The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

To Mrs. B. Stroud, on the Death of her little Boy.

"A mound is in the graveyard,
A short and narrow bed;
No grass is growing on it,
And no marble at his head!

Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod;
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow
In the cold and silent clod!

There is anguish in the household,
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished nursling
From the parent nest has flown.

A little form is missing,
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the chair now empty,
His clothing put away,
And all his little playthings
With your choicest treasures lay.

Strive not to check the tear-drops
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines through them—
Ye shall see his face again!

Oh, think where rests your darling!
Not in his little bed,
Not in the distant churchyard,
With the still and mouldering dead;

But in a heavenly mansion,
Upon his Saviour's breast;
With his loving arms about him,
He takes his sainted rest!

He has put on robes of glory,
For the little ones ye wrought,
And he fingers golden harp-strings
For the toys his parents brought.

Oh, weep! but with rejoicing!
A heart-gem have ye given,
And behold its glorious setting
In the diadem of heaven!"

For the Republican.

LINES,

On seeing the anguish of an aged, forsaken parent, while listening to an eloquent plea in behalf of Hindoo missions.

"Oh, haste," the missionaries cry,
"And bear the gospel to the land
Where aged Hindoo parents die,
Placed near its waves, on Ganges' strand.

"When worn with sickness, toil, and care,
No longer able to provide,
Their feeble limbs their offspring bear
To meet death in the swelling tide.

"Let tender pity move your breast;
Oh, snatch them from the swelling flood:
Go, tell them of a future rest,
And point them to the 'Lamb of God.'

"Nay, stay," a Christian parent cries,
"And, ere so far and wide ye roam,
Try your own kin to humanize,
And turn the hearts of those at home.

"For I am weary, old, and gray,
And ply life's busy task no more;
My offspring say, 'old man, away,'
And coldly frown me from their door.

"Twere better far at once to sink,
And 'neath the wave to yield my breath,
Than, lorn and lingering on its brink,
To wait and long in vain for death."

God pity thee, old man, thy grief
Than that of Hindoos is far worse;
Heaven send its aid to thy relief
And spare thy children from its curse. Z.

Tales and Sketches.

A WOMAN'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

Sadden sorrow,
Seems to say that—some good thing comes to-morrow.

One might have thought the picture had been studied, so graceful was that of the family group assembled on the portico of North Hall; but it was a scene of every day: old Mr. Etherwood, full of the airs and whims of an obstinate valetudinarian, reclining in an immense chair, cushioned to the extreme of luxury, his dressing-gown of richly quilted damask folded round his stooping and attenuated limbs, and his long gray hair falling beneath his velvet cap, and mingling with the transparent ruffles that covered his bosom.—So also was the position of his gentle daughter Lucy—his only child—Aunt Lu she was called to distinguish her from a younger, inheritress of the name. She was kneeling at his side, a lovely, devoted-looking woman, and smoothing his fleecy white stockings, the work of her own fair hands, under his embroidered slippers, with as much tenderness as if his passive feet had been those of an infant. The remaining figure, however, presented a new aspect. This was the grandchild and n'ece—*little* Lucy still—for though nearly eighteen and well grown, the affectionate watchfulness of her aunt had so preserved her girlish simplicity of character, and consequently of appearance, that she looked full two years younger. She stood leaning against a column, and twisting in her fingers the fringed blossom of a passion-flower which festooned it; and though her eyes were fixed upon the gilded wires of a bird-cage suspended among the vines, it was evident that neither the sparkling glances, nor the coaxing twitter of its little inmate attracted from her a single thought.

The old gentleman had watched her anxiously for some minutes, and at length remarked:

'I have not seen you feed your bird this morning, Lucy!'

'No, grandpapa; but Aunt Lu did not forget it!'

'It is well that Aunt Lu thinks of everything, for now, that Clement Noel has gone, there would be many things forgotten.'

'Lucy's face glowed as brightly as the rose-colored ribbon round her neck—which to her grandfather was very unaccountable, as he had spoken kindly and with perfect singleness of meaning; and after a pause he resumed:

'I am afraid you are not well, child. What is it ails you? You know how it worries me to see anything about you looking out of the usual way!'

'There is nothing the matter with me, sir; at least, I have only a little headache!' A woman's answer.

'Dear child, you can't make me believe that; when people have headaches they always complain—I never knew anybody that didn't; and you have not said a word about it before. You know that my greatest earthly solicitude is about your health—yours and your aunt Lu's; I am always trembling lest you should inherit some of my own distressing maladies. I feel confident that if your father had lived long enough he would have died with some of them! And you look listless, your eyes are dull, and I have heard you sigh heavily a dozen times. Have you any fullness in the chest, any difficulty of breathing—particularly of nights. It will be a shocking thing if you should get the asthma.'

'Oh, dear, no, grandpapa!'

'Is your digestion good? Do you ever feel any nausea after eating, or any burning sensation here? Be always on your guard against dyspepsia, for it would make you miserable for life! You must be abstemious. I'll give you some of my bran bread for dinner, and you must always take tapioca, after this, for your breakfast.'

'Indeed, grandpapa, it is quite unnecessary.'

'Or perhaps you have taken cold—young people are always so deplorably careless.—Have you any shooting pains in your limbs? Any burning and stiffness about the ancles? Any aching in the toes? Airy—'

'Any symptoms of gout, dear grandpapa? Oh, no, no.'

And Lucy's languid face brightened for an instant with the merriest of smiles, and her voice rang with momentary laugh, which was echoed by her Aunt Lu.

'Indeed I am quite well; and to prove it, I will go and get your hat and wrappings ready for your ride.'

'The foolish child can't deceive me,' said Mr. Etherwood, who, after having studied symptoms for twenty years, had no want of confidence in his own sagacity; 'you must have noticed the change, daughter Lu—her pale face, her slow step, her low voice, her fits, now of stupor, now of restlessness, her disinclination to her usual employments—if it is nothing more, it must be an affection of the nerves! As I am going to town to execute a certain new plan of my own, I'll just stop at the doctor's, and ask him to come out and give her an examination. Look at your watch, dear; is it time for the carriage to be round? I'll go at once—for it is very imprudent to allow such things to gain ground. I must take care of her, as she is my only grandchild, and I don't expect to have another. She has been in this state—let me see—ever since the day Clem left us—and that was Monday!'

Miss Etherwood never opposed her father's hobbies—so she muffled him up in his own peculiar fashion, and assisted him into his carriage. Then, as she stood looking after him, she smiled to herself to think, that with all his skill in discovering causes from effects, the question had never struck him whether the event from which he so carefully dated Lucy's indisposition might not have had something to do with it. This said Clement Noel was a fine handsome youth, possessing every qualification genteel reader, that you expect and admire in a magazine hero; and had been during his minority, two or three years gone by, the ward of Mr. Etherwood. He had just bidden adieu to North Hall, after a visit of six months, to begin an extensive tour, which he had deferred from week to week during all that time, and had left behind him the memory of his society as an indespensable household comfort. Never was there a more useful young man. He had performed all sorts of philosophical experiments for the old gentleman, and read Zimmermann in the original, ay and Hippocrates himself; and had arranged cabinets for Aunt Lu, and constructed Ælian harps, and classified dried plants, and tied up living jessamines; and toward little Lucy he had said and looked a hundred thing, too valuable even to be hinted to other people. True she could not have failed to understand and appreciate—yet he had gone away without asking her if she had done so; and there was now nothing for her to do but to pine herself into a melancholy.

Aunt Lu, with feminine intuition, had perceived how matters stood, and that it was timidity alone that had prevented the young lover from declaring himself. She was the very person to sympathize with the sorrowing girl—for she, too, had had her early romance and disappointment; but she was of a happy hopeful spirit, and suppressing a sigh which started at the thought of her own past experience and Lucy's present trial, she trusted for a brighter future, and went cheerfully about her domestic vocations. With all her elegance and accomplishments, Aunt Lu was a notable housewife—as any phrenologist would decide by a glance at her portait; and her niceness and habit of systemizing were all the indications ever named of her having been foredoomed to be an old maid. Yet this pretended to be her lot. The indefatigable, uncomplaining nurse and companion of a confirmed humorist, whose jealous fondness was no atonement for his exactions, she was bound, as well by promise as by her scrupulous sense of duty, to devote her heart and hand to a life which, in spite of the drawbacks of a diseased fancy, might prove almost as long as her own.

Mr. Etherwood continued his morning drive considerably later than usual, but at last the carriage stopped at the gate, and he advanced up the portico with an alacrity altogether uncommon, forgetting ever to limp. Aunt Lu hastened to receive him, and he saluted her with the question:

'What do you think I have been about all this morning, daughter?'

'Something very pleasant, I have no doubt sir, as you look stranger and more animated than you have done for months!'

'You are right! I have been attending to business for you, which is always the most pleasant occupation I can have! After leaving a note for the doctor about Lucy, I drove round among some of your young friends, and promised to send the carriages to bring them out this afternoon to a collation on the grounds, in honor of your birthday!'

'My birthday?'

'Ha! ha! my dear, did you think I had forgotten it? This is your thirtieth birthday! I told them also, and that, as I knew from your correct perception of the fitness of things you would now give up all youthful amusements and frivolities, I would like them to take a lesson from you on entering a new state of life properly! Allow me, my dear,' stepping up to her delightedly and kissing her cheek, 'to congratulate you on arriving at the period of mature womanhood!'

For one moment Miss Etherwood looked vexed, but in another her good sense had conquered the little weakness, and she thanked him with her usual cheerful smile.

'And that was not all that I did! I took the note from Davis that you ordered him to carry to your milliner, and handed it to her myself, that I might have an opportunity to give her some directions about your dress for the future! I told her not to send you any more feathers and flowers, and other such fantastic things, as they are improper at your time of life! You know those were the orders of Marie Antoinette when she reached thirty, a very sensible thought in her! I did not say anything about taking the lilac ribbon off your bonnet, and putting on gray or brown, as I thought you would see the propriety of it, and attend to it yourself! My dear daughter how impatiently I have waited for this anniversary—no more time wasted on furbelows'—Aunt Lu was fond of a rich and tasteful toilette—'but all shall be plain and matronly! I won't insist upon a cap—for your poor mother used to worry me so with sitting hour after hour plaiting and puckering her caps! And I shall have so much more of your society—for, of course, your habits and deportment will assimilate with your dress! I never felt perfectly sure of you before! But I must go and tell little Lucy about it: the excitement of company will help her circulation finely! She must get herself ready—for the carriages must go to town while we are at dinner, that the young people can return in good time! I promised to send them home before dark, as I consider late hours and night air ruinous!'

Her thirtieth birthday! Seldom did Aunt Lu indulge thoughts so sombre as those by which this recollection was attended. They brought her, indeed, none of the bitterness of feeling which is often a woman's lot to share at the prospect of advancing years, undignified by the ties which invest them with influence and authority; but they whispered a mournful warning that the hopes hitherto preserving in her much of the freshness of youth must be cast aside forever. We have said that she had had her early trials. She had loved with all the firmness and ardor of a strong mind and a warm heart, and her affection was her sacrifice at the altar of filial obedience. The attachment that had elicited her own yet followed her, strengthened by time and enhanced in value by the ripened virtues of its possessor; but she prayed against it as a temptation, when, year after year, it was proffered to her acceptance.—Still, to feel herself the object of a devotion so noble was a precious consciousness; and she had trusted, though without a selfacknowledgement, that she might one day be released to reward it. But now she felt that to cherish such a dream was a weakness unworthy of one whose long courage of self-denial should have been a preparation to sustain her in any effort. Had not her father's peculiarities increased with his age, and were her patient services, even after a very few years, to be repaid with the gift of freedom, would she then be an offering worthy of one who richly deserved her in her best and brightest days? Her thirtieth birthday! Would her heart soon become chilled, her person changed—was it not already fading?—And she glanced at a mirror before her.—But her cheek was as round as in the days of her girlhood, and almost as glowing; her hair was as dark and luxuriant; her eyes, they were even brighter than usual—for they were slightly suffused with tears; and her hand—the member which, perhaps, the soonest of all shows the creeping on of time—was white and full, and tapering as ever.—Oh, no; there was no change for the worse in Aunt Lu—and the half smile which broke upon her face showed that she perceived it; but she relapsed into her sadness and satisfied, taking her satisfaction of it.

She was at length aroused by a servant handing her a packet. She glanced at the superscription, and hastily broke the seal.—An enclosure fell beside her, but she continued eagerly to peruse the envelope. Then she started up, seized the fallen letter, and, with a countenance all radiant, flew out of the room. She had quite forgotten her own griefs in the prospect of being a messenger of happiness to another—just like her.

'Stop—stop, daughter Lu—what letter is that?' called her father, meeting her; but for once his voice was unheeded, and, with her collar half blown off in the rapidity of her motion, and standing up from her neck like an Elizabethan ruff, she passed him swiftly as a bird.

Meanwhile little Lucy, at the request of her grandfather, had made her toilette, tho' carelessly and great reluctance, to receive the first invoice of guests, and then gone into the garden to arrange a seat for him in his favorite summer-house. She had broken off, as she strolled listlessly along, some sprays of the brilliant pomegranate and the delicate waxberry—unconsciously, it seemed, though she had a latent remembrance that Clement Noel admired the contrast of the rich scarlet bells of the one with the pearl-like globules of the other; and when she had executed her errand, she placed herself on the pile of cloaks and cushions, with the bouquet in her hands. She thought over again the same things she had thought every hour for the last three days and nights—that never had anybody been as miserable before—that she never could be happy again in this world, and if it were not sin, she would wish to be out of it—and there would be some consolation to know that, should she die of a broken heart, there would be *one* person to grieve for her—one particular person besides her grandfather and her Aunt Lu.

Thus she sat with a pale face and compressed underlip, when her aunt approached and peeped at her through the shrubbery. Her light step had not been heard, and, softly entering the door, Aunt Lu stole close behind the dejected girl, and, reaching the letter over her head, dropped it into her lap.

Lucy turned round with an ejaculation of fright, but the seal of the letter caught her eye, and, growing red and then whiter than before she exclaimed:

'Oh, Aunt Lu, where did you get it?'

Aunt Lu assumed an expression of surprise at her agitation, and when Lucy made a trembling effort to open the letter, she caught her hands, saying:

'Not so fast, my dear—you are not sure that it is for yourself! It is directed to 'Miss Lucy Etherwood,' and quite as likely it may be for me!'

Lucy clasped the letter closely, and looking imploringly at her aunt, drew it away.

'This is a matter of some delicacy,' pursued Aunt Lu, mischievously; "it is unlucky that it is not customary to use the convenient little words 'senior, and 'junior' after ladies' names. On common occasions we need not care to open each other's letter; but when they come from gentlemen, there is no telling what they may contain!'

'It is for me, dear aunt—I know it is!' exclaimed Lucy, nervously.

'You should not be so positive, child: it appears to be the hand of Clement Noel—and it is much more pobable that he would write to me than to you. It is amazing what strange things these young men sometimes get into their heads! Supposing it is a love letter? At all events, as I am the elder, it is nothing but proper that I should read it first!' And as Aunt Lu pretended to snatch it, Lucy retreated to the furthest corner of the summer-house.

'Why, Lucy, child, this is singular behavior about a gentleman's letter! But we will compromise it by leaving it to chance: this waxberry will be for you—the pomegranate leaf for me!' Taking them from the boquet and concealing them in her hands. 'Now, here—which hand will you have?'

The lot fell upon Aunt Lu, and Lucy burst into tears.

'Ah, Lucy—Lucy!' said her aunt, tenderly, throwing her arms around her, 'I have hardly deserved such treatment at your hands! After having shared all your feelings from childhood as a mother could scarcely have done, do you think I would have withheld my sympathy in this the most trying crisis of your life? Had you confided in me, perhaps you might have been spared this three days' unhappiness—for in such trials we women are sometimes good comforters to each other. I know everything! Clement enclosed your letter to me, begging me to deliver it only if I thought it would be favorably received. He has been loitering about the city, undecided to go, yet dreading to return, lest he should meet with disappointment. But read your letter, dear child, and I'll turn my back and look after my geraniums!'

'I shall have to learn to love my flowers better!' resumed Miss Etherwood, as if to herself; 'I shall have nothing else when Lucy gives herself up to another!' And she looked around in time to see the blushes with which her niece closed the letter. 'You'll go now and have your hair dressed—won't you, Lucy? Your Madonna locks don't suit you so well now that you look bright and rosy again. But I believe you told grandpapa yesterday that you would never curl your hair again—didn't you? And not to trouble himself to send your bonnet after you—for you did not care how dark you got—that beauty was of no use, that you could see!—But Clement thinks differently, and you will now have to take care of yourself for his sake, and he will be out this evening! I know he will as I shall write to him! You must do the honors this afternoon—for I am not quite in spirits! Do you know, darling, that to-day, which yields you so much happiness, and shows you a future so fair, makes your Aunt Lu an old maid for life?'

The expected guests arrived, and left to little Lucy the duty of showing them about the beautiful grounds which environed the house. Among them was a distinguished looking man, of thoughtful and intellectual countenance, who seemed rather a spectator of the festivities than a sharer in them. It was Walter Sidney, Miss Etherwood's lover who strange to say, was always received as a welcome friend by her father, notwithstanding his nervous horror of her marriage. At length she is seen in apparently earnest conversation with him, and what has been said before may be judged by her reply.

'No, Walter, you must obey me, and never allude to the subject again—at least with that vain word—hope! Don't forget what my father brought you all here for—to rejoice with him at the prospect of my initiation into the solier mysteries of middle age?'

'And it is ten years since!' said her companion, musingly; 'we would have thought it a long time then, Lucy!'

'Yet to me it has passed so slowly!' said Aunt Lu, taking up his thought.

'And to me. I have lived upon hope, and you in the earnest discharge of arduous duties for the performance of which I have loved and honored you the more, much as I have suffered by it!'

'I know it, and thank you, Walter! But it is time that we should look upon things as they really are. Though my father's health, is and promises to be, better than it was then yet he grows more and more jealous of my attendance, regarding my undivided care and affection as the very breath of his life. My course is plain: I must still live on as I have done, and, gradually losing my capacity for returning your feelings, become reconciled to the change. But you—you are still young—far younger than I am—though I have not numbered as many years. You may yet be very happy, and you owe it to Providence who places the means of happiness in your hands, to accept them. You must marry—for you are formed for domestic life—and see how gently even these gay young children around us would listen to you! Do not think I would value you any the less; you have given me noble proof of your truth, and I should be proud to resign you to a tie that would prove a blessing to you! I should know that I still retained your esteem—and even now of what worth is anything else to me?'

The lover listened with a grave smile, and when she had concluded, he replied.

'I have now become accustomed to my affection, Lucy, and even if I would, I could not part with it; therefore, if it must be so, I will wait ten years more!'

The company departed early, according to the arrangement of Mr. Etherwood, and after they had gone, Aunt Lucy went her accustomed round in the apartment of the invalid; she spread out his night robes, arranged his lamp to a proper dimness, prepared his lotions and panaceas, and then waiting for further orders, took her seat at an open window.

There was a calm, soft moonlight and she might have found it a sedative to her unquiet thoughts; but through the luxuriant foliage she could perceive the white dress of Lucy, who was now flitting gaily about with Clement Noel. The scene recalled similar ones in the early intercourse between herself and her faithful Walter Sidney, who in her heart she still persisted should be weaned from his hopeless pursuit—and no wonder that a sigh escaped her.

'Do come away from the window, daughter Lu, and sit behind that screen!' said her father; 'You are surely old enough now to understand the danger of the night air!—Your breath sounds wheezing, and I shouldn't wonder if you had taken a complaint in the breast already! What has become of Lucy?'

'She is engaged with Clement Noel, father!'

'Sure enough; it was very foolish in that lad when he found the ship or steamboat wouldn't go—which was it?—not to come back to us! He ought to know how hard it goes for me to do without people when I once get used to them! It was a very foolish project in him—to go traveling, putting himself in the way of all sorts of dangers, when he could so well afford to stay at home! But you never answered me when I asked you what letter that was!'

'A love-letter!'

'What—what—a love-letter? Who is disturbing our quiet by sending love-letters again? I hope—daughter Lu'—

'It was not for me sir—but for little Lucy!'

'For little Lucy! Whew! If that isn't comical! Little Lucy getting love-letters! And who under the sun would send one to her, poor child?'

'Couldn't you guess, father? Clement Noel!'

A light seemed to break upon the old gentleman, and he looked at her without replying a single word.

'You think very highly of Clement, my dear sir!' pursued his daughter encouraged by his silence; 'and he has begged my influence to gain your favor to his cause! He will suit you better than any one else—for, of course, you would not wish little Lucy to live unmarried, too!'

Still he returned no answer, but sat musing for full ten minutes. At last he muttered to himself:

'I wouldn't like my family to be extinct—but give up my little Lucy—give up my only grand-child—how would that do? I couldn't live without a grand-child!'

'What did you say, dear father?' asked Aunt Lu, approaching him.

'I don't know what I said, but this is what I have been thinking about—that if I must give up little Lucy, you had better get married!'

Aunt Lu sprang forward, and throwing her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and the old man wept with her.

'If we must begin to make changes,' said he, 'I can as well put up with two as one!'

And now an infallible clue being given to the termination of our story, who would thank us to go on? of course nobody.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN.

In 1809, Col. 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 [illegible] the decree, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not yet 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 from an alley and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, 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 regiment was under the command of Col. De Lile. "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 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 moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of our 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 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 murderous 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 walls without giving them time to lay a train to 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 power 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 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 with 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 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, hoping, 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 evidence of iniquity being practiced there—nothing of those peculiar features which we expect 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 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 were 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 belied; 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 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 Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of those marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there were 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 pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.

While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the but of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. The faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar's, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the staircase. I stepped to the aperture, was a [illegible] from the candle stick 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 chair 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 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 there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms 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 these 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 nothing remained but the bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

"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 naked 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 fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from the napsacks 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, then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture of every kind, which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent.—Col. L. thus describes four of these horrid machines: 'The first was a machine by which the victim was secured, and then beginning with 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 [illegible] one drop of water a second fell [illegible] 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. The 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 other in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. 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 and clasp him, and a thousand knives cut him in as many pieces in their deadly embrace.'

Col. L. said the sight of these infernal engines of 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 attempted to arrest their work.—They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death with the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excrutiating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the machine. The Inquisitor General was brought before the infernal machine called the 'Virgin.' "You have caused others to kiss her," said they, "and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these they 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 soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmates of that prison-house of hell.

In the meantime, it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection!—About a hundred of those who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long-lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to earth a heap of ruins!

The Legion of Honor.

ders that had ever been created, either in ancient or in modern times, there is not one which has been of such advantage to its founder as the Legion of Honor. It is my handiwork and my masterpiece. No one either now or in future days, can dispute my right to the glory of founding it. I am indebted to it for more than half my victories."

Napoleon stated what was perfectly true. The hope of obtaining the cross has been the parent of incredible acts of valor, many of which are still unknown to the world. Here is one among others, a *chief d' escradon* he used to take particular delight in relating.

In the course of the night which preceded the battle of Austerlitz, one of my brigadiers wagered his watch with one of his comrades that he would gain the Cross of honor the following day. In fact, in a brilliant charge against a very superior force, he penetrated the enemy's squadrons, killed five men with his own hand and carried off a standard.—He was covered with blood, especially on his face, the only visible part of which was his eyes. As he was returning to his regiment the Emperor met him and said.

"You have done enough for once, my friend, go and get your wounds dressed."

The brigadier, wiping his face with the flag he had captured, replied to the Emperor:

"I am not wounded, sir. It is not my blood which you see, but that of your enemies."

Napoleon delighted at this answer said:

"I make you *Marchel des Logis*, (quarter master,) and confer upon you the Cross of honor."

The most singular circumstance in this affair is, that the moment when the brigadier was thus recompensed, his comrade with whom he had bet his watch arrived wounded by a pistol shot, which had been fired at him by a General officer, whom he brought as prisoner to the Emperor.

"Another Cross of Honor," said Napoleon, laughing.—"If things go on in this way I shall either have to suppress the Order, or decorate the whole army."

THE ELEPHANT.—Gov. Brown, of the *New England Farmer*, having seen the Elephant, (we mean Barnum's,) reports as follows:

"He eats on an average one bushel of oats and one hundred pounds of hay per day, Sundays and all. His weight is 4,700 pounds. He will accomplish any kind of work set before him, and uses ten times better judgment than three-fourths of the 'help' which I am obliged to employ on my farm. Above all things, he is not an *eye* servant. Once set him to work piling wood, picking up stones, or anything else, and you can leave him without fear of his playing 'old soldier' in your absence. Another capital negative quality is, that he don't pick up his duds and start for home exactly at six o'clock in the afternoon, as many other farmers' 'assistants' do. He is willing to labor till sundown, and even later if work is pressing. On the other hand, he is a very honorable, industrious, intelligent, and well-behaved farmer. Nevertheless, I cannot conscientiously recommend elephants as the *cheapest* workers on a farm.—They cannot work in cold weather, and of course would eat themselves up, trunk and all, in a single winter."

—An article in the Tribune, states for the first forty-eight years under the Federal Constitution, down to the election of Martin Van Buren, only fifteen votes were cast South of the Potomac for any Northern candidate for the Presidency. We might, indeed, properly limit this number to four, since the five votes given to John Adams in 1796, and the six of 1793, were given with a perfect knowledge that they would only count towards making a Vice President.