

“Mysteries of Udolpho,”—was represented by only the earlier two. Small as the collection was, it contained some rare books,—among the rest, a curious little volume, entitled “The Miracles of Nature and Art,” to which we find Dr. Johnson referring, in one of the dialogues chronicled by Boswell, as scarce even in his day, and which had been published, he said, some time in the seventeenth century by a bookseller whose shop hung perched on Old London Bridge, between sky and water. It contained, too, the only copy I ever saw of the “Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion,”—a work interesting from the circumstance that—though it bore another name on its title-page—it had been translated from the French for a few guineas by poor Goldsmith, in his days of obscure literary drudgery, and exhibited the peculiar excellencies of his style. The collection boasted, besides, of a curious old book, illustrated by very uncouth plates, that detailed the perils and sufferings of an English sailor who had spent the best years of his life as a slave in Morocco. It had its volumes of sound theology, too, and of stiff controversy,—Flavel’s Works, and Henry’s Commentary, and Hutchinson on the Lesser Prophets, and a very old treatise on the Revelations, with the title page away, and blind Jameson’s volume on the Hierarchy, with first editions of Naphtali, the Cloud of Witnesses, and the Hind Let Loose. But with these solid authors I did not venture to grapple until long after this time. Of the works of fact and incident which it contained, those of the voyages were my especial favorites. I perused with avidity the voyages of Anson, Drake, Raleigh, Dampier, and Captain Woods Rogers; and my mind became so filled with conceptions of what was to be seen and done in foreign parts, that I wished myself big enough to be a sailor, that I might go and see coral islands and burning mountains, and hunt wild beasts and fight battles.

I have already made mention of my two maternal uncles; and referred, at least incidentally, to their mother, as the friend and relative of my father’s aged cousins, and, like her, a great-grand-child of the last curate of Nigg. The curate’s youngest