

The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to abandon 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 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 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 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 these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now 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 butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the handwriting 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 the Hall of Judgement. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgement. This the Inquisitor General occupied, 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 to the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hoped 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 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