

Persons and Facts

Dr. Joseph Zemp, a Catholic conservative, has been elected President of the Swiss Confederation for 1903. The term of office is one year, the holder not being re-eligible until the expiration of another year. This is the second time Dr. Zemp has been chosen for this high office; the first time was in 1895.

A petition against the divorce bill, signed by 3,500,000 Italian Catholics, has been presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The petition filled 177 volumes.

Nine Catholics have just been placed on the Commission of the Peace for the City of Glasgow. The appointment of these nine Catholic magistrates shows both the fairness of the Lord Lieutenant of that county and the growing influence of Catholics in Scotland.

The only survivors of the Young Ireland party in 1848 are Mr. Justin McCarthy, 72 years old; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 86; and Mr. Kevin Izod O'Dougherty, nearly 80.

"Eucharistic Elevations," by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., is made up of pious thoughts inspired by the Dweller in our Tabernacles; and every line has a something that enlarges the heart and moves it to love our Eucharistic God. There is the poetry that comes of soul communion in the prose reflections, while what the author modestly calls verse is real poetry. R. & T. Washbourne.—Ave Maria.

In the Ave Maria for December 20 Miss Anna T. Sadlier sketches with a masterly hand the noble career of the late Abbe Louis Colin, Superior of the Sulpicians in North America.

At a quarterly meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick held recently at Delmonico's, New York, Archbishop Ireland advocated the securing of a site in the square in Washington, D.C., where the statue of Rochambeau has been erected, for a similar memorial to Commodore John Barry, the Irish sailor who was the father of the American navy.

The Holy Father, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated November 28, has instituted an "Historico-Liturgical Commission." Its members are: Mgr. Duchesne, Mgr. Wilpert, Father Ehrle, S.J., Father Giuseppe Roberti, and Professor D. Umberto Benigni.

The Bishop of Newport (England), who is always thought-provoking, lately recommended, in one of his pastorals, the reading of the Lives of the Saints. "To read these lives," his lordship writes, "not only enlarges our ideas, but also shames our indifference. We are not only introduced to a world of which we do not know half enough, but we are moved, we are touched, we are stimulated."

Mr. Arthur Leveque, Indian inspector, is here on a visit to his many friends. His fine voice was heard with pleasure at the solemn year-end benediction last Wednesday, singing the Te Deum in the cathedral. His promotion to the Regina inspectorship is announced.

Mr. A. A. C. LaRiviere, M. P., accompanied by his daughter and Miss Emilienne Bertrand, left for the east on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenty, of Colony street, are going, Jan. 3, on a month's trip to St. Paul, Chicago, Toronto, Kingston and other places in the east.

THE EMMETS OF AMERICA. MANY DESCENDANTS OF THE IRISH FAMILY HERE.

—Catholic Citizen, Dec. 20.

When the funeral of Richard Stockton Emmet, one of the oldest members of the New York bar, was held in New Rochelle, N. Y., last week, it was attended by nearly fifty members of the Emmet family, all lineal descendants of Robert Emmet, the Irish martyr, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Addis Emmet, the patriot's eldest brother, who was exiled from Ireland after the execution and came to New York city in 1804.

Among the mourners was the possessor of the seal ring which Robert Emmet took from his finger before he mounted the scaffold and which he directed should be handed down in the Emmet family from one generation to another to the sons who bore the christian name of Robert. This ring is now the property of Col. Robert T. Emmet of New Rochelle, who was until lately in command of the First Regiment of the New York National Guard. It is an heirloom so prized that Col. Emmet wears it only at family gatherings. At other times it is kept in a safe deposit vault.

The disposition of the ring for the coming generation is already provided for as Col. Emmet has a son, Robert, to whom it will descend at his death.

Other mourners were the descendants of Jean Erin Emmet, daughter of Thomas Addis Emmet, who was born while her parents were in prison on account of their attempt to make Ireland an independent republic. William Temple Emmet, son of the aged lawyer, and his cousin, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York city, known as the genealogist of the family and prominent in Irish affairs.

Richard Stockton Emmet was the oldest member of the Emmet family in this country. At the time of his death last Sunday he was 82. He was a son of Robert Emmet, the eldest son of Thomas Addis Emmet.

Robert Emmet settled in New Rochelle nearly sixty years ago and was the first of his family to make that city his home. He was a justice of the Superior Court of New York and took a prominent part in Irish affairs. At the time of the young Ireland movement in 1848 he was one of the directors formed in New York to aid the agitation. He died in 1873 and was buried in New Rochelle.

The other sons of Robert Emmet were Thomas Addis, one of the founders of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who died at Carmel, N.Y., in 1880, and William J. Emmet, now living in New Rochelle. The latter is the father of Col. Robert T. Emmet, custodian of the seal ring.

His other children are C. Temple Emmet, a young lawyer, who after an adventurous career in the West, returned and married Miss Chandler, a member of the Astor family; William Emmet of Schenectady; Richard Emmet, general manager of a Western railroad, and three daughters, Mrs. Rosina Sherwood, the artist; Miss Lydia Emmet and Miss Jean Erin Emmet, named for her grand aunt, who was born in prison.

The Emmet family, or at least the descendants of Thomas Addis Emmet, have followed the professional walks of life. None of them, with the exception of William J. Emmet, now the oldest surviving member, who was a sugar refiner, has engaged in business. The men have been lawyers, engineers or physicians, while the women have taken to art and literature.

In all their various undertakings they have shown marked ability. Richard Stockton Emmet was for nearly fifty years the senior member of the firm of Emmet & Robinson, of 59 Wall street. One of the most valuable possessions in his office is the old walnut desk used by his grandfather, Thomas Addis Emmet, at the time he practiced law in New York city nearly a century ago.

One of the sons of Richard Emmet, William Temple Emmet, is a member of the firm of Emmet & Robinson. He has taken a promi-

nent part in the movement of the Irish societies of this country. He has been a delegate to the Constitutional convention of the State of New York, a member of the New York City Board of Education under Mayor Van Wyck and a trustee of his home town, New Rochelle. He was also president of the Continental League of Anti-Imperialistic Societies.

William Temple Emmet has taken a more prominent part in Irish affairs than his father. Deafness prevented the elder Mr. Emmet from participating in many of the movements in New York city for the benefit of his countrymen. About the only notable connection he ever had with Irish politics was when he served as a trustee of the Land League Fund.

The other children of Richard Stockton Emmet are Grenville Temple Emmet, a young lawyer of Port Chester, who was formerly Adjutant of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and is commander of the New Rochelle post of Spanish War Veterans; Mrs. Katherine Keogh, wife of Supreme Court Justice Martin J. Keogh, and the Misses Elizabeth and Eleanor Emmet.

Another son, Richard T. Emmet, who married Miss Olyphant, granddaughter of the president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, died in Albany a few years ago of typhoid fever while he was representing the Second Westchester district in the Assembly.

At the time of his death last Sunday Mr. Emmet had been a widower about seven years. His wife was Miss Katherine Temple.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BOOT BLACK.

"The Biography of a Bootblack," by Rocco Corresco, in last week's Independent, is given practically as it was taken from the lips of the young Italian in whose name it stands, by a representative of our enterprising contemporary. It is a pleasant revelation of fine traits in the Italian character, and of America as opportunity—to paraphrase from Emerson—for the law-abiding, frugal, alert and ambitious immigrant.

Rocco was evidently orphaned at an early age, for his clearest recollections are of the Home in charge of the nuns.

"They taught us our letters and how to pray and say the catechism and we worked in the fields during the middle of the day. We always had enough to eat and good beds to sleep in at night, and sometimes there were feast days, when we marched about wearing flowers.

Those were good times and they lasted till I was nearly eight years of age. Then an old man came and said he was my grandfather. He showed me some papers and cried over me and said that the money had come at last and now he could take me to his beautiful home."

The old man, unhappily was an Italian version of Dickens' Fagan, and poor Rocco, huddled with other boys at night in a miserable cellar in Naples, had daytime experiences singularly resembling Oliver Twist's. The old man beat the boy for his scruples as to lying and stealing, and was resentful of the lingering influence of the good nuns. "Ah!" said he, "that is what they taught you at that place, is it? To disobey your grandfather that fought with Garibaldi? That is a fine religion!"

This amiable guardian of youth had his own ideas of religion. He encouraged the boys to fast, for example, and he kept the statue of a saint in his miserable den, and if certain nefarious schemes succeeded. They failed and he smashed the statue.

Having overheard a plot for crippling him, that he might be more appealing to the charitable, Rocco and his chum Francisco ran away. They fell into kind hands in a little fishing village.

"Ciguciano said that all the old man had taught us was wrong—that it was bad to beg, to steal and tell lies. He called in the priest and the priest said the same thing and was very angry at the old man in Naples, and he taught us to read and write in the evenings. He also taught us our duties to the church and said that the saints were good and would only help men to do good things, and that it was a

wonder that lightning from heaven had not struck the old man dead when he knocked down the saint's figure. We grew large and strong with the fisherman and he told us that we were getting too big for him, that he could not afford to pay us the money that we were worth. He was a fine, honest man—one in a thousand."

The boys got a chance to go to America. Their kind protectors grieved to loose them:

"The priest came and shook our hands and told us to be good men, and that no matter where we went God and his saints were always near us and that if we lived well we should all meet again in heaven. We cried, too, for it was our home, that place. Ciguciano gave us money and slapped us on the back and said that we should be great."

The boys earned their passage and a little more—but they were cheated out of this latter by the young men who had promoted their immigration. In New York they fell into a padrone's hands, but as they could read and write, they soon discovered the character of their alleged benefactor, and ran away to Newark, N.J., and got work on the street. "We were with the boss six months," says Rocco, adding naively, "He was Irish, but a good man, and he gave us our money every Saturday night."

Rocco then describes the setting up of himself and his friend in a bootblackening parlor in Brooklyn, with the money they had saved in Newark. They learned English rapidly, and were soon able to open another parlor. Meanwhile, they did not forget their religion, nor neglect to acquaint themselves with American politics. On these subjects, Rocco speaks thus for himself:

"We remembered the priest, the friend of Ciguciano, and what he had said to us about religion, and as soon as we came to the country we began to go to the Italian Church. The priest we found here was a good man, but he asked the people for money for the church. The Italians did not like to give because they said it looked like buying religion. The priest says it is different here from Italy because all the churches there are what they call endowed, while here all they have is what the people give. Of course I and Francesco understood that, but the Italians who cannot read and write shake their hands and say that it is wrong for a priest to want money."

At first we did not know much of this country, but by and by we learned. There are plenty of protestants who are heretics, but they have a religion too. Many of the finest churches are Protestant, but they have no saints and no alters, which seems strange. There are two kinds of people that vote here, Republicans and Democrats. I went to a Republican meeting, and the man said that the Republicans want a Republic and the Democrats are against it. He said that Democrats are for a king whose name is Bryan and who is an Irishman, but many of them insult Italians. They call us Dagoes. So I will be a Republican."

It is good to know that Rocco and Francisco cannot vote for three years yet. Meanwhile we hope they will learn more English and hear some stalwart Democrat on the Republican Party and Imperialism, and that Irish Democrats will universally learn the wisdom of consideration for the later immigrants.

Rocco and Francisco had intended to go back to Italy when they each of them should have saved \$1,000, but now, with that ambition almost achieved—for Rocco, though but nineteen, has \$700 saved, and Francisco, twenty-one, has \$900—they think they will stay in America. We hope they will, for they are of the stuff of which the best Americans are made.—The Pilot.

VALUE OF A HYMN.

There are times in human life when nothing else will take the place of a true Christian song or hymn. It has a power for good that few realize, even of those who are benefitted thereby. But now and then it does happen that a

"Flor De Albani" Cigar

New But True.

Ask your dealer for it.

Western Cigar Factory. Thos. Lee, Prop.

ARE WE RIGHT?

Do we spell your name correctly or address your paper inaccurately? If so you would do us a kindness in filling out the blank below and sending the correction to us, as we are about to make a general revision of the subscription list.

Name (as Review spells it).....

(As it should be spelled).....

Paper has been going to.....

Send it now to.....

(Write name and address very plainly).

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO travel for well established house in a few counties, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary \$1024 a year and expenses, payable \$19.00 a week in cash and expenses advanced. Position permanent, business successful and rushing. Standard House, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

been the value of a single song. Listen:

A little orphan, called "Tom" was known to the police of a poor section of Baltimore as a youthful terror. If any boyish meanness had been committed, of course Tom was at the head of it. But finally he attended a mission given in St. man can tell us what to him has Vincent's Church. He had made a good confession and became reconciled with God. All the energy he had before used for evil was now turned into the channel for good, and from that time the story of "Tom the Newsboy" is a remarkable one.

Late one night in a saloon he caught a remark which meant to his well versed ear that a man was tired of living. He followed the fellow, a poor, starved wreck of humanity, down to the wharf, saw him sit down to think it over for the last time.

"I must save that man," he muttered; but what could he do? He was quick to act in times like this. Going away down the pier, he began to sing one of those encouraging hymns he knew:

Mother dearest, Mother fairest,
Help of all who call on thee;
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,
Help us, help, we cry to thee.
Mary, help us, help we pray;
Help us in all care and sorrow,
Mary help us, help we pray.

The words reached the heart of the poor man. A new hope sprang up in his mind; and by and bye, when the voice ceased, he rose and went back and began a better life. Years afterwards he tells the story with tears in his eyes: "God bless the singer," he says, "Nothing but the voice of that boy could have reached my heart. I would have run from a priest, but I could not resist the sweetness of that beautiful hymn, 'Mother Dearest.'—Catholic Ex.

But because many endeavor rather to get knowledge than to live well; therefore they are often deceived and reap either none or but little fruit.—Thos. a' Kempis.