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#### From the Register. ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with Thee, Creator! when at morn The crimson beams illume the eastern sky, Before the daily weight of care is borne, Grant that to Thee my longinging soul may fly.

And with an humble faith to Thee may bear Its morning sacrifice of praise and prayer.

One hour with Thee, O Saviour? when at noon, The weary pause to rest from toil and care, My thoughts pray turn from scenes of grief and

gloom To rest on Thee, who once the weight didst bear Of human woe, that man might learn from Thee To reach Thy home, from sin's dominion free

One bour with Thee, O Holy Spirit! Night Brings calmness, thought, to all the race of man, Descend, I pray, on dove-like pinions light, Dwell in my heart, that when this narrow span

Of life is o'er, my soul may rise above, To dwell forever in a Heaven of Love.

## THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAN C. BRYANT. The hours are viewless augels And still go gliding by; And bear each moment's record up To him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar, Our hearts deep flower cups yield A sample still they gather swift, And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue
And some fly on with drooping wing Of sorrows darker hue.

And as we spend each minute That God to us hath given, The deeds are known before his throne-The tale is told in Heaven,

And we who talk among them, As one by one departs, Think not that they are hovering Forever round our hearts.

like summer bees that hove Around the idle flowers, They gather every act and thought, These viewless angel hours,

And still they steal the record, And bear it far away; This mission flight by day or night, No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father, To spend each flying hour, That, as they go, they may not show My heart a poison flower.

# The Penitent Malefactor.

BY REV. THOS. SCOTT.

The narrative of the crucifixion abound with interest. Putting aside the mighty event itself, the sufferings of Messiah, the vicarous sacrificethe narrative abounds with collateral circumstances well calculated to fasten the attention-circumstances at once interesting and profitable:-Omitting the transactions in the garden of Gethsemene-in the palace of the high priest, and before the tribunals of Pilate and Herod let us only glance at the facts connected with the actual crucifixion. How remarkable are many of them! The compelling of Simon to bear the cross after Jesus, with the mystical lesson taught thereby-"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."-The lamentation of Jesus over the Jews-"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep got for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." The commending of the virgin to the beloved John. The fulfilliment of the prophecies in the division of the raiment. The miraculous darkness. The dreadful taunt of the scribes and priests-the taunt yet containing in itself-a blessed truth-"He saved others, himself he cannot save." The bitter cry -"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The voluntary death of Jesus-voluntary even in the last article-"When Jesus had cried with a loud voice"-unexhausted-in full strength "When Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said thus, he gave up the ghost." The mysterious reeding of the veil of the temple, the way into the holiest being now made manifest. The first Gentile confessor-" When the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, truly this was a righteous man;" what or under the circumstances, was implied in the former. "Truly this was the Son of God." The opening of the graves-the rising of the bodies of the saints, and their appearing in the holy city—the coming forth of the timid Nicodemus, and the before unknown Joseph. These are a few of the circumstances which arrest our attention in the several narratives of the crucifixion. These, it is true, are minor circumstances, and may appear absolutely unworthy of notice, as compared with racked with anguish, and shall he think of the the mighty sacrifice and the infinite atonement; poor malefactor even then? Still less we might

yet it is there in every one of them, and that without force or fancy, matter for the most profitable reflection; and well it is for us, and a mark of a state of heart much to be desired, if we gather benefit from these smaller and less prominent facts recorded in Holy Scripture. Fancy and frivolity in interpreting the Scripture are always to be shunned; but well is it for him who remembers that every sentence has its appropriate and important meaning, and that "by every word"every narration, as well as every doctrine-"by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." In our enumeration of the interesting circumstances connected with the crucifixion of our Lord, we have omitted one, and that one of the most remarkable-the narrative of the two malefactors-the blasphemer and the penitent. A narrative is this, of great simplicity and great brevity, and yet are there shadowed out in it many of the most important doctrines and deepest mysteries of the Gospel. In a certain degree I would consider the whole narrative as my subject, though I have only read to you a few words as my text. These words however appear, perhaps, the most important of the whole, and will, accordingly, receive the most of my attention; and after explaining the history, with a few practical remarks in passing, I would dwell more fully on the prayer-its extended meaning-its universal application-its neverfailing success - and may God, the giver of repentance, and of every other good gift, grant us both to understand this portion of his word, and to imitate the repentance, andt o utter the prayer, and to receive the pardon, "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom." The narrative calls for our first attention; the narrative, with a passing comment. When our Lord was crucified, he was not crucified alone; there were crucified with him two thieves-the one on the right and the other on the left. Our Lord, forsooth, as the greatest criminal, was placed in the midst. The Scripture was fulfilled, "he was numbered with the transgressors." The sons of Zebedee had besought him, that they might be placed, the one on his right and the other on his left. "It is not mine to give," said the Saviour, "but to them for whom it is prepared of my father." But of that post, whom did the Jews think worthy? How unfathomable is the depth of human depravity! In the annals of nations we seldom find an instance in which the greatest malefactor, when led to execution, receives any thing of insult. In almost every case his crime is forgotten in his punishment; and the multitude are rather disposed to pity than to insult. But well may be put into the mouth of the Saviour the words of Jeremiah with regard to Jerusalem. "was never sarrow like sorrow?" All the spectators, as if by common consent, made our Lord an exception to this general rule; they added mockery to his sufferings. The scribes and priests, the professors of learning and religion, united with the populace to revile and taunt. Nor was this scorn confined to them. One of the malefactors could forget his own sufferings and join the common cry. Two of the evangelists appear to assert that such was the case with both, but there seems reason to doubt whether this is necessarily implied in their words: "one of the malefactors" one of them at least, "railed on him, saying, if thou be Christ save our plains—and now they encompass our thyself and us." What depravity, we naturally say, was here! what dislike of the Saviour!-Brethren, remember how different have been our circumstances from those of this unhappy being. It is probable—far more probable, from his character and occupation, that he had never been within the sound of salvation-that no kind instruction-no pieus warning-no blessed invitation had ever reached his ears. And yet, perhaps, there may be found among us those who love our Lord and his gospel little better than he did! Such then, was one of the malefactors; but were both alike? Divine love made a difference: God, as one has observed, is the only being who can gratuitously love; from his gratuitous love comes all our hope. Repentance was given to one of the malefactors. He rebuked his fellow, saying, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due rewards of our deeds; but this man has done nothing amiss." And he said unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Here, on the cross, was repentance and its fruits-conviction of sin-application to Jesus, and proofs of a renewed heart in glorification of the Saciour, and reproof of evil. There was conviction of sin-"we indeed justly, for we re-ceive the due reward of our deeds." No extenuation-no denial-the sinfulness of the penitent contrasted with the holiness of the Redeemer-"we, indee I, justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss." Brethren, without this conviction of sin, this confession of the justice of our sentence, there can be no real penitence-I say not that it is necessary to understand this justice to be able to explain why God's sentence against sin is just, but yet we must allow it, and receive it meekly, without a murmur. "We, indeed, justly:" Mark further-there was a confession of the divinity of Christ. For what was the alleged crime of Jesus? It was blasphemy. Now, if Jesus were not indeed God, the accusation against him was just. He was a blasphemer, and deserved to die. But no, said the penitent, "this man has done nothing amiss." He is no blasphemer, and therefore he is God. "Whoso-

ever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born

of God." A true, real, and practical belief in

this truth must spring from divine illumination.

Such belief had the penitent, and it brought him

to Jesus in earnest prayer-"Lord remember me

when thou comest into thy kingdom." The

penitent was at the point of death-the Saviour

too, was just giving up mortality. Earthly king-

dom it was clear that there was none; what the

penitent knew of the real kingdom we cannot

tell-certainly he knew enough. And oh! what

a holy boldness was there in his prayer! The

Saviour in the agenies of crucifixion-his soul

suppose, shall he think of him when he enters of avenging the dead-may rest heavy on your man she loved, (who stood by her with his arm into his kingdom-when he is surrounded with his angel-guards-when he is seated at the right hand of Power. Yes! true grace is full of wonder. It is a beautiful union of contraries; it unites humility with confidence,-debasement with exaltation-"We, indeed, justly," and yet "Lord, remember me."

### A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

The following interesting document was recently found among the papers of Maj. John Jacob Schaæfmyer, a deceased patriot of the Revolution. It is a discourse delivered on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by Rev. Jacob Trout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in presence of Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne, and other officers of the army.

Revolutionary Sermon.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the

Soldiers and Countrymen: We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat alike, we have endured the cold and hunger, and contumely of the internal foe, and the courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the camp fire; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle; while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that will glimmer tomorrow morn on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in the time of terror and gloom have we gathered together-God grant that it may not be the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain heights of the Brandywine arise gloomily and grand beyond the water of yonder stream, all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar and bloodshed and strife of tomorrow.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolated plain, the blood sodden valley, the burned farm-house blacken in the sun, the sacked village, and the rayaged town, answer-let the along the fields of his homestead answer-let the starving mother with her babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer with the death rattle min gling with the murmuring tones that marked the last struggle of her life; let the dying mother and her babe answer.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sancti ty of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns-they darken on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Brethren think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you the doom of the British is near. Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast, the darker cloud and blacker storm of Divine retribution.

They may conquer us tomorrow. Might and wrong prevail, and we may be driven from the field; but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Ay, if in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George Brunswick, ealled King, feel in his heart and brain the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life-a withered brain and an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his people and on his children. Great God, how dread the punishment.

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and Goddefying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions, a proud and mercilesss nobility, adding wrong and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the heart, and aristocracy rotten to the very core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death -these are a part of the doom and retribution that will come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers-I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest. Tomorrow morning we will go forth to battle-for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight-we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads,

for your wives and children ? My friends-I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrongs.-Walton-I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of the night on the plains of Trenton-I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might wring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire-I might tell you of a butchered mother, and a sister outraged; the lowly farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victims, the cries for mercy and the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the vivid colors of terrible reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the morrow with light hearts and determined with all its power to the young girl's heart, and turned, exclaining, "My dear where shall I the Lord. You will march forth to battle on spirits; throughout the solemn duty—the duty feeling that she was alone in the world with the you when I come back?"

souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around you is darkness, lit by the lurid glare of the cannon, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path -then remember soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you-he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge-God, the awful and infinite, fights for you; and you will triumph. . "They that take the sword, shall perish by the

word. You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong or ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your children.

and to you the promise is-be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that men hold dear, in blasphemy of God-they shall perish by the sword.

You have taken the sword for truth and justice,

And now, brethren and soldiers. I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the battle tomorrow. God rest the souls of the fallen! Ma ny of us may live to tell the story of the fight tomorrow, and in the memory of all will rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights flinging their long shadows over the green meadow; around us are the tents of the continental hosts, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the shadows of wilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it. Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOUUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee; we invoke thy blessings we deprecate thy wrath; we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh, Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying. The sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thee to bless the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope, and thy instrument, even George Washington; shower thy counsels on the Honorable the Continental Congress; visit our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and affliction, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh, God of hosts, do thou be our stay; and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide-nercifur.

ry of galling wrongs be at our heart, knocking for admittance, that they must fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in the hour of butchery and blood shed.

And in the hour of death do thou guide us to the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee through Christ our Redeemer. God prosper the cause. - Amen.

# The Bride's Departure.

The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati, Atlas, relates the following incident, which occurred in the boat in which he embarked from Louisville:

"After I had got on board, a few moments before we started, my attention was attracted toward a group of friends with whom I became very much interested. It was a family parting with a daughter and sister, who was a bride, and was leaving the home and friends of her childhood; to cast her lot with the one she loved, and seek another home in the far, far West. She appeared to be an only daughter-at least there was no sister there-and the parting of the mother and child was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. They sat for an hour side by side in silence-the heart was too full to speakwaiting for the boat to start, and appearing anxious to remain together as long as possible. At length the last signal was given; they then arose, and with a look of grief, that I will never forget as long as I breathe, they regarded each other for a moment, and then enclosing themselves in each other's arms, stood for a while trembling in parting anguish, as if in fear least to sunder that embrace, would tear every heart-string loose .-But at last, summoning strength, they bade each other the sad farewell, in a tone and manner be youd the power of words to describe, such as told all the depths of a mother's and a daughter's love, and such as subdued the whole company who saw it into sadness and tears. The father then came and gave his parting blessing, and bid his sad farewell, and then took the mother, and they moved sadly away. When they had got to the cabin door, she turned to take that last, long, lingering look that the heart loves to and will take, when parting with some dearly loved object, though we feel that in doing so, the tide of grief and woe, and auguish, will pour with tenfold force around the soul. Their eyes met, and if they should never meet on earth again, that lingering look will be remembered till both hearts are cold and still in death, till they meet again in heaven. The brothers, two of them, remained on board to take their parting at the foot of the Falls. The eldest brother, almost a man, tried to part with manly dignity, but the last embrace was too much-he quivered for a while like an aspen leaf, and then bade tarewell in tears. The youngest, a small boy, gave loose to his anguish, and sobbed as if his very heart would burst-and after kissing her again and again, left her as though he had left the sweetest and dearest friend on earth, as though he had met with his first sad, great loss-and I doubt not that amid all the storms of life, that parting hour will be remembered forever. After they had got on shore, they stood on a point and waved their last adieu till they were lost sight of in the distance. Then, no doubt, a full sense of her loss coming home

around her,) she hid her face in his bosom, and gave way to all the agony of her grief. Then I thought what will woman not do when she loves with all her heart? And what a treasure that man could call his own, when he held that young girl in his arms, and knew that she suffered all that anguish for her love for him; and then I thought what a base heart his must be if he could abuse that love, and betray that trust and confidence. Yes, base he must be, if he does not love her more than his own soul, and if he would not sacrafice every selfish joy he has on earth to make her happy.

A Good Reply .- John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him.

'Friend John,' said he, 'I am come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee, in half the prisons in England, I am glad I have found thee at last.

'If the Lord has sent you,' returned Bunyan 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years.'

"Sum Snaix."—About a week ago, Mr. Isesse Barber, of Guildford, killed fifty six black snakes in a ledge or pile of rocks near his house. They were from three to six and a half feet long.-Under one of the stons which were upturned in search of the reptiles, were found fifty eggs of the same loathsome race, which were also demolished. We begged hard to be excused from believing the whole of this story, but our informant wouldn't throw off a single snake. Mr. Barber certainly deserves well of his country.

Bratleboro (Vt.) Eagle.

"DISEASES IS VARIOUS."—The Boston Post man says he pulled the following from Mrs. Part-

ington's carpet bag: "Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another way of brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and about there tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a nound bill himself he discovering and there another Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrals, takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb bag away."-Fifteen minates afterwards Isaac had that herb bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old

'Snipes if I were in your place I'd go and hang myself.' So would I, Snarl, if I were as big a

lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean

exactly what she said.

HUSBAND HUNTING .- "Heigh ho! I must have a husband!" said Miss Crooks, "what shall I dof Here I am hard upon my twenty-fifth year and they say I am homely as a hedge fence to boot! What shall I do? Woman's wit is not to be sneezed at by those who do not take snuff, and being bent on getting a husband, she would leave no stone unturned. She bought a ticket in the lottery. It drew a handsome prise. "My dear Miss Crooks, is that you?" cried a lawyer of the village one evening. "How dare you go home alone this dark night?" Oh! I am used to it," said she slily. The young man never let her go home clone afterwards. He married the gold, with Miss Crooks thrown in.

A poem in a western paper begins, "T've lived upon thy memory." That is about as bad as Jerry Bryant's boarding house feed where they had nothing for dinner, and had it warmed over for supper, and what was left served up the next merning for breakfast.

"Bobby, what is the highest latitude known?" The highest latitude known, is that which Bill Jones allows to his feelings when waltzing with our Kate." It is unnecessary to add, that Bobby was immediately marched off to bed.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

"Wife," said a man, looking for a bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, said a young buck, soliciting a young lady to kiss him.

"Give us only one trial," say the queck advertisers to invalids. "Walks into my parlor only once," said the spider to the fly.

Obedish thinks the "tree of knowledge" was the birch tree, the twigs of which have done more to make men acquainted with arithmetic than all the other members of the vegetable kingdom combined.

A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors happened one day to be takan suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician, The husband ran a short distance, but soon re