

quisition, for remarking to a companion, on meeting two Carthusian Friars. —“What fools are these to think that they shall gain heaven by wearing sack-cloth, and going barefoot! they might as well be merry, and do as we do, and they would get to heaven as soon.”

All Mr. Bower's compassion was excited, for he knew that the culprit would be treated with the utmost malice and severity; this being deemed an heinous offence against the church. But how great was his distress when he heard the name denounced of a nobleman, his dearest, his only friend! and when the Inquisitor concluded by saying—“And you Mr. Bower, I order to apprehend him, and bring him here between two and three this morning.” “My lord you know the connexion”—Mr. Bower was proceeding, but the Inquisitor sternly interrupted him—“Connexion! what! talk of connexion when the holy faith is concerned!” and rising up to go away—“see that it be done the guards shall wait without,” and as he passed him, said—“this is the way to conquer nature, Mr. Bower!” What passed in Mr. Bower's breast during the interval which elapsed before the time appointed, (being about an hour) those who have not tenderness to represent to themselves, cannot be made sensible by all the powers of language. To give his friend notice was impossible; for the myrmidons were waiting without. To refuse going would be fatal to himself, without benefiting his friend. When told that the hour was come, he

lieve that such a particular dress could be meritorious in the sight of God. Unhappily the friars overheard him, and reported his words to the Inquisition.

went with his awful retinue, and knocked at the door; when a maid servant looking out of the window asked who was there. Mr. Bower replied, “the holy Inquisition! come down and open the door without making any noise or waking anybody, or making the least noise, on pain of excommunication.” Down came the poor girl in her night-dress in such trepidation as to be scarcely able to stand. “Shew me the way to your master's room!”—“I knew the way as well as she,” said Mr. Bower, when he related this, in such a tone of voice and manner as declared that all the sweet familiarity which subsisted between them, and the many friendly interviews they had had, perhaps in that very apartment, occurred at that instant to his mind.

The nobleman and his lady, to whom he had been married but six months were asleep when they entered. The lady waking first, shrieked out; upon which one of the ruffians gave her a blow on the head that made the blood gush out, for which Mr. Bower severely reprimanded him. The nobleman who was by this time awakened, cried out with hands and eyes lifted up in astonishment, “Mr. Bower!” and nothing more, implying thereby every aggravating circumstance, and emphatically expressing the strong emotions of his soul. No wonder that Mr. Bower was obliged to turn from him, whilst executing his commission. Nor did he dare during the following scenes of this dreadful catastrophe, to look towards him, lest his eyes should speak the language of his heart so plainly as to be understood not only by his friend, but by the whole court.

(To be continued.)

### APOLOGY.

Our readers will please excuse the non-appearance of *THE INSTRUCTOR* for June. Absence from home and circumstances beyond our control is our apology. It will be all the same in the end, as we will give to every one the full complement subscribed for; and we wish to have Volume I. to end with December next.