

# THE TARBORO' SCAEVOLA.

REPUBLICANISM: THE PALLADIUM OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

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### TERMS.

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## Miscellaneous.

### From the (Conn.) New Havener. THE TRAITOR.

#### A TALE OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

"March! march for your hearths and your altars! Cursed to all time be the dastard that falters; Never on earth may his sins be forgiven, Death on his soul, shut the portals of heaven; A curse on his heart, and a curse on his brain, Who strikes not for Rome, shall to Rome be her Cain."

Scene.

It was the evening previous to the day in which Suwarrow was to make his triumphal entry into the city of Warsaw. All had been done by the patriotic Poles to prevent this event and to maintain the freedom of their country, which the spirit of liberty or their limited means could do; and they at length saw, without resistance, the approach of their haughty conqueror, and prepared themselves to submit without a murmur to the power of the enslaver. The morrow's sun was to witness their last claim to liberty! to see broken the last link which bound them to freedom and their country—and, what was still more, to see forged the fetters which forever would fetter upon the limbs of their descendants.

Long and arduous had been the struggle of the Poles in defence of their rights; but their appeal to the European powers had remained unanswered—and, surrounded by enemies, the relics of this brave and chivalrous nation were to be divided, as a reward to the false-hearted Leopold, and his co-conspirators in this scene of deep and most flagrant villainy.—Nothing remained but to surrender up the Constitution for which they so long had fought, and under which in days long since they had enjoyed the blessings of a free and enlightened government. This was made the subject of a grand ceremonial, not only to add pomp to the entrance of the victorious Suwarrow, but to heap still greater insult upon the conquered Poles.

It was on the evening previous to this event, that the forms of two men might be seen emerging from the shadow of a towered castle near by, taking a northward course along the banks of the beautiful Vistula. But how changed was the scene. The moon now shone in silent grandeur, and was reflected in all its brightness from the silvery wave of the river, whose banks but a few short hours before were covered with the wounded and dying, while its silence was invaded by the continued roar of musketry and cannonade. The earnest and excited manner of the cavaliers above mentioned, told that they were discussing some topic of great interest; when the younger of the two, with an increased warmth of manner, thus interrupted his companion.

"It is in vain to interrupt the execution of my will when once formed. Fifty brave lancers are ready for the contest, and the oath of blood has been taken. Either Warsaw remains free on the morrow, or the bodies of Ralph de Aventine and comrades repose in the dust. DEATH TO THE INVADER! shall be the cry; so my arm loose not its strength, which shall send the tidings of departure to many a spirit of that hireling band."

"Can this be," replied the other, in a tone of mingled reproach and scorn; "the noble Ralph de Aventine, surnamed the prudent? Is this the result of his many years' experience, in thus proposing a plan which the most hair brained of our youths would tell him was but devoting himself and followers to destruction? No, Sir Ralph," continued he hastily, as the other was about to interrupt him, "the King has too much at stake to risk the loss of his bravest follower in such an unwise attack. Methinks thou forgettest yesterday's struggle upon these very banks."

"Would to heaven I could forget it!" exclaimed De Aventine. "By San Lorenzo! and had not these eyes seen with what hearty good will thou joined in the conflict, and boldly challenged even Suwarrow himself, I would throughout Christendom have proclaimed thee a traitor and recreant Knight, for what has just passed. The success of the enemy is greater than I would, when it strikes dismay to the heart of

my bravest comrade. To-morrow! yea, even to-night will I beard the ruffian Suwarrow in his very den, and show him at my dagger's point the devotedness and truth of a cavalier for his country!"

The last words were uttered rather as a soliloquy, than intended for the ears of his companion; and as they had attained the bridge which crossed the here rapid and foaming waters, the two cavaliers separated.—De Aventine keeping the river road which passed direct by his castle, and his companion, the Count Malenski, crossed the bridge on the other side of which was encamped the army of Suwarrow—their numberless tents stretching as far as the eye could reach in every direction, having for a center a grand Marche, at the entrance of which was planted, and guarded by a brawny sentinel, the imperial standard of Russia. Strict discipline appeared to be the order of the day. Through the long line of tents was not to be heard the least discord, and the regular challenge of the sentinel was the only sound which broke upon the stillness of the night. The Count Malenski continued on his way, absorbed in meditation, and would frequently start as the fleecy clouds sailing o'er the full orb'd moon, threw their shadows across his path, as though in expectation of an assault. But why should he fear? What hath the hitherto devoted and faithful cavalier to fear, if his business be righteous? But the guilty are always uneasy, and like the wicked, flee when no man pursueth.

The Count was interrupted in his reverie by the challenge of the sentinel at the tent of Suwarrow—and, giving the watchword, hastily passed the sentinel and entered the splendid tent of the Russian commander.

Our scene now changes to the Polish capital, beneath whose lofty dome was assembled the venerable councilors of the nation. The good King Stanislaus was sitting upon his throne, and his dejected countenance told plainly how deep in his heart lay the welfare of his subjects. But among those devoted sons of liberty, there were on the one hand those who openly advocated the policy of immediately surrendering the keys of Warsaw to Suwarrow, and by so doing insure his clemency—while on the other hand, the flashing eye, and vindictive grasp of the weapon which hung at their sides, among the younger part of the assembly, showed that a measure like this would meet with their opposition in the cabinet, or in the field. All eyes were now riveted upon the noble Lord Chancellor, who, slowly rising from his seat of honor on the right hand of the King, prepared to address the assembly; and many ready to coincide with the opinion of this venerable son of liberty. His voice at first was low and indistinct from emotion; but, as he proceeded with his subject he became more excited, and not a breath was heard throughout that long hall, so fearful were his hearers that the least sound should escape them. He spoke of Poland's ancient glory—of their renowned forefathers who had so nobly wrenched from the hand of oppression their rights, and sealed with their blood the compact of liberty. His towering form was now raised to its utmost height, and his voice rolled along the vast hall, and died away in the lengthy corridors, like the mighty voice of God when the tempest is abroad upon the hills. He painted in colors bright, the first rays of the morning sun, the former honor and glory of the nation—and a general note of approbation was heard thro' the whole assembly. But his subject changed; and he touched upon the present destitute and suffering condition of the peasantry—he spoke of the numerous horde of barbarians who were waiting but for the morning sun to light them on their way of rapine and destruction, and against whose furious attacks their slender force could offer but a feeble resistance, and in conclusion advised a speedy surrender to Suwarrow, and humbly beg his permission to leave this land which they could no longer call their own, and seek a grave upon some more hospitable shore. As he resumed his seat the general voice expressed the justness of his remarks, and the King was about to dissolve the assembly as the last act of his authority, when the young De Aventine sprang to his feet.

"Hold, ye my masters!" exclaimed he, "and bethink yourselves what ye are doing! are you upon the threshold of either liberty or slavery; and the decision of this council decides the fate of the noblest country beneath the sun. And can ye hesitate? Shall it be said there lived a Pole who loved his life more than liberty? Is the glory which once encircled our standard, and made our name an honor even to the ends of the earth, to be extinguished and that too by a hireling despot? Forbid it heaven! And yet methinks I heard a Pole, one whose whole life has been spent in the service of his country, advise a surrender; and then upon his knees, forsooth, beg of the conqueror leave to quit the country! And this the end of Poland? Never! My arm shall raise aloft our country's standard, until its strength is lost in death. Posterity will never accuse Ralph De Aventine of forsaking his country, in this her

greatest time of need.—Friends of Poland! follow me, and let the war cry be—Liberty or Death!"

As he concluded, the younger and more enthusiastic among the nobles caught up the cry, and "Liberty or Death" was echoed and re-echoed, until falling on the ears of the soldiers without, they joined in the chorus, and the cry was wafted over dome and tower, until it reached the ears of the Russians without the walls. Such were the Poles! Their enthusiasm now knew no bounds, and the leaders crowding around De Aventine, demanded to be led instantly against the enemy.

We will now return to the tent of Suwarrow, who apprised by the reports which reached him from the city, of their reaction, had despatched a spy to ascertain the meaning of the noise within the wall, whose return he now anxiously awaited. A noise was heard without, and the spy entered, accompanied by three or four men-at-arms, with a female prisoner.

"How now," exclaimed Suwarrow, "what have we here—a female prisoner. This, sirrah, is exceeding your license. We deal with men alone—our orders did not extend to the fair among the rebels."

"We humbly crave your Grace's pardon," was the reply, "but trust our zeal will excuse us, if we have in this matter exceeded your Grace's license. We found this person without the tower which overlooks the great gate of the city, and which as your worship well knows is at present the only means of access, and through which the Poles have twice attacked our works. To gather herbs for the wounds of her countrymen, was the plea with which she gained our camp; but not thinking this sufficient reason for her conduct, I have brought her to your Grace for further examination."

"Pierre, thou doest well," returned Suwarrow—"take instantly a file of men and double guard the tower you spoke of. Let not a person approach and raise the alarm on the least motion in the enemy's camp—Begone!"

Some time elapsed after the departure of the guard, and still Suwarrow eyed with close attention the female form before him. She moved not, but remained standing with folded arms and downcast eyes, to be addressed by the commander. Still her deportment was firm, and not a muscle moved to betray her consciousness that she was before the "great Barbarian of the North," whose cruelty and rapine on every occasion were well known. He himself seemed to have forgotten his usual character, by the earnestness with which he gazed upon the superlative beauty, and the usual harshness of his features gave way to a more benignant expression as he thus addressed her:

"Pretty maiden, thou hearest the crime with which thou art charged by our subaltern, and knowest the explanation we require of thee. Thou art certainly too young to be a traitress to thy Queen, and too modest to be a criminal. Give but a reasonable account and we will immediately absolve thee, and give thee our own special protection. Thou hast nothing to fear."

"I fear nothing," was the undaunted reply. "God himself will protect me, and to him I commend myself, with the cause of dear, yet suffering Poland.—He alone can save my country, and to him alone do I bow."

"What! in this presence avow thyself a traitress? Knowest thou not, sweet lady, that thou art uttering rank treason, and that the noose and cord are already awaiting those of thy rebellious countrymen who do not immediately surrender themselves to the clemency of the royal Catherine?"

To gain time seemed to be the object of the other, and, drawing up her form to its utmost height, her eye sparkled with indignation as she exclaimed:

"Rebellious countrymen!—and why rebellious? Is it rebellious to love thine own green native fields—the homestead of thy fathers, and the land of freedom? Is it rebellious to cherish with unfeigned reverence, the blessed boon of liberty bequeathed us by our fathers? These are the blessed gifts of heaven! and shall we stand calmly by and see them taken from us at the command of a tyrant? Never! The unconquered spirit of Poland is yet predominant, and thine own experience, Sir Commander, shall yet show thee the difference between a true son of liberty and a hireling despot. Even now the mines are fired, which shall yet explode to thine own ruin!"

As she spoke, as though in confirmation of her words, a violent tumult was heard without; and, starting to his feet, Suwarrow was met by his own sentinel.—"Fly! Fly!" was the exclamation of the sentinel, "if you wish for life. The enemy have secretly attacked our camp; and by some treachery the guns have been spiked, and are perfectly useless. Nothing short of a miracle can save your Grace, as the enemy are even now within the camp!"

Surprise for a moment rendered Suwarrow speechless, but naturally a very brave man, his self-possession soon returned; and, springing to the door, he was met by De

Aventine with a body of soldiers. Loud cries of victory rent the air in every direction from the exulting Poles, who were astonished even at their own success, and took no measure to secure their safety. Had they but followed their success, it would have been complete.—But treachery had been at work, and the Russians in their flight had received an ally, who caused them to turn back, and who brought many a good lance to aid in their service. Quietly, and without resistance, the Russian guard once more surrounded the tent of their commander, and the captain of the guard entered at the precise moment in which Suwarrow was surrendering his sword to De Aventine.

"Hold, my liege," exclaimed the chief of the guard, "and keep, for the present, possession of thy weapon. The traitors have been quelled by and through the assistance of the worthy Count Malenski, and we have brought the swords of the general officers, with their petitions to your Grace for pardon."

The subaltern had hardly ceased speaking, when the intrepid female we have before mentioned, sprang into the center of the group, and her eye kindled with animated brilliancy as she spoke:

"The Count Malenski a traitor? My father false to his king? It is a lie! and before God and man, Antoinette Malenski repels the charge. Let but the craven stand forth, who dares impeach his truth and sincerity to his king, and he shall answer the base calumny with his life. The daughter of the Count hears not without dispute the charge of treason.—How, my father in Warsaw!" exclaimed Antoinette, as the Count Malenski advanced from among the officers who surrounded the Russian commander.

"My father in Warsaw, whom I thought quite distant.—But it matters not—they have accused thee as a traitor to thy country. Cram the false charge down their cowardly throats!—the knives; and show them, weal or wo, Giles Malenski is a true and liege subject of—"

"Russia's Queen!" replied the Count.

The sacred war horse springs not sooner from the path at the sight of a loathsome reptile, than did the daughter of Malenski leave the side of her father at this announcement. Every feature seemed distorted with horror, and many minutes of silence elapsed ere she recovered consciousness, then turning from the inmates who stood in astonishment awaiting the finale of this singular scene, she once more with anxious yet cautious steps approached her father.

"Is it thus that Giles Malenski repels the charge of treason. Does he, the once favorite of the king in prosperity, forsake him when in adversity,—and publicly avow, with boasting, what will forever disgrace thy name. Then be it so.—I bear the name no longer,—and remember that it was the Count Malenski who caused his daughter to die with the family war cry upon her lips—'Death before Dishonor!'"

Thus spoke the high spirited girl; and before any one was aware of her purpose, she drew from beneath her cloak a silver poniard, the gift of her mother, and stabbed herself to the heart.—The war cry of her house pealed forth from the lips of the dying maiden, and the form so lately animated and intelligent, sunk upon the floor a ghastly corpse.

We drop the curtain. It were mockery to dwell upon the anguish of De Aventine—the agony and horror of the maniac father. From that moment reason forsook its throne, and the last of the once brave and chivalrous house of Malenski, perished in a mad house. The tale of the maiden's devotion is still treasured among the legends of the peasants; for she it was, who under cover of the night, spiked the enemy's guns, and rendered success certain to her lover's attack, but which was rendered of no avail by the baseness and treachery of her father.

The morrow's sun did witness the triumphal entry of Suwarrow, and De Aventine accompanied the conqueror ironed and strongly guarded, to grace his triumph. The usual exultations of the strong over the weak, were in this case silent; for who could look upon the dejected yet manly form before them, and triumph at his fall? Even his enemies wept over his fate, for true to the last, he would not deny his king, and his constancy was rewarded by the latter. The setting sun of that eventful day, shone upon the execution of this devoted yet ill-fated son of liberty, and he died as he had lived, without fear.

Abington, October, 1837.

**A Royal Visitor.**—The Prince of Joinville, third son of the French king, is about to make a voyage to this country. He was to embark as a Lieutenant, on the 5th August, on board the Hercules, 100 gun ship, commanded by M. Casey. This vessel, as we find it stated in the Courier Francais, escorted by the corvette Favorite, will first touch at Gibraltar, thence proceed to Madeira and Teneriffe, to Santiago de Praya, and the Cape de Yeu

Island, cross over to Rio Janeiro and Bahia, thence to Cayenne and the Antilles, where his Royal Highness will visit Martinique, Guadalupe, Jamaica and Cuba; and finally the Hercules will anchor in the Chesapeake, while the Prince makes a tour of the United States.

From the Baltimore American.

The following article from the Electric Magazine shows that the eyes of our transatlantic friends are directed towards us, and that they observe narrowly what is passing on this side of the water in regard to the advancement education. No American can look abroad over our land and not feel an honest pride as he beholds springing up new institutions of learning. As yet matters are in embryo; the beginning alone has been effected; but we would fain hope that it is a commencement which will be eventually crowned with the most satisfactory results. In some portions of our country the remnants of the British periodical holds good, but we fear there are other parts in which matters are not in so satisfactory a condition as might be desired. The short time that has elapsed since we became a nation, and the necessary attention to practical affairs, forbid that we should possess so many learned men as some other nations, but we believe there are few which pay more regard to the elementary instruction which fits men for the every day concerns of life.

**EDUCATION IN AMERICA.**—It is the universal attention paid to education, and in the number of academic foundations, the Americans exhibit a public spirit with which we are proud to claim kindred.—The great body of the people are, as regards the rudiments of knowledge, far in advance of the English. All can read and write; and to give his children an education is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States, is Harvard College at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, founded in 1638 only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale college was founded in 1700. Besides these there are in the Union, about fifty colleges authorized to confer degrees. The number of benevolent and religious institutions in America supported by volunteer contributions is almost incalculable. Their bible societies, missionary societies, prison discipline societies, penitentiaries, asylums, &c., are the noble results and evidences of a public spirit, an enlightened, philanthropic and a religious zeal, which certainly can find a parallel only in the parent country.

**Pleasures of a Tropical Climate.**—Insects are the curse of a tropical climate.—In a moment you are covered with ticks; chiggers bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of chiggers in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigger sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, eyes, and nose. You eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockatrices, and snakes, get into your bed, ants eat up the books, scorpions sting you on the foot, and every thing bites, stings, or bruises, every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Merriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea cup; a nondescript with nine legs is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological host to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All these reconcile us to our dews, fogs, vapor, and drizzle—to our apothecaries, rushing about with gargles and tinctures; to our British constitutional coughs, sore throats and swelled faces.

Berville (La.) Ambassador.

**A lady of a tradesman in New York** paid \$300 for four faced pocket handkerchiefs, at a store in Broadway, the other day.

**An editor up the country** says he has been warned to two trainings, thinks he shall split the difference and go to neither.