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GLANCES AT LIFE IN CITY AND SUBURB.

This volume is divided into nineteen chapters or heads. Some of the contents have already appeared in various periodical works and are familiar to most readers of light literature. The author, Mr Cornelius Webb, who is by no means a novice in this sort of writing, complains in his preface that his sketches have been pirated in a wholesale manner by persons who have transferred them to their own pages without even the compliment of an acknowledgment. For this reason, amongst others, he has now collected and reprinted them, with some original matter. The present volume is, as may be supposed, of unequal merit in its parts, and it has the usual fault of modern books—an immensity of words to express a few ideas. Nevertheless, it is most amusing, and will repay the perusal and the purchase money.

The following account of a Sunday of former times is a fair specimen of what Mr. Webb can do:—

A London Sunday is not what it was.— Any one who remembers London 30 years ago, must see, and, if candid, must acknowledge, that the external decencies of life are now more general—that there is more self-restraint, less drunkenness, less riot and debauchery, though, perhaps, as much comparative poverty as ever, even amongst the unenlightened classes, in the lowest and humblest neighbourhoods. Thirty years since, such a lively locality as Drury-lane was, on a Sunday, from day-break to long after dark, one carnival of revelry from the south end of it even to the north thereof: for who was to put it down in those days? The two or three parish beaules and constables serving in their own right could not take up the 500 or 600 reeling or wallowing swine of the swinish-inclined multitude; and as for the Bow-street officers, they were better employed than in picking up the "dirty spalpeens" who were sprawling in the gutter, and soaked inside and out with puddle water and "Hodges best." Besides, Pat would have thought it mighty hard, after running up and down perpendicular ladders during six days, to be debarred from an hour or two's horizontal refreshment on Sunday. It was, no doubt, very shocking to witness such scenes; they are past, and it is something to have lived long enough to see that they are no more thanks to a better knowledge among the many, and a better police where the few are still inclined to indulge in the old familiar vices. But Drury-lane had not all the indecorous to itself; other low neighbourhoods disgorged their dirty and debauched, who carried their depravities out of town with them, instead of exhibiting them in the streets; and accordingly the roads and the fields in the suburbs were covered with born blackguards, some leading home bull-dogs, bitten, torn, mangled, and bleeding, who had their bellies full of fighting; others were going to more distant fighting places. Dust, men, costermongers, draymen, coal heavers, with their heads newly mowed, but the upper parts of their faces still covered with an incrustation of coal dust; hackmen, butchers, men and boys—in short, all the lower and worst classes of London seemed smitten with a sort of tarantula dance, and toe and heel it out of town. The green suburbs were reached sooner in those days, before London had outgrown itself; and to these inviting spots accordingly such motley groups as we have named bent their steps, not always of the steadiest. In one corner of a cow pasture, you beheld a group at pitch and hustle; in another a pitch battle was going on for 7s. a side, or a leg of mutton and trimmings. Now and then you might hear some respectable person exclaiming, "Zounds! I have lost my watch." "No!" cried a hundred voices, "It vozn't wallible voz it!" "Yes, worth ten guineas," groaned the bereaved of Tompon.— A shout of laughter showed how much they pitied him. Shortly afterwards, perhaps another respectable found that he had lost his purse with twenty guineas in it, whereupon louder peals of laughter shook the welkin, these fellows have a peculiar relish for

such happy strokes of practical humour. If the loser could be restored to good humour by the good humour of the blackguards about him, he lacked not such consolation: he was told that money generally changed hands at a fight, and was advised to offer thirty guineas reward, and he would be sure to get his twenty guineas again, &c. If the field had a pond in it, a duck hunt was exciting shrieks of cruel laughter; or perhaps a cat of super-human powers was supposed to be in the act of dragging some full-grown fowl from one side of the pond to the other, for a wager, he being placed, blindfolded, with his back to the water; the rope which drew him through, though fastened to the cat, was pulled by the knowing ones on the opposite side. In some bye-road, or broad level pathway through another field, you might observe a mechanic engaged in what appears an easy, but is a difficult task—picking up a hundred stones, placed at measured intervals apart, and depositing them in a basket at the end of the line. The usual time allowed for this performance was forty minutes, and the distance run six miles. If he went on as if he would win, the bets of the bystanders rose enthusiastically from pots of beer to pots of ale. If he appeared to be losing wind, strength, and speech, and looked distressed, pints were offered but no takers. But if he won, up went my man on the shoulders of two of the lustiest of his admirers; and so he was borne off the field to the first public house, no hero at an Olympic game more petted and proud, though he had not a Pindar to sing his praises. In some other green corner, not far away, a field preacher was holding forth to a much smaller audience than the ducks and the cats drew together. There was one itinerant preacher, however, who brought out thousands to the fields to hear him, a Mr Cooper, of the Lady Huntingdon connexion, a young and eloquent man, who had a great reputation in that day; but when he left the hedge-row for the pulpit, he sank into mediocrity. But even he, with all his popularity, could not escape the Sunday blackguards, who unfrequently interposed a dead cat, or "some such small deer," between two pious periods, a favourite mode of expressing their dissent from dissenters in that day. Still deeper in the fields, you might observe a more orderly set of mechanics, with a taste for bird-fancying, lying among the rich clover, with linnets, goldfinches, and other singing birds, placed in small backed cages, at due distance apart from each other, and answering to the birds at liberty about them; meanwhile, much learned descant upon the vocal powers of their feathered favourites filled up the pauses in the occasional song. This was harmless enough, a simple taste and pleasure, which I should be glad again to see as common as it then was. Men who have a fondness for animals are never either drunken or depraved, and are generally as good fathers as they are fanciers."

MRS. GRAHAM AND THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Observing a letter to you in your paper, signed "R. W. Currie," concerning the accident of the balloon from which the Duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham fell on my farm at Doddinghurst, with a paragraph attached to it, wherein it is said, "If we remember, Mr Amor," I presume meaning myself, "has been repeatedly referred to as having stated that he saw the Duke of Brunswick step out of the car; Mr Amor will probably now think it necessary to state exactly what he saw." In answer to it I beg to let Captain Currie know, that what he has stated above is incorrect; and if he will only remember, I told him myself that the Duke had miscalculated the height he fell, his Highness having asserted that he must have fallen about 18 feet, which I have all along contradicted, and stated that the Duke only fell about the height of between 9 and 10 feet, and came to the ground unhurt; and instead of any medical advice being thought necessary to offer the Duke from

"strangers at a distance," as the Captain asserts, I was the only person that had a clear and distinct sight of the Duke's fall, and immediately after his coming to my house I requested him to take some refreshment, and offered with my own hands a glass of brandy and water, thinking that would do him more good than doctor's stuff or bleeding, which he politely refused, "so I drank it myself to his good health." I was not aware I was talking to the Duke of Brunswick at the time, mistaking him to be Captain Currie during his stay at my house, which was about four hours. The Duke of Brunswick showed every anxiety towards the recovery of Mrs. Graham, and ordered medical assistance to be sent for directly the accident happened, which was done, as formerly stated in the different newspapers, two horses having been despatched immediately for such aid; and in about half an hour from the occurrence of the accident, Dr. Barlow made his appearance.

Mrs. Graham fell above 100 feet, but not more than 150, as near as I can imagine in the hurry of the accident.

Before I conclude, I beg to refresh Captain Currie's memory regarding what he and Mr Graham said when at my house on the Wednesday after the accident, they having assured us that the Duke of Brunswick would pay every expense attending this accident, at the same time requesting nothing might be wanting for Mrs. Graham's comfort which Mr Graham also assured me in the presence of the lady of the Rev. Bridges Harvey, who had been very kind in sitting up all night with Mrs. Graham. Mr Graham came down in a London cab about nine o'clock the next morning after the accident, and returned again for London after remaining about two hours, when he made this promise.

How far such promise has been fulfilled I leave the public to judge; Mrs. Graham having remained at my house upwards of five weeks, and her son four weeks, which expenses attending the same, along with the medical gentlemen's bills and attendance, have not been paid. Mrs. Graham left my house on the 27th of September in a post-chaise for Brentwood, and on her departure did not even return common thanks for the trouble and inconvenience she put us to, let alone the attention that was shown towards her comfort during her long stay. So much for balloon gratitude!

Drs. Potter and Barlow, who attended her, deserve every praise for their constant and kind attention towards Mrs. Graham.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient
Servant,
G. A. MOIR.
Doddinghurst, Essex, Oct. 12.

INSURRECTION AT MOZAMBIQUE.

By private letters, dated the 22d of June, intelligence has been received of an insurrection in the capital of Mozambique, in which the Government of Donna Maria had been overturned, either, as is said, with the mere object of plunder and massacre on the part of the insurgents, or with the intention of declaring in favour of Don Miguel. It appears that the plot originated with some of the officers of the fort St. Sebastian, in conjunction with some Portuguese prisoners banished to that province, and that having captured and imprisoned the Governor, they had been in possession of the town and forts from the 26th of May to the 14th of June. On the 14th, it is said, that a plan was on the point of execution for plundering the town, murdering the Governor and Europeans, and making off in the vessels in the harbour (in a similar manner to the dreadful scene acted last year at the Cape de Verde Islands), when providentially his Majesty's brig *Leveret*, in search of vessels on the coast, sailed into the harbour. A requisition was immediately made to the Commander, Lieutenant Bosanquet, for assistance, which was promptly accorded to, and by his advice the plan of a combined movement of the Portuguese troops and the men from the brig was formed to be put into execution the ensuing night. This movement was happily effected with such secrecy and precision,

that by the following morning the forts had been regained, the Governor released, and the lawful authorities reinstated, without bloodshed, and before the people of the town were aware of what was going forward.— Lieutenant Bosanquet and his crew retained possession of the Custom House and Palace for two days, till tranquillity was perfectly restored, and he has since sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, carrying with him the principal insurgents—viz., the Lieutenant-Colonel and Lieutenant of the fort, and some soldiers, who are to be sent prisoners to Portugal. He is also bearer of despatches to the Government.

The following letter of thanks to the Commander of the *Leveret* will show the light in which the insurrection was viewed by the authorities of Mozambique:—

"Sir,—The Senate of the capital of Mozambique think it their bounden duty to thank you for the prompt assistance which you have afforded to re-establish the legitimate Government of her Most Faithful Majesty Donna Maria II. Some soldiers and officers of the garrison of St. Sebastian, the fort of this capital, and some banished prisoners and degenerate Portuguese had formed a rebellion, and were on the point of pressing the members of the Government of this province, in violation of their legal authority, to a forced abdication, confusion and anarchy, with precipitation to act the same scene of horror as the *Cape de Verde*, threatening with death some officers of the Government, and many of the inhabitants. The re-establishment of order, and replacing the members of the Government in their functions, and arresting the rebels, enabling us thereby to restore the public tranquillity, are in a great measure owing to your endeavours.

The Senate will omit a sacred duty if they do not express the gratitude they feel towards you for the heroic services you have rendered to an ally and friend of your nation in preventing a dreadful scene of tears which was about to be realized.

The Senate not being able to declare their sentiments, in consequence of the short time you have to remain here, will assure you that they are about to lay before their august Queen intelligence of these services, in order that she, in her own name, may give her thanks, and reward you as she thinks proper.

(Signatures of the Senate)

"To Lieutenant Bosanquet,
Commander
of his Britannic Majesty's ship
LEVERET, &c."

LORD LYNDHURST.—We are extremely gratified to be able to inform our readers that the students attending our University, purpose inviting Lord Lyndhurst to become their rector, in room of Lord Sturtevant, who retires in November. We know no individual that could be chosen better fitted to succeed the eloquent and high minded hero of the house of Derby, than the illustrious statesman who has so nobly vindicated the character of the House of Lords, and fearlessly defended the constitutional rights of Englishmen.

The French Courts have lately pronounced some important sentences, of which the repetition may prove fatal to the system of duelling. They have given damages to the widow or orphan to be levied on the slayer. The Royal Court of Bordeaux seems to have set the example, by giving the widow Chenet damages against Dutoit, who had killed her husband in a duel. It applied the same principle in another case; and an appeal being made to the Court of Cassation, the sentence was confirmed. The trial of young Sney, for killing M. Durepene in a duel, has occupied the *Assize Court* of Paris for many days, and it terminated on Sunday by a verdict of damages in favour of the widow.

We hear that her Majesty presented to Lady Gordon, on the occasion of her recent marriage, a beautiful *parure* of brilliants, formed after her Majesty's own recent design.