

"and I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shouther wi't, and I'll carry it mysel'."

They uttered some low jests against his country, and left him to get his trunk upon his shoulders as he best might. Adam said truly that he could not afford four shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse grey coat, with his trowsers of the same colour, a striped waistcoat, a half worn broad brimmed hat, and thick shoes studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, Towerhill, and along the Minories, inquiring at every turning—"If any one could direct him to Mr. Davison's the merchant in Cornhill?" There was many a laugh and many a joke at poor Adam's expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground, as he came in contact with the crowds who were hurrying past him. He had been directed out of his way; but at length arrived at the place he sought. He placed his burden on the ground: he rang the bell: and again and again he rang, but no one answered: his letter was addressed to Mr. Davison's counting house; it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day: Adam was now tired, disappointed and also perplexed: he wist not what to do: he wished to know of several "decent people," as he said, they could recommend him to a lodging? He was shewn several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when near the corner of Newgate street, he inquired of an old Irish orange woman, if "she could inform him where he could be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen pence or two shillings a week.

"Sure, and it's I who can, jewel," replied he; "and an illigant room it is, with a bed at his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on; and never a one slapes in it at all but my wi' boy Barney; and barring when Barney's a drink; and that's not above twice a week you'll make mighty pleasant sort of company together."

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step he followed the old orange woman. She con-

ducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushered him into a small, miserable looking garret, dimly lighted by a broken skylight, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts without curtains which she termed a bed, a mutilated chair, and a low wooden stool. "Now, darlint," said she, observing Adam fatigued, "here is a room fit for a prince; and, sure you won't be thinking half a crown too much for it?"

"Weel," said Adam, for he was ready to lie down any where, "we'll no quarrel about a sixpence."

The orange woman left him, having vainly recommended him "to christen his new tenement with a drop of the cratur." Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirit wandered in its dreams amidst the "bonny woods and braes" of Teviotdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting house of Mr. Davison, who received him with a hurried sort of civility: glanced over the letter of introduction—expressed a hope that Mr. Douglas is well—said he would be happy to serve him—but he was engaged at present, and, if Mr. Brown would call again, if he should hear of any thing, he would let him know. Adam thanked him, and, with his best bow, (which was a very awkward one,) withdrew. The clerks in the outer office tittered as poor Adam, with his heavy hobnailed shoes, trampled through the midst of them. He delivered the other letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed received him much in the same manner as Mr. Davison had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam's grey coat, and gave a very peculiar look at his clattering shoes, and then at each other. Day after day he repeated his visits to the counting houses of these gentlemen—sometimes they were too much engaged to see him, at others they simply inform him that they were sorry they had heard of nothing to suit him, and continued writing, without noticing him again; while Adam, with a heavy heart would stand behind their desk, brushing the crown of his brown broad brimmed hat with his sleeve. At length, the clerks in the outer office merely informed him their master had heard of nothing for him. Adam saw it was in vain—three weeks had passed, and the thirty shillings which he had brought to London were reduced to ten.