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Poetical Department.

WHEN I REMEMBER THEE.

I weep when I remember thee,
My mother fond and true,
When fancy brings thy gentle face
Once more before my view.
I weep when I remember thee,
So patient and so mild,
So gentle with the stubborn will
Of me, thy wayward child.
Oh! many a look of petulance
That kilt my youthful brow,
Many a thought, unheeded then,
Comes back upon me now;
Comes back, altho' long years have past,
Long, busy, anxious years,
Since we upon thee looked our last,
And wept our parting tears.
Oh, mother, when I think on thee,
And thy sweet quiet brow,
I know I must have loved thee then,
But I feel I worth it now.
I weep when I remember thee,
Upon thy dying bed,
When death, with slow but steady aim,
Advanced with noiseless tread.
We saw thy fix'd unconscious gaze,
We felt our-elves unknown,
Near thee, and yet how far removed—
With thee, yet so alone.
Oh! mother dear, 'twould be a sin
To wish thee back to me;
Yet oft I think how I should feel,
If such a thing could be.
Oh! it would seem so dear a boon,
A bliss so near divine;
Naught but a life's idolatry
Could show a love like mine.

A Selected Tale.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

THE MAROON.

A LEGEND OF THE CARIBBEES.

BY W. GIMMERE SIMMS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Yemassee," &c.

IV.

The doom was pronounced; the hand of the executioner—the hand of his most bitter enemy, Juan de Sylva, was laid upon the shoulder of the victim, but he refused to yield his faith to his own fears. He still hoped against conviction—still shrunk from a belief in that punishment which, to the timid and dependent nature, such as his, seemed to involve terrors much more extreme than any threatened form of death. But when he at last yielded to the conviction which had long been entertained by all around, unless, perhaps by the woman, his supposed associate in crime, then the whole strength of his soul, feeble in its best moments, seemed to give way on the instant. Every show of manhood was forgotten. There was no pride to keep up appearances—no struggle to maintain a decent show of fortitude and firmness; but the miserable culprit sank down into the most lamentable imbecility to the shame of all around him.

"Mercy! mercy! For the sake of the Blessed Virgin, have mercy upon me, Don Velasquez," he shrieked, rather than pleaded, when the determined aspects of the men appointed to convey him to the boat, and the violent grasp of Juan upon his shoulder, silenced all doubts as to the real intentions of his tyrant to carry out his sentence, in full, as it had been delivered. The hardened sailors, as much in scorn as in pity, recoiled from the piercing feminine entreaty of the victim, and left him free for the moment, as if in doubt whether Velasquez might not yield to the supplications which were urged with such a humiliating disregard to manhood. Falling upon his knees, he crawled toward the spot where sat the arbiter of his fate, glowing in the enjoyment of that bitter-sweet morsel of revenge which is so grateful to the malignant nature. In his eyes—had those of the victim not been blinded by his own tears—had he not been too base to venture to accompany his entreaties by a resolute look upon the face of him upon whose word his fate rested—he might have seen how hopeless were all his pleadings. But he saw nothing—as he crawled along the deck to the feet of his tyrant—but the terrible danger which he was anxious to escape. Could he have seen the inexpressible scorn which dilated the nostrils and curled the lips of the woman—could he have heard her bitter and only half-suppressed accents of loathing, muttered between her gnashing teeth! But they could not have changed his nature!

"Can he not die! Can he not die! Anything but this! And yet," she continued, herself unconscious that she spoke, "how should it be that one who had not the soul to slay his enemy, in the moment when all that made life precious lay in the blow, how should it be that he should aim the weapon at his own bloodless heart, though to escape this most loathsome tyranny."

"Beware!" was the single word whispered close beside her ear, from the lips of Juan de Sylva. "Beware! lest a worse fate befall thee even than his! Wouldst thou peril life for such a reptile!"

She was silent at the suggestion. Not that she had any fears of death; but, just then, her quick thought and resolute spirit suddenly conceived its own method for escape and vengeance. Other emotions than those of scorn filled her bosom, as the whisper of Juan, like the hissing of a hateful serpent, filled her ears; and in their sudden consciousness, she trembled lest her feeling should declare itself aloud, in spite of the resolute will which she invoked to curb and keep it in. The emotion which her lips did not declare, was conspicuous, for the instant on her countenance, and remained unseen only in consequence of the absorbing nature of the event in progress at the feet of Velasquez. To this spot the abject culprit had continued to crawl, unrestrained by the stern command of his tyrant not to approach him,

which hath been so much his nightly solace! Eh! what say'st thou?"

The person addressed recoiled as if from the tongue of the viper. She was silent, unless the thought which moved her lips, but did not escape in words, might be construed into speech.

"At all events—it is but death—but death, after all! He hath weapons, and the sea rolls at his feet. He hath but to will, and his exile ends in a moment!"

We shorten a scene which was only too painfully protracted. The victim was hurried to the boat. His feet pressed the lonely islet of which he was mockingly declared the Prince. He stood erect, but not in the consciousness of sway. His eyes were fixed upon the vessel from which he was torn, and in which he saw nothing but the country, the friends, the familiar faces, from which he was forever sundered.

He was unconscious of the mocking performance, when Juan de Sylva hung the guitar about his neck. The awkward appendage was no burden to him at such a moment. The faces of those who had placed him upon the sands were turned away. The sound of their parting voices had died away upon his ears. The boat was pushed from the shore—yet he still stood, with a stare of vacant misery in his aspect, upon the spot where they had placed him. Long after the prow of the boat had been turned for the ship, he could be seen in the place, with the ludicrous decoration upon his breast, while, with still uplifted hands, he seemed to implore the sympathy of his comrades and the mercy of his tyrant. But of neither was he vouchsafed any proofs. Mercy was none—sympathy was powerless to save. Even she! But of her he dared not think! She had seen his fate; and though, in his soul, he dare not blame her, yet when she rose to recollection, it was always to provoke a sentiment of bitterness which a nobler spirit never could have felt. He saw the boat rejoin the vessel. He saw once more her broad sails spread forth to catch the breeze. Gradually, they lessened beneath his gaze. The world which held his soul and his hope, grew smaller and smaller, contracting to a speck, which at length, faded utterly away in the deepening haze which girdled the horizon. Then, when his eyes failed any longer to delude him with a hope, did he fall prostrate upon the sands, in a swooning condition, which, for the time, wholly and happily obliterated the terrible sense of his desolation.

Again the officers approached, and again hesitated—all but Juan—as the cries of the wretched imbecile rang through the vessel. The sailors could still have suffered him to urge his prayer for mercy, but Juan had no such yield to his prayers, and he knew better than they, how profitless were all entreaties. He had resolved, for his own purpose, that there should be no relentings in the brutal spirit of Velasquez. He left the side of Maria de Pacheco, at the summons of his uncle, and, with his own hand, grappled the victim while giving the word to the sailors chosen to assist him. But, rising to his feet, Lopez dashed away from the grasp of his assailant, and once more rushed in supplication to Velasquez. His terrors gave him wonderful strength and a faculty of speech scarcely less wonderful. He was positively eloquent.

Never was prayer for mercy more passionate, or more pregnant with the best argument in behalf of mercy. They touched all hearts but the two, alone, whom it had been of any avail to move. These were immovable. Again were his entreaties answered by scurrilous jest, mocking suggestion and derisive laughter. The taste for the sports of the tauridor, who tortures the bull to madness before he bestows the *coup de grace*, could alone afford any likeness to the sort of pleasure which this sea despot enjoyed in the fruitless agonies of his victim. It was in a sort of defiance, produced by very shame and despair, that the culprit rose at length to his feet, and folding his arms upon his breast, submitted to his fate, from which, it was evident that no degree of humiliation could possibly suffice to save him. A smile softened the features of Maria de Pacheco.

"It is well!" she murmured to herself. "A little sooner and the shame would have been spared to both!"

The victim seemed to hear her accents, tho' not to understand them. He turned a timid glance toward her, but her eye no longer sought his own. She was conscious that other eyes were then keenly fixed on both.

The boat was declared to be in readiness. The month's store of provisions, accorded by Velasquez, were thrown into her; the spear and the crossbow followed; and the hands of the seamen, appointed to convey "the Maroon," were fastened firmly on his shoulder. He was now subdued to submission, if not reconciled to his fate. He no longer opposed himself to their efforts; and though he still spoke the language of entreaty, it was no longer addressed to his tyrant.

"Oh! my countrymen, Antonio Pedro—it is you who do me thus—is it you, my countrymen, who help to give me up to such a dreadful doom?"

Such was the touching appeal, made to ancient comrades, which the poor wretch uttered at the parting moment. They looked downward in silence, but did not relax their hold upon him.

"And I am to perish on that desolate island; and the people of my own land leave me to this solitude? They hear the voice of my prayer, and shut their ears against it! I am never more to hear human speech; never more to look upon Christian face, nor call any man brother or friend. Oh! Spaniards, brothers, friends, countrymen! will you doom me thus? Will you desert me thus to the solitude of the sea, which is worse than any death. Christians! help me; speak for me; save me!"

There was a moisture in the eyes of the weather-beaten seamen who stood around him. At this moment the woman advanced suddenly and stood before Velasquez. Juan beheld her purpose in her countenance, and whispered as she passed him, "Beware!" She heard, but did not heed the warning.

"Velasquez," she spoke with firmness, "surely, you have carried this jest far enough. You cannot mean really to devote this wretched man to this place of desolation!"

"Jest!" exclaimed the other; "Jest, call you it? By my faith, but you have very merrily described a very serious ceremonial. Yet, if there be a jest designed at all, I see that it hath been omitted. Ho, Juan, bring forth the guitar of our Prince. See you that it be slung about the neck of Don Lopez. It hath a band of crimson—truly, the fitting collar for a sovereign. It will help him to remember his old songs when in the enjoyment of his new signiory. He shall have his ditty and jest together. It were cruel, Lady mine, to deprive him of that

him, and looking down, as if to see whether he slept, in their passage to the deep. Never was night and situation so full of charm, yet so full of the awful and the terrible. Beautiful, indeed, surpassingly beautiful and sweet, was the strange wild charm of that highly spiritual mingling of land and ocean;—that small and lovely islet, just rising above the deep, so thoroughly environed by its rocking billows, shone upon by that wilderness of stars; breathed over by that pure zephyr, gliding in with perfume and blessing from the South; and haunted by unknown sounds, from strange creatures of the sea and sky, who, in a life of perpetual freedom, could never know the feeling of desolation or of exile.

But the wild romance and wondrous beauty of the scene, were lost upon the man who had no higher idea of the possessions of the intellectual nature than such as could be drawn from association with his fellow. The region, unoccupied by man, however beautiful in itself, could bring no joy, no peace to the bosom of the exile. Velasquez knew the real nature of his victim. He well knew that Lopez had no sympathy with the mute existences of sea and sky; of earth and air; and of those more exquisite essences, which, in such a situation, the imaginative nature would have joyed to conjure up from the spiritual world, he thought only with terror and reluctance. He did fancy that voices came to him upon the night air;—the voices of men, and in a strange, unusual language;—and he instantly trembled with fears of the cannibal—the anthropophagi, who were supposed, at that period, to be the only inhabitants of these regions.

But the night passed over in security. He opened his eyes upon another day, in the solitude of that wild abode, ere yet the sun had warmed with his gay tints the gray mansions of the East. He opened his eyes upon the sea and sky as before. The billows were rolling slowly away at his feet, in long, low courses, but slightly lifted by the breezes of the dawn. Vainly were his eyes stretched out over the watery waste, in the pathway of the departed vessel. The vast plain of ocean spread away before him unbroken by a speck; and when the sun rushed up visibly into the heavens, and laid bare the whole bright circumference of the deep, for many a league, darkened by an object—then the conviction of his utter loneliness—his life of future loneliness—forced itself upon the heart of the wretched youth; and flinging himself once more upon the earth, he thrust his fingers into the sands, and cried aloud in the depth of his agony—

"Jesu! it is true!—it is true!—and I am left—left by my people,—to perish here alone!"

We spare his lamentations,—his entreaties,—as if there were still some human being at hand, who might afford him relief and consolation,—to whom he might appeal for succor and protection. Prayer he had none. The name of the Deity, of the Savior, and the Virgin, were sometimes upon his lips; but the utterance was habitual, as he had been accustomed to employ them in mere idleness and indifference. Three days passed in which despair had full possession of his faculties. In this time he lay crouching upon the beach during the day, and gazing vacantly in the direction in which the ship had gone. At night he retreated to higher ground, filled with apprehensions of great monsters of the sea,—of the seas themselves,—lest, rising suddenly, ended with a human or a fiendish will, they might gather round him while he slept, and hurry him off, beyond escape, to their gloomy abysses. A small clump of trees afforded him the semblance of a shelter. Here he lay from nightfall to dawn, only sleeping in the utter exhaustion of nature, and suffering, at all other times, from every sort of terror. The stars, looking down through the palm leaves overhead, with their mild, sad aspects, seemed to him so many mocking and malignant angels exulting in his condition. The moaning of the sea, and the murmurs of the night wind, were all so many voices of terror appointed to deride him in his desolation, and impress his heart with a sense of unknown dangers. The rush of great wings occasionally along the shore, or the rustle of smaller ones in the boughs above him—perhaps of creatures as timid as himself,—kept him wakeful with constant apprehensions; and, at moments of the midnight, a terrible howling, as of some sea beast rising to the shore, or leaving it with a plunge that echoed throughout the islet,—struck a very palsy to his heart, that, for the time, seemed to silence all its vibrations. Let us leave the miserable outcast, thus suffering and apprehensive, while we return to the inmates of the vessel by whom he was abandoned.

He was not wholly abandoned. Maria de Pacheco, the woman, who, like himself, was in some degree a victim also to the will, if not the tyranny, of Don Velasquez, was not the creature tamely to submit to injustice, however she might prudently seem to do so. We need not ask whether there was any real attachment between herself and the poor creature whom we have seen "marooned." It is probable that the degree of regard which she entertained for him was small. He was not the man to fix the affections, to a very large extent, of a woman of so proud and fearless a soul. The feebleness which he had shown, had probably lessened the attachment of a heart which in the possession of large natural courage of its own, might well despise that of one who had displayed so little. But as little did she love the man of whom she had become the slave—we may add—almost without her own consciousness, and at the will of another, by whom she had been sold at a early age. She was still comparatively young; but with an advanced intellect, and an experience that left it no longer immature. Born under the burning sky of Andalusia, tutored in the camp of the Gitano, though not of

Ziagaro race, she had soon acquired an intensity of mood which was only surpassed by her capacity of subduing it to quiet, under a rigid and controlling will. Loathing the sway of her tyrant, revolting at his person, she was as little disposed to regard with favor the affections which had been proffered her, of his more subtle and malignant nephew. The person of Juan de Silva, graceful and showy as it was, could not blind her to his heartless vanities, and that dangerous cunning of character, which so admirably co-operated with the mocking and fiendish coldness of his soul. If she had loathed Velasquez, she feared, as well as loathed, De Silva; and feared him the more, as, in possession of the secret of his infidelity to his uncle, she was yet made fully conscious of the truth of his boasts, that any revelation of it which she might make to the latter, would avail but little against him. But, though anxious, she was not the woman to despair! She revolted too greatly at her own condition of restraint, bondage and denial, to yield even temporarily to despondency. In the moment that saw her feeble and wretched lover consigned to the lonely islet of the Caribees, she made a secret resolve to avenge his fate or to peril her own person upon her vengeance. She clearly had no absorbing passion for the victim. It was evident that she could still maintain a prudent restraint upon her feelings at the moment of their greatest trial;—but the highest and proudest heart needs something for affection—some other one upon which to lean for sympathy—and which, at least, makes a show of responsive interest in its affections. It was thus that she had turned a willing ear to the professed devotion of Lopez de Leyva,—to his tastes and his gentleness, contrasting as they did with the brutality of all around her, and making her somewhat indifferent to his feebleness of will and lack of courage. But she had not fancied his imbecility to be so great as the hour of trial had shown it. Though scorning his weakness, she sympathized in his cruel destiny. The respite which had been given him from death, by the capricious tyranny of Velasquez, suggested to her mind a hope of his future extraction. Food had been left with him sufficient for a month. What might not be done in that space of time, by a subtle thought and a determined spirit? In a moment, Maria de Pacheco had her plans conceived, and her soul reared to the prosecution of a single purpose. But she had an opponent, not less subtle than herself, in the person of Juan de Silva; and the keen, scrutinizing eye which he fixed upon her, as she turned from the spot upon which Lopez had been left, seemed to denote an instinct conception of the purpose which had passed that very instant through her soul. But she was not discouraged by this fear.

"Well," said he in a whisper, "you see see how hopeless is the struggle! What is left for you, but—" and a smile of mixed sadness and significance closed the sentence. The ready expression of the woman's face was made to accord happily with the single word with which she furnished an equally expressive conclusion: "Death!"

"No! no!" said he. "You will not die—you shall not! You shall live to be far more truly the mistress of the Dian de Burgos, than she finds you now. Why should we be enemies Maria?"

"Beware! your uncle's eye is upon us!"

He turned away, and this single sentence, as it seemed to denote a disposition to make a secret between them, brought a fresh hope to the soul of the young man. He smiled, and glided to his uncle. Maria smiled also, but it was with a sterner feeling—not a less hopeful one, perhaps, but one in which bitterness was a much more positive ingredient than delight.

"I must baffle his vigilance," she muttered to herself. "He only need be feared, and he must be met and vanquished! Ay! but how! How! I must manage this—and I will!"

Her eyes followed his retreating form as she spoke. They noted quickly the jaunty air of self conceit which marked his movements; they scorned the showy and quaintly cut garments which he wore, and the profuse decorations of his neck and breast—and the quick instincts of the woman at once suggested an answer to her doubts.

"How, but through his vanity? He would be loved, as he would be admired and watched. Well!—he shall be loved, loved as he desires! The task is a hard one enough truly—but it shall be done! Juan de Silva, you shall be loved. You, at least, shall believe it—you will believe it; and this will suffice!"

In this she expressed a portion of her policy. It will be all that we need to show at present. How she pursued this policy, by what constant, hourly practices, by what adroit feminine arts, and with what fixedness of purpose, need only be suggested. The details would be too numerous. But she was encouraged to perseverance by success. She had reason to believe that she had succeeded in disarming the jealousies, and in awakening the hopes, of her enemy. They both maintained a judicious regard for the exactions of Velasquez; but there were hours when he slept, or when he suffered, when they might throw aside their caution, and speak together without fear or interruption. It is by no means strange that the most artful should be imposed upon by arts such as he himself employs. But what is so blind as vanity? What creature so easily baited as the self-worshipper, when the food tendered him is that which increases his love of self. To make such a one satisfied with himself, is most surely to gain his confidence in you—to persuade him that he is as much an object of your idolatry as of his own, is to obtain access to the few open avenues which conduct to his affections.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In nature there's no blemish but the mind's none can be called deformed but the unkind.