

tion on any event that can tell against the Church. He picks up bits of scandal and dresses them up as coming from "well-known dignitaries." . . . He is jaundiced, bitter, sour. His correspondence betrays him. It is saturated with venom. . . . The "Times" Roman correspondent never writes this sort of stuff, but is always fair and impartial to the Church, though he is a Protestant.'

### The Spaniards

In his 'Contarini Fleming,' Disraeli wrote: 'Certainly the Spaniards are a noble race. They are kind and faithful, courageous and honest, with a profound mind, that will nevertheless break into rich humor, and a dignity which, like their passion, is perhaps the legacy of their oriental sires'. In the 'Nineteenth Century' for June, Mr. Austin Harrison, another non-Catholic writer, gives an equally sympathetic account of the inhabitants of that

'Fair land, of chivalry the old domain,  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain,'

over which an English Princess has gone to rule as Queen.

Mr. Harrison speaks enthusiastically of 'the sincerity and soberness of the Spaniard,' 'his splendid pride, his dignity, his feeling for color, movement, art, and atmosphere, his sincerity, gentleness, and self-content. There are', he adds, 'no conundrums or "questions" in Spain'. He then goes on to say: 'There is no pride or dignity more noble. You may see to-day in any church portal in Spain the sombre dignity of expression immortalised in the portraits of Velasquez. . . . In the Basque Provinces the dignity and pride of the peasantry are reflected in the graceful carriage and symmetry of movement for which the men of that coast and the girls carrying pitchers on their heads are justly celebrated. There is no trace of awkwardness in a Spanish peasant, on whose features is stamped the pride of Rome, who will talk to you with the ease and volubility of a Spanish courtier. It is a noble stock. . . . And what women more adorable than those of Spain, so proud, so simple, so radiantly feminine? As a type, the Spanish woman of the South is unique. 'L'Andalouse', who does not know Musset's tribute to her? A new spirit (according to Mr. Harrison) has been coming into Spain since the loss of its colonies. 'The people seem to be taking measure of themselves and stock of their possibilities. An era of retrenchment, progress, reform, and even creation has opened, and to the young King all look for guidance. After centuries of feud and estrangement, England and Spain are again united. It is an inspiring reflection.'

### Defending the Altars

A recent biographical sketch of the founder of the Land League says of him:—

'It is recorded of young Davitt that he took sturdy part in resisting the anti-Catholic bigotry which blazed fiercely in Lancashire in his early days. At that time there was an outbreak known as the "Murphy Riots," occasioned by the peregrinations of an anti-Catholic lecturer of the Slattery type. Catholic churches were threatened with attack, and Catholics in Lancashire had to stand to arms to defend their fanes. In Haslingden, Davitt organised his companions, provided them with revolvers, and, with their aid, met the onset of a mob bent on wrecking the Catholic church of Haslingden. With their revolvers Davitt and his companions faced the fray. They purposely fired high, and so avoided bloodshed, but their courageous attitude sufficed to terrify the mob and turn it from its purpose, so that the Catholic church was saved. In the neighboring towns, when any Catholic church was known to be in danger of attack, Davitt and his comrades were promptly on the spot to save the sacred edifice from desecration.'

The disturbances referred to took place in various parts of England in 1867. They were caused by a series of

abominable No-Popery 'lectures' that were delivered under Orange auspices by an unclean itinerant lay adventurer who gave himself the name of Murphy. An interesting account of the disturbances is given by the Protestant historian, Rev. W. Nassau Molesworth, in the third volume of his 'History of England, 1830-1874' (pp. 325-7). From it we learn that the Mayor of Birmingham refused the foul-mouthed firebrand the use of the town-hall for his tirades. The 'lectures' were then delivered in a wooden building erected by the Orange and other supporters of Murphy. The fellow's foul effusions were printed and sold in thousands. Serious riots ensued. The military were called out, the Riot Act read, and for two or three days Birmingham was in an uproar. The No-Popery adventurer and the Orange party (says Molesworth) persisted in their 'mischievous agitation', and riots broke out in other parts of England where he appeared (including Haslingden). 'The pamphlet,' continues Molesworth, 'was ultimately seized under Lord Campbell's Act for suppressing indecent publications, and many thousand copies of it were destroyed.'

### Other Historic Riots

By an easy association of ideas, the fanatical outbreaks recorded in the last paragraph recall the memorable Philadelphia riots of 1811. The Native American and Know-Nothing party were in the height of their agitation for the exclusion of foreigners, and of all Catholics, whether American or foreign, from public office and public representation. Brazen firebrands and intriguing politicians swart like a storm of evil spirits through the country, press and pulpit joined in the mad clamor of the hour, and the atmosphere was laden with insane calumny. At that time Catholic children were compelled to read the Protestant version of the Bible in the public schools. A request was made that they should be permitted to read the recognised Catholic version of the Scriptures. And then all over the country swept like a tornado the cry: 'The Bible in danger!' The author of 'The Olive Branch' (an American Episcopalian clergyman) describes the subsequent proceedings, so far as Philadelphia was concerned. Irish Orangemen and other foreign foes of 'Popery' were among the most conspicuous and active members in the movement. 'A dirty Orange flag' flew over the rioters, and Catholic churches were burned down to the tune of 'The Boyne Water'. Here is how the Protestant eye-witness sums up the results of a movement that was hardly five months old: 'Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded; riot, rebellion, and treason rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws set boldly at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence.'

It was like a chapter from the history of Belfast.

'Graced with the wreaths of victory' over defenceless nuns, etc., a chosen and well-armed gang of the Philadelphia rioters set out to burn churches and convents and plunder homes in New York. Their northern brethren prepared to give them a great reception in the City Hall Park. In the meantime the Catholics were preparing for the onset of the wreckers from the City of Brotherly Love. Bishop Hughes called upon the Mayor of New York and urged him to prevent the Know-nothing demonstration in the City Hall Park. After a fair and outspoken preliminary statement that the Catholics were prepared and determined to protect their own, the Mayor asked: 'What, then, would you have me do?' Dr. Hughes (as reported in his 'Life', by Hassard) replied:—

'I did not come here to tell you what to do. I am a churchman, not the Mayor of New York. But if I were the Mayor, I would examine the laws of the State, and see if there were not attached to the police force a

"A HUNGRY man smells meat afar"—and the fragrant aroma of "Hondai Lanka Tea" is sweetest of all.

"A N auld sack needs muckle cloutin," but "Hondai Lanka" Tea is unneeded Ceylon. It's always the same.