

whom profoundly venerated the holy and gracious law which commands a hallowed observance of the Lord's day. Happy had their obedience been commensurate with their convictions; and their practice as submissive as their recognition was unfeigned. But, alas! such is man in this dark estate, given, indeed,

"To know the good from ill,"

but too prone to choose the worst part. A fair in a town about ten miles distant from their house, in an opposite direction, was to be held on the morrow; and so, for sake of its allurements or gains, they "yielded their members servants unto iniquity," and set up Satan, and not Christ, as Lord of the Sabbath.

They were now, it might be said, at home: half a mile of easy walk through fields, with whose every furrow and blade they were acquainted, alone interposed: their strength was still unexhausted, and the spirits they had taken stimulated their courage, and rendered them insensible to the snow, which again fell densely on their track. Meanwhile the family within felt little uneasiness concerning them. They had from the beginning conjectured, as a matter at least probable, that the friends they went to see would not permit of their departure on the Sabbath, and they knew that the business of the Monday's fair could be as well transacted by themselves, if indeed the lowering aspect of the weather would admit of their going to it at all. Three times during the evening they looked out, endeavouring to ascertain whether their parents were at hand; but the snow, which hourly increased, beating violently against the door, compelled them to close it. And so, not long after the accustomed time of rest, prayers being according to their usual manner devoutly offered at the footstool of the throne of grace, and a chapter read of that word which "maketh wise unto salvation," they one and all betook themselves unsuspectingly to bed.

(To be continued.)

Translated from the German of Herder.

### LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY,

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

WHEN in his youth David sat upon the plains of Bethlehem, the spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was open to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echo of their harps reached the earth—to the ends of the earth rolled on their silent song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah!" said the descending sun, and the crimson twilight answered: "I am the fringe of his garment."

The clouds towered above them, and said: "We are his evening pavilion," and the water of the clouds uttered in the evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of glory thunders on high!" "He rides upon the winds!" murmured the rustling wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God—the tissue of His quickening presence."

"We hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth, "and must I be still and speechless?" "I will bathe thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children newly refreshed may rejoice—that thy suckling may blossom like the rose."

"We blossom gladly," said the enlivened field; and the full ears of grain rustling, replied: "We are the blessings of God; the army of God against the extremity of hunger."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We bless you!" answered the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also, with a little drop of dew."

"And quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe."

"And gives us our food," dreamed the deer; "and clothes our limbs," bleated the flock.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken." "He heard me," answered the goat; "when my time came, I went out and brought forth."

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards slumbering said, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of His wings in silent rest."

"In silent rest!" answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowded the announcer of the morning dawn: "Lift up the gates; the doors of the world;—let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye men, and praise the Lord, the King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and, so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

### DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

AMONG my fellow-passengers on the Ohio river, was Col. Lehmanousky, formerly an officer under Napoleon, and now a minister of the Lutheran church. He, however, remembers the scenes of olden times, and describes them with wonderful interest. He is indeed a remarkable man; although past three score and ten years old, he retains the erect posture, the firm step, and activity of an officer of fifty. His acquaintance with Bonaparte commenced on his first entering the army, when he found himself a private soldier under this distinguished man as his Captain. For twenty three years he served with him in stations of trust, which rendered the most intimate relations necessary; and it was only when Napoleon was confined on the Island of Elba, that Col. Lehmanousky retired from the service. I have dwelt thus long on the character and circumstances of this veteran officer, for the purpose of introducing to your readers one of the many narratives with which he favoured us while passing up the Ohio. And if I could impart to it on paper one tithe of the interest it possessed as it fell from his lips and beamed forth from his eye, I should have no doubt of its being read by every member of every family to whom your paper goes.

In the year 1809,—said Col. Lehmanousky,—being then at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Inquisition in the neighbourhood of that city. Napoleon had formerly issued a decree for the suppression of this institution wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. I informed him that my regiment, the 9th of the Polish Lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the Gospel. He is pastor of one of the Evangelical Churches in Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, 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 few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they 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 saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, and brought on the ground, 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 power which they could exert, regardless of the fire that was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors, in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over 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 but 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, apparently, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition 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 this prison house of hell. We passed through room after room, found altars, and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but we could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. Here was beauty and splendour, and the most perfect order on which my eyes ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured until highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything 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, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so easy as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought in and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "do as you please Col.," 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 dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands now were at work for further discovery—the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it; while the priest remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.—While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand writing appeared on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone and joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, now partly up, and we saw a stair-case. I stepped to the table and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in