

just as good (indeed I have not yet had cause to alter my opinion,) I one day took a little box and filled it from the chimney. My grandfather—seeing me with it, and supposing it to be some of his beloved snuff, took the box from me with a sharp reproof for being so mischievous and (without the slightest attempt on my part to prevent him) emptied the contents of it into his own box, while I, all the time this was taking place, could hardly restrain my intense amusement, and I went off laughing to myself when the thought of how my good grandfather would look when he should discover his mistake. But it must not be supposed that I made my venerable old grandfather the subject of all my wicked pranks, for I was a nuisance to those around me in general.

Thus I lived on, sometimes staying at my grandfather's, at other times returning home and staying there awhile, until I reached the age of twelve years, when my father left the country with its green fields and pleasant shady lanes, and moved into the crowded smoky city of Wick, where he kept a grocery store. Not long after we went there the minister of the church which we attended called upon us, and seeing that I was deaf told my parents of an institution established for the education of the deaf and dumb. They were much gratified on receiving this piece of intelligence, as they had never before heard of such an institution, but had hitherto looked upon me with a sort of despair, supposing that there was no means whereby I might gain an education; and it was at once settled that I should go to school. My mother was soon busily engaged in supplying every comfort that her mind could suggest to make me comfortable while at school.

Soon all was ready and I was to start on my new career, little thinking that this was to be a turning point in my life, that thenceforth the current of my existence should run in entirely another direction, and would no longer flow as it had hitherto done, in quiet and undisturbed tranquility.

Upon starting for school I was placed under the care of a gentleman whose name I do not remember, and conveyed safely to Edinburgh, (about 200 miles from my home) where the school stood—tall and imposing. It was well built of grey sandstone and situated near the Donaldson Charity Institution, a splendid edifice of white sandstone and capable of accommodating about 500 persons, erected by a rich bachelor, named Donaldson.

When I reached the school I was kindly received by the Principal a man who despite his 78 years, was still hearty and cheerful. His name was Mr. Kinneburg, and he was at one time, I believe a minister of the church of England.

He was a very tall stout gentleman with a certain air of importance about him which at once deeply impressed my young mind. He wore a very long-tailed black coat, knee breeches and gaiters, some large, old-fashioned gold seals suspended on a black ribbon