

few excellent men connected with the management of the workhouse had been struck by the docility and intelligence of the young mute. One of them, Mr Burnard, a gentleman who still survives, struck by his powers of thought and expression, had furnished him with themes on which to write. He had shown him attention and kindness, and the lad naturally turned to him as a friend and protector ; and, stating his case to him by letter, the good man not only got him relieved from the dire thralldom of his tyrannical master, but, by interesting a few friends in his behalf, secured for him the leisure necessary to prosecute his studies ;—for, even when his circumstances were most deplorable, the little deaf and dumb boy had been dreaming of making himself a name in letters, by producing books which even the learned would not despise ;—and by means of a liberal subscription, he was now enabled to go on reading and writing, with—wonderful change for him whose premium pence used to be all spent in the purchase of little volumes !—the whole books of a subscription library at his command. It is customary to laugh at the conceit and egotism of the young, as indicative of a mere weakness, which it is the part of after years of sober experience to dissipate or cure. There are cases, however, in which the apparent weakness is real strength,—a moving power, without which, in very depressing circumstances, there would be no upward progress, for there would be no hope and no motive to exertion ; and so the poor mute boy's estimate of himself, while yet an inmate of the workhouse, though it may provoke a smile, may be deemed not uninteresting, as in reality representative of an under-current in the character, destined to produce great results. “(Dec. 5th, 1821.)—Yesterday I completed my sixteenth year ; and I shall take this opportunity of describing, to the best of my ability, my person. I am four feet eight inches high ; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown colour, almost black ; my head is