THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNCAN & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) (Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JAN.	H.	SUN. S.	MOON.	H.	W.
20 Saturday,	7	13 4 47	6	17	11 46
21 Sunday,	7	13 4 46	7	26	ev. 21
22 Monday,	7	12 4 48	8	32	0 54
23 Tuesday,	7	11 4 49	9	36	1 27
24 Wednesday,	7	10 4 50	10	39	2 1
25 Thursday,	7	9 4 51	11	40	2 38
26 Friday,	7	8 4 52	Morn.	3	22

First Quarter, 27th day, 7h. 52m. morn.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the discount days. Director next week: Hon. H. Johnston.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week, Stephen Gerow.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. (St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. H. Street, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock. (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

☞NOTICE.☜

THE Subscriber requests all persons who are indebted to him by Note or Account; also those who have omitted to make payment of debts due to the subscriber since January, 1837, as Assignee, of JOHN M'MILLAN, to make immediate payment of the same. And that all claims against him be presented at once for adjustment,

D. M'MILLAN.

St. John October 6th, 1843.—3m.

FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.

Books, Stationary, &c.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip,

JOHN R. MARSHALL.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

Also, to Let for One or Three Years—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekir, junr., apply as above.

April 28.

Blacksmith Business.

THE Subscriber grateful for former favours, has the pleasure of informing his Patrons and the Public, that he has again resumed his labours at the Anvil. His place of business is at the lower end of Peters' Wharf, where every article in his line will be made with despatch and satisfaction to his employers. Orders from an Anchor to a Nail, thankfully received.

HENRY NICHOLLS.

September 29, 1843.

TAX NOTICE.

ALL Persons who are Defaulters for Taxes for the Year 1841 and 1842, are hereby called upon to come forward *without delay*, and pay the same at the Office of the Collector of Taxes, in Vernon's Brick Building, corner of King and Germain streets, otherwise the collection of such Taxes will be enforced as the Law directs.

JAMES GEROW, jr.
Collector of Taxes.

Dec 8.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. B. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandize, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

☞Office in Melick's Brick Building, Market square. September 15, 1843.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. THE ROYAL FAMILY. THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR

The Hair! the Skin!! and the Teeth!!

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is universally acknowledged to be the ONLY ARTICLE that will effectually *produce* and *restore* Hair, (including WHISKERS, MUSTACHIOS, and EYEBROWS,) prevent it from falling off or turning grey, free it from scurf and dandriff, and render it delightfully soft, silky, curly and glossy.

Caution!—Numerous *pernicious* compounds are universally sold as "MACASSAR OIL." To ensure the real article, see that the bottle is enclosed in a wrapper, (a steel engraving of exquisite workmanship,) on which are engraved "*ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL*," in two lines.

*** To farther insure the genuine article, see that the words "*Rowland's Macassar Oil*" are engraved on the back of the envelope nearly 1500 times, containing 29,028 letters,—WITHOUT THIS NONE ARE GENUINE.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) 10s. 6d., and double that size 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

This elegant and fragrant preparation thoroughly eradicates all *Pimples, Spots, Blotches, Redness, Tan, Freckles*, and other defects of the skin; heals *Sunburns, Stings of Insects*, and reduces inflammation. It imparts a youthful roseate hue to the most bilious complexion, and renders the Arms, Hands, and Neck, transparently fair and delightfully soft and smooth.

It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash, during travelling, or exposure to the sun, dust, or dry piercing winds, and after the heated atmosphere of crowded assemblies. Gentlemen will find it peculiarly grateful after shaving in allaying the irritation of the skin.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE,

A FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER of Oriental Herbs. It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like whiteness, and fixes the teeth firmly in the gums. Being an Anti-scorbutic, it eradicates the scurvy from the Gums; strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red. It removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after favors, taking medicine, &c. and imparts *sweetness and perfume* to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

Rowland's

ESSENCE OF TYNE,

Or, IMPERIAL DYE,

Changes Red or Grey Hair, Whiskers, Eyebrows, &c. to a beautiful Brown or Black.

Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

Rowland's Alsana Extract,

Immediately relieves the most violent *Tooth ache, Gum biles*, and *Swelled Face*.

Price 2s. 9d.; 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Observe! To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's stamps have authorised the Proprietor's signature to be engraved on the Government stamp, thus—

A. Rowland & Son, 20, *Hatton Garden*,

Which is affixed to the Kalydor, Odonto, and Alsana. None of these are genuine without the stamp.

Beware of Imitations! composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently pressed upon the unwary as "GENUINE," and under the lure of *being cheap*.

Be sure to ask for "Rowland's Articles."

☞Sold by Dr. W. LIVINGSTONE, *St. John, N. B.*, and by every Perfumer and Chemist throughout the civilized world. *June 9, 1843.*

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

Miscellany.

Our Fathers! Where are They?

BY H. J. VERNON.

We are daily growing older,
And our fathers, where are they?
Underneath the grassy hillocks,
In the church yard old and gray.
Where the elms above them waving,
In their quiet beds they lie,
With the cold earth on their bosoms,
And their faces to the sky.

In the hoary mountain-passes,
Where for liberty they fell,
In the dim and mystic forest,
In the quiet rural dell,
Or wherever they have fallen
As their pilgrim way they trod;
With their sabres for their footman,
And their hearts upon their God.

In the churches of old England,
Where the echoes now awoke,
That arose on the stillness
Where the Holy martyrs spoke,
Where the Sabbath chimes are ringing,
From each minister gray and grand,
On each hill and every valley
Of our fathers Fatherland.

By the frozen shores of Sweeden,
By the blushing hills of France,
By the moorland and the mountain,
Over Scotland's brown expanse,
By the walls of Olden Carthage,
By the sunny isles of Greece,
By the solemn tombs of Egypt,
Sleep our fathers, now in peace

Oh! the ages that have vanished,
Since the murdered Abel died,
Every age has seen its millions,
Buried by the victim's side.
Oh! the kingdoms gone forever,
And the tribes that are no more—
Not a dirge to them remaineth,
Save the surf upon the shore.

Yet the earth amid those changes,
Is the same as on the morn,
When the angels sang together,
And the morning stars were born;
In its beauty still so youthful,
In its smiling to the sky,
For a type of the Eternal,
As the face of God on high.

JOHN LANCASHIREMAN.—Lancashire men answer better to the term "John Lump" than any other English peasant with which I am acquainted. It is not for me to detract from the merits of any, but for a hard day's work, or a hard day's fight, give me John Lancashire. He is not over bright, nor apparently easy, but neither is he easily sour or vengeful. You must not expect a native of Cowbent, or Bullocksmithy, to address you in the direction of a Sheridan, or with the air of a Chesterfield; if you do, grievous will be your disappointment; but if you do employ John, he will do his job like a workman. If you offend him—and it is not easy—he will most likely forget it next day. There are exceptions to all rules: bad treatment from childhood, or constant exposure to penury may alter his nature; a manufacturing district is not a criterion for a peasantry—these are plants grown in an unnatural soil.

I, for one, prefer John's uncouth Doric accent to the several gradations of Cockney twang we met with amongst the various "Lumps" of the more southern counties. There is a richness in it, a quaintness peculiar to itself; and though John's mode of telling a story is neither elegant nor (to a stranger) very lucid, yet, to one accustomed to the sound, it possesses great *suavity*. I have long known a native, who resides a short distance from me, and is usually occupied as a country labourer—a short, brawny, thickset chap, with long arms and a rough Bull-head, who was worked from six to six for many a weary year, and who cannot rest unoccupied. He has sometimes done little matters for me, and it has been my amusement, during the pauses in the work, to get him to talk. The following story tickled my fancy:—

"A good bit ago, yo see, I was makin' a dreen for Jem Dyke in yonder grounds. I know'd as he warn't the meester, but that wor nothin' to me.—Well, as I was a workin' up comes an holdish chap, wi' a grim face, and he says to me, says he, 'What been yo' a doin' here?' Deein, says I, way that's pleen enough I'm makin' a dreen.—'And who sent you,' says he. Why, Jem Dyke, says I.' 'Why then,' say he, 'Jem Dyke's a fool, and yo're another; the dreen shouldn't a come that way, but down a this'n,' and he got in bit of a passion loike, and he put a cane as he had in his hand across my shoulder, (not very hard,) and spoke sharp. Well, yo see, my blood was up, I got out o' th' dreen and knock'd his hat off theere and then; I did'nt do more, cause he war oulder nor me a deal. Well, he go's away, and I go's to my dreening ag'in, thinkin' nothin' more about it. By and by, up comes Jem, and axes me how I wur goin' on, and if I had seed anybody about? So I up and told him as a could chap had been theere, and had spoke d——sh cross, and put his cane a top o' my shoulder, and as I had gi'in him a clout o' the head. With that Jem started and ax'd me what sort o' a man he wur? and I told him he wur a ouldish chap, wi' a white hat, an' white hair, (an' but little o'that,) and white stockin's. Eh, if yo' had but seen Jem jump up, and he fell a cussin and and swearin' like mad. Well, says I, what's to do now? 'Do,' says he 'why yo' been a lickin' the big squire as owns all these grounds.' Well, says I, I can't help that. 'But,' says he, 'we shall all be play'd the very bangman wi'; what, lick the big squire; oh, dear! oh, dear!' Well Jem, says I, I did'nt know who it wur for sartin, but if I had it wud ha'bin jist the same, for no man i' th' world shall put his stick upon my back if I can lick him, and if I can't I'll try my best. Well, away Jem goes, and soon after up comes the ould chap agin, and instead of sendin' me to gaol, he was quite a greeable loike, and staid a good piece a talkin' and laughin' wi' me, and he wore's no stick bad chap mother, tho' they said as he did look ernel sharp a'per the money.' 'But did you think any more of the cane across your shoulders?' 'Not I; why should I? I niver bears no malice ag'in no one, and if I had'nt a knock'd his hat off jist theere and then I should niver o' done it. My wife often throeps me wi' it tha', and I cannot help loughing when I think o' having lick'd the big squire, tho' I hardly niver tells it to

NOBODY.

ADVICE TO SUNDAY PEOPLE.—When you feel your passions rising, never confine or restrain them. How many boilers have been burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents?

Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong; it shows that you have independence.

Whenever you attack your neighbour's character do it behind his back, so as to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you, nobody will believe them and so you will get clear.

Never forgive and injury. The power of pardoning belongs to the Governor in Council.

When you have done an act of charity publish it to others so that they may do so too. Besides every man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional: for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the Legislature has no right to do that.

When you are at church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take a special care to keep it safely; and it may be well for caution's sake to get one or two others to help you. And as a woman is called the 'weaker vessel,' she should have half a dozen to help her.

Never sweep your parlor—it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb; it is part of a spider's dwelling house, and of course his castle therefore it is sacred.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—I rise Mr. President, to argue the cause of the rich man against the poor man. The rich man, Mr. President, horizontalizes his emancipated form upon a mahogany sofa, cut down, hewed out, surveyed and manufactured from the cedar of Lebannon, which grew on the lofty and cloud capt summits of the ever memorable mountain of Jehoshaphat, on whose sunny slopes once strayed the poet king, with the head of six fingered Goliah in his jacket pocket. While on the other hand, Mr. President, the poor man, declines his expectations in a cottage, circumdecent to some unbragonns stream, there to contemplatize on the incomprehensibility of the vast constellations and other fixed and immovable satellites, that revolve around the celestial axletree of this terequari ous firmament on high. Then, Mr. President, after calling around him his wife, and the rest of his little children, he teaches them to throw away all sublunary desiderataums, and to prospire to scenes of immortality beyond the narrow precints of this chilling charnal house.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

WHEN the glass, the laugh, and the social 'crack' go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, "*We'll have Another!*" It is an oft repeated phrase—and it seems a simple one; yet, simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catcheth its thousand echoes—that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withered affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—condemned to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy, Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his schoolmates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say—"Diuna stir up the fire, bairn; ye diuna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll hurt yoursel' wi' pore, poring over yer books—for they're never not o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wi' kings" or "hold high converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, "she had had a sair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankfu' that she had an comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every nicht he had read a chapter to his younger brothers—and oh, sir," she added, "it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother." Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt too learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visiter at the manse, and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his young *protege*. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles, and consider himself happy when he o'tained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him; "But," added she, "he is a guid scholar, that is an thing, and CAN no is easy carried about" Mr. Douglas himself became anxious about Adam's prospects; he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession, and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said, that he was too young; others, that he was too simple, that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the adjoining parish, to pay attention to his school. However these might be, certain it is the school did not succeed; and, after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded by the carrier.—Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning; and, on the evening preceding his departure, he paid his farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one or two letters of recommendation, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world, as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas, in plain words, that he loved her—he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding farewell, Adam!—may Heaven protect you against the numerous temptations of the great city!" He turned towards Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—"Could I speak wi' you a moment?" said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she arose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower-garden—he had taken her hand in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and, at length in a tone of earnest fondness—and he shook as he spoke—he said—"Will you not forget me, Mary?"

'A half-smothered sob was her reply, and a tear fell on his hand.

"Say you will not," he added, yet more earnestly.

"O Adam!" returned she, "how can you say *forget*—never!—never!"

'Enough! enough!' he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell. 'Oh!' exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfest before him, 'is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?' He ate but little; and she continued weeping as she spoke—'Eat hinny, eat; ye have a long road before ye;—and oh, Adam, mboon everything earthly, mind that ye write to me every week, never think o' the postage—for though it should tak my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye."

He took his staff in his hand, and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud. 'Farewell, mother!' said he in a voice half-choked with anguish—'Farewell.'

'God bless my bairn!' she exclaimed, wringing his hand, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore himself from her embrace, and hurried from the house; and, during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and, in the fulness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother, and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London, nor tell how he stood gazing wonderstruck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames, through the long forest of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid-day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off Hermitage Stairs and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment, by a waterman, who had come upon deck, and who pulling him by the button-hole, said—'Boat, master? boat?' Adam did not exactly understand the question, but, seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed their example. On landing, he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all inquiring, at the same moment, where he wished it taken to. This was a question he could not answer. It was one he had never thought of before. He looked confused, and replied, 'I wains.'

'*Wains!*' said one of the Cockney burden-bearers—'*Wains!*—there ain't such a street in all London.'

Adam was in the midst of London, and he knew not a living soul among its million of inhabitants.—He knew not where to go; but, recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Douglas had recommended him was a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill, he inquired—

'Does ony o' ye ken a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill?'

'Yy, I can't say as how I know him,' replied a porter; 'but if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you in a twinkling.'

'An' what wud ye be asking to carry the bit box there?' said Adam, in a manner betokening an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

'Hucking!' replied the other—'yy, I'm blessed if you get any one to carry it for less than four shillings.'

'I canna afford four shillings,' said Adam, 'and I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shoulder wi't, an' I'll carry it myself.'

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 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 arrived, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, over Tower-hill, 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 he 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 perplexed. He wist not what to do. He informed several 'decent-looking people,' as he said, 'that he was a stranger, and he would be obleeged to them if 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 would be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen-pence or two shillings a-week?'

'Shure, and it's I who can jewel,' replied she; 'and an illigant room it is, with a bed his Holiness' and an illigant room it is, with a bed his Holiness' lady rest his blessed bones on, and never a one single in it at all but my own boy Barney; and barlaps in it at all but my own boy Barney; and barring when Barney's in 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 light-er heart and a freer step he followed the old orange-woman. She conducted 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 sky-light, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts without curtains, which she termed a bed, a matted 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 crater.' Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirit wandered in its dreams amidst the 'bonny woods and brae's' 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 was 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 anything, 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 hob-nailed shoes, tramped 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 Adams 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 informed 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.

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 wholy 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 visiter 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 bookkeeper?'

'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, maybe ye wad tak' half-a-crown.'

'Can't book 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 St. 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. Daniells o' Chancery Lane has sent to you as a book-keeper.'

'Mr Daniells—Mr Daniells?' said the merchant; 'dont 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. Pay, young man, what did you give this Mr. Daniells 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. Daniells.'

Poor Adam was dumfoundered; 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 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 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 clerk said, was now pretty well rubbed off Scotch Adam. His hidden gray 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 'rean' 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 their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it, he had heard against it, he had heard sermons against it; but had never been within the walls of a theatre. The Siddons, and her brother John Kemble, then in the zenith of their fame, were filling not only London but Europe with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakespear—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 lord music peeled, Adam felt as if a new existance 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 hope of yon yet—*we'll have another*, my boy—three's hand!' A third bottle was brot; Adam was called upon for a song. He could sing, and sing well too; and, taking his glass in his hand, he began—

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'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

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