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Poetical Department.

POEM.

BY GEORGE W. CHRISTIE.

There lurks deep-seated in each human breast,
Some cherished Dream, round which we love to
rest

Our fondest hopes—an image of the brain;
Some Idol Thought, whose outlines still remain,
When all else fades; as sun-clouds in the West,
When rosy day pales slowly to its rest.
'Tis God's great gift to man, whose restless mind
Had else been portionless; nor, may we find
Exemptions from our nature's common law,
Or sound, a loss, each fonder must deplore.
Not Youth alone, when impulse holds the sway,
And uncurbed Fancy spreads her bright array,
And passion's glow doth quicken into birth
Fair visions, all too beautiful for Earth,
But Age, and Manhood's prime, their tribute pay;
'Tis but the Dream of yesterday!
And why this law, since swiftly rolling years
Betray how fast each Vision disappears;
How fast each hope, close nestled to the heart,
Spreads forth its wings impatient to depart!
Alas! Man's selfish nature seeks return
For every feeble effort; and thus we learn
Great action springs from self, naught else 'twould
seem
May kindle it to warmth save idle Dream
Without Ideal aims, Man's life would be
A pulseless soul, a dead Reality!

Art wanders to the shades of Solitude,
By gentle winds to gentler feelings wooed;
Low murmurs fling their music on the ear,
And forms of beauty to the mind appear.
Fair Angel forms, for Beauty is divine—
And whilst we gaze we worship at her shrine,
And as we worship, with each measured strain,
Wild inspiration leaps through every vein.
All hail! sweet Dream! with thoughts of Beauty
thine.

The canvass glows—the marble breathes with life,
Thy shadowed form stands outlined to our gaze,
And Art, triumphant, wins immortal praise!

What seeks yon watcher of the starry waste,
Where rolleth along in her lazy haste,
The pale-faced moon, through each billowy cloud,
Half-wrapped in its folds like a corpse in its shroud?
Are the lines of his destiny written there?
Is his fate hung out on the pulseless air
Like a scroll to be read by some midnight Seer,
With its hopes and its pains, its joy and its fear?
Is the hoscope sought? Is the teeming womb
Of the Future pierced for a glance at the tomb?
No, a loftier Dream now sweeps through his brain,
And tinges its cheek with a deepening stain.
There is order and method in every star,
The impulse which hurls the red comet afar,
The phases which marshal each change of the
moon.

The shadow which dims and eclipses her noon,
A wild hope up-springs in the wondering mind,
A dream of its power—why should it not find
That law which retains each bright orb in its
sphere.

And bids the faint ray in the west disappear?
Night after night the starred heavens are scanned,
Facts noted and measured, and theories planned,
Till proofs are augmented, and labor upholds
That Science which triumphs, and Nature unfolds.

From morn till eve, from eve to ruddy morn,
All faint, or e'er asked, perchance with hunger torn,
The Student toils—neglect and pale disease,
Sole ministers attendant on his ease.

What flushes now that wan, dejected face?
What passing impulse leaves the lingering trace
Of rosy health? 'Tis midnight's solemn hour,
And chill the wind which breathes upon each
flower—

An unseen presence fills his lonely room;
An inner light dispels the gathering gloom;
He soars in boundless thought—leaves earth be-
hind.

And reigns the monarch of his world—the Mind!
So dreams the Poet, and his measures tell,
How sweet the Dream, how lasting is its spell.

Man's elevation is our common Dream,
Where seek, where find, on Earth a nobler theme?
'Tis God-like in each feature, and each aim
Might pinnacle our hopes of deathless fame.
Turn to you city of the sainted dead,
Turn to the Brother, round whose couch is shed,
The ministries of love—turn to the tear
Of Grief, which finds a friendly solace near—
Turn to the shaft, the column, and the pyre!
Sweet offspring of our cherished Dream—but,
higher,

Aims true Fellowship—we seek to elevate
Man's fallen nature to a loftier state.
To teach him, as he came from God alone,
To God his thoughts should turn; whose throne
No jewels deck—in whose Eternity
Naught mingles which may spot its purity.
Then onward still—our battle-cry be heard,
Whilst strength remains to about the noble word.
'Tis Action! Action! till our Dream shall be,
A living Truth, a stern Reality!

Miscellaneous Department.

WONDERFUL REVELATIONS!

We find the following published editorially
in the New York Sun of the 23d ult.—a paper
of the largest daily circulation on the American
continent. Revelations of so wonderful a char-
acter, and vouchered for on such respectable au-
thority, deserve to be read to say the least.
We are unable to form an opinion, and express
none, in reference to them. We republish them
with the endorsement of the editors of one of
the most extensively read papers in the world,
and will simply add that they will be read with
the deepest interest.

A FEW FACTS FOR THE INCREDULOUS.—We
have been aware, for some six weeks past,
of occurrences in the family of a well known and
highly respected gentleman, residing in the
town of Stratford, Conn., a short distance from
Bridgeport, a simple authenticated narrative of
which has already staggered the incredulity of
some of the boldest disbelievers in supernatural
agency; and inspired the timid, to a considera-
ble degree, with terror. We have not felt at
liberty, however, to make public mention of
them, from a regard to the feelings and wishes
of the family; but that restraint is now remov-
ed, by the appearance of a garbled statement
in the columns of a cotemporary; and we shall
proceed to detail a few facts, which are so well
vouchered for us, that we endorse them as

freely as we could do, had they passed under
our own eyes, and in our own dwelling. There
is in them, to say the least, a mystery, which
has not yet been solved, and which, from the
unsuccessful endeavors made to discover it,
seems unexplainable by any supposition of hu-
man agency.

Six weeks ago last Sunday morning, on their
return from church, the family was alarmed at
finding the outside doors, which they had lock-
ed an hour or two previously, open, and a piece
of black crepe tied to the handle of the front
door. Supposing the house had been broken
into for the sake of robbery, they immediately
searched to see if they missed anything. They
found all the chamber and inner doors, many
of which they had left locked, wide open, but
nothing was missing. The next day, on enter-
ing the room occupied by the eldest daughter,
they found the window and looking glass cov-
ered over by sheets, and on the bed a figure laid
out to represent a corpse.

This discovery was followed, in the course
of a few days, by strange noises about the
house, and by various articles being thrown
about, apparently by invisible hands, most of
which seemed directed at the young lady. She
became very much alarmed, and eventually
was taken ill, and seized with convulsions, from
which, for some period, it was feared she would
not recover. Notwithstanding the close guard
which was kept over her during her sickness,
strings, handkerchiefs, and other articles, were
from time to time found tied tightly around her
neck, and pillows from another bed, in the same
room, placed over and pressed upon her face.
Many such things occurred, which it was impos-
sible for her to effect, without attracting the
notice of those who were watching by, and tak-
ing care of her. After some days she recov-
ered, and was sent to a neighboring village. A
day or two after her departure, things began to
be thrown about the house as before. They
consisted chiefly of small articles, such as
nails, screws, pebbles, spools of thread, etc.

During the young lady's sickness, neighbors
were called in, and became eye-witnesses to
many of the strange things which were occur-
ing about the house. The articles which were
thrown about began to be of larger dimensions,
—a spoon, knife, fork, book, or poker being
occasionally moved. The disturbance was nei-
ther constant nor regular. At times, nothing
at all would happen for hours, and again a suc-
cession of falling, or throwing incidents would
occur within a few minutes of each other, and
in different parts of the house. The gentle-
man's son, a lad of some twelve or fourteen
years of age, far from being alarmed, found
great amusement in chasing and picking up the
moving articles.

One evening he thus ran into a room adjoin-
ing that in which the family was sitting, whence
had proceeded the noise of something falling
to the floor, and immediately uttered a piercing
scream. His friends going in found him on the
floor, writhing in a fit. He was taken up and
cared for, and recovered from it the next day,
when he said that the cause of his screaming
was, that somebody caught him around the
body, just above the hips, and was lifting him
up, as he feared, through the ceiling. Of the
fit he was not conscious. The next evening,
and every evening for about ten days thereafter,
at the same hour, and occasionally during the
day time, the boy was seized with similar fits,
which would last one or more hours, and then
pass off.

To enumerate the articles thrown, and the
manner and appearance of them, and above all,
the impressions made upon neighbors and stran-
gers who frequently were witnesses, would re-
quire not only whole columns but whole news-
papers. We shall have room for but few, and
in selecting them we shall not refer to what we
have already narrated. They are vouchered for
in the most unequivocal manner, by gentlemen
who are in no way connected with the family,
and who could not, for a moment be suspected
of the least collusion, and are the result of ex-
aminations made by them at the request of the
family.

On one occasion, two gentlemen of our ac-
quaintance made a thorough examination of
the upper part of the house, leaving the whole
of the family below stairs. Having looked
through the different rooms without observing
anything unusual, they were retiring down
stairs, when a fire-poker, which they had not-
iced hanging on a nail in one of the chambers,
passed near their heads and stuck into the floor
before them, near the foot of the stairs! They
returned, and once more examined the premi-
ses. Nothing, and no person, could be found.
The door of the chamber in which the poker
hung was closed, just as they had left it, but
the poker was not in its place. Moreover the
door was so situated, that it could not well be
opened without attracting their attention, until
they had passed further down the stairs than
they had done when the poker whizzed by.

A gentleman and his wife, who reside in the
vicinity, and had been with the family frequent-
ly while these strange things were going on,
found at another time, in a room into which
they, as well as the family were passing and
repassing every few minutes, nine figures rep-
resenting females in a kneeling posture, before
each of which was a Bible, opened, and a pas-
sage therein marked in by turning down a
leaf to it, or by a small piece of paper laid upon
it. These figures were dressed with great pre-
cision, every hook and every button was fully
adjusted, and their preparation would be the
work of many hours if attempted by human
hands. The dresses belonged to the young
lady and her mother, and were hanging up in
closest within a short time of the discover. The
passages in Scripture were chiefly in the prophe-
cies of the Old Testament, and were very
appropriate to the mystery which apparently
existed in the house.

Not the least wonderful of these things was

the discovery, in different parts of the house,
generally in the morning, of a species of hiero-
glyphic character on the walls, and on the floor
of the piazza, and also on oiled paper. One of
those on paper, was of exceedingly high finish,
fully equalling engraving on steel. Across the
top were characters in Hebrew, and below, in
up and down columns, others similar in appear-
ance to Chinese. The Hebrew character were
deciphered by intelligent neighbors, and found
to be "The Key to the Mystery." Of the
Chinese, or other characters, nothing has yet
been discovered, but they have been, or soon
will be, submitted to gentlemen in this city, who
are acquainted with the Chinese, Arabic and
other languages.

Up to the 15th inst., these manifestations in-
variably occurred in the day time. On the night
of that day they were maintained with increas-
ed violence, and without cessation, until at-out
4 o'clock in the morning. During that time
considerable damage was done to various arti-
cles of furniture, and several panes of glass
were broken from the windows—all under the
eye of another gentleman from those previously
mentioned, who, at the request of the family,
was endeavoring by all the means and ingenu-
ity at his command, to solve the mystery. The
particulars of all the unaccountable things which
took place during that night we must pass over
at least for the present, confining ourselves, as
we have hitherto done, to the more striking and
extraordinary ones.

While at the supper table the previous eve-
ning, he was amazed more than once at the
falling upon the table of a knife, or fork, or
spoon, apparently from the ceiling overhead;
and while seated near the fire, after tea, books,
daguerreotype cases, and other articles, would
fall from tables and shelves which were distant
six to ten feet from any person in the room. In
the same way a pair of candle-snuffers which
were on the mantle piece, and which the gentle-
man we speak of had just examined, (they be-
ing of curious workmanship) seemed to jump
from the shelf and fall to the floor near his feet
he being, the while, the only person near them.

He retired, with the family; soon after 10
o'clock, and just as he was getting into bed he
heard a loud clatter and a scream. Slipping
on a portion of his clothing and running into
the hall, he found it came from the young lady's
room. He called to her to know what was the
matter. She told him the noise was in the
closet in her room, and requested him to come
in. He went in, the noise and screaming being
continued at intervals. The young lady was
in bed and the closet door shut. A light was
burning in that, as also in other rooms of the
house. The noise seemed to be a series of
knocks upon the door as though with a person's
knuckles, from the inside, succeeded by a blow
like a kick against the bottom of the door. He
could distinctly see the door vibrate, as he ran
to it. On opening it nothing likely to produce
such a noise was to be found!

The chamber spoken of was located similar
to the usual second story hall bedrooms in our
city dwellings. The door to the hall was lock-
ed. After his unsatisfactory search in the closet,
the gentleman stationed himself in the door-
way leading to the large chamber, the door
being wide open, and door from that chamber
to the hall being shut tight. The scream had
ceased, and the knocking in the closet stopped.
Presently the door from the hall to the large
chamber was knocked upon in a similar manner
to that of the closet, from the side in the hall—
a succession of raps and then a kick near the
bottom. He went to it, and taking the knob
in his hand, awaited a reception of the knock,
it came, and opening the door instantly, (there
being a light also in the hall), he saw—nothing.

He was more disconcerted than before.
Considerably amazed at his discomfiture, but
more determined than ever to ascertain its ori-
gin, he again took his position in the doorway.
The knocking ceased, and he was on the point
of retiring again when he distinctly saw the bro-
ken leg of stand which had been lying on a
bureau in the young lady's room, fly, as it were
across the room and strike the window, break-
ing two panes of glass and then falling to the
floor. On being made acquainted with this,
the mother came in to assist the gentleman in
covering the broken windows, on account of the
cold air, with a blanket, and while so doing he
saw a hair brush, which had also been on the
bureau, coming towards her, and finally strike
upon her head. All this time the young lady
remained in the bed, and not less than six feet
from the bureau.

Having seen, or fancied he had seen, the
middle of three small drawers on the top of the
bureau move in and out, the gentleman took it
out and examined it thoroughly. Soon after a
cessation of these things occurred, he left the
room, but hardly had he done so, when, on
hearing another noise and breaking of wood,
he ran back, and found pieces of the little draw-
er previously examined by him, falling upon the
floor from the bed, and the front piece of it fall-
ing from the window, where a pane of glass had
evidently been broken by it. The occurrence,
whatever it was, frightened the young lady, so
that she left her bed, and was running into her
parents' room. She afterwards stated that the
drawer had beaten itself, or been beaten, against
the head-board of her bed, until it was completely
broken in pieces; and the indentations in the
head-board and the scattered fragments were
conclusive proof that such was the fact.

Shortly after this the chamber occupied
by the parents became the scene of knockings
similar to those which have been described as
having occurred at Rochester. They seemed
to come from the head-board of the bed. The
gentleman was called in there, and with the
closest scrutiny he could make, was fairly bother-
ed. At his request, the occupants of the bed
moved as far from the head-board as possible,
but still he heard the gentle rap, rap, rap, now
on this side and now on that, and again direct-

ly under his nose. Having studied the accounts
of the Rochester knocking, he set about endea-
voring to open a communication with the spirit
in the way pursued at that place. In this he
was, after spending considerable time, partially
successful. The revelations made were, how-
ever, strictly of a family nature, and for their
benefit, and among them many by-gone facts
stated, and also some things, the truth or falsity
of which the lapse of a short time will deter-
mine.

The next day more stuffed figures were found
in another room, and several of the neighbors
were called in to look at them. While there,
one of those present, a gentleman, received a
blow from the top of a candle-stick, on the
back part of his head, in such a way that it
could not be explained by himself or any one
else. Subsequently, the same gentleman, while
walking up stairs with the boy above spoken
of, suddenly found him choking by his side—the
effect of a handkerchief tied tightly around his
throat. From the tie, and from its tightness,
he was convinced the boy did not do it himself,
and no one else was near them. It seemed to
have been effected instantaneously, while the
gentleman's eyes were, for an instant, averted.

At other times the boy's clothes had been torn
almost off from him, and he tumbled into a cis-
tern near the house while it was full of water;
books thrown from a book-case, flat-irons and
other household implements thrown hither and
thither about the house, of which it is impos-
sible to give anything like a connected account.
The family have, thus far, rendered every possi-
ble facility to those who have undertaken to
examine the subject, and in that have offered
most convincing proofs that they were not par-
ties to any attempt at deception.

We have not yet told the half of what we
are fully satisfied is true, upon the best of au-
thority, and not connected with the family in
any way; but for everything which we have
named above we have the most reliable, and to
us, undoubted and undoubtable testimony. We
are as perfectly satisfied with the truth of what
we have repeated as though we ourselves had
witnessed it.

And now a word as to the family. They are
of excellent repute in every way. Not a shade
of suspicion can rightfully be cast upon them
by any of their friends or acquaintance. Their
position in life alone, forbids the thought of any
wish or desire on the part of any of them to
practise or to get up any imposition of the
kind. They have, however, been made subjects
of ridicule among the thoughtless and unfeeling,
and have been excessively annoyed by the im-
pertinence and disturbances created by gangs
of rowdies from neighboring towns. Their
wishes, that the subject might not be talked of
and spread about in the neighborhood have not
been strictly regarded; and for the last few
days they have been so constantly run down
with the visits and questions of the curious, that
they can hardly find time for meals or repose.
They hope, and so does every real friend of
theirs, that the mystery, whatever it is, has now
finally ceased its operations.

The distress which has been brought upon
the family in consequence of the unjust and
unfeeling imputations cast upon the children in
consequence of what has transpired, can only
be appreciated by those who have families look-
ing to and resting upon them; and, for the
sake of those concerned in this instance, we
hope that none will be so forgetful as to indulge
in remarks of a harsh nature, at least until they
know more of the case than they as yet do.

PLANK ROADS.—We understand that the re-
ceipts on the 13 5-8 miles finished of the road
for the past week, averaged about \$5 per day
equal to about 10 per cent interest on the cost.
Many wagons do not travel on it, as yet, because
there is so little finished that they can only take
in such loads as formerly. Others it is said,
evade the payment of tolls, by going on and
off the road between the toll houses.

We are informed that a proprietor of a Saw
Mill on Little River, whose usual load of lum-
ber to town on the old road was 800 feet,
brought 2800 feet at a load a few days ago. He
thus performed in one day, the labor of three
and a half days. Hire of wagon, four horses
and drivers, saved for two and a half days, at
\$3 a day, \$7 50. Toll paid for going and
returning, 62 cts. Net gain on one load, one
day, \$6 88.—Fayetteville Observer.

Mr. Dates says that there are seventeen
States of the Union which do not make suffi-
cient returns, from their Post Offices, to defray
the expenses incurred by the Post Office Depart-
ment for the transportation of the mail within
their limits.

The man who first pegged a shoe in this or
any other country, is said to be now living at
Hopkinton, Mass. His name is Joseph Walker.

THE BEST SERMON EVER PREACHED.—We
copy, says the London Christian Times, the
following anecdote from Mr. James Everett's
"Methodism in Manchester and its vicinity"—
"Dr. A. Clarke, in the course of a conversation
with the writer, communicated the following
characteristic anecdote of Mr. Edward Perronet.
He remarked that Mr. Wesley had long
been desirous of hearing Mr. Edward Perronet
preach, and that Mr. Perronet aware of it, was
resolutely determined he should not, and there-
fore studied to avoid every occasion that would
lead to it. Mr. Wesley was preaching in Lon-
don one evening, and seeing Mr. Perronet in
the chapel, published, without asking his con-
sent, that he would preach there the next morn-
ing at five o'clock. Mr. Perronet had too much
respect for the congregation to disturb their
peace by a public remonstrance, and too much
respect for Mr. Wesley entirely to resist his
bidding. The night passed over; Mr. Perronet
ascended the pulpit under the impression that

Mr. Wesley would be secreted in some corner
of the chapel, if he did not show himself pub-
licly; and after singing and prayer informed
the congregation that he appeared before them
contrary to his own wish—that he had never
been once asked, much less his consent gained,
to preach—that he had done violence to his
feelings to show his respect for the publisher;
and that, now he had been compelled to occu-
py the place in which he stood, weak and in-
adequate as he was for the work assigned him,
he would pledge himself to furnish him with
the best sermon that ever had been delivered.
Opening the Bible, he then proceeded, with the
utmost gravity, and with great feeling, to read
our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which he
concluded without a single word of his own by
way of note or comment. He closed the ser-
vice with singing and prayer. No imitator has
been able to produce equal effect, and perhaps
for this reason—the case is one which, under
similar circumstances, ought not to be imitated.

SCOLDING AT CHILDREN.—I will tell you
what good it does to scold at your children for
doing what you have told them not to do; just
as much good as to scold an unruly ox for
jumping over the fence and eating the corn
contrary to orders previously given to him.—
Children are governed by two motives: the
hopes of reward and the fear of unpleasant
consequences. A stream of scolding, from sun
to sun, never yet had any other effect upon
children than to render them wholly regardless
of what is said to them. If you wish to make
your children troublesome, scold them occa-
sionally. If you wish to make them bad, scold
them a little louder, and more frequently. If
you wish to ruin them, and have relinquished all
hopes of conquering them, scold continually;
and you will be sure to gain your object.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a Stu-
dent in a University, took a walk one day
with the Professor, who was commonly called
the Student's friend, such was his kindness to
the young men whom it was his office to in-
struct.

While they were now talking together, and
the Professor was seeking to lead the conver-
sation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old
shoes lying in the path, which they supposed
belonged to a poor man who was at work in a
field close by, and had nearly finished his day's
work.

The young Student turned to the Professor
saying: "Let us play the man a trick; we will
hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind
those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity
when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the Professor,
"we must never amuse ourselves at the expense
of the poor. But you are rich, and you may
give yourself a much greater pleasure by means
of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe,
and then we will hide ourselves."

The Student did so, and then placed himself
with the Professor behind the bushes hard by,
through which they could easily watch the La-
borer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might
express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and
came across the field to the path, where he had
left his coat and shoes. While he put on the
coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes;
but feeling something hard, he stooped down
and found the dollar. Astonishment and won-
der were seen upon his countenance; he gazed
upon the dollar, turned it around and looked
again and again; then he looked around on
all sides, but could see no one. Now he put
the money in his pocket and proceeded to put
on the other shoe; but how great was his aston-
ishment when he found the other dollar! His
feelings over came him; he fell upon his knees,
looked up to Heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent
thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his
wife, sick and helpless, and his children with-
out bread, whom his timely bounty from some
unknown hand would save from perishing.

The youth stood there deeply affected, and
tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the Professor, "are you not
much better pleased than if you had played
your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you
have taught me a lesson now that I will never
forget. I feel now the truth of the words
which I never before understood: 'It is better
to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with
the wish to do them good.

"Time is money," said a debtor to his credi-
tor, "and therefore, if you give me time, it is
just the same thing as if I gave you money."

He who swallows up the substance of the
poor will, in the end, find it contains a bone
which will choke him.

WHAT IS LOVE?—An inexpressible thing; a
volume in a word; an ocean in a tear; a whirl-
wind in a sigh.

There are two ways of gaining a reputation;
to be praised by honest or abused by
rogues.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer
have? A face that is for-bidding.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It
holds the comb.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not
whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is
tending; and we see ourselves to witness
their flight without a sense that we are changed;
and yet time is beguiling man of his strength,
as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.
He is a wise man, who, like the mill-wright,
employs every gust.—Scott.

A movement is on foot in St. Louis to imme-
diately extend the telegraph to Cairo, Ill.