CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Cambridge, Md., Saturday Morning, December 9, 1848. *Number 8*

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us."

I HAVE within my peaceful breast,
Embalmed, a gem beyond all price;
A gem no fiend can e'er molest,
Nor cunning foe can e'er entice.

'Tis watched by faithful sentinels,
Whose bosoms swell with love for me—
A sacred love which never fails
In time or in eternity.

Where'er I am where'er I go,
This precious gem does comfort bring;
It is my guide to all I do,
My hope, my trust, my everything.

When on the sea, and giant waves
Roll o'er the ship in rage and foam,
I have a hope which to me cleaves,
Though all around be grief and gloom.

When on the land, and thunders roll,
And lightnings flash in glaring streaks,
There is a voice which to my soul
Sweet words of peace and comfort speaks.

When daring fiends around me bow,
With angel's smiles, to tempt my heart,
My friend within informs me how
To ward the storm and act my part.

And when disease does prostrate lay
This weak and mortal frame of mine,
My *all* does ev'ry pain allay,
And fills my soul with peace divine.

When on the brink of Jordan's stream,
All earthly help proves comfortless,
The *"Love of Christ,"* that priceless gem,
Will help me o'er to happiness.

Be not surprised that I regard
This gem above all wealth and price;
'Tis that alone which can reward,
And land me safe in Paradise.

COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR.—Knowing that the dimensions of the columns of the "Chronicle" were better adapted to the discussion of miscellaneous subjects than those of its adversary, we waited upon you personally prior to the publication of the invitation addressed C. S; but having been informed of your absence in the country, and designing to leave Cambridge sometime during this month, we waited upon the Editor of the "Democrat;" and while we confess our acknowledgments for the favor he no doubt *supposed* he confered by the publication of *contributions* for his paper, we must insist upon not being made responsible to an intelligent community for his orthography or syntax.

Your ob't, serv't.,

Cambridge, Dec. 3. H.

Convinced that when the perfect freedom of man's volitions, the inspiration and validity of Revealed religion are established, the *plausibility* of Absolute Universalism cannot conceal its deformity, your attention, kind Reader, is requested to the consideration of the first proposition; viz: "that man is a free agent" or is free in his power, of resolving,—free agency involving if not an absurdity, a gross contradiction of terms.

The discussion of this proposition involved for long time mysteries impenetrable and darkness without depth. The ingenuity of man ever prone to evil, has ever contrived to envelope the bright luminary of his own existence in obscurity and gloom. Proud tho' debased, and rendered often wretched by the compunctious throbbings of his own immortality, Time has been called to witness one continued and uninterrupted strife in the mental and physical world. His genius of investigation, naturally fond of revealing the hidden secrets of his own bosom and exploring the dark caverns of Eternity, and encouraged in its aspirations by the startling assurance "man, thou shalt never die?" has, tho' often when tramelled by prejudice and corruption or bewildered in its own contemplations, been identified with the ruin and degradation of its race,—still achieved triumphs immortal in themselves and rendered most acceptable to his Creator in dispelling the moral gloom of the world and revealing in their true light the sacred truths of his own creation and immortality. Numerous have been the attempts to overthrow the truth of this proposition and as numerous the signal triumphs of reason over Infidelity. Man by the blind perversion of his intellect—the prostitution of the noblest faculties of his soul—weded to fancy or enslaved by passion, rejecting everything beyond the province of reason—beyond his own narrow comprehension, has denied, in ways as numerous as various, all law implying the obligation of himself to a superior; a denial involving the validity of the institution of right and wrong, and consequently every principle of morality and religion. The philosophical systems destroying the very corner-stone of our existence and sucking the vitality of society itself, have been, as said, as numerous as various. First denying, from reasons independent of the consideration of moral phenomena, the possibility of a law of obligation with man; then affirming its nonexistence from reasons adduced from an examination and analysis of moral phenomena; and lastly professing to have discovered yet have mistaken its nature and variously disfiguring it, have substituted such a law as reason recognizes, but false and implying no obligation: such, kind Reader, have been the character of systems designed directly or indirectly to destroy all right and wrong, consequently the truth of the proposition that man is free to will, and the immediate consequence of whose principles was the origin of the *once* formidable systems of Pantheism, Mysticism and Skepticism; but now considered, when palsied by the power of their own weapons, as baseless fabricks of man's ingenuity. The infatuation and blind enthusiasm of Pantheists grasping at the mere shadow of reality and proclaiming the existence of *one* being, self-existent and necessary, and adhering to the illusory chimeras of a tortured intellect unillumined by faith, was led in the grossest superstition and Idolatry, and converting men in gods and God into every evidence of his existence, presented a spectacle, by the 19th century, rather to be pitied than condemned, but a system in its tenets the most dangerous and illusory. For where there is but *one being*, there can be nothing in the wide universe but different modes of his existence. Then, all things animate or inanimate which embody creation, are consequently only various modes and different manifestations of this one being; all causality therefore being in him; consequently no causality can exist in his creatures; and where there is *no* causality, of course there can be no free will. The legitimate and only consequence, indulgent Reader, by this system, was the denial of all free will in creation and of course in man; and thus kneeling in senseless idolatry before the whispering wind or the croaking thunder, they were lost in their own dreamy imaginaries and converted themselves into the very God they sought to adore. Scepticism, tho' commendable so far as it excites curiosity and investigation, presented in its absolute character the most corrupt and hideous infidelity. Either denying from the seeming variance or contradictory uncertainty of human opinions—the validity of human knowledge or questioning the truth of what is really truth in itself, from reasons that the perceptions and conceptions of our intelligence result from the very organization of that intelligence, it lead to but one result—that *man* was certain of nothing, and that the very conceptions of his reason of conformity to practical obligation were obscured by impending doubt and the impenetrable vail of uncertainty. Hence from whatever principle it may have originated, it necessarily ended in throwing doubt on every idea of obligation and consequently ils denial. The principles of mysticism, intelligent Reader, were less reasonable and more disastrious in their influence than either those of Pantheism or Skepticism. Presenting itself armed with various weapons, but panopled with the assumption that man could not attain his end in this life—that he was powerless for good and had patiently to wait his deliverance from bondage, it was productive of naught but evil, and by converting earth into a Hell and reveling in licentiousness, conscience became insensible to the rockings of remorse and was steeped in degradation and vice, at once, seemingly lost and irrevocable. The midnight assassin, indulging in the stupendous fallacy that Human destiny was a dark resistless current against which it was useless to struggle and down which he was irresistibly hurried, smiled at the drawn dagger and luxuriated in the perpetration of murder.—Despondency assumed the place of reason and the air was rent by the loud whailings of miserable and desperate humanity. Such, indulgent Reader, were the dire consequences of systems denying the existence of any law of obligation for man, results pregnant with evil and ruin and far worse in their moral disaster than anything ever conceived by human intelligence. And tho' their baneful influence may have almost entirely vanished before the light of reason and christian Religion, and their colossal fabricks of fallacious reasoning mouldered into nothingness, yet even from, as it were, their mass of nonsense and vanity, have arisen systems of Infidelity that live in the presence of the 19th century feeding upon the licentiousness and depravity of human nature. Innumerable even now are the votaries of the philosophy of Hume, who enraptured with his gaudy and beautiful imaginary, and stiffling the voice of their conscience, have been lulled to sleep in a seeming security; but alas! when confined to their deathbed and awakening to a sense of reason, too late have and will they find that they have been but reposing upon a bed of thorns.

Tho' the number, kind Reader, of philosophers who have thought that man is not a free being are exceedingly great, yet they all, with a few exceptions, have professed their doctrine in view of different principles, and through various courses of reasoning,—all distinguished, however, by one common characteristic—the denial of any law of obligation. And as their systems were in evident contradiction to the universal faith and the acknowledged facts of human nature, indulge us, kind Reader, in a further but brief review of them. One mode of the denial of human liberty is that which overlooks our true liberty and, as we have said, substitutes a fictitious one,—confining the word *liberty* in the sense used: for instance, when addressikg a man just now chained, but is set free, that he is at liberty. To support this doctrine is to deny to all intents and purposes, that man is free. If by liberty is understood an absence of any such external constraint as prevents the exercise of any power within the natural limits of that power, then any being endowed with any degree of power, is equally free with man; vegitatin force is free, rivers as they run, winds as they blow are free. Now this is not evidently what should be understood by the freedom nf any power. The question of liberty or necessity turns altogether upon the *mode* in which any power is determined in its action; not upon the fact that there are limits, wider or narrower, to its exercise. If then by liberty is ment the power of *doing* what we *will*, *liberty* is ascribed to a power whose every characteristic is necessary action. For the act, by which we fulfil a resolve is a necessary consequence of that volition. By such systems our freedom is placed where it does not exist—where we are not conscious of it, but of necessity. Hume's distinguished for the elegance and beauty of its philosophy, originated in the confusion of language—the substitution of circumstance for cause. As man in the investigation of any physical science and in determining the circumstances which constantly preceede the appearance of any phenomena or effect, is accustomed to consider, for brevity, these circumstances as causes, so Hume so confused these two terms, and blindly assuming the premises of the eminent but inconsistent Locke, who was led into the grossest absurdities by the *method* of his philosophy, that all our knowledge originated in experience, and was acquired by sensation and reflection, his system proved incompetent to explain the idea of cause which was, and is known as one of the notions of the human intelligence. This idea, being inexplicable in his system and incompatible with his assumed hypothesis—that it was merely the aggregate of circumstances and not *cause* preceding in nature the production of effects was destroyed, as the mere recurrence of phenomena may precede and follow with some degree of certainty, but is *not* adducible to the absolute certainty of cause and effect. This system is most easily overthrown by the positive assurance of a consciousness within us, which sophistry cannot bewilder or dismay, that we *feel* that we are the cause of the acts which we produce.—As when you, indulgent Reader, are now reading or thinking, you *feel* that you cause these acts of attention thought or reflection. It may be true that we have no idea of cause, if conscience perceives nothing more in us than sensation does in that, for it is certain that, out of ourselves, we cannot reach to causes. But, when we attend not to what passes without, but to the subjective me, we discover in ourselves, by *conscience* or internal suggestion, a cause, which does produce effects. But man, Reader, must renounce the most familiar notions of good sense and experience before he can admit such doctrines and therefore they have been rendered but partially dangerous.—The only question involved in this science, is whether the will, in all its particular volitions is never determined by objective causes, and subjected to the same law of necessity as the phenomena of the objective world. And this is perfectly fallacious, because the will is itself the efficient cause of its own volitions, and is not determined by any necessity *abetra*—not subjected to the mere mechanism of cause and effect. Freedom and necessity are incompatible exclusive of each other, and the very idea of freedom both in itself and as the principle of personality and the foundation of moral responsibility must exclude every necessary determination.—The Will is a law of itself—a power absolute but subjected like everything else to conditions of actions. And permit us here, Reader, to introduce to your attention a system once thought to have been exceedingly complicated, but now considered as perfectly harmless, as you have seen in a previous communication,—that motive was the cause of action. This has been employed by *some* Universalists to substautiate their religious opinions, and is not only perfectly compatible with their religion, but harmonises as in its consequences a system of psychology with such Theology as well as two sciences of different nature and characteristics could possibly do. It is grounded upon the confusion of the *condition* of volition with its cause, and a total misapprehension of the fundamental principles of Psychology. Resting upon the assumption that motives stand to volition in the relation of cause and effect, it involves the old sophism quod hoc, ergo, propter hoc. Tho' motives, dear Reader, may be allowed to be the universal and necessary condition of all special determinations of the will, it does not follow *therefore* that those volitions are *caused* by the motives, for the motive may be and is simply the occasion and condition of volitions. And unless this can be proven erroneous, the question would be but reduced to a condition of begging, as it is not whether there is a constant and necessary copresence of motive, but whether the motives stand in relation to volitions as cause or *condition*. And you, Reader, whom the advocates of this system would have determined in your actions by the strongest motive over which you have no controle, *you feel*, yes *you* who are not free—*you feel* responsible for your resolutions and others regard you as responsible, and as you have been impelled to do this or that act, do you believe yourself entitled to *merit* or *demerit*. Ah! how marvellous such a system, and tho' while it might well excite the astonishment of Infidelity itself, you, Reader, should smile to think that you can utterly destroy it, by bringing it in conflict with a self-determining power within you that transcends human reason, and the recognition of the fact that upon every tongue that advocates such blind necessity hang the words *right* and *duty*, *punishment* and *reward*, *merit* and *demerit*. Words assuming and conveying the very freedom which is denied, and the foundation of all systems of morality and ethics. We have thus endeavored as concisely as possible, Reader, to give you some faint sketch of the various systems that have been instituted to destroy the truth of the above proposition involving your responsibility to yourself, your neighbor and your God. The character of the will and the apparent confliction of the wretchedness of Human destiny with the beneficience of our Creator will be discussed hereafter. And in conclusion permit us to affirm that you are as free in your power of resolving—as free to act in your proper sphere as your Creator himself; and that all the apparent restriction attending your action are but the conditions which establish rather than destroy the freedom of your will. For upon the same principle could man deny the freedom of the government under which we live, because of the existence of laws instituted for the preservation of society and the happiness of the human family. To deny it, and man becomes a mere machine rather than a moral and responsible agent—creation a mystery and human destiny a riddle. H.

BRILIN A MACKERIL;

OR, WHAT TOM SNIFFLE KNEW ABOUT ROCKING (STONING) THE SHANTY.

Assault and battery on a grog shop.—Tried before Justice Blevins at Pompey Town.

Defendant plead not guilty, and put himself upon the country.

Col. Cloudly, solicitor for the state.

Counsellor Pleadwell, contra.

Tom Sniffle, for the prosecution, sworn Tom was about three-quarters "how come you so," the other quarter decently swiped; and in mounting to the witness stand, accidentally slipped over the judge, and laying his ram-skin upon the docket, looked as much as to say, "come on, I'm ready to answer your questions." His honor, after much drilling, got him into a position, when the interrogatories commenced.

Col. Cloudy—Mr. Sniffle, are you related to the defendant?

Sniffle—Why, y-es, about a forty-th-rd cousin, or as you lawyers whats read in the scripter would say, a thi-r-d one."

Col. C.—Well, Mr. Sniffle, what do you know about rocking this house of Nat's!

Sniffle—Well, stranger, you don't know *me*, nor I don't know you, but that matters not.

Col. C—Not at all, Mr. Sniffle, but answer the question, if you please.

Sniffle—Well, stranger, as I was saying, on the night of the stonin I was walkin down street, and as I got to the corner of old Uncle Mike's store, I met three young men. I did not know 'em, nor did I know from whence they cameth, or whither they wenteth.

Col. C.—Do come to the point, Mr. Sniffle, and answer the question; What do you know about stoning the house?

Sniffle—Well, as I was saying, stranger, I met three young men, and I know not whence they cameth, or whither they wenteth; but about that time I heard a kind of chattering, and went on.

Col. C.—Is that all you know about stoning the house, Mr. Sniffle?

Sniffle—As I was going to tell you, stranger, I heer'd a kind of a clattering, and went on to the store, and after I had *arrive thurr*, it was hinted that Nat's shantey had been rocked.—Well, stranger, as I sometimes frequently take a horn myself, I concluded I'd go over and see about it.

Col. C.—Did you go over?

Sniffle—Well, hoss, I did.

Col. C.—What did you see there? Did you see the defendant!

Sniffle—Well, stranger, I was tellin you, I sometimes and a little oftener takes a horn myself, so I concluded to go and see about it, and as yon ask me who I *seed there*, I'll tell you.—Amos he was there. He sometimes keeps Nat's *grow-sor-ry*. Nat was out of licker at at that time; but Amos had went out that night and got a quart in a jug.

Col. C.—Did you see the defendant there?

Sniffle—Well, coft, I didn't.

Col. C.—Do you know any thing further in reference to this matter?

Sniffle—Well stranger, as I was tellin you Amos had went out that night and got a quart of liquor in a jug, and when I went over there *he was standin'* before the fire *brilin' a wackeril*. He handed the mackeril to me, and *courteously* axed me to take some; and I *partaken* of the *mackeril*, and he then poured the last licker out of the jug, and I *partaken* of the licker.

Col. C.—Is this all you know about stoning the house, sir?

Sniffle—It aint nothin else.

Col. C.—Did you never tell Nat, that defendant told you he stoned the house?

Sniffle—(Shaking his fist at Nat.) No, never, *sirr*; nor Nat can't tell me so in the street, even if he tells you so in the court house.

Sniffle marched out in a blaze of glory; his testimony had done more than the efforts of the council for the prisoner; he had quashed the indictment.—*Great West.*

While Smith O'Brien was awaiting his sentence, a gentleman handed him a pencil and piece of paper, requesting his autograph.—O'Brien returned him the following:—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

A clergyman, on reading the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of the 1st Kings, placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics rendering the verse an absurdity: "And he spake to his sons saying saddle *me*, the *ass*, and they saddled *him*."

PASSION is like the ocean in a storm, which spends the chief of its fury on himself.