

rably for little folk, especially in the *Odyssey* ; a copy of which,—in the only true translation extant,—for, judging from its surpassing interest, and the wrath of critics, such I hold that of Pope to be,—I found in the house of a neighbor. Next came the *Iliad* ; not, however, in a complete copy, but represented by four of the six volumes of Bernard Lintot. With what power, and at how early an age, true genius impresses ! I saw, even at this immature period, that no other writer could cast a javelin with half the force of Homer. The missiles went whizzing athwart his pages ; and I could see the momentary gleam of the steel, ere it buried itself deep in brass and bull-hide. I next succeeded in discovering for myself a child's book, of not less interest than even the *Iliad*, which might, I was told, be read on Sabbaths, in a magnificent old edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," printed on coarse whity-brown paper, and charged with numerous wood-cuts, each of which occupied an entire page, that, on principles of economy, bore letter-press on the other side. And such delightful prints as they were ! It must have been some such volume that sat for its portrait to Wordsworth, and which he so exquisitely describes as

"Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean aneled too,
With long and ghastly shanks,—forms which, once seen,
Could never be forgotten."

In process of time I had devoured, besides these genial works, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ambrose on Angels*, the "judgment chapter" in *Howie's Scotch Worthies*, *Byron's Narrative*, and the adventures of *Philip Quarll*, with a good many other adventures and voyages, real and fictitious, part of a very miscellaneous collection of books made by my father. It was a melancholy little library to which I had fallen heir. Most of the missing volumes had been with the master aboard his vessel when he perished. Of an early edition of *Cook's Voyages*, all the volumes were now absent save the first ; and a very tantalizing romance, in four volumes,—*Mrs. Ratcliff's*