

DAILY NEWBERNIAN.

SETH M. CARPENTER, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., JUNE 3, 1874.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction :
COL. STEPHEN D. POOL, OF CRAVEN.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

This escaped political convict and implacable Nemesis of the French Commune, is at present the great sensation of the Northern journals and restless newsmongers. We are surprised, that any educated person in this country, unless a Jacobin like Rochefort himself, can feel any interest in him. Even upon the ground, that misfortune intitles the sufferer to respect, such an uncaged wild beast, the more criminal because of his genius and intellectual accomplishments, should be loathed and shunned by every enlightened American citizen. The extradition laws of international comity are incomplete, when they permit a common felon, like Henri Rochefort, because he was transported only for political offenses, to pour out his deadly venom unwhipt of justice among a free people, and in a civilized country. Talk about his being the embodied principle of liberty, and of resistance to political tyranny and oppression. He is the incarnation of unbridled license, of demoniacal satire and bitterness against all prudent government and social discipline, as he is the uncompromising enemy of all political economy sanctified by the blessed influence of morality and religion. His very extraction is revolutionary, for he drew the nourishment of treacherous principles from his mother's breast. Having plied his fearful batteries against the integrity of the Empire, and exerted all his trenchant energy to break down the throne of Napoleon; having followed to the letter the infamous example of Marat and Danton, in the midst of the terrible throes of his countrymen, inflicted by Prussian vengeance and Gallic fanaticism, he now goes back to Europe from the penal servitude of New Caladonia, to re-ignite his fiery hate against the struggling fortunes of McMahon. Such a man, in America, ought not to be allowed countenance or entertainment at either public places, or in the dwellings of private citizens.

It has been the misfortune of France, that her noblest intellects, for the last century, have been in the ranks of infidel philosophers or insurgent politicians. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc and scores of others have been bending their energies continually to one result, the dethronement of social order, and the establishment of an unsettled, vacillating political system among the people. They have cultivated their countrymen into a chronic dissatisfaction. They have fixed upon their nation a hopeless political yearning for an impossible Utopia, which neither Lycurgus nor Locke ever dreamed of in their most adventurous speculations. So that when an honest, amiable old egotist, like Thiers, comes to the helm of the Republic, or a strong-hearted, trustworthy soldier, like McMahon, is entrusted with the reins of power, every gullet and cellar in the French Capital swarms with conspirators and malcontents, and malicious plotters at once begin to plan the ruin of their country. That is what this man Rochefort is even now doing. He freely tells the reporters of the public journals, that the famous Marshal, who won the battles of Magenta and Solferino, is an imbecile and a bungler, that he is afraid of the distinguished journalist, Henri Rochefort, and that said journalist is going to England and to Switzerland, to rain fire upon the head of the martial President. We hope that the Parisian police will keep their eyes open for this insatiable, lantern-jawed conspirator, and if he ever puts his foot upon a square inch of French soil, that he may find a darker dungeon than wasted the manly hopes of Monte Christo in his prime.

EXIT FAIRCLOTH.

At a recent Radical pow-pow in Jones County, the negroes and their few white-skinned allies there assembled, instructed their delegate to the Judicial Convention to "stick" to Clarke, and under no circumstances to vote for Faircloth. The inference is, that if they can't get Clarke, their delegate may vote a little for Seymour. As Clarke has already shown his full strength, and his nomination is therefore impossible, and as the spirit of opposition to Faircloth seems to be unrelenting. Mr. Seymour will please step before the foot-lights and make his best bow. We like, occasionally, to invoke our "prophetic soul" and slightly forecast the future. And in doing so, our powers of prevision enable us to say, that at the next meeting of the Checkerboard Convention, at Kinston, the game will either be a drawn one, and the result as heretofore, or the nominees will be, Augustus S. Seymour, for Judge, notwithstanding his initials are A. S. S., and John V. Sherard, for Solicitor, notwithstanding his undisputed right to spell his whole name with the same three letters. The Convention will be a second Thermopylae to our modern Leonidas; Sherard will be his Xerxes, and any one of the delegates his Ephialtes. As we heard a gentleman remark the other day, the delegates seem to have Moore on the auction block for sale, very much after the style that was pursued towards some of his negro confederates, in the days of slavery. They propose to sell him to the highest bidder, and give him no part of the price, except, possibly, a *scout*, and before he became a Radical he said, in a public speech, that he didn't like that.

Golden Girls and Guinea Siam.

To the Editor of the World:

Sir:—I see that the future social position, in her new foreign home, of the President's daughter appears to exercise considerably her fair countrywomen. Perhaps I need add nothing on this subject to your own full and accurate social diagnosis of the case already published; but as I see that the matter is regarded as one of so much importance as to justify a solemn publication of the exciting fact that on their passage out from New York to Liverpool in the steamship Baltic the young married couple will actually "dine at the same table with the rest of the cabin passengers," you may possibly think it not out of place for an "old stager" like myself, who has seen a good deal of American ladies married to foreign lords, to appease the yearning of the popular mind with a brief sketch of the social results of marriages contracted between daughters of Columbia and sons of the "effete monarchies."

As to the marriage now most immediately interesting the American public, you are quite correct in saying that if there be a waiver of social rank and consideration abroad on either side it is on the side of the young lady. Mr. Sartoris certainly does not belong in any way to the territorial aristocracy of England. He is a grandson on the one side of Mr. Urban Sartoris, a native, I believe, of some Mediterranean country, who formerly lived at Sceaux, near Paris, and who married the daughter of an English merchant, Mr. Tunno, who purchased a property at Warnford in Hampshire. On the other side he is a grandson of Mr. Charles Kemble, the actor. His mother, like her sister, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, is a lady long distinguished for her accomplishments and much admired in the circle of her acquaintances. The prescriptions of established rank have weakened a good deal of late years in England, so that, whatever heralds or masters of ceremonies might have to say of the precedence to be accorded to the new Mrs. Sartoris in her new home, it is not likely that she will be exposed to any particularly disagreeable reminders of the difference between the social prestige of the daughter of an American President and that of the wife of a simple English subject. A cousin of her husband's however, curiously enough, who is by birth an American, would undoubtedly in any particularly buckramized British drawing-room be accorded the *pas* over herself, that lady having married a younger brother of a British peer, the present Lord Leigh. English precedence, as you know, is an awful and gloomy thing, the maintenance of which we regret to see the actual sovereign of the island has lent more countenance than she has with the spirit of the present age. The Prince Consort was the cause of

martinet. It is related of him that when the Czar Nicholas was in England in 1844 he received a very sharp rebuke from that magnificently high-bred monarch for keeping his seat while the ladies of the Queen's suite were withdrawing from the room after a dinner at Windsor; and when Louis Philippe visited England with the Duke of Montpensier the Prince Consort excited a good deal of disapprobation by putting the Duke on the front seat of his carriage and seating himself on the back with the King. It appears that a similar trouble has more recently clouded the bridal bliss of the young Grand Duchess of Russia, since become Duchess of Edinburgh. Let us hope that Mr. Sartoris and his American wife will keep their tempers undisturbed by such gilded social trifles. And since the subject is under review it may be worth while to give the good people who like to gossip about it materials for estimating accurately the effect produced on the position of American young ladies who marry in Europe by the conventional rank of their husbands. I will rapidly draw out for you a list of the most notable cases now within my recollection of American ladies who at this time wear titles, or have been brought within the "charmed circle" of European pomps and dignities by the blind god of Love, and the goddess, not less blind, of Fortune.

As you have already shown, there is at this moment but one lady of American birth who wears an English coronet. This is Miss Magruder, of Washington, now Baroness Abinger in the peerage of England. Another American lady, Miss Kirby, of Maryland, is entitled, however, to the same rank, as the wife of the eleventh Lord Fairfax. But as Lord Fairfax has never claimed his title, nor, I believe ever visited England at all, this is (without the least purpose of a pun,) a case of "barren honor." Miss Warden, a daughter of Mr. Francis Warden, of New York, a former partner of Mr. A. T. Stewart, is married to the younger brother of another peer, Lord Carrington, who stands now as heir presumptive of that not very ancient barony. But Lord Carrington himself is a very young man still, and may at any moment rebut this presumption by taking to himself a baroness. A daughter of Mr. Jerome, of New York, who has recently married a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, need not be included in this account, the chances of any succession in that case being very remote, as the Duke's elder son, the Marquis of Blandford, is a married man. So that in England at this time there are no American ladies occupying such "coins of vantage" as those "three graces of Baltimore," whose history has been already recited in your columns. On the Continent the present generation of American ladies has made loftier conquests, speaking still, of course, from the strictly conventional point of view. I may exclude, of course, the wife by morganatic marriage of the ex-King of Portugal, formerly a young actress of Boston, Miss Henxler. But the highest conventional honors won in matrimony by an American lady of our times are those borne by Miss Hamel, of New Orleans, now Her Royal Highness, the wife of Don Luis de Bourbon, eldest son of His Royal Highness the Count of Aquila, and of Her imperial Highness the Princess Jannana of Brazil, daughter of the Emperor Don Pedro I. and his Empress, the Archduchess Leopoldine of Austria. By this marriage Miss Hamel is connected with the royal house of Bourbon and with the two imperial houses of Braganza and of Hapsburg-Lorraine. This ought to, but perhaps may not, console Louisiana in a measure for the suffering inflicted upon her by the carpet-bag dynasty of the Kelloggs and the Caseys.

Next in conventional rank after this lady comes Miss Lee, of New York, now the widow of His Royal Highness the Prince de Noer, originally Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg.

A long interval, of course, divides these royal and semi-royal alliances from the next in order, which is that of Miss Agnes Leclercq, of Maryland, the widow of Prince Felix of Salm-Salm, a younger brother of the head of that once sovereign and famous house, mediatized half a century ago. The adventures of this lady and of her lord, who, after narrowly escaping death in the service of Maximilian of Mexico, was finally charging with his Prussian cavalcade, would make quite a striking

romance. After her in conventional precedence we must place Miss Parsons, of Ohio, now the wife of the Prince Von Lynar, the head of a family of Italian origin, long settled in Germany, and holding a respectable place among the Prussian nobility who were recognized by the German Emperor

before Napoleon I. abolished that "head and fountain" of all modern feudal honors.

Next after the husband of the Princess Von Lynar in point of conventional rank, though much above him if the question of family and fame is to be entertained, must come Charles Maurice, Marquis of Talleyrand-Perigord, son and heir of the Duke of Dino of that illustrious house, married to Miss Curtis, of New York. And with this French Marchioness we practically exhaust the roll of American ladies who have acquired by foreign marriage titles of nobility important enough to be recognized by the Continental heralds and "annuaires de la noblesse." These censurers of rank have become extremely "difficult" since the French revolution, particularly in France, in which country that truly fearful *auto-da-fe* of the *cartulaires* and *titres* of the old nobility, at which a daughter of one of the oldest houses in the monarchy in person assisted, having done so much to destroy the evidences on which alone, in the last resort (dreadful thought!) the distinction between a patrician and a *roturier* can be impregnably founded! There are indeed children and descendants of American ladies among the titular nobility both of England and of the Continent, as, for example, in the case of the Murats, born of the Lucien marriage, of "Prince-Royal of Naples," with Miss Fraser, of Georgia, and of General Mansfield, now Lord Sandhurst, who is a son of Miss Smith of Baltimore. But I must not wander off too far into the past. A number of American ladies have married persons of title in France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy, the most notable cases being perhaps those of the daughters of Mr. Davis, of New York, one of whom had the good fortune to vex all the Roman princesses by drawing the first choice of seats in the tribune allotted to those distinguished dames at the Great Council of 1869; that of Miss Haight, of New York, now Duchess de la Torre in the ex-kingdom of Naples; that of Miss Gordon, of Ohio, married to one of the Viscounts Villian XIV., of the financial family, authorized by Louis XIV. to add to the numeral of his place among the kings of France to their patronymic. The Baroness de Courval, of Picardy is a lady of New York, and so, too, we believe, is the Baroness de Bussiere, but these names do not represent the old French houses of Courval or of Bussiere, best marked, most clearly authenticated, and distinctly recognized instances are rather to be classed with those orders of chivalry which by reason of the similarity of color in their ribbons are forbidden to be worn by French citizens in France as tending to bring the decorations of the Legion of Honor into doubt and triviality. From all which it will clearly appear, I hope, that if Miss Grant has not permitted her fancy to be taken by a coronet she has not thereby seriously diminished her chances of social honor and esteem even beyond the Atlantic. And if the worst that Mrs. Grundy could fear were to come upon her, how easy it will always be for her to find among her own people the consideration and happiness which heralds can neither give nor take away, and which—if the Jenkinsons of our own press will pardon me for suggesting so demoralizing a thought—not even a popular majority can confer nor yet the close of an official term withdraw.

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