

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BY BELVER.

He sat himself down in an armchair, and looked over the initials, the dates, and the whimsicalities that had long since...

A gay party were strolling by this retreat their laughter and their voices preceded them. "Yes," said a dry sharp voice, which Nugent recognized as belonging to one of the wits of the day.

"Ah! poor young man! he is certainly a *beau geste*, with his fine phrases, and so forth; but 'tis a good creature, on the whole, and exceedingly useful!"

"Yes, fills up a vacant place at one's table, at a day's warning; lends me his carriage horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable: his sole charm is his foibles."

What a description by the most sentimental of mothers, of the most talented, the most interesting of young men! Nugent was thunderstruck; the party swept by; he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He went to the dinner-table. No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter; Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "We met, 'twas in a crowd." Charlotte could not sing. Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Nugent left the room and the house.

When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, glad (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended to the drawing room; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "We met; 'twas in a crowd."

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely, and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced, and vain. In less than a month, he proposed and was accepted. "Well, well!" said poor Nugent one morning, breaking from a reverie: "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, love at the second, benevolence lasts till death! Poor Gilpin! how grateful he is: I must see if I can get him that place abroad. To amuse his thoughts, he took up a magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack upon himself—on his beautiful tale in the 'Keepsake.' The satire was not confined to the work; it extended to the author. He was a top, a cockcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, and an abortion! These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants of young men. He perceived that Nugent was a little out of humour. He attributed the cause naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world!" said he. Nugent groaned. "This morning for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough: the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentlemen out of more than three hundred pounds a year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long premeditated, cold-hearted rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years."

"Ha!" "He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to the loss or proclaim by a criminal prosecution the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his amiability."

"Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin?" stammered Nugent. "The same! O ho! have you been bit, too, Mr Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal; it was from the editor of the magazine in which he had just read his own condemnation. It ran thus:—"Sir,—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the Magazine having thereby devolved upon another, who has very ill discharged his duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors, a remuneration. I have the honour to be, sir, &c., &c."

(To be concluded in our next)

POETRY

TO MATHILDA.

I think of thee in the night When all beside is still, And the moon comes out, with her pale sad light, To sit on the lone hill— Where the stars are all like dreams, And the breezes all like sighs; And there comes a voice from the far off streams Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day, 'Mid the cold and busy crowd; When the laughter of the young and gay, Is far too glad and loud; I hear thy low sad tone, And thy sweet young smile I see; My heart, my heart were all alone, But for its thought of thee.

CLING NOT TO THE EARTH.

Cling not to earth; there's nothing there, However lov'd, however fair, But on its features still must wear, The impress of mortality.

The voyager on the boundless deep, Within his barque may smile or sleep, But bear him on—he will not weep To leave its wild uncertainty.

Cling not to earth; as well we may Trust Asia's Serpent's wanton play, That glitters only to betray To death—or else to misery.

Dream not of friendship; there may be A word, a smile, a grasp for thee, But wait the hour of need, and see— (But wonder not) their fallacy.

Think not of beauty—like the rest, It bears a lustre on its crest, But short the time, ere stands confest Its falsehood or its frailty.

Then cling no more so fondly on The flowers of earth around thee strewn, They'll do awhile to sport upon, But not to love too fervently.

THE PLEDGE.

Come let your cup flash sun-shine like To friends now far away: "Here's to the absent and the lov'd!" The absent, did you say?

And wherefore should we drink to them! It is a weary toast: What boots it to recal the friends Whom we have lov'd and lost.

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea— What does it leave behind? There is no path upon the wave, No track upon the wind.

Like that swift ship have we passed on, And left no deeper trace; The circle parted from at home, Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine On thy young brow are set; Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task In teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep— Or, must a toast be said? Well, here are all I ever pledge— "The present and the dead!"

District of Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

ROBERT JOHN PINSENT, do hereby give notice, that in pursuance and execution of a certain writ of our Lord the King, to me directed, for the Election of Four Members to serve in the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of NEWFOUNDLAND for the District of CONCEPTION BAY, I the RETURNING OFFICER above-named, shall proceed to the said ELECTION at HARBOR GRACE in the said District, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the Forenoon of TUESDAY the 1st day of NOVEMBER now next ensuing: And the said Election will be further holden within the said District at the Places and on the Days hereunder specified, unless the Members so to be Elected as aforesaid, shall be duly elected and returned in such wise that the same Election shall be determined without taking the Polls at all or any of the said following places—

At HARBOR GRACE, from TUESDAY the 1st November to FRIDAY the 4th November, both days inclusive.

At PORT-DE-GRAVE, from MONDAY the 7th November to WEDNESDAY the 9th November, both days inclusive.

At BRIGUS, from THURSDAY the 10th November to SATURDAY the 12th November, both days inclusive.

At HARBOR MAIN, from TUESDAY the 15th November to THURSDAY the 17th November, both days inclusive.

At WESTERN BAY, from TUESDAY the 22nd November to THURSDAY the 24th November, both days inclusive.

At CARBONEAR, from TUESDAY the 29th November to FRIDAY the 2nd December, both days inclusive.

Hours of Polling from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock each day.

ROBERT JOHN PINSENT, Returning Officer. Brigus, September 30, 1836.

PROSPECTUS

OF A

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

TO BE CALLED

The Carbonear Sentinel,

And Conception Bay Advertiser.

IT is customary, upon the appearance of a new Periodical, such as the present, to inform the Public of what may be its probable contents; as also the politics and interests which it is the intention of the Editor to advocate.

The contents of the CARBONEAR SENTINEL AND CONCEPTION BAY ADVERTISER will be—Local Intelligence—a summary of British, Colonial, American, and Foreign News—Original Communications—Literature, Poetry, Wit, &c. &c.

In politics, the SENTINEL will be independent and moderate—free and candid in its remarks—guided by no influence of Party—determined in its course—exposing the tyrant and protecting the oppressed, whatever be their politics, their country or their creed. Such are the principles upon which the SENTINEL will be conducted, and upon such principles it will stand or fall.

The interests the SENTINEL will strenuously advocate are those of the Island—the interests of the Fishery and those of the Fisher, who will always find this Journal ready to represent his wrongs, and to endeavour to procure him redress.

This, then, is the course the CARBONEAR SENTINEL AND CONCEPTION BAY ADVERTISER will pursue;—it will be strictly and honestly speaking, a faithful expositor of passing events—and it is hoped it may meet the countenance and support of the Inhabitants of the Island.—CARBONEAR has already given its faithful promises to support the SENTINEL which will, in return, ever study to promote the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the Inhabitants of this important Mercantile community—a community which notwithstanding its rapidly increasing population, and its vast importance in a Commercial point of view, does not, it is strange to say, possess a single Printing Establishment!—a fact which induces the Proprietor to believe that his labours will not be altogether fruitless.

The SENTINEL will be published at Carbonear on THURSDAY the 27th inst. and every succeeding Thursday by THOMAS W. SPRY. Advertisements and all other orders in the Printing line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Terms—One Guinea per annum. Carbonear, Oct. 12, 1836.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKET

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Port-au-Croix on the following days.

Fares.

Ordinary Passengers ..... 7s. 6d. Servants & Children ..... 5s. Single Letters ..... 6d. Double Do. .... 1s. and Packages in proportion.

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, HARBOR GRACE. FERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, St. John's, Harbour Grace, May 1, 1835.

NOTICE

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and

JAMES DOYLE, is returning his last thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, and to solicit a continuance of the same in favour of the

The NORA GRANA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, postively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of these days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s. 6d. Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d. Single Letters ..... 6d. Double do. .... 1s. 0d. and Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him. Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The ST. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR, for the COVE, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, and the COVE at 12 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet-Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d. Fore ditto, ditto, 5s. Letters, Single ..... 6d. Double, Do. .... 1s. Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kilty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cnet's. Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

Our Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the East by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the West by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR, Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at this Office. Harbour Grace.