

upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greatest part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature : Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies ; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary in his own hand writing of certain passages of his life in which he had minutely his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction ; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing ; if I thought fit ; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

My son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty.

When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France and seeking out some of those countries, from whose famished inhabitants nature withheld her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow. As I passed thro' the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempests.

I traversed the delightful province of Biscay without rest to the soles of my feet of sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dressed in her gayest attire ;—*Thou mother of fools*, I exclaimed, *why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of*

*thee?* The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.—The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the waterfalls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour ;—*Give me*, said I, *the clank of fetters, and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip.*—And in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth, as I trode over its prolific surface.

I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul : I saw the lands lie waste and fallow ; the vines trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows ; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation ; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sat upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride lay stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin. *Al! this is something*, I cried out, *this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend.—*Such ever be the fate of human nature : I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity.* *Markye, Castilian*, I exclaimed, *take thy pistole ; it is coin, it is silver from the mine of Mexico ; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you ; put by your pride and touch it.* *Curst be your nation*, the Castilian replied, *I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.* *Starve then*, I answered, and passed on.

I climbed a barren mountain ; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey ; I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul ; it was the Escorial.—*Here then the tyrant reigns*, said I, *here let him reign ; hard as these rocks his throne, waste as these deserts be his dominions!*—A meagre creature passed me ; famine stared in his eye, he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid, that was browsing in the desert, he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet.—*Al, sacrilegious villain!* cried a brawny fellow, and, leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act ; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy.—*Mercy*, cried he that seized him, *do you purloin the property of the church, and ask for mercy?* *Take it.* So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of St. Lawrence. I could