

THE POPE'S NAME-DAY.

The Aged Pontiff's Indefatigable Activity and Watchfulness—A Conversation in the Vatican.

ROME, Sept. 25.—Although Pope Leo is now in his eighty-fifth year, his activity of mind and his eagerness for work seem in no way to diminish. Last Sunday, which is marked in the Roman calendar as the Feast of St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin, was celebrated in a special manner by Pope Leo and the Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops in Rome, besides many others who take a deep interest in all that concerns him. It is called here his onomastico, or name-day—that is to say, he is called Joachim, the name of the saint whose feast is celebrated. But Joachim is only one of his names. The family register of the Pecci, in which for a long time back important events concerning that family are recorded, contains the following entry under date of March 2, 1810: "Toward twenty-three and a half o'clock (that is about half-past five in the afternoon) a male child was born, on whom were bestowed the names of Vincent, Joachim, Raphael, Louis." He bore the name of Vincent for many years, but while still a student he dropped it, adopting that of Joachim in preference.

THE CARDINAL'S CIRCOLO.

After the usual devotions, such as the Mass said by the Pope at 7 in the morning and his attendance at another Mass said by one of his chaplains, he at 9.30 began to give audiences which continued till about midday, when he held what is called here a "circolo," or conversazione, attended chiefly by Cardinals. These meetings are generally held in the library. The Pope sits in the center and the Cardinals form a group around him. To each of them he addresses a few words, principally upon matters pertaining to the special office the Cardinal fulfills. This brings up a conversation, the most part of which is borne by the Pope, and forms a sort of commentary on events of the day, on the tendencies of governments regarding the Church and on many other subjects of interest, either remote or pressing on attention at the present time. These recurring anniversaries are a source of joy to all privileged to attend them.

THE POPE'S DEAREST HOPE.

Two thoughts, amidst a host of others, were prominent in the conversation of the Pope, and both of them were closely associated with religion. One concerned the Eucharistic Congress at Reims, in France, the warm feeling of devotion which characterized it and its vast importance to the religious life of the nation in which it was held. Then he was led to speak of a similar congress held at Jerusalem a short time ago, of which he has great hopes; and, in conjunction with this, he described in scriptural phrases the long-desired union of the oriental churches with the See of Rome and the hopes that he, no less than his predecessors, have cherished of helping to bring about that union. His latest encyclical breathes in most affectionate terms this dearest hope of his.

THE PROPAGANDA'S LOSSES.

Then, in the natural course of the conversation, he was led to speak of the Propaganda and the effects of the legislation regarding that world-wide and international institution for the spread of the Gospel. Besides new taxes have been imposed upon it, so as to cripple its usefulness. This institution was established in the sixteenth century by Pope Gregory XIII., at a time when the discoveries of navigators and men of commerce made known many new lands. The Popes of the time labored to provide, on a vast scale, for the sending forth of missionaries for the conversion of the heathen in countries then discovered. It was clearly international in its scope, and much of its revenues was derived from other nations than Italy. The new government that was established in Rome sold at a bad time, and consequently at a very reduced rate, the landed property owned throughout Italy by the Propaganda, and placed the moneys received in the Italian funds, paying an interest on the same to the Propaganda. This interest was reduced by a taxation of thirteen per cent., and this enormous income tax is now being increased to twenty per cent. The increase of the tax reduces the income of the Propaganda by an additional 40,000

frances a year. And these losses coincide with the ever-increasing necessities of the institution.

ITS FIELD OF ACTION.

Each year enlarges the field of action of the Propaganda. The recent earthquake at Constantinople has seriously damaged the residence of the Apostolic Delegate and other properties belonging to the Propaganda. The war in Corea, between China and Japan, will necessitate new expenses for the safeguarding of the missions and the missionaries. With the varying fortunes of the Italian Government, which seems driving to hopeless bankruptcy, this eminently civilizing institution suffers, and will also become bankrupt when Italian funds fail. Nearly all the Bishops of the world protested in the name of their flocks against the action of the Italian Government in 1883, when it declared the Propaganda an Italian institution and so subject to Italian guardianship. No heed was paid to such protests, because they were not backed by material force—the only appeal that Italy listens to. These were the considerations that occupied the mind of Leo XIII. in speaking of that institution on Sunday last. He is quite conscious of the aid the Propaganda has furnished toward civilization.

T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.

The Venerable Patriot to Visit America.

It is announced from Dublin that T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the Irish National Poet and Patriot, will visit this country to lecture. Mr. Sullivan, who was so long the Dublin correspondent of the Irish-American, needs no introduction to our readers. The author of the Irish National Anthem, "God Save Ireland," will have a hearty welcome all over the United States. Mr. Sullivan has four lectures on the following subjects:—

- 1—"Ireland's Famous Men and Famous Places."
- 2—"Fourteen Years of the British Parliament."
- 3—"The Poets and Poetry of Ireland."
- 4—"Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life."

Mr. Sullivan has been in the United States only once, on the brief visit made by the Irish members, which was broken in on, in the height of its success, by the unfortunate Parnell episode.

The following extracts from a biographical sketch, by his lifelong friend, T. P. O'Connor, M.P., will be of interest.

Timothy Daniel Sullivan was born in 1827. The home of the Sullivans was thoroughly National, and amid the stirring times of 1848 and the hideous disasters of the two preceding years there were all the circumstances to make the National faith of the family bitter and robust. The father was carried away, like the majority of the earnest and energetic Irishmen of that time, by the gospel which the Young Ireland leaders were preaching with such fascination of voice and pen, became one of the leaders of the local '48 club, and, as a reward, was dismissed from his employment by one of the local magistrates. T. D. Sullivan, like the rest of his brothers, though brought up in a small and remote town, had an opportunity of receiving a good education in the best sense of the word, and the family was essentially literary as well as national in its tendencies. The Sullivans were closely associated with another Bantry household, that was destined, by-and-by, to give a prominent figure to the Irish history of the present day. The chief and the best schoolmaster of the town was Mr. Healy, the grandfather of the two members of the present House of Commons of that name. It was from Mr. Healy that Mr. Sullivan learned, probably, the most of what he knows. The ties between the two families were afterwards drawn still closer when T. D. Sullivan married Kate Healy, the daughter of his teacher. His brother, A. M. Sullivan, though younger than T. D., was the first to leave home and seek fortune abroad. After trying his hand as an artist, A. M. ultimately adopted journalism as a profession, and became connected with the Dublin Nation. T. D., meantime, had also allowed his mind to run into dreams of a literary future, and had filled a whole volume with his compositions; but, with the secrecy which youth loves, he had not confided his transgression to anyone. Two or three of the pieces had appeared in print, but it was not till he

came to Dublin and began to write in the Nation that the poetical genius of T. D. Sullivan sought recognition. Into the columns of that journal he began at once to pour the verses which he had hitherto so religiously kept secret, and from the first his songs attracted attention. From this time forward the name of T. D. Sullivan is inextricably associated with the Nation.

Though T. D. Sullivan has written love-poems and tender elegies, his preference has always been for the muse that stirs and cheers. Many of his poems became popular immediately on their appearance, and spread over that vast world of the Irish race which now extends through so many of the nations of the earth. A well-known story with regard to the "Song from the Backwoods" will illustrate the influence of T. D. Sullivan's muse. Most Irishmen know that splendid little poem, with its bold opening and its splendid refrain:

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own;
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

The song, which was published in the Nation, in 1857, first became popular among the members of the Phoenix Society, who, it will be remembered, were at work in 1858 and was brought to America and rapidly became popular. Every man of the Irish Brigade knew it, and it was often sung at the bivouac fire after a hard day's fighting. An extraordinary instance of its popularity was given the night of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg. The Federal Army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits dampened by the loss of so many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers, Capt. D. J. Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the Captain ceased, it was to listen with indefinite feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of—

"Dear old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

The song, "God Save Ireland" became popular with even greater rapidity. It was issued at an hour when Ireland was stirred to intense depths of anger and of sorrow than perhaps at any single moment in the last quarter of a century, and this profound and intense feeling longed for a voice. When "God Save Ireland" was produced, the people at once took it up, and so instantaneously that the author himself heard it sung and chorused in a railway carriage on the very day after its publication in the Nation.

On several other occasions the pen of T. D. Sullivan has given popular expression to popular sentiment. It has been his invariable rule in composing these songs to make them "ballads" in the true sense of the word—songs, that is to say, that expressed popular sentiment in the language of everyday life; that had good, catching rhymes, and that could be easily sung.

It will not be necessary to write at length of the Parliamentary career of T. D. Sullivan. He was elected for County Westmeath, at the General Election of 1880, and, in spite of the absorbing nature of his journalistic duties, he has been one of the most active and one of the most attentive members of the party. He has been, perhaps, still more prominent on the platform, and it is at large Irish popular gatherings that his speech is most effective. He is Irish of the Irish, and expresses the deep and simple gospel of the people in language that goes home; and then his keen sense of humor enable him to supply that element of amusement which is always looked forward to with eagerness by the crowd. He often lights up his Parliamentary, like his conversational efforts, with bright flashes of wit. Speaking of special clauses in the Crimes Act for the protection of certain humble agents of the law, one night, he declared, "There's a divinity doth hedge a bailiff, rough use him as we may!" "Punctuality," he said once to a colleague who turned up at a meeting with characteristic lateness; "punctuality, in the opinion of the Irish Party, is the thief of time."

It is when the county meeting is over, and T. D. Sullivan sits amid a genial crowd of sympathetic friends, that his

best—certainly his most attractive—traits are seen. Like all the Sullivan family, he has plenty of musical ability, and has a splendid voice. A song by T. D. Sullivan has never been really understood until it has been sung by T. D. himself. His voice—loud, clear, penetrating—easily leads the chorus, no matter how many voices join, and he throws himself into the spirit of the thing with all his heart and soul. His singing of "Murry Hynes" is worth going miles to hear.

Such has been the career of T. D. Sullivan—honorable, consistent and tranquil. He has to-day the same convictions which guided his pen when he wrote surreptitious verses. He has stood by the same convictions through years of trial and failure; he is as fresh and vigorous in pushing them forward at this hour, when his hairs are gray, as he was when he sailed, in boyhood's auroral days, over Bantry Bay. His verses have marked the epochs they have helped to produce, have won for him the affection of millions of Irish hearts, and form one of the many potent chains of memory and love that bind the scattered children of the Celtic mother to their race and their cradle-land.—*Irish American.*

The newly elected Superior-General of the Redemptorist Order, whose headquarters are at Rome, will make an official visit to the United States next January. He will be accompanied from Rome by Father Schwartz, who was formerly provincial of the Western province of the order in the United States.

This year's Peter's pence collection in Ireland was greater than in any year since the yearly collection for the Pope was established. The diocese of Dublin contributed \$80,000.

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