

came to inflict it, they found the unhappy Man was already dead; upon which they buried him in a private Manner, and sent a Note to his Wife, desiring her to offer up Prayers for his Soul, in all the Churches in Rome.

After two such Pieces of unexampled Cruelty, and sanctify'd Villainy, he was determined, at all Events, to make his Escape from the Inquisition.

He was sensible of the Difficulties he had to encounter, none being suffered to stir out without leave first obtained from the Inquisitor General. To him therefore he apply'd for a Permission to go on a Pilgrimage to *Loretto*, a Thing that he had hitherto long neglected.

The Inquisitor General applauded his Resolution, and gave him leave; but immediately dispatched an Express to *Loretto*, to know precisely the Time he arrived there.

Accordingly Mr. *Bower* set out on Horseback, and having armed himself with a Pocket Pistol, was determined, in Case he should be unable to otherwise escape, to dispatch himself; being persuaded, that if ever suicide was excusable, it must be in his Circumstances, in order to avoid the Torments, which, if he should be taken, would be inflicted on him.

After many Contests with himself, he continued firm to his Original Project; and with Design to pursue it, cross'd out of the Road not far from *Loretto*, and shaped his Course towards *Switzerland*; knowing that if he could but reach *Bern*, a Protestant Canton, he should be safe. In order to attain it, he travelled Day and Night upon the Mountains; but at last, himself and Horse growing faint, for want of Suffenance, he made up to a Town, which he took to be *Bern*; but which proved, to his great Concern to be a Popish Canton. However, he alighted at an Inn, where there happened to be two Men who were reading a Paper, which, casting his Eye upon, he found to be a Description of himself; promising a great Reward for apprehending him.

He endeavoured to conceal his Confusion as much as he could, wiping his Face with a Handkerchief to prevent his being observed; till at last, one of the Men asking him why he wiped his Face, as if he was afraid of being seen; desired him to read that Paper, which he did, as he says, with great seeming Composure.

In the mean while, one of them whispered his Companion; and soon after they retired into a Room together, to consult whether they should apprehend him or not, as it was a hazardous Affair; it being possible that he might be a Courier of the *British*, or some other Minister.

Mr. *Bower* took this Opportunity to fly to his Horse, which he mounted with the utmost Expedition, and gallop'd into a neighbouring Forest, where he concealed himself for some Time, and afterwards pursued his Journey; subsisting himself, for several Days, upon nothing but what the Fields and Woods afforded. At last, his Horse, as well as himself, being almost worn out with Hunger and Fatigue, happening one Morning, to spy a light at a Distance, he made up to it at all Events; and, upon his knocking at the Door, a Man looked out at the Window, and of whom he enquired whether it was a Protestant Country; to whom he reply'd, yes, thank God for it. Immediately upon hearing this joyful News, he desired him to come down and open the Door; for that he was the unfortunate *Bower* that had escaped from the Inquisition, and was now in the utmost Distress for Want of Rest and Food. Accordingly he alighted, and was received by the Landlord with the utmost Hospitality; who, upon his enquiring how far it was to *Bern*, informed him about two Miles; and offered himself for his Guide.

Upon his Arrival at *Bern*, he was advised, in order to avoid several Popish Countries, to take Shipping on the *Rhine*, as far as *Strafsburg*. He embarked therefore on that River; and one of his Companions in the Vessel happened to be a Jesuit, who not knowing him, entered into Discourse with him about his own Escape from the Inquisition.

When they were got pretty near to *Strafsburg*, the Vessel bulged upon a Rock, so that they, with great Difficulty, escaped to Shore, where Mr. *Bower* immediately took Post-Horses for *Calais*. No sooner was he arrived there, and alighted at the Inn, than he saw on the Gate, Advertisements describing him, and promising a Reward for apprehending him. This made him resolve to depart as soon as possible; so that he went down to the Shore, in order to see if there was any Vessel ready to sail for *England*; but to his Great Mortification,

found none; and the Wind being high, could not prevail with any to put to Sea.

At last, for a considerable Sum of Money, he engaged some Fishermen to carry him over. Scarce had they set sail, but the Waves ran so high, that the Men declared it impossible to succeed, for that no Boat could live. In vain he offered them all he was worth, in Case they would venture; for all their Reply was, that he must have been guilty of some very great Crime, to attempt to run so great a Hazard. Accordingly they put back, and landed him again.

But instead of going to the same Inn, he went to another; where thinking he heard in the next Room the Voice of some English Gentlemen, he determined to discover himself to them, being of Opinion, that no Persons so merry and cheerful as they appeared to be, could harbour any Ill will against him.

Animated by these Reflections, he knocked at the Door; and, to his great Satisfaction, the first that came to him was Lord *Baltimore*, with whom he had before some small Acquaintance.

His Lordship was much surprized at seeing him there, but told him he had no Time to lose, for that strict search had been made after him, and Spies planted about every Person that went for *England*. In short, he accompanied him to the Sea Shore, and offered him his own Yacht to carry him over, in which he immediately embarked; and soon landed safe at *Dover*.

The next Day, Mr. *Bower* was much surprized with a Letter brought in, directed to him; but much more when upon opening it, he found it came from the Inquisitor General: With promises of great Honour and Rewards, in Case he would return to the Inquisition.

This, it seems, being left undirected, was ordered to be delivered to him, as soon as it was certainly known that he was arrived in *England*; but upon his Enquiry for the Person who brought it, Nobody could tell what was become of him. However, he had seen too much already, to rely on what they had promised; and contented himself with expressing his Gratitude to God, for happily escaping out of their Clutches, and safely arriving in a Free and Protestant Country.

L O N D O N, July 25.

BY Letters brought by Yesterday's Post we learn, that the Ships which lately went out under the Command of Commodore Rodney, in search of the Island, of which Information upon Oath was given to the Lords of the Admiralty, are returned to Spithead, without having been able to make the least Discovery of any such Island.

*Bristol, August 3.* There is Advice from Antigua, that so many French Ships trading on the Coast of Guiney, have greatly injured that Trade, and have advanced the Purchase of Slaves to the highest Rate that was ever known on the African Shore: Inasmuch, that it is thought several Merchants of Great-Britain decline sending out any more Ships to that Coast.—And from Liverpool we have an Account, that the Merchants of that Port have been great Sufferers by the Encroachments of the French in that Trade, who will have Negroes at any Rate.—So that this once profitable Branch of Commerce is now in a fair Way of being inverted; and whereas we and the Dutch did for a Course of many Years supply the French Islands with Slaves, they now are extraordinary active to save us that Trouble, and will do it themselves.

B O S T O N, October 2.

Last Friday came to Town from New-London, Capt. Samuel Gallop, late Master of the Brigantine Polly of this Place, who sail'd from hence the 19th of August last bound for Antigua, and informs us, That in his Passage on the 6th of September last, in Lat. 29 and 21, he met with a violent Gale of Wind at E. S. E. which obliged him to scud before it; but the Wind shifting to the Southward in a Moment they shipped a Sea which stove in the Dead-Lights, clear'd the Deck, and wash'd every Soul over-board, and thereupon she immediately fill'd and overfet.—Capt Gallop and two of the Men getting upon the Weather-side endeavour'd to save themselves, but were wash'd off again by the next Sea; and whilst striving in the Sea, he the said Gallop accidentally caught hold of a Rope, by which he hoisted himself up whilst she lay on her Side; but her Masts giving way she righted, when he took to the Bow-sprit, where he continued twelve Days, subsisting only upon