

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918

2061

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THE WORLD'S MEMORY

Nothing is more remarkable than the shortness of the world's memory. Most of the great things that have been done for humanity—the invention of the plough, the domestication of the cereals, the invention of the sewing machine or the knitting-needle, of a hundred other things which make life tolerable, are hidden in the mists of the past, and we accept them from the largesse of genius without any gratitude for the favours conferred upon us. The great inventions which weave cloth which carry us over rails either by steam or electricity, are not the private gifts of any one individual, but have been perfected by innumerable contributions of collectivist cleverness. It is the shortness of the memory of a people that makes the present triumph so valuable. If you do not "seize today" you clutch at nothing. That is why the ready-money business of the actor's applause is satisfactory. If he "makes a hit" he has not time to get off his wig, but he is then and there called before the curtain. So with the musician after the beating of his time he is applauded, and gets up and bows.

While these minor artists get paid by a daily wage of applause, one would think that our heroes had sort of salaries or annuities, but that is not the case. Fame is quite ephemeral, and the hero, like every other person, is forgotten the day after his triumph. We give him a Victoria Cross to jog the memories of those who have forgotten his exploits. But even that is not enough to make a permanent mark upon the melting wax of a public's memory. The other day we read of a man who had received the V. C. for grandly daring and magnificently exposing his own life to save the perhaps worthless life of a comrade—deeds which were in great big type in the newspapers of the next week, and who died in an obscure street, not only in penury but in some poor debt.

We sometimes meet the hero of yesterday with an empty sleeve pinned on his breast, and we put on our killing pince-nez and look at him forbiddingly and remark how awkward it is when a man shakes hands with his left hand; but we don't think it worth while to inquire in what action he was maimed—so careless are we of our heroes of yesterday; for it is the hero of today who puts his nose out of joint, and it is only the heroes of the instant that are of any use to us. For them we will shout ourselves hoarse and wave our hats and handkerchiefs.

They are a temporary excitement to a wondering curiosity; but if we were asked to admit merit, we think merit is a bore, gives itself airs, and "really, you know, if we had been in the same position we would have done just the same."

HEROISM

Then, where is the heroism? This is the questioning attitude of to-day. We are nothing if we are not critical, and most of us mistake disparagement for criticism. It is the same, too, with the heroes of the pen as with the heroes of the sword. A time was when Scott and his Waverley Novels were, as they said in these days, "the rage." Afterwards Thackeray and Dickens ruled from equal thrones in literature. There were rebellions even in their lifetimes against their artificial sway. Some people "harked back" to Fielding and Smollett, some set up a new monarch in George Eliot. But the same thing is seen in all these tendencies—the shortness of memory of a public which is enthusiastic about a writer today and callous to his influence tomorrow. Now these writers, critics like Carlyle, are for the most part forgotten, and are "looked up" as we do to a dictionary by those who are curious about the past. They still have an antiquarian interest.

The explanation of this shortness of memory is this: We are developing—whether on right lines or not it is difficult to say—but we are changing, for we are living, and in the change the past is to us no more

useful than last year's horns are to the stag, or than the moulted feathers are to the bird.

The man who admired Thackeray is as dead as Thackeray himself. The man who bears the name of him who was in his youth the worshipper of The Newcombes or Esmond is still alive, but he is changed—a life change has come over him. For men are always ceasing to be; indeed living is as much a ceasing to be as it is a becoming something else. And we every day stand at the cradle of a new self and at the same time at the grave of an old self.

TRUE TO THE OLD

But the individual is to some extent bound by habit to remain true to his first love, in hero or in writers. He cannot cut the hawser of memory entirely, and that is why some of the old remain true to their early impressions.

But the race is not so bound, and every day there are fresh lives coming to the front, and it is only in that front that they look for heroes. That they are young is the strongest reason why they should repudiate the past. Their face is towards the East from whence the morning comes, and their back is towards the past. They, in the newness of this life, are expecting great things from it, for the charm of life is that it is lavish of promises and therefore the man who is conscious of the stir of March in his blood cannot loiter over the graves of heroes or the books of the dead. It may be, then, that we have short memories for the heroes of yesterday, and that we acclaim with more noise than is seemly the heroes that are the product of today.

ROBERTSON AND OTHERS

One fact that stands out in clear relief in the present world struggle is that this is not a religious war. Catholics and Protestants, Jews and atheists, are to be found everywhere, fighting in a common cause, helping and understanding one another, and fraternizing in the most loyal manner. In spite of the unity which is found throughout the ranks, bigotry in civilian life manifests itself rather too frequently of late. A fair-minded person would consider it the height of bad taste to attack any religion under the present circumstances. But there are many persons, even in public life, who are cursed by an execrable taste, to put it mildly. From time to time we have had to call attention to various magazines that allow slurs on the Catholic Church as such, and upon her august head, to gaze forth brazenly from their pages. Whether it be the policy of such periodicals to thus insult Catholics, or whether it be pure indifference on their part as to the feelings of any of their readers, the fact remains that we are called upon entirely too often to bear gratuitous insults from others. In view of the large percentage of Catholics who are helping the common cause in every line of activity, it ill becomes any loyal citizen of this country to be the policy of such periodicals to thus insult Catholics, or whether it be pure indifference on their part as to the feelings of any of their readers, the fact remains that we are called upon entirely too often to bear gratuitous insults from others. In view of the large percentage of Catholics who are helping the common cause in every line of activity, it ill becomes any loyal citizen of this country to be the policy of such periodicals to thus insult Catholics, or whether it be pure indifference on their part as to the feelings of any of their readers, the fact remains that we are called upon entirely too often to bear gratuitous insults from others. In view of the large percentage of Catholics who are helping the common cause in every line of activity, it ill becomes any loyal citizen of this country to be the policy of such periodicals to thus insult Catholics, or whether it be pure indifference on their part as to the feelings of any of their readers, the fact remains that we are called upon entirely too often to bear gratuitous insults from others.

A certain Captain Finn, recruiting British agent in St. Paul some time ago, was transferred to another city. Instead of helping his government, he antagonized Americans by upbraiding the Catholic Church. Finn's descent into oblivion was instantaneous. Now comes the Reverend John Robertson, said to be a Protestant Chaplain from the front.

Robertson announced that he would tour the United States and lecture on the War. In Denver, Colo., it seems he became badly mixed in the points of his lecture. He gave vent to a tirade against the Papacy, declared that Pope Benedict XV, and the Catholic Church were pro-German, and attacked the Church on the grounds that the Pope had not protested, as he claimed, against the despoliation of Belgium.

An alert priest of Denver promptly took up the accusations. The United States District Attorney called on Robertson, and it was determined to institute proceedings against the Reverend gentleman as an alien enemy. It was decided finally that the Catholics would be satisfied if Robertson give up his speaking tour and return immediately to Europe To clinch the matter, Robertson wrote a letter regarding the case, admitting the facts, and this letter is now in the hands of the United States District Attorney. The Reverend disturber announced to the public that the big German drive made his presence in the trenches immediately imperative. He probably prefers the battlefield to a Colorado prison.

The above and similar cases which are occurring entirely too often of late are much to be regretted. The various forces of the nation are

making no distinction whatsoever in the matter of religion. The government is magnificently helping every denomination to protect its own men. The men themselves know but one word, patriotism: their religion is their own personal concern. It is much to be deplored, however, that loose-thinking or unbalanced minds, be they clergymen or laymen, should be so indirectly as to attack any particular religion, especially during such a crisis. The slogan should be, let every man work and fight for the common cause; let him worship as he sees fit. Such itinerant demagogues as the Rev. Mr. Robertson should be placed under a ban, or should have their speeches thoroughly revised and censored by an intelligent and or a public official.—St. Paul Bulletin.

JOHN REDMOND

REMINISCENCES OF A COLLEAGUE

By Stephen Gwynn, M. P., in The Observer

My only title to write about John Redmond is that I served the man of whom they are written to the utmost of my ability while he was living, and that I shall continue to do so for his ideal now he is dead. I write in that intention, with that purpose. The best thing about John Redmond was that his ideals were generous. His love of Ireland, the masterpiece in his life, had nothing in it exclusive, parochial, or partisan. I remember as one of the most interesting hours of my life a talk with him on the terrace at Westminster on a summer night in 1914. It was the first day of the Buckingham Palace Conference, and that episode, though he had little hope of results from it, had profoundly touched his imagination. He had much to say of the King's marked courtesy to all, and to himself in particular; but what fascinated his mind was the personal ascendancy of Sir Edward Carson. As an Irishman you could not help being proud when you saw how completely he effaced the others there. They were nobodies! They did not count. He dwelt, too, on the Ulster leader's cordiality and frankness; but what had moved him was this pride—this glad recognition of another Irishman's great qualities, even when that Irishman was his deadliest opponent. He was quiet and unassuming, but he had that gift of the credit of Ireland. At a period in the Convention when important negotiations to which I was not party were in progress he spoke to me with delight of one who had long been active in hostility to us—delight because the man in question "showed himself so much of an Irishman," concerned for the good of Ireland more than for any party object.

It was Mr. Redmond's fundamental belief that the good of Ireland had in it nothing hostile to the good of the Empire. "If I were an Englishman I should be the greatest Imperialist living," he said to me once; and he could not for the life of him understand the mentality of those whom he had classed as "Little Englanders"—though many were our strong supporters. But there is no need to labour this matter. One single action—for it was less a speech than an action—illustrates his whole attitude to Ireland and to the Empire—his utterance of August 4, 1914. When England and the Empire were challenged, not through any mood of Jingo ostentation, nor out of any land-grabbing enterprise, but upon the defence of their most sacred possession of liberty, he instantly committed Ireland to their side. He sought at a supreme moment to link up in mutual acceptance the ideals of his own small country with the ideals of the World Empire. Only Irishmen knew then—perhaps even Englishmen can guess now—all that effort meant. Another Irishman said of it: "The speech which I read filled me with dismay; I recognize now that it was a great stroke of statesmanship, and I confess that I should not have had the courage to attempt it." For a while it seemed as if the stroke had succeeded; but for its success an equally generous response was needed, and was not forthcoming. I do not speak of Ulster's attitude. The Government, and God knows, we and they have paid the price for their lack of insight and of imagination. This is not the place for apportioning responsibility, but the throw was lost. Mr. Redmond in one of the few personal allusions I ever heard him make referred to this matter.

He reminded his hearers in the Convention of the sacrifice which had come upon him. But—and this is the point I dwell on—"If the moment came back," he said, "I would do the same again." Whether Ireland blamed his policy or no, he stood by it.

I am not sure yet that his stroke of statesmanship has failed. Of this I am certain, that by that action he stands to be judged; it was the decisive hour of his career.

If he went wrong then, he went wrong by too generous a judgment of other men, too open-handed a policy. Perhaps, too, he may have erred—it was his characteristic defect—in not pressing his policy upon others with more vehemence. He had not

the temperament which, when once possessed with an idea, resists neither night nor day in pursuit of it and spares neither others' labour nor its own to carry the conception into effect. There was an element of inertia in his nature, and of the ordinary self-seeking motives which impel men not a trace. Ambition he had none—none, at all events, in the last ten or fifteen years during which I have known him. As for vanity, I never saw a man so entirely devoid of it. The way of life to which he was committed was in its essence profoundly distasteful to him. I do not believe that history shows an example of a statesman who served his country so absolutely from a sense of duty.

His tastes were of the simplest. Every week that he could get away from the House, be it winter or summer, he went back to his strange home a thousand feet up on the slopes of the Wicklow mountains. Yet he liked comfort, and would, I think, have liked to be rich, and not as he was, a poor man. Nothing is sadder than that he could be foraging politics and going to the Parliamentary bar, have earned a very large income without exacting labour. There never was a man better equipped for the specialised and most lucrative branch of the law; and nothing existed to keep him from it but the sense of Ireland's need—and, I think, not less strongly, the sense that he must carry on the work of his leader.

His whole life was coloured by his association with Parnell. His mountain home had been the chief's old shooting lodge, where they used to camp when all were young men together. His intimates—and they were very few—were those who had been banded with him in the little group that stood with Parnell when the rest of Ireland went back on him. In late years that group of intimates had been much contracted by various circumstances, but chiefly by the death of his most devoted follower, Pat O'Brien. The group was characteristic. Redmond liked company, but he did not care about talk; and he only cared for the company of those he was used to.

Socially he kept the imprint set on him in times when Irish members were regarded in London as pariahs, and returned the regard with a determination to go to no houses but those of their own Irish sympathisers. It was hard to persuade him to accept any invitation, and he detested being lionised. But once he got to a dinner table no one could make himself more at home. In the rest of his politics, he was most interesting company. In a sense, he did not care for either literature or art; but his judgments on books and on plays were always absolutely unconventional, and often cut right to the core of the matter. In another meaning, of course, he had literature in his bones; a born artist in words, he had supremely the sense of form, and he was most reported, and with good reason, as an orator, yet for my own part I never cared so much for his most set and carefully prepared speeches as for the more informal interventions by which he helped on debates. One saw him at his best in the chair at a party meeting summing up and setting out a complex situation. Nothing could exceed the cogency of his statements. In fact, the thing was mastered, it was perfect in expression, there was never a slovenly sentence. Yet the least trained mind could follow the whole argument. Those who knew him in the Convention knew this aspect of him. There, too, he made more than one speech of great scope and beauty, but what impressed me was his mastery in a busy time, the way in which his interventions to clear up a tangled situation, and the perfect charm and tact of his tone. An Irish Unionist who had not before known him said to me of this happy gift, "He's wonderful; he doesn't seem able to put a word wrong." He meant not only that Redmond was never at a loss for the right word, but that he always said exactly the right thing.

In truth, and I think half unconsciously, he had laid himself out to make a conquest of the Convention. I never saw him so attractive elsewhere. Whether he meant to or no, he achieved it. It would be impossible to overrate his personal popularity or his personal ascendancy there. I am certain there was not a man in the assembly but would have said, "If there is to be an Irish Parliament, Redmond must be Prime Minister, and his personality will give it its best chance."

He was extraordinary on his feet. In counsel he was also gifted. He had not what Lord Morley describes as "the priceless quality of throwing his mind into common stock." You stated a case, and he said Yes or No. He could not, or would not, bring his mind really to touch with yours. A graver defect was really the effect of his modesty. He always underestimated his personal influence. A man less single-minded, vainer, more ambitious of success might with the same gifts have achieved more for Ireland in thrusting towards a personal triumph. A man with more love for the homage of crowds might have kept himself in closer touch with the mass of his

following. No one could have been less distant, no one was more equally cordial to great and small; but because he was not easy to consult with, men did not bring him their doubts and difficulties, and because he was always away at Anghvanagh only his peasant neighbors saw much of him. In truth, he was too simply a gentleman to be an entirely successful politician.

As a statesman, I do not see how you could overpraise him. He spent his whole life in opposition, and was not embittered. His mind remained constructive after thirty years of criticism. His experience of political life and of English Ministers had rid him of any credulous faith in mankind. He was a realist who was always to perceive the best in men. The friend who knew him best in Convention and who had seen him in his darkest hours then, and long ago, said this of him: "He was always an optimist." The speaker did not mean—he could not have meant—that in these last months Redmond was hopeful. He meant, I think, that he had faith; that in a country where suspicion is the prevailing disease, he credited men with honest motives and with his own love of Ireland. One is apt, I believe, to get of men what you expect of them, and Redmond, could his life have been spared, might have brought home the harvest.

I think, perhaps, his death and his gallant brother's death, may yet bring it to pass that his faith shall have fulfilment.

GOUGH'S ARMY LET HUNS THROUGH

AS A RESULT SIR HUBERT HAS BEEN REMOVED

This is the first account as yet published of the breaking of the British line between St. Quentin and La Fere, when the big offensive began.

Washington, April 6.—The appointment of Sir Henry Rawlinson to succeed Sir Hubert Gough in command of the British fifth army brought to Washington the first intimation of what actually happened at St. Quentin on March 21 and 22 in the great battle which has been raging in France for the last fortnight. The removal of a general from command while the battle is on is a bitter discipline and there is no mistaking what it signifies.

The fifth army under Gen. Gough, occupying the British right wing, the junction with the French, was cut to pieces. The replacing of Gough means that it was not the mere weight of guns which the Germans were able to mass against the Allies, though this was appalling, that explained the destruction or capture of the fifth army.

German military correspondents during the first two or three days of the great offensive kept repeating charges of bad British generalship in accounting for the German triumph.

Gough superseded.

And now comes the appointment of a new British army commander to lend confirmation to the German stories. Details of Gough's failure have not been allowed to leak out, but when reference is made to what happened and to the time when the Germans were rejoicing over the failure of British generalship, it is apparent that the break through the Gough must have taken place on the second and third days of the German drive.

On the first day the British resisted the storm of shell effectively and the French had been successful throughout in standing off German assaults.

It was the cutting to pieces of Gough's army that made possible the large capture of men and guns and other material by the Germans.

LOSS OF PERONNE

It was also this breach that enabled the Germans to cross the Somme line and seize the strong defensive positions in the neighborhood of Peronne as if nothing stood in their way.

That was the gravest moment in the entire battle. The French had to take over part of the British line and a large section of the available reserves had to be thrown into action to strengthen the line and stem the tide of German advance.

NO COUNTER OFFENSIVE

This accounts for the fact that there has been no counter-offensive. This and the circumstances to which Haig alluded in a dispatch after the destruction of the fifth army, when he reported great loss of war materials, including tanks, has led to the sharp discipline of Gough and in the appointment of Sir Henry Rawlinson is seen the hand of Foch, the new allied generalissimo.

Gen. Rawlinson has been associated with Foch in the interallied war council and there is reason to believe that he was selected for that council by Foch, just as there is reason to believe that his predecessor, Gen. Sir Henry Wilson, now chief of the British command, was also selected by him. Further reorganization is expected.

for the failures of British generalship both in the recent battle and at Cambrai, are too serious to be passed over.

Attention is beginning to be given here to the loss of material reported by Gen. Haig as more serious than the loss of ground and men.

The preponderance of arms on the west front is now for the first time in a couple of years overwhelmingly in favor of the Germans.

SIR SAM HUGHES, M. P.

CHARGES FRENCH PRIESTS WITH SPREADING GERMAN PROPAGANDA

(Staff Correspondence of The Globe)

Ottawa, April 7.—When Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Friday referred, in the course of his remarks, to the alleged keeping of General Lessorard in the background, Sir Sam at last gave this explanation:

"Gen. Lessorard—I made him a General. I promoted him, I made him what he is to-day so far as titles are concerned—when I sent for him and spoke about raising a French-Canadian brigade, he said he would be the worst man in the Province of Quebec or the Dominion of Canada to take that in hand, because he did not like them and they did not like him. This is the second time in my presence that the Leader of the Opposition has seen fit, after he was corrected, to say that if General Lessorard had been sent in he would have done wonders. He knows that the Prime Minister and I and General Lessorard will not deny it—gave General Lessorard every opportunity, although General Fiset and I knew that he was not the man for the job."

CLERGY AIDED PRO-GERMANS

Sir Sam's second significant declaration of "inside" history in regard to the real causes for non-recruiting in Quebec consisted of a direct charge that some of the expatriated priests from France had been caught in direct collaboration with the pro-German element in the United States. "I want to make another statement here, and the fact will not be denied," declared Sir Sam. "Some of these clergymen were expatriated from France for violation of the French laws, I suppose. But I am not going to discuss that. At any rate they were in the city of Quebec and eight of these clergymen were found with a collection of German propaganda circulated from the United States and coming into this country. I did not have them arrested. I simply refer you to the fact. If you doubt it, ask Inspector Green, a good Irishman, who was then Post-office Inspector. I let it with him to settle with them. One of these gentlemen went to the United States and has since died. I think the others followed across the line. But they were all busily engaged in circulating German propaganda through Quebec."

MESSAGE OF POPE

WORLD POIGNANTLY IN NEED OF MESSAGE OF PEACE SO THAT HATRED MAY BE BANISHED

A plea for lasting peace is made by Pope Benedict in his Easter message to the United States, which he sends through the Associated Press. His message reads:

"The first message of the risen Saviour to His disciples, after suffering the torture of Passion Week, was 'Peace be unto you.' Never has the world for which He sacrificed Himself needed so poignantly that message of peace as to-day.

"On this solemn occasion no better wish can be made to the country so dear to our hearts than that the divine Redeemer may grant a realization of the desire of all, that is, a healing of the existing hatred and the concluding of a lasting peace based on the foundation of justice, fear of God, and love of humanity, giving to the world a new organization of peoples and nations united under the aegis of true religion in aspiring to a nobler, purer, and kinder civilization.

"It is thus we desire to fulfil our Master's last injunction to His apostles: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

THE IRISH RIFLES OF BOSTON

A writer from Paris relates that the American regiment which has most distinguished itself in France was formerly known as the Irish Rifles of Boston.

The four men decorated by Premier Clemenceau were all Irish. A French officer is quoted as saying he had never known men to fight with such courage and vigor.

Ireland has had two historic friends, France and the United States. Irishmen are aiding both friends, and they are doing so with as much valor by their valor which supports at once the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes.—Buffalo Enquirer.

These "Irishmen" are Americans, the best of our best, and they hope that, when peace returns to this distracted world, their country will consider the land of their forefathers.—Buffalo Union and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The U. S. Supreme Court, at the head of which is the Catholic Chief Justice White, held no session on Good Friday.

Washington, April 4.—An official statement says that the chaplain and two nuns of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth at Antwerp were executed by the Germans. They were killed in the courtyard of the barracks at the same time as the Belgian oculist, Dr. Demets.

A bill authorizing an appropriation of \$10,000 for the erection in Arlington Cemetery of a statue of General William S. Rosser was introduced in Congress by Senator Harland. General Rosser was at one time commander of the Army of the Cumberland. His brother was the first Bishop of Columbus.

Washington, April 2.—Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, said, according to the Congressional Record: "I think the greatest mistake Congress is making now and has made for the past two years is in assuming that this is going to be a short war. If I had my way, 6,000,000 men would be in the course of training now."

Seventy-five persons were killed and ninety wounded when a shell from the German long-range gun fell on a church in the region of Paris while Good Friday services were being held. According to an official communication most of the victims were women and children. Among those killed was H. Stroehlin, counsellor of the Swiss Legation in Paris.

A French paper quotes an official announcement awarding the bronze war medal to Miss Elizabeth McNamara, in religion Sister St. Emile, nurse of the complementary or auxiliary hospital No. 25, Sister St. Emile, who is a member of the Bon Secours community at Paris, belonged to Ballynabbin, County Cork. She is a sister of Thomas P. McNamara, of Boston, and is one of four sisters in religious life.

Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, characterized as "absolutely false, and what is worse, malicious in purpose and intent," a statement by the "Christian Science Monitor," Boston, to the effect that the names of the nominees for bishoprics, which included many German-Americans, had been sent to the Vatican and thence to Berlin so that the Kaiser might recommend as to the men named for advancing German propaganda in America.—Catholic Bulletin.

Owing to war losses John Ayscough, Mgr. Bickerstaffe Drew, has decided to part with the collection of his manuscripts and relics intended to have been left as heirlooms to his family. The collection will be dispersed as prizes in a drawing to take place on June 1. There will be over five hundred prizes, consisting of holograph manuscripts of novels, tales, essays, reviews, poems, lectures, (including unpublished novels, tales and diaries), also ivory miniature portraits of the writer, autograph letters, etc.

Mgr. Maurice Carton de Wiart, Secretary to Cardinal Bourne, of London, and brother of the Belgian Minister of Justice, has been awarded the Medaille de Reconnaissance by the French Government. The family, one of great distinction in Belgium, won additional lustre from the fact that the wife of the Minister of Justice deliberately chose to remain with her children in Belgium throughout the German occupation, rather than escape with them to England, in order that she and they might share in their country's sufferings. She spent several months in prison in the early part of the occupation.

The Prince of Wales, in his recent visit to Wales, was the guest of the well-known Bute family at Cardiff Castle, where he visited the beautiful private chapel of the Marquis of Bute. He was also entertained by Lord Troevon, another Catholic, better known as Sir Ivor Herbert, and visited the munition works of the Curran firm, all the directors of which are Catholic. There he was entertained and presented with a beautiful illuminated address, the work of a Catholic artist; and the heir to the throne seemed to enjoy his surroundings and associations very much.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot is selling Alton Towers, the lovely place in Staffordshire which was created by his Catholic predecessor, the "Good Earl John." John Earl of Shrewsbury was a great benefactor of the English Catholic Church in mid-Victorian days, spending it, was said, £200,000 annually in charity. He employed Pugin to build his house at Alton, as well as several Catholic churches in the neighborhood, and a conventual residence for Father Faber and his community of converts at Cotton Hall, now St. Wilfrid's College, Oakenfoot. On the death of Bertie, the last Catholic Earl, the estates were claimed by Earl Talbot, to whom they were adjudged after a costly law-suit. Lord Edmund Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, inherited Lord Shrewsbury's personal property, and assumed in consequence the surnames of Talbot.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.