

# CHRISTIAN



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## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

BY AN AUTHOR OF 1599.

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,  
That God or nature hath assigned!  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content to live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies;  
Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,  
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
I see that such as sit aloft,  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
These get with toil, and keep with fear;  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to save a sore,  
No shape to win a lover's eye;  
To none of these I yield a thrall;  
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
I little have, yet seek no more;  
They are but poor though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store;  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I lead; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly care my mind can toss,  
I brook what is another's pain;  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,  
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in an earthly bliss,  
I weigh not Cæsus' wealth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is;  
I fear not fortune's fatal law;  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,  
I wander not to seek for more,  
I like the plain, I climb the hill,  
In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vain,  
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;  
I feign no love where most I hate;  
I lack no sleep to win thy will,  
I wait not at the mighty's gate!  
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;  
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;  
Extremes are counted worse than all;  
The golden mean bewixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;  
This is my choice; for why? I find  
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;  
My conscience clear my chief defence;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence,  
Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
Would all did so, as well as I.

REV. J. H. LEHMANOWSKY.

Mr. Lehmanowsky, formerly a Colonel in Napoleon's army, but now a devoted clergyman of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in this country, lately gave some account of his

life at Philadelphia. We are indebted to the Observer of that city for the following notices:

"Colonel Lehmanowsky is a remarkable man. Though more than seventy years old, his gigantic frame is still erect and vigorous. His gait and sprightly motions, the quickness of his eye, his gestures and the power of his voice, all indicated that he is still able, were it necessary, to re-mount the war horse, and lead on an armed host to the deadly conflict, and cause his voice to be heard from rank to rank above the din of battle.

Colonel L. said he was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1773, of pious parents, who taught him in childhood to fear and honour God.—His parents, who were of the Lutheran Church, gave him a good education. He was graduated at the college in that city at the age of 16, and entered upon the study of Medicine and Surgery. At the age of 17 his parents sent him to Paris to prosecute his professional studies, with letters to many persons of distinction in that city. Among others he had a letter to General La Fayette, through whose influence he obtained the place of Assistant Surgeon in the Hospital of Paris. On leaving home his parents gave him a Bible, and wished him to read it, and spend a season in devotion morning and evening every day. On his arrival at Paris, he followed their pious counsels, and pursued his studies in quiet for nearly two years, though thousands were agitated around him by the Revolution then in progress. At length one morning in 1792 the recruiting officer was marching with a fine band of music by his window, and the desire of leaving his quiet life at the Hospital for the field was awakened in his breast instantaneously, and he resolved in a moment that he would enlist as a soldier. He had not read his Bible that morning! The cry of 'Liberty and Equality,' had before rung in his ears without effect. But the strains of martial music and the glories of a conqueror's career, as imagined by an inexperienced young man, roused him to execute his rash purpose. He repaired immediately to the quarters of the recruiting officer and enlisted as a soldier.

On a Sunday, a short time after he enlisted, his company, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then a captain, was called out in due military order to receive the Priest's benedictions. At the word of command, he said, the whole company knelt down to be sprinkled with holy water, but he "stood up straight." Napoleon, thinking that he might not have understood the order, as he was a fresh recruit, pulled his coat and told him to kneel down. The young soldier replied—"I cannot: I am a Protestant." "Fall back in the rear then," said the Captain. Colonel L. said, "I then thought I will watch the man, for he respects my conscience." A short time after, Napoleon came to him, and asked him to what church he belonged, and told him that he need not attend the religious ceremonies of the priests.

From this period (1792) he was in Napoleon's army till 1815, when he retired from the service. He was soon made an officer; was with Napoleon in the campaign in Egypt, and at the battle of the Pyramids; was in the campaign of Italy, and at Toulon and Marengo. In 1808 and '9 he was in the service in Spain. He was also in the campaigns of Austria, Holland and Russia—in all, eleven regular campaigns, during which he was engaged in seventy-six pitched battles, and one hundred and twenty-six smaller engagements. He had been wounded and bruised from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; sixteen horses had been killed under him. When on the sands of Egypt, under a burning sun, without a drop of water—after draining the last drop of moisture that could be drawn from the sto-

machs of camels killed for the purpose, he had opened the veins in his arms and drank his own blood to slake his burning thirst. On the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow, he lived, as others did who survived the horrors of that campaign, twenty-one days on the flesh of dead horses for meat, and the bark of trees for bread, with snow water to drink—barefoot and almost destitute of clothing, in the midst of the snows and ice of a severe winter.

After the battle of Waterloo, Lehmanowsky was imprisoned, tried, and condemned to be shot. The narrative of his escape from prison by filing and breaking an iron bar in his window, and his subsequent escape from France and from Germany without passports, and in the very presence of military spies searching for him, is a remarkable story. This too we must pass in silence, and also his entrance into the ministry, and his labours in the sacred office, during which he has organized fourteen churches—in order to give his account, (which will be read the second time with interest,) of the

## DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

In 1800 Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in 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 Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night about 10 or 11 o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprung upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance, the lights of the patrols. 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.

He 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. Colonel L. told him that his regiment was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments, he would undertake the work. One of the regiments was under the command of Colonel De Lile, 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 Col. 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 who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breast work upon the wall, behind which they 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 could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls, without giving them time to lay a train for blowing 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 which they could exert, while his 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 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 against 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 evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendour, 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 floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The Holy Fathers assured us that they had been 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 Colonel De Lile 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 it must 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 where 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 in the floor, to see if water passed through. Presently Colonel De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of these marble slabs water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery.