

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF MR. BOWER, ONE OF THE INQUISITORS AT MACERTA, INTO ENGLAND, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE INQUISITION IN ITALY.

(Continued).

Mr. Bower returned home much pleased with his good fortune; and being desirous to be better acquainted with the nature of his new employment, instead of going to bed perused his new directory.

But what was his astonishment and concern to find it consist of rules more barbarous, infamous, and inhuman than can be conceived! Rules, however, which he flattered himself could not be observed, until experience convinced him of the contrary, and he saw the practice exemplified. Within a fortnight after Mr. B.'s admission, a poor man was brought to the office. His case was this. He had an only daughter that fell sick, for whom he prayed to the Virgin Mary, "Holy mother of God! command thy son, that my daughter may recover." The daughter died; consequently the Virgin had not heard his prayers; and being grieved to the heart for his loss, he threw away a medal of the Virgin, which he used to carry about him, and the fact being reported to the Inquisition, the poor wretch was put to the torture.

It is not possible to express what Mr. B. — then felt, and continued to feel during his attendance at the Inquisition, where he was obliged to be, not only witness, but consenting to, barbarities his heart disapproved, and which were frequently inflicted on persons he believed as innocent as himself. It is extraordinary that the violent emotions, which, in spite of all his endeavors to suppress, would frequently discover themselves, did not give his brethren cause to suspect him, especially as the Inquisitor General had once made an observation that Mr. Bower generally objected to the evidence; saying with great warmth, and striking the council-board, "Mr. Bower, you always object."

On one occasion he evidently proved how little he was gratified by being a member of such a society. It being his turn to sit by a person who was receiving the torture, he chanced to look on the sufferer's countenance, and conceiving that he saw death in his distortions, he instantly fainted away, and was carried to his chair at the council board. When he recovered, the Inquisitor General exclaimed "Mr. Bower take your place! you do not reflect that what is done to the body is for the good of the soul, or you would not faint thus." Mr. B. — replied, that it was the weakness of his nature, he could not help it. "Nature!" said the Inquisitor, "you must conquer nature by grace!" Mr. Bower promised that he would endeavour. The poor man at that moment expiring, the discourse concluded.

Mr. Bower now projected his escape and revolved in his mind every possible method of effecting it; but when he considered the formidable difficulties with which each was attended, and the fatal consequences if he failed; his suspense, added to the painful circumstances in which he was placed, was scarce supportable. At length an event occurred which fixed his resolution, at the same time that it afforded the Inquisitor an opportunity to perceive how far dictates, tenderer than those of nature, might be suppressed, subdued they could not be in Mr. Bower.

A person* was accused to the In-

* A nobleman the most intimate, and only friend of Mr. Bower, who maintained an intercourse with him after being made a counsellor of the Inquisition, (for all ranks of people are cautious how they correspond with the Inquisition, &c.) Walking in his garden with his lady, and seeing two friars pass, with their feet and heads bare, and in the mortifying garb of their order, after they were gone some distance, and as he thought out of hearing, expressed his surprise to his lady, that any person should be so far infatuated as to be