

I have good authority for knowing that while young Irving was a mere child he was delighted with the <sup>juvenile</sup> publications of Mr. Hawtrey of St. Paul's Churchyard, London and that he often appeared as a purchaser to a popular store <sup>at that early day</sup> in this city where the cheap books of that renowned vendor of ~~pin~~ were sold. He was wont to dwell upon the incidents thus stored in memory and ~~in~~ among his <sup>assembled</sup> ~~former~~ companions repeat the tale of wonder, with perhaps original embellishments. But, <sup>rather</sup> such, the Giant Thicker nor Olofi's fables could not prove a perpetual study to a mind intent on progress.

But to return from this digression.

*[The handwriting is extremely faint and illegible.]*