

[From the Tablet.]

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, IN THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, SOUTHWARK.—To the trustees of the above church for the time being all bequests are to be made—this will be quite sufficient to ensure to St. George's Catholic Church any bequest or bequests that charitable and zealous and faithful persons may feel disposed to will.—Every thing in this world goes round about—rise, progress, and decline. Here is St. George's rising out of the lowlands, the marsh lands of Southwark, and life and activity and progression and people and buildings and business all springing up and around—and there is St. George's "in velatro," at one time the very business and money spot—the exchange, if the term be admitted, of Rome—hard by the Capitol, close to the Circus Maximus, within reach, on the very flanks of the Forum, with the palace of the Cæsars shadowing it, and all the stir and life and riches and sinews and trophies of Rome in and on and about it—now a damp, deserted, silent desolation and abandonment! So it is, and some day so will it be with St. George's in Southwark. But long before that day arrives, London will have its ruin heaps where Baywater squares and terraces now stand, old Tyburn will have regained its ancient solitude, and all the towering sun-flowers of fragile erections gone down on every side without causing much more irregularity on the land than little sand hills on an open country. In the meanwhile, the great metropolis will gather herself up, as life leaves the suburban extremities, and seek the river line; a thin population will linger along the Thames; and when St. George's in Southwark becomes a St. George's in velatro, London will be what the locality of the ancient Forum now is, and more desolate. Nothing is eternal. Rome fell, and so will London fall; but when London falls no fallen lines of marble palaces, no colossal temples, no massive Cyclopian aqueducts, no huge Forum columns will designate in bulky imperishable mounds the notable spots of ancient London. Yes; mayhap there will be one fragment remaining on the south side of the Thames, and that one will be the bulky solidity of St. George's sturdy tower. If I were a very rich man, I should think one mourning coach and ten feet of St. George's tower (of my own building) would be better than a long, expensive funeral affair of nodding plumes of sable, and mourning coaches and mutes and staff bearers, and legacies and rings and mementoes to those who would laugh and junket on my funeral-day, and would be right glad that I was gone and done with. What a waste of money is all this cavalcade and vain pomp over a mass of putrefaction, rottenness, and corruption! And then, what becomes of the rich man's money? He cannot hold the pen or the key any longer; he has left them to others, or rather death takes them from him, and then away go his cheques, and rapidly circulates the money. Paris and Munich, and Berlin and Vienna, Rome and Naples—cut away; four horses out, and a courier flying before to prepare all things. Opera and race-course, rouge et noir, masquerades, and bull-fights, and all manner of manners, cut-purses and black-legs, and all kinds of people, circulate the old man's dusty medium, and make up for past pinching and screwing.—Cut away, there is plenty yet. Ah me! what a world! what men are in it! Thou art very rich, my old friend—how much money have you got? Several hundreds, several thousands and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands—yes, and you are just the kind of man to keep them together and to die with them all about you. What a sure weight to carry you down into Hell, my rich old friend, when you die! There is no failure in sinking a man into the depths of the deep sea if you load him well; put some heavy bags, well secured, about him, throw him overboard, down he goes to a certainty, and he rises no more. Gold will be your weight—it carries you now wherever you are carried, and it will carry you into Hell as sure as you now live, my rich old friend. Yesterday was very cold; even near the fire it was chattering and flesh-creeching; the poor in the streets looked, and were, cold to madness and desperation. The poor shivering people in their cold rooms at night—oh, dreadful, dreadful even to think on!—I hope and wish and pray that they may be good, for surely their reward is in heaven. Poor people, God help you, for this rich one will not. What are you doing, my rich old friend, with God's means for distributing good

—with the money that He permits your lean, lank, and dried-up hand to grasp with death-like tenacity! Nothing to my mind comes nearer to an incarnate fiend—the Devil—than a stony-hearted rich one, who has the means of relieving the poor and will not do it. The rich man was buried in Hell, and poor Lazarus carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. But the rich man may make himself like to a ministering spirit of good on earth, and win unfading laurels in God's world, if he will only open his eyes and heart and hands to the starving tortured poor. Man is not here only for himself, and the means of doing good are not placed in his hands to remain unemployed, he is one already judged and condemned, depend upon it, is the rich and uncharitable man; he is condemned, and should he die now, the state that awaits him is too fearful to reflect upon.—FATHER THOMAS.

The evening before last, I attended a young woman from the land of sighs and tears, of wailing and of mourning—Ireland. She was the first that I ever saw passing from life through starvation. Poor child! she had been picked up in the streets, and taken into the workhouse. Her face was of that sweet and placid expression that wins one to compassion; and her calm, angel-like resignation under the last exhaustion that was pressing out her innocent soul from its prison-house, was most consoling and edifying, and presented a scene that ought to make one better and more indifferent as to this cold, vain world. If rich men were good men and charitable, starvation would not, could not be; but the poor are thrust aside and driven away to starve and die. But the day of retribution will come.

AFFAIRS OF THE POPE.

A letter from Naples, of the 4th, in the *Univers*, says:—"The King of Naples has transported to Gaeta his residence and that of all the royal family. He is most attentive to the Pope, and continues to show him every kindness. An envoy extraordinary from the Queen of Portugal has arrived in a Portuguese steamer. He is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Queen to His Holiness, and of a thousand offers of services on the part of the Cabinet of Lisbon. Tuscany, even, has withdrawn from Rome her Minister, M. Barbagli, in order to send him to Gaeta. It is stated that the Guerazzi Ministry opposed this measure for some time, and that the Grand Duke had great difficulty in succeeding in his desire. Old General Zucchi and Cardinal Amati, Legate of Bologna, have arrived at Naples, whence they proceeded to Gaeta. Great uneasiness was felt for the General, and, in fact, he incurred considerable danger; an attempt was made to assassinate him, and he was obliged to remain for some time strictly hid at Spezia, whence he gained Naples. We have here (at Naples) eighteen Cardinals, they edify the whole city by the dignity and noble simplicity of their lives. The health of the Pope continues to be good. He is always calm and serene. Persons who approach him state that he is exceedingly touched by the testimonies of affection which he has received from France, and that he is firmly resolved to visit that country. His Holiness, it is said, will wait for that only until he has received answers to his last communications to the great Powers, and seen what turn affairs are likely to take definitively."

It is said that the Cardinal Dupont is to proceed to Gaeta with Cardinal Giraud. The French Cardinals will, it is added, lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the expression of the wishes of the Clergy, and of the Catholic body, that he will deign to honor France with a visit, and it is affirmed that the Government of the Republic has authorized them to make this request.

Pius IX.—The *Voir de la Vite* reports an admirable trait in the character of Pius IX.:—"Lately an artist of Paris obtained the honor of a particular audience of His Holiness. Touched with the serene dignity of the noble exile, our countryman said—'Most Holy Father, I shall esteem myself amongst the happiest of mortals if your Holiness should condescend to confer upon me the favor of a medal marked with your likeness.' 'Most willingly,' replied Pius IX., and taking off a little cross of gold which he carried near his heart, he gave it to him, saying, 'take this image of our Divine Master—it is now mine.'"

THE CATHOLICS OF ROME.—It is our duty (says the *Univers*) to reproduce the expression of sentiment which our brothers, the Catholics of Rome, have addressed to the Catholics of the

entire world, through their organ, the *Constituionale Romano*:—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"We, who have been eye-witnesses of the events which have taken place in Rome since the 15th of last November, and who have seen in the journals an impression which the greatest evil that could befall us has made in the souls of Catholics, the estrangement from Rome of the Sovereign Pontiff—the chief of Christendom, the regenerator of Italy, the benefactor of his subjects, the ever-glorious Pius IX., and finding ourselves involved in the dreadful agony in which this most important event has plunged us, and which makes us tremble yet for fear that new calamities may overtake us, are constrained to make known our feelings and the gratitude with which our hearts are filled. Love and devotion for the sacred person of His Holiness witness for us that the flame of the faith burns always, and casts abroad such brightness that we are in some degree joyful in our sorrows, since these tribulations have caused us to know the feelings entertained for the Pope.

"It is to a cause of extreme bitterness not to be able to comprehend in the expression of feeling made by certain Italian journals, which have carried their annoyance even to insult and buffet the supreme majesty of the Priesthood. Nevertheless, we cast upon them a look of commiseration, and we pray the Lord, with St. Paul, to pour on those wretches the abundance of his mercies.

"And, above all, we turn towards France, where at first burst forth and spread itself, as from a centre, the feelings by which it has shown to the entire world that it preserves the first title to the most ancient place in the hereditament of the Catholic Church. It is not to General Cavaignac, to Napoleon, to Montalembert, that we return our acknowledgments; but, with every degree of enthusiasm, we shall give them also even to Ledru Rollin, for God has drawn from his lips words worthy of a Catholic; and we shall give our thanks to the entire nation which has manifested an ardour, of which only a people most Christian is capable.

"The Catholics of Spain, in the deplorable situation to which they are reduced, have proved, with an enthusiasm truly evangelical, what we might expect from that nation which has been named 'the Catholic nation,' if the Supreme Priest would for a moment honor it with his presence. We wish most solemnly to express our gratitude to the Throne and to the minister of that country, which, by a solemn decree, has demanded public prayers for His Holiness. God will not neglect to give the guerdon of his protection and benediction to any act which calls for his especial grace, on the part of a people who thus hasten to the aid of the Visible Head of the Church, compelled to abandon the centre of the Catholic Religion.

"May our words also equally go to the faithful of Portugal, for they also, full of that faith which illustrates their nation, manifest the same sentiments and show for the Sovereign Pontiff the obedience which children owe to their father—to the father of the Catholic universe.

"As to the Catholics of Germany, we cannot refrain from giving them all our acknowledgments alone; our words must tell them to be firm still in the faith, for they are always on the battle field with those who have sown the seeds of heresy in that country, which appears here and there in different forms to seduce and lead astray the simple; and besides they are involved in the whirlpool of politics, which impedes the progress of our holy religion.

"We address ourselves in fine to all the Catholics of the world, in whose heart we find zeal redoubling its energies according to the difficulties of their situation, in order that through their prayers we may see the termination of a spectacle which strikes the entire world with horror. And in order that nothing should be wanting to our exertions, we pray that they may all correspond with those of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, who, with so much zeal, have given an impulse to prayer among Catholics."

THE EXILED PONTIFF.—In anticipation of a general collection in this city in aid of the Pope in his present afflicting circumstances, the Count de Salias (a Protestant nobleman) has, in the kindest spirit, sent, per William Hickey, Esq., the sum of ten pounds to the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, for that important object. We are sanguine in the hope that this truly liberal example will produce the effect intended, and that thousands will manifest in a similar way their esteem for, and sympathy with, the exiled Pontiff.—*Limerick and Clare Examiner*.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ARRAN-QUAY.

The solemnities of the Christmas festival were celebrated on Monday in this—one of the finest churches in our metropolis—on a scale of splendour such as we have never witnessed on any former occasion. The morning ceremonies were ushered in by a peal on the joy bells, announcing to the faithful that the time had arrived to commemorate, by pious devotion, the advent of the Redeemer. A number of lovely children wearing crowns, arranged around the steps of the high altar, and the members of the Christian Doctrine Confraternity, clad in habitments suited to their order, formed an imposing circle within the precincts of the sanctuary. The entire of the sacred edifice was crowded to excess. After last mass the Very Rev. Dr. Yore ascended the pulpit, and, in his usual ardent and pathetic style, delivered an instructive sermon on the gospel of the day. When the sermon had terminated, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The order of this most imposing and interesting ceremony was as follows:—

FIRST—Three members of the confraternity, in scarlet soutans and surplices, wearing white sattan scarfs, trimmed with gold lace and fringe of the same material, bearing the cross.

SECOND—The acolytes.

THIRD—Four members, two a breast, in surplices, bearing wax tapers, and followed by four boys, in the same order, holding white wands.

FOURTH—A splendidly executed banner, adorned with satin crimson hangings, ornamented with exquisite gold border and bottom tassels of the same material, enriched with a gold bullion fringe of an elegant description, surmounted by a handsome Maltese cross, with full length figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, finely executed and richly coloured, borne by a member of the confraternity.

FIFTH—Next came a large number of the members in surplices, two a breast, with boys bearing wax lights in the same order as above.

SIXTH—A second banner, richly trimmed with white sattan drapery, ornamented with a rich gold border and fringe as before, surmounted by a highly finished Maltese cross, with figures representing the good shepherd and the Virgin, finely executed and coloured. The banners were borne by two members wearing scarlet soutans and surplices, with crimson and white satin belts, trimmed with gold lace, followed by eight boys as train-bearers.

SEVENTH—Twelve boys in scarlet soutans and surplices, wearing crimson-velvet crowns of a novel and varied description, nearly embroidered with gold tissue; each boy having a cross suspended on his breast, and holding a coloured waxlight and bouquet of flowers.

EIGHTH—Twelve lovely children in surplices, each two carrying a basket of flowers, which they strewed before the canopy as the procession advanced.

NINTH—Two boys, arrayed in copes of crimson and white satin, wearing crowns of the same material, and holding rods representing the rod of Jesse.

TENTH—The canopy, a chaste and beautiful piece of workmanship, the dome of rich crimson velvet, surmounted by a fine gilt cross, and massive gilded framework in bold relief, furnished with white satin hangings of native manufacture, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels of exquisite finish; the dome tastefully festooned with flowers, and four gilt vases of artificials attached to each angle of the framing, which had a most pleasing effect. The canopy, borne by four members in scarlet soutans and surplices, with rich satin scarfs, edged with gold border and fringe. Beneath the canopy the remonstrance, containing the consecrated host, was borne by the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, clad in the robes of his sacerdotal office, and attended by his clergy with incense, who, with the people, made their solemn prostrations during the procession before the Holy of Holies, concealed beneath the sacramental veils.

ELEVENTH—The procession was closed by four members, two abreast, with twelve boys in surplices holding wax lights, and followed by two youthful wand bearers.

Whether we contemplate the sublime object of the procession or the admirable precision of the entire arrangements so well calculated to impart a solemn dignity to religion, we confess that our mind has never been inspired with such deep-toned feelings of reverential awe as on the present occasion. Why, we asked ourselves, was this grand and elevated worship so long protracted in our native land?