

the new Saint, while other pictures hung about, showing his good deeds and the miracles which he wrought before and after his death.

Down each side of the choir, and all around the great piers of the dome were tribunes or galleries, crowded to suffocation by the *elite* and privileged (*i.e.* ticketed) persons; while all down the nave, transepts, and huge side-aisles, even to the great west door, was packed a mass of humanity, eager, patient, and fairly (?) devout. The people in the tribunes were all in proper dress:—ladies in black dresses, with black lace veils on their heads (no bonnets allowed), and men in evening or court dress, which is *de rigueur* if you want a good place. In the nave, you “go as you please.”

The aisles were kept clear by barricades and by a force of the Pope's Swiss Guards, in their motley Michel Angelo uniforms, and by the Pope's “apparitors” or “gentlemen of the household,” in their black velvet doublets, Spanish cloaks, and the ruffs of the time of Philip II.

After we had waited nearly two hours, the *vivas* away down at the west front announced the Holy Father's entrance by his private door from the *Scala Regia*. He was carried in his “gestatorial” chair (whatever that means) with two great feather fans before him, and behind him a long line of white and scarlet robed prelates. No sooner had he entered the church than we (an eighth of a mile away) could feel the thrill of excitement which ran like an electric shock through the 50,000 spectators who filled the nave and aisles. Then commenced such a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and such a shouting of

“*Viva il Papa Re*,” as never heard before.

Again and again, as the Pope was borne up the centre aisle, past the great *baldachino* and up through the choir, the shouts were renewed with such increasing intensity and fervour of enthusiasm as I believe to be only possible in Italy, and perhaps even there, only in Rome. As an English lady



THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.

Guido.

near me remarked, “It wasn't a bit like church. It was a regular ‘God save the Queen,’ only more so!”

The Pope looked very well and strong, in spite of all the dismal stories of his ill-health. His face is singularly fine, I had almost said beautiful; his expression dignified, benignant and pure, without being in the least