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## Miscellaneous.

### THE COBBLER OF SEVILLE.

The sun had sunk beneath this mighty mass of purple and crimson clouds in the west—his last rays still lingered on the lofty spire of the famous Tower of Giraldo, which rose from the Cathedral of Seville, when a numerous throng of the populace were seen crossing the Place San Antonio and hastening towards the holy edifice. The doors were thrown open, and in the distance was seen surrounded by myriads of wax tapers, the Holy Sacrament upon the tabernacle of the high altar, beneath a canopy of velvet, richly embroidered with gold. The people knelt around it, and prayed with much fervor and sincerity, that the Almighty would avert the dreadful evil which had already made its appearance in the beautiful province of Andalusia and threatened the inhabitants with a lingering death. This evil was famine.

Grasping speculators, foreseeing a scarcity of provision, had secretly bought up all the grain which had been offered for sale for months previous, and deposited it in their warehouses.—They were composedly waiting the time, when the people, reduced to the last extremity by hunger, with a dreadful death staring them in the face, would gladly exchange their goods, their furniture, their gold and their jewels, for the means of eking out a miserable existence, and furnishing bread to their starving families.

At the foot of the Giraldo tower, at the corner of the street, might be seen a little shop over the door of which was elusively painted the following words, 'FRAQUILLO COBBLER.' This sign denoted to the neighbors and passers by, that in that shop might be found one who for a reasonable compensation would be happy to remedy any injuries which the out-cappings of their lower extremities might have received, and who by the help of his awl and lapstone, would willingly repair the dilapidations of time. Contrary to the habit of indolence, which has been urged upon them not without reason, as a reproach to the character of the Spaniards, "Uncle Fraquillo" worked at his humble calling with industry and cheerfulness, and enlivened his labors by singing at the same time, the psalms and sacred canticles, to the sound of the organ which was played at the Cathedral. While the people prayed and wept in the churches, while the friars formed processions and solemnly paraded the streets, or lifted their deep high voices in the convents, in singing praises to the Lord, and deprecating his wrath, "Uncle Fraquillo" worked gaily and constantly in his little shop; he thought with a scepticism reasonable enough, that times of the miracle of the loaves and fishes was past, and that the surest method of triumphing over famine, which was advancing with rapid strides, was to amass maravedies as rapidly as he could.

On leaving the church the populace collected in the square, formed into groups, and conversed freely of their sufferings and the horrible prospect before them. Stimulated by hunger to desperate measures, they entertained thoughts of murder and rapine. As they could not augment their resources, they devised means of making their provisions last as long as possible, by diminishing the number of consumers. Those of the inhabitants who dwell in the quarter near the gate of Castle, talked of setting fire to the more populous suburb of Santa Maria, while the desperadoes of Santa Maria plotted a massacre of the people who dwell near the gate of Castle. At length some turbulent spirit suggested the idea of breaking into the convents, and seizing the provisions with which they were supplied. This idea was hailed with reiterated acclamations.

During the scene of confusion and riot, two old men with spare figures, pale and wrinkled features, standing apparently on the verge of the grave, crossed with tottering steps the square of San Antonio, and listened to the shouts and complaints of the populace. They met each other in an obscure corner of the Cathedral, adjoining

to the humble shop of Fraquillo. It was almost dark, and the cobbler was about to light his lamp, when he beheld these two old men, well known in Seville for their hardhearted avarice, accost each other, and apparently seek to avoid the notice of the bystanders by retiring within a chasm in the wall, to hold some secret conversation. The curiosity of Fraquillo was excited, he put down his apparatus for striking fire, and drew near the old men, until by a crevice in the window of his shop, and the aid of a quick ear, he was enabled to listen to their conversation.

'By San Antonio, the patron of Seville,' said one of them rubbing his withered hands and casting about him a very suspicious look, 'every thing goes on marvelously well, Don Guzman. In fancy's eye, I behold every grain of wheat in our possession, metamorphosed into a pistole of good weight and sterling value.'

'Hush! silence! Don Bringas,' said the other, your folly and imprudence will yet be the cause of our ruin. We shall be pillaged of our stores, and perhaps assassinated by the mob, in consequence of your confounded prattle.'

'It is too late to talk about that now. I have reason to believe they already suspect you of filling your garret and cellar with grain. I advise you to be upon your guard—a gang of gaunt looking wretches were just talking of massacring the inhabitants near the gate of Castle.'

'The gate of Castle, say you? San Antonio be with us. But you must be mistaken, it is your quarter the people intend to visit. I heard them threaten to set fire to the suburb of Santa Maria. This is doubtless for the purpose of plundering your granaries.'

'Oh for myself I am not alarmed. I have managed matters with so much art, that even my servants are deceived. They believe my store houses are filled with bags of salt and boxes of pepper.'

'As for me,' said Don Bringas, 'I am safe enough. Assisted only by my wife and daughter, I have deposited all my grain in barrels, labeled on the outside "vinegar" and "lamp oil." Besides,' added the old man in a still lower voice 'my daughter, as I have good reason to believe, has made a conquest of the Corregidor; and I can calculate upon his protection, if necessary. I shall proceed directly to his quarters, and inform him of the threats of the populace.'

'My old friend, I beg you will not forget to request him to keep an eye on the part of the city where I live.'

Yes, I will tell him to watch over your interest as well as mine.

'Remember that our interests are the same.—If either of our hoards of grain fall into the hands of the populace, it will furnish them with sustenance for some weeks, and before they are again reduced to famine and desperation, succors may be received from Cadiz or Grenada. It is impossible to say what will be the consequences. So, Don Bringas, speak for me as well as yourself.'

'You are perfectly right, my friend, I will commend you to the Corregidor. God preserve us. Adieu.'

'Adieu! Heaven bless you, Don Bringas.'

The two old misers cordially shook hands, and separated, while Fraquillo mused upon the important secret he had discovered, and revolved in his mind how he could turn it to his own advantage, and the advantage of his lamished fellow citizens.

While the above scene was going on, the tumult in the square increased, and the ominous cry of 'to the Convents,' was heard from the mouths of thousands. It sounded like the deep and terrific sound, which precedes the raging whirlwind. A party of the mob now assaulted in a body the shop of Perez Cruciado, the cutler, in order to obtain arms—but Perez had prudently closed the door, at the commencement of the riot; and when the mob commenced the attack, he opened a window in the second story, thrust out the muzzle of a petronel, and shouted in a stentorian voice, back! back! Away with you, or I'll fine!

At this unexpected appearance, the populace made a retrograde movement of a few paces—then let fly a shower of stones and other missiles against the building where the arms were deposited, Perez, now much more irritated, repeated his menace, and again pointed the instrument of death towards a group of men who seemed most active in the outrage, and doubtless the consequences would have been serious, if the attention of the mob had not been attracted by the voice of a man, who mounted on a hogshead, commenced a harangue to the people with the whole strength of his lungs.

'Good people,' cried the orator, 'moderate your transports. Instead of expending your energies in attempting to break in to Signor Perez's establishment, at the risk of being compelled to swallow leaden pills of a character calculated to assuage your enraged appetites—come and listen to me, uncle Fraquillo the cobbler, who will put you in the way of getting abundance of bread for yourselves and families.—If he

deceives you, he will give free leave to broil him in the public square like a second St. Lawrence. Shut your mouths now, that you may be able to open them to better advantage an hour hence: prick up your ears and listen to me.'

But at this moment, when uncle Fraquillo was about to communicate his precious intelligence—and when the people listened to him with outstretched neck—a corps of cavalry made its appearance—and loud shouts were heard of 'make way! the King is coming!' The throng quietly opened at this unexpected announcement and let the escort advance. It came on slowly to the sound of trumpets and kettle drums, and preceded by alguazils who carried torches. The Corregidor of Seville, on foot, led by the bridle the horse of the monarch. At this sudden and unlocked for event, the mob who but a few moments before were raging like a furious whirlwind, threatening destruction, became completely subdued and silent. The people, lately so turbulent and desperate, became pale with terror, and bowed themselves silently before the tyrant, who, surrounded by his guards, and indignant at not receiving a more welcome reception regarded them with menacing and ferocious looks. The arrival of Don Pedro at Seville, so far from inspiring his subjects with confidence and hope, filled their bosoms with alarm and fear, like the apparition of some new and dreadful visitation. The King marched through the vast assemblage of the populace, without listening to one single sound of welcome or loyalty—silence and consternation reigned among the multitude. When he arrived at the middle of the square, a single shout of welcome reached his ear. It was the voice of an individual, loud, sharp, and often repeated. But no one joined in the solitary cry of 'long live Don Pedro! Long live the King of Castile!'

Pedro the Cruel, stopped his horse, and ordered the person to be brought before him. It proved to be an old female mendicant, ragged and covered with filth.

'Why,' said the King, 'when all my subjects appear mute with fear, do you raise your voice in this clamorous manner, and wish me a long life. Is your welcome ironical, or does it spring from the heart?'

'Sire,' said the old woman, 'I never addressed prayers to heaven that were not fervent and sincere. I will tell you my reasons, if you will plight your solemn word that you will not punish me for telling the truth.'

Pedro hesitated a moment, and it was doubtful whether wrath or curiosity would carry the day—but curiosity was finally victorious. The people gathered around to witness the sequel of this strange proceeding—to listen to words of the beggar.

'Be it so,' said Pedro, 'I give you my royal word.'

'I should value more,' said the mendicant, 'your promise as a Castilian gentleman.'

'I give that also,' exclaimed the King.

'Very well, Sir, I will now tell you the truth, without fear or favor; The king, your grandfather, was a cruel and wicked king, who rendered his subjects unhappy. His successor, your father, was still more wicked and cruel—and, as for yourself, you surpass in wickedness and cruelty both your father and grandfather.—And the reason why I wish you a long life is, that I fear your successor will be, if possible, far worse than yourself.'

Having uttered this bold language, the old beggar dexterously escaped from the alguazils, who surrounded her, and mixed with the throng, where she was lost like a drop of water mingled with the ocean.

Pedro the Cruel passed onward to the palace of Los Mercedes—where he had a long interview with the Corregidor, whom he severely reprimanded for the destitute condition of the people, and their riotous behavior—which he attributed altogether to his negligence and want of energy. The unfortunate Corregidor excused himself by pleading that for two successive years, the harvest had been scanty—but he could not succeed in pacifying Don Pedro, who threatened to deprive him of his office, accusing him of being the sole cause of the hatred which it was too evident the inhabitants of Seville bore the king.

The populace meanwhile gradually returned to their homes—and soon the great square of San Antonio was left in darkness and solitude. Fraquillo had returned to his shop, and congratulated himself that the timely arrival of the king had prevented his revealing his important secret to the people. He could not without trembling, reflect, that if the king had arrived a few minutes later, he would have found the city in open insurrection; the sections near the gate of Castle and Santa Maria, delivered up to pillage and devastation—and perhaps the dead bodies of Bringas and Guzman suspended to some lamp post. Don Pedro, brimful of wrath would doubtless inquire the name of the individual who encouraged them to commit such horrible outrages; and they could answer 'Uncle Fraquillo.'

The poor cobbler shook in every limb, when he reflected that it was next to nothing that in place of being at that moment sitting quietly in his shop, he was not suspended by the neck upon the great Square of Los Mercedes, opposite the windows of the palace.—His thoughts, however, soon ran in another channel. Fraquillo wished to assist his fellow countrymen; he longed to relieve their misery; his secret weighed heavy upon his heart.

'Ah,' said Fraquillo to himself, 'I know the means of relieving my countrymen from all the horrors of famine; of restoring them to health and strength, and supplying them with bread, until succor could reach us from Cadiz; but I dare not communicate my secret to them. If I did, I should be compelled to pay a heavy penalty as the chief instigator. If I should speak to Herrera, the Corregidor, he is in love with Don Bringas's daughter, and will not hesitate to throw me into prison to insure my silence.—Alas!' cried the cobbler in a loud voice, 'what shall I do? If I was Corregidor of Seville for twenty-four hours, the poor people should be supplied with bread in abundance.'

He had no sooner concluded this sentence, than much to the surprise and alarm of Fraquillo, the door of his shop opened, and a person stood before him, habited in a huge black cloak, so arranged as to conceal not only his figure, but a portion of his visage.

'What is that you say, Mr. Cobbler,' demanded the unknown, in a rough and imperious tone.

'What did I say, Sir? O nothing of any consequence—no harm, I assure you—I was talking to myself.'

'Well, repeat that which you have just said—I demand you—no hesitation, but do it at once.'

'Oh, my good Sir, I was only talking nonsense—I said if I were Corregidor of Seville for the space of twenty-four hours, the people should receive a supply of food sufficient to last them for some days if not weeks.'

At this moment the huge clock in the Giraldo Tower, above their heads, struck ten.

'It is now ten o'clock,' said the muffled stranger—'until to-morrow evening at the same hour, you are Corregidor of Seville. At that time, if you have not redeemed your promise, by providing bread for the destitute citizens, you shall be handed over to the executioner. Farewell.'

Fraquillo rubbed his eyes in order to satisfy himself whether he was sleeping or waking.—When he again looked around, no person was in the shop but himself, and the door was closed.

'It must be a dream,' murmured Fraquillo.—'It can not be that I am Corregidor of Seville. It was either a dream, or some mischievous fellow, hearing me talk, thought proper to amuse himself, at my expense.'

He opened the window and thrust out his head, but perceiving no one he resumed his work, and while he hammered his sole leather on his lapstone, kept time to the tune of jovial song—and in this way he strove to forget the unpleasant event which had taken place.

A quarter of an hour had already passed away, when Fraquillo heard a noise in the square, and soon after the Corregidor, preceded by six alguazils, and escorted by a platoon of soldiers, stopped before the door of his shop; Fraquillo, alarmed at this unusual occurrence, left the shop, trembling with consternation, to inquire the cause of this singular proceeding.

'My Lord,' said Don Herrera, making a profound bow, the King, your master, has sent me to transfer into your hands, my dignity and my power. This parchment, signed by Don Pedro, is your commission as Corregidor of Seville—and here are alguazils ready to execute your orders.'

Don Herrera concluded this strange harangue by making another humble obeisance, and left the presence of the cobbler.

Fraquillo gazed for some moments in mute surprise upon the Corregidor, as he wended his way across the square—upon alguazils, who surrounded him, waiting his orders, and upon the parchment which he held in his hand.

At length he entered the shop, and holding the document to the light, satisfied himself by a glance at the huge seal of state, that it was genuine.

'There can be no doubt,' said Fraquillo to himself, 'that it was the King, Don Pedro the Cruel, who was with me a short time since.—His most gracious Majesty heard my wish, and has taken me at my word—doubtless hoping that I should pay the penalty of my folly by being strangled in front of the palace. But, since I am Corregidor of this goodly city of Seville, I will see if Fraquillo the cobbler is not a match for Don Pedro the Cruel.'

Fraquillo drew out a little drawer, from which he took two dirty slips of paper, on which he scribbled, in an almost illegible hand, rendered still worse by a bad pen and muddy ink, the following orders

'We, the Corregidor of the city of Seville, order Don Bringas to deliver over to the bearer, to be deposited in the public granaries, all the grain suitable for bread stuffs, which he has concealed in his premises—unless he prefers being hanged at sunrise.'

(Singed) DON FRAQUILLO,  
Corregidor of Seville.

Having addressed a similar delectable epistle to Don Guzman, he ordered the alguazils and soldiers to be divided into two squadrons—and dispatched one of them to the quarter near the gate of Seville, and the other to Santa Maria. He ordered the alguazils to convey to the millers and bakers a sufficient quantity of wheat to supply the pressing wants of the populace for the next day, and take the remainder of the grain and deposit in the public stores. He particularly recommended to them secrecy and dispatch.—'If you neglect a single point in my instructions,' said the new Corregidor, 'the consequence will be, that at this hour to-morrow evening, I shall be hanged. But, I assure you in the most solemn manner, that I will first have the satisfaction of seeing the executioner put the cords round your necks. Remember this, my very good friends, and take heed to your conduct.'

The alguazils thus cautioned, were prompt in executing commands, delivered by their new Corregidor, in such an impressive manner.—Don Bringas and Don Guzman were thunderstruck on receiving the order of the Corregidor, but after a few moments' hesitation, wisely concluded to give up all their ill gotten stores of grain, to save the people from the horrors of famine, rather than be hanged.

The next day the populace had bread in abundance—and the air resounded with shouts of 'long live the Corregidor—live Fraquillo the cobbler!'

### Ancient Greek and Roman Relics.

The armour, the household appendages, and surgical instruments, found both at Pompeii and Herculaneum, are very interesting, and differ very little from those used in the present day: I particularly observed this in the instruments serving for the obstetric profession. We are dragged into the world now as we formerly were: time has not changed our natures nor our necessities, and the part we have played, and play, is to issue into life painfully, to live with anxiety, and to depart with fear. I saw no Roman bed capable of holding two persons; they are very narrow and solid; what I saw were made of bronze. There is some Grecian armour from Pæstum, which, though worn by time, is still intelligible in form. The appearance of the modern imitations is so near that of the original, that any theatre, or any armourer in Europe, could supply a complete suit for Achilles, were he to return again to-day; perhaps not quite so perfectly as the god Vulcan, but quite sufficiently so to equip the hero for battle, and enable him to brave Hector and the Trojans. The articles of glass found in the two ancient cities present novel forms, and are of various colours, green, white, and a very beautiful blue: but I saw none of purple: the fact, also, which Pliny asserts, and which has been doubted, determined in his favor; namely, that the Romans used glass to their windows, of which several panes are to be seen in this museum; thicker, indeed, than in that of modern use, but in quality and size the same.

The ancients had a fanciful and elegant taste for their vessels; all we have might have been borrowed from them; many of their glass cups might be imagined to have been fused in the present day. Their gold ornaments appear mostly to have been laborated with the hammer. The spiral form of the serpent, for armlets and bracelets, was popular with them; but they employed little chiselled work. They used pendants for the ears, rings of gold and silver, and bracelets; with collars of all metals. The collection of papyri is more worth seeing, from the process of detaching the folds, than from the materials themselves, which resemble dry hard rolls of tobacco. The different layers are unfolded by applying gum and gold beater's skin to the cinders which communicate with a wheel. The width of each line of manuscript is not more than two or three inches, and five persons superintend the operation. The lines are printed on paper as they occur in the original; and what has perished in the process of opening, is supplied by the divination of some Greek professor, and distinguished by red letters.—Some of the enigmata are wholly unmanageable, and what has, as yet, come to light, are not the works of any very eminent man.

### Standish's Shores of the Mediterranean.

The latest intelligence from Africa, up to August 16, represents the colonies as prosperous and in good health.

Pittsburg, the American Birmingham, contains, including the adjoining towns, 44,000 inhabitants.

About 3,300 persons have died at Malta of cholera, out of a population of 120,000.