

shall, therefore, in his history mention him by the name of Ebenezer Baird. As he grew in years, the disagreeable expression of his countenance became stronger, his deformity and lameness increased, and the treatment he had experienced added to both.

When nine years of age, he was sent to a boarding-school about twelve miles distant. Here a new series of persecutions awaited him. Until the day of his entering the school, he was almost ignorant that there was an alphabet. He knew not a letter. He had seen one or two books, but he knew not their use—he had never seen any one look upon them—he regarded them merely as he did a picture, a piece of useless furniture, or a plaything. Lame as he was, he had climbed the steep and the dripping precipice for the eggs of the water ouzel—sought among the crags for the young of the gorgeous kingfisher, or climbed the tallest trees in quest of the crested wrens, which chirped and fluttered in invisible swarms among the branches.\* The birds were to him companions; he wished to rear their young that they might love him, for there was a lack of something in his heart—he knew not what it was—but it was the void of being beloved, of being regarded. It is said that Nature abhors a vacuum, and so did the heart of Ebenezer. He knew not what name to give it, but he longed for something that would shew a liking for him, and to which he could shew a liking in return. The heart is wicked, but it is not unsocial—its affections wither in solitariness. When he strolled forth on these rambles about the glen, having asked the permission of his mother or keeper (call her what you will) before he went—"Go, imp! Esop!" she was wont to exclaim, "and I shall pray that you may break your neck before you return." There were no farmers' or shepherds' children within several miles—he had seen some of them, and when they had seen him, they had laughed at his deformity—they had imitated his lameness, and contorted their countenances into a caricatured resemblance of his. Such were poor Ebenezer's acquirements, and such his acquaintance with human nature, when he entered the boarding-school.

\* The water ouzel, the kingfisher, and the crested wren, abound in the vicinity of the Cheviots—though the latter beautiful little creature is generally considered as quite a *rara avis*—and last year one being shot about Cumberland, the circumstance went the round of the newspapers! But the bird is not rare, it is only difficult to be seen, and generally flutters among the leaves and near the top branches.

A primer was put into his hands. "What must I do with it?" thought Ebenezer. He beheld the rod of correction in the hands of the teacher, and he trembled—for his misshapen shoulders were familiar with such an instrument. He heard others read—he saw them write—and he feared, wondered, and trembled the more. He thought that he would be called upon to do the same, and he knew he could not. He had no idea of *learning*—he had never heard of such a thing. He thought that he must do as he saw others doing at once, and he cast many troubled looks at the lord of a hundred boys. When the name of "Ebenezer Baird" was called out, he burst into tears, he sobbed, terror overwhelmed him. But when the teacher approached him kindly—took him from his seat—placed him between his knees—patted his head, and desired him to speak after him the heart of the little cripple was assured, and more than assured; it was the first time he had experienced kindness, and he could have fallen on the ground and hugged the knees of his master. The teacher, indeed, found Ebenezer the most ignorant scholar he had ever met with, but he was no tyrant of the birch, though to his pupils

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;" and though he had all the manners and austerity of the old school about him, he did not lay his head upon the pillow with his arm tired by the incessant use of the ferula. He was touched with the simplicity and the extreme ignorance of his new boarder, and he felt also for his lameness and deformity. Thrice he went over the alphabet with his pupil, commencing—"Big A—Little A," and having got over *b*, he told him to remember that *c* was like a half moon—"Ye aye mind *c* again," added he, "think ye see the moon." Thus they went on to *g*, and he asked him what the carters said to their horses when they wished them to go faster; but this Ebenezer could not tell—carts and horses were sights that he had seen as objects of wonder. They are but seldom seen among the hills now, and in those days they were almost unknown. Getting over *h*, he strove to impress *i* upon the memory of his pupil, by touching the solitary grey orbit in his countenance, (for Ebenezer had but one,) and asking him what he called it—"my *e'e*," answered Ebenezer.

"No, sir, you must not say your *e'e*, but your eye—mind that, and that letter is *i*."

The teacher went on, showing him that he could not forget round *O*, and crooked *S*, and