

when intelligence arrived from her valiant armies that they had succeeded in roasting alive a tribe of Africans who had refused to surrender their native land. Her deeds of shame in high places, we would hope, for the honour of our common humanity, are altogether unparalleled among civilized communities. What a succession of atrocities was paraded before the eyes of the world on that blood-stained scene, as if to usher in, with fitting accompaniments, another grand crisis of the mighty tragedy! A wretch, moving in the very highest rank of nobility, murders his wife for the sake of a paramour, and then is permitted to poison himself in prison to avoid the disgrace to his order of a public execution. A judge in one of the highest courts is tried for a crime, and condemned in the very court in which he had presided. The highest ministers of state are convicted of selling public offices for money, and plead in justification, that their predecessors had done the same before them. The monarch meanwhile proves himself worthy to be the head of such a gang. By a series of beastly negotiations—which, from their very filthiness, journals of character cannot print—carried on between himself and his ambassador, he sacrificed a helpless Queen to his own ambition—bartering away the rights of an independent nation, prostituting the institution of marriage, and plunging a defenceless woman into certain family misery. As an appropriate close to the abominable transaction, the ambassador who had been employed as the tool, thrown aside, as might have been expected, when the dirty work was done, in a fit of compunction cut his own throat. Such a series of base and tragic deeds you may meet with in the pages of ancient romance, or perhaps you may find them yet enacted in the court of some Eastern sultan; but we are not aware of anything similar among civilized nations in modern times. Surely that nation was ripe for destruction!

When the new revolution was effected, the world was called to wonder at an event so great accomplished with so little bloodshed. France had now grown skilful in the art of revolutions. The light of the nineteenth century is now shining full upon her. All has to be done in a truly philosophical way. Men were not such fools now as to shed each others blood. Philosophy will guide the machine of government; the very laws will be given out clothed in all the graces of poetry; and Frenchmen, all united, and all equal, will be one happy family. How soon has the insulted Lord of nations blown up the colubus! "They have set up kings, but not by me; they have made princes, and I knew it not. . . . Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off; mine anger is kindled against them; how long will it be ere they attain to innocency? . . . The workman made it; therefore it is not God; but the calf of Samaria shall be broken in pieces. For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind; it hath no stalk; the bud shall yield no meal; if so be it yield, the stranger shall swallow it up."—Hosea viii. 4-7. France might have sat for the prophet's picture.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

The following facts were narrated by Colonel Lohmanowski, the officer engaged in the service. After the peace, Colonel L. went to America, and at the time of this narrative was a much respected citizen in New York. In describing the eventful scenes he had passed through during the wars of Napoleon, few recollections seemed to give him such satisfaction as the part he took in the demolition of this place of iniquity, the Inquisition of Madrid.

In the year 1809 I was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. Soult was Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the city. My regiment was the 9th Polish Lancers.

One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as I was walking alone in one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon me from a doorway. I instantly drew my sword, and defended myself as best I could from their furious attack. While struggling with them, I saw at a distance, crossing

the top of the street, the lights of the mounted patrols. French soldiers on guard with lanterns, rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night to preserve order. I called to them in French, and as they hastened to my help, my assailants took to their heels, not, however, before I saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition. Having been in the habit of speaking freely among the people what I thought of the priests, and Jesuits, and the Inquisition, I have no doubt that these men were set to watch for me, and to assassinate me. It had been decreed by Napoleon that the Inquisition and the monasteries should be suppressed. Months, however, had passed away without the decree being executed.

I went that night directly to Marshal Soult, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the Emperor's decree. He said I might go the next morning and destroy the Inquisition; giving me charge at the same time to take care of the pictures, library, and other things of value. I replied that my regiment was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give me the 117th of the line, and another regiment, which I named, I would undertake the work. The Colonel of the 117th, Colonel De Lile, was an intimate friend of my own, and is now the pastor of an Evangelical church in France. Marshal Soult gave me the troops required. That night the expedition was arranged, and next morning we proceeded at break of day to the Inquisition, which was about five miles distant from the city.

A wall of great strength surrounded the buildings. I went forward with a company of soldiers, and addressing one of the sentinels on the wall, summoned those within to surrender, and to open the gates to the Imperial army. The man withdrew, and after conversation apparently with some one within, he re-appeared, presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and returning to my troops, who had halted at a distance out of sight, I ordered them to advance, and to fire upon those who appeared upon the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The garrison was numerous, and on the walls there was a strong breastwork, from behind which they kept up a destructive fire upon our men on the open plain. We had no cannon; our scaling ladders were insufficient, the walls being higher than we expected; and the gates resisted all attempts at forcing them. Wishing to get through the work as quietly, as well as quickly, as possible, I directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Selecting a place where the ground sloped a little toward the wall, and so gave advantage to my men to cover with their fire those engaged in the assault, two of these battering rams were brought to bear upon the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble; a breach was made; and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here we met with a scene, for which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal. The Inquisitor-General, followed by the fathers in their robes, all presented themselves, as we were making our way into the interior of the place, with their arms crossed on their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as 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 the defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity of escaping. Their shallow artifice did not succeed. I ordered them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition who had not escaped in the confusion to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded to explore the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through hall after hall, richly furnished; we found splendid paintings; a rich and extensive library; and everywhere beauty,

splendour, and order, such as I had never seen in any palace. The architecture, the furniture, the ornaments, were such as pleased the eye and gratified the cultivated taste. But where were the gloomy cells and horrid instruments of torture which one had been taught to expect to find in an inquisition? We looked for them in vain. The holy fathers seemed surprised at our expecting to find any such things; assured us that they had been belied; and that the holy Catholic Church, in this as in other things, was grossly misrepresented.

Although I saw through the cunning villany of the father in these remarks, and knew how the Romish Church always affects to deny its crimes and cruelties when it cannot carry them into execution, I was ready to believe, after our careful search, that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard. My friend, De Lile, was not, however, so easily convinced. "Colonel," said he to me, "you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let us have another search; I do not believe we have seen everything yet." We accordingly again began to explore, especially in the parts underground. By marking well what portions of the buildings we were beneath, we found that we had been under every part except the great chapel of the Inquisition, and the buildings adjoining. The floor of this chapel was formed of vast slabs of rich marble. The floors of the other parts of the Inquisition were also either of marble, or of highly polished wood. We could find no entrance to vaults, or other indication of anything being below the chapel. Being now ready to give up the search, a thought struck Colonel De Lile, who was still sanguine of discovery. "Let us get water," he said, "and pour it over this floor, and see if there is any place where it passes through more freely than others." Water was immediately brought, and a careful examination made of every seam, none of the slabs being cemented, to see if the water passed through. Presently one of the soldiers cried out that he had found it! By the side of one of the marble slabs the water was passing through fast, as though there were an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. The officers with their swords, and the men with their bayonets, were trying to clear out the seam and to raise the slab. Others began to strike the slab with all their might with the butts of their muskets in order to break it. The fathers who had been looking on with the greatest dismay, now broke out into loud remonstrance against our desecration of their holy and beautiful house. As they were thus engaged, one of the soldiers, who was busy with the butt of his musket, struck a part of the marble under which was a spring, and the slab partly flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale, and they trembled, as Hebezzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall. The marble slab being raised, the top of a staircase appeared. I stepped to the altar, and took one of the long candles which was burning, some of my men doing the same, that we might see to explore what was below. One of the inquisitors here came up to me, and laying his hand gently on my arm, said, with a demure and holy look, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands; they are holy." "Well," said I, pushing him back, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." We proceeded down the staircase.

On reaching the floor, the first room we entered was a large square hall, on one side of which was a raised platform with seats, the centre one being raised considerably, being the throne of the Inquisitor-General. In the centre of the hall was a large block, with a chain fastened to it, where the accused were chained during the examination.

On leaving the Hall of Judgment we proceeded along a passage with numerous doors. These were the cells of solitary imprisonment, from which the miserable victims were never brought out, except it were for torture. Within some of the cells we heard sounds as we advanced. On opening the doors we witnessed such sights as I wish never to see again, the details of which are too horrible to