

resolved to make a voyage to Europe, working his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, or in any other capacity in which he could receive wages for the work of his hands. These wages it was his intention to spend in the purchase of books at any port at which the ship might stop, and thus return to his own country with a little library. Boston was the nearest port, at a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, and to Boston he set out on foot. All his worldly wealth with him; his change of linen tied in a handkerchief, three dollars and an old silver watch in his pocket—which watch was of no use to him, as it did not go, and he could not afford to have it mended.

“Footsore and weary, after a travel of a hundred and twenty miles, he arrived in Boston to find that no vessel was sailing from that port. He learned, however, to his comfort, that an Antiquarian Library existed in the town of Worcester, which was forty miles distant, and to that place he now resolved on going, determined to take work as a journeyman, and to gain access to the library.” To Worcester, then he went, and engaged himself to work for twelve dollars a month. But in a very short time he discovered that, owing to the hours during which the library was open being the same as those during which he *must work* at his anvil, the antiquarian collection of Worcester could be of no use to him. He wrought on, however, during the year 1837, working hard both bodily and mentally, until he seriously injured his health. To shew how this year was spent, let us give an extract from his dairy of one week’s work as a specimen of the whole:—

“Monday, June 18—Headache; forty pages Cuvier’s Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday—Sixty five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier’s theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. Wednesday—Twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. Thursday—Fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. Friday—Unwell; twelve hours forging. Saturday—Unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. Sunday—Lessons for Bible Class.”

About this time Burritt apparently for no other reason than to try himself wrote after three months study, a letter to the President of the Antiquarian Society of Paris in the Celto-Breton tongue. We question whether there is one man in Canada who can appreciate the difficulties that had to be got over in order to do this. For the achievement he received honorable mention from the Society. “About the time of this remarkable letter he began his studies of *the various languages* of the Scandinavian and Slavonic field.” Up till now, Burritt, notwithstanding all he had done and was doing, was comparatively obscure. At about this time thinking that he could add to his slender means by publishing translations, particularly from the German, he wrote to a gentleman who he thought could assist him—giving him a sketch of his life and then present views. This letter the gentleman sent to Governor Everett, and the first thing in the shape of an answer which Burritt saw, was an invitation from the Governor of the State to visit him at Boston.

Thither he went, and from then till now has, as he himself says, “laboured