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## Aristocracy.

### A TALE—BY JUAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Louis, did not Charles Hargrove come home with you from the party last night?"  
"And suppose he did, Caroline, what then?"  
"First tell me whether he did or not?"  
"Why sister, you appear as if you were not in a very pleasant humour this morning; and your great impatience to have your question answered makes me anxious to know why you ask it; so to satisfy us both, Mr Hargrove did accompany me home from the party."

"Why then can you deserve a severe reprimand for being caught in his company?"  
"And pray what objection have you to Mr Hargrove? Is he not a respectable and honourable man?"

"He may pass for such among those of his own standing, for what I know; but I am surprised if you have not heard that he is not admitted into the first circle. I advise you, however, if you wish to be admitted in that rank to use more caution in the future. This is not the first time you have encouraged his presumption. What do you suppose father would say if he knew of these things?"

"True, Caroline," replied Louisa; "you are five years my senior, and perhaps have a right to counsel me; which when you do in a friendly and sisterly manner, you shall receive my thanks. I have different views, however, from yourself, as you already know on many things; among others are my views of the distinctions in society. I am opposed to aristocracy in any of its forms, and to those distinctions founded on wealth and fashion alone. This may do for the people of England, but in our land of republicanism I think merit and talents should confer respectability, and rank their possessor in what you are pleased to term the 'first circle' of society. And however high may be your estimation of the dignity you should sustain, I hope my own sense of propriety will be a sufficient guide for my conduct. If you consider it strange," continued she, "that I should permit Mr Hargrove to walk with me once or twice, it is to me passing strange that you should spend so much of your time in the company of Mr. Seyton, who I think to be by far the most egregious top I ever saw."

"Well! upon my word," answered Caroline scornfully, giving the conversation an air of levity and directing herself to her brother, Frederick Clinton, who was approaching, "this is pretty stuff indeed—he has been preaching against aristocracy—declared himself a republican—admired Charles Hargrove—and applied the epithet of top to Mr. Seyton."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Frederick, patting Louisa affectionately upon the cheek, "I am glad to find my sister's opinions correspond so well with my own."

#### CHAPTER II.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, the parents of the children whose conversation has just been mentioned, were residents of a populous village, in one of the most wealthy counties of Virginia. Their habits and manner of living were marked with the common characteristics of aristocracy which are so prevalent in many portions of the "Old Dominion," and like others of their lordly pretensions, they looked upon those of their fellow beings who could not boast of drawers lined with yellow earth, or a long list of wealthy relatives, as occupying a lower rank in society, and whom not to regard as beings of an inferior order, would be derogating from the high consideration which their unsubstantial wealth had conferred upon them.

It is no doubt in accordance with the designs of an All Wise Providence that distinctions in society should exist, and an attempt to establish a levelling system would be ridiculous in the extreme. Habits, occupations, modes of life, and a hundred other circumstances, have a tendency to create an agreement and similarity of disposition in different individuals, and to give origin to certain classes in society. But there is a class denominated by some in contempt of others, a first class; the observation is common that such a person, moves in the 'first circle' of society. What is the elevating medium, or rather, what should it be? Man has but one distinguishing peculiarity from the animal that roams the forest in quest of prey. He is endowed by his Creator with a mind. It is this which gives him all his superiority, and which, as it is cultivated and under the control and guidance of honorable principles, approximates him to the intelligences of a brighter world. And it is this immortal principle, enlarged, expanded and operated upon by the illuminating rays of knowledge, together with virtuous habits, that should give to human beings dignity and respectability; it is this, and

this alone, that should confer rank and influence.

But unfortunately there is an agent more powerful—a talisman whose touch will immediately surround its possessor, (though he be the most servile and despicable of his species,) not with giants and gems, but with mental and fawning sycophants, ready to supply his every wish, and execute his commands. This wealth-bought consequence and authority, is every day showing itself more and more, and its accompanying evils of aristocracy are disseminating themselves wider and wider; whose contaminating growth threatens to choke the seeds of republicanism, so diligently planted by our ancestors. Oh that the genius of an Irving, or a Kennedy, would direct the pen, in exposing the injuries and arresting the baleful influence!

Mr. Clinton had spared no pains in the education of his children, whose number and names have already been mentioned, and their peculiarity and difference of disposition been noted at. Caroline, the eldest, was in her third year old, moderately tall, and possessed of some claims to beauty. An excellent opportunity, as before said, had been offered her for the acquisition of a good education; but a love of dress and fashion, and an all-wise prediction of some of her father's dependents that she was to be the belle of F——, so occupied her mind that her only study was to plan schemes and devise means to enable her to realize what was so desirable; in fact she more than realized it, for from the age of fourteen she was known far and near as the belle of F——, while numerous pretended admirers paid their flattering respects which her consequence demanded. Yet strange to say, at twenty three she could still boast of single blessedness! The disposition of unmarried females undergoes a singular and remarkable change as they approach that dreaded period when the world will class them, though they should move in the first circle, under the ignominious title of 'old maids.' They lose that gracefulness, that engagedness of manners, that peculiar feminine sprightliness and amiability of character, for which of early life they were distinguished, and are noted for their irritability, their restlessness and over nicety, in affairs of the most trivial moment.

A description of Frederick Clinton may be given in a few words. He was twenty-one years old, had spent five years at the most respectable literary institutions in the state, and the oldest but one in the country; during which time, though he did not make the same progress as some of his class-mates, owing to his natural fondness for sportive amusements, he was still far above mediocrity. His generous and amiable character obtained him the regard and friendship of every young man who knew him; and his lively facetious disposition rendered him a favourite with the ladies. Perhaps his being the son of Mr. Clinton was a consideration which contributed to this end. And though he mixed much in company, his disregard of the usual arbitrary customs and cold formality of etiquette, disconcerted the carelessness of an independent and contented mind.

Louisa, the youngest, in whose favour the reader is perhaps already prepossessed, and who is to be one of the chief personages in this tale, was in her eighteenth year, rather above than under the middle size, and of extraordinary beauty and intelligence. In the language of an admired female writer, she was "from nature gentle, feeling, animated, modest by education elegant, informed, enlightened, while veneration and benevolence contributed their heavenly influence to adorn her character, and told her superiority to the flirting coquette whose every action seeks for applause."

#### CHAPTER III.

"Sister Caroline, are you going to Mrs. Saville's party this evening?"

"Why, Louisa, I believe I have given Mr. Seyton a promise that I would be there. I should not have thought of going, however, if he had not informed me that the Misses Bashton, and Adeline Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sharon, and Sophia and Dr. Blakely are to be there."

"Caroline," returned Louisa, "I hardly know how to understand you; if Mrs. Saville and her daughter are not respectable, certainly the mere presence of the persons you have mentioned should not be an inducement for either of us to go."

"Indeed," replied Caroline, "you mean to be parrotic. I did not wish to mention them; they were not respectable; but Mr. Seyton did tell me, who knew them when they lived to B—— that they did not move in the first circle. At any rate I am determined to find out who and what they are, before I make an associate of Helen Seville, though she is Frederick's paragon of perfection. I suppose you are a little jealous of me."

"Yes, perhaps," said I made up our minds to go from me first."

The time arrived. The party assembled; the enlivening strains of music dispelled the cares and anxieties of reality. Among one portion of the company the wine cup passed freely around, and life and gaiety abounded.

"Hargrove, is she not elegant?" said Frederick Clinton, who was standing by her side, "see how gracefully she dances."

"Who is it, Clinton, you are talking about?" inquired Hargrove.

"Why, the prettiest girl in the house, returned he, "do you know now?"

"I am afraid we should not agree," replied Hargrove, well understanding who he meant.

"What?" interrupted Frederick, "do you mean to insinuate that Helen Seville has her equal present this evening?"

"I do," answered Hargrove, "and think it no injustice to your favorite to say that I think she has here a superior in beauty."

"How!" exclaimed Frederick, smiling, "it is well we have been such good friends; otherwise I might be tempted to test your bravery—but where is she," continued he impatiently. Charles felt that he had gone too far, he could not retract, however, and he pointed to Louisa Clinton.

Meanwhile the enjoyment of the evening continued, as did this desultory conversation, till the clock struck one; when surprised at the lateness of the hour, on looking round the friends perceived that half the company had already departed. Among the missing were Caroline Clinton and her admirer Mr. Seyton. A short time and the room was cleared, and Louisa was accompanied home by her brother and Charles Hargrove; the former she loved with all the purity of sisterly affection—the latter, whom she had known but a short time, to convey her thoughts in as delicate language as possible, she regarded as uncommonly prepossessing. It was the following morning that the conversation to which place which commences the narrative.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Louisa," said her brother, two weeks after, "I cannot go with you to Mrs. Sharon's this morning. I am engaged. Give my respects to her pretty daughter Sophia, and say to her that I regret that a friend has reminded me of a previous engagement."

"A previous engagement, Frederick! May I ask how you are engaged? and to whom? You know you told me yesterday you would accompany me where I pleased to day."

"Well, Louisa, if you will promise to make no objection I will tell you."

"Take care now, you will convict yourself, if you were certain you were about to do right you would not make that request."

"Louisa, you are too hard for me; but I'll tell you any how, and you may make what apology you please; or if I must tell the plain truth, I don't care as far as my duty to Sophia Sharon extends, whether you make any or not. I do not like her, and never visited her but to please my parents."

"Frederick!" exclaimed Louisa in surprise, "what?"

"Stop, Louisa, you must excuse me; really I have not got time to listen to a reproach now. I find by my watch that it only wants five minutes of the time that I promised to meet Charles Hargrove at his office, when we are going a hunting, and I have got to call my dogs and get my horse ready; so I beg you to postpone what you have to say until my return this evening; meanwhile I shall prepare my defence, and Charles shall sit in judgment on the case, whom I shall bring home to support with me."

"Charles Hargrove! What time will he—that is what time will you return?"

"O! I cannot stop to talk about any thing else now—so good morning."

Frederick had been gone but a short time, when a servant answering to the call of the bell ushered into the parlour Mr. Seyton, who, making a low insignificant bow, exclaimed,

"Well! upon my word, Miss Louisa, you don't know how badly I've just been frightened! O; I declare I liked to have fainted. I am hardly over it yet. I was crossing the street and a man came riding by at full speed—I really think the horse had run off with him; and would you believe it, he was not more than twenty feet from me, as some of the crowd which collected to the place (seeing I had fallen) measured."

"Twenty feet—my! truly a hair breadth escape!" observed Louisa. "But who could the careless fellow have been? He ought to be punished for such conduct."

"Aye he should indeed; but he went so fast that I could not distinguish him; he had several dogs with him, however; and then what was worse than all, he laughed aloud at me."

"Mr. Seyton," returned Louisa, endeavoring to retain her gravity, while she

suspected it was a trick of Frederick's, "you look very pale indeed, and seem very nervous. I shall bring you the camphor phial, it will compose you."

"No, do stay, I feel much better. I would not trouble you for any thing. Where is Miss Caroline this morning?"

"Indeed," answered Louisa, "I am sorry sister is not here; she rode out with father and mother."

"And left you alone," continued he— "then am I somewhat lucky after all."

"Sur!" said Louisa, evincing surprise.

"I have desired for some time," said he, "to find an opportunity like the present."

"I really do not understand you," interrupted Louisa. "What do you mean?"

"O, I mean nothing in the world; I only wanted to tell you, that—that—I love—adore you."

"And is that all?" answered she smiling; "then I must only tell you, that I am not in the habit of receiving any thing gratuitously, and I have nothing to give you in exchange for your regard. As I have a visit to make to Mr. Sharon's, and you seem weak and feeble from your fright, I would not disturb you with my presence longer. Father will no doubt be back directly." Saying which she left the room.

It was thus Louisa Clinton treated him, whom of all others she thought the least of. Had he been a man of refined feelings or a cultivated taste she would have acted differently. She had treated him respectfully, however, in such a manner as she hoped would wound his feelings of pride and vanity, and check his presumption.

But for the fact that Henry Seyton was the son of Colonel Seyton, who in his life time was beloved far and near for his many virtues, and that he was the only heir to his large estate, he would have been treated by all his acquaintances as his tuppish department merited.

Such however was far from the actual state of things; he was courted and flattered by many an aristocrat merely because he was Henry Seyton. This was the case with Mr. Clinton, who contemplated an alliance between him and his eldest daughter as something devoutly to be wished, and from his attention to whom, and her favorable acceptance, the event was supposed not very far distant. The surprise therefore of Louisa may be easily imagined. But she concluded that she would so far respect his feelings as to keep silent upon the subject of his declaration to her, well knowing that to say any thing against him, would be to incur the displeasure not only of her sister, but of her parents.

The hunters returned from the chase, and Charles Hargrove spent the evening with the family of old Mr. Clinton. Frederick confirmed the statement of Mr. Seyton's fright, who with Caroline had gone to a neighbor's—and laughed heartily at the joke. Charles was received and treated by the old folks with a respectful coolness and reserve, and whose keen sensibility the cause and design of which failed not to penetrate. He was respectfully distant to Louisa, whose natural gaiety and liveliness during the whole evening was singularly changed.

But it needs not the faculty of speech to betray the bosom's emotions. There is sentiment written in the radiant lustre of the eye, whose glance alone expresses its meaning to whom it is directed. It is an honest index of the heart, and conveys in a language which cannot be mistaken the silent whisperings of affection.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## CHANCELLOR KENT ON USURY.

In the course of an opinion delivered many years ago in the Court of Errors, New York, in the case of Dunham vs. Gould, as reported in 16th Johnson pp. 376—389, Chancellor Kent expressed himself decidedly in favour of restriction in the price of money. After referring to the universal prevalence of Usury laws, in all ages, and countries, the Chancellor says:

"It is an idle dream to suppose that we are wiser and better than the rest of mankind. Such doctrine may be taught by those who find it convenient to flatter popular prejudice; but the records of our courts are daily teaching us a lesson of more humility. And I apprehend it would be perilous in the extreme, to throw aside all the existing checks upon usurious extortion, and abolish or trample a law which is founded on the accumulated experience of every age."

I trust that theoretic reformers have not yet attained, on this subject, any decided victory over public opinion. Mr. Bentham contends, that we ought not so much as to wish, to see the spirit of projects in any degree repressed. It may be so; but I hope I may be permitted to wish that the first experiments of his projects may not be made within these

walls. The statute of usury is constantly interpreting its warning voice between the creditor and the debtor, even in their most secret and dangerous negotiations, and teaches a lesson of moderation to the poor, and offers its protecting arm to the other. I am not willing to withdraw such a sentinel. I have been called to witness, in the course of my official life, too many victims to the weakness, and to the inflamed passions of men. All sudden and extreme reforms are unwise. We ought not to stretch or to amputate, in order to make our institutions fit exactly to any theory. It is better to follow the course and order of Providence, and suffer our general system of laws, like our habits, to accommodate itself slowly to our necessities, and to vary only with the gradual and almost imperceptible progress of time and experience.

Mr. Wardwell, from the committee on revolutionary Pensions, reported a bill for the relief of Benjamin Gannett, widower of Deborah Gannett, a soldier of the revolution: read twice and committed.

[This is a most singular case, as the following statement of facts show. It appears from the report that the maiden name of the said Deborah Gannett was Deborah Sampson, of Sharon, Massachusetts. That she enlisted in the army of the revolution, under the assumed name of Robert Shurtieff, served faithfully for nearly three years, until the close of the war, when she was honorably discharged. She was at the capture of Cornwallis, was wounded at Tarrytown by a musket ball, which was never extracted, the effects of which wound followed her through life. She received a pension from the government until the year 1827, when she died. The said Benjamin Gannett is represented to be a poor but honest man. He expended a considerable sum of money from time to time on account of the disabilities of his wife, the effects of the hard hits she endured, and the wound she received while in the service. The marriage took place in the year 1784, a year after the war.]

**A Duel.**—We learn from the Washington Telegraph, that in consequence of some personal remarks, a meeting took place on Monday morning on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near Alexandria, between William Schley, Esq., a member of the Senate of Maryland, and William Cost Johnston, Esq. late a member of Congress from the state. Mr. Johnston of Maryland, and Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, both members of Congress, acted as the friends of Mr. S. and Mr. Wise of Virginia, and Gen. Campbell of South Carolina, as the friends of Mr. J. The parties were placed at twelve paces, back to back, and exchanged a single fire. Both shots took effect, Mr. Schley being slightly wounded in the thigh, and Mr. Johnston in the knee. The ball was extracted on the ground by Dr. Hall. The parties were reconciled.

**Abolition and Atheism.**—Abolition is not the only mania that is now running away with the senses of the fanatics at the north;—the horrid doctrines of Atheism are also making progress. It is no torious that Lectures are openly delivered in the great cities, denying the being of God. We receive in exchange, the 'Boston Investigator,' which constantly contains labored essays to prove that there is no hereafter. In that paper of the 3rd of February, inst. an essay is published, signed by the writer, to wit: N. C. Rhodes of Providence, (R. I.) in which he labors to prove by argument that when the body dies there is an end of man—or in other words, that there is no such thing as a human soul—he laughs at the idea of immortality! Strange as it may appear to our sober minded people in the South, it is nevertheless true that these horrid doctrines are rapidly gaining ground at the North—particularly in the great cities.

### Western Carolinian.

**An office Begging.**—Governor Noble, of Indiana, in his message to the Legislature of that State, says, the office of Supreme Judge is vacated, because the emoluments would not support the family of the incumbent, and that the seat had been offered to all the prominent lawyers in the State, and refused, for want of adequate compensation.

General Gaines has stated that he expects to remain but a short time longer in the army.

The official report of the Auditor of Pennsylvania gives 49 Banks in that State, with a capital over 58 millions—17 are in Philadelphia. All in a sound condition.