

belongs the merit of having invented an entirely new method of getting rid of inconvenient opposition. The enormous circulation of the few monarchical journals having been found prejudicial to the health of the republic and the papers which uphold it, it was not difficult to engage

A Band of Ruffians

who smashed up the offices, one after the other at their leisure, and then proceeded to the public square to get themselves photographed in a group. The official note as to the hoisting of the old flag is an absolute lie, and the extreme moderation praised by the other papers in that the assailants chose a Sunday afternoon when few of the reporters were about may receive another interpretation. The protests of the authorities as to their powerlessness to defend the publishers against the anger of the mob appear also in another light when one knows that two days later, at the least hint of a protest on the part of the strikers against the *Seculo*, that precious publication was at once put under the guard of numerous troops. More than one paper in the provinces has shared the same fate, and others, especially Catholic ones, have found themselves forced to perform the 'happy despatch.'

Campaign of Irreligion.

Meanwhile the campaign of irreligion continues. On February 1, in Coimbra, the mob wrecked the rooms of the Catholic Democrats, an entirely unpolitical student society, where a conference had been announced on social questions. The lecturer, a prominent Catholic, was warned in time to escape assassination. No one was arrested, of course, except one unfortunate member of the club who dared to protest, and the papers praise the 'noble' act of 'just vengeance' on the part of the people against those who had exhausted their admirable patience by daring to hold opinions of their own. In Lisbon the papers drew the attention of the world to the fact that the thousands of mourners who attended Masses for the repose of the souls of the murdered King and Prince were allowed to do so unmolested and unimportuned. But on the following Sunday public homage was paid to the regicides, their graves being guarded by the military, and in the evening a meeting of commemoration was held, at which an officer made a speech. For the honor of the army it must be added that lately in a provincial town at a cinematograph séance, a number of officers made a demonstration against the portraits of the revolutionaries with cries of 'Down with the traitors; long live the loyal army,' and when the film continued to be shown tore up the screen. In another small town one man alone lately sold five hundred flags of the old pattern, that is, the blue and white of the monarchy.

On the same day that in Lisbon the tombs of the regicides were being visited, a procession was being held in Castello Branco in spite of the quite illegal prohibition of the Governor. Forty arrests were made, and in defiance of the brand-new laws of the republic the prisoners were taken to Lisbon and kept there several days without being questioned.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.

Lately the Little Sisters of the Poor were forced to leave Lisbon, entirely by their own fault, of course, as the Minister was careful to explain to them. For, the Portuguese ones at least might have remained if they had only chosen to leave off their habit, accept the chaplain and the doctor chosen by the Government, remove all religious emblems from the house, never speak of God to the old people, never let the Last Sacraments be administered, and comply with a few more equally liberal conditions. However, the lay workers are, in his opinion, much better after all, though they already need a grant of £2500, and that is only the beginning.

Of course the republic was, like all liberal Governments, to be one of the strictest economy. Only the other day the *Daily Mail* announced the self-denying ordinance by which all foreign embassies except those of England and Brazil were to be replaced by Consuls-General, thus making a yearly saving of £50,000. It is rather a queer comment on this statement that Ministers have just been appointed to Belgium and Switzerland, in both of which countries the office is a practical sinecure. However, the republic no longer has the slightest difficulty, owing to continual practice, in swallowing one by one all the articles of its propaganda, nor does it trouble any more to wrap up its irreligion in fine phrases. 'The laws of the Republic come before all,' said one of the dictatorially-appointed commissioners who replace the municipal council of Oporto, resigned *en masse*. This was apropos of certain conditions to which legacies were attached and which the present rulers would gladly put on one side. This same commission proposes to remove the great crucifix from the cemetery to a museum on the grounds that owing to a proposed enlargement of the cemetery there is no longer any room for it.

It is possible, however, that there is truth in the assertion that the Ministry wishes it had left religion alone. In touching their churches they will touch

The One Tender Spot of the Country People.

Already there are signs that in defence of their religion all other differences will be forgotten by the Portuguese, as they were forgotten in defence of their country just a hundred years ago. The international gang who now hold power no more represent the country than did the Freema-

son delegates who solemnly went to receive Junot, congratulating him and themselves on the departure of the Braganzas. It is possible, perhaps even more than possible, that the present invasion of anti-religious, anti-patriotic sectaries, who have their headquarters where he had his also, may meet the same fate as he did, when their time comes.

The *Palavra*, the last daily Catholic newspaper left in Portugal, has now ceased to imperil the existence of the republic by upholding the rights of conscience. This happy result has been achieved by the tumults caused, so the other papers say, by the blunder of one man. This misguided individual, being pursued for some time by one of the rowdy bands which on the 15th spent the day in wandering about Oporto, and being in danger of his life, and, moreover, an old soldier with a medal for bravery in Africa, drew his revolver and defended himself with it. After this, of course, when the mob had been with the greatest difficulty baulked of its legitimate prey by the police, who managed to get him to the hospital, there was nothing else to do but to indulge in what is the usual practice on such occasions—go and smash the windows of newspaper offices. In the case of the *Palavra* it would seem as if the affair was prearranged, for the attack was not confined to the windows, and bullets flew freely. After all the windows had been smashed, the telephone wires were cut to prevent the occupants from calling for help. It being the usual custom of the troops to arrive in time to take care of the ruins, the besieged began to retaliate with boiling water, which somewhat medieval practice had the excellent result of only hurting the few who were actually engaged at the doors and windows. A sprinkling of some chemical from the leads completed the result. The mob called upon the troops who had arrived meanwhile, the building being just behind their headquarters, to open the doors for them. The troops having declined, the crowd directed its attention elsewhere and went to smash up the

Catholic Workmen's Club

in a neighboring street. Here the work of destruction went on under the benevolent eyes of the soldiers drawn up in lines. When the last bit of furniture had joined the broken window-frames in the middle of the street the mob gave an ovation to the troops, and the republic went off in search of new prey, laden with books as relics of the occasion. At a short distance, and under the same benevolent surveillance, they performed a second act of prowess in wrecking the Catholic Association. Here the door was barred from the inside, and the place only yielded after two men had clambered up the water-pipes and forced an entry through the windows. A second attack was now made on the *Palavra*, but here the troops by 'gentle words,' as the papers point out, persuaded the ardent propagandists of their own views that they had worked enough for one night.

In spite of the attacks, the *Palavra* had got its daily issue printed on the valuable machines which it possesses almost alone of all the papers in the town, when it was suspended by superior order, as the official document runs, in order not to re-excite by its language the passions of the radical elements. When one remembers that the *Palavra* has, especially of late, been studiously careful in its language, that it has shown no hostility to the republic as such, and true to the instructions of Leo XIII., has accepted with respect if not enthusiasm, impossible in a Catholic paper, the present régime, claiming

Nothing but Common Rights

in a Catholic country, one cannot feel that the words of the order exactly meet the case. The Ministers deeply deplore the nature of the defence—one must not forget to add that the whole staff was arrested as soon as the rioters had dispersed, and the arms confiscated. They deplore the occurrence, they say, chiefly because of the bad effect such things (unaccountably) have on foreigners, as reflected in the foreign papers, to whose opinions they show a sensitiveness they lack in the case of their own fellow-countrymen.

The *Diario da Farda*, an evening republican paper, anything but religious, but threatened in company with the *Palavra* because of its glimmering notions of fair play, has suspended publication till the authorities can guarantee respect for property.

A sad disaster has occurred in Guarda, where more than 2000 persons were assembled at a séance in honor of the War Minister. The floor gave way, and there are many seriously wounded, but there are no deaths. People are remarking on the coincidence that the accident occurred shortly after a blasphemous speech from a young lieutenant which amounted to nothing less than a defiance of Providence.

A newly-issued decree forbids under various penalties any demonstration of religion except in the churches, without a written order from the 'administrator' of the district.

To-day is your day and mine—the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time.