NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

UNION OUR WATCHWORD—TRUTH OUR GUIDE.

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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS
SELECTIONS.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.
By Mrs. Hemans.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair;
Nor life, nor death the future closes:
And round the shadowy brow of care,
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

Forget-Me-Not.

TO A BEE
A Song by Miss Mitford.

Give thee good morrow, busy bee!
No cloud is in the sky,
The ring-dove skims across the lea,
The matin lark soars high;
Gay sun-beams kiss the dewy flower,
Slight breezes stir the tree,
And sweet is thine own woodbine bower—
Good morrow, busy bee!

Give thee good even, busy bee!
The summer day is by,
Now droning beatles haunt the lea,
And shrieking plovers cry;
The light hath paled on leaf and flower,
The night wind chills the tree,
And thou well laden leav'st thy bower,
Good even, busy bee! *Chr. Box.*

TO MY INFANT BOY.

Come, little Smiler! I have heard men say
That in the looks of childhood one may trace
The destiny of years; turn then this way,
And I will read thy fortune in thy face.
And now that I have shaded gracefully
Those silken curls, that a glad brow conceal
Lavater would have worshipped, and thine eye
On mine is smiling—what doth it reveal?
My own within that magic glass appears
Reflected bright: and there fond hope hath cast
All that we love and wish—gleams of far years
That scatter flowers, with sunshine at the last.
Go then, fair child—how happy shalt thou be!
A father's wishes are thy destiny.

Mr. Pringle, Juv. Keeps.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Can years of suffering be repaid
By after years of bliss?
When youth has fled and health decayed,
Can man taste happiness?
When love's bright visions are no more,
Nor high ambition's dream,
Has heaven no kindred joy in store
To gild life's parting beam?

Oh! bright is youth's propitious hour,
And manhood's joyous prime,
When pleasure's sun and beauty's flower
Adorn the march of time.
But age has riper, richer joy,
When hearts prepared for heaven,
Thrice tried, and pure of all alloy
Rejoice in sin's forgiven.

When long tried love still twines her wreath,
Around the brow of age;
And virtue the stern arm of death
Disarms of all his rage;
When friends, long cherished, still are true,
When virtuous offspring bloom;
Then man's enjoyment purest flows,
Though ripening for the tomb. *West. Sour*

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD INFANT.

How can I weep, the tear of pain,
Thy placid beauty would profane,
Darken thy cheek's unsullied snow,
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh! the breathing deep,
My baby, might disturb thy sleep;
And thou, with that unclouded smile,
Wouldst seek rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve! when all around
I hear a sweet unearthly sound?
The waving of my cherub's wings,
The hymn my infant angel sings.

Yet, lovely, tranquil as thou art,
It was so cruel to depart,
To close on me thy laughing eye,
Unclasp thy little arms, and die!

But one hath whispered, Love! to thee,
"Suffer my child to come to me."
Then, Saviour! meekly I resign
My baby, now, for ever thine. *Bijou.*

WOMAN'S HEART.

That hallowed sphere, a woman's heart, contains
Empires of feeling, and the rich domains
Where love, disporting in his sunniest hours,
Breathes his sweet incense o'er ambrosial flowers.

A woman's heart!—that gem divinely set
In native gold—that peerless amulet,
Which, firmly linked to love's electric chain
Cements the world of transport and of pain.

Dr. Walcott, better known as Peter Pinder, had for some time, a most violent cough, when his friend Dr. Geagh, persisted in recommending asses' milk as a certain cure. The bard tired of his importunities, at length quieted him by sending the following epigram:—

"And Doctor do you really think,
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my cough, you say,
And drive my old complaints away,
It cured yourself—I grant it true;
But then—'twas *mother's milk* to you."

From the Forget Me Not.
THE ZANTEOTE LOVERS.*

Who that has once witnessed, can ever forget, the scenes presented by the vintage in the Ionian islands, and above all, in the island of Zante? The girls, of classic beauty, their turbans doffed and their black tresses wreathed with the luxuriant currant leaves—the handsome youths assisting them in their labor—the flower crowned, bare-footed children—and the few scattered English soldiers, with their bright appointments glistening through the rich foliage—form altogether a scene more lively and more interesting than in this sober, matter-of-fact country can well be imagined.

"My life," said Zurelli, the fairest of the Zanteote maidens, to her lover, Gerasimo, as seated within view of the sea, they were resting after the toils of the day, "you seem not so happy as usual: and see," added she, taking the coronal from her head "these leaves are faded with the scorching heat of the noontide sun; while the clouds that are above us threaten to shut out even the first night star from our view. Surely," she continued, "this is emblematic of you. Your brow is clouded and your smile is overcast—look round love, and let the light of that smile shine upon me as it was wont."

Gerasimo answered not, but put his English key-bugle to his lips, and played several beautiful airs—he ceased, and gazed with an expression of sadness on the countenance of his companion. At length he spoke.

"Zurelli," said he, with emphasis, "I have formed a scheme."

"Well, dearest, she replied, smiling, what is it?"

He again took up his bugle and played an English march upon it.

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed the girl, starting up, and standing before her lover, with a wild look and a flush on her cheek, "I have seen you lately practising upon your instrument with that English soldier, and now you would join his restless, wandering band as a minstrel, and go with these strangers from me and from your country."

"No love," rejoined Gerasimo, kissing the brow of his betrothed—"we will not part, we will go to England together."

"And why?" said Zurelli, calmly. "Wherefore, would you leave your quiet, delightful home, your cottage," and the flowers which you were rearing to bloom at our bridal, for a foreign land?"

"Because," answered Gerasimo, "I am tired of this inglorious ease. I would see the world, and see it too with you, Zurelli."

"But" said the maiden, "my mother!—you have none to leave behind. Had she other children to comfort her in her solitude, I would not repine; but——" She paused and wept upon her lover's shoulder.

"Your mother is not old, dearest," resumed Gerasimo, in a soothing tone, "in a short time we will return."

In spite of Zurelli's tears and entreaties he joined an English regiment then quartered at Zante as a performer on the key-bugle. I think I see him now beneath the windows of the government house, with his bright scarlet turban and shining tinselled vest. Gerasimo was the best performer on his instrument in the band of the —th regiment.

One evening the governor-general of the islands, who resided on the opposite shore, having a large party to dinner, sent a messenger to Zante, desiring that the band to which Gerasimo belonged would immediately go over to his house for the entertainment of his guests. The colonel of the regiment, who also had friends, returned for answer, that the band was already engaged. Gen. L——, in a transport of rage, again sent word that the men were all under his command, and he insisted on their instant obedience to his orders. They accordingly embarked, but without their instruments.

"Well," said Gen. ——, stepping into his balcony, and looking down upon the mute party assembled before his house, "why do ye not play?"

The high-spirited Gerasimo acted as spokesman.—"Our colonel," replied he, with a scornful smile, "bade us say that the band of the —th regiment is yours while quartered in the Ionian islands, but the instruments belong to the regiment; therefore we have not brought them."

"Slave!" muttered General L——, venting his spleen on the speaker for lack of the colonel's presence.

"Slave!" exclaimed Gerasimo, his proud southern blood rushing into his dark cheek—"to whom are you speaking?"

"To you varlet," contemptuously retorted the haughty general.

"Repeat that at your peril!" cried the exasperated Gerasimo in his native language, at the same time snatching a musket from the hands of a sentry, and presenting it at Gen. L. He was instantly seized by the guards, his offence in the British army being punished by the martial law with death. He was put handcuffed into the barge, in which the band silently and sadly re-embarked for Zante; and the moment they landed the unhappy offender was conveyed to the prison belonging to the English troops in that island.

And where now was Zurelli?—In the solitude of her own chamber, lighted solely by the pale lamp of heaven, the only sound that reached her ear, the dashing of the bright sea upon the shore, her melancholy restless thoughts her only companions.

"Zurelli!" said a voice beneath the casement.

"Hush Ruvina! softly responded Zurelli, bending from the lattice, "my mother sleeps."

"Come then for a moment to me!" rejoined Ruvina in a hurried tone; and Zurelli went down to her friend under the porch of the cottage. The moon shone directly on the face of Ruvina: her features were pale and agitated.

"Gerasimo!—where is he?" exclaimed Zurelli, her thoughts instantly recurring to her absent lover and connecting her friend's agitation with something unknown that might have befallen him. Thus it is when woman loves!—every thought, every fear, reverts to him in whom her soul is wrapped.

"He is in prison," answered Ruvina.

"In prison" cried Zurelli, with a wild laugh.

"Ay," replied Ruvina: "that English general who would have taken you with him last year to Ithica, has done this."

Zurelli darted into the house, and entered the chamber of her mother. She still slept. Her daughter deliberately trimmed the lamp which burned by the bedside, unfolded her crimson turban, and shrouded her dark tresses in it. She threw her long mantle over her shoulders, passed Ruvina with swift and noiseless foot, and hurried to the prison. The English sentries paced with silent and steady steps before the gates, both started as the Zanteote girl stood before them.

"Where is he?" inquired she in a wild tone.—The soldiers hesitated; but within the gates stood an English officer. The portals were thrown open; the officer beckoned to Zurelli, and she followed him to the inner entrance of the prison.—The door creaked on its hinges. Her conductor led the way up a narrow stone staircase, while the maiden followed unconsciously, with rapid and silent foot falls. At the head of the staircase was another door; this too was opened, they opened an apartment and there was the daring spirited Gerasimo.

The Greek girl advanced with faltering step and perceived that he slept. She looked vacantly around and observed that her guide had retired to the other end of the apartment. She knelt down and touched the manacles of her lover; she shuddered, and Gerasimo awoke. He moved, and the rattling of his chains roused Zurelli from her stupor.

"Gerasimo!" said she. "Zurelli!" he replied in a tone of deep despair, and, covering his face with his iron-bound hands, he sobbed audibly. She rose and hurried towards the English officer; she knew little of his language, but grief, even when voiceless, is expressive. She knelt to him, and pointing to her lover, said in English: "Will *you* ask?" The officer shook his head, sorrowfully intimating that nothing could be done.

Zurelli rose and walked towards the door! she stood for a moment gazing at her lover, then darted down the staircase, through the high prison gates, and stopped not until she reached her home.

* * * * * * * * *

On the 1st of August, 18—, there was an unusual bustle in the island of Zante. Soldiers were hurrying to and fro, with their bayonets gleaming in the sunshine; drums were muffling, and a guard of six grenadiers was seen marching with muskets reversed, towards the prison. Presently the Dead March was heard from without the gates, and Gerasimo was led forth from his cell to look upon his country and its bright sunlight for the last time, and—to die.

He paused a moment beneath the arch and looked back. Zurelli, his beautiful, his betrothed, had just been borne fainting from his presence. He bowed his head, and walked silently, but steadily, onward. The English officers were all assembled; there were a garish show of plumes and gold and gay military trappings. They entered the parade ground—the prisoner knelt down—the bandage was bound over his eyes, and Col. T**y advanced. "Make ready!! said he to the file of men planted for the purpose of destruction, and the muskets clicked fearfully in the ears of the mute multitude.—"Present!" The guns were brought parallell to the ground.

Col. T**y folded his arms and drew himself up in his usual erect and soldier-like attitude.

"Gerasimo," said he at last—Gen. L—— died last night, and in the name of my officers I pronounce your pardon."

Poor Gerasimo sank senseless to the earth. In this state he was borne to the government house and laid upon a couch. By degrees he recovered; raising himself from his reclining position he looked wildly around, and beheld Zurelli, his own Zurelli, bending over him. Her warm brow was on his cold brow; her sparkling tears shone like gems on his stiff fingers; and her mother and her friend, Ruvina, their faces beaming with smiles of happiness and delight, stood at the foot of the couch.

Three days afterwards Gerasimo obtained his discharge. It was purchased for him by the officer who had granted Zurelli admittance to his prison.

* * * * *

Again it was the season of the vintage; again the garlands of currant leaves were wreathed on the brows of the Zanteote maidens.

A signal was made in the harbour, and a small sloop of war hovered about the entrance. On board was Sir John Maxwell, who was returning from England, after an absence of three months, to replace Gen. L——.

It was the feast also of St. R——, and a large party of priests and religious persons stopped before the gates of the government house, suing for dollars to decorate the shrine of the saint, and a salute of guns in honor of his *fete.*

"Tell them," said Col. T**y, in reply to this message, "I am sorry I cannot comply with the request, my guns being all engaged this morning in honor of *my saint, St. John,* who is now entering the harbour; and as for my dollars, the few that I had to spare have been sent to adorn the nuptial altar of Gerasimo and Zurelli." H. T**y.

*The circumstances related in the following page occurred at Zante, during the government of the writer's father.

From the Token.
THE ITALIAN BOULEVARD.

There is no other place where human life wears such an aspect of gaiety, as in Paris. Every thing is here arranged for amusement and pleasure, and to a stranger the streets, promenades and public gardens have always the appearance of a *fete* day. The lively countenance of the multitude, the air of sentiment and satisfaction which pervades every face and, above all, the great numbers of graceful and well dressed females abroad, unite to impress the new comer with the idea that he is among a people excited by some great occasion. But on the morrow the same scene returns; and again and again, for weeks and months, he finds himself drawn into the gay tide, moving, mingling, and sympathizing with it.

An American usually goes to Paris, after having recently left London, and he therefore sees the former place to great advantage. Nothing can be more unlike than these two great capitals. London is dark and dirty, canopied with fogs and swimming in mud. The streets are choked with a mass of carts and coaches, lords and porters, ladies and loungers—all crowding and hurrying along as if they were engaged in a race, and life and death were on the issue.

In Paris it is different. Instead of poring along the dirty and narrow streets, the people seek the Boulevards, the gardens, or other promenades, and even in those parts where business draws together a crowd of people, the characteristic order and politeness of the French are distinctly visible.

Nothing can better mark the difference of manners in the two places, than some particular comparisons. In entering a theatre in London, the crowd rushes and crushes in by main strength, and he who is strongest is the best fellow. In Paris, the people form in a procession, and enter with the utmost decorum.

In the fashionable walks as great a contrast is exhibited. The crowds who promenade the parks and gardens of London, for the sake of reviewing each other with more success, form into two lines, and pass in opposite directions, as if it was all an affair of business and parade, to be despatched in a given time, and therefore requiring great system and effort. In Paris, on the contrary, at the gardens of the Tuilleries or the Luxembourg, at the Champs Elysee or the Boulevard Italian, the people are seen engaged in a thousand different ways. Some are walking, some sauntering—many are sitting on benches, others are musing beneath the groves—one is pondering the glassy surface of a fountain, another is gazing on a group of statuary. Here an old man is looking with a delighted face on a family of romping children, attended by their nurse—there a sentimental youth is filling the ear of a *duenne* with idle compliments, that he may now and then steal some significant speeches into the ear of her beautiful *protege.*

This contrast might be extended, but we must close it with the observation, that a stranger in England sees the worst part of the English, and in France the best part of the French character. In one country, he finds himself an outlaw, suspected and repelled, prejudged and sentenced as a being who has some design upon the purse or privilege of every man he meets. In the other, he is received with respect and kindness. Out of doors, a Londoner is systematically arrogant and repulsive. Liberality and hospitality he leaves at home; and there they may be found in their best sense. A Parisian has no home. He lives *abroad,* and makes every lounging place, the *street,* field, garden, and Boulevard, his drawing-room, where he demeans himself with constant courtesy.

Among the various promenades, there is none more attractive than the Italian Boulevard. It is a broad street, with magnificent houses on either side, principally occupied as *cafes.* It is near the Chausse D'Antin, the residence of the higher classes in Paris, and is a favorite resort of the gay part of the fashionable loungers. In the evening, it is lighted with a multitude of lamps, and nothing can exceed the brilliancy of the scene. Thousands of people are sitting in front of the *cafes,* where they are served with lemonade, ice-creams, and cordials, while other thousands are flowing to and fro, presenting a gay and mazy spectacle, perpetually changing and arranging like the forms and figures of a kaleidescope.

The Waterloo, N. Y. Observer says—There were committed to our jail in this village, the other day, a couple of *young ladies* for the delicate crime of horse stealing

Florida Sugar.—Our lately acquired territory of Florida promises to realize all the calculations which has been formed of its value and fertility. The Tallahassee Florida of the 16th ult. has the following paragraph:—

Sugar.—We have received a specimen of Sugar, raised on the plantation of Mr. McIntosh, in Alachua county, that equals, in quality, any that we recollect having seen. No doubt exists now of complete success in the culture of sugar in any district of the Territory. Every encouragement is offered to emigrants, and many of the difficulties encountered by the first setters, no longer exists; no time should therefore, be lost by those intending to make settlements, as every year will greatly enhance the price of lands.

A provincial editor says, "do, for heaven's sake, divide the state of New York, and call the west part the *State of Morgan.*" "Call it," says the Ithaca Journal, "the *State of Sin and Misery.*" "No," said a crusty old bachelor, "call it the *State of Matrimony,* and that includes *sin, misery aad Morganism.*" Such a barbarian as this bachelor ought to be driven out of all society."—*Noah.*

The Pacha of Egypt having last year offered a reward of 17 paisters per measure for the eggs of grasshoppers, to prevent the ravages of those insects, it is stated that in October last, 40 garavas of 70 measures each had been sent to Acre, worth 46,000 piasters or £40,000.

Indian Sale of Land.—In 1757, Staten Island was sold by the Indians to the Dutch for ten shirts, twenty pairs of stockings, twelve coats and a few guns and hatchets. Some extracts from the old records show, that Nahant was sold by an Indian Sagamore for a *suit of clothes.*

In 1757, Baltimore contained a church and a few houses on the hills—a single sloop with a torn sail in the harbor. It now is the third city in the nation.

Mexico.—The population of Mexico is said to be about 160,000, of which 15,000 are clergy, or attached to religious houses; this is rather too much of a good thing: it is a padre to every twelfth soul. Indeed, if the families in Mexico are large, they might each be supplied with a domestic chaplain.

Eccentric Mine Proprietor.—Ward, in his account of Mexico, gives the following description of an owner of one of the richest mines in that country:

One of the Mexican mines, called Nuestre Senora Guadaloupe, is very celebrated. It belongs to Don Francisco Iriarte, a relation of the President's, who refused an offer of one million of dollars, made in 1825, by an association of foreigners, on condition that he should allow them to work his mine for a term of three years. The idea of a man possessed of boundless wealth, but refusing to make any use of the treasures within his reach, will seem incredible in Europe; but Iriarte really does not know the value of money. With at least a million of dollars in gold and silver in his house, he lives in an habitation, the furniture of which is composed of buffalo skins, with wooden tables and chairs of so massive a construction that it requires two or three men to lift them from one part of the room to the other. His sons, whom he never permits to leave the town, are forced to attend a little retail shop in Cosata; and his daughter who is pretty, is suffered to grow up in uneducated idleness. His own habits are abstemious, and his religious notions are extremely strict. He dislikes allusions to his wealth, and considers any inquiry respecting his mine almost as a personal offence. To all proposals for a cession of the right of working it, even for a limited time, he has constantly given the same answer, namely, "that he does not want money, and if he did those who offer him the most liberal terms know best that he could take out of the mine double the amount of any thing they could give in less time than they would themselves require to raise the money."

The Boston "Evening Bulletin," and the "Jackson Republican," have entered into compact, and the twain have become one. Mr. Jenks, the editor of the Bulletin, who has long been distinguished as an elegant belles lettres scholar, and Mr. J. F. Howe, the commercial editor of the Bulletin, are, in future, to conduct the united paper, under the title, "Evening Bulletin and United States Republican."

The funds of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association, at Boston, amount to about fourteen thousand dollars in bank stock. A school for apprentices is maintained during the winter at the expense of the Association.

An Enemy's Epitaph.—A knight in the time of Charlemagne, finding himself on his death-bed, desired that his hereditary enemy over the Rhine, might be asked to compose his epitaph. The other wrote, "God be merciful to the soul of Sir —— von ——, brave, generous, noble in his life and in his death. I, Sir —— von ——, his enemy, say these words; and I grave them deep in the stone, that the tears of his friends may with the less ease obliterate them."

A shopkeeper in New York, advertises for sale "elegant bridal veils"—and hopes the ladies will honor him with their custom. We dare say the ladies hope so, too.