

of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though he was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the 'George,' for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party. When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience, than the performers were.

'What the devil does all this mean?' thought he; 'have they found out what I am?' Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humor the joke.' On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—'That's he.'—'arrived this evening.'—'Incog.'—'Staying at the George?' Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in their full dress, received him at the gateway with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax lights, stepped up to him with a low bow. 'This way, an' please your —, this way. Supper is ready for your —.'

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered with every delicacy of the season. His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distressed at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs Malaprop would say, 'all was alacrity and adulation.' Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return? 'Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please —' 'I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight.' 'A carriage shall be in attendance, your —' 'No, no; my visit is of a private nature.' 'I understand, so please — and will caution my servants.' Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a *segar* or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis' beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest. The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honor of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with his condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back. Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honorable —, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was dispatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all 'the militia of the inn,' to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favors liberally to the domestics; threw a crown piece at the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*. 'Long life to the Grand —' were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for the *litterateur* of his eminence to reckon upon,

he kicked off his boots! Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

'THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.'

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large or too small; and for whom also—our literary diplomast had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise water at the George! 'Fairly hooked,' muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

THE SEA.

The sea, the Sea, the Summer Sea!
No tempests o'er it sweep;
But, calm as childhood's gentle rest,
The placid waters sleep.
The Nauticus, in mimic pride,
The balmy breezes greet;
Lo! where it spreads its purple sail,
And steers its fairy fleet!
The sunset cloud, the crescent moon,
The rock, the tower, the tree,
Mirror'd in magic beauty seem—
The Sea, the Summer Sea!

The Sea, the Sea, the Winter Sea!
When storm-clouds are abroad—
And tempests howl and billows rise—
And nature's self is awed.
The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash—
The skies in anger frown—
While 'mid the elemental strife—
The shattered ship goes down.
For 'tis, indeed, an awful hour
Of dread solemnity,
When Death, with shadowy footstep, treads
The Sea, the Winter Sea!

MR. BRANDRETH.

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Anecdote of David Hume—About a fortnight before his death, he added a codicil to his will, in which he fully discovered his attention to his friends, as well as his own pleasantry. What little wine he himself drank, was generally port, a wine for which his friend the poet [John Home] had ever declared the strongest aversion. David bequeaths to his friend John one bottle of port, and, upon condition of his drinking this, even at two down sittings, bestows upon him twelve dozen of his best claret. He pleasantly adds, that this subject of wine was the only one upon which they had ever differed. In the codicil there are several other strokes of railery and pleasantry, highly expressive of the cheerfulness which he then enjoyed. He even turned his attention to some of the simple amusements with which he had been formerly pleased. In the neighbourhood of his brother's house in Berwickshire, is a brook, by which the access in time of floods is frequently interrupted. Mr Hume bequeaths £100 for building a bridge over this brook, but upon the express condition that none of the stones for that purpose shall be taken from a quarry in the neighbourhood, which forms part of a romantic scene in which, in his earlier days, Mr Hume took particular delight. Otherwise the money to go to the poor of the parish.

Life of John Bunyan.—The events of Bunyan's life were few. He was born within a mile of Bedford, in the year 1628; his parents were braziers, and he was brought up to the same trade. He seems, by his own account, to have been rather dissipated in his youth, but he married early, and soon afterwards acquired decidedly religious habits. Being of a very enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination, he was continually haunted by what appeared to him visions and heavenly revelations. Having taken means to disseminate his own peculiar notions, he was arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison, where he remained for twelve years. It was here he wrote most of his works, which are very voluminous. He survived his confinement sixteen years, during which time he paid regularly an annual visit to London, employing himself in preaching, and superintending the publication of his different compositions. He died in the year 1688, aged sixty. He left behind him a widow, who had been his second wife, and three children. The year in which the first edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was published, is not known. The second edition is preserved in the British Museum, and bears date 1678.

Mountains of New South Wales.—The continued melting of the snow on the mountains of Van Dieman's Lands, perhaps causes its torrents to be unparalleled throughout the world for constant strength and activity during the winter months; so much so, that it is dangerous to attempt to cross some of them, within steep banks, although they are not ten feet in width, without felling a tree for a bridge. These furious torrents, in their descent, often form beautiful cascades, which shine forth like molten silver from among the sombre foliage that clothes the mountain's side, and produce a

chain of vapours so intense, that it rises without dispersion in graceful wreaths to the very mountain's top.

Mount Ararat—on which the ark of Noah rested when the waters of the deluge subsided, is ten or twelve leagues from Erivan, to the south east. The Armenians have so great a veneration for it, that so soon as they perceive it, they fall prostrate to the ground and kiss it. They call this mountain Mesesoufat, that is, 'the mountain of the ark.' It is supposed to be the Gordian mountain of the ancient geographers; and its summit is divided into two points, always covered with snow, and almost continually surrounded with clouds and fogs, which render them invisible. At the foot of the mountain are moving sands, interrupted by some barren down, A little higher are dreadful black rocks, piled upon each other, which, on account of the steepness of the mountain, the abundance of the sands, and the defect of water, are very difficult of access.

The Southern Hemisphere.—The most beautiful part of the Southern celestial hemisphere, which comprehends the constellations—Centaur, Argo, and the Cross, is always hidden from the inhabitants of Europe. Under the Equator only can the magnificent spectacle be enjoyed of seeing at the same time all the stars of the two celestial hemispheres: there the Great and Little Bear, with others of our Northern constellations, appear of an amazing size, by reason of their proximity to the horizon; and the consequent influence of atmospheric refraction.

London.—No city in Christendom announces itself so far, or sends to such a distance the decided intimations of its extent and power. Twenty miles before its pinnacles and spires are visible, the black cloud of smoke and vapour that hangs over it, as a perpetual canopy, is seen to swell up in the horizon, like the dark forms at sea, which sometimes announce the approach to a vast continent. Almost as far off, an increase in the amount of passengers is perceptible. Stage coaches of all sizes and forms, crowded with passengers on their tops, that make them seem instinct with life, hurry by in succession, and the post chaises and equipages multiply to such numbers, that one not accustomed to calculate the wide influence of so great a city, can hardly persuade himself that he is not already approaching its suburbs. Some miles, however, before he is even so near as this, the numbers of every thing moving, begin to look like crowds, and soon afterwards the crowds fall into an almost incessant and uninterrupted stream. In the mean while the roads and streets are growing wide, and the shops more frequent, rich, and showy, the villages disappear, or rather become considerable towns; and the towns are gradually changed into a continued succession of suburbs, through the midst of which, the astonished stranger hastens forward, until driven perpetually on by the unbroken torrent, he finds himself borne, at last, into the endless multitudes of the metropolis itself.—North Am. Review.

Visit to the Ancient Churches.—The astonishing loss of population, which those parts of the world have sustained since ancient times, is still more affecting. I have wandered amidst the ruins of Ephesus, and I have ocular and auricular demonstration, that where once assembled thousands exclaimed, Great is Diana of the Ephesians, now the eagle yells, the jackall moans, the echoes of Mount Prion and Mount Coryssus no longer reply to the voice of man. I have stood on the hill of Laodicea, and I found it without a single resident inhabitant. There was, indeed, an inferiority in its desolations to those of Babylon. Of Babylon it was predicted, (Isaiah xiii. 20.) *The Arabian shall not pitch tent there.* At Laodicea, the Turcoman had pitched his migratory tent in the area of its ancient amphitheatre; but I saw neither church nor temple, mosque nor minaret, nor a single permanent abode.

I paid a visit to the city of Colossæ—if that, indeed, may be called a visit, which left us in some degree of uncertainty whether we had actually discovered its remains. Colossæ has become doubly desolate; its very ruins are scarcely visible. Many a harvest has been reaped, where Epaphras and Archippus laboured. The vine has long produced its fruits, where the ancient Christians of Colossæ lived and died; and the leaves of the forest have for ages been strewn upon their graves. The Turks and even the Greeks who reap the harvest and who prune the vine where Colossæ once stood, have scarcely an idea that a Christian church ever existed there, or that so large a population is there reposing in death.

How total is the work of demolition and depopulation in those regions, is evident from the fact, that the site of many ancient cities is still unknown. It was owing to the exertions of the Rev. F. Arundell, my fellow traveller in Asia, that the remains of Apamea and Sagalassus were brought to light: and there are still cities mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles which have eluded research. Where is Antioch of Pisidia? Where are Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia? Where is Perga of Pamphylia? We sought for Antioch, on our journey through Pisidia; but its place, as