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BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE PARTING.

We part—oh, would that we had met.
Thy heart, thy hand, as free as mine,
With souls to cherish, not regret
The feelings that have made me thine;
Then had I prized each hope that now
Flings but remorse across my brow.
For what must leave no sign,
Recalling with despairing fears,
Those dreams of exalted years.

The sun that rose in burning gold
Was darkened on its way;
And love as deep as mine, untold
Must wither in decay;
And smiles, deceiving smiles, hide well
The tale no living lips may tell,
While agony must prey
Upon each thought's unchecked career,
With nought to hope, yet all to fear.

Thou canst not feel as I have felt,
For guilt is not thine own;
The cares that in my soul have dwelt
Are mine, but mine alone.
And others deemed my gladdening smile
Could grief of all its slings beguile,
As if it were unknown—
As if no falsehood could be there
To veil a broken heart's despair.

Farewell! but deem not thou, my soul
Can part with thoughts of thee;
For it were vain as to control
The billows of the sea.
In every scene, through joy and grief,
My heart nor hopes nor seeks relief,
Nor wishes to be free;
But to a thousand feelings still
It clings with many a madd'ning thrill.

Liverpool Journal. HARRIET GATES.

From the New York Mirror.

Washington in the Session.

By N. P. Willis.

There is a sagacity acquired by travel on the subject of forage and quarters, which is useful in all other cities in the world where one may happen to be a stranger, but which is as inapplicable to the emergencies of an arrival in Washington as walking in a shipwreck. It is a capital whose peculiarities are as much *suu generis* as those of Venice; but as those who have become wise by a season's experience, neither remain on their spots to give warning, nor have recorded their experience in a book, the stranger is worse off in a coach in Washington, than in a gondola in the "city of silver streets."

It is well known, I believe, that when the fetters city of Washington was about being laid out, there were two large lot buyers or land owners, living two miles apart, each of whom was interested in having the public buildings upon the centre of his own domain. Like children quarrelling for a sugar horse, the subject of dispute was pulled in two, and one got the head and the other the tail. The capital stands on a rising ground in solitary grandeur, and the President's house and department buildings two miles off one another. The city straddles and stretches between, doing its best to look continuous and compact, but the stranger soon sees that it is after all but a "city of magnificent distances," built to please nobody on earth but a hackney coachman.

The new comer, when asked what hotel he will drive to, thinks himself very safe if he chooses that nearest the capitol—supposing of course that, as Washington is purely a legislative metropolis, the most central part will naturally be near the scene of action. He is accordingly set down at Gadsby's, and, at a price that would startle an English nobleman, he engages a pigeon hole in the seventh heaven of that boundless caravanserai. Even at Gadsby's however, he finds himself over half a mile from the capitol, and wonders, for two or three days, why the deuce the hotel was not built on some of the waste lots at the foot of Capitol Hill, an improvement which might have saved him, in rainy weather, at least five dollars a day in hack hire. Meantime the secretaries and foreign ministers leave their cards, and the party and dinner giving people shower upon him the "small rain" of pink billets. He sets apart the third or fourth day to return their calls, and inquires the addresses of his friends, (which they never write on their cards, because, if they did, it would be no guide,) and is told it is impossible to direct him, but the hackney coachmen all know! He calls the least ferocious looking of the most bullying and ragged set of tatterdemalions he has ever seen, and delivers himself and his visiting list into his hands. The first thing is a straight drive two miles away from the capitol. He passes the President's house, and getting off the smooth road, begins to dive and drag through cross lanes and open lots, laid out according to no plan that his loose ideas of geometry can comprehend, and finds his friends living in houses that want nothing of being in the country, but trees, gardens and fences. It looks as if it had rained naked brick houses upon a waste plain, and each occupant had made a street with reference to his own front door.—The much shaken and more astonished victim consumes his morning and his temper, and has made, by dinner time, but six out of forty calls, all imperatively due, and all scattered far and wide with the same loose and irreconcilable geography.

A fortnight's experience satisfies the stranger that this same journey is worse at night than at morning; and that, as he leaves his dinner which he pays for at home, runs the

risk of his neck, passes an hour or two on the road and ruins himself in hack hire, it must be a very—yes, a very pleasant dinner party, to compensate him. Consequently, he either sends a "p. p. e." to all his acquaintances; and lives incog. or which is a more sensible thing, moves up to the other settlement, and abandons the capitol.

Those who live on the other side of the President's house, are the secretaries, diplomatists and a few wealthy citizens. There is no hotel in this quarter, but there are one or two boarding houses; and (what we have been lucky enough to secure ourselves) furnished lodgings, in which you have every thing but board.—Your dinner is sent you from a French cook's near by, and your servant gets your breakfast—a plan which gives you the advantage of dining at your own hour, choosing your own society, and of having covers for a friend or two whenever it suits your humor, and at half an hour's warning.—There are very few of these lodgings, (which combine many other advantages over a boarding house,) but more of them would be a good speculation to house owners, and I wish it were suggested, not only here, but in every city in our country.

Aside from society, the only amusement in Washington is frequenting the capitol. If one has a great deal of patience and nothing better to do, this is very well; and it is very well at any rate till one becomes acquainted with the heads of the celebrated men in both the chambers, with the noble architecture of the building and the routine of business. This done, it is time wearily spent for a spectator. The finer orators seldom speak, or seldom speak warmly, the floor is oftentimes occupied by prosing and very sensible gentlemen whose excellent ideas, enter the mind more agreeably by the eye than the ear, or in other words, are better delivered by the newspapers, and there is a great deal of formula and etiquetted sparring which is not even entertaining to the members, and which consumes time "consumedly." Now and then the Senate adjourns when some one of the great orators has taken the floor, and you are sure of a great effort the next morning; if you are there in time, and can sit, like Atlas with a world on your back, you may enjoy a front seat, and hear oratory, unsurpassed, in my opinion, in the world.

The society in Washington, take it all in all is by many degrees the best in the U. States. One is prepared, though I cannot conceive why, for the contrary. We read in books of travels, and we are told by every body, that the society here is promiscuous, rough, inelegant, and even barbarous. This is an untrue representation of it, at least, much improved. America, where the female society is not refined, cultivated and elegant. With or without regular advantages, woman attains the refinements and the tact necessary to polite intercourse. No traveller ever ventured to complain of this part of American society. The great deficiency is that of agreeable, highly cultivated men, whose pursuits have been elevated, and whose minds are pliable to the grace and changing spirit of conversation. Every man of talents possesses these qualities naturally, and hence the great advantage which Washington enjoys over every other city in our country. None but a shallow observer, or a malicious book maker, would ever sneer at the exterior or talk of the ill breeding of such men as form, in great numbers, the agreeable society of this place—for a man of great talents never could be vulgar, and there is a superiority about most of these which raises them above the petty standard which regulates the outside of a coxcomb. Even compared with the dress and address of men of similar positions and pursuits in Europe, however, (members of the House of Commons for example, or of the chamber of Deputies in France,) it is positively the fact that the Senators and Representatives of the United States have a decided advantage. It is all very well for Mr. Hamilton, and other scribblers whose books must be spiced, to go down, to ridicule a Washington *soiree* for English readers; but if the observation of one who has seen assemblies of legislators and diplomatists in all the countries of Europe may be fairly placed against his and Mrs. Trollope's, I may assert upon my own authority, that they will not find, out of May Fair in England, so well dressed and dignified a body of men. I have seen as yet, no specimen of the rough animal described by them and others as the "Western member;" and if David Crockett, (whom I was never so fortunate as to see,) was of that description, the race must have died with him. It is a thing I have learned since I have been in Washington, to feel a wish that foreigners should see Congress in Session. We are so humbugged, one way and another by travellers' lies.

I have heard the observation once or twice from strangers since I have been here, and it struck myself on my first arrival, that I had never seen within the same limit before, so many of what may be called "men of mark." You will scarce meet a gentleman on the side walk in Washington who would not attract your notice, seen elsewhere, as an individual possessing in his eye or general features a certain superiority. Never having seen most of the celebrated speakers of the Senate, I busied myself for the first day or two, in examining the faces that passed me in the street, in the hope of knowing them by the outward stamp which, we are apt to suppose, belongs to greatness. I gave it up at last, simply from the great number I met who might be (for all that features had to do with it) the remarkable men I sought.

There is a very simple reason why a Congress of the United States should be, as they certainly are, a much more marked body of men than the English House of Commons or Lords; or the chamber of Peers or Deputies in

France. I refer to the mere means by which, in either case, they come by their honors. In England and France, the Lords and Peers are legislators by hereditary right, and the members of the Commons and Deputies from the possession of extensive property or family influence, or some other cause, arguing in most cases, no great personal talent in the individual. They are legislators, but they are devoted very often much more heartily to other pursuits—hunting or farming, racing, driving, and similar out-of-door passions common to English gentlemen and Lords, or the corresponding penchants of French Peers and Deputies. It is only the few great leaders and orators who devote themselves to politics exclusively. With us every one knows it is quite the contrary. An American politician delivers himself, body and soul, to his pursuit. He never sleeps, eats, walks, or dreams, but in subservience to his aim. He cannot afford to have another passion of any kind till he has reached the point of his ambition—and then it has become a morbid necessity from habit. The consequence is, that no man can be found in an elevated sphere in our country, who has not had occasion for more than ordinary talent to arrive there. He inherited nothing of his distinction; and has made himself. Such orators leave their marks, and they who have thought, and watched, and struggled and contended, with the passions of men, as an American politician inevitably must, cannot well escape the traces of such work. It usually elevates the character of the face—it always strongly marks it.

Apropos of "men of mark;" the dress circle of the theatre, at Power's benefit, not long since was graced by three Indians in full costume—the chief of the Foxes, the chief of the Ioways, and a celebrated warrior of the latter tribe, called the Sioux-killer. The Fox is an old man of apparently fifty, with a heavy, aquiline nose, a treacherous eye, sharp as an eagle's, and a person rather small in proportion to his head and features. He was dressed in a bright scarlet blanket, and a crown of feathers with an eagle's plume, standing erect on the top of his head, all dyed in the same deep hue. His face was painted to match, except his lips, which looked of a most ghastly yellow, in contrast with his fiery nose, forehead and cheeks. His tomahawk lay in the hollow of his arm, decked with feathers of the same brilliant color with the rest of his drape. Next him sat the Sioux-killer, in a dingy blanket, with a crown made of a great quantity of the feathers of a pea-hen, which fell over his face and concealed his features almost entirely. He is very small, but is famous for his personal feats, having, among other things, walked one hundred and thirty three Sioux (hence his name) in one battle with that nation. He is but twenty-three, but very compact and wiry looking, and his eye glowed through his veil of hen feathers like a coal of fire.

Next to the Sioux-killer sat "White Cloud," the chief of the Ioways. His face was the least warlike of the three, and expressed a good nature and freedom from guile, remarkable in an Indian. He is about twenty-four, has very large features, and a fine erect person, with broad shoulders and chest. He was painted less than the Fox chief, but of nearly the same color, and carried, in the hollow of his arm, a small, glittering tomahawk, ornamented with blue feathers. His head was encircled by a kind of turban of silver fringed cloth, with some metallic pendants for earrings, and his blanket not particularly clean or handsome; was partly open on the breast, and disclosed a calico shirt, which was probably sold to him by a trader in the west. They were all very attentive to the play, but the Fox Chief and White Cloud departed from the traditional dignity of Indians, and laughed a great deal at some of Power's fun. The Sioux-killer sat between them, as motionless and grim as a marble knight on a tomb stone.

The next day I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Power, who lived at the same hotel with the Indian delegation; and while at dinner he received a message from the Ioways, expressing a wish to call on him. We were sitting over our wine when White Cloud and the Sioux-killer came in with their interpreter.—There were several gentlemen present, one of them in the naval dress uniform, whose face the Sioux-killer scrutinized very sharply.—They smiled in bowing to Power, but made very grave inclinations to the rest of us. The chief took his seat, assuming a very pretentious and dignified attitude, which he preserved immovably during the interview, but the Sioux-killer drew up his legs, resting them on the round of the chair, and, with his head and body bent forward, seemed to forget himself, and give his undivided attention to the study of Power and his naval friend. Tumblers of Champagne were given them, which they drank with great relish, though the Sioux-killer provoked a little ridicule from White Cloud, by coughing as he swallowed it. The interpreter was a half-breed between an Indian and a negro, and a most intelligent fellow. He had been reared in the Ioway tribe, but had been among the whites a great deal for the last few years, and had picked up English very fairly. He told us that White Cloud was the son of old White Cloud who died three years since, and that the young chief had acquired entire command over the tribe, by his mildness and dignity. He had paid the debts of the Ioways to the traders, very much against the will of the tribe; but he commenced by declaring firmly that he would be just, and had carried his point. He had come to Washington to receive a great deal of money from the sale of the lands of the tribe, and the distribution of it lay entirely in his own power. Only one old warrior had ventured to rise in council and object to his measure; but when White Cloud spoke, he had dropped his head on his bosom and submitted. This information and that which followed was given

in English, of which neither of the Ioways understood a word.

Mr. Power expressed a surprise that the Sioux-killer should have known him in his citizen's dress. The interpreter translated it, and the Indian said in answer—"The dress is very different, but when I see a man's eye I know him again." He then told Power that he wished, in the theatre, to raise his war cry and help him fight! the three bad looking men who were his enemies, (referring to three bailiffs in a scene in Paddy Carey.) Power asked what part of the play he liked best. He said that part where he seized the girl in his arms and ran off the stage with her, (at the close of an Irish jig in the same play.)

The interpreter informed us that this was the first time the Sioux-killer had come among the whites. He had disliked them—always till now, but he said he had seen enough to keep him telling tales all the rest of his life. Power offered them cigars, which they refused. We expressed our surprise, and the Sioux-killer said that the Indians who smoked, gave out soonest in the chase; and White Cloud added, very gravely, that the young women of his tribe did not like the breaths of the smokers. In answer to an inquiry I made about the comparative size of Indians and white men, the chief said that the old men of the whites were larger than old Indians, but the young whites were not so tall and straight as the youths of his tribe. We were struck with the smallness of the chief's hands and feet, but he seemed very much mortified when the interpreter translated our remark to him. He turned the little yellow fingers over and over, and said that old White Cloud, his father, who had been a great warrior, had small hands like his. The young chief, we were told by the interpreter, has never yet been in an engagement, and is always spared from the heavier fatigues undergone by the rest of the tribe.

They showed great good nature in allowing us to look at their ornaments, tomahawks, etc. White Cloud wore a collar of bear's claws, which marked him for a chief; and the Sioux-killer carried a great cluster of brass bells on the end of his tomahawk, of which he explained the use very energetically. It was to shake when he stood over his fallen enemy in the fight, to let the tribe know he had killed him. After another tumbler of champagne each, they rose to take their leave, and White Cloud gave us his hand gently, with a friendly nod. We were all amused, however, with the Sioux-killer's more characteristic adieu. He looked us in the eye like a hawk, and gave us each a grip of his iron fist, that made the blood tingle under our nails. He would be an awkward customer in a fight, or his fixed lip and keen eye very much belie him.

GOOD ADVICE.

An article containing some very just remarks as well as good advice, for the present crisis, in the New York Star, concludes thus:—
"To the citizens at large we say, diminish your expenses. Do it at once, and by a united movement.

The people in the country must be made to know and sympathize in your sufferings. It is difficult, if not impossible, for the farmers to understand your difficulties, while they are receiving for every article produced from their farms double price. Let the rich set the example, and pursue it, and the rest will follow, and in less than six months the effect will be felt in every section of the country.

Diminish the quantity of meat you purchase in the market, select the cheapest piece, and in sixty days there will be an over stock of cattle and poultry, and prices will come down, and butchers will escape from monopolizing drovers. Forego the use of butter, except in small quantities, health will be improved and prices will come down.

Instead of having a fire in every room, collect the family together at one cheerful grate, and the surplus of coal will soon reduce it to a reasonable price. Burn but one light in your parlor, and a smaller light in your hall, and oil and candles will soon bear a moderate price. Sell your horses, or if you keep them, limit their allowance, walk more and ride less, oats and hay will soon be selling at the old rates of three shillings a bushel, and sixty cents a hundred.

Use rice, beans, meal and vegetables, instead of flour, and twelve dollars per barrel will no longer be heard of.

By pursuing this advice you will render a most grateful charity to the poor; for now, even with their present high wages, they can scarcely live. Upon the reduction of prices, wages might be reduced, and their employment continued. As the matter now stands our city will be filled with men out of work and wholly destitute.

Instead of laying aside your hat when the fur is rubbed off from the corners—or your coat when the nap is worn from the cuffs and shoulders—or your boots as soon as the soles or uppers are broken—keep them in use until they are insufficient to keep out the weather. In these items alone the city might save in one year two millions of dollars.

Let your wives and daughters come down to the plain cambric frock and frill, and four shilling pocket handkerchiefs. They will be just as agreeable.

Those that are married will be more beloved by their husbands, and those that are not will be more likely to get them.

We conscientiously believe, that if the foregoing suggestions are followed for only sixty days, the good effect would be made manifest; and when meat, flour and articles of consumption come down to their old prices, and yet afford a fair profit to the seller, and the money market is easy and confidence is restored, we will all feel more happy and contented.

The wandering Piper was lately at Louisville, playing for the benefit of the poor.

A GOOD STORY.

A couple of New-York blades met a Vermont man at a tavern. They had heard much of Yankee ingenuity and cunning; they soon determined to see if they could not 'come round' this son of the Green Mountain. Thinking he would be careful of his coppers they proposed to him, in the course of the evening's chat, that each of them should propose and do something, which the other two should imitate, or in refusal of either so to do, he should pay all the damage the other two might sustain, and the spot at the bar. The Vermont man was a little wary at first, but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat, walked up to the fire, and threw it on. His companion did the same. The Vermont man as they had agreed, must do the same with his coat or pay for the other two coats, and the spot. Without hesitating, off went the garment on to the fire. The other New-Yorker next made trial. He off boots and hat and consigned them to the devouring element. His companion imitated him, and to their astonishment, the Yankee was not backward. Next came the Vermont man's turn to lead. "Landlord," said he "is there a doctor near?" "Yes, sir." "Send for him." The gentlemen of York began to stare. The doctor soon came. "Doctor," said the Vermont man, "get your instruments, I want you to pull out every tooth I have got in my head, and these gentlemen will probably want the same done with theirs,—at the same time he began to make ready for the operation.—The Doctor and the other two were confounded. "Come Doctor, don't wait," and getting open his mouth, he discovered to the company, that he had but one old rootless snag, that would hardly keep in his head. It was presently pulled out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, paid the Vermont man for his coat, hat, and boots, and went off to bed grinding their molars.

From the Naval Magazine.

A ROGUE OBTWITTED.—Capt. Maryatt relates the following anecdote in a late number of the London Metropolitan:

"Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled in and out of his chamber to the sitting room. A well known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the front area door open, communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where, as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. "I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is out." The gentleman started. "It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table and putting them into my own pocket; and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purposes." "Pray help yourself," replied the gentleman—who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard, and many other things that suited him, and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle—he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant's returning, soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow-street, with the drawing and account of what had happened. The likeness was so good that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botton Bay.

MOHAMMED ALI AND HIS COURT.—Previous to my presentation at Mohammed Ali's court, accident had given me a sight of him. Strolling one morning through the citadel, a fine looking old man, mounted on a handsome charger, and attended by a single sais on foot, rode by me towards the gate leading to the city. He bowed on crossing my path, but fancying his salutation was intended for a friend who, I imagined, was close behind me, I did not return it. He repeated this compliment, however, which of course I then acknowledged by a removal of my hat.

Waiting for the coming up of my friend, I inquired, "Who is that very polite old gentleman?"

"Whol—why, the Viceroy."

"What! the merciless tyrant, Mohammed Ali?"

"The same."

"And does he ride into the city without a guard?"

"Even so: you see him there most days, if you will only be in the main street at his usual hour of taking exercise."

So much, thought I, for the tales told in England, of the detestation in which this sanguinary monster is held by all classes of his subjects.—Scott's Egypt and Candia.

Another Junius.—Sir David Brewster is engaged in an attempt to unveil the best kept secret of modern times, the author of "Junius's Letters."—An accident led to the inquiry now in progress by Sir David. Among the papers of his late eminent relative, Mr. Macpherson, translator of Ossian, he found a number of notes and letters addressed to that gentleman by one of his friends, which struck him from their resemblance to the style of Jo-