

surprise saw no symptoms of madness there; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features.—*Are you in your senses, I demanded, and can you forgive the villain?*—*From my heart,* answered he, *else how should I expect to be forgiven?*—His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my bosom; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said—*It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his treatment of this poor boy, his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived; but as for father and mother—Who is his mother? What was her name?* I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered, as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade, an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried out—*Thái cō-mā!*—*Oh! that woman—Was a devil,* said the master, *and if you knew but half the misery you have escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing: I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, as you see, he does not like to have his mistakes taken from him, but some things are better left than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word for it you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life.* He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and shutting myself in my cabin surrendered myself to my meditations.

My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much less put them into any order for relation. The ship however kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bordeaux; the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship. The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's counting-house. The convict was kneeling on a scaffold, whilst a friar was receiving his last confession; his face was turned towards us; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out—*Look, look, Mr. Chaubert! the very man as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.*—The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud—*Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me speak to you before I die!*—His yell was horror to my soul, I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it; the friar or-

dered silence; and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly and what he had farther to confess. Father, replied the convict, this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison.—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louisa's elopement, she handed to you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm and dashed it on the floor; in a sudden transport of passion, which you were ever addicted to, you struck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet: It was the saving moment of your life—the wine was poisoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's instrument for preserving you; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practise resignation. Father, I have no more to confess; I die repentant: Let the executioner do his office.

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expose my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the best, but I will contend, that he, who makes the best of it, fulfils the part of a wife and good man: Another thing may be safely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good or evil of many events, which befall him in this life, and we have authority to say, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good!*—I could wish that the story of Chaubert, as I have given it, might make that impression on any one of my readers, as it did upon me when I received it; and I could also wish, that I felt myself worthy to add to it the experience of many occurrences in my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from those they wore upon their first appearance.

When men sink into despondency or break out into rage upon adversities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burthen upon them than they can bear, because it is not clear that they have exerted all the possible resources of the soul.

The passions may be humoured, till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mu-