

the packet sailed for England, was informed not till the Monday following, that day being Friday. Upon this he turned to a fisherman, and asked if he would carry him over in an open boat; but he, as well as others, astonished at the rashness of his design, refused. He was soon convinced this was a wrong step, for the eyes of every body were fixed upon him, as a person of extraordinary consequence; concluding that either, he had dispatches of the last importance, or was some enormous offender escaping from justice. Every thing seemed to conspire to distress him, and he began to doubt the possibility of reaching his inn, apprehending that every one he met was about to lay hold of him. When he got there, finding the room where the Jesuits had been, unoccupied, he inquired of the woman who belonged to the house, what had become of the good company he had left there.—“O sir,” said she—“I am sorry to tell you—but they are upstairs searching your portmanteau!” What course to pursue he could not determine. By water he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates he must pass the guards, who, most probably were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secret himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height, and if detected he was ruined.

The dangers he had surmounted now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering so long a storm to perish within sight of the desired haven was a most distracting thought. It seemed that a most singular interposition of providence alone could prevent it. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laugh-

ing, and talking very loud; and listening at the door, he found the conversation was in a language he did not understand. Concluding therefore that the party was English, he rushed into the room, and recollecting the face of Lord Baltimore, whom he had been at Rome, he requested the favor of a word in private with his lordship. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand, and another in his sleeve, was increased with Mr. Bower's request, accompanied by his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired he would lay down his pistol, which he did, begging pardon, for not having done so before; some of the gentlemen then told him of the other, which he likewise laid down. Lord Baltimore then asked him if he had any other arms about him; and being assured he had not, he directly retired with him into another apartment. On being informed who he was; Lord Baltimore exclaimed “Mr. Bower! you are undone, and I cannot protect you; they are above searching your apartment.” But a lucky thought fortunately occurring, he instantly returned to his company, and proposed that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them try to cover him till they could get to his lordship's boat, to which the gentlemen immediately assented, and the scheme succeeded; for the boat being very near, they got to it unobserved, and all jumping in, they rowed with four pair of oars, to a yacht that lay off the shore about two miles, in which the party had come for an excursion, and to drink a bottle of French wine. The wind being fair they soon reached Dover, where he was safely landed.—*From Dellon's Inquisition at Goa.*