

which to exterminate all his enemies at once. From the calm which followed this proceeding, in which the Jesuits could have had no part, there was a rude awakening. One night a stupor of terror settled upon Lisbon, mounted guards patrolled the city, none but military were in the streets. A squad entering the Palace Tavora made captive every inmate from the master to the in-firmest servitor, and conducted them to prison. Elenora, Marchioness of Tavora, the other women servants and mistresses, were plunged into dungeons; the masters and male domestics disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them.

The same night saw also the imprisonment of a number of other noblemen, among them the Duke of Aveiro, and the commencement of that judicial carnage and torture, which accomplished the extermination of the Jesuits in Portugal. Pombal, in whose hands the king was but a tool, enacted the farce of an examination. Refusing them the privilege of being judged by their peers, to which Tavora and Aveiro, as the first noblemen in Portugal, were entitled, denying them even the ordinary tribunals of justice, he created a court composed of his own creatures, and presided himself, in spite of the remonstrances of the most eminent jurists in the kingdom. Otherwise, and without false evidence and torture, he could not have trusted to obtain convictions. Under the torture, the family of Tavora and the others accused remained mute, all but one. The Duke of Aveiro was a great nobleman, but he was vanquished by torments. Accusing his fellow prisoners of all that was desired, more dead than alive, he implicated the Jesuits also. When he recovered his senses he retracted this accusation, but Pombal would not relinquish his testimony, and sentence of death was passed on all the relatives and friends of Tavora. Fearing the popular indignation, Pombal raised the scaffold during the night outside the city. Further than to say, however, that not even the in-firmest servitor escaped the flames, and that the shrieks of the victims were heard even in Lisbon, the details of what followed are too shocking to be mentioned. The awful carnage is described by Voltaire as "the excess of horror," and by Feval as "the masterpiece of a demon." Of the two objects of his hate, however, Pombal had as yet attained only the first; the massacre of the nobility was but a means unto an end, to crush the heart of the Society of Jesus.

Between the time of Aveiro's confession and the hour when restored to consciousness he supplicated his persecutors to receive his retraction, Pombal had caused the arrest of ten Jesuits, among whom was the Portuguese Provincial. These were held in prison until the morning of the 16th February, a few days later, when every Jesuit in the kingdom awoke to find himself a prisoner. Collectively, and without distinction, they were accused of complicity in the regicide plot, and as showing the utter helplessness of the King, neither he nor the Queen could obtain permission to see Father Moreira, their confessor, for whom they entertained the sincerest affection. Besides this general accusation, the greater number of the Fathers were inculpated as having been the counselors and friends of the conspirators, and as having fomented their hatred either in the tribunal of penance or the privacy of social life. In vain did the Pope protest and the Queen supplicate for their release. Pombal was absolute master. Those who were not summarily executed spent the months that intervened between their arrest and general proscription in hideous dungeons, their sufferings ending usually in insanity or death. To crown all, they were offered their liberty if they would abjure their institute. None, it need not be said, took advantage of the offer. Of the nearly six thousand victims these dungeons enclosed, eight hundred unfortunates alone, it is said, survived. Why was it, may we not ask, that these Jesuits, the traditional assassins of kings who protected and loved them, had not a dagger for the bosom of Pombal? Why, while directing the pistol shots towards their penitent King Joseph, they should have desired in his minister to maintain for so long life?

The beautiful letter of Father Laurent Kaulen (quoted at length in the Journal de Murr) from whom seven years of awful captivity could not extort the least expression of

bitterness, and the execution of the illustrious and saintly Gabriel Malagrida, awakened a deep and sorrowful interest throughout Europe. The story of their sufferings is a story of the superhuman grandeur of the soul, the heroism of the martyrs, and the miraculous charity of the saints.

Pombal, however, lived long enough to feel, even in this world, the weight of God's avenging hand. Some years later the King expired, and immediately a clamor of reprobation arose against his atrocious minister. Pombal was obliged to flee, the prisons rendered up the unfortunates from those dungeons where so many had languished in agony, a decree of the Grand Cortes declared all his victims reinstated, and Pombal himself by the same instrument was proclaimed criminal. Living in such power, dying in such obscurity, so great was the hatred he aroused that his remains were refused interment by the inhabitants of his native town, as well as by the authorities of Lisbon. The body, enclosed simply in a coffin, and deposited in the Franciscan Convent at Pombal, remained fifty years above the earth literally without burial. In 1829, the date of the official return of the Jesuits into Portugal, Father Delvaux, charged with their reinstatement, relates in his report of his journey throughout the kingdom, as follows:—

"At Pombal we were obliged to run away from the ovation in order to gain the convent of the Franciscans. I ran thither and celebrated mass. I will not describe what I experienced in offering the victim of propitiation, the Lamb who prays on the cross for his executioners, in offering. I repeat, the holy sacrifice for the repose of the soul of Don Sebastian de Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, *corpore præsente*," in presence of the body. For fifty years his body had waited here the return of the Society from the exile to which his cruelty had condemned them. We make no comment upon this fact; it is easy enough to pardon the dead. What was sublime, was the prayer of the dying Malagrida for his triumphant persecutor.

SACRED LEGENDS.

II.—LEGENDS OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.

THIRD PAPER.

We have already given the chief legends of the Birth and Holy Infancy of our Lord; this paper will be devoted to the few that are connected with His public life before the commencement of His passion and crucifixion. The legends surrounding the closing scenes of His life will be reserved for a future number.

The writer is conscious that very great discretion should be used in taking note of stories and traditions that concern the Sacred Person or Life of our Lord, and he hopes not to offend in that direction. Some people would not read a religious book if a novel were at hand—just as some good people who are fond of music go to High Mass because there is singing by the choir. It occurred to the writer that perhaps many persons would read legends about our Lord and the Saints, though they may be persons who would not care to read a professedly religious book. If these were beguiled into reading of that sort, perhaps they might acquire the habit of reading something better than they are reading now. It was no doubt a good thought that inspired Lambilotte to write the musical Masses that attracted the people of Paris away from the theatre and into the Church. Some one possibly who came to listen or scoff remained to pray. Some one who reads this may take up some of the books out of which it is compiled and learn how much more satisfaction there is in the reading of a good book than there is in the reading of a poor novel.

The public life of our Lord may be said to commence with His baptism in the River Jordan. After the return from Egypt there is the one incident of the dispute in the Temple when He was twelve years old. This has been interpreted as the first manifestation of His high character as a teacher of men; those who are young, to listen to the voice of age and experience; those who have grown old, to learn wisdom from the innocence of childhood. "He sat in the midst of the doctors hearing them and asking