of the Church."

The Pope yielded to their representations and remained seated blessing the crowd from the doors of the carriage.

At Turin at this moment waves of human beings surged along the Rue du Po, so long, so straight, so spacious, lined on both sides with majestic arcades, which lit up by torches and lamps showed clearly the beautiful tints which decorated it. And yet this vast space to which should be added three large squares, through which the apostolic pilgrim would have to pass, appeared all too small for such crowds: the troops who lined the way with difficulty kept a space clear through which the cortege might pass. Meantime Monseigneur Buronzo del Signore archbishop of Turin, and the whole provin-