

wife, were standing at the door. As soon as the landlady espied him, she clapped her hands, and swore it was either Carew or his ghost. Our hero's first inquiry was, when they had seen his dear Polly, meaning his wife. The landlady told him, she had not seen her lately, but had heard that both she and his daughter were well; but that his wife never expected to see him more.

Mr. Carew soon called for a room, ordered dinner to be provided, and passed the afternoon very merrily.

He afterwards visited Exeter; and, going into St. Peter's church-yard, sees Sir Harry Northcote, Dr. Andrews, and two other gentlemen. He accosted them with, "God bless you, Sir Harry. Dr. Andrews, and the rest of the company." Sir Harry, staring very wistfully at him, cried, "Are you flesh and blood? — why, you can never have been in America!" Dr. Andrews then asked if it was Carew. The report being spread that he was in Exeter, drew a number of spectators to see him; and, among the rest, Merchant Davey himself, who asked him, in a very great hurry, if the ship was cast away. "No, no," says he, "I have been in America; have had the honour to see your factor, Mr. Mean, and saw Griffiths sold for a thousand weight of tobacco! But, did I not tell you I would be back before Captain Froade?" He then gave an account of several particulars, which convinced the gentlemen that he had really been in America. Mr. Davey asked him, if he had been sold before he ran away; and his replying he had not, the merchant told him jeeringly, then he was his servant still, that he should charge him five pounds for his passage, and five pounds for costs and charges, besides Captain Froade's bill. He next inquired, where he had left Captain Froade. Carew told him in Miles's River. The gentlemen then gave him money, as did likewise Merchant Davey.

Two months after this, came home Captain Froade, laden with tobacco. As soon as he came to an anchor, several gentlemen of Exeter going on board, inquired where he left Mr. Carew. "Damn him," replied the captain, "you'll never see him again: he ran away, was taken, put into New-Town gaol, brought back, and whipped; had a pot-hook put upon him, ran away with it upon his neck, and was never heard of since; so that, without doubt, he must be either killed by some wild beast, or drowned in some river." Laughing heartily, they told the captain he had been at home two months, which he swore could not be; however they confirmed him that it was so.

Soon after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his respects to Sir William Courtney, returning him thanks for what he had