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### POETRY

#### THE LAST DAY!

Time! when Chaos into Order sprang,  
At God's creative word; when Day's bright  
orb,  
And Night's mild Queen, and yon innum-  
erous stars  
Began to shine o'er yon sublime expanse;  
When, in the peerless music of the spheres,  
The morning stars did sing together; when  
All, all the sons of God did shout for joy;  
Ay, Time, who THEN, commenced his on-  
ward course,  
And who has witnessed in his stern career,  
During the lapse of years and centuries,  
The rise and fall of monarchies, the growth  
And doom of cities proud, the birth and  
death  
Of generations numberless, the tears  
Of suffering innocence, the loud lament  
Of weeping widowhood, the piercing cry  
Of wand'ring orphanage, the reign of woe;  
Yes,—ME, who has surveyed through count-  
less years  
The sweep of desolation: who has seen  
The bright, the beautiful of earth, decay;  
And who has chronicled of ages passed  
The manifold events, is, even now,  
Careering swiftly on toward his goal,  
Blighting the varied beauty of the earth,  
Demolishing the gorgeous works of Art,  
And spreading death and ruin and dismay.  
Roll on, the glorious Sun, thou smiling  
Moon;  
Shine on ye stars; ye Seasons come and go,  
Until this Conqueror of conquerors,  
This lord of desolation shall expire.  
Lo! down from Heaven a mighty angel  
comes;  
His mantle, clouds; his helmet, mercy's  
bow;  
His visage, as the brightness of the sun;  
His feet, as pillars of empyreal fire;  
And, with his right foot on the boundless  
sea,  
His left upon the earth, midst thunderings,  
Like those which pealed from Sinai's awful  
brow  
O'er Israel's wond'ring multitude, he lifts  
His hand on high, and, in an awful voice,  
That echoes through immensity, he swears  
By HIM who made the world, who lives and  
shall  
For ever live, that 'TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!  
Hark! hark! a mighty earthquake rends  
the earth,  
And utters voices which reverberate  
Through nature's trembling realm. Behold  
the sun  
Is clothed in rayless gloom; the moon, in  
blood;  
The stars of heaven fall unto the earth,  
Even as a tree casts her untimely fruit,  
When she is shaken by a mighty wind;  
The heavens vanish even as a scroll;—  
The elements dissolve with fervent heat;  
The groaning earth forsakes her trackless  
sphere.  
Lo! the archangel, with the trump of God  
Rising sublimely in the midst of heaven,  
And sending through the mighty realms of  
death,  
And through the vast dominions of the  
grave,  
That summons which divides the solid earth  
And echoes through the caverns of the deep,  
Piercing the ear of death and of the grave,  
With the loud knell of their departed reign  
The congregations of the dead arise,  
And, casting off the cerements of the grave  
Rush rapidly on all the winds of heaven,  
Down to the centre, where the King of kings  
Attended by innumerable hosts

Of cherubim and seraphim, sits crown'd  
With radiant glory on his dazzling throne.  
Now blank conviction, shame, remorse, and  
fear,  
Expectancy, and trembling hope pervade  
The congregated multitudes that throng  
The dread tribunal of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE.  
Lo! the Recording Angel opens the book  
Of God's remembrance, and, apace proceeds  
Impartial inquisition. On the voice  
Of God alone depends the final doom,  
The everlasting, changeless fate of all,  
All, all o'er whom the stream of Time hath  
passed.  
Anon the hopeful and the nopeless move,  
More rapidly than thought; those to the  
right,  
These to the left, two countless compa-  
nies.  
With smiles ineffable, the Judge confers  
Upon the sainted myriads the boon,  
The glorious boon of endless happiness,  
Their trials and their sojournings are o'er,  
Their course is finished, and the prize is won  
Hark! through the realms of Heaven, songs  
of praise,  
Of adoration, wonder, joy, and love,  
Sublimely roll; responsive strains rise  
From choirs of blissful angels. Glory reigns!  
Now on the wretched people who despised  
Rejected and contemned the proffered boon  
Of everlasting happiness, the JUDGE,  
Clothed in that frown which erst enkindled  
hell,  
Pronounces, in his overwhelming wrath,  
The malediction of ETERNAL WOE!!!  
They plead but plead in vain. The wasted  
day,  
Of hope, of grace, of mercy, is no more.  
Inexorable Justice hath commenced  
Her reign of terror, which shall never end.  
Irrevocable doom! Ha!—now arise  
From myriads of myriads, the groans  
And shrieks of endless wretchedness con-  
dign;  
In vain they invoke the rocks and hills  
To hide them from the fearful wrath of  
God,  
And from the direful anger of the Lamb.  
They passed, in folly—nay, in madness past  
Probation's transient, yet important hour;—  
Disdainful of the high and holy end;  
For which they were created, they essayed  
To treasure up the shadows of the scene  
Ordained to perish and to be no more;  
They even trampled on the wise commands,  
Debased the glorious image, and despised  
The power, the light, the Liberty of God;  
Hence, with the devil and his angels, they  
Must dwell for ever in the burning gulph  
Of dire perdition, torment and despair.

#### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BY BULWER.

"What a delightful thing the world is!  
Lady Lennox's ball last night—how charm-  
ing it was!—every one so kind, and Char-  
lotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever  
saw! But I must dress now. Balfour is to  
be here at twelve with the horse he wants to  
sell me. How lucky I am to have such a  
friend as Balfour!—so entertaining—so  
good natured—so devilish clever too—and  
such an excellent heart! Ah! how unlucky  
it rains a little; but never mind, it will  
clear up; and if it don't—why, one can play  
at billiards. What a delightful thing the  
world is!"  
So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of  
twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist.  
Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good  
family and large fortune; brave, generous,  
confiding and open hearted. His ability was  
above the ordinary standard; and he had a  
warm love, and a pure taste for letters. He

had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the  
calm and cold graces with which the god-  
dess receives her servants had soon discon-  
tented the young votary with the worship.  
"Away!" cried he, one morning, flinging  
aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which  
he had fancied he understood; "away with  
this selfish and debasing code!—men are  
not the mean things they are here described  
—be it mine to think exultingly of my spec-  
ies!" My dear experience, with how many  
fine sentiments do you intend to play the  
devil? It is not without reason that Goethe  
tells us, that though Fate is an excellent,  
she is also a very expensive school-mis-  
tress.  
"Ha! my dear Nugent, how are you?"  
and Captain Balfour enters the room; a fine  
dark, handsome fellow, with something of  
pretension in his air and a great deal of  
frankness. "And here is the horse. Come  
to the window. Does he not step finely?  
What action! Do you remark his forehead?  
How he carries his tail! Gad, I don't think  
you shall have him, after all!"  
"Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be  
sorry to part with him. He is superb!  
Quite sound, eh?"  
"Have him examined."  
"Do you think I would not take your  
word for it? The price?"  
"Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once of-  
fered me a hundred and eighty; but to  
you—"  
"You shall have it."  
"No, Nugent, say a hundred and fifty."  
"I won't be outdone—there's a draft for  
the one hundred and eighty guineas."  
"Upon my soul, I'm ashamed; but you  
are such a rich fellow. John, take the horse  
to Mr Nugent's stables. Where will you  
dine to day?—at the Cocoa tree?"  
"With all my heart."  
The young men rode together. Nugent  
was delighted with his new purchase. They  
dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered  
some early peaches. Nugent paid the bill.  
They went to the opera.  
"Do you see that *figurante*, Florine?"  
asked Balfour; "pretty ankle—eh?"  
"Yes, *comme ça*—but dances awkwardly  
—not handsome."  
"What! not handsome! Come and talk  
to her. She's more admired than any girl  
on the stage."  
They went behind the scenes, and Bal-  
four convinced his friend that he ought to  
be enchanted with Florine. Before the week  
was out the *figurante* kept her carriage, and  
in return, Nugent supped with her twice a  
week.  
Nugent had written a tale for "the *Keep-  
sake*"; it was his first literary effort; it was  
tolerably good and exceeding popular. One  
day he was lounging over his breakfast, and  
a tall thin gentleman in black, was announ-  
ced by the name of Mr Gilpin.  
Mr Gilpin made a most respectful bow,  
and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nu-  
gent was instantly seized with a lively inter-  
est in the stranger. "Sir, it is with great  
regret," faltered forth Mr Gilpin, "that I  
seek you. I, I, I—" A low consumptive  
cough checked his speech,—Nugent offered  
him a cup of tea. The civility was refused,  
and the story continued.  
Mr Gilpin's narrative is soon told, when  
he himself is not the narrator. An unfor-  
tunate literary man—once in affluent cir-  
cumstances—secured for a treacherous  
friend—friend absconded—pressure of un-  
forseen circumstances—angel wife and four  
cherub children—a book coming out next  
season; deep distress at present; horror at  
being forced to beg; forcibly struck by sen-  
timents generous, expressed in the tale  
written by Mr Nugent, a ray of hope broke  
on his mind, and *voilà* the causes of Mr  
Gilpin's distress and therefore Mr Gilpin's  
visit. Never was there a more interesting  
personification of the afflicted man of letters  
than Gregory Gilpin. He looked pale, pa-  
tient, and respecta- le; he coughed frequen-  
tly, and he was dressed in deep mourning.  
Nugent's heart swelled, he placed a bank-  
note in Mr Gilpin's hands; he promised  
more effectual relief, and Mr Gilpin retired,  
overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr  
Nugent's respectful compassion.

"How happy I am to be rich!" said the  
generous young philanthropist, throwing  
open his chest.  
Nugent went to a *converzazione* at Lady  
Lennox's. Her ladyship was a widow, and  
a charming woman. She was a little of the  
blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a lit-  
tle of the beauty, and a little of the coquette  
and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She  
had one daughter, without a shilling; she  
had taken a warm interest in a young man  
of the remarkable talents and singular ami-  
ability of Charles Nugent. He sat next her  
—they talked of the heartlessness of the  
world—it is a subject on which men of  
twenty one and ladies of forty-five are espe-  
cially eloquent. Lady Lennox complained,  
Mr Nugent defended. One does not talk  
much of innocence," it is said, or something  
like it is said somewhere in Madame d'Ep-  
inay's Memoirs, "without being sadly cor-  
rupted;" and nothing brings out the good-  
ness of our own hearts more than a charge  
against the heartlessness of others.  
"An excellent woman!" thought Nugent  
"what warm feelings!—how pretty her  
daughter is! Oh! a charming family."  
Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air;  
Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked  
about music, poetry, going on the water  
sentiment and Richmond Hill. They made  
up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not  
sleep well that night—he was certainly in  
love.  
When he rose the next morning, the day  
was bright and fine; Balfour the best of  
friends was to be with him in an hour; Bal-  
four's horse, the best of horses, was to con-  
vey him to Richmond; and at Richmond  
he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most  
agreeable of mothers; and Charlotte, the  
most enchanting of daughters. The *figu-  
rante* had always been a bore; she was now  
forgotten.  
"It certainly is a delightful world!" re-  
peated Nugent, as he tied his neck-cloth.  
"It was some time; I will not say how  
long, after the date of this happy day; Nu-  
gent was alone in his apartment, and walking  
to and fro—his arms folded, and a frown on  
his brow. "What a rascal! what a mean  
wretch! and the horse was lame when he  
sold it—worth ten pounds! and I so  
confiding—*di—n* my folly—*That*, however  
I should not mind; but to have saddled me  
with his cast off-mistress! to make me the  
laughing stock of the whole world! by hea-  
vens he shall repent it! Borrowed money  
of me, then made a jest of my good nature!  
introduced me to his club, in order to pil-  
lage me! But thank God, I can shoot him  
yet! Ha! colonel, this is kind!"  
Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman,  
well known in society, with a fine forehead,  
a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agree-  
able address, entered the room. To him  
Nugent poured forth the long list of grievan-  
ces, and concluded by begging him to  
convey a challenge to the best of friends  
—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his  
eye-brows.  
"But, my dear sir, this gentleman has  
certainly behaved ill to you, I allow it—but  
for what specific offence do you mean to  
challenge him?"  
"For his conduct in general."  
The Colonel laughed.  
"For saying, yesterday then, that I was  
grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me  
in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow  
window at White's."  
The Colonel took snuff.  
"My good young friend," said he, "I see  
you don't know the world. Come and dine  
with me to-day; a punctual seven. We'll  
talk over these matters. Meanwhile you  
can't challenge a man for calling you a bore."  
"Not challenge him! what should I do  
then?"  
"Laugh—shake your head at him, and  
say, "Ah! Balfour, you're a sad fellow!"  
The Colonel succeeded in preventing the  
challenge, but Nugent's indignation at the  
best of friends remained as warm as ever.  
He declined the colonel's invitation—he was  
to dine with the Lennox's. Meanwhile he  
went to the shady part of Kensington gar-  
dens to indulge his reflections.  
(To be continued.)