

THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

Revs. Dash, Hawkins & Dreher, Editors.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM"—EPHESIANS IV: 5.

Terms: \$2.00 a Year.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6--NO. 40.

CHARLESTON, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1874.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 6--NO. 300.

Selections.

Description of the Spanish Inquisition.

The following thrilling account of one of the great events of modern times will not be new to many of our readers. Col. Lehmanowky was a Lutheran minister, and during a visit to this country recited these verses, of which he was an eye-witness, and in which he participated, and for this reason it will be read with interest by our people. It is well for American Protestants to bear in mind what the nature of exchanging Catholicism is, and by every proper means to instill into the minds of the young an undying and irreconcilable aversion to all "Catholic thought," practices and creeds.

In 1809, Colonel Lehmanowky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. And while in that city, said Colonel L., I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and its mysteries should be suppressed, but the decree, he said, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defense, and while struggling with them he saw at a distance the lights of the French patrols, mounted soldiers, 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 guard of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, the Governor of Madrid, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Colonel L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service; but, if he would give him two additional regiments, the 117th and another which he named, he would undertake the work. The 14th regiment was under the command of Colonel De Lille, who is now, like Colonel L., a minister of the Gospel, and pastor of an Evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Colonel L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with 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 my men. This was a signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those that appeared on the wall.

father confessors, in their priestly robes, came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all noise of the attack and defense, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Way do you fight our friends, the French."

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defense 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 expected to find in an inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here were beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The floors of wood were scoured and 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 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 buried; 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 Colonel De Lille was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, 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 through 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 dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam of the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lille exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there were an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. Officers with their swords, and soldiers with their bayonets, sought to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others, with the butts of their muskets, struck 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 struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. The faces of the inquisitors then grew pale as Belshazzar when the hand-writing 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 holy 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 center of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this block, 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 holy fathers, when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice. Here sad-sounding sighs presented themselves. 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 their rooms became fit for others to occupy. To prevent this from being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were lines or tubes, extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their 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, 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 their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Colonel L., aware of the danger, had food given to them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Colonel L., 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. Colonel L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body were broken, or drawn, one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim. Every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place soon suspended circulation, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being 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, all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in Spanish 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 clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

Colonel L. said that the sight of those 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 torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Colonel 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 and executed them all.

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, who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who had 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, Colonel L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, etc., 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 had withdrawn to a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The inquisition was no more!—*Christian Observer.*

Hints to Young Christians.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and remember that God hears your prayers.
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and remember that God is speaking to you, and you are to believe and act upon what he says.
3. Never let a day pass without aiming to do something for Jesus; every morning reflecting on what Jesus has done for you.
4. If you are ever in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it.
5. Never take your christianity from christians, but ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" and follow Him.
6. Never trust your feelings, or the opinions of men, if they contradict God's Word.
7. In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

Lead us not into Temptation.

"Lead us not into temptation." That is, let us slip out of thy leash, but hold us fast; give us not up, nor cease to govern us, nor take thy Spirit from us. For as a bound can not but follow his game when he seek it before him, if he be loose; so we can not but fall into sin when occasion is given us, if thou withdraw thine hand from us. "Lead us not into temptation." Let not temptation fall upon us; but be thou stronger in us than the temptation thou sendest, or lettest come upon us. Lead us not into temptations. Father, though we be negligent, yes, and unthankful and disobedient to thy true prophets, yet let not the devil loose upon us to deceive us with his false prophets, and to harden us in the way in which we gladly walk, as thou didst Pharaoh with the false miracles of his sorcerers; as thine apostle Paul threateneth us, "A little thread holdeth a strong man, where he gladly is. A little pulling draweth a man, whether he gladly goeth. A little wind driveth a great ship, with the stream." As a stone cast up into the air can neither go any higher, neither stay there above, when the power of the barrier ceaseth to drive it; even so, Father, seeing our corrupt nature can but go downward only, and the devil and the world driveth thereto that same way, how can we proceed further in virtue or stand therein, if thy power cease in us? Lead us not, therefore, O merciful Father, into temptation, nor cease at any time to govern us.—*Tyndale.*

Models of Prayer.

We have been interested in looking through the Scriptures for the purpose of comparing the prayers therein recorded with those which we hear from time to time in public, and we are astonished to see how they differ in point, expression, directness, and above all, in length, from those heard in these days in the christian pulpit. It is not exaggeration to say that we have listened to a single prayer longer than the whole ten that we find in the Bible put together. The first is in Genesis 24: 12-14, and contains one hundred and ten words, and it is not more than one minute in length. The next is Exodus 33: 12-15, and contains one hundred and eleven words, and is not over a minute long. The third is in Joshua 7: 7-9, and contains ninety words. The fourth is in 2 Kings 19: 15, 16, the prayer of Hezekiah; it is composed of one hundred and thirty-four words, and two minutes would be ample time to repeat it. Another is found in Nehemiah 1: 5-11, and is about two minutes in length; another is in Ezra 9: 6-15, and is about three minutes long; another is in 1 Kings 8: 23-51, an important dedicatory prayer, offered by Solomon himself,

at the dedication of the temple, and it did not occupy more than six minutes; while that of Daniel 9: 11-19 was probably four minutes long. In the New Testament, the prayer of our Saviour (John 17) is well known; it is contained in twenty-six verses, and is five minutes long, while the model prayer—the Lord's Prayer—is far briefer still. Now here are ten prayers from those who certainly knew how to pray, and they are all less than thirty-five minutes long, or an average of three minutes each; and yet we sometimes hear men pray thirty and forty minutes, and after wandering all over the moral universe, and wearing their fellow-worshippers with vain repetitions, utterly fail of the prime object of all public prayer—to lift up the hearts of men to commune with heaven. It must be an extraordinary occasion, equal at least to the dedication of the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem—an occasion that none of us shall ever see—to justify a prayer more than five minutes long. There are few "Oh's" and "Ah's" in these models. Their authors do not often say, "O Lord, Lord," but tenderly, finally, directly, silently, quietly, simply they ask the blessing they desire, as though they were children who knew that they were addressing One who was more willing to give them good gifts than they were to ask them at his hand.—*Gospel Banner.*

The Ducat and the Farthing.

A ducat and a farthing had just been coined in the great mint, where all the gold, silver, and copper pieces are made. The two lay close side by side, clean and beautiful, and the clear sunshine glittered upon them. "Thou ragamuffin!" cried the ducat, "off with thee! Thou art only made out of vulgar copper, and art not worthy to be shown upon by the sun! Thou wilt soon be black and dirty, and no one will think it worth while to pick thee up from the ground. I, on the contrary, am of costly gold; I shall travel through the world to the great people of the earth—to princes and kings—I shall do great things, and at length, perhaps, become part of the king's crown."

At the same moment, a great white cat, lying near the fire, rose up, and turning round on her side, remarked:

"The under must be uppermost, to make all even." And the fate of these two coins was somewhat the same.

The gold piece came into the possession of a miser, who locked it up in a chest among a great number of other gold pieces. The miser, fearing that he should soon die, buried all his gold in the earth, so that no one should possess it after him; and there lies the proud ducat till the present time, and it has grown so black and dirty that no one would pick it up if he saw it.

The farthing, however, traveled far through the earth, and came to high honor; and this is how it occurred: A lad from the mint received the farthing in his wages, and the lad's little sister admiring the bright little coin, he gave it to her. The child ran into the garden to show her mother the farthing. An old lame beggar came limping up and begged a piece of bread. "I have none," said the little girl. "Give me, then, a farthing, that I may buy myself a bit of bread," said the beggar. And the child gave him the farthing. The beggar limped away to the bakers. While he stood in the shop, an old acquaintance, dressed as a pilgrim, with his cloak, staff, and bag, came up the street, and gave the children pretty pictures of saints and holy men, and the children dropped pence into the box which the pilgrim held in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you going?" The pilgrim replied: "Many hundred miles, to the city of Jerusalem, where the dear Lord Jesus was born, and lived, and died. I am going to pray at his holy grave, and to buy the release of my brother, who has been taken prisoner by the Turks. But first I am collecting money in my box." "So take my mite," said the beggar, and gave the pilgrim the farthing. The beggar was walking away hungry as he came; but the baker, who had looked on, gave the poor old man the bread he was about to have bought. Now the pilgrim traveled through many lands, sailed over the sea in a little ship, and at length reached the city of Jerusalem. When the pilgrim arrived, he first prayed at the sepul-

cher, then presented himself before the Sultan who held his brother captive. He offered the Turk a great sum of money if he would only set his brother free. But the Turk required more. "I have nothing more to offer thee," spake the pilgrim; "than this copper farthing, which a hungry beggar gave me out of compassion. Be thou also compassionate, and the farthing will reward thee." The Sultan put the farthing in his pocket, and soon forgot all about it. The Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem, and waged war against the Sultan. The Sultan fought bravely, and was never wounded. Once an arrow was shot straight at his breast, struck him, but fell back again without having wounded him. The Sultan was much surprised at this; and after the battle his clothes were examined, and in the breast-pocket the farthing was found, against which the arrow had struck. The Turk held the farthing in great honor, and had it hung with a golden chain in the handle of his cimeter. Later on in the war, the Sultan was taken prisoner by the Emperor, and was forced to yield up his sword into the Emperor's possession.

While the Emperor sat at a table with a beaker of wine in his hand, the Empress said she should like to see the Sultan's sword; and it was brought. As the Emperor exhibited it to the Empress, the farthing fell from the golden chain into the beaker of wine. The Emperor perceived this, and before he placed the beaker to his lips, he took out the farthing. But the copper was gone quite green. Then every one saw that there was poison in the wine. A wicked attendant had poisoned the wine in order to destroy the Emperor. The attendant was condemned to death; but the farthing was placed in the imperial crown.

Thus the farthing had delighted a child, had procured a beggar bread, had released a prisoner, had saved the life of a Sultan, and of an Emperor. Therefore it was set in the imperial crown, and is there to this day. If one could only see that crown!

Religion at Home.

Home is the place where men need their religion most, because it is at home that men are not only tempted but most inclined to show their meanness. There is seldom any one to call a man to account in his own house. There he can too often play the tyrant or the ruffian with impunity; and there he not unfrequently does so misbehave himself as to render his presence intolerable to all within his power. And so can the gentler sex.

There are tens of thousands of persons in this city who profess to be christians; and it would be interesting to get at the precise number of these whose families or descendants derive any benefit from their masters' supposed religion—whose wives thank God that they have religious husbands, whose children thank God that they have religious fathers, whose employes thank God that they have religious employers. We hope there are many such, because the professedly religious man whose wife and children and employes do not have occasion to thank God for a religious husband and father and employer, has no religion which will pass muster either in this world or in that which is to come. Nor are the employed exempt from these conditions, any more than the employers. A religious man, whatever his station, puts his religion into his daily life and vocation, and makes it tell beneficently in the humblest duties as well as in the highest.

These remarks and principles apply to women no less than to men. The wife whose religion does not lead her to try to make her home the blesseddest place on earth for her husband and her children, will attend prayer-meetings and sewing circles in vain; and in vain also will she who fills her house with scolding all the week attend her discordant voice in church to Sabbath Psalms. "As a sandy way is to weary feet, so is the tongue of a scolding woman in a house." Poor old Solomon! We have often thought that proverb must have been wrung from the very depths of his soul some night when, having come home across the desert on foot, his six hundred wives went at him with screeching tongues, and every one gave him "a piece of her mind," because he had forgotten to bring her a camel's hair shawl, or some other coveted article of feminine gear.

The Good Shepherd.

I was coming down the coast from Tripoli and reached the top of this pass, in the narrowest part, just as a caravan of camels was coming from the opposite direction. I turned back a little and stood close under the edge of the cliff to let the camels go by. They were loaded with huge canvas sacks of tibu, or cut straw, which hung down on both sides, making it impossible to pass them without stooping very low. Just then I heard a voice behind me, and looking around saw a shepherd coming up the pass with his flock of sheep. He was walking ahead and they all followed on. I called to him to go back as the camels were coming over the pass. He said, "Ma ahlaik," or "don't trouble yourself," and he came. When he met the camels they were in the narrowest part where a low stone wall ran along the edge of the precipice. He stooped down and stepped upon the narrow wall, calling all the time to his sheep who followed close upon his heels, walking in single file. He said, "taha, taha," "come, come," and then made a shrill, whirling call which could be heard above the roaring of the waves on the rocks below. It was wonderful to see how closely they followed the shepherd. They did not seem to notice the camels on one side, or the abyss on the other side. Had they left the narrow track they would have either have been trodden down by the heavy laden camels, or have fallen off into the dark waters below. But they were intent on following their shepherd. They heard his voice and that was enough. The camels were shouting and screaming to their camels to keep them from slipping on these smooth rocks, but the sheep paid no attention to them. They knew the shepherd's voice. They had followed him before through rivers and thickets, among the rocks and sands, and he had always led them safely. The waves were dashing and roaring on the rocks below, but they did not fear, for the shepherd was going on before. Had one of those sheep turned aside he would have lost his footing and been destroyed and thrown the whole flock into confusion.

Never Changing.

"Jesus Christ, he came yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—*Job, xlii: 5.*

Many who began this year with us are now in the silent mansions of the grave. But while one after another, all are passing away, let us fix our minds and hearts upon the Rock of Ages—upon that Jesus of whom the Psalmist said, "Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end;" and of whom the holy Apostle speaks to the Hebrews, and to us also, in the words recited above.

He is the same in the glory of His person—the perfection of His character—the resources of His power—the treasures of His wisdom—the purposes of His love—the promises of His Word, and the blessings of His covenant.

Is not this enough? And now, standing upon the threshold of another year, and not knowing what a day may bring forth, let us solemnly, and yet in cheerful trust, commit ourselves to Him who hath led us hitherto, earnestly praying that when, after all the changes of earth, the last great change shall come, we may reach that happy home above, where all is abiding, and where, as well as here, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—*Central Presbyterian.*

A Thought.

The balances are poised; the assembled world looks on. An immortal soul, with all its capacity for enjoyment, and its mighty powers of endurance, is called to the bar; the books are opened; sin after sin is read out; the accumulated millions rise up. Oh! the terrible anxiety of that moment! All of life is lived over again in one little inch of time. Every wicked thought, word and act, of that wretched life is forced into this dreadful hour. Trembling and astonished the guilty culprit awaits. A painful allowance reigns among the innumerable billions while they wait to hear that sentence which seals forever the destiny of an immortal soul! Like the fall of death, the hammer falls; the sentence is heard; overbalanced with the mighty load, the scale drops—the immortal soul is gone! The condemned spirit sinks, and, as it nears the eternal regions of despair, the wall is borne back on every breeze—the crowd is hushed into deathly silence as they heard the last, faint cry—*Lost! Lost! LOST!*