

relate. In some cells we found bodies apparently but a short time dead. Others were in various stages of decay, and we saw some of which little but the bones remained, still fixed by chains to the floor of the dungeon. To prevent this corruption from being offensive to the occupants of the Inquisition, there were flues extending along the roofs of the cells and carrying the odour off to the open air. Among the living prisoners we found aged men and women of threescore years and ten; youths and girls of fourteen or fifteen; and others in the prime of life. Some had been there for many years, and had lost count of the time since they entered. The soldiers went to work to release them from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing to cover their nakedness. They were eager to be taken to the light of day, but having heard of the danger of this, I caused food to be given to them, and then directed them gradually to be brought out to the light as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded to explore another room where were the instruments of torture. One of these was a machine, on which the victim was stretched, and every joint of the body, beginning with the fingers, was racked until the sufferer swooned away or died. Another engine consisted of a box in which the head and neck were immovably confined by a screw, and over this box was a vessel from which, drop by drop, water fell every second upon the head. This perpetual drip falling on the same spot caused most excruciating agony, ending ere long in raving madness. Another infernal machine lay along horizontally, to which the sufferer was bound, and then was placed between two beams on which scores of knives were fixed, so that by turning the machine with a crank the flesh was torn from the limbs in small pieces. A fourth machine surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, with arms extended to embrace the victim; around her feet a semicircle was drawn. Whoever stepped over this line touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open, and a thousand knives pierced him with deadly force.

The sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the fury of the soldiers, already enraged with the resistance they met with, and the death of their comrades in assaulting the walls. They declared that they would put their prisoners to the torture. I could not stem their fury. They began with the holy fathers. They put one on the machine for racking the joints. Another was put under the dropping water, and terrible was the agony he seemed to suffer. The Inquisitor General was brought before the machine called "the Virgin," and commanded to kiss it. "You have caused others to kiss it," said the soldiers, "now you must do it." They pointed their bayonets and pushed him over the fatal circle. The beautiful image in stantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut in pieces. My heart sickened at this awful scene, and I saw no more.

In the meantime, the report had reached Madrid, that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open! Multitudes already were hastening to the place. Fathers there were who found long-lost daughters; mothers their sons; wives were restored to their husbands; sisters and brothers met once more. Some were friendless and unrecognized.—The scene of mingled joy, surprise, and anguish, no tongue could describe.

While this was going on, said Colonel Lehmanowsky, I gave orders for the library, paintings, and furniture to be carefully removed, and sent to the city for a large quantity of gunpowder. Placing this in the vaults and subterranean places of the buildings, and a slow match being set, we all withdrew to a distance, and awaited the result in silence. Precisely loud cheers rent the air; the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heaven, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth a vast heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!

What little peace and quietness there is in the world God's people enjoy it in their corners.

INSURRECTION AT EDINBURGH.

(Letter of an English Tourist.)

I was sitting before noon on Monday (July 3), reading the papers at a window in M^cQueen's Hotel in Princes-street, when I observed an unusual stir in the street. Numbers of working men were hurrying along westward, and two strong bodies of police marched past. Thinking it was a Chartist meeting, or some such thing, and wishing to see the ways of an Edinburgh mob, I took my hat and walked out. On passing the group of waiters standing on the top of the stairs at the street door, I asked one of them what was the row? "It's a roup, for minister's steepend, Sir," was his reply. After needful explanation, I found, to my surprise, that it was something about church-rates! I had fancied that no such thing was known in Scotland, but it seems that in Edinburgh and a few other places the stipends of the Established clergy are levied by a small tax upon the inhabitants. This rate, which is called the Annuity-tax, is very unpopular, especially since the disruption in the Scottish Church. Refusals to pay the tax have been becoming more and more frequent, and the clergy have caused the goods of the recusants to be seized for arrears due. The articles being sold by public auction, or roup, as they call it here, great excitement has been caused, and a league was formed some time ago to procure the abolition of the tax. At the last roup no purchaser could be found for any of the goods, and the auctioneer was unable to proceed with the sale, on account of the opposition of the crowd. The collector of the tax was determined, however, to have these goods sold, and Monday was the day fixed. The sale was in Frederick-street, at a furniture-warehouse, the proprietor of which, Mr. Darlington, being a Dissenter, refused payment.

On going along Princes-street, I saw large boards with the words "Shame—roup for minister's steepend!" There were placards also from the Anti State Church Association. A great crowd had already assembled round the shop-door, but I managed to squeeze myself inside.

When the hour of sale arrived, the auctioneer appeared, and was received with a tremendous volley of hoots and groans. Not being known to the crowd, cries got up of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" "Whaur do ye come frae?" In reply to these questions, he handed his card to Mr. Darlington, who announced him as Mr. Thos. Barclay, auctioneer from Glasgow. Here another storm of hoots and multiform cries arose. One wicked wag near me proposed that one of the Established clergy should be sent for to open the meeting with prayer. In vain the auctioneer tried to read the list of articles for sale; his voice was quite drowned in the tumult. His countenance was seen sometimes as if trying to soothe the people by being sunny, sometimes looking as fierce as possible. The crowd began, however, to lose patience, and closing in upon him, were beginning to abuse him shamefully, when, after some violent gesticulations, he declared the sale was over. Having heard not a single bid, I did not know how the business was done, but was told after, that in default of offers, the goods were knocked down to the pouncing creditor, at the price at which they had been previously valued.

As there was to be another sale at one o'clock in a neighbouring street, (Hanover-street), I went with the crowd, which rushed thither en masse. This time I could not get near the door, and therefore saw nothing of the proceedings inside. The scene was also here at a furniture-warehouse, belonging to a Mr. Sword. There must have been at least 10,000 persons collected in the street. Presently there was a movement in the crowd, and a large detachment of police, headed by the sheriff and other officials, appeared on the ground, and after clearing the area in front of the warehouse, formed in square, and prevented all thoroughfare in the street. I went down towards Princes Street, and was standing on the stair of a chemist's shop at the corner, when several companies of the 33rd Regiment came marching across the Earthen Mound from the Castle! The crowd at the bottom

of Hanover-street received the troops with loud laughter and shouts of derisive cheering. Two Frenchmen, who were standing at the chemist's door beside me, and to whom I had been trying to expound the affair, entered heartily into the joke, and called out "Vive la ligne!" The troops marched up towards the police, and took their station inside of the square already formed. The Colonel of the regiment, and Major-General Rodiel, Commander of Her Majesty's forces in North Britain, entered into the square, and held a consultation with the Sheriff of Edinburgh. The Sheriff (Gordon, a son-in-law of old Christopher North), either seemed to enjoy the spree exceedingly, or else he was a violent partisan of the clergy, for I saw him rush up to seize several of the printed placards and boards, and demolish them with great gusto. The officers of the 33d, as well as the men, looked as if they felt they were being made great fools of by these clergy and supporters. After a considerable pause, another movement took place in the dense crowd, and two troops of the 2d Dragoon Guards came dashing along Princes-street from the barracks near Portobello. The laughter, shouts, and cheering were again renewed. Some one raised the report that the artillery were also on their way from the Leith Fort! The authorities, thinking that there was now force sufficient to overawe the people, determined to proceed with the sale. The crowd inside the premises having been ejected by the police, the furniture was brought out into the square, turned in the middle of the street. Here in the midst of the soldiers and police, Mr. Barclay re-appeared, surrounded by about twenty persons, tall-looking fellows, put in for appearance, and accompanied by one or two small brokers from Glasgow, by whom the goods were bought. It was certainly much to the credit of Edinburgh that neither auctioneer nor buyers could be found out of all its inhabitants.

About three o'clock the sale was over, and the articles were conveyed in three carts along Princes street toward the Glasgow railway, escorted by a strong body of police and soldiers. Some severe skirmishes took place on the march, but in the afternoon the streets resumed their usual quiet appearance.

I doubt whether such a scene has taken place in Scotland since the days of Janet Geddes. The Established clergy are most unaccountable fools, thus to attract public attention to their already unpopular position. Since the formation of the Free Church, the Establishment in Scotland is supported only by a fraction of the people. The aristocracy and landed interest belong chiefly to the Episcopal Church; in most cases at the same time employing their servants and tenants to belong to the Establishment. If the Free Church, and the other Dissenting Presbyterian bodies in Scotland were able to act together with anything like cordiality, the poor effete Establishment could not long command any support or respect. And as the landed proprietors are already estranged from her, and the people desire her not, I think that little opposition would, after a while, be made to the appropriation of the Church property to more useful purposes. A poor-law has recently been established in Scotland, and the aristocracy will speedily feel the burden of that. Why should not the Church lands or revenues be employed for the poor-rates, and for education, and relief of the sick, and other useful parochial purposes; seeing that the Free Church and other voluntary religious bodies have amply shown their ability to provide for the religious wants of the people?

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A pious tradesman conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following instructive circumstances:—

When I began business for myself I was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every individual of my family was present; nor would I allow any of my apprentices to be absent