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The Revolution in Portugal

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THE REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL

I

The lower classes in Portugal, particularly in the country, are as hard working, sober, peaceable, and well-mannered a people as one could hope to find. They are, however, incredibly ignorant. To me it was a joy and wonder to find in Lisbon that the servants could not tell time by the clock, and that they thought the French tongue was merely an impediment of speech. It was a temptation never before dreamed of and triumphantly endured, to discover that the washerwoman would accept with childlike faith whatever was offered her because she could not count money. As for reading and writing, they are to these simple people something like miracles of cleverness.

This picturesque ignorance one finds at first merely diverting, as an unexpected example of artistic perfection; but unfortunately when accompanied by its inevitable shadow, extreme poverty, it produces that lethargy and passivity which underlies the tragedy of the history of Portugal. In the absence of a highly developed industry these peasants form the great majority of the Portuguese nation; but they are politically negligible. In as far as they are anything they are monarchists, submissive to the Church; but they have had no influence upon recent events. The revolution in Portugal follows the general rule in being the work of an active minority concentrated in the towns. In Portugal, as elsewhere, it is the minority which is politically effective.

In extraordinary contrast to these simple, docile peasants, the upper classes in Lisbon are undeniably clever. They are distinguished by an impatient mental alertness. They perceive in a flash and turn quickly to other things. In linguistic ability they are second only to the Poles and the Russians. They are bilingual to such an extent that French literature is a serious detriment to the development of their own. One is safe in assuming that an educated Portuguese speaks French; he probably speaks it fluently and without foreign accent. They are all deeply impregnated with French art and philosophy, and French influence is seen in everything they do. Yet this is but a successful veneer; for in temperament and character they are not French

at all, but rather more akin to the Italians. They are excellent musicians and superb orators, but as administrators they are not eminent. They co-operate badly and are prone to factions. Foreigners complain of a certain vanity, which is, however, but superficial. Beneath the surface there lurks an ill-concealed distrust of themselves and of one another. They know that they lack persistence and that they are easily discouraged. Like the Poles they are a ready prey to dejection and melancholy.

All this explains in part why the Portuguese mismanage their politics. The political virtues, says Bagehot, are the stupid ones. In Portugal stupidity is the monopoly of the unpolitical classes. The political classes are volatile; the others, immovable. Portugal, like so many small countries, is a land of violent contrasts. The golden mean is lacking, which in constitutional government signifies a preponderant and self-respecting middle class. Parliamentary institutions, the product of English social conditions, have worked badly among them. In times of political crisis the English hold public meetings; the Portuguese choose a dictator.

It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that this small intellectual class is itself not a unit. It has many social *nuances* and cleavages, among which that between the aristocracy on the one hand and a part of the professional classes on the other, is sufficiently marked to have political consequences.

The aristocracy of Portugal is an old and distinguished one. Disraeli, an expert in such matters, was proud to trace an imaginary descent to this source. Under an absolute ruler raised from their ranks, the government of the country was for centuries their monopoly, and they acquired vast estates which were entailed and inalienable. Early in the nineteenth century these entails were broken. Their property was dissipated and their political monopoly destroyed. Though a small body closely related by intermarriage, they have not the arrogant pride of the English aristocracy, to which on the whole they are not inferior. Owing to their traditional attachment to the monarchy and the Church, this admirable and unspoilt element finds itself in irreconcilable conflict with the new republic. So many have gone abroad that they form a body of political *émigrés* very irritating to the republicans at home, not dissimilar to the French *noblesse* during the French Revolution. The revolution has resulted for the time being in the complete loss of their political power.

It is from the second, the professional class, that the leaders of the revolution have arisen. They are lawyers, journalists, physicians, and university men, inferior to the aristocracy in traditions of culture, but not in intelligence, or perhaps in wealth. They are *illuminati*, positivists in philosophy, and anti-clerical. With them is associated a not particularly admirable *bourgeoisie*. As the Russian constitutionalists look to England for inspiration, they look to France. French republicanism is their ideal. Unlike the English gentry who assumed parliamentary control in 1640, they have had no political training, especially in matters of administration and public finance. What they knew about politics they learned in the school of journalistic opposition. They have intrigued in the Cortes, written seditious articles, and gone to prison. The rest was theory.

From this political and administrative inexperience flow two of the three serious difficulties now threatening the republic; namely, the continuation of the financial disorder and the quarrel with the Catholic Church. It was disorganised finances more than any other cause that brought about the revolution, and it is here that the revolution has least justified itself. The republic has produced a master of political manipulation, but not a minister of finance. As to the religious difficulty, it is possible that an ultimate quarrel could not have been avoided with a body so tenacious of its privileges as the clergy; but it might easily have been moderated or postponed. These inexperienced and doctrinaire politicians have followed naïvely the pattern of French revolutions and have acted as though anti-clericalism were a sufficient programme for a new republic.

The third difficulty arises inevitably out of the nature of the revolution itself. For this revolution, unlike those in Latin-American countries, is not a mere transference of power from one small class of the community to another. Nor is it merely an anti-monarchical and anti-clerical revolt. It is a social and political uprising of the labouring classes in the towns, particularly in Lisbon, against the double pressure of crushing taxes and rising prices. It is a social upheaval, a serious attempt to erect a democracy upon that unpromising foundation, the disorganised working classes of Lisbon.

It should be said parenthetically that Lisbon plays a rôle in this revolution similar to that of London in the Puritan revolution and Paris in the French revolutions. In fact it may almost

be said that Lisbon is the revolution. As in France, the Latin traditions of centralisation are strong, and so important a city as Oporto dare not remove a rock from the Douro without the previous consent of the metropolis. Lisbon is republican. Without it there would have been no republic and without it the republic would disappear like morning mist. We must, therefore, consider briefly the social conditions and the mental traits of this awakening class, the labourers of the Portuguese capital.

These labourers show few traces of the unconscious self-reliance and well-fed aggressiveness of the American democracy. They have, in general, a high degree of manual skill; but they are poor, deferential to their superiors, and hitherto they have shown no faculty for co-operation, which as a matter of fact was practically forbidden under the monarchy. A young Englishman in the employ of the Lisbon telephone company told me that their workmen constantly made repairs which in England were never done outside the factory. He thought them admirable in work requiring nicety and perfection of detail. They are not wholly illiterate like the peasants; but it is significant that until recently socialist doctrines have found few adherents among them. Since the revolution one hears of socialist and even of syndicalist groups. Their political impotence has arisen from their lack of aggressiveness and cohesion, which in turn arises from their poverty.

Notwithstanding the rapid rise of factories in Lisbon and Oporto in recent years, Portuguese industry is still largely carried on in small shops without elaborate machinery, after the manner sometimes known as arts and crafts. Lisbon workmen in certain trades—as jewelry, tile making, and carving—have been famous for centuries. Their traditions, derived from Moorish times, have survived the earthquake, repeated revolutions, and a long-continued national poverty. Certain characteristics of this manufacture are wholly admirable. Its products are not standardised according to the American practice. A special order and a variation in the product are not to them an annoyance and an expense, but a source of interest. A new order presents a new problem, and in so far the product is an artistic achievement. All this would have delighted the heart of William Morris; but it is accompanied by a drawback which I fear he did not fully realise. Except for articles of mode in which price is subordinate, the returns for such labour are necessarily meagre. I never tired

of pausing in the doorways of these shops to watch the workmen, often with deep respect for the perfection of their skill; but the marks of poverty were only too deeply stamped upon them.

The first introduction of factories does not lead to an immediate improvement in the conditions of labour. It did not in England during the eighteenth century, and it does not now either in Russia or Portugal. Under the monarchy few laws regulating the condition of labour were passed, and those few were carelessly enforced. Portugal was in this respect one of the most backward countries of Europe. The laws controlling the formation of labour unions were so restrictive as to be prohibitory in practice. As for strikes, they were simply forbidden.

An English agent of the Lisbon tramway tells me that their employees are the highest paid in Lisbon; their maximum is \$1.10 a day for motormen. The average wage for Portugal is far less than in America, the hours are long, and prices in general are as high. The attendants at the National Archives receive twelve dollars a month. Public-school teachers begin with thirty cents a day, which is gradually raised, after twenty years' service, to a dollar a day. "How can we teach when the walls of our stomachs are grinding together!" exclaimed a young teacher, in explaining why the percentage of illiteracy in Portugal is between 70 and 80. When a deputation waited upon Dom João Franco with the teachers' grievances, that much harassed statesman replied, "Let them plant potatoes."

The Portuguese lower classes live on bread, codfish, string beans, and wine. The wine, the one cheap article of this diet, costs eight cents a litre, and must be execrable, though I have never found anyone who had ever tasted it. Wheat and codfish are largely imported and since 1892 have paid an iniquitously heavy tariff, that on wheat being 60 per cent. The other two pay a heavy octroi upon entering Lisbon. The octroi alone amounts to more than six dollars *per capita per annum*, of which 40 per cent. is consumed in the collection. Owing partly to these tariffs, the price of foodstuffs has nearly doubled during the past twenty years. This is one of the causes of the downfall of the monarchy. They are still rising, and may yet wreck the republic.

Abused patience leads to fury. At the revolution the depths were stirred. The prohibition of strikes having been removed, there occurred an epidemic of them similar to that in Russia in the autumn of 1905. At one time there were in Lisbon one

hundred strikes in progress. ¹ Twenty-four new ones were announced in a single day. They involved everything from the leading industries—the railways, the tramways, the lighting systems—down to the humblest employments. The washerwomen refused to wash, having conceived the idea that the social order was about to be inverted and that they would by this simple process be brought to the top, with palaces to live in. “Perhaps you will be washing for me,” said one of them shyly to a lady of my acquaintance. The Lisbon proletariat suddenly assumed a noticeably less deferential manner toward their superiors. Having New York standards in mind, I was at first at a loss to understand the horror with which this change was mentioned, for Lisbon manners seemed to me still fairly idyllic; but after meeting the peasants, I could see that the people of the towns had lost something. Even now, as the porter or attendant rises at your approach and stands respectfully as long as he can catch a glimpse of your august presence, you reflect that this is a part of the old Chesterfieldian order, destined speedily to disappear. The Portuguese are still, however, one of the politest people in Europe.

We have now reached the seamy side of the revolution. Mob violence was for a time rampant. Yet few heads were broken, and, apart from the wrecking of the offices of certain plain-speaking newspapers, not much property was destroyed. The Portuguese are neither vicious nor always courageous. A Lisbon mob, ragged, largely barefooted, and wonderfully odorous, is not really formidable and readily respects a show of force.

These outbreaks were nevertheless sufficiently alarming to those against whom they were directed. Those who could, left the country. Those who could not, left Lisbon. Owners of property began to ask if this was the fruit of the new teaching. Many leading republicans, forgetting that revolutions are rough work, and disappointed to find their roseate dreams not immediately realised, retired from politics or became apostate. In Lisbon society the republic is wholly anathema. To defend it would be to lose caste. The large English colony, whose property was specially threatened, is against it to a man. Americans should not be expected, it seems to me, to sympathise with the new order merely on the ground that it is a question of monarchy or republic. In these days of universal parliaments the old distinction is assuming a new meaning. Monarchy is becoming

little more than the rallying point of certain conservative forces, and one's attitude toward the revolution will depend less upon the old political distinctions than upon one's newer social and religious prejudices.

I have said that the Lisbon working classes lack cohesion and are incapable of organisation. There is one aspect of the revolution which leads one to ask whether this statement can be true. I refer to the remarkable rôle played by a secret political society known as the *carbonarios*. It may be admitted that a secret society is not a high form of political association; but all agree that the *carbonarios* have shown remarkable efficiency, which is at least a sign of cohesion. This society, whose numbers, organisation, and membership can be only vaguely surmised, is popularly supposed to consist of about ten thousand men, grouped in blocks of five, only one of whom knows the identity of any member outside. Possibly this was its early form, when secrecy was so necessary. According to common report they are the minute-men of the republic, an informal secret police ready at a moment's notice to instigate or to suppress a riot, to wreck a monarchist rising before it is fairly launched, and to act as spies and secret accusers against the enemies of the republic. Dr. Affonso Costa, the one strong man of the republic, whom the monarchists execrate as the embodiment of the prince of darkness, is said to lean upon them for support. He is even suspected of being controlled by them. The extreme monarchist view is that this small minority, the very offscourings of humanity, is now ruling the great majority through secret accusation and terror. I do not know in how far this is true nor could I discover what proportion of the society is composed of workingmen.

It is true, however, that espionage and arbitrary imprisonment are causing something like a reign of terror in Lisbon. Opponents of the government who discuss political questions in public places do so apprehensively, in undertones. It is also true that there has been much monarchist plotting. There was little bloodletting at the revolution. The monarchists were merely surprised. It is only natural that they should hope to regain power in the manner they lost it. All their efforts so far, however, have been worse than failures. They have served merely to fill the prisons. The government's method of repression has recently been deeply discredited by the discovery that the last monarchist plot was not only, like some of the others, betrayed

by the secret police, but was actually instigated by them, after the worst Russian example. The government's treatment of political prisoners has from the first attracted unfavourable attention abroad, especially in England. The subject is one of bitter controversy, upon which it is difficult to speak with confidence; but a few notorious cases have occurred in which the accused have been imprisoned for long periods without trial, contrary to Portuguese law; and from detailed descriptions of a republican lawyer engaged in the defence of political prisoners, I am persuaded that many of the prisoners have had only the travesty of a trial, partly because of the bias, inexperience, and unfitness of the new revolutionary judges. No distinction is made between the political prisoners and ordinary criminals, who are confined together. This is defended on the ground that the political prisoners have exceeded the bounds of even military opposition. Not content with appealing to arms, they have tried to secure foreign intervention, and must therefore be classed not as political prisoners but as traitors. It is also said in defence of the prisons that they are in no worse condition than under the monarchy. Unfortunately, this is saying little.

The treatment of political prisoners and the religious question are the two sources of widespread bitterness in this revolution.

"Politics are a dirty business, mamma," wrote a Portuguese young lady recently, after marrying into a political family. So they are, not only in Portugal, but everywhere, especially in times of revolution. There never was a glorious revolution—or a glorious reaction.

II

I have tried to show that the Portuguese revolution is essentially a struggle between social classes. It is now necessary to retrace our steps and to discuss its anti-monarchical and anti-clerical phases; for it is also a revolt against the monarchy and the Church. The misgovernment of the monarchy will be made sufficiently clear if we confine our attention to that pulse of the body politic, the administration of finances. The manner in which a state collects and spends its funds is a sufficient test of its efficiency and character.

In speaking of the misgovernment of the monarchy, we do not mean the monarchy alone so much as the ancient régime, which was parliamentary. The deplorable state of the Portuguese

finances is chiefly the work of the rotative parties of the Cortes, differing as parties so often do in no essential principle. The defect of the crown was not misrule but failure to rule at all. The house of Bragança has not been one of strong, purposeful personalities. John IV., the first of the line, was inactive and unenterprising. He would never have accepted the crown but for the superior intelligence and energy of his wife. His descendants, who have inherited only too many of his qualities, have never appealed strongly to the popular imagination. English people sometimes say proudly, "We English love our royalties"; the Portuguese have been lukewarm toward theirs. Neither King Carlos nor Queen Amélie was popular, and the former was the victim of innumerable libellous attacks which were widely believed. Monarchists have told me that at the revolution few regretted the monarchy as such.

There was a popular but quite erroneous impression that the financial disorders of the state were due to the extravagance of the Court. Maria Pia's jewels, the Pena, Ajuda, and Necessidades palaces have played a rôle in popular imagination similar to the diamond necklace and amusements of Marie Antoinette. Their importance has been greatly exaggerated. The Portuguese civil list was in truth too small to maintain the court with dignity. The crown was constantly in debt to the state through illegal advances known as *adeantamentos*. Its affairs were amiably and loosely administered; and this in the face of modern democracy is fatal. A certain court official is said to have held eighteen offices at one time. The fault was not royal extravagance so much as the evaporation of the funds before they reached the king's hands. The court did not set an example of strict accountability, and like the state was constantly on the verge of bankruptcy.

As for Portuguese finances they are indescribable. The national debt has risen in fifty years, without wars or other national crises, to be one of the largest in Europe in proportion to population. M. Marvaud gives the following comparative figures of national indebtedness: Russia, 156 francs *per capita*; Austria-Hungary, 323; Italy, 400; Spain, 475; Portugal, 750. The taxes are larger *per capita* than those of the world powers, Great Britain, France, or Germany, whose wealth is incomparably greater. The depth of this tragedy becomes apparent only when one realises that there is little to show for the expenditure. As a military power Portugal is not formidable, even in proportion to

its size. The navy seldom leaves its anchorage and is said to be unseaworthy. The army is better, but not perfectly equipped. The railways, roads, and other means of communication have cost great sums; but they are inferior and entirely inadequate. Few governments have done so little for the national wealth, for trade, agriculture, or social improvements. The natural resources are undeveloped. The colonies lie dormant. The elementary schools are pitiful. According to a statement made by a deputy in the Cortes in 1897, a very large proportion of this crushing indebtedness is due merely to an accumulation of annual deficits, which in turn are due chiefly to leakage in the collection and expenditure of the public funds. There are few nations whose financial history is more deeply tragic.

If you ask a Portuguese how such things can possibly be, he will answer in exactly the words we use in America in trying to explain away our own political corruption—"the politicians." Unfortunately this is no explanation in either case. It is a hard truth, but the politicians of every country reflect the national character. Nearly everything that one disapproves of in Portugal may be said to rise from two sources: first, to what the economists call the law of diminishing returns, which explains its poverty; second, to the blight of imperialism, which explains its disorganisation and corruption. Portugal was for centuries the centre of a rich empire that drained her of men as she drained it of wealth. With a stream of treasure flowing in upon her it was impossible to maintain the old Portuguese virtues. Thrift, abstemiousness, and vigor gave way to looseness and corruption. A non-mercantile nation can draw profits from a colonial empire only as Spain and Portugal have done, by administrative and fiscal exploitation; and this reacts disastrously upon the mother country. The richer Portuguese colonies have been lost; the habits remain.

A serious crisis came in 1892. National bankruptcy was temporarily averted by arbitrarily lowering the interest on the national debt and imposing numerous new taxes, including those heavy tariffs which so ruinously increased the price of food. It was of little avail, for the annual deficits continued. In 1907 it was clear that drastic reform and a revolution were the only alternatives. Following numerous precedents, King Carlos reverted to a dictatorship and entrusted all the power of the state to Dom João Franco, who unfortunately proved unequal to the heavy

task imposed upon him. He began impetuously enough. The Cortes was dissolved *sine die*, and numerous salutary reforms were instituted by arbitrary decree. The scandalously numerous sinecures were vigorously attacked, improved methods of finance were inaugurated, and the deficit was greatly reduced. It was a promising beginning. The opposition to these necessary but illegal measures was naturally bitter; but it is noteworthy that the old rotative parties, which were nominally monarchist, were as unmanageable as the republicans. The monarchy was a house divided against itself. Franco met agitation with repression. Newspapers were suppressed, municipalities coerced. Hundreds of his political opponents were arrested and preparations were made to deport them to the colonies without trial upon the simple order of three magistrates named for this purpose. Among these prisoners was Dr. Affonso Costa, who learned the art of political repression from personal experience under the monarchy.

On February 1, 1908, while the passions of this conflict were at their height, the royal family was unwisely permitted to drive through the streets of Lisbon unguarded. Near the corner of the Praça do Commercio, the royal coach was fired upon at close range by men concealed under the arches. The King and his eldest son, the heir-apparent, were instantly killed in the presence of Queen Amélie and Manoel. It would have been better if the monarchy could have ended with this tragedy. It would have been dignified and consecrated by a pathos and heroism that was later lacking. The two short years of King Manoel's troubled reign, with its dissolving ministries, its court intrigues, its meanness, mismanagement, and treason, merely served to show that the monarchy was bankrupt politically, as well as financially. The reforms of Franco were speedily undone, but no new law was passed during this reign. The young King was inexperienced and unnerved. The old parties renewed their senseless struggles, with apparently no suspicion that the ground beneath them was completely undermined. The revolution would have come earlier, but prudence required a decent interval of time to avoid the appearance of founding the republic upon an assassination.

The explosion came on October 5, 1910. The conspirators had won over the navy, which opened fire upon the Necessidades Palace. It was in part a military conspiracy like the Turkish revolution, though the troops were divided. An unpaid soldiery is a poor defence. The fighting, if one can call it fighting, was

extremely confused. I have talked with many eye witnesses, but they saw little and that little they did not know the meaning of. A body of republican troops barricaded the upper end of the Avenida, and the marks of their shell fire are still to be seen in that fine boulevard; but what they were firing at is a matter of some uncertainty. According to best informed opinion, only about seventy-five persons were killed, many of whom were non-combatants. A few ardent patriots have persuaded themselves that it was a gallant affair; others are of the opinion that both sides ran away. No one could tell what was happening. A naval officer committed suicide at the moment of victory, supposing that all was lost. The victory consisted in the flight of the King from the Necessidades—whether in terror or under compulsion, whether in the Spanish ambassador's car, with or without the connivance of the republican leaders, it is hardly worth while to inquire. Every one has his own story. The important point is that the power had slipped from listless hands, almost without a struggle.

III

The republican provisional government had hardly been installed before it began with feverish activity, without waiting for an election or the calling of the Cortes, to issue innumerable revolutionary decrees covering an astonishing range of subjects. They were of course as illegal as anything Franco had done, but a new era had been proclaimed and it was necessary to make an immediate showing. It is worth while to mention a few changes of a trivial character because they show the spirit of the new régime and the source of its inspiration.

To exhibit the republic in the character of an intellectual illumination, the new French method of indicating the hours of the day by numbers up to twenty-four was adopted, and the spelling of the Portuguese language was simplified and phonetised. Unfortunately, there was no time to consult the Brazilians, who continue the old spelling, thus creating in a measure two Portuguese languages. A new flag was adopted, red and green, the positivists' colours, an astonishing procedure to those who look upon the flag as a national rather than a party emblem. The national holidays were reduced in number and renamed after military and literary personages in place of saints; not altogether to the pleasure of the unilluminated populace, who imagined that

a new set of obscure saints was being foisted upon them. "Why," they exclaimed, "we never even heard of Saint Camões!" Streets and squares bearing the names of saints have been renamed, some of them in honour of republican newspapers. The word king having become obsolete, the coinage was altered to avoid speaking of *reis*. The shopkeepers, with more zeal than knowledge, followed suit by calling their Christmas cakes *bolos nacionais* instead of *bolos reis*, forgetting that they were named in memory of the Magi, not of the Braganças. Acrimonious disputes were waged between irate monarchists and stubborn shopkeepers as to whether *bolo real* and *bolo nacional* could possibly refer to the same thing: a completely different outlook upon the world was indicated by an affirmative or negative answer to that silly question. It is even said that a man named King felt impelled to change the name of his hotel; whereupon he had no end of trouble with mischievous monarchists inquiring after the vanished establishment and trying to engage apartments in it.

These changes, whose Gallic origin is obvious, have been much criticised, especially by the English residents, as frivolous beyond measure; but at least they make a deep impression at a trifling expenditure of energy. They create the desired illusion of great changes. To the monarchists they are as gall and wormwood. No monarchists could be induced to adopt the new spelling, to speak of Rua de São Roque as Rua Mundo, or of the Rato as Praça de Brazil. Thus a man's very mode of speech proclaims his politics. As long as social relations remain, as at present, impossible between members of the opposing parties, this is not altogether an inconvenience.

The provisional government did not, however, confine its attention merely to surface things. Without authorisation from any source, it did not hesitate to take in hand so difficult and thorny a question as the relations between church and state. Only five days after the revolution it expelled the religious orders upon twenty-four hours' notice. It was a stringent measure roughly enforced. Shortly after, church and state were separated, not by concordat or by formal legislation, but by simple administrative decree. Catholicism is no longer the religion of the state. All religious bodies are on an equal footing. The vast church property was nationalised, though the congregations are permitted the free use of the edifices. Churches must hereafter be supported by free alms, except for the state pension provided for

present incumbents during the remainder of their lives. It is even provided that they may marry, and provision has been made for the support of wives and children who may survive them. The schools are secularised and there is to be no religious instruction in them. Cemeteries are secularised. Religious oaths were abolished. Other decrees facilitated divorce and changed the marriage laws in a sense extremely repugnant to Catholic teaching. Yet, strange to say, the church was not to be entirely free, for the state retained a certain supervision over church finances and appointments. The law is in fact rather more severe than that of France; and no one looks upon France as exactly the home of political moderation.

I must confess to a certain degree of anti-clerical prejudice as a result of my few months' stay in Portugal; but I cannot forbear criticising these decrees, not so much on the ground of abstract theory; as of political expediency. They correspond to no pressing need of Portuguese society, and they outrage quite gratuitously the most cherished ideals of a majority of the Portuguese people. It is true that there is a deep hostility to the clergy in certain classes of Lisbon, Oporto, Santarem, and many other towns, which produced extraordinary scenes during the first days of the revolution. The lack of looting at that time is by some attributed to the fact that the rabble was so busy chasing priests. A church tower near the *Palacio das Côrtes* in Lisbon was riddled by bullets and another church, Santos, was the scene of a spectacular fusillade at night, with its white towers beautifully illuminated by the searchlights of the fleet riding nearby in the Tagus. There were wild rumours that the priests had opened fire from these towers, that the city was undermined with secret passageways, and that the priests intended as a last resort to blow it up rather than surrender their authority. Even now a priest who meets a procession of schoolchildren under the convoy of their teacher may be greeted with shrill derisive cries of "Jesuit." During my stay there two years after the revolution, a priest was stoned by schoolchildren. Yet Portugal as a whole, especially in the country, is Catholic. Even in the towns the hostility was directed chiefly against the foreign religious orders, which had increased during recent years and were in high favour at court. This is said to be the source of Queen Amélie's unpopularity. The Jesuits were specially feared on account of their political activity, and the dislike for the orders was shared to a

certain extent by the secular clergy themselves. As for the latter, they were apathetic, like the society they lived in. Their education was narrowly religious and did not attempt to prepare them for leadership in ordinary practical affairs. They were ill-paid. There was no system of promotion and little supervision. There was no incentive. They were left to stagnate in their little parishes, without the association of a resident gentry or a *bourgeoisie*. Their life was quite different from that of an English country curate, or an American country clergyman. If some of them through isolation and idleness fell into evil ways, it lost nothing in the telling by the republican press, which had a keen sense for clerical and court scandal. The church in Portugal was not in a condition to weather a storm. It had identified itself with a political party or perhaps one should say with the government, and now shares its fate. But to declare war upon it, without provocation as far as the secular clergy are concerned, was singularly unwise. The bishops are in exile for resisting, not the new régime, but the new law. The parish priests, after much hesitation and pressure from their superiors, have for the most part refused the pensions, which means that they are nearly destitute. This is the most serious and most obvious mistake the republican leaders have made. They have wantonly created one of their most difficult problems, and in the end the results may prove fatal.

What has the future in store for the republic and for Portugal? Well informed resident foreigners take a gloomy view, and commonly predict bankruptcy and intervention. Portugal, they say, is a second Egypt. A Kitchener, backed by foreign troops, could take a short cut out of all their difficulties by abolishing useless public offices in a wholesale manner, and by selling the colonies. A politician dependent upon public opinion can hardly do either. I cannot persuade myself, however, that foreign intervention, always a possibility, is either imminent or desirable.

As for the republic, Affonso Costa finds himself confronted with Cromwell's insoluble problem, how to make the revolution, which was the work of a small minority, acceptable to the nation as a whole. How can a thinly veiled dictatorship be changed into a republic reflecting the will of the majority, when the majority is monarchist? In the important towns the republicans probably have a majority, and what is more important, are still

united. The moment they form factions, like the Spanish republicans, the end will have come. Already there are ominous signs. The editor of a republican paper, who is in receipt of a pension as one of the founders of the republic, recently saw his printing establishment smashed by a still more republican mob. In the country it is impossible to make the peasants understand what a republic is. The government has spent considerable sums in a republican propaganda, with meagre results. A young republican who had taken part in this work told me his experiences. Some of the peasants thought the wages of Portugal were paid by the King. "Why did they kill him?" they asked. "He was a good man. He always paid us." "How can such people have any conception what a republic is!" he exclaimed despairingly. Political abstractions certainly will not move them. Nor have they profited like the French peasants by a spoliation of the landlords. The revolution has done little for them, and they are emigrating in ever increasing numbers. In the end, this will, no doubt, raise the standard of living of those who remain and will act as a dissolvent of their fatal passivity. Meanwhile, they cannot be won over to the republic, and they will not fight for the monarchy. The fate of the republic, which is a republic only in name, rests at present with the lower classes of Lisbon.

The future of Portugal is involved in its pressing financial problem, which is grave but not yet hopeless. If the Portuguese could but persuade themselves to part with their colonies, those last links with a glorious but ruinous past! It is these colonies, the rich but undeveloped remnants of a vastly richer empire, which give to the revolution its international importance. Great Britain and Germany, to say nothing of other great powers, are deeply interested in their fate; but as long as international relations remain, as at present, somewhat unsatisfactory, it would be disquieting to raise the question of their partition. England has for centuries occupied a position somewhat approaching a protectorate over Portugal. Ever since the time of Cromwell the two countries have been yoked in an unequal alliance, and England has guaranteed the Portuguese colonies. Even before Cromwell's time, there were large societies of English merchants at Lisbon, Oporto, and elsewhere, who now form an important element in the commercial life of those cities. The tramways, the lighting systems, and the telephones have passed into their efficient hands after Portuguese companies have made a failure

of them. They have become so profitable that there is a great outcry of foreign exploitation, and they were favourite objects of mob violence during the early days of the revolution. The revolution was unwelcome to the British government in many ways, but it nevertheless confined its action to a vigorous protection of its subjects and their threatened property—the exact antithesis to our humiliating and disastrous policy in Mexico. As a result, the British are feared, respected, and unmolested. No other government, not even Spain, which is so deeply disturbed by this neighbouring object lesson in republicanism and revolution, dares intervene without English consent, and that consent England shows no sign of giving. We may therefore expect in the absence of untoward events that the Portuguese will be left to determine their future without foreign interference; but that future is in the lap of the gods.

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