Following is the translation of an Italian written by a young Roman girl not many ago and embodying a beautiful legend angels on the wall, which was accompanied by an attendant whose obsequiousness made you perform much the exceeding helpfulness of a maid all when in full dress. This creature twisted his master's three-yards long braids into a full, like an elephant's trunk in shape and size, and called it dexterously up under him for a cushion. He lived in his stable's last for him, as if even pasteboard had become a proprietorship. Another boy, who was literally a little fool, opened his little book of offices for him, and put it in his conscientious hands; and had to keep to move their lips in busy attempts at devotion, while they gazed furtively around the hall.

Thus the string of cardinals kept coming in, one every five minutes for an hour and a half, never two at a time, each seeming to try to make all the fuss he could, and go through all the duties of his office. Each entered with the Pope's major-domo on one side, and his personal servant on the other, the latter holding up his skirts for him. Half way across the room he paused, and, turning himself, walked mincingly to his train to box the compass, and get around in a line behind him. Then he knelt before the grand altar, and lingered with exemplary piousity for the lazy flunkey to equipment train like a peacock's feather. Then he made obeisance with the sign of the cross, and with the same servant did likewise. Then they both rose, and, after having got the inferior-most hand and accessory, converted train into rear rank, close order, facing round once more the cardinal turned to himself majestically as he reached his quarters among the reserved seats.

Even then there remained the difficult task of composing him into position. For by that time the garment he wore seemed to become an institution. The servant was on his best behavior to smooth every fold, and lay every pleat, so as to exhibit the silk to the best advantage.

By this time another of the sacred conclave arrived; and this one went laboriously through the same ingenious ceremonies of composing his ostentations self-abasement. Last of all, the Pope came also and they made more obeisance over him than over ninety and nine cardinals who never wore a miter with three crowns.

With a great pomonstrory roll of the drum, and a long procession of soldiers, attired in the same fashion of the Roman guard seen on the stairway, the priest-monarch entered, and was conducted in his throne.

This was my first near view of Pius IX., and I do not pretend to deny that I looked with some interest upon the face of this Head of the Roman Catholic Church. He is now about sixty years old, and looks very old, very feeble, very gentle, very, in short, in fine, somewhat thick set, smooth-shaven and rather handful in manner. The expression of his countenance was benignant and gentle. With a good manner of some and affability in it. There he sat, within thirty feet of me, all the while the middle aged, or, if you prefer, middle aged, or, if you prefer, middle aged, or, if you prefer,