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## Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.  
THE TIME TO DIE.  
Oh! I would die while youth and hope  
Are glittering on my brow,  
And smiles of gentle ecstasie,  
Like those c'en beaming now;  
I would not wait till darkling cares  
Had shed their snows around;  
And not one flower of youthful hope  
Upon the heart be found;  
I would not wait till life had prov'd  
That friendship's but a name,  
And left but ashes on the heart  
Where once there burned a flame.  
I would not stay where flower's fade—  
Where howls the winter's wind,—  
But I would seek a fairer land,  
And leave them all behind;—  
Where gentler hopes and sweeter songs,  
And flowers of fragrant breath,  
And hopes like sunlight on the soul,  
Know nought of grief or death.

The following beautiful lines and the accompanying introduction, were handed to the N. O. Crescent, from which paper we copy.

Lady E. S. Wortley, sailed from Mobile a few days since in the steamer Walker, for Vera Cruz, en route for the city of Mexico. This noble and distinguished lady is the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and is remarkable for her liberal and enlightened views, being entirely free from the absurd prejudices of the Old World. She expresses herself delighted with America—above all with the grand scenery of the North and West. She says 'the Americans are indeed worthy of being the inhabitants of such a glorious land.' Lady Emeline is celebrated for her spirit of inquiry, which has led her into Asia and Africa, after passing through Hungary, Turkey, and Northern and Western Europe. She comes hither to add a knowledge of our country to her acquaintance with the countries of her native hemisphere. She is accompanied by her daughter—a lovely girl of twelve, the god daughter of Queen Victoria, whose name she bears. After visiting the city of Mexico, she proposes directing her footsteps to South America, and thence to the islands of the West Indies. May prosperity and happiness attend her in all her wanderings. Wanderers! whose feet, like mine, ne'er press'd before This proud, magnificent, valourous shore— Wanderers! who speed from many a distant zone To gaze on Nature's trans Atlantic throne— Ne'er lightly view the thousand scenes sublime Of great America's resplendent clime, But still, in thoughtful mood's observant care, Weigh well the mingling glories there, Since all the loftier wonders of the land Are most admired—when best ye understand! It is a glorious study for the soul, As, part by part, the heav'n-stamp'd leaves unroll; Not only all majestic Nature here Speaks to each kindling thought, but, far and near, A large and mighty meaning seems to lurk, A glorious mind is every where at work! A bold, grand spirit, rules and reigns around, And sanctifies the common air and ground, And glorifies the lowliest herb and stone With living tints and touches of its own; A spirit ever flashing back the sun, That seems each prize while sight is to be won, More boundless than the prairie's verdurous sweep, Or th' old Atlantic's long resounding deep, And more luxuriant than the forest's crowd, Of patriarch trees by weightiest foliage bow'd— More rich than California's tooming mold, Whose hoarded sunbeams laugh to living gold— More soaring, far, than th' memorial hills— More fresh and flowing than their streams and rills— That mind, of queenless energy and power, (hour— Which springs from strength to strength, hour after Man's glorious mind, in its most glorious mood, That seems for aye, on every side to brood, In this empurpled and exultant land, So gladly bowed beneath its bright command— Man's glorious mind, on its most glorious march— High-spanning earth, like heaven's own rainbow arch; That soul, that mind, 'tis every where revealed! It crowns the steep, it gilds the cultur'd field, It charms the wild, and paves the rushing stream, And scarce allows the sun a vagrant beam. It lances the rugged soil of rocks, and flings From seas to seas the shadow of its wings, (And Time and Space in that great Shadow rest, And watch to serve their ruler-son's behest,) And still its growing, gathering influence spreads, And still abroad its own great life it sheds, O'er mount and lake, cataract, field and flood, O'er rock and cave and isle, and plain and wood, It lives, it lightens, and in might inspires Each separate scene with fresh creative fires, Where'er it moves a wondering world awakes, And still all Nature's face its likeness takes; It quickens still, and kindles, and pervades Her startled deserts and receding shades, Her mightiest solitudes and parks unknown, Her hidden shrines and well-springs pure and lone; Hung—as the heavens are hung above them all, And holding their sublimest powers in thrall!

THE SOUTH UNITED.—Throughout the South now, it may be said, there is a unanimous and fixed determination to resist the aggressive spirit of the anti-slavery crusade of the North. In the interior of our States there is no difference of opinion—at least, none apparent, and very little latent. In our cities, occasionally may be found a man who, from early education or some other cause, hesitates—but compared with the aggregate of our people, this class is so small and insignificant, that it is not necessary to be taken at all into account in estimating the condition of affairs. The South, for the first time in its history, is united, and from this union we expect the most salutary results. Had there been the same unanimity ten years ago, to-day we should have been free from the vexations and destructive anti-union sentiments which are now so rampant in the North.

Alabama Tribune.

## A Selected Tale.

### A VENETIAN STORY.

CONCLUDED.

Trafford felt there could never have existed a mortal so happy since the days of Eden and its single pair; and Nina was happy too, though she more submitted to his adoration than enjoyed it for her own satisfaction. There were moments when Trafford doubted her love, and, at such times; he would leave her to wander about alone in the morbid abstracts which she could never comprehend, and very much dreaded at every fresh return.

They returned to Venice. They had been married a year, and Trafford looked forward with fondest affections to the hope of having a child of Nina's in his arms in July. He found a woman had been engaged to attend her—recommended by her cousin, Madame de Fleuranges. It seemed the cousins still corresponded. Nina spoke of her with affection; quite unconscious, evidently, of Trafford's previous engagement to her. He had been equally silent, of course; and thus Nina never imagined they had seen each other,—except, indeed, that evening driving quickly away from Saint Cloud she and Madame de Fleuranges had left Paris next day for Chateaufort, where she staid a fortnight at the Chateau de Fleuranges, and from thence she had returned to Venice. She had, of course, written to Madame de Fleuranges, to announce her marriage to an Englishman by the name of Trafford. The latter lady had sent her a kind, short answer, and they had hardly exchanged letters since.

The life of Trafford and Nina passed on like a dream more than a reality. He possessed the one he had so long and so faithfully sought and worshipped. He taught her to speak his own language, and even to sing some of the airs he loved best. The melancholy sweetness of her voice was one of her chiefest charms. In the long evenings she sat at his side, singing the music he loved to hear—that of the masters he preferred to all others, Haydn and Mozart. With infinite pains to please him, she learned some of the sweet canzonets of the former—"My Mother bids me bind my Hair,"—"She never told her Love," and the matchless Spirit Song, which, in after years, he mourned over in memory as a type of one deeply loved and early lost.

Nina was delivered of a son, still born; she was doing well herself.

Trafford sat at her side: it was near midnight, He looked at her: as she lay. She was not sleeping; her large, wakeful eyes were raised to his. Her hand was burning, but her pulse sinking.

"Gualtier!"—so she transformed his name into her own soft language—"Gualtier, dammi la tua cara mano!"

Trafford laid his hand on her palm; she raised it to her lips. A sudden sense of agonizing fear shot through the heart of Trafford. He looked at the attendant who sat near; in the dim light he could not distinguish her face. Nina spoke, but in a voice so faint that he could hardly hear what she said.

"Cielo, si muore!" said the woman, in consternation.

"Non mero, vado in cielo!" murmured the dying Venetian. "Gualtier, ti rivedro—si—ora pro me!"

She died an instant after pronouncing the last words.

The woman crossed herself, cried, and said to Trafford, who stood like a stone, incapable of understanding, apparently, the full horror of his loss,—

"E morra! Preghiamo per essa!" Trafford threw himself in distraction on the form of the object he loved so truly. His was the frenzied grief of one without hope, in this world or the next. So sudden, so awful, had been the wrench from all he prized on earth, that his mind—ill-regulated, impassioned to the verge of madness—gave way, and for six weeks he was quite deranged.

He woke up to reason and misery, to which his very insanity seemed preferable. Without a sun, without a star, how, oh! how was he, most miserable, to drag on the weary years of an existence stripped bare of every charm and every hope!

He continued to live in Venice. From the home of Nina he would not, he could not, depart. Every stone of the old palace was to him sacred, as having been once in the vicinity of Nina. Adored when with him, she was worshipped now that she was gone. Miserable in mind and body, every energy extinct, Trafford, many and many a time, determined to put an end to a life he could no longer endure. He would go to the grave of his lost love; there would he lay his noble head on the stone, and watch and weep, like a child more than a man, over the spot where slept the remains of his beloved Nina.

The people of the city, who knew him by sight, believed him to be mad; and few could have doubted it who saw the solitary figure, wrapped in a black cloak, glide regularly each morning from the landing place, and spend his days in the cemetery, as if he there communed with the living, and not with the dead.

"She dead! she dead!" would Trafford exclaim to himself, as he sat alone in the starlight nights near Nina's grave. "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Where are those words? Oh, my God! Had I but died! What had she done? Heaven! so young, so tender, so helpless! She dead! Why insult my grief with that word? My eyes no longer see—these arms no longer clasp, but yet from above can she descend like a dream to calm this wretched heart. With me! Still with me—still with me! Mine—mine, forever, as once you were, dearest!—only star of the life so dark and dismal now! But here shall I take my rest by day, my dream by night.—Space and Time may divide us, but, once mine here, eternity cannot tear asunder the chain that binds us still! No, no, Nina! My Nina, where-

ever in the vast unknown you may be, still you are the same Nina that loved me once! I the same wretch that now crouch in misery over your early grave!"

With tears—with groans—with cries, in the silent watches of the night, Trafford continued to mourn and wait over the one whose sun had set before its time. He would never leave Venice. Months and months rolled on, and still Trafford lamented wildly over his loss.

It was in the spring of 1824, two years or more, since the death of Nina, that Trafford was accosted one day in St. Mark's Place by an old English friend. Trevor was an agreeable companion, and a kind-hearted man. He compassionated the state of Trafford, and persevered in seeing a good deal of him. He visited him, and went one evening into his room to sit for an hour or two with him. He spoke, at last of Trafford's loss.

Trafford sat, his hands clasped, his eyes streaming—

"She was an angel—too much for me to keep! Oh, Heaven, to recall one hour of those days—one line, one look, of that face, is more than my heart can bear!"

"Have you any likeness?" said Trevor.

"No, no," said Trafford, mournfully, "I never thought of it! Oh, had I but one likeness, I could look at it now, perhaps! I have only this!"

He showed, wound round his wrist a thick braid of raven hair, clasped with gold. He held out his arm uncovered, then kissed the relic passionately, and then again hid it with the sleeve of his coat. He was perfectly insane still, Trevor thought, as he looked at him, moaning and crouching gloomily over the fire they had lighted, for the evening was chill: it was the end of February.

In the course of conversation, Trevor spoke of some mesmeric experiments then being made by one of the doctors in the town. A Greek of the name of Panarmo was said to be endowed with wonderful powers of magnetism. Trafford's wild, excitable imagination was interested. That night, unknown to Trevor, he went. The entertainment—or what shall I call it!—was held in a large, deserted room, in one of the oldest palazzos, then for sale.

The Greek was mesmerising a young girl.—The light was dim; a crowd of pale and dark anxious faces lined the room. Trafford sat in a corner unobserved. He listened: at last he rose, approached, and spoke to Panarmo.

The hand of Trafford was laid on the breast of the sleeper. She muttered, and at last said—

"In felice, si muore."

"Ma perche?" said Panarmo.

"Di duolo," said the girl.

"E il rimedio?" inquired Panarmo.

"Ah! the sleeper moaned. "Ci son due."

"Dito pure."

She was silent.

"La pazzia o la morte, lo guarira."

A shudder ran through the circle. Trafford went home.

Every night he attended the mesmeric lectures. He liked the mystery—the supernatural excitement of that dark chamber in the old palace.

On that dark and mystical subject, mesmerism, I cannot write beyond the facts that have come to my knowledge; but, in this "world of wonders," it appears to me that the power thus imparted is not a whit more wonderful than that which sends the words of one man flying to the ears of another from the north to the south of England in a few moments. True, one is explicable and the other is not; but the curtain, may be it is only as yet half raised from the scene where we can see but the most striking and evident of the marvels yet to be developed.

It has been said that man now stands on the threshold of discoveries known to and misused by the antediluvians; that the vast powers they held, aided by infernal agency, would have thrown down the barriers between the visible and invisible world; that for this very reason was it necessary to efface from the corrupt mind of man the knowledge—"the science of the abyss"—that gave him powers he only used to his own eternal destruction. Now that the day-star of Christianity has arisen, as it shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day," so shall Science unveil again her face, hidden awhile, and man once more possess the secrets of the mystical science of body and spirits, and eat "the angel's food" of the full perfection of knowledge.

The night Trafford went to Panarmo's lecture: it was the time of the Carnival. Venice was full of masques and gayety. In that still room there was little sign, however, of the revelry without. In a corner sat the figure of a lady, wrapped in a long dark mantle. Her face Trafford could not see, yet was there something in her air that attracted him. Trafford rose and approached the sleeper whom Panarmo had mesmerised. Again his hand was laid on her breast. The sleeper moaned. Again the words—

"Ci son due, due; la pazzia o la morte."

The figure in the corner listened, and rose as Trafford turned away. He lingered for one moment. He heard the words—

"Non sperar, piange sempre," addressed to the lady.

That night, on going home, Trafford found a note on his table. It was in a hand he had never seen exactly, and yet—it was anonymous. He was told to be at the masquerade of the Fenice (the Opera-house) the following night, at twelve. It was as a command: no inducement was given. Trafford went. He went, tempted by the very thing which would have made most men stay away. He put on a black mask and dark green domino. He wandered about in the pit, wearied, yet looking for some one he expected to see he knew not why, or how, or when.

At last a mask tapped him lightly on the arm; he turned quickly. The figure was wrapped in

a black domino; and, contrary to custom, wore a white satin mask. The arms were folded under its mantle. Trafford spoke; the figure waved its head, and said,

"Gualtier!"

He almost screamed. It was the name Nina alone had used; none other had ever called him so. The voice made him almost faint. I shall translate the following:

"It is long since we have met!"

She spoke low: it was a woman.

"Long!" said Trafford. "There is that in your voice—that—Heaven! am I mad, indeed?"

He clenched his hands.

"That speaks of a summer night at Saint Cloud, Gualtier."

"Do not dare—do not dare, mask, to repeat that name!"

The mask laughed—that mocking laugh.—Trafford sank on a seat.

"The nights are cold where I live, but you will not yet forsake me quite? Ora pro me!"

The holy words, sanctified by the awful meaning they had once conveyed to him, froze his blood. He moved away; the mask sped after him.

"What want you?" he cried, turning round.

"Love!" replied the mask.

Trafford shuddered.

"Mine lies low," he muttered. The mask shook its head. "You are engaging a desperate man with your foolery!"

The masked laughed, and laid its dull and hard fingers on his trembling hand. He drew back.

"You wear it still!" said the mask.

"What?" gasped Trafford.

The mask made a movement, as if to describe her own long hair.

"Fool! wretch!" cried Trafford, in a convulsion of rage and dismay.

"Hard names, Gualtierio moi!"

She laid her hand on his arm. He grasped it.

"This instant unmask!"

She replied calmly:

"You were wont to be gentler." Then she drew near, and, in a voice like that of the dying, she said, "Dammi la tua cara mano!"

They were words engraven on the heart of the listener as the last of Nina.

"Unmask!" he gasped.

"You would not wish to see my face?"

"Unmask!" persisted Trafford.

"Here! No, the interview must be one of closed doors, between long parted lovers."

"Earth holds not my love now!" said Trafford.

"The mask sang, in the peculiar English Nina had learned to use, from Haydn's Spirit Song—

"All pensive and alone I saw thee sit and weep,  
Thy head upon the stone where my cold ashes sleep."  
"Follow me!" said Trafford, in the most dreadful state of agitation.

The mask did so. They went quickly through the crowd; they swiftly passed the lighted corridors, and went into a side-room, illuminated only by one lamp. On their way they met Trevor.

He was unmasked, but did not recognise Trafford. At last they were alone. The figure stood motionless.

"Speak! speak! explain, or I will tear you limb from limb! How dare you thus insult a broken heart! Unmask!"

"Again I warn you, ask it not!"

"Unmask!" shouted Trafford, "or I will tear the accursed thing from you face!"

"Prepare, then!"

"I am ready."

"Gualtier!" sighed the mask.

"Heaven!" cried Trafford, every limb shaking, his heart vibrating, till he thought it would burst.

"You would not wish to see my face?"

"Idiot, unmask!"

The figure waved its hand, as if to quiet him, and slowly raised the white mask. Trafford started forward, looked, and, with a yell of anguish, fell on the floor in a faint!

When he came to himself, he found a crowd round him. Trevor held his head.

"What is it?—where am I? She! she!"

He tried to rise.

"My dear Trafford," said Mr. Trevor, "you must go home. You are in a brain fever, I verily believe. There's no one here."

"She!—search for her!—search for her!" shrieked Trafford. "She is in black! a white mask—a white mask!"

He stopped, and fell down again in a faint. The search was made; the white mask was traced; she had been seen to enter the gondola of a man known to one of the waiters of the Hotel de Europe. The gondolier was called on. It was late, or rather early in the morning. The Opera-house was deserted, the crowds of masques departing, when Trevor found the man near the landing-place of the Opera-house.

"You rowed away a mask?" said Trevor.

"Oh, many an one to-night!" said the gondolier.

"One in a white mask?" said Trevor.

"Yes," said the gondolier.

"Now," said Trevor, "here are five ducats, if you'll tell me where she went to."

"Your Excellenza will laugh at me."

"Not I. Tell me."

"Well, then, she ordered me to take her to the gate of the burial-ground: there she landed. I was in a fine fright, but I watched her. She laid this in my hand, and darted in among the grave-stones. By the light of the moon, it was behind the tablet of the Englishman's wife—that one with a cross and an angel above the grave—that she sank down!"

The man crossed himself. Trevor gave him the money, and went home. The next day he went to see Trafford. He was quite deranged, and in that hopeless state he remained until he died, about six years after, in an asylum near London.

A year after his miserable death, a priest was

summoned one night to the side of a dying woman. She was in the last agonies, and her recital was broken and unconnected, but this he gathered:

She had loved an Englishman, she said, as few could have guessed her capable of loving. In him her whole affections were bound. She had discovered early in their acquaintance, that another a younger connexion, had made a deeper impression than herself on a romantic and half-crazed imagination. The union with this Englishman had been broken off by his discovering her falsehood with respect to the one he really adored. He went to Venice, married her rival, and thus deprived her of all hope but that of revenge. Yet had she kept up, through an unsuspected channel—a servant—a most perfect acquaintance with every circumstance of Trafford's married life. The wife had written accurate descriptions of their proceedings,—what he liked, what she did to please him; in fact, all the small details interesting to a friend, such as the Englishman's wife believed she had in the penitent now confessing her former sins.

The last hours, the last words, of the dying wife had been faithfully described, and as faithfully remembered by the deserted woman whom the perfidy of her lover had driven nearly to distraction. Yet—yet she loved him; and, after his wife's death, went to Venice, lived there unseen by him, and sought by every means to find out if he still mourned the dead as deeply as ever. By means that she hardly dared to confess, she ascertained that his heart was, indeed, still buried in the grave of Nina. Then came the hour of revenge.

She went to the theatre, masked; beneath she wore her own face and head encased in that of a skull. In the Opera-house she laylaid Trafford, used the terms of ghastly endearment that had so horrified him; and at last, by unveiling, had secured, indeed, the revenge she desired, by making the man she loved a raving maniac for the rest of his days.

### THE CONJURER OUT-CONJURED.

The other morning, says the Reveille, we were thinking of something infernal, when I walked Signior Blitz, looking us full in the face, at the same time, from beyond that shadowy cloud and whisker in which he envelops his satanic countenance. We were very good friends, instanter, spite of hoof or brimstone, and we were just about to surrender ourselves in wonder and admiration at the way in which the Signior conjured coin into our pockets, and more mysterious still, out of our pockets, when who should pop in but De Meyer, with his lion port and kid-like courtesy. Here was another victim for the arch enemy, and accordingly Blitz began to play the devil with the musician, even as he had done with us. De Meyer stood it for some time, in high admiration, when he exclaimed:

"Fell I ham surprise at noting else peside! Now, Monsieur Plectz, I fill show some hombogs too." He forthwith tore a small strip from the margin of a newspaper, which, again, he divided into six very small pieces, and spread them on the palm of his hand.

"Now, Monsieur Plectz, I vas desire to know if you can give von puff (puff) wis you moult, and blow away all disse little beets, except von dat I shall show you."

The magician studied the problem closely; but to puff away, at a breath, five of the pieces, without stirring the sixth, was enough to puzzle the devil himself, and so his disciple gave up, earnestly desiring to be informed as to the art of the matter.

"Ferry vell, I show you," said De Meyer. "Now, den, vat piece shall I keep on my hand when I pouf?"

Blitz pointed out the very centre piece.

"Oh, dat is him; goot! Now, regards!"

The impromptu conjurer deliberately laid his pencil point upon the bit of paper designated, gave a "pouf," and, sure enough, the other five pieces left his hand in a hurry!

There was a great laugh at the expense of Blitz; he, however, immediately got rid of the "sell" by disposing of it to our "Senior," who entered at the moment, and who, by the bye, is now in the market with it!

"Hey, hey! what's that? where, allow me to ask, are you going at this time of the night, Mr. Snippe?" cried a lady, in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out," responded Snippe, with a heart-broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed! where's out, I'd like to know? where's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fireside?"

"Out nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general, to see what's going on. Everybody goes out, Mrs. Snippe, after tea, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, everybody don't—do I go out, Mr. Snippe, without being able to say where I am going too? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic, and smoke, and drink, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. But you're not going out. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there, quietly, like a sober, respectable man." And Snippe did.

### A STRIKING THOUGHT.

"The death of a man's wife," says Lammartine "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long saved the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made only brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his pass to the grave."