among the laurels he has wound around it, for the never ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High.—*The Sun.*

A DISMANTLED INQUISITION.

The author (writes M. Wylie) had once the fortune to be shown over a dismantled Inquisition.—one, too, famous in its day; and he may be permitted here to tell what fell under his own observation. In the summer of 1847 we found ourselves one fine day on the shores of the Leman. At our feet was the Rhone, pouring its abundant, but discoloured waters into the beautiful blue lake. The lake itself, moveless as a mirror, slept within its snow-white strand, and reflected on its placid bosom the goodly shadows of crag and mountain. Behind us, like two giants guarding the entrance to the lovely valley of the Rhone rose the mighty Alps, the Dent de Midi and the Dent d'Oche, white with eternal snows. In front was the eastern bank of the lake, a magnificent head, with a chord of a dozen miles, and offering to the eye rocks, vineyards villages, and mountains, forming a gorgeous picture of commingled loveliness and grandeur. The scene was one of perfect beauty, yet there was one dismal object in it. At about a mile's distance, almost surrounded by the waters of the lake, rose the Castle of Chillon. Its heavy architecture appeared still more dark and forbidding, from the glorious recollections which it had called up. It had been at once the palace and the Inquisition of the Dukes of Savoy, so celebrated in the persecuting annals of Rome; and here had many of the disciples of the early Reformers suffered imprisonment and torture. We had an hour to spare, and resolved to pay a visit to the Castle. We crossed the drawbridge, and a small gratuity procured us entrance, and the services of a guide. We were first led to "Bonnivard's dungeon, deep and old." There is here a sort of inner and outer dungeon; and in passing through the first, the light was scant, but we had to grope our way over the uneven floor, which, like the landward wall, is formed of the living rock. Into this place had been crowded some hundreds of Jews; and well it—for we could not be said to see—the little niche of rock on which they were seated one after one, and slaughtered for the good of the Church, where it was feared their heresy might infect. We passed on, and entered the more spacious dungeon of Bonnivard. It looked not unlike a chapel, with its groined roof and central row of white pillars. The light was that of a deep twilight. We distinctly heard the ripple of the lake against the wall, which was on a level with the floor of the dungeon. At certain seasons of the year it is some feet above it. Two or three narrow slits, placed high in the wall, admitted the light, which had a greenish hue, from the reflection of the lake. This effect was rather heightened by the light breeze which kept flapping the broad leaf of some aquatic plant against the opening opposite the Martyr's Pillar. How sweet, we thought, must that ray have been to the Prior of St. Victor, and how often, during his imprisonment of six years, must his eyes have been turned towards it, as it streamed in from the waters and the mountains around his dungeon! We saw the iron ring still remaining in the pillar to which he was chained, and read on that pillar the names of Dryden and Byron, and others who had visited the place. The latter name recalled his own beautiful lines, descriptive of the price and its martyr:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

This dungeon has its one captive; and the image of suffering it presented stood out definitely before us. The rooms above had their thousands, and were suggestive of crowds of victims, who passed before the mind without order or identity. Of their names few remain, though the instruments on which they were torn to pieces are still there. Emerging from the darkness gloom of the vault we ascended to these rooms. We entered one spacious apartment which evidently had been the "Hall of Torture." For there, with the rust of some centuries upon it, stood the grand apparatus of the Inquisition. In the middle of the room was a strong beam reaching from floor to ceiling, with a strong pulley at top. This was the *corda*, "the queen of torments," as it has been called. The person who endured the *corda* had his hands tied behind his back; then a rope was attached to them, and a heavy iron weight was hung at his feet. When all was ready, the executioners suddenly hoisted him up to the ceiling by means of the rope, which passed through the pulley in the top of the beam; the arms were painfully wrenched backwards, and the weight of the body increased by the weight attached to the feet, in most cases sufficed to tear the arms from the sockets. While thus suspended, the prisoner was sometimes whipped, or had a hot iron thrust into various parts of his body, his tormentors admonishing him all the while to speak the truth. If he refused to confess, he was suddenly let down, and received a severe jerk, which completed the dislocation. If he still refused to confess, he was remanded to his cell, had his joints set, and was brought out, as soon as able, to undergo the same torture over again. At each of the four corners of the room where this beam stood was a pulley fixed in the wall, showing that the apartment had also been fitted up for the torture of the *veglia*. The *veglia* resembled a smith's anvil, with a spike at top, ending in an iron die. Through the pulleys at the four corners of the room ran four ropes. There were tied to the naked arms and legs of the sufferer, and twisted so as to cut to the bone. He was lifted up, and set down with his naked bone exactly upon the die, which, as the whole weight of the person rested upon it, wrought by degrees into the bone. The torture, which was excruciating, was to last eleven hours, if the person did not sooner confess. These are but two of the *seven tortures* by which the Church of Rome proved—what certainly she could not prove either by Scripture or reason—that transubstantiation is true. The roof beneath which these enormities were committed was plastered over by the sign of the Cross. In a small adjoining apartment we were shown a recess in the wall, with an *oubliette* or trap door below it. In that recess, said the guide, stood an image of the Virgin. The prisoner accused of heresy was brought, and made to kneel upon the trapdoor, and, in presence of the Virgin, to adjure his heresy. To prevent the possibility of apostacy, the moment he had made his confession the bolt was drawn, and the man lay a mangled corpse on the rock below. We had seen enough! and, as we recrossed the moat of the Castle of Chillon, the light seemed sweeter than ever, and we never in all our lives felt so thankful for the Reformation, which had vested us with the power of reading our Bible without our eyes being burnt out and our body mangled.—*The Friend.*

MAN'S JUDGMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I would'nt give much for his chance of heaven," was the remark of a man whose coarse, well-worn garments contrasted strongly with the dark, rich broadcloth of the person to whom he referred. In the tones of the individual who uttered this sentence, was a clearly apparent satisfaction at the thought of his rich neighbor's doubtful chance of final salvation. It was on the Sabbath, and both had just passed forth from the sacred edifice, to which each had that morning gone up for the avowed end of worship.

'Why do you say that?' asked the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

'You know the scriptures,' was the confident answer. 'How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven.'

'You believe, then, that the mere fact of possessing riches will keep a man out of heaven.'

'No; I would'nt just like to say that. But riches harden the heart, and make men unfit for heaven.'

'I doubt if riches harden the heart more than poverty,' was replied.

'How can you say so?' was warmly objected. 'Is'nt the promise every where to the poor? To whom was the Gospel sent?'

'The rich and poor spoken of in the word of God,' said the friend, 'do not, it is plain, mean simply those in the world who possess natural riches, or who are in natural riches, or who are in natural poverty. Remember, that the Bible is a revelation of spiritual truth for man's eternal salvation; and that its teachings must have primary regard to what is spiritual, and refer to man's internal state rather than to his mere worldly condition. Remember, that the Lord, while on earth, said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' (not the poor in this world's goods) 'for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' And we may, without violence to even the letter of the Word, conclude, that when He speaks of its being hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, that only the proud in spirit; those who rested self-confident on the riches of their worldly and natural wisdom, were meant. That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter heaven, is plain from our Lord's words when he set a child in the midst of his disciples, and told them that unless they become as that little child they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Not externally and naturally as that child, for that was impossible; but poor in spirit, teachable, and innocent as a child.

The first speaker, whose name was Maxwell, tossed his head, and slightly curled his lip as he replied:—

'I believe just what the Bible says. As for your forced meanings, I never go to them. As a plain, matter-of-fact man, I understand what is written in a plain, matter-of-fact way. The Bible says, that they who have riches, shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And I can see how true the saying is. As for Clinton, of whom I spoke just now, I repeat that I wouldn't give much for his chance. It is well that there will come a day of retribution. The Dives have their goods things in this life; but our turn will come afterwards. We shan't be always poor. Lazarus went, a beggar, from the rich man's door, and was received into Abraham's bosom.'

'What has made you so bitter against Clinton, just now?' enquired the friend.

'I'm not bitter against him, particular. I speak of rich men as a class. They are all selfish, unfeeling, and oppressive. Look what the good Clinton might do, as a steward of God's bounty, if he chose. He might make our wilderness blossom as the rose. But settlement day will come, ere long, and then a sorry account of his stewardship will he have to render.'

'How do you know that the account will be approved in heaven?' was asked in a quiet voice.

'Approved! How do I know?' ejaculated Maxwell, impatiently. 'Any man can see he is an unfaithful, hard hearted and oppressive steward.'

'Has he oppressed you?'

'Yes.'

'Ah! I was not aware of that. I didn't know that you had any claims upon him as an almoner of mercy.'

'My claims are those of common humanity. But you shall know all and judge for yourself. I am a poor man—'

'Well—'

'With a wife and four children, whom I love as tenderly as Clinton, or any other purse-proud oppressor of the poor can possibly love his wife and children. They are dependent, for daily bread upon my daily labor. With the sweat of my brow, I keep hunger from my door, and cold from entering therein.'

'An independent man,' said the other.

'Yes, thank God! an independent man; as independent as the poorest man in the land.'

'But let the rich be rich, and independent, why care for them? We should consider himself to be fretted because others are thought to be Providence with a greater abundance of worldly goods? There is danger, in such thoughts of going beyond the nabobs, and arraigning the wisdom of Him who setteth up whom he will, and whose bounty feeds even the young ravens.'

'So go on with your story. What is the crime that Mr. Clinton has committed against you and humanity?'

'I am a poor man, as I said.'

'I know you are; a hard-working, industrious, but poor man.'

'And as such, entitled to some consideration.'

'Entitled to a fair return for your labor in all cases.'

'Of course I am; and to some favor in the distribution of employment, where I present equal capacity with those who are less needy than myself.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'A plain story makes all plain. Well; you are aware that Mr. Clinton is about building a new dam for his mills?'

'I am.'

'And that he asked for proposals?'

'Yes.'

'I tried to get the contract.'

'You!' There was more surprise in this ejaculation than the friend had meant to convey.

'Certainly! Why not?' was petulantly remarked.

'Of course you had a perfect right to do so.'

'Of course I had; and of course my bid, though the lowest, was thrown out, and the bid of Jackson, who manages to monopolize every thing in the village, taken. He and Clinton are leagued together, and the offer for proposals was only a show.'

'That is another a good and friend Maxwell. No, it is not. It is the truth, and nothing else but the truth. He is the jackall and Clinton is the lion.'

'You speak without reflection, said the friend mildly.

'I'm not blind. I see how things are worked.'

'You say your bid was lower than Jackson's. How do you know this? I thought his bid was not publicly known.'

'I knew it, and, in fact, knew what it was to be before I sent in my proposals, and was therefore, able to go below it. The truth is, I managed, between you and I, to find out just what every man was going to bid, and then struck a mark below them all, to make sure of the job. I wanted a contract, and was determined to have it, at all hazards.'

'I hardly think your mode of proceedure just fair, said the friend; but waiving that, could you have made anything by the job, at your bidding?'

'Oh, yes, I'd have made something—more, a good deal, than I can make by day's work. The fact is, I set my heart on that job as a stumbling stone to contract work; and am bitterly disappointed at its loss. Much good may it do with Jackson and Clinton. I shouldn't be much sorry to see the new dam swept away by the next freshet.'

'Why, Maxwell! This is not the spirit of a Christian man. Every, malice—these are what the Bible condemns in the plainest terms; and for these sins, the poor have quite as much to answer for as the rich—and perhaps more. If you go to a church on the Sabbath with no better thoughts than these, I fear you will be quite as far from the kingdom of heaven as you have supposed the Clintons.'

'Good day! said Maxwell, rising off coldly from his friend, and taking a road that led by a nearer course than the one in which they were walking, to his home.

A few weeks later, the person with whom Maxwell thus conversed had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Clinton.—He had considered him a bill for work done, and called to receive payment.

'You've made a mistake in your bill, Mr. Lee, said Clinton.

'Ah! Are you certain?'

'You can examine for yourself. I make no error of twenty dollars in the additions.'

'Then you only owe me sixty dollars, said Lee, with a disappointment in his tones that he could not conceal.

'Rather say that I owe you a hundred, for the mistake is in your favor. The first column in the bill adds up fifty, instead of thirty dollars.'

'Let me examine it.' Lee took the bill and added up the column three times before he felt entirely satisfied. Then he said,

'So it does! Well, I should never have been the wiser if you had only paid me the eighty dollars called for, by the footing up of the bill. You might have retained your advantage with perfect safety.'

Lee said this on the impulse of the moment. He instantly saw a change in Mr. Clinton's countenance, as if he were slightly offended.

'Oh, no; not with safety was gravely replied. I should never have found it out.'

'But there is coming a day, with every man, when the secrets of his heart will stand revealed. If not now, it would then appear that I had wronged you out of twenty dollars.'

'True! True! But all men don't think of this. No one is more fully aware of the fact than I am. It is for me, however, to live in the present, so as not to incur any future work of shame and repentance. Knowledge Mr. Lee, I would not wrong any man to the value of a single dollar. I may err, and do err, like other men; for to err is human.'

After the expression of this sentiment, Lee felt curious to know how Mr. Clinton had come by it, and how he had learned Maxwell's bid. He said, after referring to the work in the process of erection.—

'So didn't take the lowest bid for the construction.'

'I took the lowest competent bid.'

'Then you do not think Maxwell competent to the work.'

'I do not think him a man to be trusted, and, therefore, would not have given him the contract for such a piece of work as this. You are aware that the giving of a dam would almost inevitably be the occasion of loss of life and property among those people who live along the course of the stream below. I must regard their safety before any pecuniary advantage to myself; and have given Mr. Jackson, who has the contract, positive instructions to exceed the estimates if necessary, in order to put the question of safety beyond a doubt. I know him to be a man whom I can trust. But I have no confidence in Maxwell.'

'A good reason why you declined giving him the job.'

'I think so.'

'Maxwell was greatly disappointed.'

'I know, and has spoken very hard against me. But that avails nothing. My principle of action is to do right, and let others think and say what they please. No man is my judge. Maxwell is not, probably, aware that I know him thoroughly, and that I have thrown as much in his way as I could safely do. He is not of course, aware, that one of my sons overheard him in reference to this very mill-dam, say—'I'm bound to have that contract whether or no. I have learned the lowest bid, and I have put in a bid still lower. How did you learn that?' was asked of him. 'No matter, he answered I have learned it. You can't go lower and build the dam safely, was said. To which he replied—'I can build the dam, and make a good profit. As to the safety, I'll leave that in the hands of Providence. He'll take care of the poor people'

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