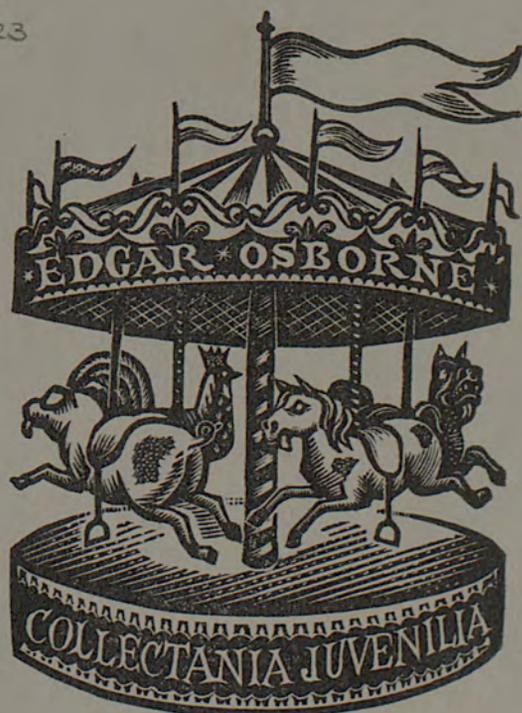


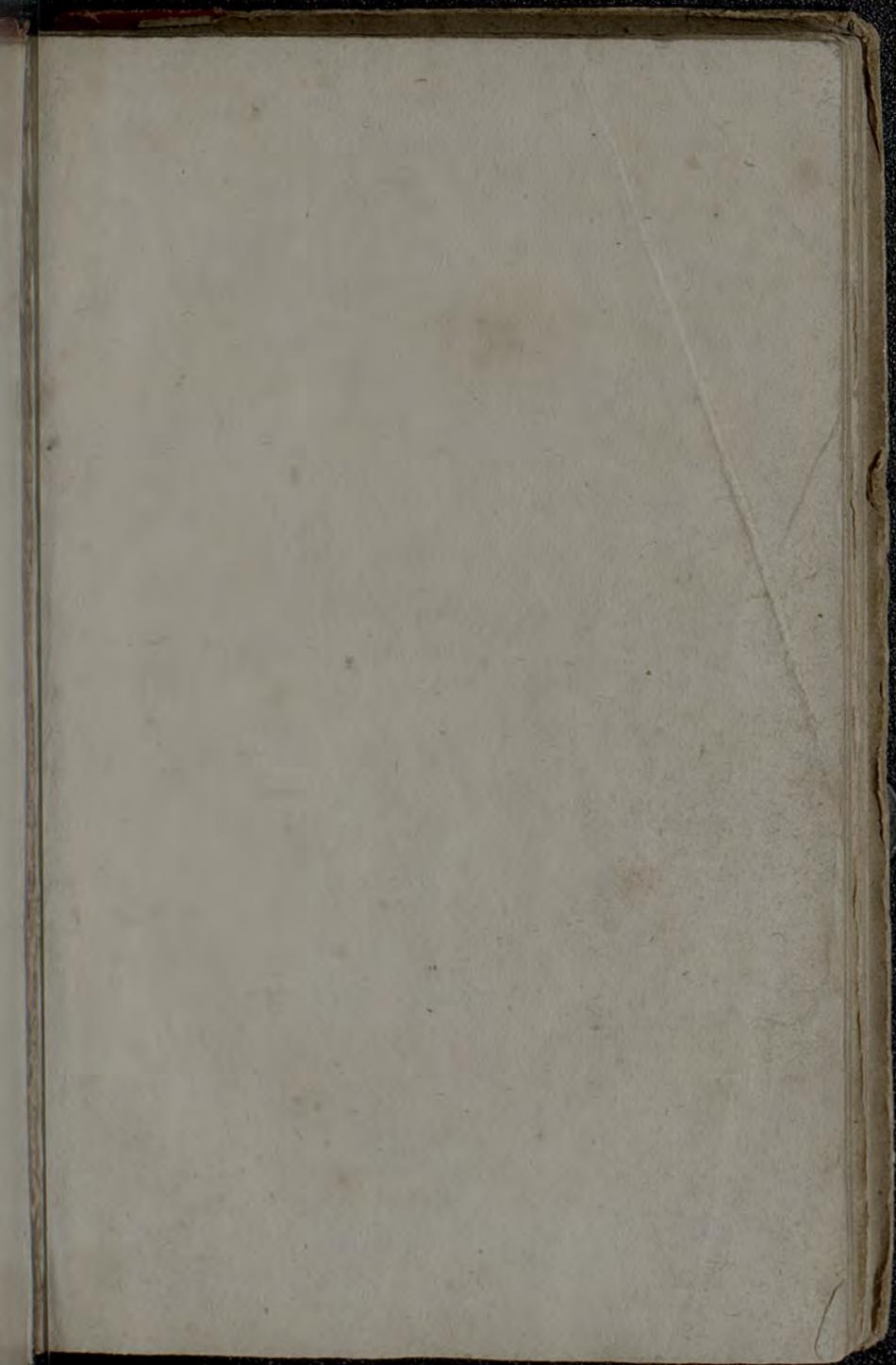


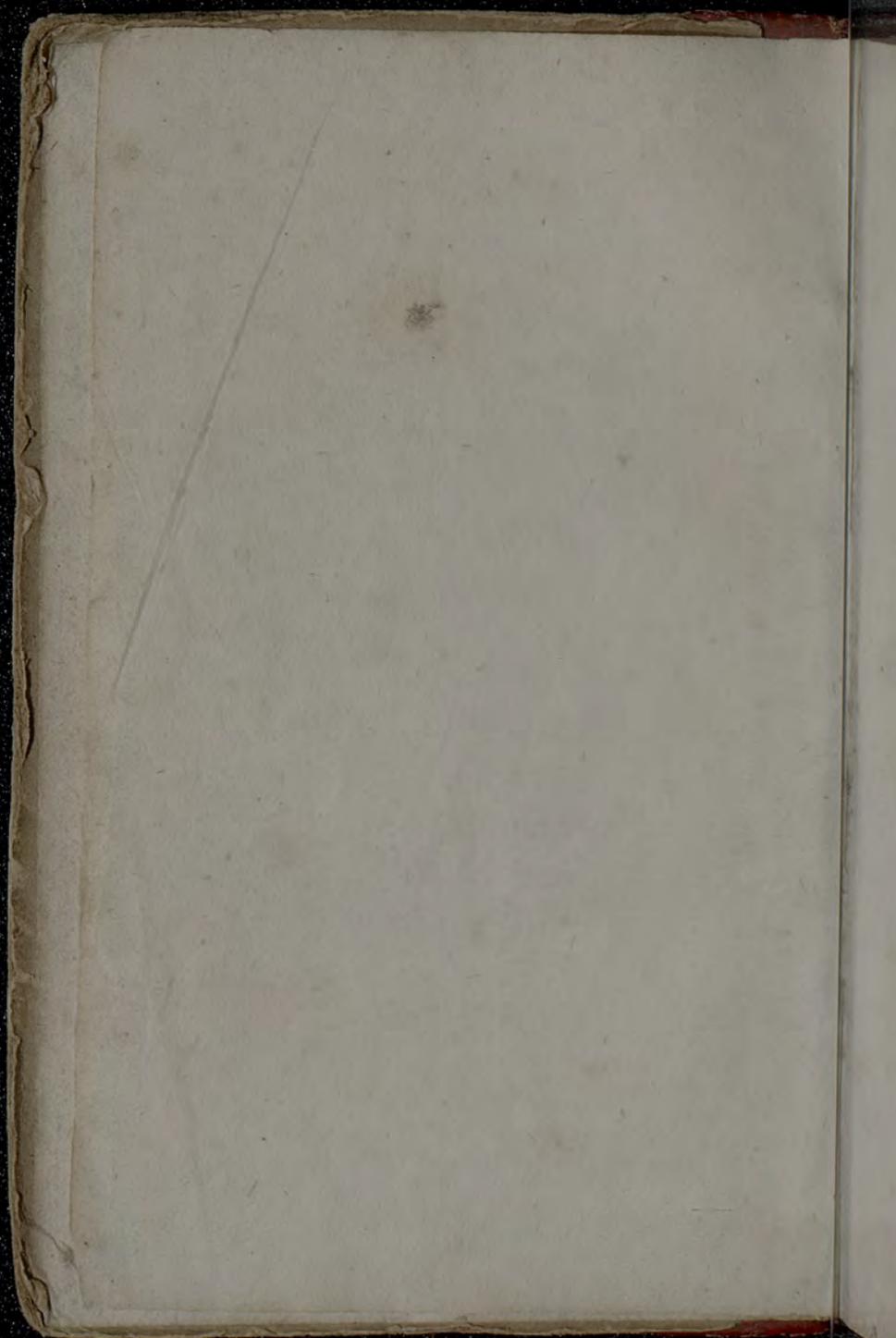
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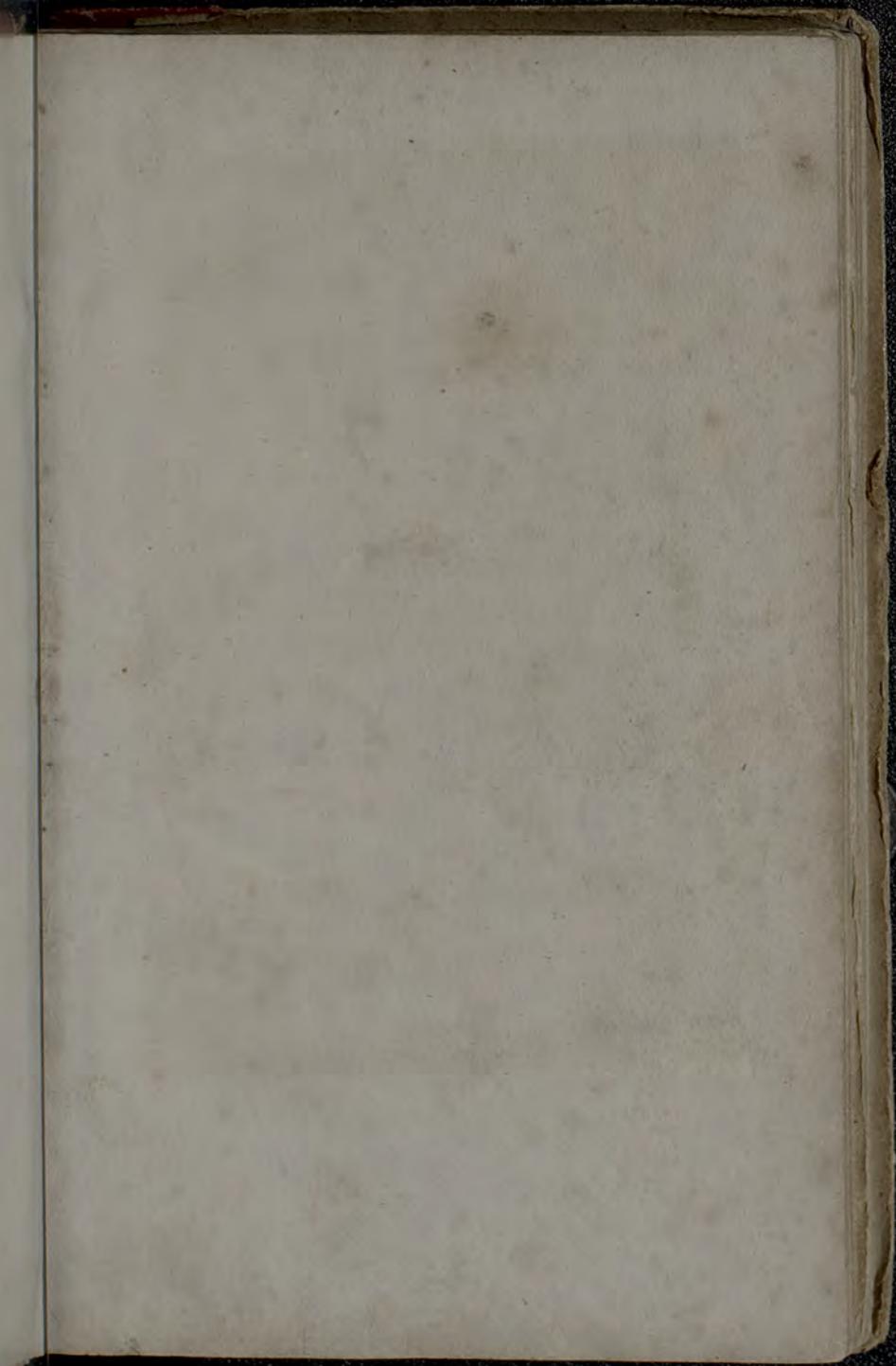


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*The Adventures of David Jones*

A SHEPHERD'S BOY OF SNOWDEN HILL.

Printed by D. Jackson, No. 7, Pall Mall Lane, London, March 22, 1823.

*Carige.*

THE  
**SHEPHERD'S BOY**

OF

**SNOWDON HILL;**

Containing the Adventures of

**DAVID JONES,**

In Various Parts of Asia ;

TOGETHER WITH THE

*Manner in which he Acquired and Prudently Invested*

**A VAST FORTUNE,**

Amounting to upwards of

**£360,000.**

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By *W. GARDINER,*

Late Master of the Lydney and Aylburton Gram-  
mar Schools,---Author of "*Walks in Kent,*"

"*Story of Pigou,*" &c. &c.

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Embellished with a Frontispiece, neatly Engraved on Copper,  
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*London :*

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Mr Carige

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Volume contains the History of how DAVID JONES was discovered on Snowdon Hill, while tending his father's flock of sheep; his introduction to the family of Sir Lewis ap Lloyd ap Griffith, of Griffith Hall, Baronet; his Voyage to the East Indies, with Mr. Cadette ap Lloyd; and his being attached there as a Volunteer, without pay, to a regiment of Cavalry. His engagement in the war with Tippoo Saib, son of the Sultan, Hyder Ali, Tyrant of Mysore. Also his miraculous escape in a skirmish with the enemy's reconnoitering troops, in a jungle, and his finding £40,000 worth of pearls and diamonds. His introduction to, engagement by, and travelling with Berar, a Diamond Merchant, of Gherkong, in the Kingdom of Asam; his danger thereof being put to death by the Bramin laws; his escape from thence to Calcutta, loaded with presents from Berar. His apprehension, trial, and acquittal, by a Regimental Court Martial, for desertion from the British army, at Calcutta; his voyage homeward, shipwreck, and twenty days exilement on Ascension Island; his arrival afterwards in England, return at the age of twenty-four to Snowdonia, the happiness of his parents, his marriage, and prudent investment of his vast fortune, amounting to more than £360,000.

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THE  
**SHEPHERD'S BOY**  
OF  
**SNOWDON HILL.**

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ONE day in the month of September, about three o'Clock in the Morning, Sir Lewis Lloyd ap Griffith, of Griffith Hall, Baronet, Mr. Griffith ap Lloyd, his brother, Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd, his only son, and Mr. Price, Curate of Rhychid, were ascending Mount Snowdon, in the county of Caernarvon, to behold the sublime scenes which the top of it commands. Having lost their path, in consequence of the cross roads, and a thick mist which suddenly surrounded them, they were at a loss which way to pro-

ceed, till they heard a shrill whistling, which seemed to issue but from a short distance. "It is David Jones tending his sheep," said the Curate, "I will call him to come and guide us on our way."

The nimble bare-footed peasant boy, knowing the voice of his pastor, hastened his steps, and soon reached the place where our travellers were standing.

"David," said the Curate, "you must guide these gentlemen and myself on our way to the Mountain-top.

"That I will," said he, making his best bow, and proceeding forward with his sheep; as the advanced body, whilst the Baronet, his brother, son, and Mr. Price, marshalled themselves behind, and travelled in the rear.

They reached the top of Snowdon, just as the king of day, the glorious sun, had emerged from the flaming cirque of the eastern horizon. A north-west wind had swept the vapours from the valleys,

the Irish Sea appeared without a single cloud, and both rendered the prospect more grand than either Sir Lewis, his brother, son, or Mr. Price, had ever before witnessed it.

“The view,” says Pennant, “from this exalted situation, is unbounded; I saw from it, on the 14th of August, the County of Chester, the high Hills of Yorkshire, part of the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland; a plain view of the Isle of Man, and that of Anglesea, lay extended like a map before me.

“I took much pains to see this prospect to advantage; sat up at a farm on the west, till about twelve, and walked up the whole way. The night was remarkably fine and starry, towards morn the stars faded away, and left a short interval of darkness, which was soon dispersed by the dawn of day.

“The body of the sun appeared most

distinct with the rotundity of the moon, before it rose high enough to render its beams too brilliant for our sight. The sea, which bounded the western part, was gilt by its rays, first in slender streaks, at length glowing with redness. The prospect was disclosed like the gradual drawing up of a curtain in a theatre.

“ We saw more and more till the heat became so powerful as to attract the mists from the various lakes, which, in a slight degree, obscured the prospect. The shadow of the mountains was flung many miles, and I counted this time twenty or thirty lakes in Cærnarvon and Merionethshire. The day proved so excessively hot that my journey cost me the skin of the lower part of my face before I reached the resting place, after the fatigue of the morning.

“ On this day, the 15th of August, the sky was obscured very soon after I

got up, a vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain. The prospect down was horrible, it gave an idea of numbers of abysses, concealed by a thick smoke furiously circulating around us. Very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct vista of lakes and vallies. Sometimes they opened only in one place, at others in many: at once exhibiting a most strange and perplexing sight of water, fields, rocks, or chasms in fifty different places; they then closed at once, and left us involved in darkness; in a small time they would separate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose, in parts, both tops and bases clear to our view. We descended from this scene with great reluctance; but before we reached our horses, a thunder-storm overtook us. Its rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly

awful, and the rain uncommonly heavy. We remounted our horses and gained the bottom with great hazard. The little rills which on our ascent trickled along the gullies on the sides of the mountain, were now swelled into torrents, and we and our steeds passed with the utmost risk of being swept away by these torrents.

“It is seldom that a traveller gets a proper day to ascend Snowdon, for often when it appears clear, it becomes suddenly and unexpectedly enveloped in mist, by its attraction of the clouds, which just before seemed remote, and at great heights. At times I have observed them lower to half their height; and notwithstanding, they have been dispersed to the right and left, yet they have met from both sides, and united to involve the summit in one obscurity.”

When Sir Lewis had gratified his curiosity, and fully contemplated the

scene he called his son aside, and spoke to him respecting David Jones.

“He is a fine youth,” observed the Baronet, “and I should approve of his accompanying you to India.”

“I have no objection, Sir,” said the undaunted youth, “for he is the very picture of health and of native simplicity, and seems blunt as one of his sheep.”

“I will speak to him then,” said Sir Lewis, “on the subject.”

When the Baronet and his Son rejoined the Curate, his Brother, and David, he said to the latter, “how old are you, and what is the name of your father?”

David, with the utmost simplicity, answered, “I am sixteen, and my father’s name is Thomas Jones, a poor Shepherd of Snowdon.”

“How many children has your father?” said Mr. Morgan.

“Seven,” replied David.

“And are you the oldest?”

“Yes, Sir,” said David.

“Would you,” continued Sir Lewis, “like to leave your sheep, and make your fortune in the East Indies with my son?”

“Yes, Sir,” replied David, “if my father be willing.”

The Baronet presented him with a guinea; to which Mr. Morgan added a crown. David was mightily pleased with this, and on reaching his father's *Hafod tai*, half-way down the hill, he repeated, word for word, all Sir Lewis had said to him.

“This mountainous tract,” adds Penant, “scarcely yields any corn; its produce is cattle and sheep, which, during summer, keep very high in the mountains, followed by their owners, who reside, with their families, during that season in *Hafod tai*, or summer

houses, as the farmers in the Swiss-Alps do in their Sennes.

“ These Hafod tai consist of a long room, with a hole at one end to let out the smoke from the fire which is made beneath. Their furniture is very simple, stones are the substitutes of chairs, and the beds are of hay, ranged along the sides.

“ During the summer, the men pass their time either in harvest work, or in tending their herds; the women, in milking or making butter and cheese, for their own use; they milk both ewes and goats, and make cheese of the milk for their own consumption. The diet of these mountaineers is very plain, consisting of butter, cheese, and oat bread; their drink is whey: not but that they reserve a few bottles of very strong beer, by way of cordial in illness. They are people of good understanding, wary and circumspect, usually tall, thin, and

of strong constitutions from their way of living. Towards winter, they descend to their *Hen Dref*, or old dwelling, where they lead, during the season, a vacant life."

It may not be improper to observe, on the same authority, "how wonderful the appearances of grasses are on ascending the higher parts of the hill; the turfy hair grass, sheeps fescue grass, Alpine meadow grass, and some others which, in the lower countries, where they enjoy the due influence of the sun, and length of summer, (to ripen their seeds) are propagated in the usual manner of grasses, but as they reach a more exalted situation, wanting a continuance of summer, and necessary influence of the sun (to perfect their seeds,) become *viparous*, that is, the root of the germin vegetates and shoots into blade in the cup, from whence, falling, it readily takes root and grows as a kind and pro-

vidential dispensation, for the advantage of those colder climates, which are less favorable to vegetation."

Whilst descending the hill, Sir Lewis, and his Son, heard so good an account of David's moral conduct and strict piety, that they wished Mr. Price would desire Thomas Jones, together with David, his Son, to be at Griffith Hall, on the morrow. Sir Lewis further informed Mr. Price, that he had obtained a cornetcy for Mr. Morgan, in a regiment of horse, then going to India; "and," continued he, "I should wish him to have a servant from his native county, who could wait upon, and might be trusted by him. I think David would become that sort of person."

Mr. Price, rejoicing in David's welfare, assured the honourable gentleman, "that he would walk over to Snowdon, on the morrow, and mention the subject to the old man."

“Thank you, Mr. Price,” said Sir Lewis, “and further, have the goodness to desire of the old man to come over with the boy immediately, as I should wish the lad’s mind improved previous to his going abroad.”

The next morning, before the sheep were unpenned, Mr. Price walked to Thomas Jones’ Hafod tai, half-way up the mountain of Snowdon, and communicated the happy tidings of David’s good fortune, together with the message of Sir Lewis.

“Heavens bless his honor,” said honest Thomas, “and may heavens bless you too, for it is all your doings. My second son, Thomas, is old enough to tend the sheep, in David’s place, and I will go to the hall this very day.”

“That is right,” said the curate, “so farewell, and may it please God to prosper your undertaking.”

As soon as David had been washed,

and put on his coarse, but white shirt, his father and he marched together towards the Hall. Sir Lewis received them in the most friendly manner; and after consulting both as to the purport of their visit, he dismissed old Thomas with a handsome present. He then clothed David in a suit of Mr. Morgan's apparel, which gave the Shepherd's Boy so comely an appearance that both Sir Lewis and his family were surprised by the change. Next day, the worthy Baronet sent for Mr. Owen, the village Schoolmaster, desiring him to be at the Hall every evening, and instruct David in the sciences of English reading, writing, and accounts.

David was delighted with his new situation; he attended Mr. Morgan and Lloyd every day on hunting excursions, and in the evenings was allowed to take lessons of Mr. Owen.

Though better pleased with the lux-

uries that came from Sir Lewis' table, than the oaten cake, and whey, at his father's cottage, yet David continued temperate, and drank only of his accustomed beverage. Christmas had now passed away, and the time of his departure with Mr. Morgan was drawing nigh; in the space of another month they must quit England, and leave all that were dear to them, behind.

Every moment that passed of the time, made a strong beat upon the hearts of Sir Lewis and Lady Lloyd; they were going to part with their only son, perhaps to see him no more: they wished him to remain in his native land, as he had a noble inheritance secured to him, and no dangers to encounter; but he loved the profession of arms; and his parents, with all their affectionate solicitations, could not alter his determination, when he was ordered to be at Portsmouth, ready to embark on board

one of the company's outward-bound ships, in the course of ten days. David had permission given him to go and bid adieu to his father, mother, and brothers; the scene was of the most tender kind, because it was natural. He came in sight of their hen dref just as his father and brothers had returned from labour, to eat their humble dinner.

Their bread and whey being on the table, the good old Thomas, with lifted hands, was saying his grace, just as David entered the door; the hen dref was instantly in an agitation of welcome, and all rose from their seats that David might sit down; the old Shepherd and his wife thought that he looked like a gentleman, and the other brothers could not eat their dinners for their admiration of his fine cloaths.

But when David, looking at his mother, told them that he was going to depart on the morrow, with his master, on

the road towards Portsmouth, there to embark on board one of the outward-bound ships on their passage to the East Indies, and that he was come to take his last farewell of them; the spirits of happiness fled from their humble dwelling, leaving only sorrow and dismay in their stead.

The brothers cried; the mother sobbing aloud, threw her arms round David's neck; old Thomas felt himself equally affected, and taking off the shelf a Welch Bible which the Reverend Mr. Price had given to David when a child, he delivered the sacred volume to his son, saying, "David, I love you with all the ardour of an affectionate parent; when you are distant from us look into this Book, it will teach you to remember the good things which Mr. Price taught you, and that Providence will watch over you in all your perils. It will also (continued the old man, with

a tear in his eye,) teach you to remember the language of our peaceful hendref, and the scenes of your childhood; place it next to your bosom, read it often, and it will be your safeguard in the hour of danger."

David squeezed every one of the family by the hand, pressing them alternately to his bosom, then saying to his father, "we must not continue longer together," he tore himself from their embraces, and ran down the mountain side, not venturing even once to look backwards, lest he might have seen them watching his footsteps, nor diminished his pace, 'till he reached the Curate of Rychid's house.

Mr. Price, upon seeing David, perceived that he had been weeping, and guessed the cause.

"David," said the Pastor, "you have been bidding adieu to your parents, and are now going to leave us; be a good

boy, remember God in all your sojournings, and he will never forsake you; love your Master, serve him faithfully, and he will likewise be your constant friend."

Mr. Price summoned all his family around him, to take their leave of David, which when they had done, the Pastor repeated his good advice, and taking David by the hand, accompanied him part of the way to Griffith Hall, saying, as they parted, "David, if it please God that I should live so long, I expect to see you become one of the richest men that ever returned from the land of pearls; but be honest and generous even to vanquished foes; nor unjustly spill the blood of your fellow-creatures.

The separation of Sir Lewis and Lady Lloyd, the same evening, from their son, was more sorrowful, though not more affecting; it was a mute grief; for nei-

ther could trust speech to either of their feelings. Sir Lewis gave a valuable repeating watch to his son, saying, "wear it in remembrance, and as the parting gift of your father who most sincerely loves you." Lady Lloyd at the same time put a diamond ring on the fourth finger of her son's right hand, but could not speak, being oppressed with sensations of the most painful kind, sadly believing "that she should see her son no more."

Sir Lewis having, however, told Lady Lloyd that their son would not depart till the morrow at noon, she was prevailed upon to retire into the next room, and he becoming more composed, sat down with and gave to his son, some very salutary and excellent advice respecting his conduct abroad, anticipating in conclusion, but a sigh prevented the expression, "his happy return," when affectionately embracing each other, they

parted, as if it were but for the night.

Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd sincerely feeling the distress which his departure impressed on the minds of his worthy father and mother, arranged matters that night with David, so as to be on their journey next morning before the dawn of day; and 'ere the sun had risen, they were many miles on their road towards Portsmouth, where they arrived before the troops began to embark.

The company of so many men in arms and change of scenery, soon wore away every impression of grief on the dignified mind of Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd. But all was consternation and surprise with David; the noise of drums beating, the bustle of soldiers, and the tumult of inebriate seamen rolling in groups along the streets, quite amazed him.

Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd, in the midst of military bustle, did not forget David's welfare, and aware of the allurements to

which young persons are subject, on their first entrance into public life: he cautiously desired David to associate himself with no person, but to remain in his lodgings, and have a strict lookout to prevent their trunks being stolen by strangers, who might put up at the same house, previous to the day of their embarkation.

In three days the troops were all embarked, and the signal was hoisted for all officers to repair on board their respective ships. Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd and David Jones, his servant, were punctual at their posts, and that evening they bade adieu, for a few years only, as they thought, to English ground, but unhappily for Mr. ap Lloyd, his fate was to return no more.

A favorable breeze springing up, the ships were unmoored, and sailed down the channel in gallant style. This was a noble sight to David, and much pleased

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him ; but the weather becoming very boisterous, he became sea-sick, and wished himself again with his sheep on Snowdon Hill.

His master, who had not previously been at sea, was also very sick, and found no person to comfort him, for the seamen were very uncouth in their manners, and he was very sad.

This sickness, however, wore off when the weather became more mild ; and Mr. ap Lloyd being very kind to David, endeavoured to banish all thoughts of Snowdon from his head ; notwithstanding this, David's hopes again failed him when they lost sight of land, for then he began to think that he should never see his parents again.

Mr. ap Lloyd upbraided him for want of courage, but yet in so kind a manner, that David, feeling ashamed of himself, became more cheerful. The shoals of dolphins and other beautiful fish, which

during the fine weather, swam about the ship, astonished him, so that at length he forgot all his sorrows.

In seventeen days they came in sight of the island of "Madeira," and dropped anchor in Porto Santo, in order to take in wine and other provisions. In a few days they set sail, and continued their course under a fair wind, till they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, where they again anchored in Table Bay, to take in fresh provisions; and in six weeks afterwards, all reached the Ganges in safety.

David was very happy when he learnt that their passage was now at an end. In a few days the troops disembarked at Calcutta, and received orders to join the grand army encamped a few miles distant from that city, previous to marching against the Marratas, who had begun hostilities on the English settlements.

David was allowed to attend as a Vo-

lunteer, and furnished by his generous master with a good horse; on their march up the country, he pitied the foot soldiers, broiling on the dusty plains, and felt grateful for not being exposed to their hardships.

On reaching the camp, David was bewildered by the confusion of the scene; the motley dresses of the different rajahs' black troops, sent as reinforcements, the methods of cooking their victuals, their hard lodgings under a single tent, the troops of gigantic elephants, the buffaloes and strict discipline of the army, altogether, made him heartily sick of a soldier's life.

Mr. Cornet ap Lloyd, who possessed a vigorous constitution and a noble spirit, soon distinguished himself in the field; and as sickness (as well as the sword) cuts off a great number of officers, he was promoted to a lieutenantcy in less than one year.

He was again engaged when the war broke out with Tippoo Saib, son of Hyder Ali, Sultan of Mysore. This contest was conducted on a large scale, in conjunction with the confederate native princes, who determined to destroy forever the power of this daring tyrant. The gallant Marquis Cornwallis, Governor General, was Generalissimo of this formidable force. The regiment Lieut. Lloyd was in, formed part of the troops appointed to storm Bangalore, which was carried in gallant style, though at the expence of many valuable officers' and soldiers' lives. The regiment in which Lieutenant Lloyd served, suffered the most, and he was immediately promoted to a captaincy.

Captain Lloyd was next ordered to join the army encamped on the frontiers of the Kingdom of Bengal, and prevent the retreat of the enemies' straggling troops. Forage and provision becoming

very scarce in that district, numerous detachments were daily sent out to plunder, and bring to the camp whatever necessaries could be found.

One of these detachments, commanded by Captain Lloyd, attended by Mr. Volunteer David Jones, conveyed two artillery waggon loads of provisions late one evening, out of a village, though in possession of their enemies.

But no sooner had they got on their road toward the camp, and entered a jungle or little forest, than they were intercepted by a large detachment of the enemies' horse; a desperate engagement ensued, twenty-five of the enemy were killed, many severely wounded; and Captain Lloyd having killed their commanding officer with his own sword, the rest were about to give in, when a fresh attack was made upon their rear, by a reconnoitering troop of the enemy, who had, in a few minutes, killed Cap-

tain Lloyd, and all his surviving troop, as they thought.

David was unhorsed in the engagement, by several blows of the enemies' sabres on his head, and so completely stunned, that, becoming insensible and faint with the loss of blood, he gave himself up for lost. By degrees he recovered his senses; but the night having set in, and he being wounded in different parts of his body, was in great pain, and knew not what to do. He called to his companions, some of whom were in a similar state near him, but no answer was returned: he was terribly dismayed and frightened, for he heard the horrible roarings of tygers, and made sure of being devoured, unless he could climb up into the branches of a lofty tree.

He therefore crawled about the best way he could, but was unable to climb; he therefore determined to remain all night where he was; but what was his

horror on hearing the rustling of these voracious animals amongst the trees, and one of them approaching the body of a slain soldier, was about to devour it, when David, who had great presence of mind, took the carbine which hung on his shoulder, and levelling it at the animal, shot him dead on the spot; the report so alarmed the others, that they ran most furiously away, without daring to approach the scene.

His situation was now too terrible for reflection; yet he felt relief on remembering his parent's saying, "that God would not, in any danger, forget the virtuous;" he therefore prayed fervently, and soon as the sun gilded the tops of the forest trees, he rose up and looked about, determining to proceed so far as he could towards the British camp; but what were his sensations on beholding the bodies of Captain Lloyd, together with every one of his troop; and at a small dis-

tance from them, thirty of the enemy, together with two officers, lying dead on the ground.

David stood mute whilst gazing on the corpse of his late master; at length the sluices of affection relieved him, and he knelt beside it, praying fervently; nor did he forget his God for so miraculous a deliverance of himself.

At length he rose from his supplicant posture, and went to clean himself at a fountain which was near; he then went and tore a linen dress off the enemies' commanding officer, with which he covered the parts of his body that were lacerated. He felt excessively hungry and thirsty, but found plenty of provisions scattered about the scene; and taking one of his companion's helmets, obtained with it as much water as he wished to drink.

His next consideration was what he could do with the mortal remains of

Captain Lloyd, and on revolving the matter, he took one of the soldier's bayonets, with which he dug a hole in the ground, and emptied it with his hands till it was about four feet deep.

He then returned to the scene of action, and first of all took care of the diamond ring, also the gold watch which the Captain had at the time of being killed; David then casting his eyes heavenward, resolved, that if ever he reached Snowdon, both should be restored to Sir Lewis and Lady Lloyd. He could obtain nothing in the shape of a coffin, wherein to inter the remains of his late Master, and unwilling to expose the bodies of his own countrymen to the elements, he undressed the enemy's deceased officers and several of the men, in whose apparel he decently prepared for interment the body of his late master which he conveyed to the grave, laid it down, and after repeating the Lord's

Prayer over it, filled up the grave with earth.

He now recollected that the jackals and hyenas which abound in that district, would dig dead bodies out of the very graves for food. To prevent this being the case with captain Lloyd, he looked about, and on seeing heaps of stones here and there among the trees, he carried and laid over the grave of his late master, as many as would prevent these animals knowing it to be the abode of the dead. He then looked at his companions, and piously wished that he could render their remains the same service, but the task was too great.

He however examined all their pockets, also their apparel; and of the money which they had he took a particular account: for though he did not know their names, he took a memorandum of the letters by which their linen were severally marked; and he did not doubt their

little treasures would be of service to some relatives, perhaps to aged mothers, disconsolate widows, and fatherless children.

David next searched the pockets of the enemies' captain, subaltern, and men, and found two diamond rings, and two ear drops, composed of rich pearls, but the value of which he did not know.

This work occupied him till about ten or eleven o'clock, when fearing that one of the enemy's reconnoitering parties might come that road, he endeavoured to find his way out of the jungle.

He calculated on being about thirty miles distant from the camp, and travelled several miles without meeting a person or seeing a dwelling, till about three o'clock of the same evening he reached the great road which he thought led to the camp, and which he therefore resolved to pursue. He did not proceed very far on this way before he overtook a

company of merchants, watering their camels at a spring by the road side.

David asked them if this was the great road leading to Calcutta

They all looked at him with surprise, but made no answer: one of them however made signs signifying that they did not understand what he said.

Hereupon David being hungry, made signs for them to give him some food.

The same merchant made a signal for him to approach them, which he did, and received some rice cakes, with which he was well pleased. The merchant took particular notice of David, and made interrogatory signs touching his occupation and rank in the army, all which David explained by signs, in the best way he could.

The merchant made further signs, signifying, that having lost his slave by sickness, he wished to hire David as a servant.

It was a matter for David to consider, whether, if he refused, kidnapping him would not ensue; besides, he did not know the value of his diamond rings and pearl ear drops, or whether, if he returned to England, their price would exceed two hundred pounds, which was not sufficient to render him comfortable, even at Snowdon; he also thought, that by joining the Merchants, he could turn his property to advantage; at any rate, if dissatisfied, he might have another opportunity of improving his condition, and return to England next season; therefore he made signs, signifying that he would accept the merchant's offer.

The merchant seemed, by his gestures, to be very well pleased with this, and seeing the sabre wounds on David's head, he immediately took an ointment out of a paquet, with which he rubbed the sores; he then took a salve which he had in another box, and made plaisters,

which, in two days, nearly healed his wounds.

He also made signs, requesting David to abandon the dress of a soldier, and adopt the costume of Assam, then taking a habit out of his packages, he delivered it to David, who retired to pull off his old dress under the branches of an adjacent tree

Before the sun had set, they entered one of the large Indian cities, and engaged to lodge in a caravansera. The next morning David was given to understand the nature of his new employment, which was to carry his master's box of jewels from the Caravansera into the Nabobs' and Rajahs' palaces, where Berar, (that being the merchant's name,) usually sold great quantities of his gems at large prices.

David was surprised with the magnificence of their princely palaces, also with the beauty and convenience of the

city in general; streams of clear sweet water running along many of the streets, and rows of trees, which grew on each side of them, screened the houses from the sun beams, and seemed very singular in David's estimation.

The mildness of the Gentoo countenances pleased him also; they seemed the pictures of happiness, free from those angry looks which disturb many other races of people; numerous crowds of both sexes were seen under the branches of trees fronting their houses; some of them embroidering flowers on silk; others weaving fine cotton; and innumerable groups of children were seen playing round them.

David made himself at once so useful in his master's service, that when the business of the third day was over, Berar gave him a handsome present, making signs by which David understood he advised him to continue faithful,

and that in the merchant he would have a real friend.

They remained a fortnight in this city, and then pursued their course towards Delhi, the capital of Hindoostan; here Berar was equally successful, and David being astonished at the splendour of the great Mogul's palace, and those of the great Lords, wondered whence they got all their riches.

Berar's esteem for David daily increased, and in the evenings he would teach him the Gentoo language; he however suspected the integrity of David would ever prevent his renouncing the christian faith; and though he himself was pious according to his own creed, yet he was too generous to invite David into their temples, and worship VISHNOU, with him.

They remained at Delhi two months, by which time Berar had disposed of all his merchandize, and David could con-

verse fluently with him. Berar said, that having been nine months absent from his home, and gained considerable sums of money, he meant to load his camels with tissues of silk and cotton, and return to Gherkong, his place of residence, and the capital of Assam.

Some merchants in the Caravansera, where they lodged, hearing what kind of merchandize Berar had purchased, said, that at Thibet he could sell them to greater advantage.

Berar hearkened to their advice, and pursued his journey towards that country; on arriving at the capital, he found that the merchant's words were true, for he had made more than fifty per cent. by his sales. Soon as he had settled his business with the buyers, he commenced his journey with much anxiety towards Gherkong, and told David that it would be but two months 'ere they commenced their next journey through India,

The nearer Berar approached to his home, the more serious he grew, and said to David, "that the beloved of his soul, his only daughter, being virtuously pious, and a true disciple of *Vishnou*, woe be to him," continued he, solemnly, "who would attempt to corrupt her."

David suspected that this language was addressed to himself, and he therefore determined to be strictly upon his guard. In the space of a month they ascended a mountain, and saw the gilded spires of a large city.

"That is Gherkong, my dwelling place," said Berar, with emotion; he then stopped his camel, dismounted, and falling prostrate on the ground, breathed a pious prayer, which David, standing at a distance, believed to be for the welfare of Berar's wife and daughter.

Before the evening sun went down, the merchant entered his house; he found his wife and daughter in perfect

health. When their mutual transports of joy had somewhat subsided, he introduced David to them, and related all the adventures which he had told of his life, also the way in which they became acquainted; adding many testimonies as to his honesty, fidelity, and activity in business.

Para, Berar's wife, took David by the hand, and bid him welcome: Nosella, the daughter, gazed in silent admiration, and thought his colour handsomer than her own; but David, remembering the merchant's threat, scarcely ventured to lift up his eyes: Berar was pleased with this diffidence, and thought him most virtuous.

After a few days, when Berar had recounted to his wife and daughter the success of his adventures, he shewed to David all the places of note in and about the city, particularly the Sultan's palace, which surpassed in magnificence all he

had previously witnessed. The merchant took him also into the gardens; the wild but beautiful confusion of mingled lakes, cataracts, fountains, groves, gilded pagodas, and flower beds, which he saw there, enchanted him; nor could he have believed, that the earth exhibited scenes so exceedingly beautiful.

The merchant gave splendid entertainments to all his friends, and regarding David more than any of his former servants, always made him partake of these feastings,

David, however, was a little uneasy; for whenever Berar was absent, or in the temple, Nosella would present him with flowers, and request that he would repeat his adventures to her.

The time had now arrived for Berar and David to begin their journey, which was to last full ten months; the jewels were all packed, and ready to be put upon the camels.

Para, Berar's wife, looked very melancholy, but the cause was natural; her husband was going on a far distant journey, and the duration of his absence was uncertain. Nosella also seemed unhappy, and wept incessantly, the good man fully appreciating her affection towards him, and endeavoured, in the most tender manner, to soothe her distress.

Berar and David began their journey on the morrow before the sun had risen, and, in the evening of the same day, Berar said, that he was pleased with David's conduct whilst at Gherkong; "Nay," added the merchant, "persevere in the same virtuous course, and you never shall have cause of regret with Berar."

When they arrived at the Burrumpooter, that great river was so swelled by the mountain torrents, occasioned by the late rains, that it resembled, in its overflow, a great sea.

The ferrymen prayed Berar to rest a few days, until the waters had subsided, as it was then dangerous to attempt crossing; but Berar was anxious to reach Benares before the Bramins' great feast, and he so strongly urged the boatmen to cross the water, with himself, David, and the two camels, that they consented, upon his paying them a double fee.

They had scarcely hoisted their sails, before a violent tempest arose, attended by thunder and lightning.

The dismayed boatmen would have instantly returned, but the hurricane blew from their shore, and they were obliged to yield their boats to the impetuous current. Berar and David were sadly frightened; they were deluged by the rains, and expected every moment that the waves would ingulph them; providentially, the storm abated in the space of two hours, and the sun bursting

from the parting clouds, restored the rival elements to peace and serenity. Berar and David piously thanked heaven for their deliverance. The men, by hard rowing and help of their sails, crossed the current, but it was late in the evening before they reached the Benares side. Berar well rewarded the boatmen, and then put up his camels for the night; but the pious man would touch no food, so grateful was he to Vishnow for his preservation. "David," said Berar, when they had sat down, "how uncertain is human life; it is at best but a cloudy day, filled with storms and tempests, and this should instruct us to fix our hopes on a better existence; I verily believed, when I was on the river, that I should never again behold my wife and daughter; but Vishnow is merciful, and we ought to be grateful."

Early on the following morning they continued their journey, and, by great

exertion, reached Benares a few days before the Bramins' great feast. Berar was successful, and sold the greatest part of his jewels: after remaning a few days at Benares, he continued his course to the next town, where he was unhappily seized with a violent fever: David was deeply affected by his master's illness, and waited on him like a son. Berar was sensible of his attention, and while thanking him for his goodness, would frequently look anxiously and affectionately on him, saying, "I wish my son, thou wouldst believe in our creed."

The merchant grew worse, and thought himself dying. In one of his paroxysms he called David to the side of his couch, and having, by great efforts, lifted himself up, said, "I think, David, I shall now die; though a stranger, thou art dear to my heart, and therefore must promise me that if Vishnow call

my spirit from its earthly tenement, thou wilt return to Gherkong with my treasures, my camels, and all my effects; and that you will deliver them to Para, my wife, excepting a certain portion, which I have put in a box marked for thyself, and when thou hast performed thy task, that thou wilt take thy departure from Gherkong, either towards thine own country, or to any other, so that it be without the kingdom of Assam.

David sobbed, and kneeling by Berar's couch, crossed his hands upon his bosom, which is the form of an oath in Assam. "I am satisfied," said the merchant, leaning backward on his pillow.

Contrary to the opinions of the Bra- mins, who are the physicians of Asia, Berar recovered, and, in the course of a few days, he was able to pursue his journey. He experienced the same success as on his former travels, and having got rid, at Agra, of all his jewels, told David

that he would return to Gherkong, and retire from business. "I am rich enough," said he, "and Vishnow has sent my late trials to punish my avarice, but I would advise thee, with the portion which I shall give, and what thou hast already acquired, to set up in the trade of a merchant; thy integrity and virtue will secure thee further wealth; and if disasters overtake thee, thou wilt ever find in me a faithful friend."

David did not tell the merchant of the diamonds and pearls which he had taken of the enemy's slain troop in the jungle, till they were about to return homeward from Agra, and his reason for mentioning them then was, that Berar being about to retire from trade, he resolved on returning to England, with all the treasures he could obtain.

David acquired, 'ere now, a pretty good knowledge of what his diamonds were worth, and they were soon disposed

of for a sum equal to forty-five thousand pounds sterling, of which David took particular care.

They proceeded on their journey homewards, and arrived safely at Gherkong, after an absence of seven months.

Soon after the merchant reached his home, Para, his wife, told him that she intended proposing the union in marriage of David and Nosella, their daughter.

This communication overspread Berar's countenance with a gloom, and the combat in his soul became violent; for, according to the Bramin laws, they never could be united, unless David would be converted to their faith, and this he knew to be impossible.

Berar recounted to his wife the perils of his journey, and the affection of David during his sickness, in conclusion he said, "I wish David could become my son."

Para, deeply affected by the narrative,

said to her husband, "I have no doubt that David, who is young, for the sake of so rich a wife as our daughter, will gladly change his religion.

Berar said no more, but mentally determined to speak in the morning with David on the subject.

When he arose he took David on a walk with him to the eastern suburbs of the city, and questioning him seriously, said, "wouldst thou like to be the husband of my daughter?"

"I should," replied David.

"Then," rejoined Berar, "it can only be on this condition, that thou wilt embrace our faith.

David looked sorrowful, and said, "oh! my benefactor, that I can never do."

"I perceive your integrity will not permit you," said Berar, "and I must separate from you for ever, but you shall first receive that portion of my wealth which I intended as your reward, when I

thought myself dying at Agra; and you must continue with me a few days to arrange my accounts, then you may go, and may the good Vishnow prosper and protect you; I admire your virtues and constancy to your faith, and you will find happiness, but as for Berar, it has for ever fled his dwelling."

David wept bitterly, nor could the merchant suppress his own pains; he cautioned David to be silent as to what he had communicated, saying, "it is necessary, for the welfare of my daughter, that you should depart secretly."

On their return Berar recounted, privately to his wife, the conversation he had held with David; she made no reply, but seemed deeply absorbed.

The third day after this communication, Para told her husband that she had spoken about David and her daughter to her relatives, and that they would mention the circumstance to the Bramins of

the temple, who would force the heretic to relinquish his unholy creed, and embrace the true faith of Vishnow.

Berar replied, " Para, you have acted cruelly to the stranger ; but it proceeded from a blind presumption ; you have made David a victim, and he will perish in the flames, for I know the youth's integrity is such, that he never will consent to abjure his faith, but tell me when the priests are coming.

" To-morrow, after their evening sacrifice," answered Para.

The distressed Berar rose early next morning, and making up a packet of jewels, pearls, and other necessaries, went to David's couch, and desired him instantly to rise, and follow him.

They passed through the city, and on reaching the palm grove, entered into its thickest shades ; Berar fell on the bosom of David, and said, " We must now part for ever ; disguise yourself in

this Thibet habit, put on this false beard, and here is paint with which to besmear your face.

When the trembling David had put them on, the merchant delivered to him the packet of jewels and money, telling him at the same time of the danger he was in from the Bramin laws; adding "make no delay, nor stop on your journey, until you have passed the confines of Assam, and think not yourself in safety until you have reached the British settlements." He then embraced David again, and bidding him attend to his counsels, returned sorrowfully to the city.

David, overwhelmed with grief, and amazed with the bounty of Berar, pursued his journey; when he reached the first town, he hired a palanquin, and by the next morning had passed the boundaries of Assam, where, dismissing this mode of conveyance, he resolved to travel on foot.

Under the branches of some banyan trees, at a little distance from the high road, where he had retired to rest himself, he examined his box of jewels, which he thought worth at least three hundred thousand pounds in England, besides his own jewels, worth sixty thousand more.

His box being of a large size, might tempt the natives to rob him; he therefore threw it away, and sewed his treasures up in a cassimere shawl, excepting a few pieces of gold with which he meant to defray his travelling expences; he then put the shawl round his neck, under his dress, and proceeded on his journey.

At night he engaged his lodging in a caravansera, and whilst eating his supper was surprised by the sight of two Assam couriers; he learnt, by their discourse, that they were sent by the Bramins in pursuit of him, and but for his disguise, he must have become their prisoner.

He retired instantly to his apartment,

but could not sleep; he heard them say their route was towards Delhi; he therefore resolved, by the morning light, to take a different course, and to procure a safer disguise soon as an opportunity offered.

He rose just as the morning peeped, and when he got through the town, struck into the lower road. In passing through a jungle, he overtook an aged Dervise, whose dress he civilly offered to purchase for two hundred pieces of gold and a pearl worth one hundred more.

The holy man refused to accept the offer; David therefore stripped him by main force, and tying both his hands and feet together, left him fastened to a tree. David was sorely grieved for the necessity which forced him to this alternative; but he could adopt no other to prevent the Dervise following him, and causing him death by the most cruel torments: he therefore reconciled the deed

to his conscience, by reflecting on the handsome sum he had offered, and his perils of being taken by the Bramins; concluding that the place being a public road, travellers who would soon pass that way, would gladly relieve an holy man, and thereby shorten the Dervise's sufferings.

David again struck into the upper road, and was met on every turning by troops of robbers who infest the forest, but his holy garb prevented him being suspected of possessing any wealth. In a month's time he reached the Ganges, where he hired a boat, and sailed towards Calcutta.

As soon as he entered the kingdom of Bengal, he halted at the first town, and resolved to descend the river by another boat, that he might the better escape his pursuers; and particularly the Dervise of Assam, who would cause him to be apprehended previous to reaching

Calcutta; he changed his dress, threw off his false beard, washed the paint off his face, put on the habit of an Armenian Merchant, and re-commenced his voyage towards the British Indian capital, where he arrived on the second day of August, in the twenty-third year of his age, after an absence of seven years and nine months from his native mountain.

When David had provided himself with lodgings, he assumed the costume of an English gentleman, directed an agent to report and account to the government for the money he had belonging to the late Captain Lloyd, and that of his companions, slain in the jungle; also to enquire when the first ship would sail to England.

He joyfully learned that one would sail in about six weeks, or two months at furthest. His heart now beat light; he was in a place of safety, under the authorities of his native land. He amused

himself in the interval of the ships sailing, by perambulating the city, viewing its customs, and taking small excursions into the country.

He was occupied, during his evening hours, in meditations on the past scenes of his life; but the foreground of his thoughts was the prospect of again beholding the peaceful mountain of Snowdon, and his father's cottage.

Its deeper shades were those of his former master, and the generous Berar; to the first his affectionate remembrance could merely revert. But Berar still lived; his sensations, his noble conduct, and magnanimity of mind toward the innocent destroyer of his happiness, overwhelmed David with grief, to alleviate which he would lean on his couch, and take out his Welch Bible, in which he often used to read.

Mr. Vellum, his agent, got reference made to the Orderly books of the Regi-

ment, wherein the names of the men slain were duly entered, and corresponded with the initials which Mr. Jones had copied from their linen; he also paid their different monies as directed, into the Cashier's hands, for the Pay-master General, who promised that it should shortly be remitted to the deceaseds' relatives.

Mr. Vellum also paid all Mr. Jones's own money into the hands of the Cashier of the East India Company, receiving in return Bills of Exchange, payable on demand to his order, by their Cashier in London; and at the end of three weeks afterwards, Captain Jackson requested him to be on board.

No sooner had Captain Jackson left the room, than David was surprised by a sergeant's guard entering his apartment, and dragging him to prison as a deserter from the British army. The sergeant and corporal took possession of all his

keys, trunks, cloaths, and papers, together with all his jewels, and what gold he had left.

This was an overwhelming stroke to poor David; he however recollected the numerous perils in which his God had preserved him, and the power of that Omnipotent Being still controuled the malice of men.

He was convinced that his generous master, the late Captain Lloyd, had never enrolled him as a soldier in the army, nor did he ever submit to be so attested, or take the oath which is customary on such occasions.

He laid in this miserable damp prison fourteen days previous to being led before the Court. This is more time than is in general necessary for trials by regimental court martial, but the adjutant had to examine the several muster rolls of the regiments since the time of their leaving England, and to make further

enquiry touching the manner in which David Jones had been attached.

On the twenty-eighth day the Court had sat, and the president having read the charges against him, called on the adjutant to produce the enrolment books and muster lists of the regiment, from the time of their leaving England till the day on which Captain Lloyd was killed. The same being duly produced, and examined by the Court, the President called on Serjeant Lockwood to prove how and what was his authority for taking the prisoner into custody.

The Serjeant replied, " that having overheard the conversation of David Jones with Mr. Vellum, the Agent, respecting the skirmish in which Captain Lloyd was killed, and his intention of returning by the first ship to England, he (the Serjeant) together with Corporal Simpson, resolved to prevent this by

putting him under arrest, to wait his trial before their honours for desertion.

The Corporal was next called to confirm this statement, and spoke nearly in the same manner.

There being no farther evidence adduced to support the prosecution, the prisoner was called upon to make his defence.

David was attended by Mr. Vellum, his Agent, and replied, "that he had never been enrolled as a soldier; but by the generosity of his late master, was admitted as a Volunteer, to wear the uniform, and receive no pay."

He added to this such an unvarnished account of his life from the time of Sir Lewis finding him on Snowdon Hill to the very moment of his trial, that the Court complimented him on the success of his adventures.

Mr. Vellum confirmed his statement as to the manner of accounting for the

money taken of the men slain in the jungle.

The circumstance of an English gentleman being arrested as a Deserter from the British Army, excited considerable agitation in the mind of Mr. Hamilton, Keeper of the Inn, where David had lodged. He therefore attended him into Court, and soon as Mr. Vellum had done speaking, he added, that the Corporal had stated that day in his house if the prisoner had offered a few pieces of gold, and a diamond or two of considerable value to him and the Serjeant, they never would have taken him into custody, but that now they should convict him, and have all his money as their proper prize.

Major Scarlett, President of the Court, and Commander of the regiment to which David had been attached, was acquainted with the late Captain Lloyd; he knew the manner of David's being

attached to the regiment, and now declared, that although David, even as a Volunteer, should have returned to the regiment on his escape from the jungle, and reported the death of Captain Lloyd and his troop, yet that the charges now preferred, were not sufficiently sustained to convict him.

He further ordered, that the Serjeant and Corporal be confined in the guard room till the morrow, and that then they be tried by a regimental Court Martial, for taking unlawful possession of Mr. Jones' papers and property.

After the Court had sat next day for that purpose, the charges being read by the president, were proved by Mr. Jones, Mr. Vellum, and Mr. Hamilton; the Major then addressed the Serjeant and Corporal, saying, "it was very unlikely a gentleman in Mr. Jones' capacity should be a deserter; and the statement which the Serjeant and Corporal over-

heard him make to Mr. Vellum, rendered his desertion still more doubtful: the Court however would justify this part of the non-commissioned officers' conduct, but that which Mr. Hamilton had stated to the Court, called for the most severe punishment, and but for their being British soldiers on foreign service, they should be tried for and expiate the offence with their lives. The sentence of the Court therefore was that the whole property of Mr. Jones he immediately restored to him; that Serjeant Lockwood and Corporal Simpson be reduced to the rank and pay of private sentinels, and to receive, severally, corporeal punishments as follows: that is to say, the Serjeant three hundred, and the Corporal two hundred and fifty lashes on their bare backs, in the usual manner, when and where the Commander in Chief of the forces might think proper to appoint; and further, that they be imprisoned for

the space of three months each, and rendered incapable of ever being promoted in his majesty's service.

The major then addressing David, requested that he would describe the property and jewels which the Serjeant and Corporal had taken from him; he described them minutely, and they were immediately restored, excepting fifty pieces of gold and one jewel which the Serjeant said they had spent, a part on taking Mr. Jones into custody, and the remainder on the morning of his trial; but which David prayed might be forgiven them, as he had plenty, and what little they had taken was no object.

All the members of the Court now addressed David, and offered to him their assistance; but he said for his own part, he was perfectly satisfied with an acquittal as pronounced by their honors. He was now in possession of an independent fortune, and proceeding with it

to be happy during the remainder of his life, amongst his friends in England, but that he could not reconcile himself to depart whilst two of his fellow-creatures were in close confinement, and particularly so if, for a trifling injury done to him, they must undergo that dreadful punishment, the very thoughts of which he believed would force even monsters to shudder.

The Court applauded his motives, and Major Scarlett addressing him, said that the Court would report his solicitude at the same time with its proceedings to the Commander in Chief of the forces.

David was invited that day by the officers of the garrison to dine with them, and on the next day he was officially informed of the Serjeant and Corporal's corporeal punishments, being commuted to treble duty during three years, and being attached during their lives to regiments stationed abroad. David was

taken notice of by the principal merchants of the city, and in the course of four days, the officers and privates of the British army presented him with a gold medal mounted in diamonds and pearls, of the value of three thousand pounds, as a reward for his attachment to the late Captain Lloyd, and his care of the money which had belonged to his slain companions.

In three days afterwards he embarked on board the ship Ocean, and when he entered the cabin, thought himself on his journey to Snowdon Hill; transports of joy throbbed in his bosom, and a rapid succession of blissful scenes passed over his mind.

When the ship had passed down the river, and, under easy sail, was entering the great ocean, he watched the gradual sinking of the Indian ever-green shores in the blue waves; and when they had totally disappeared in the dis-

tant mist, a pious sacrifice burst from his bosom ; it was to the remains of his unfortunate master, and to his generous benefactor, the virtuous Berar.

David then went down into the cabin, and threw himself into his cot to compose his feelings : the passengers on board consisted of Major (and Mrs.) Brace ; of the Company's native troops ; Mr. Ried, a Surgeon, who had long resided in India ; Mr. Bethune, a merchant of Calcutta ; and Mr. David Jones, altogether forming a very agreeable party.

The ship had been thirty-five days at sea, with a fair wind constantly blowing ; they had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and reached as far as fifteen degrees, south latitude, when the weather became calm, and not a breath of air blew, or a ripple disturbed the smooth bosom of the ocean.

The Captain and his passengers, whilst

sitting one evening upon the quarter deck, under an awning, and enjoying a most delightful conversation, suddenly heard a splashing round the ship, in consequence of vast shoals of fish skipping near the vessel.

The stars shone to the very edge of the water, and the scene was remarked by the passengers as beautiful in the extreme.

“I had rather not see it so fair,” said the Captain, “to morrow we shall have a terrible gale.”

It remained so calm all night, that the ship stood motionless on the waters: the next morning rose in great splendour, and a gentle breeze blowing, all sails were hoisted.

The Captain, before he went down to breakfast, desired the officer of the watch to keep a good look out, for he expected a gale.

When the Captain came upon deck

again, he perceived a white cloud under the sun, and instantly ordered all sails, except the foresail and jib, to be taken in; but before his orders could be executed, the heavens were overspread, the rains were pouring down in torrents, every sail and mast but the mizen, were carried overboard, with twenty unhappy men, who happened to be at work on the sails.

Before twelve at noon of the same day, the mizen mast likewise fell by the board, and every boat was washed away. The ship was almost a wreck, and becoming unmanageable, drifted wherever the waves forced her.

The Captain expected every moment she would go down, but being a great master of his feelings, told not his fears.

The despair of his passengers mingled altogether, and particularly those in the steerage, cannot be described. They could neither speak nor think, the ex-

pectation of death having benumbed their faculties. Mr. Jones surrendered every hope of ever seeing the hen dref of his father, and piously prayed his God to pardon him all the offences of his life.

The hurricane continued six days, but on the seventh it became perfectly calm. Hope again inspired the Captain, and as the ship was a new one, he thought that by the help of jury masts, they could make the island of St. Helena.

All hands were eagerly at work to put up the jury masts, and by the evening, a light breeze springing up, she went her course at the rate of five knots an hour; the weather continued fine till three o'clock in the evening of the following day; the Captain and officers had taken an observation, and found the ship was in the latitude of Ascension island, but of their longitude they were ignorant, as the ship had drifted very far from the course.

The same evening another heavy gale blew, and they were obliged to keep before the wind, though not in their right course; it increased in violence during the night, and the next morning by daylight she struck on a reef of rocks close to the island of Ascension; she beat violently for about two hours, and then parted.

The scene was now most terrible; several of the passengers and crew having rushed together on the fore deck; all of those unhappy victims went down with that part of the wreck, and were no more seen.

The survivors, consisting of Mr. Jones, the Captain, carpenter, second mate, and fourteen seamen, remained at work on the stern part of the wreck, and expected every moment to share the like fate.

Providentially the after part of the ship was laden with bales of cotton and

muslins, which being light, it reeled over the reef, and rode in smooth water.

Not a moment was lost; the carpenter's chest of tools having been in recent use, happened to remain on the quarter deck, and all hands set about making a raft with some empty barrels and spare spars, which had been lashed to the quarter rails. When they had launched it into the water, they took from the Captain's cabin four barrels of biscuits, some dryed hams, a few cases, all they could find, of liquor and wine, a cask of water, some sails, cordage, bedding, and trunks, which they put upon the raft, then descending on it by ropes, they, by the help of paddles, reached the shore in safety.

David Jones immediately knelt down, and the rest followed his pious example, to thank their God for their deliverance. Having then landed their stores and provisions, the Captain assembled all his

companions, and telling them as it was uncertain how long they might be upon the island, they must all submit to be put on shortallowance, so that their provisions might last as long as possible; but as there was abundance of turtles eggs to be found on the island, they would always have plenty of food.

To this wise measure all agreed, and having lighted a fire with a tinder box and flint, which the carpenter had in his chest, they then had their suppers, which consisted of broiled ham, some biscuit, and a tumbler of wine each.

The Captain marked down in his log book the manner, together with the day and hour, of their being wrecked, which was the fifth day of November; they then spread their bedding, and retired to rest.

The following morning four of the men, armed with muskets, were sent in search of turtles eggs, and what else

they could find that was fit for food. Captain Jackson, Mr. Jones, the carpenter, and residue of the crew, having launched their raft, paddled to the ships side, and brought on shore every thing they could find that was likely to be of use, particularly all the deceased passengers' property; the cables, cordage, and sails, that could be found; the powder and shot which had been stowed in the Captain's cabin; the carpenter's stores, and nearly all the provisions, which they safely got out of the ship at low water.

The Captain, after returning on shore, requested Mr. Jones and his mate to attend with him whilst examining the deceased passengers' trunks, for the purpose of being evidence as to describing their contents in his log book.

In the Major's trunks a great sum of money was found, together with bills to a considerable amount; these the Cap-

tain deposited in his own chest, determining, if he ever reached England, that they should be restored to the deceased's relatives.

There were considerable sums of money in the trunks of the deceased officers of the ship, all which he took an account of; and with respect to the trunks of Mr. Reid and Mr. Bethune, he did not touch them, they being sealed, he did not think it either necessary or proper, particularly so, as the relatives of those gentlemen were well known.

The cloaths in the trunks which he had opened, particularly the linen, he meant to distribute amongst his men, if it should be necessary during their residence on the island.

He likewise examined the quantity of provisions which they had saved from the wreck, and found it would last them forty days, by which time he hoped a

a ship would touch at, and take them off the island.

The Captain then assured Mr. Jones of the high opinion he had entertained of his virtues, and requesting that he would assist to prevent the sailors, who were not prone to reflection, from plundering their stores; it therefore would be always proper that the Captain, Mr. Jones, or the mate should stay in the tent. Mr. Jones highly applauded the Captain's precautions, and next day they walked along the beach with four of the men, to see if any thing was washed ashore; to look after the wreck, and recover some parts of the cargo if possible. They, however, found a quantity of spars, broken timber, and a puncheon of rum, washed on shore; of these they rolled all that they could on the beach.

When they looked for the wreck, they saw that it had totally disappeared. This circumstance caused great sensa-

tions in their breasts, but it increased their gratitude to God for his deliverance of them; they then walked pensively to their tents, and erected a signal post, on which the signals of their ship was hoisted to attract the attention of any vessel which might sail that way.

On the third day the whole party armed themselves with muskets, and marched to explore the island.

They found it a most desolate barren spot, inhabited only by birds of the air, and amphibious animals of the ocean; they caught a vast number of young birds, the size of plovers, and returned to their tent. They broiled their birds on the hot coals, and made a good supper.

*November the 9th*, after reading prayers in the morning, a smart shower of rain fell, and with their blankets they caught enough of water to fill their cask.

*November the 10th* was Sunday; the Captain read the Church service to his

companions, and they all spent the day in prayer.

*November the 11th*, the mate and two of the seamen walking along the shore, discovered the body of Mr. Bethune lying on the sands, and that of Mr. Reid, the Surgeon, floating at some distance from the shore: the mate, immediately stripping himself, swam towards the latter; and after some difficulty in stemming the tide, dragged it ashore. The sailors having gone to the tent, the rest of our exiles came, and conveyed both bodies thither. The Captain immediately broke open their trunks, and took out linen, with other apparel, in which they were decently laid out; in the evening he took an account of what remained in their trunks, which was witnessed by Mr. Jones and the mate.

*November the 13th*, the carpenter made a box of spars and boards, into which the dead bodies were put.

*November the 14th*, all the exiles attended to witness the interment of Mr. Bethune and Mr. Ried; the Captain read the burial service, and every thing was conducted with the greatest solemnity.

The *15th* and *16th* it rained incessantly; and though they had a double canvass over their tent, the rain trickling in, wetted their bedding, and they were compelled to sit up two nights on a pile of spars, for the ground was deluged; but exhausted with fatigue, some of them slept soundly. They had nothing cooked all this time, and as they could not kindle a fire, they subsisted on biscuit and raw turtle eggs; but the Captain allowed each man a double ratio of rum, to prevent sickness.

*November the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th*, the weather proving very hot, they dried their bedding, after lighting their fire and cooking their dinner, but did not go out of their tents during all that time.

*November the 21st.* This day being remarkably clear, they all went out in search of turtles eggs, but found very few though they caught some young turtles, which, after killing, they intended to bake in their shells.

The five following days passed in procuring a stock of this food, lest the rains might come on again.

On the 26th, which was the twentieth day of their exilement on this desolate island, they were all issuing from their tent to forage the island, and plainly distinguished two large ships in the offing.

They were afraid to hope until they saw the long boat from one of them lowered down, and making sail towards the shore.

“Thank God,” cried the whole party in one voice, “our deliverance is at hand.”

They descended to that part of the beach towards which the boat steered,

and had the supreme joy, in an hour's time, of hailing their own countrymen.

The Captain related to them his tale of distress, and Mr. Lamb who commanded the boat, said that they were homeward-bound East India country ships, driven from their course by adverse winds, and that Providence alone could have brought them to this island. Mr. L. added, "that as the weather was calm, their Captain had sent them ashore to gather turtles.

"My men," said Captain Jackson, "shall accompany yours to a place where these animals the most abound."

The officer thanked him, and having desired his men to go, walked with the Captain to the exiles' tent.

When the party returned well laden with their booty, they took on board of Mr. Lamb's boat all the trunks, provisions, and other articles, which Captain Jackson and his party had reserved on

shore; then cutting down their signal post, they all embarked with Mr. Lamb, and soon reached the ships, Lady Ross, and Sir William Clark, on board of which they were received with a true seaman's welcome, and proceeding on their voyage homeward, arrived safe in the Downs on the 20th day of February.

The ship Ocean, which Captain Jackson had lost, having been what is called a Country ship, he had no claim on the hospitable attention shewn him and his crew, by Captain Jameson, of the Lady Ross. Previous, therefore, to coming on shore, he gave reference to Messrs. Sibbald, Simpson, and Grieg, of Rood-lane, owners of the late ship Ocean, for what remuneration was due, and Mr. Jones offered to pay on his own part in Indian coin, which was the only kind of specie he had about him.

But the generous Captain Jameson would accept of no remuneration from

either. "Captain Jackson," said he, "I know that you would have rendered the same services to any other person under similar circumstances."

Captain Jackson was too much a man of the world, and Philanthropist, to undervalue this kindness of Captain Jameson, he, therefore, and Mr. Jones, having taken a friendly leave, for the present, of the Captain and officers of the *Lady Ross*, went ashore with the crew of the late ship *Ocean*, in a pilot boat.

David's transports, on arriving at Dover, cannot be described; nor yet the emotions which pervaded the feeling mind of Captain Jackson. The first thing he did was to go into the Dover bank, with one of his drafts on London, where it was immediately cashed; he then paid all the wages due for the whole voyage to his men; and giving each of them an excellent character, they were all immediately employed on fresh voy-

ages by the merchants in the shipping trade of Dover. He then requested that Mr. Jones and his mate should accompany him post to London.

On their way the Captain requested Mr. Jones to accompany him and the mate to the house of Sibbald, Simpson, and Greig, and corroborate his statement of how the ship Ocean had been lost.

Mr. Jones promised that he would gladly render every assistance in his power to the Captain. "But," added he, "I first of all must call at the East India House, and get an advance of cash, that I may pay the demands of Messrs. Sibbald, Simpson, and Grieg, together for what is due for your additional trouble." "Mention not these trifles," said the Captain, "I have estates of my own in Hertfordshire, worth twelve hundred a year; besides, my part of the cargo on board the Ocean was insured in its full value."

Mr. Jones shewed his diamonds and pearls to the Captain, asking him at the same time, what jewellers in town would be likely to give the fairest price for them.

The Captain, upon observing them, said they were of immense value, being the rarest, in his opinion, that ever had been seen in this kingdom, and that full value could be obtained for them on application to Messrs. Rundall and Bridges, Ludgate Hill.

The Captain had advised Messrs. Sibbald, Simpson, and Grieg, of his arrival in Dover, and the hour he expected to see them in London: no sooner did he alight at the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch Street, than he went with all haste to their house, in company with his mate, and Mr. Jones.

The interview between them was of a truly affecting nature: after they had congratulated one another on the subject, the Captain produced his log book,

and referred them to the minutes of each day's proceedings since his setting sail from Calcutta till the hour of his arrival at Dover. He particularly accounted to them for the property of his deceased passengers, and all their trunks which would that night arrive in town per the Dover Mail. He also stated to them, what money he had received on their credit from the Dover Bank, and how he has applied it.

Mr. Sibbald, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Grieg, expressed their perfect satisfaction with his whole conduct, and this being his fifth voyage as their Captain, they instantly promised him the command of their new ship, *Britannia*, which would be ready for sea in about one month.

Captain Jackson spoke highly to them of Mr. Jones, and the inconvenience suffered by him on his passage, in consequence of the wreck, upon which they

supposing he had come to trade in London, offered him five hundred pounds as a reward for the loss of his time.

Mr. Jones, however, informed him that he was no loser by the delay: that he had sixty thousand pounds in bills of the East India Company, payable on the morrow, and on receipt of which he would pay all their proper charges for his passage.

Mr. Sibbald replied, "that after what the Captain had said, no such charge should be preferred."

The following morning Mr. Sibbald and the Captain attended Mr. Jones to receive his money at the East India House; they afterwards proceeded to Lloyd's Coffee House, with the proper documents respecting the ship. Mr. Nicholls, the under-writer, being quite satisfied as to the truth and integrity of Captain Jackson's conduct, immediately paid thirty-five thousand pounds to

Mr. Sibbald, for the owner's loss of their ship, freight, and part of her cargo; he also paid twelve hundred pounds to Captain Jackson, being the sum for which his part of the cargo had been insured.

The Captain then conducted Mr. Jones to the Diamond Merchant's house, who, being at home, examined the jewels, and offered to give three hundred thousand pounds for them; this was a greater sum than Mr. Jones had expected, and in consideration of which, he delivered the diamonds and pearls, excepting a few which he intended giving to Lady Lloyd, Mrs. Captain Jackson, and a few others,

In walking down Fleet Street with the Captain, after they had transacted this business, Mr. Jones took out of his pocket two strings of pearls which he had reserved for the occasion, and giving them to Captain Jackson, requested

them to be given, in his name, to Mrs. and Miss Jackson, whom he heard the Captain mention whilst on the island.

“Mr. Jones,” said the honest seaman, “I cannot make up my accounts to part with you so soon; you must accompany me this morning to Hertford, and make your own presents to my wife and daughter; they know of my safe arrival, and that I have a friend to introduce, who will remain some time with us.”

Anxious as Mr. Jones was to be at Snowdon, he could not refuse to the companion of his dangers this small boon of friendship.

They continued their discourse till they reached the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where they hired a Post Chaise, and having their baggage secured behind it, set off towards Hertford.

The meeting of the father, wife, and daughter, was simply affecting, few

words passed, but these were expressions from the soul, and Mr. Jones was pleased with their cordial reception of himself. Such, however, was his anxiety to see Snowdon, that he could only be prevailed upon to stay one night with these worthy people, but he promised to return, and spend two months with them, before the Captain would set out on his next voyage.

Mrs. Jackson, who was a lady of most amiable and accomplished manners, her daughter apparently about eighteen, extremely beautiful, together with the Captain, accompanied Mr. Jones to the Inn where the coaches call for passengers to Holyhead, and they severally bade him farewell in the most friendly manner, and as the stage whirled, oft he breathed a prayer for their welfare. The perspective then of his father's cottage alone gilded his mind; his soul already communed with its inmates, but it was not the Shepherd Boy with flaxen

curls and cherry cheeks, who was coming down to Snowdon.

The climate of India had so bronzed his countenance, and manhood so altered his form, that no one could know him. David was become as fine a looking man as could be seen, and his experience of the world superadded an expression to his features, which commanded respect and admiration.

When the coach stopped at Bangor, Mr. Jones hired a post chaise, in which he rode to the house of Mr. Price, his early pastor, and curate of Ryched.

The Curate was in the little court before his house, trimming the branches of an honey suckle which shaded his parlour window.

When the chaise stopped, he supposing Mr. Jones was some stranger, who wished to visit Snowdon, walked forward, and politely asked him to take some refreshment. Mr. Jones's heart

overflowed with joy on seeing his pious pastor, and he was unable to disclose his name; he, however, returned thanks, and then followed the good man into his parlour, where he so often had said his catechism.

Mr. Price then went to his wife in the next room, and desired her to get a nice dinner ready for the gentleman.

This proved a delightful interval of thought for Mr. Jones; he had found one of his best friends in good health, and he prayed to his God that the rest of his journey might prove equally fortunate. The feelings of Mr. Jones became uncontrolable. "My dear Sir," said he, on Mr. Price's return, "past scenes in this neighbourhood rush upon my thoughts; I knew it in my youth."

Mr. Price was surprised by this expression, and looked earnestly on the stranger's face, thinking he was a relative of Sir Lewis ap Lloyd ap Griffith, who

had used to visit Griffith Hall. "Things are strangely altered at the Hall;" said he, "the Baronet is dead, but his widow still lives."

This observation surprised Mr. Jones, for he thought himself recognized by the Curate; the continuation of Mr. Price's speech relieved him from this dilemma.

"The death of Sir Lewis' only son in the East Indies," said Mr. Price, "was too heavy for his feelings; his heart burst its chords, and in the space of a short month he sunk into the tomb, leaving his disconsolate widow stripped of nearly all his fortune. My lady, however, with her limited means, does a great deal of good, but in the Baronet's life time, want was unknown in this neighbourhood"

The Curate paused, and looking on Mr. Jones, thus continued. "There was another person who fell with Sir

Lewis' son ; and though of mean birth, his homely circle of friends have felt as much sincere grief upon the mournful occasion, as was felt at Griffith Hall.

“ This was David Jones, a young lad of Snowdon, who went out as servant to Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd : poor boy ! he has often, with his brothers, on Sunday evenings, said his catechism to me in this little parlour, and I loved him, for he was a pious and honest youth.”

Mr. Jones could restrain himself no longer, but hastily rising from his chair, clasped the Curate round his neck, and said, “ I am David Jones !”

The Curate was amazed, and could not conquer his incredulity, until David pulled from his bosom the little Welch Bible, which Mr. Price had given him when a child.

‘ Father of mercies !’ ejaculated Mr. Price, “ what joy hast thou reserved to Old Thomas Jones, his wife, and family !”

Mr. Jones' joy on learning, by this intelligence, that they were all alive, and well, suspended the powers of his speech. When a little composed, he told his pious friend that he had intended to conceal his name until he had visited his father's cottage; but your tenderness (said he,) has been too much for my nature, and I rejoice that she is vanquished, as my heart is now relieved."

Mr. Price, who did not wish to have Mr. Jones' distress discovered to the family, or that they should know the secret of his arrival, until he chose to declare it himself, went out to his wife, and said, she need not lay the cloth for some time, as the gentleman was not as yet disposed to dine.

On his return into the room, Mr. Jones related to him all his adventures, the perils he had passed, and how his life had been miraculously saved at sea.

Mr. Jones also mentioned the great

fortune he had brought home, adding, "it would enable him to cancel a few of his natural and moral obligations."

He then requested that Mr. Price would, if convenient, attend him to the cottage of his father.

"We will refresh ourselves first," said Mr. Price, making his usual signal, (when in the company of friends, with the poker on the hearth,) for some of his family to attend.

While the friends are at their repast, we will enter the kitchen, and hear the conversation of Mrs. Price with her daughters, respecting this stranger.

"I think," said Mrs. Price, pulling off her spectacles, "the young gentleman with your father is the young squire who is come to Sir Lewis' estates."

"I don't think so," said Grace, the eldest girl.

"I think" said Rachel, the second daughter, he is a gentleman who has

ran off with some young lady, and is asking my father to marry them."

"Rachel," replied the mother, "you have read Novels so long, that you always think there is a stolen wedding in the case, whenever a stranger comes among us; I tell you it is the young Squire who is come to Sir Lewis' estates, and your father is going to have the living now vacant, which Sir Lewis used to promise.

The daughter wished it might be true, and the mother went out, with hope and fear, to bear off the fragments of dinner.

Mr Jones and Mr. Price immediately began their journey towards the cottage of Old Thomas; the heart of Mr. Jones, like a pendulum, vibrated at every step he made.

His eyes glistened with affection, on hearing the well-known whistling of his father and brothers returning from their flocks.

This was music to his soul; it was his own song in the simple days of childhood, and it entered into every fibre of his heart. He approached within a few yards of their threshold, "let me prepare the way for you;" said the Pastor, passing Mr. Jones, and entering the cottage, "I will first tell the old man that a gentleman, from the East Indies, is at the door, wishing to speak with him."

The Pastor accordingly entered the house, and told what he meant to have said; upon which, Old Thomas rose up, and going out, asked the gentleman, in Welch, what his honor wanted.

Mr. Jones replied in the same tongue, but before he could proceed, Old Thomas stood aghast, and looking stedfastly in his son's face, said, "I know your voice, it is David's, my son!!" They fell into each others arms; the scream of the old man brought all his family

out of the cottage, and the affectionate scene which then presented itself, cannot be described, particularly when David entered his paternal roof, which he did with more pleasure than he would a royal palace. He recounted to them his adventures; told them of his good fortune; and that he was returned home to share it with them.

To partake the grief of those affectionate persons over the dangers of Mr. Jones, requires the commiseration of those who have undergone similar difficulties. As for himself, his faculties were too full of bliss for thinking: his toils and pains were overpaid by the pleasure of finding all his friends in good health, and enjoying as much comfort as they desired.

The same evening he was introduced to Mr. Price's family, as the simple Shepherd Boy, who had left Snowdon with Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd ap Griffith,

and their joy was little short of that at the cottage. When the family had withdrawn, leaving the Curate and Mr. Jones in the little parlour, the latter resumed his enquiries respecting Lady Lloyd.

“Lady Lloyd,” said Mr. Price, “after the death of her husband, was deprived of all his hereditary property, amounting to sixteen thousand a year, which descended to his nephew, in demise of the Captain: now her ladyship only enjoys the hall and estates attached to it, netting somewhat less than eight hundred pounds a year. This property was purchased with her own dower, and settled upon her and her heirs, previous to her marriage.

“But, with this scanty allowance,” continued Mr. Price, “she endeavours to support the same splendid benevolence, which was maintained during the Baronet’s life, and deprives herself of al-

most every comfort, to do what is scarcely in her power; she has never once quitted the hall since that fatal period.

“ I attend her every Sunday to read the Church service, for she does not like to visit the church on the manor, where the family used to go, as it would revive more strongly her sorrows; (for she has put down her coach,) she looks so despairing and pale, my heart is ready to burst for her. Last Sabbath day she told me ‘ her worthless nephew had so involved himself in debt, by gambling, was compelled to sell his estates, and that they are advertised in the Gloucester Journal.’

“ She paused, and continued, ‘ What pains me the most, Mr. Price, is that Sir Lewis not being alive, cannot, as he promised, give you the living which is now vacant.’

“ I replied, in order to soothe her distress, that I was contented in being

the deputy of my humble vineyard, and considered the good intentions of my noble friends, the same as though the act had been fulfilled. She looked benignly upon me, and continued, 'I will exert all my interest, Mr. Price, with whomever may be the purchaser, and still I hope to see you a Vicar.' Good Lady, her kind words cut me to the soul; for I know she will be disappointed.

Mr. Jones paused, and enquired when the manor and estates were to be sold, and if the advowson to the vicarage was to be included in the sale.

"No," said Mr. Price, "the advowson and manor go together, and are to be disposed of by private contract, by a Mr. Lloyd, Solicitor, of Carnarvon."

During the affecting incidents of this day, time had so rapidly flown, that it becoming midnight, Mr. Price requested Mr. Jones to occupy an apartment of his house that night, and until he had

procured a proper residence. Mr. Jones thanked the worthy Curate, accepted his favour, and parted for the night.

When Mr. Jones had reached his chamber, he sat upon the bed-side, and ran over in his own mind all that Mr. Price had told him ; his plan was immediately fixed ; and thanking his Creator for endowing him with means to reward the benefactor of his early youth, quickly resigned himself to his pillow ; he rose next morning, soon after the silver dawn had sprinkled her light upon the dewy plain ; and shortly after he had breakfasted, set out on his journey to the house of Mr. Lloyd, in Cærnarvon.

On communicating his business, the Solicitor candidly said, two hundred and thirty thousand pounds was the smallest sum that would be taken for the Manor estates, coal-mines, and advowson, to the living, one third part of the purchase money to be paid down imme-

diately, and the rest on signing the deeds of conveyance, which might be had in a fortnight.

Mr. Jones asked Mr. Lloyd if any security besides a receipt would be given him on payment of the deposit.

“Yes, Sir,” replied Mr. Lloyd, “I will deliver the title deeds.”

Mr. Jones immediately gave Bank of England notes for the necessary advances, and received the deeds, from which he selected and put into his pocket that of the advowson.

He was then for wishing Mr. Lloyd good bye; but that gentleman, united with the thorough knowledge of his profession, the feelings of urbanity, invited Mr. Jones to dinner, and politely mentioned several matters proper to be known by him respecting the estates.

“The death of Sir Lewis,” said he, “was a loss not only to this neighbourhood, but the whole Country; he was

so benevolent a character, so excellent a landlord, and worthy a magistrate; but as for his nephew, he has never once visited the Country since he obtained possession of the estates; he leaves all to a rapacious steward, who has almost ruined the tenantry, and greatly depreciated the property."

Mr. Lloyd sent his servant with the deeds to Rychid, excepting that of the advowson, which Mr. Jones had put into his pocket. When he arrived at the village, he dismissed the servant with a present, and walked alone to the house of Mr. Price.

The Curate was absent, attending the burial of a corpse; but tea was soon placed on the table by Mrs. Price, and with great difficulty she and her daughters were prevailed upon to participate in the beverage. In about an hour's time, Mr. Price returned, and said to Mr. Jones, that his father and brothers

seemed sadly disappointed by not seeing him that day.

“Dear souls,” said Mr. Jones, “they will excuse me when they learn the cause.”

Mr. Price added, that he had been attending the interment of Sir Lewis ap Lloyd’s old Butler. “Poor fellow,” added Mr. Price, “he lived forty years in Griffith Hall, and was a great favorite, both with the Baronet and Lady Lloyd.”

A shade passed over Mr. Price’s countenance, as he pronounced this sentence. Mr. Jones, now putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out the advowson deed, and gave it into Mr. Price’s hands, saying, “be pleased, my good and honored friend, to accept of this instrument, as some acknowledgment of the debts I owe you.”

Mr. Price, on reading the instrument, and finding that he was become vicar of the very Parish he had so long expect-

ed, was so surprised by his good but unexpected fortune, that he could not utter a syllable.

Mr. Jones told Mr. Price that he purposed now walking to Griffith Hall, and delivering to Lady Lloyd the watch, together with the ring, which her unfortunate son had worn at the time of his being killed.

“It will prove a most painful task to me,” continued he, “but it is my duty, and I will faithfully perform it; on my return I will go to my father’s, and inform him, that having purchased the manor and estates of the late Baronet, I mean to settle one of the best farms upon him.”

The Vicar said that the farm adjoining the vicarage house, was then void, and a very fertile piece of land it was.

The same evening Mr. Jones went to Griffith Hall; he announced himself as a gentleman, just arrived from the East

Indies, and who wished to see Lady Lloyd. In a few minutes, Lady Lloyd entered the drawing room: she looked very pale, and wore the habiliments of deep mourning.

She asked Mr. Jones, with great dignity, what was his business.

Mr. Jones, overcome by his feelings, remained some time silent. "I am," said he, "David Jones, your ladyship's servant, who went to the East Indies with Mr. Morgan ap Lloyd."

"Is it possible?" said she, "my son; ah! I must not ask after him, but the will of heaven be done!" A mournful sigh followed this exclamation, which forced tears into the eyes of Mr. Jones; but recollecting himself, and taking the pledges from his pocket, he delivered them into the hands of her ladyship. She looked at them some time, kissed, and bathed them with her tears.

"Mr. Jones," said she, "I thought I

possessed fortitude sufficient to have borne any thing; but these reliques too poignantly remind me of my son." She instantly recomposed herself, and requested Mr. Jones to repeat every circumstance he knew respecting her unfortunate son, even from the period of their unhappy separation until his death.

Mr. Jones omitted not a single circumstance of the sad story, and when he had concluded, she begged him to repeat it over again, for it was nourishment to her soul.

He then repeated his own adventures, and told her of the great fortune he had brought home, through the generosity of Berar, his Indian master; how he had disposed of it that morning, in purchasing the manors and estates of Sir Lewis ap Lloyd, and that Mr. Price was now Vicar of the Parish.

The countenance of Lady Lloyd fluctuated during this narrative, with all

the impressions of sorrow, pain, and gratitude, according to the incidents of trouble and good fortune, which Mr. Jones had experienced; but soon as she learnt the good pastor, the pious Mr. Price, was become Vicar, she exclaimed, "I cannot express to you half the satisfaction I feel in the good fortune of Mr. Price, or the admiration in which I hold your energies.

"I further rejoice that we shall be neighbours, for your company will always prove a consolation to my sorrows."

Mr. Jones expressed, in the most feeling terms, the gratitude he felt on deserving the approbation of his early patroness, and rose to depart.

Lady Lloyd entreated him to spare her, if it were only but a few days of his company, as it brought tender remembrances into her mind, and very much lightened her grief.

He was unable to resist such a solici-

tation, but saying he had only seen his father once since his return, Lady Lloyd, with much generosity, said she could not detain him; "go Mr. Jones," said she, "fulfil your filial duties; and for friendship's sake, you will afterwards spare a little of your time to a broken-hearted woman."

When Mr. Jones returned to the curacy, Mr. Price and he walked to Snowdon. He related to his father and his family the plans he had arranged for them, and that they must prepare themselves, soon as possible, to take possession of their new farm. Poor Old Thomas was confounded with joy; for he and his sons had that day received notice that the flocks of sheep which they tended, were to be sold by auction, and but for his (Mr. Jones') generosity, they would have been deprived of bread.

Mr. Jones asked his father who was the proprietor of the flocks. "The

gentleman," replied Old Thomas, "who lived on the estate in which your goodness means to place myself and my sons, and his whole stock is to be sold this week."

Mr. Jones paused; a multitude of reflections passed his mind, upon the wonderful ways of Providence, protecting him home at this very crisis, when so many of his friends stood in need of his assistance. He told his father that he intended purchasing for them the whole stock, and he must provide himself with other shepherds to tend the sheep. But as he was the best judge of their value, he ought to attend the sale, and bid as he thought proper.

The good fortune of Thomas Jones and his family did not puff up their hearts with pride, there was no place left in them but for love and gratitude.

Mr. Jones, in walking down the mountain, concerted measures with Mr.

Price, so that his father and family might make a respectable appearance upon their entering on the Farm of Rivod Tai, which the Vicar said he and his wife would manage.

The next day Mr. Price walked over the manor and estates with Mr. Jones, who was very much pleased with his bargain; but noticing the vicarage house in a state of decay, said to Mr. Price, "I will have it repaired before your family remove thither."

The house which Old Thomas was to occupy, seemed in complete repair, and the lands attached to it, very good, and sufficiently extensive.

When they returned to the Curate's house, Mr. Jones found a letter, which mentioned, his old friend, the Captain, would sail for India in about ten weeks, and requested Mr. Jones to come and see him soon as possible.

Mr. Jones was reduced to a sad di-

lemna ; he had promised to spend some time at the hall with his venerable benefactrix ; he had his father and family to settle on their new farm, and to take formal possession of the manor ; also to visit the companion of his dangers ; all at the same time. With respect to the first, he could remain at the hall until the conveyances were signed, and as for the second, Mr. Price could manage the affair of his father better than himself ; and with respect to the third, he could set out that day fortnight for Hertford.

After this deliberation, he wrote an answer to the Captain, mentioning the day on which he should arrive at Hertford.

The following morning he went to the hall, where he remained a fortnight with Lady Lloyd, and at the same period received all his deeds of conveyance respecting the estates ; he saw his Father comfortably settled, and took

his respectful leave of Lady Lloyd, previous to starting by the Holyhead coach, for Hertford.

When the coach stopped at the Golden Cross, London, the first person he met was the kind-hearted Captain Jackson, who said Mrs. and Miss Jackson were in the parlour waiting to welcome their friend. When the Captain and Mr. Jones entered the room, Mrs. and Miss Jackson spoke to Mr. Jones as old friends, and expressed their thanks for seeing him again.

The party immediately set out for Hertford: Mr. Jones spent six weeks in the happy society of these amiable people. The Captain said that this should be his last voyage to India, and that he, his wife, and daughter, would visit their friend in Cærnarvonshire.

On Mr. Jones's return to Cærnarvonshire, he found every thing had been done to his entire satisfaction. His

father and family were made completely happy on their farm ; and the vicar had removed to his new residence.

This generous man now began the forming of a plan for the happiness and comfort of the poor in his neighbourhood ; and assisted by the Vicar's counsel and Mr. Price, cloathing, food, and employment, as in the days of Sir Lewis ap Lloyd ap Griffith, were furnished to all the indigent.

Mr. Jones loved privacy, and that happiness which is derived from the mind ; so that though he was polite, and hospitably received by the neighbouring gentry, he but seldom mixed in their parties.

His chief society consisted of Lady Lloyd and the Vicar's family, where virtue, piety, and benevolence, were their constant themes. He erected a Temple to Friendship in his park, in which stood a Bramin figure, representing

Berar. Mr Jones never passed a day without visiting this sanctuary, where he recalled to his mind the past events of his life, pouring, at the same time, a prayer to heaven, for the happiness of his benefactor and family.

Lady Lloyd had given him a copy of the portrait of her son, which he placed in his Library, where he usually passed many hours of the day.

His heart, devoid of ambition and pride, was a pure tablet of humanity; for nothing was inscribed upon it but what honoured the dignity of man; he was accessible to the poorest petitioner, and, like manna in the wilderness, his bounty was received by the distressed, without their knowing from whence it flowed.

The first shade cast upon his happiness, was the death of the amiable, but suffering, Lady Lloyd; he visited her the evening previous to her dissolution;

she then put her last will and testament into the hands of Mr. Lloyd, of Cærnarvon, her solicitor, saying, she was certain she could not survive many days longer.

Mr. Jones was deeply affected, and endeavoured to rally her despondency.

“’Tis in vain, my dear friend,” said she, “to inspire me with hopes; the conqueror will have his victim, and I am resigned to the will of heaven.”

It was late before Mr. Jones and Mr. Lloyd retired; the next morning he received the tidings of her death. It greatly agitated him, but he had fortitude to fulfill his duties; and afterwards when Mr. Lloyd opened the will, great was Mr. Jones’s surprise on finding the whole property of Lady Lloyd, with the exception of some bequests to the servants, was left to him, with directions that he be sole executor, and residuary legatee.

In a codicil she stated that her reasons further, were her having no heir at law of her own to inherit it; and it being purchased with her own dower, she had a right to devise it.

In this distress of his feelings, he went over to the hall, and informed the servants that he was now their master, and having secured all the papers which included inventories of the stock and furniture, he returned to Mr. Price, at the vicarage.

After the funeral he paid all the servant's legacies, and told them he meant to reside at the hall, and would retain them in his service.

About two months afterwards, Mr. Jones took possession of the hall, and in the further space of nine months, he was visited by Captain, Mrs. and Miss Jackson.

Mr. Jones shewed the romantic scenes in his neighbourhood, and accompanied

them to the top of the mountain Snowdon, which afforded them great pleasure.

The Captain was fond of angling; and Mr. Jones, whilst the ladies assisted Mrs. Price and her daughters in the benevolent office of making cloathes for the poor, joined him in his sport.

The Captain himself frequently said to Mr. Jones that he should like to remain in Cærnarvonshire; but at first Mr. Jones thought it was spoken in joke, until the Captain one day said that he had no relations he knew of in the world, as his wife's lived in Jamaica, and he meant to live in the neighbourhood of a real friend, and that is you.

Mr. Jones replied, with equal feeling, "You shall have my manor-house, and as much land as you want, rent free, if you will do me the favour of accepting it."

Mrs. and Miss Jackson met the Captain, who explained his scheme, which

greatly pleased them: they walked over to the manor house next morning, and spent part of the day in Old Thomas' house.

The kindness of Mrs. and Miss Jackson to his mother and father, discovered an amibility of heart, which doubly pleased Mr. Jones, and he resolved to augment his happiness by a more intimate connection with this worthy family.

When they had viewed the manor-house, the Captain was so pleased with its situation, that he offered four times more than it would have been rented at; Mr. Jones knew it was in vain to contest, he therefore said the Vicar should fix the price, which was agreed.

That evening, when the ladies had withdrawn from table, Mr. Jones told the Captain that he wished to be united to his family, and asked him if he had any objection to his union with Miss Jackson.

The Captain, in the true seaman's phrase, said, (shaking Mr. Jones by the hand,) that this news was the beacon of his hopes; the port of his comfort, and where he wished to cast anchor after his long and boisterous voyage of life. "It is indeed, Mr. Jones," continued the Captain, brushing off a tear, "an offer, from one of your situation, which I ought not to have wished." And grasping again Mr. Jones' hand, exclaimed, "You are, Mr. Jones, a noble and an honest man; and placing my daughter under your protection, is like the laying up a yacht in ordinary, to preserve her from wind and weather.

"But avast, my dear boy, I must first sound my daughter's mind, though I don't think she is averse to you; but I would sooner see her lie a sheer hulk all her life, than put her in commission against her will."

Mr. Jones was quite easy on this

point, as Miss Jackson's eyes had well acquainted him with the point of the compass toward which her heart inclined.

The honest-hearted Captain the same evening mentioned to his wife and daughter the conversation he had had with Mr. Jones; it cost Miss Jackson a few blushes, and forced tears of joy into Mrs. Jackson's eyes.

All embarrassments were soon set aside by the lovers, and they would have been immediately united, as the worthy Vicar had been spoken to on the subject, but an interruption was caused by the baseness of an elder brother, as was understood, of the nephew of the late Sir Lewis ap Griffith ap Lloyd. The pleas set up were that the brother who had sold the estates, had no right to dispose of the property, and that the complainant being the eldest, had not signed the conveyances.

The plaintiff's attorney proceeded

against Mr. Jones, as to the above action, and commenced suits of ejectment against the different tenants on the manor. These unexpected proceedings threw Mr. Jones into a desperate dilemma; he had invested the principal part of his property in the purchase of these estates, and should he not establish his title to them, he would, after all his prosperous voyage through life, become a beggar.

His despair and dejection were so great, that he deferred his marriage until the issue of the trial was known, determined not to make a dependant of the woman of his heart. He told the Captain of the disagreeable situation in which he stood, and scrupled not in his fears to say, his fortune and hopes would be lost.

“Avast there,” said the generous-minded Captain, “if these Welch rascals rob you of every shilling, I have enough left to keep myself, you, my

old woman, and daughter, quite comfortable."

Mr. Jones felt grateful for these sentiments of the honest seaman, but preferred postponing his marriage until the lawsuit was terminated. Mr. Jones communicated to the Vicar the state of his affairs; the venerable Pastor shook his head, and after a pause, said, "I think, my dear benefactor, I can contradict these villains; I will get a minister to do duty at my church for a few weeks. I must make a journey into Montgomeryshire; and the fruits of my researches, if I am not deceived in the intelligence I have heard, will, I am sure, tend to your advantage."

Mr. Jones thanked Mr. Price, and the following Monday the Vicar commenced his expedition.

The increased respect and affection of Captain Jackson and his family, under Mr. Jones' distress, shewed fully

to him the value of their worthy hearts, and the virtues of the woman upon whom he had fixed his happiness. The previous behaviour of Miss Jackson, from a delicate sense of her inferiority to Mr. Jones, had concealed the real worth of her mind; but now her unconstrained behaviour, under the idea he would be stripped of all his fortune, was so affectionate, so refined, and respectful, yet conveying all those sentiments which pour from the heart of virtue, that Mr. Jones, in the contemplations of her perfections, forgot his troubles, and a dream of enchantment occupied his mind during the absence of the Vicar.

When the latter had been absent a month, and not a letter had been received from him, Mr. Jones became very much alarmed, especially as the cause was to come on at the county court, in the short space of six weeks; his feelings were the further aggravated

by the usurper and his company riding frequently over the manor, trespassing on the tenants' grounds, and forbidding them, at their peril, to pay a farthing more of rent to the Welch Shepherd, meaning Mr. Jones.

Another fortnight rolled by, and not a line had been received from, or tidings heard of, the Vicar. Mrs. Price grew very much alarmed, and her tears and conjectures very much grieved Mr. Jones. The honest Captain, however, rallied Mr. Jones' spirits, by telling him Ministers seldom fall into harms way, and he was quite certain Mr. Price would return safe and sound. It wanted now but a fortnight's time when the assizes were to come on, and Mr. Jones had not a single witness to invalidate the claim of the usurper to the estates.

Mr. Jones, notwithstanding the kindness of his friends, the Captain and his family, had sunk into deep despair. In

a few days he might be deprived of all the harvest his good fortune had reaped. He was sitting one evening, only three days before the trial was to come on, the result of which would insure him the possession of this property, or make him a beggar.

Miss Jackson was embroidering a pair of ruffles, but like Penelope, her needle made no progress, she was too much absorbed by the feelings of her heart. Mrs. Jackson sat dumb, but observed the agitations of both. The Captain, melancholy as either, whistled, in a sotto voice, "*Cease, Rude Boreas,*" or looked at his friend with eyes that told the virtues of his heart; and at intervals recreated himself with grog.

A tremendous rap was heard at the hall door; in a moment it was opened, and the portals admitted the venerable presence of the Vicar. When ushered into the dining parlour, where the mute

party sat, he sprang towards Mr. Jones, and grasping his hand, said all is well. "I have traced," said he, "the villains through all their fastnesses on the mountains, and can produce evidence to prove that Ned Lloyd, though the son of Colonel Lloyd, and brother of him who sold you the manor and estates of his uncle, Sir Lewis ap Griffith, is a bastard. Here, my dear Mr. Jones, is the certificate of his birth, copied from the register kept in the Parish Church of Festinog, in Montgomeryshire. I traced out his mother, who was once dairy-maid with old Colonel Lloyd, who, until his marriage, called her his wife. She put into my possession three letters from the Colonel, concerning his son; and likewise I have a copy of the register of the marriage of Colonel Lloyd with Lady Price, whose son of this marriage has sold to you the estates. Besides, I have incontestible

proofs of the conspiracy between the brothers to rob you of your property, but must add, at the same time, that Ned Lloyd is only the dupe of his vile brother."

The joy of Mr. Jones was not indiscreet, but it was inexpressible. He clasped the Pastor to his bosom, saying, what a happy man Mr. Price had made him, not through the ambition of being restored to wealth, but to make him worthy of an object he adored, looking at Miss Jackson, whose beautiful confusion resembled Aurora, when first she sprung from the beams of the sun.

The Captain was so full of joy, that he declared he should love Ministers as long as he lived. He shook heartily the old man's hands. Mr. Jones pressed the worthy Vicar to wait supper.

"No, my friend," said Mr. Price, "I have not yet seen or heard from my family these many weeks, though your

countenances tell me they are well, but don't press me."

The kindness of the Vicar, in calling to give Mr. Jones this pleasing intelligence before he had seen his own family, proved the high devotion of his friendship, and shewed the sterling worth of the man.

"You will take breakfast with us tomorrow morning," said Mr. Jones.

"Say supper, my benefactor," said the Vicar, "I must go to Cærnarvon in the morning, and see the attorney of the plaintiff; the documents I shall produce to him will induce him to stay his proceedings, and now, my friends, good night."

The benevolence of the Vicar was the theme of the evening conversation. The Captain declared, by old Neptune, Mr. Price was the worthiest fellow he had ever seen. Mrs. Jackson, in more refined phrases, said he was a good christian,

and sincere friend. Her daughter spoke not, but her eyes echoed the sentiments of her mother. Mr. Jones, like Atlas, when he shouldered off the heavens, was all animation; and his heart spoke language, which, though he felt, it had never uttered before; for in this short adversity he had proved strictly the value of his friends, and his soul flowed in resistless currents of gratitude.

The honest Captain declared he never knew such happiness as at the present moment. All the party next morning walked over to the Vicarage; they found Mrs. Price and her daughters in the highest spirits; knowing the good tidings Mr. Price had brought to Mr. Jones, their grateful hearts felt with pleasure the joyful burthen. The party staid until the Vicar returned from Cærnarvon, and brought the cheerful news of the plaintiff's attorney being convinced, by the documents Mr. Price had

produced, that the claimants had no right to the property; and that he had determined on dropping the proceedings, and arresting his client for duplicity and costs.

This last information gave a kind of pang to Mr. Jones' heart; he thought Edward Lloyd a wrong-headed young man, yet pitied the consequences of his errors, but made no remark at the time.

Mr. Jones' coach having come to convey the party home, the vicarage family could not resist Mr. Jones' intreaties to accompany them. The following morning they were surprised, whilst walking in the park, near the Temple of Berar, to behold a young gentleman, in the costume of a lieutenant of the British Navy, riding towards them.

"I think," said Mrs. Jackson, "it is young Brown, my nephew, but what could have brought him to Wales?"

In a few minutes he reached the party, alighted off his horse, and sprung into the arms of his aunt.

“How came you to find us out here, in the mountains of Wales?” said Mrs. Jackson, after she had first introduced him to the whole party.

“Our frigate, my dear aunt,” said he, “now on the Irish station, is refitting after some damages she received in a storm at Milford Haven; and as my cousin told me you were got into Cærnarvonshire, I thought I would come and see you.”

The lieutenant, a smart young man of about twenty-four, though in the midst of the caresses of his friends, had been ogling the jasper floods of light and rosy cheeks of the Vicar's daughter: she, though a little afraid at first of his martial air and uniform, gazed also upon him.

As the party walked in pairs, the

gallant lieutenant was compelled to offer his arm to the Vicar's two daughters, but though between a pair of constellations, the youngest was his favorite.

When they returned to the hall, Mr. Jones was met by the plaintiff's attorney, who came to say he had discovered the imposture of young Lloyd, and meant to arrest him for the bill of costs.

"What is the amount," said Mr. Jones.

"Two hundred and twenty-five pounds, Sir," said the Attorney.

"Will you take my check," said Mr. Jones, "on the Bank of England, for the money."

"Yes Sir." replied the Lawyer.

Mr. Jones drew the check, and the attorney departed well satisfied. Mr. Jones hoped this transaction, like all his good deeds, would have passed in secrecy; but the attorney contrived to tell the Vicar, who, thinking it sinful

to conceal a good action, told the Captain and Mrs. Jackson.

The lieutenant, who enjoyed the naval wit of the Captain, greatly enlivened their evening parties. The former, however, in his mirth, had contrived to make an impression on the youngest daughter of the Vicar, and he honestly told the Captain that he sincerely loved her.

"Then, I will recommend you to her Father, and will also, said the Captain, give you two thousand pounds to buy household furniture, and when you want two more, write to your uncle, he'll not forsake you."

The vile attorney, whom Mr. Jones had paid, as he pretended a bill of costs due by his plaintiff, Ned Lloyd, had notwithstanding arrested and put him into gaol. Mr. Jones received a letter from Mr. Lloyd, dictated with much distress, and detailing the whole process of the brother's villany. Mr. Jones read it to the party, and all were equally shocked by the contents.

The Captain, in strong naval language, said the attorney was a rascal, and he pitied the young man. Then hastily leaving the room, he gave orders for a horse to be saddled, that he might ride over to Caernarvon.

Mr. Jones, who anticipated the movements of the honest Captain, slipped out, and met him returning from the stables.

"My dear Captain," said Mr. Jones, "where are you going on horseback this morning?"

"My dear friend," replied the Captain, "my heart has been aching for that silly fellow, poor Ned Lloyd, and it wont be easy until I have got him out of prison."

"I will accompany you, my dear friend," said Mr. Jones. They then returned to the drawing room and bid good morning to the ladies.

When the gentlemen reached Caernarvon gaol, they en-

quired for Mr. Lloyd, who was immediately introduced to them.

Mr. Jones asked him the amount for which he was arrested, and at whose suit the writ was issued; the keeper answered, "an attorney named Gabriel Powell, a partner with one Morgan Reece, and the sum for one hundred pounds, which Lloyd never borrowed, nor had he ever employed these villains, but is the dupe of his brother, who has fled to France to avoid his creditors.

The contest was now between Mr. Jones and the Captain, as to who should liberate poor Lloyd. At length it was so far compromised, that they agreed to share it between them, and desiring the gaoler to let Mr. Lloyd have all the necessaries he should choose during their absence. They asked him to give them the address of Powell and Reece.

"Gentlemen," said the gaoler, "if you will take the advice of a man acquainted with all the tricks of these pettifoggers, it is safest to keep away from them. Besides, I can let poor Lloyd get out of this gaol much cheaper than you. I am commissioned by these men to release the prisoner soon as he pays twenty pounds and his fees. But, gentlemen, if you meddle in the business, these lawyers, relying upon your generosity, will raise their demands.

Mr. Jones and the Captain, upon this intelligence, paid the gaoler twenty-five pounds, the sum demanded, and insisted upon his accepting another ten pounds for his own humanity and good counsel.

The feelings of Lloyd, after knowing that he was liberated, were indescribable; and when he came in to thank his benefactors, he was unable to speak. He shed tears on receiving the stretched-out hand of Mr. Jones, pressed it fervently, and begged his forgiveness; for he was an unconscious instrument in his brother's iniquity to defraud Mr. Jones of his property.

Mr. Jones asked him with feelings of sincerity, what prospects he had in life for his future support.

The question came like a thunderbolt upon the poor creature's mind; he clasped his hands, and after a pause, in which his countenance betrayed the despair of his situation, said "none."

"I sold my Lieutenantcy in the 77th regiment of foot to pay a debt of honour due by my brother, who promised to repay it me tenfold, soon as he could have disposed of his property to you, but I soon had the mortification to know that his gambling debts amounted to double the sum you paid. He then imposed upon me by saying I was his lawful brother, by a former marriage of his father; and that if I would divide the property, he would put me in a way to recover the estates which he had no right to sell.

"I was totally ignorant of my real birth, having been sent into the army from school; but believed myself to be a son of the late Colonel Lloyd. My conduct before this transaction, was always honourable; and when I became my brother's illegal dupe, I thought I was asserting my but legal rights."

"You have exculpated yourself entirely to my satisfaction," said Mr. Jones, and slipping, unperceived, a bill of fifty pounds into Lloyd's hands, whispered him to call at the hall in a few days.

They then took leave of Mr. Lloyd at the prison doors, where he had some little arrangement to settle with Mr. Llewellyn, the keeper.

Mr. Jones wrote the same evening to a friend in the war office, and received in the course of a few days, so favorable an account of Mr. late Lieutenant Lloyd, that he determined to purchase him a Captaincy in the 77th regiment. When Mr. Lloyd called at Griffith Hall, Mr. Jones received him in the most benevolent manner: his guests also showed him every attention. Mr. Jones requested his company at the hall for a week, in the course of which time he presented Mr. Lloyd with funds sufficient to purchase his commission, for which he was very grateful.

Every obstacle to the marriage of Mr. Jones and Miss Jackson were now removed; as for lieutenant Brown and Miss Price, they never thought of any. Mrs. Price had sat up several nights with her daughters, engaged in making bridal finery, and the day was fixed for the worthy Pastor to unite the happy couples.

The ancient hospitality of the hall, revived in all its abundance, re-spread over the great valleys of Snowdon the golden days of the late Sir Lewis and Lady Lloyd.

When Mr. now Captain Lloyd, on the recruiting service, arrived next at Griffith Hall, in the scarlet insignia of his regiment, being a fine young man, Miss Amelia Price took a fancy to the Hero, nor was he insensible to her charms; the Vicar and Mrs. Price had no objection, and hymen, in the course of a year's acquaintance, sanctioned the agreement of hearts.

The Vicar's happiness was now complete; his two daughters were united with worthy men; he was in the possession of all his heart had ever aspired toward; and covered with piety and honour, lived to see his children's children, and those of his friend, Mr. Jones; the pride of men, and the benefactor of mankind.

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