The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1845. NUMBER 16

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be recieved for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is recieved, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

THE HISTORY OF THE PLANETS.

BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPH HALE.

"CREATION is finish'd!"—in worship profound
'The Angels bow'd down at the word;
Then on the bright Planets their eyes wander,d round,
But rested with joy on the third;
They knew that the Earth held the Paradis'd pair,
Jehovah's own breath had endued,
The crowning perfection of all that was fair,
Where all had been hallowed as "good!",
They knew from this Fountain of Being won'd rise,
Like dews from the ocean, Life's Hosts for the skies.

Each Planet was fair—but their Queen, as they roll'd,
Was Earth with its Eden of bliss;
God's children were here—and the angels behold
All Planets do homage to this,—
Swift Mercury shed, from its sun-hidden way,
On the mind of the Woman its light,—
And Venus was blushing with love's purple ray,
It sent to her heart warm and bright,—
Thus the tribute of matter to life was begun
By the Planets that move 'twixt the Earth and the Sun.

Beyond roll'd red Mars, like the focsin of war,
To action man's spirit it cheered;—
Then follow'd the largest and loviest Star,
Pure diamond its lustre appeared;
Its beautiful ray was the mirror of Truth,—
Sweet Innocence played in the light;
Wherever it shone bloom'd the freshness of youth,
Unshadow'd by sorrow or blight,—
Its beams o'er the soul of the Woman were thrown,—
On Earth as her Guardian Planet 'twas known.

Next Jupiter, regal in splendour swept by,
Man's reason to raise and refine,
While lifting, untroubled, his gaze to the sky,
He welcomed the Presence Divine;—
Then coursing an orbit that circled the whole,
Came Saturn, like Patience, untired,
And through its broad range it instructed Man's soul,
And the calmness of Wisdom inspir'd:—
And all these fair Planets in harmony move
Round the Sun, as their centre of light, life and love.

In wonder the angels bent over the Earth,
And sought for the human abode,
When the Stars of the morning together sang forth,
Their anthem of "Glory to God!"
And a shout of rejoicing was heard to arise,
It burst like a torrent of sound,
As the harps of the Seraphim pour'd from the skies
The music of Heaven around:—
The melody through the Empyrean flow'd,
"CREATION is finish'd;—all glory to God."

'Twas glorious to all—the beauty of peace.
Smil'd over the Earth and the skies:—
But the harps of the Seraphim suddenly cease,
And wailings of terror arise!
The Shadow of Death over Eden comes down,—
The Earth from its centre is whirl'd,—
Creation is darken'd and shook by the frown
Jehovah has thrown on the world!
It pass'd—but the Guardian* Planet was gone,
While, dim in the distance, cold Herschel crept on!

Awe-stricken, the angels recoil'd at the sight,—
A sigh through the universe ran,—
The Stars of the morning were shrouded in night,
As mourning the ruin of Man;
But out of the darkness there issued a Dove,
Like Hope from the breast of Despair;
Its white wings beat time to its breathings of love,
While a voice thrill'd the listning air—
"Though Sin has the prime of Creation destroyed,
And the Guardian Planet is gone,
Yet the Star of Redemption shall rise through the void,
And the Heavens new glory put on—
A glory to banish Man's sorrows and fears,
When the Saviour, the seed of the Woman, appears!"

* NOTE.—Between Mars and Jupiter move four planets, viz, Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta. It has been conjectured, by learned astronomers, that these small planets were formed by the disruption of a large planet, once revolving in that region of space. This planet we have assumed to be "the Guardian," and that this catastrophe of its disruption was coincident with

——"Man's first disobedience."

A white man, says the Picayune, of the name of *Brown*, and a black man by the name of *White*, lately attacked a man on the levee by the name of *Green*.—After a hard tussel, the aggrieved party *lashed* the black man White, and *licked* the white man Brown.

There is a boy in New Orleans so lazy that he writes Andrew Jackson thus; &rew Jackson.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

The Columbia *South Carolinian* contains the following letter from Gov. Hammond, in answer to a memorial from the Free Church of Glasgow, Scotland, for the pardon of John L. Brown, of Fairfield, S. C., who was convicted of aiding in the escape of a slave, and sentenced to be hung:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
South Carolina, 21st June, 1844.

SIR—The last post brought me your communication, accompanying the memorial of the Presbytery of the Free Church of Glasgow, in behalf of John L. Brown convicted in this State of aiding a Slave in escaping from her master, and sentenced to be hung in April last. It will be gratifying to you; seeing the interest you have taken in the matter, to learn that I have pardoned Brown. In consequence of representations made to me in December last by Judge O'Neall, speaking for himself and the Judges of the Court of Appeals I commuted his punishment to thirty-nine lashes.—Facts, not known to the jury, nor to the Judges, were afterward brought to my knowledge, which satisfied me that Brown had no criminal design in what he did; and in the month of March I transmitted to him a full pardon. I was not at all aware at that time of the great interest taken abroad in behalf of one whose case I had never heard mentioned here, except on the occasion referred to; and I was astonished to find myself overwhelmed soon after with voluminous petitions for his pardon from the non-slaveholding States of this Union; and to perceive that his sentence was commented upon, not only by the English newspapers, but in the English House of Lords. The latest, and I trust last communication to me on the subject, is your memorial.

The interference of foreigners, or any persons beyond our boundaries, in the execution of the municipal laws of a Sovereign State, even if in respectful terms, is certainly a violation of all propriety and courtesy; and if carried to any extent, must become wholly intolerable. I pass that by however. The law under which Brown was convicted, was enacted during our Colonial existence, and is emphatically British law.—It is also a good law. I pardoned him, not because I disapproved the law, but because I did not think he violated it. It would be the most absurd thing in the world to recognize by law a system of domestic slavery and yet allow every one to free, not merely his own slaves, but those of his neghbor, whenever instigated to do so by his own notions of propriety, his interest, or his caprice. What sort of security would we have for property held on such terms as these? You cannot but perceive, that to permit others to take our slaves from us at pleasure with impunity, would amount to a total abolition of slavery. There would be no real difference between this, and allowing the slaves to go free themselves. Your Presbytery, and all the petitioners for Brown, and agitators of his case, must have seen the matter in this light; and it is attributing to us but a small share of common sense to suppose that we would take the same view of it ourselves.

Whether death should be inflicted for such an offence is another question. We have modified in a great degree the sanguinary code of law left us by our British ancestors; but we have not gone the length to which some philosophers, both here and in your country, would have all Governments to go—of abolishing the punishment of death.

Nor do I believe the success your Government has met with in endeavoring to diminish crime by abolishing this punishment in so many cases, will encourage them to press the matter much farther at this time. Considering the value of the slave; the facility of seducing him from his owner; the evil influence which frequent seduction might exercise on an institution, the destruction of which must speedily and inevitably strike from the roll of civilized States nearly the whole slave holding section of this country, as it has already done St. Domingo and Jamaca; and the enthusiastic and reckless enemies of this institution with which we are surrounded, it seems to me that if any offence affecting property merits death, this is one.

Your memorial, like all that have been sent to me, denounces slavery in the severest terms; as "traversing every Law of Nature, and violating the most sacred domestic relations, and the primary Rights of Man."—You and your Presbytery are Christians. You profess to believe, and no doubt do believe, that the laws laid down in the Old and New Testaments for the government of man, in his moral, social and political relations, were all the direct Revelation of God himself.—Does it never occur to you, that in anathematizing slavery, you deny this Divine Sanction of those Laws, and repudiate both Christ and Moses; or charge God with downright crime, in regulating and perpetuating slavery in the Old Testament, and the most criminal neglect, in not only not abolishing, but not even reprehending it, in the New?

If these Testaments come from God, it is impossible that slavery can "traverse the Laws of Nature, or violate the primary Rights of Man." What those Laws and Rights really are, mankind have not agreed. But they are clear to God; and it is blasphemous for any of His creatures to set up their notions of them in opposition to His immediate and acknowledged Revelation.

Nor does our system of slavery outrage the most sacred domestic relations. Husbands and wives, parents and children, among our slaves, are seldom separated, except from necessity or crime. The same reasons induce much more frequent separations among the white population in this, and, I imagine, in almost every other country.

But I make bold to say that the Presbytery of Free Church of Glasgow, and nearly all the Abolitionists in every part of the world, in denouncing our domestic slavery, denounce a thing of which they know absolutely nothing—nay, which does not even exist. You weep over the horrors of the Middle Passage, which have ceased, so far as we are concerned; and over pictures of chains and lashes here, which have no existence but in the imagination. Our sympathies are almost equally excited by the accounts published by your Committees of Parliament—and therefore true; and which have been verified by the personal observation of many of us—of the squalid misery, loathsome disease, and actual starvation, of multitudes of the unhappy laborers, not of Ireland only but of England—nay, of Glasgow itself. Yet we never presume to interfere with your social or municipal regulations—your aggregated wealth and congregated misery—nor the crimes attendant on them, nor your laws for their suppression. And when we see by your official returns, that even the best classes of English Agricultural laborers can obtain for their support but *seven pounds of bread and four ounces of meet per week*, and when sick or out of employment must either starve or subsist on charity, we cannot but look with satisfaction to the condition of our slave laborers, who usually receive as a weekly allowance, *fifteen pounds of bread and three pounds of bacon*—have their children fed without stint, and properly attended to—are well clothed, and have comfortable dwellings, where, with their gardens and poultry yards, they can, if the least industrious more than realize for themselves the vain hope of the great French King, that he might see every peasant in France have this fowl upon his table on the Sabbath; who, from the proceeds of their own crops, purchase even luxuries and finery; who labour scarcely more than nine hours a day, on the average of the year; and who in sickness, in declining years, in infancy and decrepitude, are watched over with a tenderness scarcely short of parental. When we contemplate the known condition of your operatives, of whom that of your agricultural laborers, is perhaps the least wretched, we are not only not ashamed of that of our slaves, but are always ready to challenge a comparison and should be highly gratified to submit to a reciprocal investigation by enlightened and impartial judges.

You are doubtless of opinion, that all these advantages in favor of the slave, if they exist, are more than counterbalanced by his being deprived of his freedom. Can you tell me what freedom is? who possesses it, and how much of it is requisite for human happiness? Is your operative, existing in the physical and moral condition which your own official returns depict—deprived, too, of every political right, even that of voting at the polls; who is not cheered by the slightest hope of ever improving his lot or leaving his children to a better, and who actually seeks the four walls of a prison; the hulks and transportation, as comparative blessings—is he free? Can you say that this sort of freedom—to liberty to beg or steal—to choose between starvation and a prison—does or ought to make him happier that our slaves, situated as I have truly described him, without a single care or gloomy forethought?

But you will perhaps say, it is not in the Thing, but in the Name, that the magic resides—that there is a vast difference between being called a slave and being made one, though equally enslaved by law, by social forms, and by immutable necessity. This is an ideal and sentimental distinction which it will be difficult to bring the African race to comprehend. But if it be true, and freedom is a name and idea, rather than reality, how many are there then entitled even to that name, except by courtesy; and how many are able to enjoy the idea to perfection? Does your operative regard it as a sufficient compensation for the difference between four ounces and three pounds of bacon? If he does he is a rare philosopher. In your powerful Kingdom Social Grade is as thoroughly established and acknowledged as Military Rank. Your commonality see among themselves a series of ascending classes, and, rising above them all, many more, composed of men not a whit superior to themselves in any of the endowments of nature, who yet, in name, in idea, and in fact, possess greater worldly privileges. To what one of all these classes does genuine freedom belong? To the Duke, who fawns upon the Prince—to the Baron, who knuckles to the Duke—or the Commoner, who crouches to the Baron?

Doubtless you all boast of being ideally free; while the American citizen counts your freedom slavery, and could not brook a state of existence in which he daily encountered fellow mortals, acknowledged and privileged as his superiors, solely by the accident of birth.—He, too, in turn, will boast of his freedom, which might be just as little to your taste. I will not pursue this topic farther. But I think you must admit, that there is not so much in a name; and that ideal or imputed freedom is a very uncertain source of happiness.

You must also agree, that it would be a bold thing for you or any one to undertake to solve the great problem of good and evil—happiness and misery, and decide in what worldly condition men enjoys most, and sufferers least. Your profession calls on you to teach that his true happiness is seldom found upon the stormy sea of politics, or in the mad race of ambition—in the pursuit of mammon, or the cares of hoarded gain; that, in short, the wealth and honors of this world are to be despised and shunned. Will you then say that the slave must be wretched because he is debarred from them?—or because he does not indulge in the dreams of philosophy, the wrangling of sectarians, or the soul-disturbing speculations of the sceptic?—or because having never tasted of what is called freedom, he is ignorant of its ideal blessings, and is as contented with his lot, such as it is, as most men are with theirs?

You and your Presbytery doubtless desire, as we all should, to increase the happiness of the human family. But since it is so difficult, if not impossible, to determine in what earthly state man may expect to enjoy most of it, why can you not be content to leave him in that respect where God has placed him; to give up the ideal and the doubtful, for the real—to restrict yourselves to the faithful fulfilment of your great mission of preaching "the glad tidings of salvation" to all classes and conditions; or at the very least, sacredly abstain from all endeavours to ameliorate the lot of man by revolution, bloodshed, massacre, and dessolation, to which all attempts at abolition in this country in the present, and so far as I can see, in any future age, must inevitably lead.

Be satisfied with the improvement which slavery has made, and which nothing but slavery could have made to the same extent, in the race of Ham. Look at the Negro in Africa—a naked savage—almost a Cannibal, ruthlessly oppressing and destroying his fellows—idle treacherous, idolatrous, and such a disgrace to the image of his God, in which you declare him to be made, that some of the wisest philosophers have denied him the possession of a soul. See him here—three millions at least of his rescued race—civilized, contributing immensely to the subsistence of the human family, his passions restrained, his affections cultivated, his bodily wants and infirmities provided for, and the true Religion of his Maker and Redeemer taught him. Has slavery been a curse to him? Can you think God has ordained it for no good purpose?—or, not content with the blessings it has already bestowed, do you desire to increase them still? Before you act, be sure your Heavenly Father has revealed to you the means. Wait for the inspiration which brought the Israelites out of Egypt—which carried salvation to the Gentiles.

I have written you a longer letter than I intended.—But the question of Slavery is a much more interesting subject to us, involving as it does the fate of all that we hold dear, than anything connected with John L. Brown can be to you, and I trust you will read my reply with as much consideration as I have read your memorial.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. HAMMOND.

To the Rev. Thomas Brown D. D., Moderator of the Free Church of Glasgow, and to the Presbytery thereof.

From Arthur's Magazine.

SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Various are the considerations that claim the attention of young men, but the first and most important, is that of self-government. With what a peculiar emotion of pride and pleasure are the words uttered—"I am a man now!" But how few, if, indeed, any who thus exult, can control themselves. They feel a proud consciousness of suddenly acquired power and influence, but, where most needed, over themselves, they have made no ascessions of strength. Too often, inclination influences every decision, and passion is allowed to blind the perceptions where correct action is most needed.

To acquire that self-control so much needed, and so much desired by every one, it is necessary, in the beginning, that the thoughts should be turned inwards, in calm, unbiassed, earnest, searching exploration.—For a man must know himself before he can govern himself; and only by a process of mental exploration can he possibly know himself. This process, at first will not be found an easy one. But it will soon begin to exhibit fruits. One discovery of a hidden bias of character, will open the way for new discoveries, and the longer and more frequently the mind is turned inward upon itself, the more will its true elements be perceived in their real forms, character, and relations.—And it will also be perceived, how these elements rule the life, and control the external actions.

Such a system of self examination once entered upon, the next thing to be done, is, of course, to use the power thus acquired, in self-government. It is always a great help to the right understanding of any proposition, to illustrate it in some way. It may therefore, be useful, to detail, more practically, the process of self-exploration, and the manner of applying the knowledge thus gained to life.

We will suppose the case of a young man who is conscious, that, within his mind, there is a something which, in spite of his judgment, causes him, while its influence predominates, to feel or act contrary to his sober sense of what is right. He may, for instance, have a feeling of envy at the prosperity of others, ruling in his mind. He becomes aware of the activity of this feeling, from the uneasiness which it produces within him. Its pain makes it apparent and indicates, that it is wrong. Now, how shall he get free from the influence of such an evil emotion? or, in other words, how shall he be enabled to govern himself in such a way as to keep this envious spirit so much under control, as never to be influenced by it to injure one more prosperous, in word or action? To subdue such a troublesome bias of the mind, it will be all-important for him to look it, if we may so speak, full in the face. To perceive, and acknowledge, that he could not feel uneasiness at his neighbor's greater success in business, or the same feeling at his superior reputation for learning or talents, if he had not, in his mind an evil principle of envy. He must let no feeling of self-esteem blind him to the truth that he is really envious. Upon this struggle for an honest self-acknowledgment of the truth, no matter how painful it may be, hangs all important consequences. If the truth be acknowledged, as well as felt, then half the battle is gained.—But, if, from a principle of false pride, he refuse to acknowledge the real existence of the evil, then he will pass under its more powerful dominion, and be strangely blinded to its existence. Having sought out, and brought into the light of his own perceptions this moral perversion, and acknowledged that it is an evil, his plain duty, of course is, to struggle against the entertainment of envious feelings; knowing, that to foster such feelings, he must himself be injured. A consideration that would greatly assist him in this struggle, is the fact, that any evil feelings, cherished, must and will gain strength; and, that he cannot tell how soon, from entertaining those of envy, he may be led to attempt secret injury.

But, let us look at another case. A common fault of young men is an impatience of opposition. They cannot bear to have their own opinions called in question, nor to have their inclinations checked by the interpositions of reasons offered by those who are older and more experienced. A young man of a certain temperament gets into an argument with one of his own age, or with one his senior by twenty years. They differ in their views, and he becomes at once excited. The opposition of even sounder reasons than any he can possibly offer, only excites an antagonist principle, instead of convincing him. Too soon, his feelings become excited, and he allows himself to indulge in harsh and unbecoming language. If it so happen that he has the best of the argument, and his opponent in the contrary, disregards the weight of his reasoning, or cannot perceive it, the same result follows. He can not govern himself. He is impatient of opposition.—In his moments of sober thought he regrets his weakness, and is ashamed of his conduct. But again and again he is overcome and falls into like mental condemnation.

For such a one, great watchfulness is necessary.—He should never forget his weakness. And, as a primary means of self-control, he should explore his own mind, and endeavor to learn why it is that he cannot bear the slightest opposition. In all probability, he will find that he so highly esteems himself, as to be almost unconscious of acting wrong under any circumstances; and this self esteem is roused whenever there is any opposition to what he does or says. He must endeavor, if he would correct this error, to remember, that others are as honest in their opinions as he is, and that he should have the same respect for their opinions that he desires them to have for his. Thus acknowledging that others have the same consciousness of being right that he has, he will be led to see that he is actually trenching upon their rights when he becomes angry at opposition, instead of their trenching upon his. He demands, for himself, freedom of opinion, but virtually denies it to others, in becoming angry when they insist upon their own views of a contested question.

An all important object of control is inclination. It blinds the judgment, and too often guides our most important decisions, leading to actions that end in consequences highly injurious to ourselves, and frequently to others. This must be ruled, or it will rule us to our cost. When we consider, that our very natures are perverted from good to evil, how can we expect, while these natures remain unchanged, that our inclinations can be other than evil? This fact should be brought right up before the mind, and considered attentively.—No false notions of dignity of character, no blind self-esteem should prevent our seeing distinctly that the natural tendencies of our mind are not towards good. Correcting, this, our wrong idea, formed from superficial thought, let us learn to question closely our inclinations, where any important matter is concerned, and seriously to distrust them. If, upon a rational view of all the grounds upon which an action is contemplated, judgment should oppose inclination, there is but one right course, and that is to decide in favor of judgment. It will require a powerful effort with some, but important considerations demand that the effort should be made. Let every young man decide, in moments of calm reflection, that he will firmly oppose the promptings of inclination, whenever a distinct perception, from reason, cannot be formed in their favor. Such a resolution, kept steadily in mind, will soon become fixed as a principle, and be ever ready to act when aid is required.

It is hardly requisite to urge the necessity of keeping evil passions and desires, under the most rigid control. They are the wild beasts of the mind, that, when roused, seek to debase and destroy it. The more they are indulged, the more powerful do they become, and the longer they are indulged the harder will it be to subdue them. Who is more to be commiserated, than a man who cannot resist his angry passions? And yet, there was a time when he was not their slave. When he could easily pass from under their dominion. But, by a gradual recession of power, from frequent indulgence, these evil passions continued to gain strength, until, at last, he was brought into a bondage from which it is almost impossible to escape. Slight causes only are required to raise a tempest, over the desolating influences of which he often mourns in vain.—Whenever they are roused into activity, the better principles of his mind seem to retire, as if conscious that opposition would be vain, or as if fearful of extinguishment; and thus, without pilot or helm the victim of evil passions is driven about until the storm, from having exhausted itself, subsides. In the calm that ensues, how painful must it be to note the marks of the tempest!

Nor is he less to be pitied, who has allowed himself to indulge in evil desires, until he finds himself no longer able to resist their advances. Who has delighted in sensual indulgences, until his mind has become brutalized in a degree, painful to contemplate. Once, he possessed the power of controlling these evil affections, and suffered them but rarely to bring him into bondage. But, now, a passing thought will kindle up the slumbering fire within him. He is no longer a free man.

One of the most serious subjects of reflection for a young man, is this of self-control. Every thing depends upon it. Its regular exercises will soon create a habit of submission to the dictates of reason. Its neglect will soon bring him into bondage to evil affections. Without a degree of self-control, there is little chance of success in the world, and no hope of freedom from internal commotion and pain. It would be impossible to point out all the varied and evil inclinations of the mind that require controling. But there is no one who has not an internal consciousness of some tendencies within him that his judgment does not approve, and who is not, at some time or other, led into acts under their impulse that leave behind them a degree of self-condemnation. It is but a poor compliment to a young man's strength of character for him to say, "I have no command over myself," and yet we hear this uttered almost every day, as a good excuse for

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_64-0223.jpg