

# NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

enough to give him the stamp of celebrity, and Felix soon found the centre of attraction in the fashionable circles of London. Here intoxicated with the fascination of youth, beauty, and rank, he might have been perfectly happy if he could have forgotten his unfortunate birth, but the thought of that haunted him like a demon, and he was soon to suffer from it still more dreadfully.

Among the many charming women with whom the poet-painter was now daily associated, was one who seemed to realize all his dreams of female perfection. He had been first attracted to Lady Charlotte Eldon by her strong resemblance to Lady Iredale, and when he learned that she was indeed the cousin of his first friend, his heart warmed towards her even before he knew her worth. Notwithstanding the great disparity of age between Lady Charlotte and Lady Iredale the resemblance was certainly very striking. Lady Charlotte possessed the same pensive expression of countenance, the same large dove-like eyes, the same finely curved mouth, the same high and snowy brow that had characterized the being whom Felix had worshipped, and when he learned that the resemblance was to be found also in heart, and mind, he gave himself up without restraint to this new and delightful homage to his early attachment. Lady Charlotte was young, tender and inexperienced—Felix was young, enthusiastic and passionate—what the progress of love in such hearts must have been, all may imagine but none may describe. They met in secret—they plighted their mutual vows of fidelity, and though the purity of her spirit shrunk from a clandestine intercourse with her lover, she yet resolved to wait patiently until time should have removed the obstacles between them, and then to give herself to his fortunes forever. But they were betrayed.—The friends of Lady Charlotte were outrageous; and ever since kind old father told Felix that he could have overlooked his poverty, but that it was impossible to excuse his ignoble and dishonorable birth. They were separated. Lady Charlotte was closely immured from society, and Felix buried himself among his books and pictures. A stern and vengeful pride had taken possession of his heart. He resolved to win such fame as should make the mere inheritors of a noble name quail before him, and subduing the bitter agonies of disappointed affection, he applied all the energies of his nature to this great task.

He was successful! Before three years had elapsed, he had the proud satisfaction of learning that the haughty brothers of her whom he had so much loved would gladly have bestowed the hand of their unhappy sister upon the gifted and distinguished minstrel. It was too late. The gentle spirit of Lady Charlotte withered beneath the blight of hopeless love, and when again admitted to behold her, Felix found her but a shadow of her former self. Nor was the change in himself less startling. Days of incessant labor, and nights of repeated vigil, combined with intense mental suffering, had wasted his health, though they could not subdue his spirit, and the lovers felt that they would soon be united for ever in the quiet sleep of death. They saw each other constantly. The fading spark of life in the bosom of Lady Charlotte seemed rekindled by the presence of her lover, and Felix, with all the wild and unnatural excitement which often attends the victim of consumption, continued to pour forth strain after strain, of the most exquisite poetry, until the death of his worshipped idol broke the spell for ever.

A few days after the death of Lady Charlotte, he sat alone in his apartment. The agony of his grief had subsided, and the consciousness that he should soon rejoin her, had tranquillized his bereaved heart, but there was one grief for which there was no solace—one sorrow which haunted him even to death. The door suddenly opened, and admitted a woman closely muffled in a cloak, and veiled. Before Felix could arise or demand the cause of such intrusion, she approached him, and throwing off her concealments, disclosed a face perfectly unknown to him. Her countenance, which was that of a woman about forty years of age, still bore the traces of extreme beauty, and her whole appearance was that of rank and fashion. "My son—my son," exclaimed she in a piercing tone of anguish, "can you forgive your wretched mother?" Felix started up in undisguised horror. Casting herself on the floor before him, she clasped his knees, and with all the eloquence of woman's sorrow entreated him to look upon her, and forgive her. To describe his feelings would be impossible. All his deep and deadly hatred rose in his heart—he loathed her for the very humbleness with which she writhed upon the earth before her child—her offcast son. But when he heard her tale—when he learned that he was the offspring of a secret marriage between the son of one of the noblest families in France, and the daughter of the ancient house of Montmorency—when he heard that the marriage had been publicly legalized several years before, and that he, the first born of that marriage, had remained unclaimed, lest he should deprive his brothers of their princely birthright, his rage knew no bounds. Spurning the wretched woman who still clung to him in agony, he poured forth a torrent of invective, each word a dagger to the heart of his mother. In vain she entreated him to remember that she had entrusted him to the care of one whom she knew would provide for him, that he had not been the mere outcast which he deemed. In vain she entreated him to repay her years of suffering by one word of kindness from her long lost son. "Woman! I know you not," exclaimed he, "away! but before you go, take with you this message to my mother. I have suffered poverty, disappointment, and disgrace. I have seen the being whom I worshipped, dying, because I had no name to offer her. I have won a name for myself at the expense of health and life, and all this I owe to my mother. Look here," he said, bending down over the kneeling figure at his feet, "look at this wasted brow, and see if I speak not the truth; then go hence, and bear to my mother the curse of her dying son!" The unhappy woman fell senseless at his feet. His eyes glittered with the light of insanity, as he stooped down and looked earnestly on the pale and stiffened features before him; then bursting into a wild and terrific laugh, he sprang

over the prostrate form of his mother, and rushed from the room.

The next day, when the sexton opened the gate of the burial ground where the remains of Lady Charlotte had been deposited, the body of the unfortunate Felix was found stretched on a mound of earth beside her tomb, totally dead. A dark red stain on the fresh grass told the manner of his death. The agitation of his feeling had hurried on the work which consumption was slowly performing. He had broken a blood vessel, and the unhappy victim of a mother's weakness was at rest forever.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

*Malibran—Paris at Midnight—a Mob, &c.*  
Our beautiful and favorite Malibran is playing in Paris this winter. I saw her last night in Desdemona. The other theatres are so attractive, between Taglieri, Robert le Diable, (the new opera) Leutigne Fay, and the political pieces constantly coming out, that I had not before visited the Italian opera. Madame Malibran is every way changed. She sings unquestionably better than when in America. Her voice is firmer, and more under control, but it has lost that gushing wildness, that brilliant daringness of execution, that made her singing upon our boards so indescribably exciting and delightful. Her person is perhaps still more changed. The round, graceful fullness of her limbs & features has yielded to a half-haggard look of care & exhaustion, & I could not but think that there was more than Desdemona's fictitious wretchedness in the expression of her face. Still, her forehead and eyes have a beauty that is not readily lost, and she will be a strikingly interesting, and even splendid creature so long as she can play. Her acting was extremely impassioned; and in the more powerful passages of her part, she exceeded every thing I had conceived of the capacity of the human voice for pathos and melody. The house was crowded, and the applause was frequent and universal.

Madame Malibran, as you probably know, is divorced from the man whose name she bears, and has married a violinist of the Italian orchestra. She is just now in a state of health that will require immediate retirement from the stage, and, indeed, has played already too long. She came forward after the curtain dropped, in answer to the continual demand of the audience, leaning heavily on Rubin, and was evidently so exhausted as to be scarcely able to stand. She made a signal gesture, and was led off immediately, with her head drooping on her breast, amid the most violent acclamations. She is a perfect picture with the French, and I am sure to have out-charmed their usual caprice.

It was a lovely night, and after the opera I walked home. I resided a long distance from the places of public amusement. Dr. Howe and myself had stopped at a *cafe* on the Italian Boulevards an hour, and it was very late. The streets were nearly deserted—here and there a solitary cabriolet with the driver asleep under his wooden apron, or the motionless figure of a municipal guards-man, dozing upon his horse, with his helmet and brazen armor glistening in the light of the lamps. Nothing has impressed me more, by the way, than a body of these men passing me in the night. I have once or twice met the king returning from the theatre with a guard, and I saw them once at midnight on an extraordinary patrol winding through the arch into the Place Carrousel. Their equipments exceedingly warlike, (helments of brass, and coats of mail) and with the gleam of the breast-plates through their horseman's cloaks, the tramp of hoofs echoing through the deserted streets, and the silence and order of their march, it was quite a realization of the descriptions of chivalry.

We kept along the Boulevards to the Rue Richelieu. A carriage, with footmen in livery, had just driven up to Frascati's and, as we passed, a young man of uncommon personal beauty jumped out and entered that place of gamblers. By his dress he was just from a ball, and the necessity of excitement after a scene meant to be gay, was an obvious, if not a fair satire on the happiness of the "gay" circle in which he evidently moved. We turned down the Passage Panorama, perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in all Paris, and traversed its long gallery without meeting a soul. The widely celebrated *patisserie* of Felix, the first pastry-cook in the world, was the only shop open from one extremity to the other. The guard, in his gray capote, stood looking at the window, and the girl who had served the palates of half the fashion and rank of Paris since morning, sat nodding fast asleep behind the counter paying the usual fatiguing penalty of notoriety. The clock struck two as we passed the *façade* of the Bourse. This beautiful and central square is, night and day, the grand rendezvous of public vice; and late as the hour was, its *pavé* was still thronged with flaunting and painted women of the lowest description, promenading without cloaks or bonnets, and addressing every passer-by.

The Palais Royal lay in our way, just below the Bourg, and we entered its magnificent court with an exclamation of new pleasure. Its thousand lamps were all burning brilliantly, the long avenues of trees by the bright radiation of light through the mist, the Corinthian pillars and arches retreated on either side from the eye in distinct and yet mellow perspective, the fountain filled the whole palace with its rich murmur, and the broad marble-paved galleries so thronged by day, were as silent and deserted, as if the drowsy *genie d'armes* standing motionless on their posts, were the only living beings that inhabited it. It was a scene really of indescribable impressiveness. No one who has not seen this splendid palace, enclosing with its vast colonnades so much that is magnificent, can have any idea of its effect upon the imagination. I had seen it hitherto only when crowded with the gay and noisy idlers of Paris, and the contrast of this with the utter solitude it now presented—not a single footfall to be heard on its floors, yet every lamp burning bright, and the statues and flowers and fountains all illuminated as if for a revel—was one of the most powerful and captivating that I have ever witnessed. We loitered slowly down one of the long galleries, and it seemed to me more like some creation of enchantment than the public haunt it is of pleasure and merchandise. A single figure, wrapped in a cloak, passed hastily by us and entered the door of one of the celebrated "hells" in which the playing scarce commences till this hour—but we met no other human being.

We passed on from the grand court to the Galerie Nemours. This, as you may find in the descriptions, is a vast hall, standing between the east and west courts of the Palais Royal. It is sometimes called the "glass gallery." The roof is of glass, and the shops, with fronts entirely of window, are separated only by long mirrors, reaching in the shape of a spiral from the roof to the floor. The pavement is tessellated, and at either end stand two columns completing its form, and dividing it from the other galleries into which it opens. The shops are among the costliest in Paris; and what with the vast proportions of the hall, its beautiful and glistening material, and the lightness and grace of its architecture, it is even when deserted, one of the most fairy-like places in this fantastic city. It is the lounging place of military men particularly; and every evening from six to midnight, it is thronged by every class of gaily dressed people, officers of duty, soldiers, Polytechnic scholars, ladies, and strangers of every costume and complexion, promenading to and fro in the light of the *cafés* and the dazzling shop-shelters completely from the weather, and enjoying without expense or ceremony, a scene more brilliant than the most splendid ball-room in Paris. We lounged up and down the long echoing pavement an hour. It was like some king's "banquet hall deserted." The lamps burned

dazzling bright, the mirrors multiplied our figures into shadowy and silent attendants, and our voices echoed from the glittering roof in the utter stillness of the hour as if we had broken in, Thalaba-like, upon some magical palace of silence.

It is singular how much the differences of time and weather affect scenery. The first sunshine I saw in Paris, unsettled all my previous impressions completely. I had seen every place of interest through the dull heavy atmosphere of a week's rain, and it was in such leaden colours alone that the finer squares and palaces had become familiar to me. The effect of a clear sun upon them was wonderful. The sudden gilding of the dome of the Invalides by Napoleon must have been something like it. I took advantage of it to see every thing over again, and it seemed to me like another city. I never realized so forcibly the beauty of sunshine. Architecture, particularly, is nothing without it. Every thing looks heavy and flat. The tracery of the windows, and reliefs, meant to be definite and airy, appears clumsy and confused, and the whole building flattens into a solid mass, without design or beauty.

I have spent the whole day in a Paris mob. The arrival of General Romarino and some of his companions from Warsaw, gave the malcontents a plausible opportunity of expressing their dislike to the measures of government; and under cover of a public welcome to this distinguished Pole, they assembled in immense numbers at the Port St. Dennis, and on the Boulevard Montmartre. It was very exciting altogether. The cavalry were out, and patrolled the streets in companies, charging upon the crowd wherever there was a stand; the troops of the line marched up and down the Boulevards, continually dividing the masses of people, and forbidding any one to stand still. The shops were all shut, in anticipation of an affray. The students endeavoured to cluster, and resisted, as far as they dared the orders of the soldiers; and from noon to night there was every prospect of a quarrel. The French are a fine people under excitement. Their handsome ordinary heartless faces become very expressive under the strongest emotions; and their picturesque dresses and violent gesticulation set off a popular tumult exceedingly. I have been highly amused all day, and have learned a great deal of what it is very difficult for a foreigner to acquire—the language of French passion. They express themselves very forcibly when angry. The constant irritation kept up by the intrusion of the cavalry upon the side-walks, and the rough manner of dispersing gentlemen by sabre blows and kicks with the stirrups, gave me sufficient opportunity of judging. I was astonished however, that their summary mode of proceeding was borne at all. It is difficult to mix in such a vast body and not to catch its spirit, and I found myself, without knowing why, or rather with a full conviction that the military measures were necessary and right, entering with all my heart into the rebellious movements of the students, and boiling with indignation at every dispersion by force. The students of Paris are probably the worst subjects the king has. They are mostly young men of twenty to twenty-five, full of bodily vigour and enthusiasm, and excitable to the last degree. Many of them are Germans, and no small proportion Americans. They make a good *amalgam* for a mob, dress being the fast consideration, apparently, with a medical or law student in Paris. I never saw such a collection of atrocious looking fellows as are to be met at the lectures. The Polytechnic scholars on the other hand, are the finest looking body of young men I ever saw. Aside from their uniform, which is remarkably neat and beautiful, their figures and faces seem picked for spirit and manliness. They have always a distinguished air in a crowd, and it is easy after seeing them, to imagine the part they played as leaders in the revolution of the three days.

Contrary to my expectation, night came on without any serious encounter. One or two individuals attempted to resist the authority of the troops, and were considerably bruised, and one young man, a student, had three of his fingers cut off by the stroke of a dragoon's sabre. Several were arrested, but by eight o'clock all was quiet, and the shops on the Boulevards once more exposed their tempting goods and lit up their brilliant mirrors without fear. The people thronged to the theatres to see the political pieces, and evaporate their excitement in cheers at the liberal allusions; and so ends a tumult that threatened danger, but operated, perhaps, as a healthful event for the accumulating disorders of public opinion.—N. Y. *Mirror*.

From a French Paper.

The following horrid occurrence is said to have taken place in a lonely house at the camp de Lune, arrondissement of St. Menech. The account is extracted from the *Echo de l'Est*:—"A person, of the department of the Marne, who had about him sum of 800 francs, was arrested towards the close of the day in a forest, by a fellow who demanded his purse or his life. "My purse is light," said he, "six francs is all it contains. "Give them," said the robber, "and pass on your way." The traveller was scarcely out of the woods when perceiving a light in the fields, and afraid of being attacked by other thieves, he thought it prudent to direct himself towards a lonely house and ask for refuge. He there found a woman alone, to whom he related what had happened to him, not forgetting to add, that by his presence of mind he had saved his 800 francs. The woman readily consented to give him a bed, and conducted him to a back room. Her husband, who was no other than the thief of the forest, came in soon after, and she told him what he already half knew. The worthy couple immediately laid a plan to assassinate their guest, which was fortunately overheard by the traveller, who armed himself with a heavy stick, and resolutely awaited his murderers. The husband seizing a large kitchen knife, and the woman a hatchet, went straight to the stranger's room. The door was barricaded, they broke it open, a conflict ensued in the dark, in which the stranger, by a blow with his stick, felled the husband to the earth. The woman concluding that it was the traveller whom she heard fall, struck several blows with her hatchet on the head of the victim, and thus accomplished the death of her husband. Justice is inquiring into the circumstances; but if these facts be exact, Divine justice has already agened society."

**VENISON.**—Deer have been unusually abundant on the Androscoggins and in the neighborhood of Moose head Lake. A man came to market at this village a few days since with several deer, and stated they were driven into his barn-yard by the wolves which have also been committing great depredation upon sheep. He related rather a curious fact. The carcass of a sheep was suspended from a tree and a trap set at the foot of the tree. A wolf approached looking up at the sheep and put his foot in the trap but not on the spring; presently another came up and sprung the trap, and when discovered the two wolves had almost killed each other. This was rather a more profitable job than killing deer, as the bounty is \$8 a head for woves; and such has been the abundance of venison that it has been sold in Augusta for 1½ cents per pound.—*Gardiner Standard*

## RAIL ROADS.

FROM THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

Granville, 20th March, 1832.

MESSRS. J. GALES & SON,

Gentlemen: In compliance with my promise, I now give you such particulars of the Charleston Rail Road, as may aid in forming a correct estimate of our Rail Road projects.

Mr. Allen, the Chief Engineer, in his last Report, exhibits the following estimate of the cost of that Rail Road:

135½ miles now under contract for	\$391,677
For Rail Road Iron,	133,800
Iron Spikes,	12,500
Piling Machinery,	3,700
Edict Bridge,	1,700
Turn Outs,	5,000
Inclined Plane and Double Road,	6,000
Engineer Department,	45,623
Contingencies, right to timber, damages, &c.	100,000

Total cost of constructing 135½ miles, \$610,000

Being \$4,510 per mile. But as Steam Engines are used on that Road, he adds for locomotive power; Engine to be stationed on inclined plane,	\$9,000
Six Locomotives,	30,000
One hundred and sixty wagons,	20,000
Water stations,	2,000

\$61,000  
Making the whole cost of Road and Locomotives \$671,000 or \$4,961 per mile.

In constructing that Road, after clearing the ground and excavating where it was necessary to attain the proper level, Pilings are driven by machinery into the ground on each side of the road, thus forming two rows of Piles five feet apart, and the Piles 6½ feet apart in each row. The Piles are then cut to the proper height to preserve the level, and a tenon is cut on the upper end. A piece 9 feet long 6 by 9 inches with mortice in each end to fit the tenon of the Piles, is then placed on the Piles across the Road, and pinned fast. These Pilings being 6½ feet apart from centre to centre, there are in a mile 812, supported by 182 Piles (or Posts as they would be called in the common language of the country.) The Rails are placed on these transverse pieces and made fast by being let into them about 3 inches and wedged securely. The Rails are 6 by 10 inches, and as long as they can be obtained, not less than 19½ feet. The bars of iron are placed on the inner edge of the Rails and made fast by iron spikes. The wheels used on the Rail Road are all of cast iron, with the inner edge of the rim projecting an inch, forming what is called a flange, which prevents the wheels from running off the track, and keeps them on the bar of iron.

That Road does not very far from perfect level more than thirty feet in a mile, except in descending to the valley of the Savannah river, where, in distance of 3,200 feet, its descent is 130 feet. At that place a Stationary Engine is to be used, on an inclined plane. In passing over streams, marshes or other low places, the Piles used are long enough to preserve the level, so that on some parts of the road now in use, the rails are fourteen feet above the surface of the ground.

It is possible to ascertain precisely the cost of constructing a Rail Road on any particular route, till accurate Surveys and Estimates are made; but perhaps the following Estimate, by giving some general idea of the cost, may afford some satisfaction to those who desire information on the subject:

17 tons of iron may be imported and delivered at our wharves at \$51 per ton	\$867
1200 iron Spikes will cost 9 cents per lb.	108
1624 Piles of different lengths not hewed, at	12½ cents
812 Transverse Pieces 9 feet long, 6 by 9 inches side & edge	203
10,560 Running feet of Rail 6 by 10 inches	23,215 ft.
do do do 14,080 ft.	200 ft.
Amount of cost of materials for one mile Carpenter's work, \$250. Driving Piles \$350	1642 30