

THE DAILY SENTINEL

W. E. PELL, State Printer.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Sentinel is published every morning except Sunday, on the following terms:	\$1.00
For one month,	2.00
For two months,	3.00
Three months,	3.00
Six months,	5.00

We solicit the aid of our friends in extending our circulation.

(From the Southern Field and Fireside.)

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE.

BY REV. D. CRAVEN, D. D.

POEMS BY THEO. H. HILL.

We propose to discuss such native productions as we can find, not very elaborately, but frankly and pleasantly. Mr. Hill is a young man, talented, well connected, and has enjoyed every facility for thorough education, cultivated taste and a knowledge of the world in the highest and best sense. If he has any erroneous or perverted taste, either social or literary, any wrong habits, or any false connections of the beautiful, the good and the true, it must be the result of inveterate perversity, since no one has enjoyed more exquisitely refined associations and surroundings. Mr. Hill has published very little, and that little is even less known—No effort has been made to bring him before the public, and he has none of the arts by which heroes are raised, and fame and fortune are made. He is modest, diffident, without energy, and hugely enjoys "otium cum dignitate," especially if accompanied by a good Havana and a talkative friend. He writes when the mood is upon him, begins his poems in the middle or elsewhere according to fancy, sometimes makes a poem without any subject at all, and not unfrequently has little poetic gems of the first water lying loose in the corners of his memory. Sometimes the afflatus comes upon him "at church or in the market, and he makes and remembers a poem before the sermon is ended, or the meat for dinner is purchased. Socially, he is fine. In the parlor with a small number of friends, you see him in his true light, rich in thought, chaste in fancy, and genial as a June morning.

Now post, it is difficult to determine precisely what no is; he has really never yet seriously gone to work. He has never tried what he could do; what he has produced was purely spontaneous. But, judging from that, we should think he was capable of first distinction; that he could achieve noble honor for himself, and do great service to the literature of his native State. In style he is select and clear, weighing his words with care, and over precise perhaps as to their meaning; somewhat circumscribed in his vocabulary; rather fond of certain classes of expression; he sometimes mounts his stilt and at rare intervals gets a fall. He might be more common without being vulgar, and more rare without being less elegant in thought, he is neither objective nor subjective exclusively, but delights to dwell in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

VOL. I.

DAILY SENTINEL.

"I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHTE THAN BE PRESIDENT."—Henry Clay.

RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1866.

NO. 176.

HENSHAW & THORBURN COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANTS.

MOREHEAD CITY, N.C.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR SHIPPING AND
FORWARDING Cotton, Tarponkin, Rasin and all
kinds of Goods or Pro use. Prompt attention and
moderate charges. We have regular steam-packets
from Morehead City to New York.

Business solicited.

74 tons.

The post, say there is a golden chain
Which has harnessed them, unbroken, yet resolute,
Through earth—earth—made by shining seraphim—
Is swinging madly o'er a dismal abyss;

Should some malignant demon under the earth
Should this vast shod of seraphim be driven,
And cast with out wide by the lightning's dash,
Who could in ease with art labor portray?

The speckless horizon of that dire day!

Whose light first wing'd its evanescent flight
And the last plummet sounds the ghastly gloom of night!

We come now to notice his book of poems published in 1861. Apart from intrinsic merit, the book was a failure. The time of publication was unpropitious; the world was thinking of war and camp songs, and in the midst of martial music, had no taste for the warblings of an aesthetic bard. Then the book was sent forth without the endorsement of established names, or any of the heralding known and successfully practiced by publishers generally; and, to complete the accumulation of evils, the material of the book was poor, and the mechanical execution still worse. The exterior of a book should artistically indicate the interior. It is not only proper that it should do so, but the world instinctively so judges; and a coarse unadorned book of poems deserves to fall.

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."

In the "Clouds with Silver Linings," our poet again indulges his peculiar proclivity to bring out the best in a kind of shadowy dreamland, where the fancy sports without restraint from material realities, but gathers her material from things half perceptible to the senses. We have read no author who revels in such an interlacing and interleaving of thoughts and emotions, such replication, invention and vanishing shades of the actual, and such a mystery over the quiet realm where the real is imperceptibly lost in the ideal. His tropes are rarely bold, but like the first tints of the morning or the distant notes of melodious song, they are sweet and fully enjoyed only by a delicate taste.

The following selections are intended merely as specimens of his thought and manner. The lines below are taken from "The Sabbath of the Spring."

"Hesper" is a very fine poem, breathing the pure air of Paradise. It ends with the following stanzas:

"How we revolve the page—the year
Of ever changing scenes!"

"When pristine joys still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time."

"Anacreontic" is so characteristic that Mr. Hill should not only be ashamed but afraid to indulge such thoughts.

"Love Among the Flowers" is lovely as a May morning; it resembles the "Sabbath of the Spring," and is slightly marred by some conceits of fancy that are unworthy the general taste:

"The tinkling of sylvan streams,
Which wind around his cool retreat,
Chime to the music of his dreams;
For sheltered from the glowing heat,
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet
To ripple at my feet."