



Newfoundland.

No. 141.

THURSDAY, April 1, 1830.

Sixpence.

Notice.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE United Pilot Club.

THE undermentioned Pilots out of the port of St. John's, do hereby agree to associate themselves together, under the name of the UNITED PILOT CLUB, from the 1st March instant, until the first day of June next; from which time, until the 10th day of August, the Club shall be dissolved, and each man be at his own disposal to proceed on the fishery, or otherwise;—but from the 10th day of August the parties undersigned bind themselves to re-unite, and act together for their mutual benefit, until the first day of January, 1831, under the following Regulations:—

- 1st.—The Pilot Club shall not consist of more than fifteen Pilots; but as it is understood that two of the said Pilots, namely, John Vinnecomb and John Gallishew, have each a shipped man now in their employ, the Pilot Club shall continue their services in the boats of the Club, and allow their said Masters monthly wages out of the general funds for the time such said men shall be employed.
- 2d.—The number of boats belonging to the Pilot Club shall not exceed three; the wear and tear and expenses of which shall be rateably borne by each of the members of the Club; and in case of the loss of one or more of the said boats, the members of the Club are bound to pay for the same, or to provide other boats of equal value.
- 3d.—There shall be a Master Pilot appointed for each of the boats belonging to the Club, who shall have the command, guidance, and direction of the Pilots in their respective boats; and the said Master Pilots shall be John Gallishew, Richard Vinnecomb, and John Ryan.
- 4th.—Should any member of the Pilot Club be absent when his services are required, and not be able to give a satisfactory reason for his absence to the Master and Crew of the boat to which he may belong; or should any Member be rendered, by drunkenness or other excess, unable to perform his share of the work, such member shall be fined Forty Shillings—to be deducted from his share of the general fund, and divided among the other members of the Club.
- 5th.—The Members of the Pilot Club do bind themselves to pilot vessels in and out of the port of St. John's, upon the same terms of payment as they have been in the habit of receiving from the following houses—namely, Messrs. Robinson & Brooking; Messrs. Brown, Hoyle & Co.; Messrs. John Duncomb & Co.; Mr. Nicholas Gill; Mr. Patrick Morris; Messrs. Henderson, Bland & Co.; Messrs. Hunters & Co.; Messrs. Bulby, Job & Co.; Messrs. Rendell & Mortimer; Messrs. W. & H. Thomas; Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co.; Messrs. Alsop & Co.; Mr. Benjamin Williams; and Messrs. Newman & Co.
- 6th.—The Pilot Club shall meet together on the first Saturday in every month, when there shall be an account given of the different sums received by each member for pilotage, and a fair and rateable distribution made of the general fund among the members;—and if it should be proved, to the satisfaction of ten members of the Club, that any member does not give a fair and true account of the monies received by him during each month, he shall be fined Five Pounds, which shall be distributed rateably among the other members.
- 7th.—Any member who enters the Pilot Club, and signs to the rules hereinafter mentioned, shall not have it in his power to withdraw from the said Club, under any pretence whatever (sickness excepted); and should any member presume to do so, he shall pay to the Club a fine of Fifteen Pounds, to be recoverable, as a just and lawful debt, in any Court of Law in the Island.

The parties whose names are hereunder affixed, bind themselves, by their signatures, to the strict fulfilment of the above Rules and Regulations, and to the payment of the several penalties attached to them for neglect of duty, dishonesty, or absence.

JOHN RYAN, ALLEN BEDFORD,
JOHN GALLISHEW, JOHN VINNECOMB,
RICHARD VINNECOMB, JOHN FLEMING,
THOMAS RYAN, ABRAHAM GALLISHEW,
NICHOLAS VINNECOMB, JAMES BRYAN,
JAMES McLAUGHLAN,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
2d March, 1830.

[Continued from last page.]

"Come along, my dear," she concluded, "let us go and leave him—I don't care if I never see him any more."

The exasperation of Peter Brown, at seeing and hearing, as he imagined, his own wife act and speak in this shameful manner before his face, may be "more easily imagined than described;" but his genuine wife, who belonged, as he conceived, to the drunken man, hung so close about his neck that he found it impossible to escape. George Syms, however, was utterly unable to rise, and sat, with an idiot-like simper upon his face, as if giving himself up to a pleasing delusion, while his wife was patting, and coaxing, and wheedling him in every way, to induce him to get upon his legs and try to go home. At length, as he vacantly stared about, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, whom, to save repetition, we may as well call his teetotum-wife, hanging about his neighbour's neck. This sight effectually roused him, and before Mrs. Syms was aware of his intention, he started up and ran furiously at Peter Brown, who received him much in the manner that might be expected, with a salutation in "the bread-basket," which sent him reeling on the floor. As a matter of course, Mrs. Syms took the part of her fallen husband, and put her mark upon Mr. Peter Brown; and, as a matter of course, Mrs. Peter Brown took the part of her spouse, and commenced an attack on Mrs. Syms.

In the meanwhile Sally had not been idle. After chastening Jacob Philpot to her heart's content, she, with the assistance of Mrs. Philpot and Philip the hostler, who was much astonished to hear her order the mistress about, conveyed him up stairs, and where he was deposited, as he was, upon a spare bed, to "take his chance," as she said, "and sleep off his drunken fit." Sally then returned to the scene of strife, and desired the "company" to go about their business, for she should not allow any thing more to "be called for" that night. Having said this with an air of authority, she left the room; and though Mrs. Syms and Mrs. Brown were greatly surprised thereat, they said nothing, inasmuch as they were somewhat ashamed of their own appearance, and had matters of more importance than Sally's eccentricity to think of, as Mrs. Syms had been cruelly wounded in her new shawl, which she had imprudently thrown over her shoulders; and the left side of the lace on Mrs. Brown's cap had been torn away in the recent conflict. Mrs. Philpot, enacting her part as the teetotum Sally of the night, besought the ladies to go home, and leave the gentlemen to sleep where they were, i. e. upon the floor, till the morning: for Peter Brown, notwithstanding the noise he had made, was as incapable of standing as the quieter George Syms. So the women dragged them into separate corners of the room, placed pillows under their heads, and threw a blanket over each, and then left them to repose. The two disconsolate wives each forthwith departed to her own lonely pillow, leaving Mrs. Philpot particularly puzzled at the difference with which they had treated her, by calling her "Madam," as if she was mistress of the house.

Leaving them all to their slumbers, we must now say a word or two about the teetotum, the properties of which were to change people's characters, spinning the mind of one man or woman into the body of another. The duration of the delusion, caused by this droll game of the old gentleman's, depended upon the length of time spent in the diversion; and five minutes was the specific period for causing it to last till the next sunrise or sunset after the change had been effected. Therefore, when the morning came, Mrs. Philpot and Sally, and Peter Brown and George Syms, all came to their senses. The two latter went quietly home, with aching heads and very confused recollections of the preceding evening; and shortly after their departure, Mrs. Philpot awoke in great astonishment at finding herself in the garret; and Sally was equally surprised, and much alarmed, at finding herself in her mistress's room, from which she hastened in quick time, leaving all things in due order.

The elderly stranger made his appearance soon after, and appeared to have brushed up his shabby genteel clothes, for he really looked much more respectable than on the preceding evening. He ordered his breakfast, and sat down thereto very quietly, and asked for the newspaper, and pulled out his spectacles, and began to con the politics of the day much at his ease, no one having the least suspicion that he and his teetotum had been the cause of all the

uproar at the Red Lion. In due time the landlord made his appearance, with sundry marks of violence upon his jolly countenance, and, after due obeisance, made to his respectable-looking guest, took the liberty of telling his spouse that he should insist upon her sending Sally away, for that he had never been so mauled since he was born; but Mrs. Philpot told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and she was very glad the girl had spirit enough to protect herself, and that she would not part with her on any account. She then referred to what had passed in the back kitchen, taking to herself the credit of having inflicted that punishment which had been administered by the hands of Sally.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Selections.

ANECDOTES.—By the Eltrick Shepherd.—Mr. David Patterson once told me that he saw a black man standing at a door in Glasgow, and a young Highlander from the country, passing by at the time, chanced to cast his eyes upon him with a gleam of prodigious interest. Patterson, anticipating some grand sport, drew near, and saw the Highlander came briskly forward, and began to feel the black servant's hands and clothes, muttering to himself all the while, "Aih, Cot a mercy on us all! what is made up for the pawpee here!" At length he began as briskly to handle the black man's face, on which the latter gave him a rude push, and cried, "Stand back, Sir!" The young Highlander uttered a loud shriek, and sprang almost to the middle of the street, and then, turning round in utter astonishment, he exclaimed, "Cot's grace! whoever saw'd the like of tat! I'll be tamm if I didna thought she was a timber." The same Mr. Patterson once saw another Highlander standing looking at the head of a black man on a tobaccoist's sign-board, which head kept constantly moving on springs. Patterson drew near, and began to look with still greater astonishment: on which the Highlander said, "Pray, cot shentleman, can you pe telling her if yonter head pelong to one of Cot's creatures?" A Highlander from the small isles, who had never been in a church, or heard a sermon in his life, came over to a sacrament on the main land, and the service being in his native tongue, he paid great attention till the psalm was given out, for he had missed the first one. When the precentor fell a bawling out, Donald could not comprehend that, and called to some to stop him; but how was he astounded, when the whole congregation fell a-gaping and bawling with all their energy! Donald conceiving it all a fit of madness, of which the precentor was the primary cause, bustled up to him, and gave him a blow on the side of the head, till the book dropped from his hand. "What do you mean, Sir?" said the clerk. "Humph! be you taking tat," said Donald, "for you was te peckianer of tis tam tooboo." An elderly man, from the Braes of Athol, who had never seen a ship or the sea in his life, once chanced to be crossing from Kiahorna to Leith on a very stormy day, and as the vessel heeled terribly, he ran to the cords and held down with his whole vigour to keep her from upsetting. "For the sake of our lives shentles, come and hold town!" cried he; "or, if you will not pe helping me, I'll lit you all go to the bottom in one moment. And you ploughman tere, cannot you keep to howe of te furr, and no gag owe te crown of te riggsawaw? Heich?" The steer-man at this laughing aloud, the Highlander was irritated, and, with one of the levers, he ran and knocked him down. "Nhow! laugh you nhow?" said he; "and you weel deserve it all, for it was you who put her so mhad, kitting her thail with tat pin."—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

At the commencement of the battle of Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, an Irish regiment was for a considerable time unemployed, though, at the same time, exposed to a fire of round shot from a French column. The officers of this regiment, who had a complete view of the field, saw the 42d and other battalions warmly engaged in charging. The young men could not brook the contrast presented by their inactivity. "It will," said they, "be the same now as it always has been. The 42d will have all the luck of it. There will be a fine noise in the newspapers about that regiment, but the devil a word of us." Some of their elders consoled them by assuring them of the probability, that before the day was over they would have enough of it. This regiment was one of those which suffered the most; and the greater part of those fine-spirited youths

who expressed this impatience were laid lifeless in the field before the evening.

Quin used to say, that "of all the bands of marriage he ever heard, none gave him half so much pleasure as the union of delicate Ann-chovy with good John-dory." The wit and the sentiment are equally worthy of Apicius.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for Feb. 1830.)

LIFE OF BYRON; by MOORE, dedicated to SCOTT, is a short sentence that sounds like a trumpet! 'Tis a spirit-stirring reveille. [Seldom, if ever—not to refuse another image that instantaneously suggests itself—have we seen the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, in such beautiful—such magnificent union. Three such fixed stars—pardon us for being so poetical—are not to be seen burning together, in a small serene spot of blue of a few hundred millions of miles in circumference—every night—that is once every thousand years—in heaven. Figures of speech apart, these three Poets—alike, but oh! how different—are, as we could soon shew, by many sufficient causes, allied, in their works, to our imagination. Add Campbell, and the Patrie Quarree would be as harmonious as the music of the spheres. The other poetical luminaries of the age must constitute various constellations for themselves; celestial clubs of which it might be perilous to elect the presidents. That is their own look-out, not ours—so we return not to our mutton, but our venison—not to our sheep, but our wild-deer—to Aberdeen and to Byron.]

The little that Mr. Moore has been able to collect about Byron's infancy and first boyhood, is deeply interesting indeed, and most impressively narrated. Yet what can be *certainly* known of the infancy and first boyhood of any human being? How imperfectly known must they be to the man himself—how much more so to those who, through the distant gloom, would seek for the glimmer? Yet through that gloom, when we know that it shrouded the soul of genius, with what intensity of vision do we strive to pierce! If in future life we have known that the temper was "strong and turbulent," we listen to old women's tales in explanation of the growth of the phenomenon, and gather up the traditionary gossip that relates even to the time when he who, perhaps, afterwards set the world on fire, was "muling and puking in his nurse's arms." Thus we go back with a strange deep interest with Mr. Moore to the most childish anecdotes of Byron's childhood.

From London, Mrs. Byron proceeded with her infant to Scotland, and in the year 1790, took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron. Here for a short time they lived together in lodgings at the house of a person named Anderson, in Queen-street. But their union being by no means happy, a separation took place between them, and Mrs. Byron removed to lodgings at the other end of the street. Notwithstanding this schism, they for some time continued to visit, and even to drink tea with each other; but the elements of discord were strong on both sides, and their separation was, at last, complete and final. He would frequently, however, accost the nurse and his son in their walks, and expressed a strong wish to have the child for a day or two on a visit with him. To this request Mrs. Byron was, at first, not very willing to accede, but, on the representation of the nurse, that "if he kept the boy one night, he would not do so another," she consented. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on inquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had had quite enough of his young visitor, and she might take him home again.

It should be observed, however, that Mrs. Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, sent as the boy was, on this occasion, to encounter the trial of a visit without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That, as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an aut hor, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock, in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages," (as he himself described them,) seized the frock with both his hands, and

vent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.

But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks, in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c., there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, Mary Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind, against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him.

Byron's boyhood was on the whole beautiful. But, from the first dawn, it was beauty of a troubled kind. By an accident, which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position; and this defect, chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it, was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his infant years. The nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines, or bandages, at bed-time, would often sing him to sleep, or tell him stories or legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory—as they have been to many millions of other children. Out of those lessons arose, long afterwards, the "Hebrew Melodies." But for them, never would they have been written, though he had studied Lath on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews all his life. When not quite five years old, he was sent to a day-school, (terms for reading, six shillings the quarter,) kept by a Mr. Bowers, whom, Byron tells us, the boys called "Bodsey Bowers," by reason of his dapperness.

"It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables, ('God made man—let us love him') by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundary of my first year's accomplishments was detected, my ears boxed, (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects assigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks, (East, I think.) Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured painstaking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was history, and why, I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman history, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards, I had a very serious, and, I think, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoe-maker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School, (Scotice, Schule; Aberdonice, Squeel,) where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England, (where I had been hatched,) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city; I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank."

On examining the quarterly lists at "the Grammar School" of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears, that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth of the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got a-head of several of his contemporaries, who had previously always stood before him. But Byron, at school, had "an alacrity at sinking."

"He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his school-fellows by prowess in all sports and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places,—with a view no doubt of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head; and the master, to banter him, would say, 'Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again.'"

But we seek more anxiously for other dispositions in the boy Byron, than those towards his books—or even his plays; though it is pleasant to be told that the old Porter at the college "sinned woe!" the

little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trousers, whom he has so often turned out of the college-court-yard; that he was "a good hand at marbles, and could spin one farther than most boys; excelling also at 'Bases,'—a game which requires considerable swiftness of foot." But of his class-fellows at the Grammar School, there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered; and the general impression that they retain of him is,—that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows, to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and, as one of them significantly expressed it, "always more ready to give a blow than to take one."

"Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished; little Byron, however, at the time promising to 'pay him off' whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto—'Trust Byron.'"

During this period his mother and he made occasionally visits among their friends, passing some time at Feteresso, the seat of his god-father, Col. Duff—where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Earnest Fidler, is still remembered. In 1799, after an attack of scarlet fever, his mother took him, for change of air, into the Highlands—to a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Ballater, forty miles up the Dee; and there, as Mr. Moore says, "the dark summit of Lochin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future Bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, shew that, young as he was at the time, its 'frowning glories' were not unnoticed by him." Mr. Moore beautifully, truly, and philosophically says,—

"To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever so produced. That the charm of scenery, which derives its chief power from fancy and association, should be much felt at an age when fancy is yet hardly awake, and associations but few, can with difficulty, even making every allowance for the prematurity of genius, be conceived. The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature, is not so much in the objects themselves, as in the eye that contemplates them; and Imagination must first be able to lend a glory to such scenes, before she can derive inspiration from them. As materials, indeed, for the poetic faculty, when developed, to work upon, these impressions of the new and wonderful, retained from childhood, and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius, may form, it is true, the purest and most precious part of that aliment with which the memory of the poet feeds his imagination. But still it is the newly-awakened power within him that is the source of the charm;—it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollection, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poetry. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery as Lord Byron received in his childhood, must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which to more make the poet than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to make the bee which treasures it."

THE ARMY.

Military Force of Great Britain for 1830.
OFFICERS.—5 Field-Marshals,* 108 Generals, 248 Lieutenant-Generals, 241 Major-Generals, 295 Colonels, 786 Lieut.-Colonels, 910 Majors, 1709 Captains, 2450 Lieutenants (first and second), 1745 Cornets and Ensigns—total, 8497.
CAVALRY.—2 Regiments of Life Guards, 1 Regiment of Horse Guards (Cuirassiers, forming the cavalry of the household troops), 7 Regiments of Dragoon Guards, 3 Regiments of Heavy Dragoons (1st, 2d, and 6th.), 5 Regiments of Light Dragoons (3d, 4th, 11th, 13th, and 14th.), 4 Regiments of Hussars (7th, 8th, 10th, and 15th.), 4 Regiments of Lancers (9th, 12th, 16th, and 17th.) 26 Regiments of Regular Cavalry.† Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Waggon Train.
INFANTRY.—3 Regiments of Guards (1st Grenadier), forming the infantry of the household troops, 1 Regiment of Royal Artillery, 1 Regiment ditto Engineers, 1 Regiment ditto Staff Corps, 99 Regiments of the Line,† 1 Rifle Brigade, 2 West India Regiments, 1 Caylon ditto (Riflemen), 1 Cape Corps ditto, 1 Royal African ditto, 3 Royal Veteran Battalion, 8 Royal Veteran Companies (for service in

* Duke of Wellington, Cumberland, Cambridge, Gloucester, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.
 † In the 26 Regiments of Cavalry, three are Scotch and three Irish; and in the 99 Regiments of Infantry, five are Scotch Lowland Regiments, eight Highland ditto, six Irish ditto, and one Welsh (Fuziliers).
 ‡ The Royal Malta Fencible Regiment is a Maltese Regiment, officered by Maltese; and in the Caylon Regiment the men are Ceylonese, officered partly by English and natives. These are the only two foreign regiments in the King's service; forming in the whole an effective military force of about 150,000 men for the present year.

Newfoundland and New South Wales), 1 Royal Malta Fencible Regiment.
MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.—Ordnance, Commissariat, Medical, &c.

Naval Force of Great Britain for 1830.

Admiral of the Fleet, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, K. G., K. T., G. C. B., D. C. L.
Admirals—Of the Red, 13; White, 16; Blue, 15.—Total, 44.
Vice-Admirals—Of the Red, 21; White, 21; Blue, 21.—Total, 63.
Rear-Admirals—Of the Red, 25; White, 20; Blue, 22.—Total, 67.
Superannuated Rear-Admirals, 25; superannuated and retired Captains on full pay, 14.
Captains—On full pay, 589; on the half-pay of 14s. 6d. per diem, 101; on the half-pay of 12s. 6d. per diem, 161.—Total, 851.
Commanders—On full pay, 755; on the half-pay of 10s. per diem, 150.—Total, 905.
Lieutenants superannuated, with the rank of Commander, 100; poor Knights of Windsor (Lieuts.) 7.
Lieutenants—On full pay, 2,579; on half-pay of 7s. per diem, 302; on the half-pay of 6s. per diem, 700.—Total, 3581.
Masters—On full pay, 224; on the half-pay of 7s. per diem, 100; on the half-pay of 6s. per diem, 200; (superannuated, 21.)—Total, 525.
Pursers—On full pay, 344; on the half-pay of 5s. per diem, 100; on the half-pay of 4s. per diem, 200. Total, 644.
Medical Officers—Physicians, 12; Surgeons on full pay, 738; ditto retired on full pay, 53; Assistant-Surgeons on full pay, 363; Dispensers of Hospitals, 13; Hospital Mates, 3.—Total, 1182.
Chaplains—On full pay, 46; ditto on retired list, 24.—Total, 70.

Funeral of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.—Pursuant to the arrangements agreed upon between the Council of the Royal Academy and the acting executor of the will of Sir Thomas, the remains of the President were removed on Thursday, in a hearse and four, from his house in Russell Square to Somerset House, attended by the Rev. Mr. Bloxham, his brother-in-law, the two Mr. Bloxhams, and Mr. Keightly, his solicitor and executor. They arrived at the Academy a little before 9 o'clock, and were received by the Council and a number of the students. It was an affecting sight to see those, who, in that same place, a few weeks ago, were excited to rapture by his living eloquence, now drooping in silence as they moved slowly around his bier, to take their last farewell of their lamented chief.

The bier was placed in the Model Room, which had been fitted up for the purpose, hung with black, and the armorial bearing of the deceased placed at the head of the room. On the coffin was the following inscription:—

"SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, Knt., L. L. D., F. R. S., President of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, Knight of the Legion of Honour, Died 7th January, MDCCLXXX, in the LXX year of age."

During the morning several persons of distinction were admitted to the room in which the body lay; and shortly after 12 o'clock, all the arrangements for the funeral procession having been completed, the coffin was placed in the hearse, which was preceded by the carriage of the Lord Mayor, and by the Sheriffs of the city of London in their state carriages.

A long line of mourning coaches followed, in the first of which were the chief mourners and Mr. Peel; the others were occupied by the Royl Academicians, pupils of the Royal Academy, and others, friends and admirers of the deceased.

Amongst the private carriages, amounting to 75 in number, that brought up the rear of the procession, were those belonging to—

The Dukes of Wellington, Bedford, St. Albans, and Devonshire; Marquises of Stafford, Cleveland, and Salisbury; Earls Radnor, Aberdeen, Spencer, Essex, and Amherst; Lords Lynton, Holland, Dudley, and Ward, Bexley, Melbourn, and Farnborough; the Countess of Guildford, and the Bishop of Norwich.

During the period occupied by the procession almost the whole of the shops embraced within the line of march were closed. The procession quitted Somerset House at about half-after twelve, and reached St. Paul's shortly after two. The ceremony then occupied about an hour.

Election of President at the Royal Academy.—On Monday night there was held a special general meeting of the members at Somerset House, to elect, by ballot, a successor to their late President. At 8 o'clock the members began to assemble, and shortly before 10 o'clock the ballots were closed, when the election fell upon Martin Archer Shee, Esq. This gentleman was one of three individuals selected by public opinion, as likely to succeed to that honour. The other two were Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Chantry: of the former of these his merits are unquestionable, and from his having been previously appointed to succeed the late President as painter in ordinary to the King, his friends confidently anticipated his success. Mr. Wilkie, it was generally understood, had no ambition to fill the chair; indeed, we very much doubt the fitness of a sculptor for that office, however splendid his talents may be. With shortening, the most difficult part of the painter's art, he has nothing to do—and how could he be expected to lecture upon a subject of which, without reproach, he is ignorant? We may venture to congratulate the lovers of the Arts upon the election of Mr. Shee. To his high reputation as an artist he adds superior literary talents, of which the public have many proofs in verse and prose. It has been admitted, even by the greatest admirers of his lamented predecessor, that his lectures, which consti-

tute the principal duty of the President, though abounding in grace and beauty, were deficient in strength and vigour. From the classic taste and masculine eloquence of Mr. Shee, we may expect exertions as a lecturer, not inferior to those which have reflected so much credit upon Opie, Barry, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.—The Royal academicians who have votes for the election of President, are forty.—We have not learned how many of these attended, nor the division; but it has been said, that the number of votes for Mr. Wilkie was only two, a circumstance which is not easily reconciled with the expectation of his success, excited out of doors. The result of the election will not be officially communicated until it has received his Majesty's sanction.—*Star.*

We were betrayed into an error in our paper of Monday night, when we stated that Mr. Wilkie had been elected President of the Royal Academy, in the room of the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence. We took our information from a gentleman on whose accuracy we conceived we might rely; but he was, in all probability, misled by the nomination of Mr. Wilkie to be principal Painter in Ordinary to the King, which was confounded with the appointment of President of the Academy.—*Courier.*

The Duchess of St. Albans and Sir T. Lawrence.—We have the best authority for the following anecdote:—Sir Thomas Lawrence was informed, a few days previous to his death, that Messrs. Coutts would demand immediate payment of a bond for five thousand pounds. Sir Thomas went in a state of great agitation to the banking-house, and was shown into the private room, where, to his surprise, he found the Duchess of St. Alban's. Her Grace, perceiving his agitation, inquired the cause, and having ascertained it, shook him kindly by the hand, and said—"Lay aside all anxiety on this subject; I will be personally responsible for the amount, which you can repay at your own convenience."—*Court Jour.*

A splendid ball was given on the 26th of November at Tiflis, to celebrate the happy termination of the war with the Porte. It is worthy of remark that the wives and daughters of many of the citizens were present—a circumstance which has not before taken place at Tiflis during the thirty years which it has been occupied by the Russians.

The Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, (THURSDAY) April 1, 1830.

The Central Circuit Court having been adjourned until Saturday last, pursuant to the directions from the Bench, to afford time to summon the Grand and Petit Juries in conformity with the old regulations of the Supreme Court, was re-opened at 12 o'clock on that day. Previous to the opening of the Court, the gentlemen composing the Grand Jury retired to the room allotted for their use, and elected ROBERT JOH, Esq., their foreman, by ballot—a practice which will, we understand, be henceforward adhered to on similar occasions.—After the customary formalities had been gone through, the Hon. Judge BRENTON proceeded to address the Grand Jury, and observed, that, in the discharge of the important duties which then awaited them, as the Grand Inquest of the district, their own experience of their nature, and the zeal and ability he had on former occasions so frequently seen displayed by them in their performance, would render any observations on his part, by way of direction to them, altogether unnecessary. He had hoped, until within the last few days, to have been enabled to congratulate them upon the prospect of a maiden session; but although, in consequence of some recent committals, he had been disappointed in that expectation, he had still the satisfaction of stating, that there were but few cases likely to come before them, and those not of an aggravated description, or such as would be attended with any difficulty or trouble in their investigation.—From the state of the calendar, he felt confirmed in the opinion he had heretofore on more than one occasion expressed from the Bench, that an improvement was gradually taking place in the moral condition and habits of our lower classes;—and if some effectual means could be devised of eradicating that bane of their happiness and welfare, and that fruitful source of every crime—the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, in which they were too apt to indulge—the period might be looked forward to as not far distant, when all serious offences would disappear from amongst them, and when, under the influence of more temperate habits, we might hope to find our population as industrious, moral, and thriving, as that existing in any part of His Majesty's extensive dominions. There could not be a stronger proof of this improvement, or of the indisposition on the part of our poorer and labouring classes to the commission of crime, than that afforded by their patient endurance, throughout the late inclement season, of the privations, sufferings, and distress, to which they had been subjected by the failure of their usual resources during the last summer;—all which they had borne, highly to their credit, without any attempt to better their condition by a violation of public or private property. Conduct like this could not fail to call forth, as it has done, the sympathy and benevolence of a communi-

ty, which had been at all times distinguished for its readiness to administer to the wants and to relieve the necessities of its poor.—The late ample and liberal subscription which had been raised, aided and met as it had been by a corresponding liberality on the part of His Majesty's government here, must serve to convince those who had been and might still be benefited by it, that whilst they continued to bear, with an humble resignation to the Divine will, the hardships of their lot, however grievous they might be, and to yield a peaceable submission to the laws, they would always find friends and protectors in all classes of this society. The great tie which, under the free and happy form of government possessed by Englishmen, united the higher and lower classes together, and which must always prove the firmest bond of union between them, was that which was created by a feeling and considerate regard on the part of the rich for the forlorn and destitute state of the poor; and whenever that feeling manifested itself, as it had done so strongly of late here, by affording effectual relief to all who had required it, it must necessarily produce a suitable return of gratitude and attachment from those relieved to their benefactors, and must, at the same time, have a powerful influence in leading them to the cultivation and practice of those habits of industry, temperance, and frugality, as well as of due subjection to all lawful authority, which, whenever they generally prevailed among the people, were the best securities of their lives and properties, and the surest safeguards of their rights and liberties.—He was confident that the Jury would feel equally anxious with himself, to encourage and promote, by all the means in their power, habits and dispositions so conducive to the peace, good order, and well-being of the community to which they belonged; and in their efforts for this purpose, they might always rely upon his cordial support.—The gloom which had of late overspread the prospects of the Island, he was happy to say was beginning to be dispersed; and they had had the satisfaction of witnessing, within the last forty-eight hours, the first dawnings of their improvement in the extraordinary and unexampled success with which a kind Providence had been pleased to crown the bold and hazardous enterprise in which so large a portion of our population was at this season engaged.—Benefits like these ought not to pass unnoticed, or without making a suitable impression upon our hearts and conduct. The most effectual method of evincing our gratitude for them, was by a firm determination on the part of all, diligently and faithfully to discharge the duties of their stations, as well those which they owed to their God and their King, as to each other. By so doing, they might hope to obtain a continuance of the favour and protection of the Almighty, and to become, in His hands, the highly-favoured instruments of advancing the best interests of their country.

After his Lordship's address the Grand Jury retired, and indictments were preferred against the following persons:—

Daniel Astbury, for Larceny—*true bill*.
Ditto, for misdemeanour—*true bill*.
Patrick Lawless, for Assault and Battery—*true bill*.

John Rourke, Francis Rourke, and Patrick Grennan, for Larceny—*true bill*.
John Rourke, for Larceny—*true bill*.
John Lewis, for Larceny—*bill ignored, a material witness being absent*.

The prisoners were subsequently found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment from 2 to 4 months.

THE SEAL FISHERY.—It is truly gratifying to have it in our power to remark, that about thirty vessels have, at this early period, arrived from the Seal Fishery, with an average catch of, probably, 200 seals each—and bringing such favourable reports of the progress of this invaluable branch of our trade as lead us fairly to calculate upon its proving a more than usually productive spring.

Letters from Conception Bay also announce the arrival of several Sealers, well fitted, at Harbour Grace, Carbonear, and Brigus—and further corroborating the flattering statements received at this port.

The following is a statement of the whole number of vessels sailed for the Seal Fishery this spring from Conception Bay, with their tonnage and men, including the masters:—

From 28 to 50 Tons.	38 Vessels.
50 " 70 " "	70 " "
70 " 80 " "	18 " "
80 " 90 " "	15 " "
90 " 100 " "	21 " "
100 " 124 " "	11 " "
• 173 Vessels, 11,767 Tons, and 3,561 Men.	
Averaging 68 tons and 21 men each, and being a decrease, when compared with last year's outfit, of two vessels, but an increase in the tonnage of 563, and in the number of men 219.— <i>Conception Bay Mercury, March 26.</i>	

A very heavy gale, from S. E., was experienced here on Saturday night last. There had been a strong breeze from that quarter during the day, but the weather continuing clear, enabled several sealers to make the harbour;—at about 4 p. m., however, the wind began to increase, accompanied with snow, and continued to blow, with great violence, until 10 o'clock. It was scarcely possible to hope, that such severe weather would have passed over without causing serious damage and losses on the coast. All the vessels which have since arrived sustained more or less injury,—loss of boats, &c.—and intelligence reached this on Monday, that the schooners *Felicity*, *Power*, master, of this port, and *John M'Carthy*, master, of Crocker's Cove, Conception Bay—the former with 1800, and the latter with 1000 seals on board, had been both driven from their anchorage at Witless Bay, on the above night, and were totally wrecked—crew saved with a part of the cargoes and materials. We have been given to understand that the people residing about that coast behaved in the most disgraceful and cruel manner to the unfortunate sufferers, by making away with, and plundering, the seals, provisions, powder, shot, clothing, and every thing else, saved from the wrecks.—A schooner which came in yesterday, picked up about 200 seals, floating a few miles to the southward of Cape Spear—supposed to be part of the above.

AMATEUR THEATRE.—“*Love A La Mode*” and the humorous farce of “*Monsieur Tonson*” were repeated on Thursday last, to a bumper house. The several parts were well sustained, and the whole performance went off with considerable eclat, reflecting much credit on the gentlemen who so spiritedly came forward to contribute both to the relief of their fellow-creatures and to the gratification of the public. His Excellency the Governor and suite, with a select party of ladies and gentlemen, occupied the centre box, while those on either side were graced by a very brilliant and fashionable assemblage.—An attractive piece—“*The Castle Spectre*,”—is announced for this evening. We hope the performers will be encouraged with a similar flattering attendance.

We understand that the Packet-boat *Express* is now undergoing a thorough repair, and will be again ready to ply between Harbour-Grace and Portugal Cove in eight or ten days.

DIED, on Monday the 22d ult, after a long and painful illness, *MARY*, only daughter of Mr. THOMAS CAHILL, blacksmith, of this town, aged 18 years.—Her funeral took place on Thursday last, and was respectfully attended.

Shipping Intelligence.
CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's.

ENTERED.
MARCH 20.—Brig Atlantic, B-3, Ceceurara; 206 puncheons and 20 hhds rum, 33 puns molasses.
CLEARED.
MARCH 24.—Schooner Frances Ann, Irish, St. John, N. B.; 10 huns coffee
25.—Brig Picador, Parker, Viano; 2380 qts. s-b.
26.—Brig North, Funtun, Oporto; 3600 qts. fish.
Brig Balaubra, George, Viano; 3000 qts. s-b.
29.—Schr. Collector, O'Brien, Halifax; 3 casks port wine.

Sale at Auction.

THIS DAY,
(THURSDAY) The 1st April,
At 12 o'clock,
AT THE STORES OF
SAMUEL CODNER,
100 BARRELS Hamburg prime Pork,
2 Hogsheads Ale,
1 Boat and 3 Sails,
2 Sealing Punts,
1 Small paddle Boat.
April 1.

Notice.

THE Assistant Commissary-General hereby gives notice, that he will receive Tenders, in triplicate, on MONDAY, the 17th May, until 1 o'clock, P. M., for the Supply of

FRESH BEER,

For the use of His Majesty's troops and others victualled in this Island, for Twelve Months certain, commencing the 25th July, 1830, and ending the 24th July, 1831.
Each tender must specify the price in Sterling, in figures and in words at length, per pound; and to be accompanied by a letter signed by two responsible persons, engaging to become bound with the party tendering, in the penal sum of 800l. Sterling, for the due performance of the contract.
Payment will be made monthly at the office, between the 25th of every month, in British Silver—with a reservation of a power on the part of this Department, to pay in Bills on His Majesty's Treasury at 30 days sight, at the rate of 100l. for every 101l. 10s. Sterling due upon the contract.
The conditions of the Contract, with further particulars, may be known by application at this office. Commissariat, Newfoundland, }
31st March, 1830.

Amateur Theatre, St. John's.
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.
(For the benefit of the Poor.)

THIS EVENING,
WILL BE PERFORMED,
THE POPULAR MELO-DRAMA OF THE
“*Castle-Spectre*,”
WITH OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.
Tickets to be had, and places taken, at the Office of Mr. CLIFT.—Box, 3s.; Pit, 2s.
Doors to be opened at half-past 6 o'clock; Performance to commence at 7.
April 1.

Notices.

AS a Division of the Assets of the Insolvent Estate of Mr. JOHN BOYD will shortly be made, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto, that unless their respective balances are liquidated immediately, Writs will be taken against them at the opening of the ensuing Central Circuit Court; and all persons to whom the said Estate is indebted, are requested to furnish their Accounts, duly attested, forthwith.
B. SCOTT,
Agent.
March 18.

St. John's, Newfoundland, }
10th March, 1830. }

AT a Special Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, held this day, it was resolved that REWARDS be given to the Masters of the three best Schooners sailing from this port, who may bring in the greatest number of Seals, in proportion to the number of their Crews respectively, this spring.
That the Reward for the best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with a suitable inscription, value 4l.
That the Reward for the second best Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 3l.
That the Reward for the third Schooner be a Silver Medal, with an appropriate inscription, value 2l.
HENRY HAWSON, Secretary.

ELLIS HAYWARD,
CLEANER AND STEAM-SCOURER
Of every description of Woollen Clothes,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John's, that having, by the assistance of several liberal and charitably-disposed individuals, (to whom he takes this opportunity of tendering his grateful thanks) succeeded in establishing himself in the above business, he hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a share of public patronage.
Orders left at his residence, a few doors west of the Central School, in Quackworth-street, will be thankfully received and punctually executed.
All kinds of Stains, Spots, &c., removed from black Silk.
March 25.

INSURANCE.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for certain individuals of this town, to subscribe Policies for the Insurance of Marine property, Coasting and Foreign, gives notice that he will attend at the Commercial Room every lawful day from the 22d instant, between the hours of 12 and 2, for the transaction of business.
February 25. J. BOYD.

SITUATION WANTED.

A BOOK-KEEPER who has had long experience in this trade, would make himself generally useful, and will give satisfactory references as to character and ability.—Apply at the office of the *Newfoundlander*.
April 1.

WANTS a Situation in a Mercantile establishment, a Young Man acquainted with the mode of transacting business in this country.—For particulars apply at the office of this paper.
March 25.

THE Proprietors of the Express Packet Boat beg to notify to the Public, that so long as the navigation across the Bay continues to be impracticable, a postman will be constantly employed in conveying the mail, to and from, overland.
The Proprietors further intimate, that in order to render less onerous the duties of their agents, and to facilitate the business of an Establishment, which has been got up for public accommodation, and not as a source of private emolument, all postages for letters and parcels will hereafter be required to be paid on delivery of the same, without any distinction whatever; and it is earnestly hoped that this arrangement will be fully understood, and readily complied with.

HENRY WINTON,
Agent at St. John's,
ROBERT OKE,
Agent at Harbour-Grace.
February 11.

On Sale.
At St. Peter's, (Cape Breton),
A NEW
VESSEL
About 100 tons, built expressly for the trade of this Country, and was ready for launching in January last.—For further particulars apply to
HUNTERS & Co.
April 1.

Robinson & Brooking
OFFER FOR SALE,
The Cargo of the Brig *Atlantic*, *William Bell*, Master, from Demerary,
CONSISTING OF
199 PUNS, and } High-proof Demerary
20 Hhds. } RUM,
33 Puncheons MOLASSES.
They have also for Sale,
A QUANTITY OF
1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, and 3 inch
HARDWOOD PLANK.
April 1.

BY
Benjamin I. Williams,
JUST RECEIVED,
Per Commerce,
48 Puncheons High-proof Demerary
RUM.
March 25.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Schr. *Elizabeth*, Capt. Nowlan, from Halifax
AND
FOR SALE,
BY
John Dunscomb & Co.
A few Barrels Prime
SUGAR,
Which will be Sold reasonable, for Cash.

ALSO,
OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS,
New York prime Pork,
Ditto Superfine Flour,
Ditto Corned Beef,
First quality Hamburg Butter.
March 18.

NEWMAN & Co.
OFFER FOR SALE,
On reasonable terms,
500 BAGS Bread, 200 Barrels American Pork,
50 Barrels Hamburg and Irish ditto,
200 Firkins Irish Butter,
A large quantity of assorted Cordage (cheap),
Pitch, Tar, Oakum,
Swanskin, Cottons, Slops,
Rivensdurks, Canvas,
Sealing Guns, &c. &c.
March 4.

BY
Daniel Codner & Co.
HAMBURGH Pork, Butter,
Deck Boots,
Lyon, Shot,
A large assortment of new Cordage and Canvas,
Pitch, Tar, Nails, Oakum,
12 Pieces Broad Cloth,
And a great variety of other Store and Shop Goods.
February 4.

BY
SAMUEL CODNER,
PRIME Hamburg Pork,
Ditto ditto Beef,
Good ditto Bread,
New Cordage, 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 inch,
Number and flat Canvas,
Shot, Flints,
Oakum, Pitch, Tar,
Black and bright Varnish,
Molasses, Rum, Brandy, and Ale.
Also,
A quantity of Shop Goods,
1 Boat, and 3 Sails,
2 Sealing Punts.
January 21.

To be Let.
For a term of years, and possession given on the 5th December next,
ALL that commodious Dwelling-house, together with Garden in front; a good back ledge, Coach-house, Stabling, and Offices attached to the same; pleasantly situated on the East side of the King's Road, and at present occupied by Doctor Catson.—Apply to
April 1. **ROBINSON & BROOKING.**

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

At the foot of the long range of the Mendip hills, standeth a village, which, for obvious reasons, we shall conceal the precise locality of, by bestowing thereon the appellation of Stockwell. It lieth in a nook, or indentation, of the mountain; and its population may be said, in more than one sense of the word, to be extremely dense, being confined within narrow limits by rocky and sterile ground, and a brawling stream, which ever and anon assumes the aspect of an impetuous river, and then dwindles away into a plaything for the little boys to hop over. The principal trade of the Stockwellites is in coals, which certain of the industrious operative natives sedulously employ themselves in extracting from our mother earth, while others are engaged in conveying the "black diamonds" to various adjacent towns, in carts of sundry shapes and dimension. The horses engaged in this traffic are of the Rosinante species, and, too often, literally raw-boned; inasmuch, that it is sometimes a grievous sight to see them tugging, and a woful thing to hear their masters swearing, when mounting a steep ascent with one of the aforesaid loads.

Wherever a civilized people dwell, there must be trade; and, consequently, Stockwell hath its various artisans, who ply, each in his vocation, to supply the wants of others; and, moreover, it hath its inn, or public-house, a place of no small importance, having for its sign a swinging, creaking board, whereon is emblazoned the effigy of a roaring, red, and rampant Lion. High towering above the said Lion, are the branches of a solitary elm, the foot of which is encircled by a seat, especially convenient for those guests whose taste it is to "blow a cloud" in the open air; and it is of two individuals, who were much given thereon to enjoy their "otium cum dignitate," that we are about to speak.

George Syms had long enjoyed a monopoly in the shoe-making and cobbling line, (though latterly two oppositionists had started against him,) and Peter Brown was a man well to do in the world, being "the man wot" shod the raw-boned horses before mentioned, "him and his father, and grandfather," as the parish-clerk said, "for time immemorial."—These two worthies were regaling themselves, as was their wonted custom, each with his pint, upon a small table, which was placed, for their accommodation, before the said bench. It was a fine evening in the last autumn; and we could say a great deal about the beautiful tints which the beams of the setting sun shed upon the hills' side, and undulating distant outline, and how the clouds appeared of a fiery red, and, anon, of a pale yellow, had we leisure for description; but neither George Syms nor Peter Brown heeded these matters, and our present business is with them.

They had discussed all the village news—the last half of the last pipe had been puffed in silence, and they were reduced to the dilemma wherein many a brace of intimate friends have found themselves—they had nothing to talk about. Each had observed three times that it was very hot, and each had responded three times—"Yes it is." They were at a perfect stand-still—they shook out the ashes from their pipes, and yawned simultaneously. They felt that indulgence, however grateful, is apt to cloy, even under the elm-tree, and the red rampant Lion. But, as Doctor Watts says,

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

and they agreed to have another pint," which Sally, who was ever ready at their bidding, brought forth with, and then they had endeavoured to rally; but the effort was vain—the thread of conversation was broken, and they could not connect it, and so they sipped and yawned, till Peter Brown observed, "It is getting dark." "Ay," replied George Syms,

At this moment an elderly stranger, of a shabby-genteel appearance, approached the Lion, and inquired the road to an adjoining village. "You are late, Sir," said George Syms. "Yes," replied the stranger, "I am;" and he threw himself on the bench, and took off his hat, and wiped his forehead, and observed, that it was very sultry, and he was quite tired. "This is a good house," said Peter Brown; "and if you are not obliged to go on, I wouldn't, if I were you." "It makes little difference to me," replied the stranger; "and so, as I find myself in good company, here goes!" and he began to call about him, notwithstanding his shabby appearance, with the air of one who has money in his pocket to pay his way. "Three make good company," observed Peter Brown. "Ay, ay," said the stranger. "Holloa there! bring me another pint! This walk has made me confoundedly thirsty. You may as well make it a pot—and be quick!"

Messrs. Brown and Syms were greatly pleased with this additional guest at their symposium; and the trio sat and talked of the wind, and the weather, and the roads, and the coal-trade, and drank and smoked to their hearts' content, till again time began to hang heavy, and then the stranger asked the two friends, if ever they played at teetotum. "Play at what?" asked Peter Brown. "Play at what?" inquired George Syms. "At teetotum," replied the stranger, gravely, taking a pair of spectacles from one pocket of his waistcoat, and the machine in question from the other. "It is an excellent game, I assure you. Rare sport, my masters!" and he forthwith began to spin his teetotum upon the table, to the small diversion of George Syms and Peter Brown, who opined that the potent ale of the rampant Red Lion had done its office. "Only see how the little fellow runs about!" cried the stranger, in apparent ecstacy. "Holloa, there! Bring a lantern! There he goes, round and round—and now he's asleep—and now he begins to reel—wig-

gle waggle—down he tumbles! What colour, for a shilling?"—"I don't understand the game," said Peter Brown.—"Nor I, neither," quoth George Syms; "but it seems easy enough to learn."—"Oh, ho!" said the stranger; "you think so, do you? But, let me tell you, that there's a great deal more in it than you imagine. There he is, you see, with as many sides as a modern politician, and as many colours as an Algerine. Come, let us have a game! This is the way!" and he again set the teetotum in motion, and capered about in exceeding glee.—"He, he, he!" uttered George Syms; and "Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Peter Brown; and, being wonderfully tickled with the oddity of the thing, they were easily persuaded by the stranger just to take a game together for five minutes, while he stood by as umpire, with a stop-watch in his hand.

Nothing can be much easier than spinning a teetotum, yet our two Stockwellites could scarcely manage the thing for laughing; but the stranger stood by, with spectacles on nose, looking alternately at his watch and the table, with as much serious interest as though he had been witnessing, and was bound to furnish, a report of a prize-fight, or a debate in the House of Commons.

When precisely five minutes had elapsed, although it was Peter Brown's spin, and the teetotum was yet going its rounds, and George Syms had called out yellow, he demurely took it from the table and put it in his pocket; and then, returning his watch to his fob, walked away into the Red Lion, without saying so much as good-night. The two friends looked at each other in surprise, and then indulged in a very loud and hearty fit of laughter; and then paid their reckoning, and went away, exceedingly merry, which they would not have been, had they understood properly what they had been doing.

In the meanwhile the stranger had entered the house, and began to be "very funny" with Mrs. Philpot, the landlady of the Red Lion, and Sally, the purveyor of beer to the guests thereof; and he found it not very difficult to persuade them likewise to take a game at teetotum for five minutes, which he terminated in the same unceremonious way as that under the tree, and then desired to be shewn the room wherein he was to sleep. Mrs. Philpot immediately, contrary to her usual custom, jumped up with great alacrity, lighted a candle, and conducted her guest to his apartment; while Sally, contrary to her usual custom, reclined herself in her mistress's great arm-chair, yawned three or four times, and then exclaimed, "Heigho! it's getting very late! I wish my husband would come home!"

Now, although we have a very mean opinion of those who cannot keep a secret of importance, we are not fond of useless mysteries, and therefore think proper to tell the reader that the teetotum in question had the peculiar property of causing those who played therewith to lose all remembrance of their former character, and to adopt that of their antagonists in the game. During the process of spinning, the personal identity of the two players was completely changed. Now, on the evening of this memorable day, Jacob Philpot, the landlord of the rampant Red Lion, had spent a few convivial hours with nine host of the Blue Bear, a house on the road-side, about two miles from Stockwell; and the two publicans had discussed the ale, grog, and tobacco, in the manner customary with Britons, whose insignia are roaring, rampant red lions, green dragons, blue boars, &c. Therefore, when Jacob came home, he began to call about him, with the air of one who purposeth that his arrival shall be no secret; and very agreeably surprised was he when Mrs. Philpot ran out from the house, and assisted him to dismount, for Jacob was somewhat rotund; and yet more did he marvel when, instead of haranguing him in a loud voice, (as she had whilom done on similar occasions, greatly to his discomfort,) she good-humouredly said, that she would lead his nag, to the stable, and then go and call Philip the ostler. "Humph!" said the host of the Lion, leaning with his back against the door-post, "after a calm comes a storm. She'll make up for this presently, I'll warrant."—But Mrs. Philpot put up the horse, and called Philip, and then returned in peace and quietness, and attempted to pass into the house, without uttering a word to her lord and master.

"What's the matter with you, my dear?" asked Jacob Philpot; "an't you well?" "Yes, Sir," replied Mrs. Philpot, "very well, I thank you. But pray take away your leg, and let me go into the house." "But didn't you think I was very late?" asked Jacob. "Oh! I don't know," replied Mrs. Philpot; "when gentlemen get together, they don't think how time goes." Poor Jacob was quite delighted, and, as it was dusk, and by no means, as he conceived, a scandalous proceeding, he forthwith put one arm round Mrs. Philpot's neck, and stole a kiss, whereat she said, "Oh, dear me! how could you think of doing such a thing?" and immediately squeezed herself past him, and ran into the house, where Sally sat, in the arm-chair before mentioned, with a handkerchief over her head, pretending to be asleep.

"Come, my dear," said Jacob to his wife, "I'm glad to see you in such good-humour. You shall make me a glass of rum and water, and take some of it yourself." "I must go into the back kitchen for some water then," replied his wife, and away she ran, and Jacob followed her, marvelling still more at her unusual alacrity. "My dear," quoth he, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," and again he put his arm round her neck. "La, Sir!" she cried, "if you don't let me go, I'll call out, I declare."—"Ha, he, ha, ha!" said Jacob; "call out! that's a good one, however! a man's wife calling out, because her husband's a-going to kiss her!" "What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Philpot; "I'm sure it's a shame to use a poor girl so!" "A poor girl!" exclaimed the landlord, "ahem! was once, mayhap." "I don't value your insinuations that," said Mrs.

Philpot, snapping her fingers; "I wonder what you take make for!" "So ho!" thought her spouse, "she's come to herself now; I thought it was all a sham; but I'll coax her a bit," so he fell in with her apparent whim, and called her a good girl; but still she resisted his advances, and asked him what he took her for. "Take you for," cried Jacob; "why, for my own dear Sally to be sure, so don't make any more fuss." "I have a great mind to run out of the house," said she, "and never enter it any more."

This threat gave no sort of alarm to Jacob, but it somewhat tickled his fancy, and he indulged himself in a very hearty laugh, at the end of which he good-humouredly told her to go to bed, and he would follow her presently, as soon as he had looked after his horse, and pulled off his boots. This proposition was no sooner made, than the good man's ears were suddenly grasped from behind, and his head was shaken and twisted about, as though it had been the purport of the assailant to wrench it from his shoulders.—Mrs. Philpot instantly made her escape from the kitchen, leaving her spouse, in the hands of the enraged Sally, who, under the influence of the teetotum delusion, was firmly persuaded that she was justly inflicting wholesome discipline upon her husband, whom she had, as she conceived, caught in the act of making love to the maid. Sally was active and strong, and Jacob Philpot was, as before hinted, somewhat obese, and, withal, not in excellent "wind;" consequently it was some time ere he could disengage himself; and then he stood panting and blowing, and utterly lost in astonishment, while Sally saluted him with divers appellations, which it would not be seemly here to set down.

When Jacob did find his tongue, however, he answered her much in the same style; and added, that he had a great mind to lay a stick about her back. "What! strike a woman! Eh—would you, you coward?" and immediately she darted forward, and, as she termed it, put her mark upon him with her nails, whereby his rubicund countenance was greatly disfigured, and his patience entirely exhausted; but Sally was too nimble, and made her escape up stairs. So the landlord of the Red Lion, having got rid of the two mad or drunken women, very philosophically resolved to sit down for half an hour by himself, to think over the business, while he took his "night-cap." He had scarcely brewed the ingredients, when he was roused by a rap at the window; and, in answer to his inquiry of "who's there?" he recognised the voice of his neighbour, George Syms, and, of course, immediately admitted him; for George was a good customer, and, consequently, welcome at all hours. "My good friend," said Syms, "I dare say you are surprised to see me here at this time of night; but I can't get into my own house. My wife is drunk, I believe."—"And so is mine," quoth the landlord; "so, sit you down and make yourself comfortable. Hang me if I think I'll go to bed to-night!" "No more will I," said Syms; "I've got a job to do early in the morning, and then I shall be ready for it." So the two friends sat down; and had scarcely begun to enjoy themselves, when another rap was heard at the window, and mine host recognised the voice of Peter Brown, who came with the same complaint against his wife, and was easily persuaded to join the party, each declaring that the women must have contrived to meet, during their absence from home, and all get fuddled together. Matters went on pleasantly enough for some time, while they continued to rail against the women; but, when that subject was exhausted, George Syms, the shoemaker, began to talk about shoeing horses; and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, averred that he could make a pair of jockey boots with any man for fifty miles round. The host of the rampant Red Lion considered these things at first as a sort of joke, which he had no doubt, from such good customers, was exceedingly good, tho' he could not exactly comprehend it; but when Peter Brown answered to the name of George Syms, and George Syms responded to that of Peter Brown, he was somewhat more bewildered, and could not help thinking that his guests had drunk quite enough. He, however, satisfied himself with the reflection that that was no business of his, and that "a man must live by his trade." With the exception of these apparent occasional cross purposes, conversation went on as well as could be expected under existing circumstances, and the three unfortunate husbands sat and talked, and drank and smoked, till tired nature cried, "hold, enough!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. George Syms, who had been much scandalized at the appearance of Peter Brown beneath her bedroom window, whereinto he vehemently solicited admittance, altogether in the most public and unblushing manner; she, poor soul! lay, for an hour, much disturbed in her mind, and pondering on the extreme impropriety of Mr. Brown's conduct, and its probable consequences. She then began to wonder where her own good man could be staying so late; and, after much tossing and tumbling to and fro, being withal a woman of a warm imagination, she discerned, in her mind's eye, divers scenes, which might probably be then acting, and in which George Syms appeared to be taking a part that did not at all meet her approbation. Accordingly she arose, and throwing her garments about her, with a degree of elegant negligence, for which the ladies of Stockwell have long been celebrated, she incontinently went to the house of Peter Brown, at whose bedroom window she perceived a head. With the intuitive knowledge of costume possessed by ladies in general, she instantly, through the murky night, discovered that the cap on the said head was of the female gender; and therefore boldly went up thereunto, and said, "Mrs. Brown, have you seen any thing of my husband?" "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "haven't you seen him? Well, I'd have you see after him pretty quickly, for he was here, just where you stand now, more than

two hours ago, talking all manner of nonsense to me, and calling me his dear Betsy," so that I was quite ashamed of him. But, howsoever, you need not be uneasy about me, for you know I would not do any thing improper on no account. But have you seen any thing of my Peter?" "I believe I have," replied Mrs. Syms, and immediately related the scandalous conduct of the smith beneath her window; and then the two ladies agreed to sally forth in search of their two "worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken husbands."

Now it is a custom with those who get their living by carrying coal, when they are about to convey it to any considerable distance, to commence their journey at such an hour as to reach the first turnpike a little after midnight, that they may be enabled to go out and return home within the twenty-four hours, and thus save the expense of the toll, which they would otherwise have to pay twice. This is the secret of those apparently lazy fellows, whom the Bath ladies and dandies sometimes view with horror and surprise, sleeping in the day-time, in, on, or under carts, benches, or waggons. It hath been our lot, when in the city of waters, to hear certain of these theoretical "political economists" remark somewhat harshly on this mode of taking a siesta.—We should recommend them henceforth to attend to the advice of Peter Pindar, and

"Mind what they read in godly books,
And not take people by their looks;"

for they would not be pleased to be judged in that manner themselves; and the poor fellows in question have, generally, been travelling all night, not in a mail-coach, but walking over rough roads, and assisting their weary and over-worked cavalry up and down a succession of steep hills.

In consequence of this practice, the two forsaken matrons encountered Moses Brown, a first cousin of Peter's, who had just despatched his waggoneer on a commercial enterprise of the description just alluded to. Moses had heard voices as he passed the Lion; and being somewhat of a curious turn, had discovered, partly by listening, and partly by the aid of certain cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints in the stables, who the gentlemen were whose good-will and pleasure it was "to vex the dull ear of night" with their untimely mirth. Moses, moreover, was a meek man, and professed to be extremely sorry for the two good women who had two such roaring, rattling blades for their husbands; for, by this time, the ecclesiastics, having exhausted their conversational powers, had commenced a series of songs. So, under his guidance, the ladies reconnoitred the drunken two through the cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints aforesaid.

Poor George Syms was, by this time, regularly "done up," and dusing in his chair; but Peter Brown, the smith, was still in his glory, and singing, in no small voice, a certain song, which was by no means fitting to be chanted in the ear of his spouse. As for Jacob Philpot, the landlord, he sat erect in his chair, with the dogged resolution of a man who feels that he is at his post, and is determined to be "no starter." At this moment Sally made her appearance in the room, in the same sort of disfigure as that worn by the ladies at the window, and commenced a very unceremonious harangue to George Syms and Peter Brown, telling them, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, not to have been at home hours ago; "as for this fellow," said she, giving poor Philpot a tremendous box on the ear, "I'll make him remember it, I'll warrant!" Jacob hereupon arose in great wrath; but ere he could ascertain precisely the exact centre of gravity, Sally settled his position by another cuff, which made his eyes twinkle, and sent him reeling back into his seat. Seeing these things, the ladies without began, as fox-hunters say, to "give tongue," and vociferously demanded admittance; whereupon Mrs. Philpot put her head out from a window above, and told them that she would be down and let them in a minute, and that it was a great pity gentlemen should ever get too much beer; and then she popped in her head, and in less than the stipulated time, ran down stairs and opened the street-door; and so the wives were admitted to their delinquent husbands; but meek Moses Brown went his way, having a wife at home, and having no desire to abide the storm which he saw was coming.

Peter Brown was, as we said before, in high feather; and, therefore, when he saw Mrs. Syms, whom he (acting under the teetotum delusion) mistook for the wife of his own particular bosom, he forthwith accosted her, "Ah, old girl!—Is it you? What! you've come to your senses, eh? Sit down, I suppose. Well, well; never mind! I forgive and forget, I say. I never saw you so before, I will say that for you, however. So, give us a buss, old girl! and let us go home;" and without ceremony he began to suit the action to the words, whereupon the real Mrs. Brown flew to Mrs. Syms' assistance, and, by hanging round Peter's neck, enabled her friend to escape. Mrs. Syms, immediately she was released, began to shake up her drowsy George, who, immediately he opened his eyes, scarcely knowing where he was, marvelled much to find himself thus handled by, as he supposed, his neighbour's wife; but with the maudlin cunning of a drunken man, he thought it was an excellent joke, and therefore threw his arms round her, and began to hug her with a wondrous and unusual degree of fondness, whereby the poor woman was much affected, and called him her dear George, and said she knew it was not his fault, but "all along of the teetotum;" pointing to Peter Brown, that had drunk himself into such a state.

[For continuation, see first page.]