

Newbern Sentinel.

BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

At \$3 Per Annum, in advance.

NEWBERN, N. C.—VOL. XXI—NO 22.

—WEEKLY—

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1887.

TERMS

The Sentinel is published weekly at \$3 per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements, by the year, \$15.00 for two squares or less; and five dollars for each additional square. By the number, 75 cts. for the first insertion, 37 1/2 for each continuation.

No subscription received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the Editor.
On all letters addressed to the Editor, the postage must be paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TORTOISE-SHELL SPECTACLES

From the MS. Journal of a Late Traveller.

**** I have just left Spa. The season is not quite over, but it is decaying. And although I may love the autumnal beauty of the forest, nothing is so far from captivating, to me at least, as the decay of life in a watering-place. I ordered my britches without loss of time, bade six months' farewell, and perhaps longer, to the morality and mortality of the town of Spa, and set out for quiet Hanover. It is curious enough that the old absurdity of praising the past at the expense of the present, is as frequent at Spa, where every season undoubtedly adds to the shows and sports of the last, as it was in the days of Homer, and among the sunburnt rocks of the Mediterranean. However, something may be said for the complainers. It is just two years since the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle: this poured a vast influx of idlers and speculators of all nations into the town; and, as all things are great or little by comparison, and showy and useless as Congresses are, they cannot be expected to recur every day, the hotel keepers measure a full season by the "year of the Congress," and think that the world is depopulated since that prodigious period.

But I must tell you an anecdote which I heard of that time, at the *coteur* of a leader of fashion here, which was vouched for by a whole circle of the first authority, if ribands and orders go for anything in this world.

A Count Cesare Mortellari, who announced himself as one of the Sicilian Mortellari, made his *entree* here a few years ago. He spoke of himself as making the tour of Europe, *en philosophe*, and though evidently enfeebled in health, made himself acceptable by his skill in music, and general pliability of manners. Like every body here, he played at the public tables from time to time, but with a declared reluctance for the pursuit, which he said, "disgusted me as much with his habits as his health." He seemed a good deal of the hypochondriac; and among his more intimate circles, complained of the restless dissipation of continental life, and the raptures of philosophy, retirement and so forth. But example is contagious; and as the season advanced, even the shrinking Italian was forced into the crowd. He attended the Redoute and other public places, and sensibly moved in a round of Archdukes and Princesses; but, unlike the general tribe of watering-place Counts, who are pre-eminently for whist, cards, equipage, laced liveries, and boasting of their own exploits in love and war, the Count's manners were remarkably simple; his equipage was plain; his one valet plain as his equipage; his whiskers reduced to the peace establishment, and his tongue silent on all his adventures. With a pair of feeble eyes, which seemed to be but little aided by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, he appeared more like a wandering son of spleen or science, than a man of ton. Yet he was a kind of star: his appearance and habits were a relief, after the glare of the usual candidates for admiration, and the quietude of his play, and the simplicity with which he suffered himself to be laughed at, and occasionally, to be plundered by the fairest of the fair, were considered the most *naive* things in the world.

However, practice improves the dullest, and Fortune, frown as she will, cannot frown for ever! Count Cesare began to win a little, and then, began to win more. Still the wonder was, how, with his want of all dexterity, and his pliant eyes, he could win at all. At length, one night, when the bank happened to be peculiarly strong, the Count, by two or three miracles of luck, suddenly broke it, and swept the board of its last coin, to the infinite chagrin of a circle of petty sovereigns, and quite as much, he vowed, to his own wonder. But the fact was before all eyes. The bank was stripped and the Count, with all his astonishment, carried off to the amount of about 5,000.

On the Continent, those who live by their wits, go, like our English judges, a circuit. They may not deal quite so much in law, nor are perhaps quite so fond of exhibiting their person in its Courts, but they fully equal them in inflicting pains and penalties. The Count Mortellari was unseen at Spa for a while after his relieving the bank of its opulence; and unknown until he was heard of sojourning at the successive round of watering places, and laughed at just as much as he had been at Spa, yet, when the laugh was at its height, by some unaccountable freak of fortune breaking every bank in succession.

Princes and Duchesses do not lose their money even at German watering places without wishing that they had kept it in their purses, nor find themselves regularly beaten, without indulging in suspicions of the skill which could beat them. Rumors began to thicken, that the simple Count was not altogether the child of nature he seemed, the rumour even blackening into belief, when the Count suddenly appeared at Spa in person. This justified him at once. His look was more simple than ever. No scepticism could stand against the almost infantine helplessness of his delicate and pale physiognomy, his eyes were even more purblind, if possible, than before. His dress too, had undergone a change for the worse, though it had preserved its neatness. His valet was gone, and his li-

tle, yet remarkable pretty cabriolet was gone along with him. He came to the Redoute as usual, but seemed to have lost the inclination and the faculties for play together. Night after night he glanced at the tables, like one who had half forgotten what they were; and after lingering an hour or two round the room, sipping coffee, listening to the orchestra and laughed at by every body, quietly retired to his bed. Nothing could be clearer, than that the reports of his success during his absence, had been mere fabrications. It was even so far evident that the Count was a ruined man, that it became a topic whether he was worthy laughing at any longer, and whether it would not be judicious to forget him to his face.

In the mean time, Spa began to be filled. The celebrated Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle was at hand, and the distance from Aix-la-Chapelle was too slight to leave a doubt on the mind of the Hotel keepers of Spa that own was the time to make their fortunes. The Congress met, the Sovereigns showed their faces, the Ministers their portfolios, the Aides-de-camp their feathers, the attaches their ribbons; and the grand business of their meeting being thus accomplished, finding time hanging terribly on their hand at the terribly dull city of Charlemagne, the whole Diplomacy, Sovereigns, and Secretaries, made a general movement to Spa.

After the first gaze at this display of imperial and kingly pomp, life returned to its ordinary channels again. A day or two was enough to scute the general opinion of the ladies, that Alexander was well looking for a Russ and an Emperor, but had too much of Slavonian in his visage. That Constantine, not withstanding his diamond epaulettes, was a regular Calmuc. That the king of Prussia, with his grim form and iron colored features, would have made a capital hussar. That the Emperor Francis, with his small fair face, seemed thoroughly henpecked, and as to the rest, the crowds of Attaches and Aides-de-Camp were very convenient for waltzing with, and playing with at roulette while their purses lasted. But the Redoute was in its glory. Its spacious ball never saw before so much of the grandeur of this world; and the card-table was the centre of a circle of Majesties.

The poor Count tottered through this perpetual glitter naturally more unnoticed than ever. At length the sovereigns announced that they were to take their departure, and a grand ball was proposed, to celebrate the last night of their august presence. It was given. Spa had never seen anything half so embroidered before. Rouge et noir was the imperial game. The difficulty was, how to make way to its table, through circle of epaulettes and diamonds. But, though fainting Princesses and panting Archdukes were unable to advance a step—by some unaccountable accident, little Mortellari had wormed his way, until he stood under the very elbow of the Autocrat of all the Russias. The bank on that night was worth throwing against indeed. It was turgid with gold. Every coin of Europe, from the ducat to the doubloon, was shining in heaps before the gaze. The play went on, as usual, with various chances. Nesselrode lost enough to wish that he had contented himself with stripping Poland. Liven shrugged up his shoulders, as he looked at the long Cossack purse emptied of the long savings of his British embassy. Metternich staked a year's income of Johannisberg, and saw its instant accession to the heap with a sigh, as if he had seen the loss of an Austrian province. In the meantime, the little Count staked down his ducats, bowed his feeble eyes close to the table, and played. The banker gave a scream. It had won. An irrepressible exclamation of astonishment and chagrin burst from the whole circle. It spread through the building, and all was wonder and confusion. Both were, if possible, increased when on the circle's opening the Count's lost valet was seen advancing with a huge chamois bag, into which he scraped the whole contents of the table. The bag was borne away, and deposited, before two thousand pairs of eyes, in the lost cabriolet!

The higher orders, of course, acquiesced in their ill-luck. But there are hangers on in the vicinity of the Continental tables, who are not so easily satisfied with the caprices of fortune, and who have cut the throat of many a winner, before he reached his escritoire. A rush was made against the deceptive Count by those Chevaliers d'Industrie. But they gained little by their exploit. Mortellari was on his guard. He started up into sudden stature; and while with one hand he struck back his foremost assailant with a powerful blow, which sent him reeling through the crowd; with the other he drew a double-barrelled pistol from his pocket, which he presented to the gang. In the effort to strike the ruffian, however, the Count had dropped his spectacles, and by the look which he gave his prostrate adversary, and the alertness with which he wound his way through the multitude, it was evident that he had recovered his sight as quickly as his strength and stature. His escape, it must be allowed, was the more easily effected, through the rashness of his assailants, who had made their attempt almost at the threshold of the Redoute. The fracas had instantly brought out a concourse of the visitants, and the assailants were, in consequence, prevented from following up their violence and were given over to the police. The Count, with a bow of thanksgiving, his little but remarkably active Norman pony, and the cabriolet went off at full speed.

The night was serene, and the freshness of the open air held some of the loungers talking of the event, on the promenade outside the building. The vexation of the players, the ill luck of the honest world in general, and the extraordinary good fortune of the extraordinary little Count, were topics that might have kept many a less talking party long together. But a young German, an Aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, saw something glittering by

the moonlight in the grass, and sprang forward to seize the prize. The group conjectured that he had found the star of some Prince, or at least the brooch or bracelet of some belle, and were prepared to congratulate him on his discovery. But the young German returned in great disdain of what he had found, which was simply a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles. He was a good deal laughed at; but, at length, some more sagacious observer pronounced, that they were "prodigiously like the Count's spectacles." Opinions were compared; the place, the circumstance, the spectacles, all confirmed the idea. Spectacles had notoriously been seen on the nose of the Count Mortellari, and the nose had as notoriously been seen without them, and on the very spot too were they found. Proof was no more necessary to those rapid reasoners, and the young German, pledging himself by Thor and Woden that the secret of Mortellari's luck was in his spectacles, put them on, and returned laughingly into the rooms, to try his last ducat. But he was too late, the bank was bankrupt, play was over for the night, a few broken gamblers alone remained, lingering over the scene of their ruin, and all the relics of the hour of bustle and brilliancy, were some of the cards which had been played with scattered over the table and the floor. The German took up one of them, and gazed on it with a look of surprise. He brought it nearer to the decaying light of the chandelier. His look exhibited still more surprise. At length he called on some of the bystanders, and asked whether they could perceive anything on the card which he held in his hand. "Nothing," was the answer after turning it in all directions. "Try these spectacles," said the Aide-de-camp. A single glance was enough—on the lack of the card among the profusion of flourishes common on continental packs, was a figure of \$2!—Was there any mark on the others? "To the naked eye nothing. But to the glass, every card had a peculiar figure. The secret was now out. The spectacles were powerful magnifiers, the cards were barked, and the Count, by the help of his magnifiers, saw on the back what was on the front of every one of the pack. "But was it of the pack alone?" The croupier was called. He produced another. It had its figures too; a dozen, and their share. The room was by this time crowded, and the discovery produced violent excitement. Those who had lost, of course, expected that their losses should be repaid, and they were the clamorous majority, ten to one next proposal was the Count's judgments should be instantly searched, and the Monsieur Mortellari brought to justice. But it was three in the morning, and the police lieutenant was in his first sleep. The order was at last obtained. But it was found that the Count had not returned to his Hotel that night. A bribe, and another hour of entreaties, obtained an order to have him arrested at the barrier, or wherever he should be discovered within the district. But by daylight, it was found that a cabriolet, with a Norman pony, and two men wrapped in furs, had passed the barrier half an hour before twelve, the night before. The chase was then hopeless. The Count was as impalpable as so much lighted gunpowder.

A more detailed investigation naturally took place next day; which proved that, not merely every card which had been used on the previous night was marked, but that every card which had been used for twelve months before was similarly marked, and that every pack in possession of the bank had its figures. Further still, it was shown by the bank, in its own defence, that the packs in the various hotels were figured; and finally, that the system had extended to every hotel in the chief watering places. The little Count's luck was thus easily comprehended. Wherever he went, his magnifiers had read the cards for him. Of course he plundered wherever he chose, though he cautiously reserved his grand achievements for something worth achieving. But how was the extent of the scheme to be explained? Two years before, a card manufactory had been set up near Strasburg, remarkable for the beauty, and still more for the cheapness of its cards. Amounting to little more than two-thirds of the usual price, they had rapidly thrown the common cards out of the market, and been purchased by all the hotel keepers and masters of gaming houses, without exception. The Count was one of the chief partners in this cheap card company. The company was formed, expressly to give him and his associates the command of the card playing world, and their year's circuit had most handsomely repaid them the outlay of their capital. The watering-place were fleeced in very exemplary style. Yet as no one much regrets the losses of these, who are all sharpers alike, or ready to be so when they have an opportunity, there was at least a much laughing as lamentation among honest men in Germany. The young Aide-de-camp got a step from the Emperor for his part in the affair, and H. Signor Cesare Mortellari, though if caught, he would have been sent to improve his morals by twenty years' hard labor in the ditches of Spandau or Ehrenbreitstein, got credit for his knowledge of the true use of spectacles; and may be at this time when genius finds its level every where, is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a Pacha of Turkey, or a rising character of that land of every thing rising the Peninsula.

A Lady Sailor.—Mrs. Holdridge of the packet ship United States, arrived on Tuesday in that vessel—it being her thirtieth voyage across the Atlantic! We think she is fairly entitled to a command, having in every instance sailed as the mate of Capt. H.

DEFINITION OF BABIES.—Noisy lactiferous animalcules, much desiderated by those who never had any.

New Monthly Mag.

DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY.

Democracy may be defined, the government which rests its support on public opinion. It recognises the great truth, that the munificent Author of being has conferred the gifts of mind upon every member of the human race, without distinction of outward circumstances. Whatever of other possession may be engrossed, mind asserts its own independence. Lands, estates, the produce of mines, the fertility of the seas, they may be all usurped by privileged classes. The grasping power of avarice assumes the form of ambitious power, may acquire realm after realm, subdue continents, compass earth in its schemes of aggrandizement, and sigh after other worlds: but mind eludes the power of appropriation; it exists only on its individuality: it is a possession which cannot be torn away; it laughs at chains; it bursts from imprisonment, it defies monopoly. A government of equal rights must therefore rest upon mind; it is the reflection of public opinion; it acknowledges that the sum of moral intelligence of the community should rule the State.

In this sense, democracy is the party of progress and the party of reform. It aims constantly at improvement, not dismayed by the natural and necessary imperfections of all human efforts, and not giving way to despair because every anticipation does not open into fruit.

Or democracy is the government which asserts that the public happiness is the true object of legislation. It is therefore the system which aims at elevating the masses to the knowledge and the care of their own interests. "The history of the more numerous classes has hitherto been but the relation of events, which founding at once a great inequality of fortune, of enjoyment and of individual happiness, have gradually placed the larger part of every nation under guardianship and in a state of dependence." Refinement and civilization were reserved for the more favored inhabitants of the cities—the contempt for the common man become so fixed, that it infused itself into language. The pursuits of agriculture were held in contempt. Was extravagance of superstition to be censured, it was called paganism, which originally means only life in the country;—coarseness of feeling was branded as rustic; the poor, now a term of reproach, meant originally but a cultivator of the soil, a *heathen* was at first but the dweller on the earth; a *villain* was no more than the resident of a village. It is one of the happiest results of our free institutions, that it hath reversed these false and ignoble distinctions; and refusing to gratify the pride of caste, has acknowledged the common mind to be the true material for a commonwealth. Every thing has heretofore been done for a happy few. It is not possible to endow an aristocracy with greater benefits than they have already enjoyed, there is no room to hope that individual minds will be more powerful or more fully developed than the minds of the greatest sages of past time.

The world can advance only by diffusing intelligence and the elements of happiness among the people, by cultivating and improving their moral and intellectual powers. To accomplish this end by means of the people themselves, is the highest purpose of democracy. If it be the duty of the individual to strive after the perfection of God, how much more ought a nation to be image of Deity. Our institutions have acknowledged the common to be the Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a God.

Or democracy is the party that cherishes justice and peace.—"Our institutions are essentially pacific." "Claiming nothing but what is right, submitting to nothing that is wrong," our country commands respect, and offers the right hand of amity to every nation of the globe.

Or democracy is a government, by its very nature opposed to monopoly. For in this form, not less than in any other, can the character of its principles be expressed.—Other governments acknowledge the sovereignty of an individual, or of privileged classes; democracy has destroyed the monopoly of power, and given equal franchises.

A religious aristocracy, connecting state and church, assumed a control over conscience, and claimed a monopoly of thought. Democracy has given to conscience absolute liberty, and has asserted the universal right to intellectual freedom. Jealous governments fear the diffusion of truth, and control its channels by taxes or by a censorship, democracy has repealed the monopoly of thought and emancipated the press. A privileged class usurped the exclusive benefits of learning, democracy respecting the universal gift of the mind has asserted the universal right to intellectual culture.

Capitalists have so oppressed the laboring class, in Europe they have been induced, which but another form of saying that they have been forced, to work by night as well as by day, and children to toil till their joints were swollen, their spirits wasted and life embittered in its dawn. Democracy asserts the universal right to leisure, that is, to time not appropriated to material purposes, but reserved for the culture of the moral affections and that of the mind. It does not tolerate the exclusive enjoyment of leisure by a privileged class, but defending the rights of labor, would suffer none to sacrifice the purpose of moral existence in increasing toil for that which is not life.

Despotic governments have shackled industry by special grants, and the subtle spirit of avarice is attempting to corrupt our institutions under this form of favoritism.—Here too, democracy is equally strenuous in asserting the freedom of industry.—Bancroft's Address.

From the Washington Globe. THE AGITATORS.

It appears that the opposition are not satisfied with having compassed the great object which they urged as a remedy for the panic and pressure. The general suspension is only "the beginning of the end" at which they aim. The correspondent of the National Intelligencer opens his panic letter of yesterday with this commencement, which evidently gives him inexpressible delight. The editor of the Express, in his proper person, declares that it ought to have happened sooner, and, in his character of a correspondent, informs Messrs. Gales and Seaton of the mode in which the assumed right of the banks to violate their promise to pay, while they were able to pay, was enforced by a military array of the people, who surely were at least entitled to demand payment of promissory notes held by them, as long as there was money in the vaults.

The correspondent says: "The bankers met last night, and deliberated to a late hour, when all but three resolved to suspend specie payment. This morning the other three did the same thing. The Common Council being in session at midnight, the banks making a representation to them of what was to be announced in the morning papers, they, in concert with the Mayor, ordered out two regiments of the military, who were on parade this morning as soon as the morning papers were in general circulation. The city is, therefore, quiet."

This is a painful exhibition. Military force, we are persuaded, could never be necessary to protect respectable, popular & influential men, such as preside over the New York banks, in any rightful and proper exercise of their duties. If the banks had continued to pay as long as they had the means of paying, there would have been no fear of the people. If there had been any sufficient public motive why the banks should have retained the specie, rather than that the holders of their notes should have it, and diffuse it through society, the bankers would not have indulged the slightest apprehension.

Even under circumstances that inspired the actors with dread, we are happy to perceive, there was no ground for the mistrust of the people, or a parade of military force to protect the banking institutions. The acquiescence of the people, we sincerely hope, will prove this. The two regiments would not on moment have held in check the great body of men who hold demands on the banks, if they had not felt the restraint of their own moral sense and duty to the laws. The show of regiments, therefore, in anticipation of violence on the part of a quiet people, is rather a proof that those who called for them, were not satisfied of the rectitude of their own purpose, than that evil purposes existed in the bosoms of the population with which they were surrounded. We rejoice that their orderly and peaceable deportment, under circumstances which it was presumed would excite them to violence, has vindicated them from the disreputable suspicions which the resort to the means that European aristocracies employ to give impunity to wrong and oppression, was calculated to fix upon them; for it was intended to prevent. The conduct of the sufferers on this occasion (those who are creditors of the banks) is worthy of all praise. Their patience preserves the character of our country. It will appeal most forcibly to the representative bodies that wield their power of legislation to provide effectual guards against those mischiefs of the present system, of which they are the victims.

But what shall we say of these city presses that are not content with the disasters of the bank suspensions, which are solely occasioned by the panic making they kept up continually, destroying that confidence on which the banks always rest, and which, if it had been as anxiously maintained as it was as industriously undermined for political objects by the city presses, would have undoubtedly supported them through the crisis. The organs of the merchants and the bank, and the panic-making party, although they enjoy the full benefit of the suspension of payments—although no debt is now paid that is not voluntarily paid—labor to keep up the terror, by mysterious misgivings and hints of a state of things yet to come still more gloomy. The Intelligencer serves up to the public no less than three most distressing, and still more distress-foreboding letters, and adds: "our private information, and current rumor are of a more gloomy character than the public accounts, and that we now fear the worst has not come!"

What worse can happen, in the money way, than the general stoppage, we cannot divine. It puts an end to credit, the greatest mercantile calamity that could happen; but it does not destroy our goods and chattels, lands and tenements—the sun continues to shine, and bountiful Providence promises to bless the season—and the industrious and enterprising race of Americans still survive to improve and enjoy these blessings. What worse is to come, then, out of the bank stoppage and mercantile failures than has happened, we know not, but we suppose that our neighbor of the Intelligencer casts a glance across the water to his own country. The London prints, as will be seen by our extracts, tell us that England looks to the packets for gold and silver to save her mercantile ascendancy; and the apprehension that enough has not been sent out to serve the purpose, probably extorts from the editor of the Intelligencer the expression of his "fear that the worst has to come."

The Delaware Gazette states that the "What Crop in that vicinity, which, a short time since, presented any thing but a favorable appearance, has within the last two weeks, improved astonishingly, and gives promise of a good crop.