

with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakspeare—his curiosity was excited, he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, and accompanied them to Covent Garden. The curtain was drawn up. The performance began. Adam's soul was riveted, his senses distracted. The Siddons swept before him like a vision of immortality—Kemble seemed to draw a soul from the tomb of the Cæsars; and as the curtain fell, and the loud music pealed, Adam felt as if a new existence and a new world had opened before him, and his head reeled with wonder and delight.

When the performances were concluded, his companions proposed to have a single bottle in an adjoining tavern; Adam offered some opposition, but was prevailed upon to accompany them. Several of the players entered—they were convivial spirits, abounding with wit, anecdote, and song. The scene was new, but not unpleasant to Adam. He took no note of time. He was unused to drink, and little affected him. The first bottle was finished. "We'll have another," said one of his companions. It was the first time Adam had heard the fatal words, and he offered no opposition. He drank again—he began to expatiate on divers subjects—he discovered he was an orator. "Well done, Mr Brown," cried one of his companions, "there's ope of you yet—we'll have another, my boy three's band!" A third bottle was brought; Adam was called upon for a song. He could sing, and sing well too; and taking his glass in his hand he began—

"Stop, stop, we'll ha'e anither gill,
Ne'er mind a lang-tongued beldame's yatter;
They're fools wha'd leave a glass o' yill
For ony wife's infernal clatter.

"There's Bet, when I gang hame the night,
Will set the hail stair-head a ringin'—
Let a' the neebors hear her flyte,
Ca' me a brute, and stap my singin',
She'll yelp about the bairns rags—
Ca' me a drucken gude for-naethin'!
She'll curse my throat an' drouthy bags,
And at me throw their duddy claethin'!

"Chorus, gentlemen—chorus!" cried Adam, and continued—

"The fiest a supper I'll get there;
A dish o' tongues is a' she'll gie me!
She'll shake her nieve and rug her hair,
And wonder hoo she e'er gaed wi' me!
She vows to leave me, and I say,
Gang, gang! for dearsake!—that's a blessin'!
She rins to get her claes away,
But—o' the kist the key's amissin'!

"The younkens a' set up a skirl,
They shriek and cry—O dinna, mither!"
I slip to bed, and fash the quarrel
Neither ae way nor anither.
Bet creeps beside me unca dour,
I clap her back, and say—'My dawtie'!
Quo' she—'Weel, weel, my passion's owre,
But dinna gang a drinkin', Watty.'"

"Bravo, Scotchy!" shouted one. "Your health and song, Mr. Brown," cried another. Adam's head began to swim—the lights danced before his eyes—he fell from his chair. One of his friends called a hackney coach; and half insensible of where he was, he was conveyed to his lodgings. It was afternoon on the following day before he appeared at the counting house, and his eyes were red, and he had the languid look of one who has spent a night in revelry. That night he was again prevailed upon to accompany his brother clerks to the club-room, "just," as they expressed it, "to have one bottle to put all right." That night he again heard the words—"We'll have another," and again he yielded to their seduction.

But we will not follow him through the steps and through the snares by which he departed from virtue and became entangled in vice. He became an almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, the theatre, or both, and his habits opened up temptations to grosser viciousness. Still he kept up a correspondence with Mary Douglas, the gentle object of his young affections, and for a time her endeared remembrance haunted him like a protecting angel, whispering in his ear and saving him from depravity. But his religious principles were already forgotten; and when that cord snapped asunder, the fibre of affection that twined around his heart did not long hold him in the path of virtue. As the influence of company grew upon him, her remembrance lost its power, and Adam Brown plunged headlong into all the pleasures and temptations of the metropolis.

Still he was attentive to business—he still retained the confidence of his employer—his salary was liberal—he still sent thirty pounds a-year to his mother; and Mary Douglas yet held a place in his heart, though he was changed, fatally changed. He had been about four years in his situation when he obtained leave for a few weeks to visit his native village. It was on a summer afternoon when a chaise from Jedburgh drove up to the door of the only public house in the village. A fashionably dressed young man alighted; and in an affected voice desired the landlord to send a porter with his luggage to Mrs. Brown's. "A porter, sir?" said the innkeeper—there's naethin' o' the kind in the town; but I'll get twa callants to tak it along."

He hastened to his mother's: "Ah! how d'y'e do?" said he, slightly shaking the hands of his younger brothers; but a tear gathered in his eye as his mother kissed his cheek.—