

could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquisition came forth from the cells of torture, the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch, in a saffron-coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim: He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented.—*See what the religion of God is,* said I to myself, *in the bands of man!*

From the gates of Madrid I bent my course to the port of Lisbon; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—*You have missed your aim,* I cried, *and have left the merit of destroying a man.*—*Give me your purse,* said the robber.—*Take it,* I replied, *and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me.*

I found the city of Lisbon in ruins; her foundations smoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead lay in heaps; terror sat in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake.—*Have they not the inquisition in this country?* I asked; I was answered they had.—*And do they wake all this outcry about an earthquake?* said I within myself, *let them give God thanks and be quiet.*

Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics.—*This is as it should be,* said I, *these men set up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools; I will not go amongst them.*—After a short time behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one! the people took the builders' tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses: I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion—*Before the earthquake I made my bed in the streets, now I shall have a house to live in.*—*This is too much,* said I; *their misfortunes make this people happy, and I shall stay no longer in this country.*—I descended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ship, whose canvass was loosed for sailing.—*See, it is an English ship,* says a Galliego porter; *they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter-deck.*—*They pay well for what they have,* says a boatman, *and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.*—I threw myself

into the wherry, and entered the ship: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wasted us into the ocean and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea and the morning brought no respite to our toil.—*Whither are you bound?* said I to the master—*to hell,* said he, *for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate!* The fellow's voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever.—*If the winds were of this man's making,* thought I, *he would not be content with them.*—A favourable breeze sprung up as if it had come at his calling.—*I thought it was coming,* says he, *but before the wind, it blows fair for our port.* But where is your port? again I asked him.—*Sir,* says he, *I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.*—My heart sunk at the name of my native city: I was freighted, added he, from London with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my cronies, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.—*Hey day,* thought I, *how fair augurs changes this fellow's note!* Lewis, said he to a handsome youth, who stood at his elbow, *we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.*—*Show me your bills,* said I, *for I am Chaubert.*—He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain, who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—*Where is the wretch,* said I, *who drew these forgeries?* The youth burst into tears.—*He is my father,* he replied, and turned away.—*Sir,* says the master, *I am not surprized to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence and have been ruined by his means and reduced to what you see me, but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle, but to defraud his own son proves him an unnatural rascal and, if I had him here, I would bang him at the mizen yard.*

When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrensy would break out. I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprise