

He was wandering disconsolately down Chancery Lane, with his hands thrust in his pockets, when his attention was attracted to a shop, the windows and door of which were covered with written placards, and on these placards were the words, "Wanted, a Book-keeper"—"Wanted, by a Literary Gentleman, an Amanuensis"—in short, there seemed no sort of situation for which there was not a person wanted, and each concluded with "inquire within." Adam's heart and his eyes overflowed with joy. There were at least half a dozen places which would suit him exactly—he was only at a loss now which to choose upon; and he thought also that Mr. Douglas' friends had used him most unkindly in saying they could hear of no situation for him, when here scores were advertised in the streets. At length he fixed upon one. He entered the shop. A sharp, Jewish looking little man was writing at a desk; he received the visitor with a gracious smile.

"If ye please, sir," said Adam, "will ye be so good as to inform me where the gentleman lives that wants the book keeper?"

"With pleasure," said the master of the register office; "but you must give me five shillings, and I will enter your name."

"Five shillings!" repeated Adam, and a new light began to dawn upon him. "Five shillings, sir, is a deal o' money, an' to tell ye the truth, I can very ill afford it; but, as I am much in want o' a situation, may be ye wad tak' half a crown."

"Can't book you for that," said the other; "but give me your half crown, and you may have the gentleman's address."

He directed him to a merchant in Thames street. Adam quickly found the house; and, entering with his broad brimmed hat in his hand, and scraping the nob nails along the floor—"Sir," said he, "I'm the person Mr. Daniels o' Chancery Lane has sent you as a book keeper."

"Mr. Daniels—Mr. Daniels?" said the merchant; "don't know any such person—have not wanted a book keeper these six months."

"Sir," said Adam, "are ye no Mr. Robertson o' 54, Thames street?"

"I am," replied the merchant; "but," added he, "I see how it is. Pray, young man, what did you give this Mr. Daniels to recommend you to the situation?"

"Half a crown sir," returned Adam.—"Well," said the other, "you have more money than wit. Good morning, sir, and take care of another Mr. Daniels."

Poor Adam was dumfounded; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he said London was a den o' thieves. I might tell you how his last shilling was expended: how he lived upon bread and water: how he fell into arrears with the orange woman for the rent of his garret: how she persecuted him: how he was puzzled to understand the meaning of the generous words, "money lent;" how the orange woman, in order to obtain her rent taught him the mystery of the *three golden balls*; and how the shirts which his mother had made him from a web of her own spinning, and his books, and all that he had, save the clothes upon his back, were pledged; and how, when all was gone, the old landlady turned him to the door, houseless, friendless, penniless, with no companion but despair. We might have dwelt upon these things, but must proceed with his history.

Adam, after enduring privations which would make humanity shudder, obtained the situation of assistant porter in a merchant's office. The employment was humble, but he received it joyfully. He was steady and industrious, and it was not long until he was appointed warehouseman: and his employer, finding that, in addition to his good qualities he had received a superior education, made him one of his confidential clerks. He had held the situation about two years. The rust as his brother clerks said, was now pretty well rubbed off Scotch Adam. His hodde grey was laid aside for the dashing green, his hob-nailed shoes for fashionable pumps, and his broad brimmed hat for a narrow crowned beaver; his speech, too, had caught a sprinkling of the southern accent; but, in other respects, he was the same inoffensive, steady, and serious being as when he left his mother's cottage.

His companions were wont to "roast Adam, as they termed it, on what they called his Methodism. They had often urged him to accompany them to the theatre; but, for two years, he had stubbornly withstood their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it; but had never been within the walls of a theatre. The Siddons, and his brother John Kemble, then in the zenith of fame, were filling not only London but Europe