

~~T~~ax-free ; and the King, to wave it, will at any Time purchase that Exemption of Duty at the price of five hundred Pistoles *per Annum*. The Convents and Nunneries are allowed a like Licence of free Importation ; and it is one of the first Advantages they can boast of ; for, under that Licence having a liberty of setting up a Tavern near them, they make a prodigious Advantage of it. The Wine drank and sold in this Place, is for the most part a sort of white Wine.

BUT if the Mud Walls gave me at first but a faint Idea of the Place ; I was pleasingly disappointed, as soon as I enter'd the Gates. The Town then shew'd itself well built, and of Brick, and the Streets wide, long, and spacious. Those of *Atocha*, and *Alcala*, are as fine as any I ever saw ; yet is it situated but very indifferently : For tho' they have what they call a River, to which they give the very fair Name of *la Mansueta*, and over which they have built a curious, long, and large Stone Bridge ; yet is the Course of it, in Summer time especially, mostly dry. This gave occasion to that piece of Rallery of a Foreign Ambassador, *That the King would have done wisely to have bought a River, before he built the Bridge*. Nevertheless, that little Stream of a River which they boast of, they improve as much as possible ; since down the Sides, as far as you can see, there are

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Coops,

Coops, or little Places hooped in, for People to wash their Linen (for they very rarely wash in their own Houses) nor is it really any unpleasing Sight, to view the regular Rows of them at that cleanly Operation.

THE King has here two Palaces; one within the Town, the other near adjoining. That in the Town is built of Stone, the other which is called *Bueno Retiro*, is all of Brick. From the Town to this last, in Summer time, there is a large covering of Canvas, propt up with tall Poles; under which People walk to avoid the scorching heats of the Sun.

As I was passing by the Chapel of the *Carmelites*, I saw several blind Men, some led, some groping the Way with their Sticks, going into the Chapel. I had the curiosity to know the Reason: I no sooner enter'd the Door, but was surprized to see such a number of those unfortunate People, all kneeling before the Altar, some kissing the Ground, others holding up their Heads, crying out *Misericordia*. I was informed 'twas Saint *Lucy's* Day, the Patroness of the Blind; therefore all who were able, came upon that Day to pay their Devotion: So I left them, and directed my Course towards the King's Palace.

WHEN I came to the outward Court, I met with a *Spanish* Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

quaintance, and we went into the *Piazza's*; whilst we were talking there, I saw several Gentlemen passing by having Badges on their Breasts, some white, some red, and others green: My Friend informed me that there were five Orders of Knighthood in *Spain*. That of the Golden Fleece was only given to great Princes, but the other four *The Orders of Knighthood in Spain.* to private Gentlemen, *viz.* That of *Saint Jago, Alacantara, Saint Salvador de Mont-real, and Monteza.*

He likewise told me, that there were above ninety Places of *Grandeas*, but never filled up; who have the Privilege of being cover'd in the Presence of the King, and are distinguished into three Ranks. The first is of those who cover themselves before they speak to the King. The second are those who put on their Hats after they have begun to speak. The third are those who only put on their Hats, having spoke to him. The Ladies of the *Grandeas* have also great Respect shew'd them. The Queen rises up when they enter the Chamber, and offers them Cushions.

No married Man except the King, lies in the Palace, for all the Women who live there are Widows, or Maids of Honour to the Queen. I saw the Prince of *Asturia's* Dinner carried through the Court up to him, being guarded by four Gentlemen of the Guards, one before, another behind,

and one on each Side, with their Carbines shoul'der'd; the Queen's came next, and the King's the last, guarded as before, for they always dine separately. I observed that the Gentlemen of the Guards, though not on Duty, yet they are obliged to wear their Carbine Belts.

SAINT Isodore, who from a poor labouring Man, by his Sanctity of Life arrived to the Title of *Saint*, is the Patron of *Madrid*, and has a Church dedicated to him, which is richly adorned within. The Sovereign Court of the Inquisition is held at *Madrid*, the President whereof is called the Inquisitor General. They judge without allowing any Appeal for four Sorts of Crimes, *viz.* Heresy, Polygamy, Sodomy and Witchcraft, and when any are convicted, 'tis called the Act of Faith.

MOST People believe that the King's greatest Revenue consists in the Gold and Silver brought from the West Indies (which is a mistake) for most Part of that Wealth belongs to Merchants and others, that pay the Workmen at the Golden Mines of *Potosi*, and the Silver Mines at *Mexico*; yet the King, as I have been informed, receives about a Million and a half of Gold.

THE *Spaniards* have a Saying, that the finest Garden of Fruit in *Spain* is in the middle of *Madrid*, which is the *Plaza* or Market Place, and truly the Stalls there
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are set forth with such variety of delicious Fruit, that I must confess I never saw any Place comparable to it; and which adds to my Admiration, there are no Gardens or Orchards of Fruit within some Leagues.

THEY seldom eat Hares in *Spain* but whilst the Grapes are growing, and then they are so exceeding fat, they are knocked down with Sticks. Their Rabbits are not so good as ours in *England*; they have great plenty of Partridges, which are larger and finer feather'd than ours. They have but little Beef in *Spain*, because there is no Grass, but they have plenty of Mutton, and exceeding good, because their Sheep feed only upon wild Potherbs; their Pork is delicious, their Hogs feeding only upon Chestnuts and Acorns.

MADRID and *Valladolid*, though Great, yet are only accounted Villages: In the latter *Philip* the Second, by the persuasion of *Parsons* an *English* Jesuit, erected an *English* Seminary; and *Philip* the Fourth built a most noble Palace, with extraordinary fine Gardens. They say that *Christopher Columbus*, who first discover'd the West Indies, dyed there, tho' I have heard he lies buried, and has a Monument at *Sevil*.

THE Palace in the Town stands upon ^{the King's} eleven Arches, under every one of which ^{Palace.} there are Shops, which degrade it to a

meer Exchange. Nevertheless, the Stairs by which you ascend up to the Guard Room (which is very spacious too) are stately, large, and curious. So soon as you have pass'd the Guard Room, you enter into a long and noble Gallery, the right Hand whereof leads to the King's Apartment, the left to the Queen's. Entering into the King's Apartment you soon arrive at a large Room, where he keeps his *Levee*; on one side whereof (for it takes up the whole Side) is painted the fatal Battle of *Almanza*. I confess the View somewhat affected me, tho' so long after; and brought to Mind many old Passages. However, the Reflection concluded thus in favour of the *Spaniard*, that we ought to excuse their Vanity in so exposing under a *French* General, a Victory, which was the only material one the *Spaniards* could ever boast of over an *English* Army.

IN this State Room, when the King first appears, every Person present, receives him with a profound Homage: After which turning from the Company to a large Velvet Chair, by which stands the Father Confessor, he kneels down, and remains some Time at his Devotion; which being over, he rising crosses himself, and his Father Confessor having with the motion of his Hand intimated his Benediction, he then gives Audience to all that attend for that

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purpose.

purpose. He receives every Body with a seeming Complaisance; and with an Air more resembling the *French* than the *Spanish* Ceremony. Petitions to the King, as with us, are delivered into the Hands of the Secretary of State: Yet in one Particular they are, in my Opinion, worthy the Imitation of other Courts; the Petitioner is directly told, what Day he must come for an Answer to the Office; at which Time he is sure, without any further fruitless Attendance, not to fail of it. The Audience being over, the King returns through the Gallery to his own Apartment.

I cannot here omit an accidental Conversation, that pass'd between General *Maboni* and my self in this Place. After some talk of the Bravery of the *English* Nation, he made mention of General *Stanhope*, with a very peculiar *Emphasis*. " But, says he, " I never was so put to the Nonplus in all " my Days, as that General once put me " in. I was on the Road from *Paris* to " *Madrid*, and having notice, that that " General was going just the Reverse, and " that in all likelihood we should meet the " next Day: Before my setting out in the " Morning, I took care to order my gayest Regimental Apparel, resolving to " make the best Appearance I could to receive so great a Man. I had not travel'd " above four Hours before I saw two Gen-

“ flemen, who appearing to be *English*, it
 “ induc’d me to imagine they were Fore-
 “ runners, and fome of his Retinue. But
 “ how abash’d and confounded was I?
 “ when putting the Queſtion to one of ’em,
 “ he made answer, *Sir, I am the Perſon*.
 “ Never did Moderation put Vanity more
 “ out of Countenance: Tho’, to ſay Truth,
 “ I cou’d not but think his Dreſs as much
 “ too plain for General *Stanhope*, as I at
 “ that juncture thought my own too gay
 “ for *Maboni*. But, added he, that great
 “ Man had too many inward great Endow-
 “ ments to ſtand in need of any outſide
 “ Decoration.

OF all Diversions the King takes moſt
 delight in that of Shooting, which he per-
 forms with great Exaſtneſs and Dexterity.
 I have ſeen him divert himſelf at Swallow
 ſhooting (by all, I think allow’d to be the
 moſt difficult) and exceeding all I ever ſaw.
 The laſt time I had the Honour to ſee him,
 was on his Return from that Exerciſe. He
 had been abroad with the Duke of *Medina*
Sidonia, and alighted out of his Coach at
 a back Door of the Palace, with three or
 four Birds in his Hand, which according to
 his uſual Cuſtom, he carried up to the
 Queen with his own Hands.

*the Play-
houses.* There are two Play-houſes in *Madrid*,
 at both which they aſt every Day; but their
 Actors, and their Muſick, are almoſt too in-
 different

different to be mentioned. The Theatre at the *Bueno Retiro* is much the best ; but as much inferior to ours at *London*, as those at *Madrid* are to that. I was at one Play, when both King and Queen were present. There was a splendid Audience, and a great Concourse of Ladies ; but the latter, as is the Custom there, having Lattices before them, the Appearance lost most of its Lustre. One very remarkable Thing happen'd, while I was there ; the *Ave-Bell* rung in the Middle of an Act, when down on their Knees fell every Body, even the Players on the Stage, in the Middle of their Harangue. They remained for some Time at their Devotion ; then up they rose, and returned to the Business they were before engag'd in, beginning where they left off.

THE Ladies of Quality make their Visits in grand State and Decorum. The Lady Visitant is carry'd in a Chair by four Men ; the two first, in all Weathers, always bare. Two others walk as a Guard, one on each Side ; another carrying a large Lanthorn for fear of being benighted ; then follows a Coach drawn by six Mules, with her Women, and after that another with her Gentlemen ; several Servants walking after, more or less, according to the Quality of the Person. They never suffer their Servants to overload a Coach, as is frequently seen with us, neither do Coachmen or Chairmen

go or drive as if they carried Midwives in lieu of Ladies. On the contrary, they affect a Motion so slow and so stately, that you would rather imagine the Ladies were every one of them near their Time, and very apprehensive of a Miscarriage.

I remember not to have seen here any Horses in any Coach, but in the King's, or an Embassador's; which can only proceed from Custom; for certainly finer Horses are not to be found in the World.

AT the Time of my being here, Cardinal *Giudici* was at *Madrid*; he was a tall, proper, comely Man, and one that made the best Appearance. *Alberoni* was there at the same Time, who, upon the Death of the Duke of *Vendosme*, had the good Fortune to find the Princess *Ursini* his Patroness. An Instance of whose Ingratitude will plead Pardon for this little Digression. That Princess first brought *Alberoni* into Favour at Court. They were both of *Italy*, and that might be one Reason of that Lady's espousing his Interest: tho' some there are, that assign it to the Recommendation of the Duke of *Vendosme*; with whom *Alberoni* had the Honour to be very intimate, as the other was always distinguish'd by that Princess. Be which it will, certain it is, she was *Alberoni*'s first, and sole Patroness; which gave many People afterwards a very smart Occasion of reflecting upon him, both

as to his Integrity and Gratitude. For, when *Alberoni*, upon the Death of King *Philip's* first Queen, had recommended this present Lady, who was his Countrywoman, (she of *Parma*, and he of *Placentia*, both in the same Dukedom) and had forwarded her Match with the King, with all possible Assiduity; and when that Princess, pursuant to the Orders she had received from the King, pass'd over into *Italy* to accompany the Queen Elect into her own Dominions; *Alberoni*, forgetful of the Hand that first advanced him, sent a Letter to the present Queen, just before her Landing, that if she resolv'd to be Queen of *Spain*, she must banish the Princess *Ursini*, her Companion, and never let her come to Court. Accordingly that Lady, to evince the Extent of her Power, and the Strength of her Resolution, dispatch'd that Princess away, on her very Landing, and before she had seen the King, under a Detachment of her own Guards, into *France*; and all this without either allowing her an Opportunity of justifying herself, or assigning the least Reason for so uncommon an Action. But the same *Alberoni* (though afterwards created Cardinal, and for some Time King *Philip's* Prime Minister) soon saw that Ingratitude of his rewarded in his own Disgrace, at the very same Court.

I remember, when at *la Mancha*, Don *Felix Pachero*, in a Conversation there, maintain'd, that three Women, at that Time, rul'd the World, *viz.* Queen *Anne*, Madam *Mantenon*, and this Princess *Ursini*.

FATHER *Faby's* Civilities, when last at *Madrid*, exacting of me some suitable Acknowledgment, I went to pay him a Visit; as to render him due Thanks for the past, so to give him a further Account of his Countryman *Brennan*: but I soon found he did not much incline to hear any Thing more of *Murtough*, not expecting to hear any Good of him; for which Reason, as soon as I well could, I changed the Conversation to another Topick. In which some Word dropping of the Count *de Monterey*, I told him, that I heard he had taken Orders, and officiated at Mass: He made answer, it was all very true. And upon my intimating, that I had the Honour to serve under him in *Flanders*, on my first entring into Service, and when he commanded the *Spanish* Forces at the famous Battle of *Seneff*; and adding, that I could not but be surprized, that he, who was then one of the brightest *Cavalieroes* of the Age, should now be in Orders; and that I should look upon it as a mighty Favour barely to have, if it might be, a View of him; he very obligingly told me, that he was very well acquainted with him, and that if I would come the next Day, he would not

not fail to accompany me to the Count's House.

PUNCTUALLY at the Time appointed, I waited on Father *Faby*, who, as he promised, carry'd me to the Count's House: He was stepping into his Coach just as we got there; but seeing Father *Faby*, he advanced towards us. The Father deliver'd my Desire in as handfom a Manner as could be, and concluding with the Reason of it, from my having been in that Service under him; he seem'd very well pleas'd, but added, that there were not many beside my self living, who had been in that Service with him. After some other Conversation, he call'd his Gentleman to him, and gave him particular Orders to give us a *Frescari*, or, in *English*, an Entertainment; so taking leave, he went into his Coach, and we to our *Frescari*.

COMING from which, Father *Fabi* made me observe, in the open Street, a Stone, on which was a visible great Stain of somewhat reddish and like Blood. " This, said he, " was occasion'd by the Death of a Countryman of mine, who had the Misfortune " to overset a Child, coming out of that " House (pointing to one opposite to us) " the Child frighted, though not hurt, as is " natural, made a terrible Out-cry; upon " which its Father coming out in a violent " Rage (notwithstanding my Countryman " beg'd

“ beg’d Pardon, and pleaded Sorrow as
 “ being only an Accident) stabb’d him to the
 “ Heart, and down he fell upon that Stone,
 “ which to this Day retains the Mark of
 “ innocent Blood, so rashly shed”. He
 went on, and told me, the *Spaniard* immediately took Sanctuary in the Church, whence
 some Time after he made his Escape. But
 Escapes of that Nature are so common in
Spain, that they are not worth wondering
 at. For even though it were for wilful and
 premeditated Murder, if the Murderer have
 taken Sanctuary, it was never known, that
 he was delivered up to Justice, though de-
 manded; but in some Disguise he makes his
 Escape, or some Way is secured against all
 the Clamours of Power or Equity. I have
 observed, that some of the greatest Quality
 stop their Coaches over a stinking nasty
 Puddle, which they often find in the Streets,
 and holding their Heads over the Door,
 snuff up the nasty Scent which ascends, be-
 lieving that ’tis extream healthful; when
 I was forced to hold my Nose, passing by.
 ’Tis not convenient to walk out early in
 the Morning, they having no necessary
 Houses, throw out their Nattiness in the
 Middle of the Street.

AFTER I had taken Leave of Father *Fa-
 by*, and return’d my Thanks for all Civili-
 ties, I went to pay a Visit to Mr. *Salter*, who
 was Secretary to General *Stanbope*, when
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the *English* Forces were made Prisoners of War at *Breubiga* ; going up Stairs, I found the Door of his Lodgings a-jar ; and knocking, a Person came to the Door, who appeared under some Surprize at Sight of me. I did not know him, but enquiring if Mr. *Salter* was within ; He answered, as I fancy'd, with some Hesitation, that he was, but was busy in an inner Room. However, though unask'd, I went in, resolving, since I had found him at home, to wait his Leisure. In a little Time Mr. *Salter* enter'd the Room ; and after customary Ceremonies, asking my Patience a little longer, he desired I would sit down and bear Ensign *Fanshawe* Company (for so he call'd him) adding at going out, he had a little Business that required Dispatch ; which being over, he would return, and join Company.

THE Ensign, as he call'd him, appear'd to me under a *Disshabileè* ; and the first Question he ask'd me, was, if I would drink a Glass of *English* Beer ? Miffed by his Appearance, though I assented, it was with a Design to treat ; which he would by no Means permit ; but calling to a Servant, ordered some in. We sat drinking that Liquor, which to me was a greater Rarity than all the Wine in *Spain* ; when in dropt an old Acquaintance of mine, Mr. *Le Noy*, Secretary to Colonel *Nevil*. He sat down with us, and before

fore the Glasſ could go twice round, told Enſign *Fanſhaw*, That his Colonel gave his humble Service to him, and ordered him to let him know, that he had but threeſcore Piſtoles by him, which he had ſent, and which were at his Service, as what he pleas'd more ſhould be, as ſoon as it came to his Hands.

AT this I began to look upon my Enſign as another gueſs Perſon than I had taken him for ; and *Le Noy* imagining, by our ſetting cheek by jowl together, that I muſt be in the Secret, ſoon after gave him the Title of Captain. This ſoon convinc'd me, that there was more in the Matter than I was yet Maſter of ; for laying Things together, I could not but argue within my ſelf, that as it ſeem'd at firſt, a moſt incredible Thing, that a Perſon of his Appearance ſhould have ſo large Credit, with ſuch a Complement at the End of it, without ſome Diſguiſe, and as from an Enſign he was riſen to be a Captain, in the taking of one Bottle of *Engliſh Beer* ; a little Patience would let me into a Farce, in which, at preſent, I had not the Honour to bear any Part but that of a Mute.

AT laſt *Le Noy* took his leave, and as ſoon as he had left us, and the other Bottle was brought in, Enſign *Fanſhaw* began to open his Heart, and tell me, who he was. I am neceſſitated, ſaid he, to be under this Diſguiſe.

guise, to conceal my self, especially in this Place. " For you must know, continued he, that when our Forces were Lords of this Town, as we were for a little while, I fell under an Intrigue with another Man's Wife: Her Husband was a Person of considerable Account; nevertheless the Wife show'd me all the Favours that a Soldier, under a long and hard Campaign, could be imagined to ask. In short, her Relations got acquainted with our Amour, and knowing that I was among the Prisoners taken at *Breubiga*, are now upon the Scout and Enquiry, to make a Discovery that may be of fatal Consequence. This is the Reason of my Disguise; this the unfortunate Occasion of my taking upon me a Name that does not belong to me.

HE spoke all this with such an Openness of Heart, that in return of so much Confidence, I confess'd to him, that I had heard of the Affair, for that it had made no little Noise all over the Country; that it highly behoved him to take great Care of himself, since, as the Relations on both Sides were considerable, he must consequently be in great Danger: That in Cases of that Nature, no People in the World carry Things to greater Extremities, than the *Spaniards*. He return'd me Thanks for my good Advice, which I understood, in a few

Days after, he, with the Assistance of his Friends, had taken Care to put in Practice; for he was convey'd away secretly, and afterwards had the Honour to be made a Peer of *Ireland*.

My Passport being at last sign'd by the Count *de las Torres*, I prepared for a Journey, I had long and ardently wish'd for, and set out from *Madrid*, in the Beginning of *September*, 1712. in Order to return to my native Country.

ACCORDINGLY I set forward upon my Journey, but having heard, both before and since my being in *Spain*, very famous Things spoken of the *Escorial*; though it was a League out of my Road, I resolv'd to make it a Visit. And I must confess, when I came there, I was so far from condemning my Curiosity, that I chose to congratulate my good Fortune, that had, at half a Day's Expence, feasted my Eyes with Extraordinaries, which would have justify'd a Twelve-months Journey on purpose.

*Description
of the Escorial.*

THE Structure is intirely magnificent, beyond any Thing I ever saw, or any Thing my Imagination could frame. It is composed of eleven several Quadrangles, with noble Cloisters round every one of them. The Front to the West is adorn'd with three stately Gates; every one of a different Model, yet every one the Model of nicest Architecture. The Middlemost of the three lead:

leads into a fine Chapel of the *Hieronymites*, as they call them ; in which are entertain'd one hundred and fifty Monks. At every of the four Corners of this august Fabrick, there is a Turret of excellent Workmanship, which yields to the Whole an extraordinary Air of Grandure. The King's Palace is on the North, nearest that Mountain, whence the Stone it is built of was hew'n ; and all the South Part is set off with many Galleries, both beautiful and sumptuous.

THIS prodigious Pile, which, as I have said, exceeds all that I ever saw ; and which would ask, of it self, a Volume to particularize, was built by *Philip* the Second. He lay'd the first Stone, yet liv'd to see it finish'd ; and lies buried in the *Panthæon*, a Part of it, set apart for the Burial-place of succeeding Princes, as well as himself. It was dedicated to Saint *Laurence*, in the very Foundation ; and therefore built in the Shape of a Gridiron, the Instrument of that Martyr's Execution ; and in Memory of a great Victory obtain'd on that Saint's Day. The Stone of which it is built, contrary to the common Course, grows whiter by Age ; and the Quarry, whence it was dug, lies near enough, if it had Sense or Ambition, to grow enamour'd of its own wonderful Production. Some there are, who stick not to assign this Convenience, as the main Cause of its Situation ; and for my Part, I must agree, that I

have seen many other Parts of *Spain*, where that glorious Building would have shone with yet far greater Splendour.

THERE was no Town of any Consequence presented it self in my Way to *Burgos*. Here I took up my Quarters that Night ; where I met with an *Irish* Priest, whose Name was *White*. As is natural on such Rencounters, having answered his Enquiry, whither I was going ; he very kindly told me, he should be very glad of my Company as far as *Victoria*, which lay in my Road ; and I with equal Frankness embrac'd the Offer.

NEXT Morning, when we had mounted our Mules, and were got a little Distance from *Burgos* ; he began to relate to me a great many impious Pranks of an *English* Officer, who had been a Prisoner there a little before I came ; concluding all, with some Vehemence, that he had given greater Occasion of Scandal and Infamy to his native Country, than would easily be wiped off, or in a little Time. The Truth of it is, many Particulars, which he related to me, were too monstrously vile to admit of any Repetition here ; and highly meriting that unfortunate End, which that Officer met with some Time after. Nevertheless the just Reflections made by that Father, plainly manifested to me the Folly of those Gentlemen, who, by such Inadvertencies, to say no worse,

worse, cause the Honour of the Land of their Nativity to be called in question. For tho', no doubt, it is a very false Conclusion, from a singular, to conceive a general Character; yet in a strange Country, nothing is more common. A Man therefore, of common Sense, would carefully avoid all Occasions of Censure, if not in respect to himself, yet out of a human Regard to such of his Countrymen as may have the Fortune to come after him; and, it's more than probable, may desire to hear a better and juster Character of their Country, and Countrymen, than he perhaps might incline to leave behind him.

As we travelled along, Father *White* told me, that near the Place of our Quarters that Night, there was a Convent of the *Carthusian* Order, which would be well worth my seeing. I was doubly glad to hear it, as it was an Order most a Stranger to me; and as I had often heard from many others, most unaccountable Relations of the Severity of their Way of Life, and the very odd Original of their Institution.

THE next Morning therefore, being *Sunday*, we took a Walk to the Convent. It was situated at the Foot of a great Hill, having a pretty little River running before it. The Hill was naturally cover'd with Evergreens of various Sorts; but the very Sum-

mit of the Rock was so impending, that one would at first Sight be led to apprehend the Destruction of the Convent, from the Fall of it. Notwithstanding all which, they have very curious and well ordered Gardens ; which led me to observe, that, what ever Men may pretend, Pleasure was not incompatible with the most austere Life. And indeed, if I may guess of others by this, no Order in that Church can boast of finer Convents. Their Chapel was compleatly neat, the Altar of it set out with the utmost Magnificence, both as to fine Paintings, and other rich Adornments. The Building was answerable to the rest ; and, in short, nothing seem'd omitted, that might render it beautiful or pleasant.

WHEN we had taken a full Survey of all ; we, not without some Regret, return'd to our very indifferent Inn : Where the better to pass away the Time, Father *White* gave me an ample Detail of the Original of that Order. I had before-hand heard somewhat of it ; nevertheless, I did not care to interrupt him, because I had a Mind to hear how his Account would agree with what I had already heard.

“ *Bruno*, said the Father, the Author or
 “ Founder of this Order, was not originally
 “ of this, but of another. He had a holy
 “ Brother of the same Order, that was his
 “ Cell-mate, or Chamber-fellow, who was

“ reputed by all that ever saw or knew him,
 “ for a Person of exalted Piety, and of a
 “ most exact holy Life. This Man, *Bru-*
 “ *no* had intimately known for many Years ;
 “ and agreed in his Character, that general
 “ Consent did him no more than Justice,
 “ having never observed any Thing in any
 “ of his Actions, that, in his Opinion, could
 “ be offensive to God or Man. He was
 “ perpetually at his Devotions ; and distin-
 “ guishably remarkable, for never permit-
 “ ting any Thing but pious Ejaculations to
 “ proceed out of his Mouth. In short, he
 “ was reputed a Saint upon Earth.

“ THIS Man at last dies, and, according
 “ to Custom, is removed into the Chapel
 “ of the Convent, and there plac’d with a
 “ Cross fix’d in his Hands : Soon after which,
 “ saying the proper Masses for his Soul, in
 “ the Middle of their Devotion, the dead
 “ Man lifts up his Head, and with an audib-
 “ le Voice, cry’d out, *Vocatus sum*. The
 “ pious Brethren, as any one will easi-
 “ ly imagine, were most prodigiously sur-
 “ prized at such an Accident, and there-
 “ fore they earnestly redoubled their Pray-
 “ ers ; when lifting up his Head a second
 “ Time, the dead Man cried aloud, *Judi-*
 “ *catus sum*. Knowing his former Piety, the
 “ pious Fraternity could not then entertain
 “ the least doubt of his Felicity ; when, to
 “ their great Consternation and Confusion,

“ he lifted up his Head a third Time, crying out in a terrible Tone, *Damñatus sum*; upon which they incontinently removed the Corps out of the Chapel, and threw it upon the Dunghill.

“ Good *Bruno*, pondering upon these Passages, could not fail of drawing this Conclusion; That if a Person to all Appearance so holy and devout, should miss of Salvation, it behov'd a wise Man to contrive some Way more certain to make his Calling and Election sure. To that Purpose he instituted this strict and severe Order, with an Injunction to them, sacred as any Part, that every Professor should always wear Hair Cloth next his Skin; never eat any Flesh; nor speak to one another, only as passing by, to say, *Memento mori*.

THIS Account I found to agree pretty well with what I had before heard; but at the same Time, I found the Redouble of it made but just the same Impression, it had at first made upon my Heart. However having made it my Observation, that a Spirit the least contradictory, best carries a Man through *Spain*; I kept Father *White* Company, and in Humour, 'till we arrived at *Victoria*. Where he added one Thing, by Way of Appendix, in Relation to the *Carthusians*, That every Person of the Society, is oblig'd every Day to go into their Place

Place of Burial, and take up as much Earth, as he can hold at a Grasp with one Hand, in order to prepare his Grave.

NEXT Day we set out for *Victoria*. It is a sweet, delicious, and pleasant Town. It received that Name in Memory of a considerable Victory there obtained over the *Moors*. Leaving this Place, I parted with Father *White*; he going where his Affairs led him; and I to make the best of my Way to *Bilboa*.

Entring into *Biscay*, soon after I left *Victoria*, I was at a Loss almost to imagine, what Country I was got into. By my long Stay in *Spain*, I thought my self a tolerable Master of the Tongue; yet here I found my self at the utmost Loss to understand Landlord, Landlady, or any of the Family. I was told by my Muletier, that they pretend their Language, as they call it, has continued uncorrupted from the very Confusion of *Babel*; though if I might freely give my Opinion in the Matter, I should rather take it to be the very Corruption of all that Confusion. Another *Rhodomontado* they have, (for in this they are perfect *Spaniards*) that neither *Romans*, *Carthaginians*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, or *Moors*, ever totally subdued them. And yet any Man that has ever seen their Country, might cut this Knot without a Hatchet, by saying truly, that neither *Roman*, *Carthaginian*, nor any victorious People,

ple, thought it worth while to make a Conquest of a Country, so mountainous and so barren.

Bilboa described.

HOWEVER, *Bilboa* must be allowed, tho' not very large, to be a pretty, clean and neat Town. Here, as in *Amsterdam*, they allow neither Cart, nor Coach, to enter; but every Thing of Merchandize is drawn, and carried upon Sledges: And yet it is a Place of no small Account, as to Trade; and especially for Iron and Wooll. Here I hop'd to have met with an opportunity of Embarking for *England*; but to my Sorrow I found my self disappointed, and under that Disappointment, obliged to make the best of my Way to *Bayonne*.

SETTING out for which Place, the first Town of Note that I came to, was *Saint Sebastian*. A very clean Town, and neatly pav'd; which is no little Rarity in *Spain*. It has a very good Wall about it, and a pretty Citadel. At this Place I met with two *English* Officers, who were under the same state with my self; one of them being a Prisoner of War with me at *Denia*. They were going to *Bayonne* to embark for *England* as well as my self; so we agreed to set out together for *Port Passage*. The Road from *St. Sebastian* is all over a well pav'd Stone Causeway; almost at the end whereof, there accosted us a great number of young Ladies. They were all prettily dress'd, their
long

long Hair flowing in a decent manner over their Shoulders, and here and there decorated with Ribbons of various Colours, which wantonly play'd on their Backs with the Wind. The Sight surpriz'd my Fellow Travellers no less than me ; and the more, as they advanced directly up to us, and seiz'd our Hands. But a little time undeceiv'd us, and we found what they came for ; and that their Contest, tho' not so robust as our Oars on the *Thames*, was much of the same Nature ; each contending who should have us for their Fare. For 'tis here a Custom of Time out of mind, that none but young Women should have the management and profit of that Ferry. And tho' the Ferry is over an Arm of the Sea, very broad, and sometimes very rough, those fair Ferriers manage themselves with that Dexterity, that the Passage is very little dangerous, and in calm Weather, very pleasant. In short, we made choice of those that best pleased us ; who in a grateful Return, led us down to their Boat under a sort of Musick, which they, walking along, made with their Oars, and which we all thought far from being disagreeable. Thus were we transported over to *Port Passage* ; not undeservedly accounted the best Harbour in all the Bay of *Biscay*.

We stay'd not long here after Landing, resolving, if possible, to reach *Fonterabia* before

before Night ; but all the Expedition we could use, little avail'd ; for before we could reach thither the Gates were shut, and good Nature and Humanity were so lock'd up with them, that all the Rhetorick we were Masters of could not prevail upon the Governor to order their being opened ; for which Reason we were obliged to take up our Quarters at the Ferry House.

When we got up the next Morning, we found the Waters so broad, as well as rough, that we began to enquire after another Passage ; and were answer'd, that at the Isle of *Conference*, but a short League upwards, the Passage was much shorter, and exposed to less Danger. Such good Reasons soon determin'd us : So, setting out we got there in a very little Time ; and very soon after were landed in *France*. Here we found a House of very good Entertainment, a Thing we had long wanted, and much lamented the want of.

WE were hardly well seated in the House before we were made sensible, that it was the Custom, which had made it the business of our Host, to entertain all his Guests at first coming in, with a prolix Account of that remarkable Interview between the two Kings of *France* and *Spain*. I speak safely now, as being got on *French* Ground : For the *Spaniard* in his own Country would have made me to know, that putting *Spain*.

after *France* had there been look'd upon as a meer Solecism in Speech. However, having refresh'd our selves, to show our deference to our Host's Relation, we agreed to pay our Respects to that famous little Isle he mention'd ; which indeed, was the whole burden of the Design of our crafty Landlord's Relation.

WHEN we came there, we found it a little oval Island, over-run with Weeds, and surrounded with Reeds and Rushes. " Here, said our Landlord (for he went " with us) upon this little Spot, were at " that juncture seen the two greatest Mo- " narchs in the Universe. A noble Pavi- " lion was erected in the very middle of it, " and in the middle of that was placed a " very large oval Table ; at which was the " Conference, from which the Place re- " ceiv'd its Title. There were two Bridges " rais'd ; one on the *Spanish* side, the Pas- " sage to which was a little upon a Descent " by reason of the Hills adjacent ; and the " other upon the *French* side, which as you " see, was all upon a Level. The Musick " playing, and Trumpets sounding, the two " Kings, upon a Signal agreed upon, set " forward at the same time ; the *Spanish* " Monarch handing the *Infanta* his Daugh- " ter to the Place of Interview. As soon " as they were enter'd the Pavilion, on " each Side, all the Artillery fired, and " both

“ both Armies after that made their feve-
 “ ral Vollies. Then the King of *Spain*
 “ advancing on his side the Table with
 “ the *Infanta*, the King of *France* advan-
 “ ced at the same Moment on the other;
 “ till meeting, he received the *Infanta* at
 “ the Hands of her Father, as his Queen;
 “ upon which, both the Artillery and small
 “ Arms fir’d as before. After this, was a
 “ most splendid and sumptuous Entertain-
 “ ment; which being over, both Kings re-
 “ tir’d into their several Dominions; the
 “ King of *France* conducting his new Queen
 “ to *Saint Jean de Luz*, where the Mar-
 “ riage was consummated; and the King
 “ of *Spain* returning to *Port Passage*.

AFTER a Relation so very inconsistent
 with the present State of the Place; we
 took Horse (for Mule-mounting was now
 out of Fashion) and rode to *Saint Jean de*
Luz, where we found as great a difference
 in our Eating and Drinking, as we had be-
 fore done in our Riding. Here they might
 be properly call’d Houses of Entertainment;
 tho’ generally speaking, till we came to
 this Place, we met with very mean Fare, and
 were poorly accommodated in the Houses
 where we lodged.

A Person that travels this way, would
 be esteem’d a Man of a narrow Curiosity,
 who should not desire to see the Chamber
 where *Louis le grand* took his first Nights

Lodg-

Lodging with his Queen. Accordingly, when it was put into my Head, out of an Ambition to evince my self a Person of Taste, I asked the Question, and the Favour was granted me, with a great deal of *French* Civility. Not that I found any Thing here, more than in the Isle of *Conse-rence*, but what Tradition only had rendered remarkable.

Saint Jean de Luz is esteem'd one of the greatest Village Towns in all *France*. It ^{Luz.} was in the great Church of this Place, that *Lewis* XIV. according to Marriage Articles, took before the high Altar the Oath of Renunciation to the Crown of *Spain*, by which all the Issue of that Marriage were debarred Inheritance, if Oaths had been obligatory with Princes. The Natives here are reckon'd expert Seamen; especially in Whale fishing. Here is a fine Bridge of Wood; in the middle of which is a Descent, by Steps, into a pretty little Island; where is a Chapel, and a Palace belonging to the Bishop of *Bayonne*. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* often walks to divert herself; and on this Bridge, and in the Walks on the Island, I had the Honour to see that Princess more than once.

THIS *Villa* not being above four Leagues from *Bayonne*, we got there by Dinner time, where at an Ordinary of twenty *Sous*, we eat and drank in Plenty, and with a *gusto*,
much

much better than in any part of *Spain*; where for eating much worse, we paid very much more.

Bayonne.

BAYONNE is a Town strong by Nature; yet the Fortifications have been very much neglected, since the building of the Citadel, on the other Side the River; which not only commands the Town, but the Harbour too. It is a noble Fabrick; fair and strong, and rais'd on the side of a Hill, wanting nothing that Art could furnish, to render it impregnable. The Marshal *Boufflers* had the Care of it in its erection; and there is a fine Walk near it, from which he us'd to survey the Workmen, which still carries his Name. There are two noble Bridges here, tho' both of Wood, one over that River which runs on one side the Town; the other over that, which divides it in the middle, the Tide runs thro' both with vast Rapidity; notwithstanding which, Ships of Burden come up, and paying for it, are often fasten'd to the Bridge, while loading or unloading. While I was here, there came in four or five *English* Ships laden with Corn; the first, as they told me, that had come in to unlade there, since the beginning of the War.

*Pont d'
Esprit.*

ON that Side of the River where the new Citadel is built, at a very little distance lies *Pont d' Esprit*, a Place mostly inhabited by *Jews*, who drive a great Trade there,

there, and are esteemed very rich, tho' as in all other Countries mostly very rogueish. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* has kept her Court ever since the Jealousy of the present King reclus'd her from *Madrid*. As Aunt to his Competitor *Charles* (now Emperor) he apprehended her Intriguing; for which Reason giving her an Option of Retreat, that Princess made choice of this City, much to the Advantage of the Place, and in all Appearance much to her own Satisfaction. She is a Lady not of the lesser Size; and lives here in suitable Splendour, and not without the Respect due to a Person of her high Quality: Every time she goes to take the Air, the Cannon of the Citadel saluting her, as she passes over the Bridge; and to say Truth, the Country round is extremely pleasant, and abounds in plenty of all Provisions; especially in wild Fowl. *Bayonne* Hams are, to a Proverb, celebrated all over *France*.

WE waited here near five Months before the expected Transports arrived from *England*, without any other Amusements, than such as are common to People under Sufferance. Short Tours will not admit of great Varieties; and much Acquaintance could not be any way suitable to People, that had long been in a strange Country, and earnestly desired to return to our own. Yet one

Accident befell me here, that was nearer costing me my Life, than all I had before encounter'd, either in Battle or Siege.

GOING to my Lodgings one Evening, I unfortunately met with an Officer, who would needs have me along with him, aboard one of the *English* Ships, to drink a Bottle of *English* Beer. He had been often invited, he said; and I am afraid our Countryman, continued he, will hold himself slighted, if I delay it longer. *English* Beer was a great rarity, and the Vessel lay not at any great distance from my Lodgings; so without any further Persuasion I consented. When we came upon the Bridge, to which the Ship we were to go aboard was fastned, we found, as was customary, as well as necessary, a Plank laid over from the Ship, and a Rope to hold by, for safe Passage. The Night was very dark; and I had cautiously enough taken care to provide a Man with a Lanthorn to prevent Casualties. The Man with the Light went first, and out of his abundant Complaisance, my Friend, the Officer, would have me follow the Light: But I was no sooner stept upon the Plank after my Guide, but Rope and Plank gave way, and Guide and I tumbled both together into the Water.

THE Tide was then running in pretty strong: However, my Feet in the Fall touching

touching Ground, gave me an opportunity to recover my self a little ; at which Time I catch'd fast hold of a Buoy, which was plac'd over an Anchor on one of the Ships there riding : I held fast, till the Tide rising stronger and stronger threw me off my Feet ; which gave an Opportunity to the poor Fellow, our Lanthorn-bearer, to lay hold of one of my Legs, by which he held as fast as I by the Buoy. We had lain thus lovingly at Hull together, struggling with the increasing Tide, which, well for us, did not break my hold (for if it had, the Ships which lay breast a breast had certainly suck'd us under) when several on the Bridge, who saw us fall, brought others with Ropes and Lights to our Assistance ; and especially my Brother Officer, who had been Accessary as well as Spectator of our Calamity ; tho' at last a very small Portion of our Deliverance fell to his share.

As soon as I could feel a Rope, I quitted my hold of the Buoy ; but my poor Drag at my Heels would not on any account quit his hold of my Leg. And as it was next to an Impossibility, in that Posture to draw us up the Bridge to save both, if either of us, we must still have perished, had not the Alarm brought off a Boat or two to our Succour, who took us in.

I was carry'd as fast as possible, to a neighbouring House hard by, where they took

immediate care to make a good Fire; and where I had not been long before our 'intended Host, the Master of the Ship, came in very much concern'd, and blaming us for not hailing the Vessel, before we made an Attempt to enter. For, says he, the very Night. before, my Vessel was robb'd; and that Plank and Rope were a Trap design'd for the Thieves, if they came again; not imagining that Men in an honest way would have come on board without asking Questions. Like the wise Men of this World, I hereupon began to form Resolutions against a Thing, which was never again likely to happen; and to draw Inferences of Instruction from an Accident, that had not so much as a Moral for its Foundation.

ONE Day after this, partly out of Business, and partly out of Curiosity, I went to see the Mint here, and having taken notice to one of the Officers, that there was a difference in the Impress of their Crown Pieces, one having at the bottom the Impress of a Cow, and the other none: " Sir, " reply'd that Officer, you are much in the " right in your Observation. Those that " have the Cow, were not coin'd here, but " at *Paw*, the chief City of *Navarr*; " where they enjoy the Privilege of a " Mint, as well as we. And Tradition " tells, says he, that the Reason of that " Addi-

" Addition to the Impress was this : A
 " certain King of *Navarr* (when it was a
 " Kingdom distinct from that of *France*)
 " looking out of a Window of the Palace,
 " spy'd a Cow, with her Calf standing a-
 " side her, attack'd by a Lyon, which had
 " got loose out of his Menagery. The
 " Lyon strove to get the young Calf into
 " his Paw ; the Cow bravely defended
 " her Charge ; and so well, that the Lyon
 " at last, tir'd and weary, withdrew, and
 " left her Mistress of the Field of Battle;
 " and her young one. Ever since which,
 " concluded that Officer, by Order of that
 " King, the Cow is plac'd at the bottom
 " of the Impress of all the Money there
 " coined.

WHETHER or no my Relator guess'd at
 the Moral, or whether it was Fact, I dare
 not determine: But to me it seem'd appa-
 rent, that it was no otherways intended, than
 as an emblematical Fable to cover, and pre-
 serve the Memory of the Deliverance of *Hen-
 ry* the Fourth, then the young King of *Na-
 varr*, at that eternally ignominious Slaugh-
 ter, the Massacre of *Paris*. Many Histori-
 ans, their own as well as others, agree, that
 the House of *Guise* had levell'd the Malice
 of their Design at that great Prince.
 They knew him to be the lawful Heir; but
 as they knew him bred, what they call'd a

Hugonot, Barbarity and Injustice was easily conceal'd under the Cloak of Religion, and the Good of Mother Church, under the veil of Ambition, was held sufficient to post-pone the Laws of God and Man. Some of those Historians have deliver'd it as Matter of Fact, that the Conspirators, in searching after that young King, press'd into the very Apartments of the Queen his Mother; who having, at the Toll of the Bell, and Cries of the Murder'd, taken the Alarm, on hearing 'em coming, plac'd her self in her Chair, and cover'd the young King her Son with her Farthingale, till they were gone. By which means she found an opportunity to convey him to a Place of more Safety; and so preserv'd him from those bloody Murderers, and in them from the Paw of the Lyon. This was only a private Reflection of my own at that Time; but I think carries so great a Face of Probability, that I can see no present Reason to reject it. And to have sought after better Information from the Officer of the Mint, had been to sacrifice my Discretion to my Curiosity.

WHILE I stay'd at *Bayonne*, the Princess *Ursini* came thither, attended by some of the King of *Spain's* Guards. She had been to drink the Waters of some famous Spaw in the Neighbourhood, the Name of which has now slipt my Memory. She was most
splen-

splendidly entertain'd by the Queen Dowager of *Spain*; and the Mareſchal *de Montrevel* no leſs ſignaliz'd himſelf in his Reception of that great Lady, who was at that Inſtant the greateſt Favourite in the *Spaniſh* Court; tho' as I have before related, ſhe was ſome Time after baſely undermined by a Creature of her own advancing.

BAYONNE is eſteem'd the third *Emporium* of Trade in all *France*. It was once, and remain'd long ſo, in the Poſſeſſion of the *Engliſh*; of which had Hiſtory been ſilent, the Cathedral Church had afforded evident Demonſtration; being in every reſpect of the *Engliſh* Model, and quite different to any of their own way of Building in *France*.

PAMPELONA is the Capital City ^{Pampelona} of the *Spaniſh Navarr*, ſuppoſed to have ^{na} been built by *Pompey*. 'Tis ſituated in a pleaſant Valley, ſurrounded by lofty Hills. This Town, whether famous or infamous, was the Cauſe of the firſt Inſtitution of the Order of the Jeſuits. For at the Siege of this Place *Ignatius Loyola* being only a private Soldier, receiv'd a ſhot on his Thigh, which made him incapable of following that Profeſſion any longer; upon which he ſet his Brains to work, being a ſubtle Man, and invented the Order of

the Jesuits, which has been so troublesome to the World ever since.

AT *Saint Stephen* near *Lerida*, an Action happened between the *English* and *Spaniards*, in which Major General *Cunningham* bravely fighting at the Head of his Men, lost his Life, being extreamly much lamented. He was a Gentleman of a great Estate, yet left it, to serve his Country; *Dulce est pro Patria Mori.*

ABOUT two Leagues from *Victoria*, there is a very pleasant Hermitage plac'd upon a small rising Ground, a murmuring Rivulet running at the bottom, and a pretty neat Chapel standing near it, in which I saw *Saint Christopher* in a Gigantick Shape, having a *Christo* on his Shoulders. The Hermit was there at his Devotion, I ask'd him (tho' I knew it before) the reason why he was represented in so large a Shape: The Hermit answered with great Civility, and told me, he had his Name from *Christo Ferendo*, for when our Saviour was young, he had an inclination to pass a River, so *Saint Christopher* took him on his Shoulders in order to carry him over, and as the Water grew deeper and deeper, so he grew higher and higher.

AT last we received News, that the *Gloucester* Man of War, with two Transports, was arrived at *Port Passage*, in order for the Transporting of all the remain-

ing Prisoners of War into *England*. Accordingly they march'd next Day, and there embark'd. But I having before agreed with a Master of a Vessel, which was loaded with Wine for *Amsterdam*, to set me ashore at *Dover*, stay'd behind, waiting for that Ship, as did that for a fair Wind.

IN three or four Days Time, a fine and fair Gale presented; of which the Master taking due Advantage, we sail'd over the Bar into the Bay of *Biscay*. This is with Sailors, to a Proverb, reckon'd the roughest of Seas; and yet on our Entrance into it, nothing appear'd like it. 'Twas smooth as Glass; a Lady's Face might pass for young, and in its Bloom, that discover'd no more Wrinkles: Yet scarce had we sail'd three Leagues, before a prodigious Fish presented it self to our View. As near as we could guess, it might be twenty Yards in Length; and it lay sporting it self on the Surface of the Sea, a great Part appearing out of the Water. The Sailors, one and all, as soon as they saw it, declar'd it the certain Fore-runner of a Storm. However, our Ship kept on its Course, before a fine Gale, till we had near passed over half the Bay; when, all on a sudden, there was such a hideous Alteration, as makes Nature recoil on the very Reflection. Those Seas that seem'd before to smile upon us, with the Aspect of a Friend, now in a Moment chang'd

chang'd their flattering Countenance into that of an open Enemy; and Frowns, the certain Indexes of Wrath, presented us with apparent Danger, of which little on this Side Death could be the Sequel. The angry Waves cast themselves up into Mountains, and scourg'd the Ship on every Side from Poop to Prow: Such Shocks from the contending Wind and Surges! Such Falls from Precipices of Water, to dismal Caverns of the same uncertain Element! Although the latter seem'd to receive us in Order to skreen us from the Riot of the former, Imagination could offer no other Advantage than that of a Winding-Sheet, presented and prepared for our approaching Fate. But why mention I Imagination? In me 'twas wholly dormant. And yet those Sons of stormy Weather, the Sailors, had theirs about them in full Stretch; for seeing the Wind and Seas so very boisterous, they lash'd the Rudder of the Ship, resolv'd to let her drive, and steer herself; since it was past their Skill to steer her. This was our Way of sojourning most Part of that tedious Night; driven where the Winds and Waves thought fit to drive us, with all our Sails quite lower'd and flat upon the Deck. If *Ovid*, in the little *Archipelagian* Sea, could whine out his *jam jam jacturus*, &c. in this more dismal Scene, and much more dangerous Sea (the Pitch-like Darkness of the Night adding to all our sad Variety of Woes)

what

What Words in Verse or Prose could serve to paint our Passions, or our Expectations? Alas! our only Expectation was in the Return of Morning: It came at last; yet even slowly as it came, when come, we thought it come too soon, a new Scene of sudden Death being all the Advantage of its first Appearance. Our Ship was driving full Speed, towards the *Breakers* on the *Cabritton Shore*, between *Burdeaux* and *Bayonne*; which filled us with Ideas more terrible than all before, since those were past, and these seemingly as certain. Beside, to add to our Distress, the Tide was driving in, and consequently must drive us fast to visible Destruction. A State so evident, that one of our Sailors, whom great Experience had render'd more sensible of our present Danger, was preparing to save one, by lashing himself to the main Mast, against the expected Minute of Desolation. He was about that melancholy Work, in utter Despair of any better Fortune, when, as loud as ever he could bawl, he cry'd out, *a Point, a Point of Wind*. To me, who had had too much of it, it appear'd like the Sound of the last Trump; but to the more intelligent Crew, it had a different Sound. With Vigour and Alacrity they started from their Prayers, or their Despair, and with all imaginable Speed, unlash'd the Rudder, and hoisted all their Sails. Never sure in Nature did one Minute produce a greater Scene of

Con-

Contraries. The more skilful Sailors took Courage at this happy Prefage of Deliverance. And according to their Expectation did it happen; that heavenly Point of Wind deliver'd us from the Jaws of those *Breakers*, ready open to devour us; and carrying us out to the much more wellcome wide Sea, furnished every one in the Ship with Thoughts, as distant as we thought our Danger.

WE endeavour'd to make *Port Passage*; but our Ship became unruly, and would not answer her Helm; for which Reason we were glad to go before the Wind, and make for the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*. This we attain'd without any great Difficulty, and to the Satisfaction of all, Sailors as well as Passengers, we there cast Anchor, after the most terrible Storm (as all the oldest Sailors agreed) and as much Danger as ever People escap'd.

HERE I took notice, that the Sailors buoy'd up their Cables with Hogheads; enquiring into the Reason of which, they told me, that the Rocks at the Bottom of the Harbour were by Experience found to be so very sharp, that they would otherwise cut their Cables asunder. Our Ship was obliged to be drawn up into the Dock to be refitted; during which, I lay in the Town, where nothing of Moment, or worth reciting, happen'd.

I beg Pardon for my Errors; the very Movements of Princes must always be considerable, and consequently worth Recital. While the Ship lay in the Dock, I was one Evening walking upon the Bridge, with the little Island near it, (which I have before spoke of) and had a little *Spanish* Dog along with me, when at the further End I spy'd a Lady, and three or four Gentlemen in Company; I kept on my Pace of Leisure, and so did they; but when I came nearer, I found they as much out number'd me in the Dog, as they did in the human Kind. And I soon experienced to my Sorrow, that their Dogs, by their Fierceness and Ill-humour, were Dogs of Quality; having, without Warning, or the least Declaration of War, fallen upon my little Dog, according to pristine Custom, without any honourable Regard to Size, Interest or Number. However the good Lady, who, by the Privilege of her Sex, must be allow'd the most competent Judge of Inequalities, out of an Excess of Condescension and Goodness, came running to the Relief of oppressed poor *Tony*; and, in courtly Language, rated her own oppressive Dogs for their great Incivility to Strangers. The Dogs, in the Middle of their insulting Wrath, obey'd the Lady with a vast deal of profound Submission; which I could not much wonder at, when I understood, that it was a Queen

Queen Dowager of *Spain*, who had chid them.

Our Ship being now repaired, and made fit to go out again to Sea, we left the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*, and with a much better Passage, as the last Tempest was still dancing in my Imagination, in ten Days Sail we reach'd *Dover*. Here I landed on the last Day of *March*, 1713. having not, till then, seen or touch'd *English* Shoar from the Beginning of *May*, 1705.

I took Coach directly for *London*, where, when I arriv'd, I thought my self transported into a Country more foreign, than any I had either fought or pilgrimag'd in. Not foreign, do I mean, in respect to others, so much as to it self. I left it, seemingly, under a perfect Unanimity : The fatal Distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* were then esteemed meerly nominal ; and of no more ill Consequence or Danger, than a Bee robb'd of its Sting. The national Concern went on with Vigour, and the prodigious Success of the Queen's Arms, left every Soul without the least Pretence to a Murmur. But now on my Return, I found them on their old Establishment, perfect Contraries, and as unlikely to be brought to meet as direct Angles. Some arraigning, some extolling of a Peace ; in which Time has shown both were wrong, and consequently neither could be right in their Notions of it, however an over
preju-

Prejudic'd Way of thinking might draw them into one or the other. But *Whig* and *Tory* are, in my Mind, the compleatest Paradox in Nature ; and yet like other Paradoxes, old as I am, I live in Hope to see, before I die, those seeming Contraries perfectly reconcil'd, and reduc'd into one happy Certainty, the Publick Good.

Whilst I stay'd at *Madrid*, I made several Visits to my old Acquaintance General *Maboni*. I remember that he told me, when the Earl of *Peterborough* and he held a Conference at *Morvidro*, his Lordship used many Arguments to induce him to leave the *Spanish* Service. *Maboni* made several Excuses, especially that none of his Religion was suffer'd to serve in the *English* Army. My Lord reply'd, That he would undertake to get him excepted by an Act of Parliament. I have often heard him speak with great Respect of his Lordship, and was strangely surprized, that after so many glorious Successes he should be sent away.

He was likewise pleas'd to inform me, that at the Battle of *Saragoza*, 'twas his Fortune to make some of our Horse to give way, and he pursued them for a considerable time ; but at his Return, he saw the *Spanish* Army in great Confusion : But it gave him the Opportunity of attacking our Battery of Guns ; which he performed with great Slaughter.

Slaughter, both of Gunners and Matrosses. He at the same time inquired, who 'twas that commanded there in chief. I informed him 'twas Col. *Bourguard*, one that understood the Oeconomy of the Train exceeding well. As for that, he knew nothing of ; but that he would vouch, he behaved himself with extraordinary Courage, and defended the Battery to the utmost Extremity, receiving several Wounds, and deserved the Post in which he acted. A Gentleman who was a Prisoner at *Gualaxara*, informed me, that he saw King *Philip* riding through that Town, being only attended with one of his Guards.

Saragoza. *Saragoza*, or *Cesar Augusta*, lies upon the River *Ebro*, being the Capital of *Arragon* ; 'tis a very ancient City, and contains fourteen great Churches, and twelve Convents. The Church of the Lady of the *Pillar* is frequented by Pilgrims, almost from all Countries ; 'twas anciently a Roman Colony.

Tibi laus, tibi honor, tibi sit gloria, O gloriosa Trinitas, quia tu dedisti mihi hanc opportunitatem, omnes has res gestas recordandi. Nomen tuum sit benedictum, per secula seculorum. Amen.

F I N I S.