

'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 how he stood gazing wonderstruck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames, through the long forests 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 enquiring, 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 watna.'

'Watna!' said one of the hackney bearers; '*Watna!* there an't such a street in all London.'

Adam was in the midst of London, and knew not a living soul among its millions 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. Davidson, a merchant in Cornhill, he enquired—

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

'Vy, 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 would you be asking to carry the bit box there?' said Adam, in a manner betokening an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

'Asking?' replied the other—'vy, i'm blessed if you can get any one to carry it for less than five shillings.'

'I canna afford five shillings,' said Adam, 'and I'll be obliged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shoulder wi't, and 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 five shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in his pocket.

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 arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, over Tower-hill, and along Minorities, inquiring at every turning if any one could direct him to Mr. Davidson'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. Davidson'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 obliged to them if they would recommend him to a lodging.' He was shown several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when, near the corner of Newgate street, he enquired 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?

'Sure, and it's I who can, jewel,' replied she; 'and an illigant room it is, with a bed his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on, and never a one slapes in it all but my own boy Barney, and, barring when Barney's in dhrink; 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 conducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushering 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, darlin,' said she, observing Adam fatigued, 'here is a room fit for a prince; and shure you won't be thinking half a crown too much for it?'

'Weel,' said Adam, for he was ready to lie down anywhere, '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 spirits wandered in its dreams amidst the 'bonny woods and braes' of Tevoitdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting-house of Mr. Davidson, 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 at 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. Davidson had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam's gray 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