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From the Bachelors' Bulletin.

THE BEAUTIFUL THIEF.

A FRAGMENT.

Lucy Clarence was the most beautiful creature Fever beheld. I never could imagine any thing more perfectly fascinating. She made more conquests than all the other girls in the village, and when I first met her, and looked upon her dazzling face, I involuntarily exclaimed, "beautiful vision!" and a sigh stole through my heart and whispered to my thoughts—"you are in love."

Time passed rapidly off—I had loved her a long while—a very long while. With all the devoted languishment of an enthusiast, I had doted on her for years. I had no thought or feeling but for her; if I dreamed, it was for her. If I gathered flowers—and wove them into a garland, it was to wave over her forehead. If, in my frantic visions, I snatched some peerless maiden from the brink of danger, or drew her from the overwhelming and merciless flood—when she opened her beautiful eyes to bless her preserver—I beheld in them the charm of my life—the light of my existence—my joy—my hope—the elixir that I sighed to quaff; for I felt that it would give an immortality to my being and my life without it, my spirit would have no exhilaration; the world to me, would be a prison and a den—a chaos—a gloomy wilderness of leafless trees!

My fancy had dwelt upon her image, until it was become a part of my brain—one of its necessary organs, without which I should have been incapable of thought.

I saw her very often—I gazed upon her like fascinated. Yet I could not speak to her. The liquid of her clear hazel eyes had on my senses, all the intoxicating influence of the most exhilarating wine. I drank—I was drunken with the draught, and I reeled through the circle, of which she was the star, a bewildered and awkward booby.

To talk to her of love, was utterly impossible. I could not bring myself to the task. The very thought made my knees smite each other. Sometimes I would approach her with confidence. "I will speak to her now if it kills me." I once said as favorable opportunity presented itself—but alas! as soon as she threw her lustrous eyes upon me, my face grew scarlet—and my lips were sealed as if with enchantment.

I gave her a rose once.

"Isn't beautiful?" said I—
"Beautiful!"—she exclaimed with emphasis.

I trembled a little, but made out to say—
"How happy it is!"—
"Why?" said she—
"Because—because," said I, "instead of being born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air,—it is looked upon by the brightest eyes that ever shone to bewilder—and lauded by the sweetest breath that—"

I looked up and she was out of hearing! This speech had been studied—and to be cheated out of it—this was too bad.

I visited her father's house frequently. I could sit at a distance and be quite composed; but if she moved or spoke to me; or came near me; if her gown rustled as she passed by me; if her voice broke suddenly upon my ear, all my philosophy deserted me, and I showed evident signs of confusion. I could talk to her fair sisters with pleasure; I could be familiar and even gay, with the other members of the family, if she were not near; but the moment I knew that she was in hearing, there was a leaden heaviness on my tongue—and a seal upon my lips. I fell in love before I ever conversed with her; and, although I had wit and humor, and even elegance in my conversation, she had never heard or witnessed any of it. Therefore, of course, she concluded that I was a dull fellow.

This love at first sight is an unfortunate affair. The person is too much interested immediately, to make any use of the powers to interest or to please. The tongue is tied by modesty and fear. Too much is at stake on a single word. You wish to please, but cannot; and the effect produced

by this timidity is any thing but favorable. The young lady is too nervous to sing—so is the young man. The young lady is afraid to be familiar, lest she o'erstep the bounds of modesty; she fears to smile, lest her motive be misinterpreted. In short, dear reader, if you wish to marry, never fall in love at first sight. You must be cold, calculating and phlegmatic; or, if you are like me, you will never tell your love.

Lucy Clarence was a belle. She became celebrated throughout the state; and her papa was prevailed upon to permit her to pass the ensuing season in the city. When I first heard of this arrangement I concluded that this would be the end of all my hopes. "The city!" said I, "she will have fifty gay dashing young fellows at her elbow in less than a week."

I grew moody. The consequence of reflection was, a new resolve on my part to bring matters to an adjustment before her departure. But as Sancho says:

"How vain are all the great resolves of man,
Resolves, which he neither keeps, nor can."

It was useless for me to form plans—I could never carry them into effect. She went to the city, and I was left behind, to sing—"Days of Absence,"—and to mope about in the village "like one who treads alone the banquet hall deserted"—and to picture to my excited mind dozens of handsome, witty and rich suitors bowing around, and flattering the lovely Lucy Clarence.

I could not endure my loneliness. I resolved to follow her; and having fitted myself out in a gay suit, I jumped upon the first steam boat that passed along; and soon found myself snugly quartered in a city hotel. No man can imagine the thousand anxieties I had on the subject of my visit. I met several acquaintances, who jeered me on the probability of having "my nose knocked out of joint."

"Why, d—m it fellow, the whole city is in flames about her!"

"The devil it is?—What do I care," and said I rather pettishly—I suppose.

I waited impatiently for the visiting hour to arrive—and I called on her. She condescended to show herself to me, and to shake my hand with a great deal of good nature, but without the least confusion or perturbation. This was certainly a bad sign. I was frightened half to death—and there she sat laughing—sometimes, screaming in her very merriment—her dear little tongue was as tireless—as what? Ah! that is a simile which I shall not be able to achieve.

There was a party given in the city on the very evening of arrival. Taking advantage of the influence of a friend, I procured an invitation; and having fixed myself out in the best style, I waited very impatiently for the arrival of the fashionable hour. I came at last. When I found myself on the steps that led into the dwelling of the gentleman who was giving the party; a slight tremor came over me; for I knew that Lucy would be there; and I resolved to court her this very.

The door flew open at my knock, and after the few preliminaries usual on such occasions I stumbled into the parlor.— Youth and beauty sparkled around me, in every direction; and for a moment I was so dazzled that I must have appeared very awkward—I stood in the centre of the parlor. I do not know how I got into the habit, but some how or other, on such occasions, I generally find myself flinging my watch-chain about with my fingers, and elevating my head to an unusual height; and looking as if I did not care a fig for the world. On this occasion, however careless I might have felt, I am convinced that my extremely singular appearance attracted attention; for, on throwing my eyes around me, I discovered several persons staring at me, as if they thought me deranged. Lucy has since assured me that I was the personification of fright.

Somewhat or other I found myself in the neighborhood of Miss Clarence—but I should never have known it, had not her sweet voice recalled me to myself. I turned my eyes in the direction—and the dimple that her smile made in her cheek invited me at once to her side. She reached forth her delicate little hand, and I blessed her in heart, for her kindness.—I felt calmer in her company now, than I ever had before, and in a few moments, by the help of two or three glasses of dear champagne, I was talking to her with rapidity, and even ease. Her face brightened before me into a perpetual smile; and I ventured to tell her that she looked uncommonly handsome—she colored.

She lent upon my arm. "Oh that I were that dimple in your cheek," said I—
"Why?" said she.

"Because I would be brought into life and beauty by your smile."

"Tis of transient and momentary existence," said she.

"One moment's life upon such a cheek."—
"Hush!" said she—and the smiles and the dimple vanished as she spoke.

We were separated. My spirit made a spring, a wonderful spring. I was no longer

sad; no longer reserved. I felt that I had achieved a victory—I had made the first speech; and I knew full well, that I would not be able to speak to her again on any other subject. It is all in the first speech. Believe me, young lover—it is all in the first speech. Make a beginning—the difficulty will then be—not to say too much. I speak from experience.

I felt somewhat lordly. My fingers were twirling my watch-chain; and again I found myself in the very centre of the parlor, with my head elevated, and my arm akimbo.

Lucy was looking at a picture—a beautiful picture; which was lying on the centre table. I approached her, and ventured to remark on its exceeding excellence. It was a cottage, embowered in vines, close to the margin of a limpid rill that murmured as it flowed. A lady lent over the garden gate, and a gentle swain was just stealing her hand—I thought I heard him sigh—and I whispered to Lucy's ear, "how very natural! He's whispering love to her this very moment—look how she smiles upon him. Dear Lucy—why do you not smile upon me thus?"

Lucy turned away very abruptly, and walked to another part of the room. She blushed very deeply, but I was gratified at that. I looked upon it as a good sign.

"I'll try her, a little," said I to myself, for I love to think that she loved me. I offered my arm to a beautiful girl that sat near the piano. She gave me hers with great good nature, and we sauntered about in the crowd. Meantime she had given me a rose bud. I saw that Lucy was not altogether unconcerned. She looked at me—and I thought she smiled through her bright eyes, and her smile I thought there was something of reproach.

I led the lady to the piano—she declined singing, and insisted on my occupying the chair, and performing the duty myself. I pretended to excuse myself, and affected to beg off; but in truth I was gratified at the opportunity, for I had composed a song, and wished to sing it in the hearing of Lucy. I took the seat very reluctantly, my fingers wandered over the keys with a good deal of ease, and even skill. I woke my voice by degrees—and sang the following verses:

Oh! bring back my heart little thief, little thief—

Oh! bring back my heart, little thief;

'Twas a green, green leaf,

On a flourishing bay—

When you came, little thief

And stold it away—

Oh bring back my heart, little thief.

Oh! bring back my heart, little thief, little thief—

Oh! bring back my heart, little thief,

'Tis a withering leaf.

And the tree is dying!

Of a parent's grief!

Ah! list it sighing!

Oh! bring back my heart, little thief.

If you'll bring back my heart, little thief,

little thief;

If you'll bring back my heart, little thief—

The leaf shall be green,

And so shall the tree,

And you shall be queen

Of my palace and me—

Will you bring back my heart, little thief!

I concluded my song—and looking up, I met Lucy's soft blue eyes fixed upon mine.

"Beautiful thief!"—I exclaimed, rising from the seat, and seizing her by the finger of the glove; "Beautiful thief! will you not bring back my heart!" I said this in a loud and even a fierce tone. The whole house was amazed; and Lucy—poor Lucy—as for me I stood in the centre of the room; my finger twirling my watch-chain, with my head elevated—and my arm akimbo.

An unaccountable change had come over me; from the silliest and most timid booby in the world, I was become the most presuming coxcomb that ever took snuff or lounged upon a sofa. Absolutely laughed at the occurrence, as a jest; and did not cease until I had banished the blush from Lucy's cheek.

Again I held her arm in mine. Lucy loved me—loved me at that moment, because I had made her blush. Truly, as the doctor says, "when one of the senses is pleased, the rest is not likely to remain in ill humor."

Yes, Lucy Clarence loved me. And she leant upon my arm in the moon-lit gallery. We stood by a post, around which a single vine wound itself with caressing fondness, a solitary rose trembled on the vine; and I pulled that rose—and kissed it, and gave it Lucy. It was a beautiful rose; and I took it back again—not to retain it, but to weave it in the curls—the rich, dark curls of the girl I adored.

"Happy, happy rose," said I—Lucy smiled.

"Lucy," said I—Dear Lucy, you will pardon me for the hasty and abrupt manner in which I addressed you in the parlor?"

"Do you think you deserve to be pardoned?"

"Do not speak so calmly; Lucy; how could I help it? you inspired me—I looked upon your beauty; and I was mad! Gazing on your loveliness, I forgot where I was—I knew not what I did—I only know that I adore, and have adored, you long, long, long—parlous me, Lucy."

Miss Clarence, very slowly, but resolutely drew from me the hand which, in my eagerness, I had seized.

"Lucy—Miss Clarence, do you not love me?"

"No!"

She was calmer than the cold, uncovered moon that looked upon her. And she left me dumb as the post by which we stood.

An icicle hung in my ear, and I leant my head down to shake it out; but it had become attached to my blood; and while my arteries were being frozen up, an icy hoop seemed to wind itself around my head, and sink deep into my brain! An unusual humming sound rumbled through my ear—and I felt dizzy—I stumbled down the steps and I found myself in the street. The hollow pavement echoed to my wild, unmeasured tread. I walked along through the streets as if I were mad—stepped into a coffee house, and called for wine. "Wine, wine, wine."

The bar-keeper gazed with amazement, as I swallowed the full contents of a large tumbler. The sherry sparkled before me—"give me some more!" It ran through my veins, and mounted upon its throne, my senses—'twas a monarch.

"Where's your hat?" said one of the by-standers to me. I felt on my head; dew had settled on my hair; and as I brushed it away—I remembered who I was, and what had occurred.

I returned to the party, to enquire for my hat; I gazed through the window like a doomed! Much of the company had departed; the rooms were thinning. But there sat Lucy; cold as the diamond that hung from her rosy ear, and brighter than its sparkle.

I hung open the door. I stood in the centre of the parlor—I approached Lucy again; she looked upon me; she smiled—love made dimple on her cheek, and hurriedly covered it with a veil—a sweet veil—a rosy transparent veil.

Wine sparkled in my eye, and flashed upon my cheek. Excitement mounted on my raging blood, and galloped through my veins! I was wild.

We sat upon the sofa. A music book was lying open between us; her hand was resting mid-way on the page; taking a favorable opportunity, I closed the book on her hand, leaving my own, on hers! I touched her snowy fingers; snowy, for they were as white and as cold as snow. 'Twas enough, she moved them not. I tremble while I write this line as I did then.

That night, I kissed her rosy cheek, and folded her in my arms.

Years, years, years; they have fled away, but what care I? Lucy is sitting near me. Dear Lucy—sewing a frill to her cap—and as I write, a blue eyed urebin is scrambling up by my boot; to get upon my knee. Read this, ye Bachelors.

In 1774 there was no Bank in the United States; in 1784 there were but three, and in 1790 but four Banks in the United States. Here we have proof positive, that the agency of State Banks was not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution—they did not exist—were not employed, and never could have been expected to grow to that mighty number we have now spread over the land.—So far from it, Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Gen. Washington in his letters to Mr. Lee; Mr. Lee himself, and many others of the fathers of the Republic deprecated the Banks, and especially "that lust for paper money which appears in some parts of the U. States." In denying to the Federal Government the power to create a Bank—in declaring "that no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts," it is manifest, that the fathers of the Constitution never contemplated the agency of Banks; but intended the Federal Government to be a hard money Government, and that only—that this is the correct idea can be hardly questioned; but I will give some little additional authority.—Mr. Webster, in his speech on the Tariff, in 1828, says, "The framers of the Constitution, and those who enacted the early statutes on the subject of the currency were hard money men. They had felt, and, therefore, duly appreciated, the evils of a paper medium. They therefore sedulously guarded the currency of the U. States from debasement."—Mr. Rives, in his speech of January, 1834, emphatically declares, "Sir, of all the reforms, social, political, or economical required by the great interests of the country, that which is most urgently demanded, and which promises in its accomplishment the largest results of utility, security, and public benefit, is, beyond comparison, the restoration of the Government to what it was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be, a hard money Government."

We thus see, that the Constitution intended,

to Congress the power to create a Bank, and that it could never have contemplated the agency of State Banks; and that ours was designed to be a hard money Government.

Is, however, the Constitution silent on this subject?—Far from it. Deeply sensible, that in such a confederacy as ours, *the measures of value should be uniform*, and that this important object could not be secured, if left with the States, the framers of the Constitution directly gave to Congress the power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and to fix the standard of weight and measures." Gold and silver constitute the universal standard of value.—"It is the law of the land at home, and the law of the world abroad." And if the proper regulation of the yard-stick and the bushel were deemed of such importance as to be the subject of a direct grant of power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin," and the express denial to the States of the power to "coin money" and "make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts," was designed to secure uniformity in this universal regulator, and that the power "to lay and collect taxes"—pay the debts, &c., of the United States, can only properly be exercised when the public taxes are collected, and the public dues are paid in the constitutional currency, which it is seen, is domestic or foreign coin, the value of which is regulated by Congress.

Such has been the universal understanding of the country, from the adoption of the Constitution, with the single exception, perhaps, of the notes of the late U. S. Bank. It is true, that in practice, the notes of specie-paying Banks have been received in payment of the public dues; but I believe there never has been an imperating requisition of law to receive them. The joint resolution of 1816, only made it lawful for the Secretary of the Treasury to exercise his discretion as to the receiving of Bank notes at all; and Mr. Rives' resolution of July, 1836, was intended as a restriction upon that discretion. It is required by the Deposite law. It is, I think, required by the soundest considerations of enlightened policy; a policy which has always heretofore required the public dues in specie, and still imperiously demands it.

Assuming, that laws "to lay and collect taxes" can only be constitutionally executed, by collecting those taxes in money, not (as the National Intelligencer elegantly terms the present Bank paper of the country) "rags daubed with lamplack, which no one dare so far insult the makers of as to demand value for;" but hard cash, Sir, the question recurs, what agent shall be selected to take care of the money so collected?

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

When the imperial despot of Persia surveyed the myriads of vessels, whom he had assembled for the invasion and conquest of Greece, we are told by the father of profane history, (Herodotus) that the monarch's heart at first dissembled with pride, immediately afterwards sunk within him, and turned to tears of anguish, at the thought that within one hundred years from that day, not one of the countless numbers of his host would remain in the land of the living.

The brevity of human life had afforded a melancholy contemplation to wiser and better men than Xerxes, in ages long before that of his own existence. It is still the subject of reflection, or of Christian resignation, to the living man of the present age.—It will continue such, as long as the race of man shall exist upon earth.

But it is the condition of our nature to look before and after. The Persian tyrant looked forward, and lamented the shortness of life; but in that century which bounded his mental vision he knew not what was to come to pass, for weal or woe, to the race whose transitory nature he deplored; and his own purposes, happily baffled by the elements which he, with absurd presumption, would have chastised, were of the most odious and detestable character.

Reflections upon the shortness of time allotted to individual man upon this planet, may be turned to more useful account, by connecting them with those that are to come. The family of man is placed upon this congested ball to earn an improved condition hereafter by improving his own condition here—and his duty of improvement is not a less social than a selfish principle. We are bound to exert all the faculties bestowed upon us by our Maker, to improve our own condition by improving that of our fellow-men, and the precepts that we should love our neighbors as ourselves, and that we should do to others as we would that they should do unto us; are but examples of co-operation to the improvement of his kind, which is the first law of God to man, unfolded alike in the volumes of nature and of inspiration.

The price of wheat was down to 80 cts. per bushel, a week ago at Louisville.