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THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

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We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Uphearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our pilgrim gonsalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairies as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

In 1809 Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to that portion of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. "While in this city," said Col. L., "I used to speak freely among the people about the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition." It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, but the prisons of the Inquisition were still unopened. One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as Col. L. was walking the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, and put himself in a position of defence, and while struggling with them, saw at a distance the lights of the patrols—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night to preserve order. He called to them in French, and as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

The Colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the ninth of the Polish lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him an additional regiment—the 117th he would undertake the work. The 117th was under the command of Col. De Lalé. "The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of sol-

diers. When we arrived at the wall I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was the signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared upon the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office: there was also a breast-work upon the wall, behind which they but partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train and blow us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down, and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the powers they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed in to the Inquisition.

Here we met with an incident which nothing Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisition general, followed by his father confessor in his priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with their arms crossed over their shoulders, as if their fingers resting on their shoulders, as if though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?" Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, and that, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there—nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble pavements were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been misled, that we had seen all;

and I was prepared to give up the search, ceasing to think that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

"But Col. De Lalé was not so ready as myself to relinquish our investigation, and said to me, 'Colonel, you are commander today, and as you say so must it be, but if you will be advised by me let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place which it passes more freely than others.' I replied to him, 'Do as you please, Colonel,' and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the satisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lalé exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of those marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were at work for further discovery: the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pour the water through the slabs; others with the points of their swords striking the slab with all their might to break it up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the candlelight appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning; that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and sanctimonious look said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy." "Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a huge block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the priestly fathers, while engaged in the solemn business of Holy Inquisition.

"From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again.

"These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed and the room had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In those cells we found the remains of those who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others remained but the bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeons.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years of age—all made as when born into the world, and all in chains. Here were old men and aged women who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young man and the maiden of fifteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains and took from them in kindness their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave them to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day, but being aware of the danger, I had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were unable to bear it.

"We then proceeded to explore another room to the left. Here we found the instruments of every kind which the ingenuity of man could invent." Col. L. then described four of these.

"The first was a machine by which the sufferer was secured, and then beginning to use the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, was broken, or drawn, one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the accused were so closely screwed that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water would fall upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place, which suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer to the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally to which the victim was bound; this instrument was then placed between two beams in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in ferocious ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed with arms extended, ready to embrace its victims. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open: its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces, in their deadly embrace."

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty, kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head, was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor-General was brought before the infernal engine, called "The Virginia." He begged to be executed. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They later locked their bayonets so as to form large forks and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the place, and