Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 30.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1835. WHOLE NO. 600.

TERMS.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

THE DIAMONDS;

OR, A HISTORY OF TWO PEASANTS.

Translated from the French of Madame J. D. Brekier.

On the borders of the Loire there lived a worthy peasant, who possessed a cottage with a small 'piece of land, which he had been enabled to procure only through perseverance. He spent his life in cultivating and ameliorating it, so much so, that there was not a better domain in the country.

This peasant died, leaving two sons to divide his little property. The elder, who was called Ambrose, desired Jerome, his brother, not to divide, but to cultivate together, their paternal heritage; but Jerome said that it neither coincided with his taste nor wishes, to chain himself to a few miserable ridges of land; that he wished to sell his portion; thus treating with contempt the avocation of a farmer, and observing, that he was not desirous of imitating their father, who had worn himself out with working, without being able to get wealthy.

Ambrose told him, that without being rich they had never needed any thing, and as they had a little cottage, they might hope to be daily improving their situation. But it was needless to speak to Jerome, who obstinately wished to dispose of his inheritance. Ambrose was still more grieved at this resolution, because he had no money to purchase Jerome's share. He went, however, to see the judge of the city, and related his little story to him, begging him, at the same time, to speak to his brother, and dissuade him from his extravagant idea. Jerome did not receive the judge's advice any better than that of his brother; but this circumstance so much awakened the esteem of the judge in favor of Ambrose, that he offered to lend him the necessary amount. He hesitated to accept it, being fearful that it would not be in his power to return it for a long time; but his patron said,

"Do not be anxious. Prosperity never fails to visit the industrious and laborious man who prefers the estate of his forefathers o the delusive promises of fortune. Your brother only dreams of gold and silver, but I would not lend him a farthing; while, on the contrary, my purse is at your service; for I have read in a wise author, 'that poverty will look at the door of the laborious man, but she dares not enter.' "

Ambrose thanked him for his confidence, bought the remaining part of the farm, and remained sole possessor of the cottage, redoubling his activity and courage, and living with so much economy, that he returned the money much sooner than he expected.

Jerome purchased a mule and some goods at Tours, and began to do business for himself; but he was soon weary of a tedious occupation, where fortune did not make him rich all at once, for he disliked work.

He met two merchants at the fair of Bordeaux one day, who were intending to embark for Surat with merchandise. They talked to him so advantageously of their design, and repeated the names of so many persons who became rich in the Indies in a very short time, that Jerome at once sold his mule and its load, and resolved to embark with them.

He bought some goods and sailed from his native land, his heart filled with magnificent hopes.

In the same vessel which was taking them to Surat, there was an old jew, but of so wretched an appearance that he was disliked by every one save Jerome.

This poor Israelite was also going to Surat, to endeavor to get wealthy; which did not much please the merchants, as they disliked to see their number increase.

They told him that he was too old to think of making a fortune in so advanced an age, when he ought to be preparing himself for death.

"The Almighty will dispose of my days as it pleaseth him," the jew would reply. "Do I not know that a thousand years are before Him as the day of yesterday, which hath passed away, or as a watch of the night, according to the word of Moses? But the wise king Solomon inviteth us to take example by the ant, which is the most laborious of insects; and, until mine eyes are closed, it behoveth me to think of the means to sustain my life."

He suffered very much from sea-sickness, but Jerome did his utmost to comfort him. When they landed at Surat, the Israelite was so much worse, that he was unable to sustain himself. He would have been abandoned had not Jerome taken him on his shoulders, and carried him to an inn where he also lodged.

The two merchants told Jerome that he was a fool to burthen himself with that enemy of the christians, who did not own a single penny, and who was of such an age that he could not use his industry, and would only be likely to interfere with Jerome's concerns.

But Jerome felt himself attached to the unfortunate old man, although he knew that what the merchants said was true, so he continued to attend him.

The jew received all his kindness in silence, without exhibiting either fear or gratitude; until, feeling sure that his disease increased, and believing himself to be at the end of his days, he spoke to Jerome with a feeble voice, and said,

"My child, I am going to meet my forefathers. Thou hast taken care of me without knowing who I was. I do not know who thou art, but as thou hast used me with charity, I cannot doubt but that thou art a young man who feareth God, and deserveth to be rewarded. However wretched I may seem to thee, I shall nevertheless make thy fortune, and thou wilt not be under the necessity of laboring for it. Be my heir.—There are in that small box, diamonds to the value of sixty thousand francs. They belong to thee from this moment."

Jerome could hardly credit his ears on hearing these words, and when he saw that it was indeed true, his surprise gave way to the most lively joy, and to a gratitude he was unable to express. So, after the old jew died, Jerome hastened to return to France, to enjoy his great treasure; and he was impatient to show it to his countrymen, and to prove to his brother that he had been the wiser.

"He will see," said he, while musing on his brilliant prospects, "that it is not by remaining at the plough that one can get sixty thousand francs."

He sold his goods, without caring what he got for them; but there is an old adage, which says, 'water always runs to the river,' to make us understand that fortune prefers showering her favors on the happy. It proved true in this case; for Jerome obtained enough money by the sale of his wares to live while waiting for an opportunity to reembark, and even to pay for his passage, so that the casket of diamonds remained untouched.

He was returning to his country, his mind filled with the most flattering thoughts, when the vessel in which he sailed, which had been for several days struggling against a terrible gale, foundered in the midst of the waves.

Jerome was precipitated into the sea with the crew, and he seized a floating mast, and allowed himself to be conducted by the wind and the strong eddying current, which carried him nearly exhausted to a desert beach. The heat of the sun revived him; again he opened his eyes, and seeing that the tempest appeared to be over, he felt anxiously for his diamonds, and, having found them, he thanked God; but soon afterwards a more serious trouble occupied his mind, for when he went to reconnoitre the place where he was, he saw nothing to induce him to think that it was inhabited.

The keen demands of hunger soon began to make themselves felt, and he tried to eat some of the plants which he noticed among the rocks, but their bitterness was intolerable.

"O God!" said he, turning his eyes to heaven, "is it possible, that with sixty thousand francs I shall be reduced to die with hunger. O! abundance of my father's house, how I regret thee now! How gladly I would give all the gold and diamonds of the earth for a single crust of bread!"

"It would be uselessly given," screamed a hoarse voice, which he heard near him, "bread is unknown in this desert ilse, and these rocks produce nothing."

Jerome saw, with affright, a man of horrible appearance, with a bow and arrows. He took him to be a savage, ready to devour him; but he was soon encouraged, when he learnt from the man that he had been shipwrecked there ten years before, and that he lived only on fishes and birds. He led Jerome to a kind of hut, which he had built with great industry, and gave him some dried fish; he then related to him that he was a merchant at Nantes, where he was rich enough to own two ships which he sent to the Indies to trade for him. Alas!" continued he, "I ought to have contented myself with this prosperity, but the love of gain lost me. I imagined that I could double my fortune if I went in person. I tore myself away from my beloved wife and children, notwithstanding their tears and the representations of my friends. I was shipwrecked, and saved myself with great difficulty here, where I have pined for ten years, and where I shall, no doubt, end my unhappy days."

He added to these words the recital of all he had suffered since his separation from his fellow men, and of the many contrivances by which he had sustained existence.

All these details made Jerome despair. He could not console himself in his misfortunes, and the horrible prospect he had before his eyes only served to increase his woes. Without mentioning all he had to undergo in this island, where the despised little cottage came continually in his memory as an additional torment, it suffices to say that he remained there five years; at the end of this time they discovered something floating on the sea, and the wind providentially wafting the object towards them, they perceived it to be a long-boat. After some exertions, they were able to haul it upon the beach.

With the help of a few resinous trees, they repaired it, and resolved to abandon themselves to Providence on the ocean, preferring dangers mingled with some hope to the certainty of passing their lives in this dreadful banishment.

They embarked with them as much provisions as was possible, and cast themselves at the mercy of the waves, after having besought the favor of heaven. A rapid current bore them a great distance from the land, and they fortunately met with an English ship, which received them with great humanity.

Jerome still retained his precious casket safe, which he had been several times tempted to throw into the sea while he stayed on the island. He then despised its uselessness, but now he began anew to look upon it as an inestimable treasure. The vessel touched at a port in England, whence Jerome and his companion hastened to Dover, to take the packet and return to France. They then thought that their misfortunes were terminated, but just as they came in in view of their native land, a second shipwreck assailed them; the packet struck against a rock. As land was near, every one swam immediately to save his life.

Jerome took his diamonds, and sprang into the midst of the foaming waves, with which he courageously disputed his life. He gained the shore at last, but while struggling with the billows he had lost the casket, and the diamonds had gone to increase the riches of the deep.

"O Fortune!" said he, "how thou hast sported with me! thou hast tossed me about like the grain which is winnowed in the barn. After preserving for me in my first shipwreck that which was then unserviceable, now that it is so necessary thou deprivest me of it!"

While saying these words, he perceived the lifeless body of the companion of his misfortunes. This sad spectacle had the effect of making him resigned to his fate. He reflected that he was still young, and might gain a livelihood by working as did his brother, and as all his ancestors had done.

He arose, and returned thanks to the Almighty for his preservation, and came to some fishermen's cabins, where they gave him victuals and clothing. Thence he went towards his country, begging. He was for some time unable to recognize the paternal cottage, as it had undergone so many advantageous alterations. Not only were the walls neatly whitewashed, but a spacious barn had been added, besides other buildings of minor importance.

Large flocks of cattle reposed around, the fields were loaded with a rich harvest, there were fine fruit-trees in abundance, and every thing announced rural plenty.

Jerome could not imagine that his brother had improved so much an estate encumbered with debts, and he supposed that Ambrose had sold it to discharge them, and that he was probably as wretched as himself. Nevertheless, he entered the house, to inquire what had become of him. Two servants, in a neat garb were preparing an entertainment, for which a long table was in readiness.

Pitying poor Jerome's distress, they hastily gave him some bread and meat, and told him they were too much hurried to speak to him; but he begged of them to inform him where Ambrose Bernard lived.

"And where should he live, pray," said they, "if he live not in his own house?"

"What!" returned the surprised Jerome, "has my brother become so rich?"

"Your brother!" replied the servants, "you must then be Jerome Bernard, who left here several years since to make a fortune? It does not appear that you succeeded, if we are to judge from your equipage; and we can tell you that you come at a very unseasonable time. Your brother marries to-day a daughter of the rich Mr. Avertain's. All the company are at church, from whence they will return to dinner. Will you, then, be such a disgrace to our master as to present yourself at his wedding in such tattered clothes?"

"By no means," answered Jerome, "I will withdraw into the barn, where no one will perceive me; but I long to embrace my dear brother. I entreat of you to send him to me, if it be possible for him to leave for an instant."

The servants promised to do so, and the music which accompanied the new-married couple was now heard. Jerome went to conceal himself in the barn, whence he saw the wedding party enter. His brother did not appear changed in the least, unless it might be that the joy which beamed in his countenance gave him a more pleased look than ordinary. He was walking with a young woman, who seemed to be equally satisfied. Their parents and friends surrounded them, singing and rejoicing. Peace and happiness animated the old as well as the young; and Jerome, who remarked it, could not refrain from shedding tears, while comparing their felicity with his own wretchedness, and in the recollection that it was his own fault that he did not enjoy the same satisfaction. When they had all entered, he threw himself sorrowfully on a heap of straw, to abandon himself to his regrets.

The guests were already seated at the table, when Ambrose learnt his brother's arrival. He immediately became very thoughtful at this intelligence, not that he hesitated to receive him, but that he feared to displease his wife and his father-in-law. He called them aside, and apprised them of Jerome's coming, telling them that he could never resolve to cast Jerome away in his misfortunes; and that all his affliction was that he had come so late, as they might presume that he had concealed this circumstance from them, so as not to miss a wealthy marriage.

The father-in-law told him that he had nothing of that kind to fear from them, that they knew him to be an honest man; and that his brother, being able to work, would rather be useful to them than otherwise. His wife kindly added that since Jerome had become her brother, it would be a duty to show him friendship. Ambrose, delighted with their goodness, embraced them both very tenderly, and desired to go alone to Jerome. He found him in great grief, embraced him, and begged him to take courage.

Jerome related his adventures.

"Well, my brother," said Ambrose, "as God did not wish you to become rich, you must submit to His will. You would certainly have done better if you had followed my advice: you would now be as prosperous as I am. For the Lord hath protected me much, and my father-in-law has so much confidence in me that he had my house repaired himself, in order to have his daughter better received. Be it as it will, for the remainder of your days you shall not need any thing, as I am your brother. If you had preserved your sixty thousand francs, I am persuaded you would have shared them with me—why, then, should I be less generous?"

Some person calling Ambrose, interrupted the conversation. It was his wife, who was very desirous of seeing Jerome. She came towards him with a pleasing countenance, and begged him to forget his sorrows. She then desired her husband to get him neat clothing, and when the two brothers were advancing towards the room in which the feast was held, they were met by the bride, who good-naturedly took Jerome by the hand, and introduced him to the guests, asking them to rejoice at her brother's return. Every one, seeing him so well received by the masters of the house, hastened to imitate their example by treating him with the greatest politeness. Jerome wept with gratitude, declaring that he only found happiness in that thatched cottage, the object of his unjust contempt. The detail of his adventures astonished the good peasants extremely. The wisest of them concluded from it, that there are the greatest crosses and disappointments for those whom the love of gain carries far from their peaceful fields; and on the contrary, that the benediction of the Lord is diffused on those who remain and cultivate them.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

PATRICK HENRY AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

It was on one occasion only that these distinguished orators met each other in public debate, and every recollection of the scene, however slight, is well adapted to excite the interest of the general reader. All will remember that we allude to the spring elections of 1799, in Charlotte county, when John Randolph was a candidate for Congress, and Patrick Henry for the General Assembly. Henry addressed the people from the Hustings, and we can readily conceive with what effect. His age, his noble exertions in the cause of his country, and his eloquence—which, when addressed to a popular audience, was almost invariably triumphant—all contributed to add authority to the cause which he advocated, and to create in the breasts of his political opponents strong apprehensions of alarm. Under these circumstances, which might have well intimidated the most experienced public debater of the age, John Randolph, then a youth, unknown to the people, rose to make his debut. The following incident, which we copy from the 'Life of Dr. Rice,' by Mr. Maxwell, and which is detailed by the biographer with a view of illustrating the humor of Dr. R., will explain strikingly the impression which the eloquence of the youthful orator wrought in the feelings of his audience.

I may add here, by the way, that in giving me his account of the affair, he exhibited a very amusing specimen of that peculiar humor which Dr. Speece has mentioned as one of his characteristic traits, in describing the effect produced by the two speakers upon a countryman present, in a most diverting manner. The man, it seems, drank in all Mr. Henry's words with open mouth, as well as ears, and when the orator closed his address, stood still waiting for more last words from those wonderful lips; thinking, no doubt, (as he showed by his looks,) that such a talker was the only man in the world worth hearing. Accordingly, when Mr. Randolph immediately afterwards, got up to make something like a reply to Mr. Henry, (though they were not rival candidates, but only of opposite politics,) Clodpole appeared to regard it as a great piece of presumption in any one, but especially such a beardless whipster, to attempt to speak after old Patrick, and was evidently most doggedly determined not to hear a word that he could say. By degrees, however, the clear silver tones and spirit-stirring accents of the youthful orator, began to produce their effect upon him in spite of himself, and, after listening to him for a little while, he turned around to another countryman at his elbow, and, with a most comical expression of face, "I tell you what," said he, "the young man is no *bug eater* neither."

EXERCISE.

The skipping rope, a toy which is discarded by the young girl when entering premature womanhood, but which ought to be looked upon as a necessary article in every boudoir, or private room occupied by a woman of civilized life and civilized habits, is one of the best, if not the very best kind of gymnastic exercise that I know. It exercises almost every muscle of the body. There are few women who do not neglect exercise. Men—most of whom have some necessary out door occupation—almost universally walk more than women. Thousands upon thousands of English women never cross the threshold of their house oftener than once a week, and then it is to attend the public worship of their Maker; and it is seldom that in towns the distance to the church or the chapel is such as to occupy more than ten minutes in going thither.

EXCERPTS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

There are two things that speak as with a voice from heaven, that He who fills the eternal throne, must be on the side of virtue, and what HE befriends must finally prosper and prevail. The first is, that the bad are never completely happy and at ease, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and that the good are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that this world can take away. For there is one reflection which will obtrude itself, which the best would not, and which the worst cannot dismiss; that the time is fast approaching to both of them, when, if they have gained the favor of God, it matters little what else they have lost, but if they have lost his favor, it matters little what else they have gained. The second argument in support of the ultimate superiority of virtue is this: We are so framed and constituted, that the most vicious cannot but pay a secret, though unwilling homage to virtue, inasmuch as the worst men cannot bring themselves thoroughly to esteem a bad man, although he may be their dearest friend, nor can they thoroughly despise a good man, although he may be their bitterest enemy. From this inward esteem for virtue, which the noblest cherish, and which the basest cannot expel, it follows that virtue is the only bond of union, on which we can thoroughly depend. Even differences of opinion on minor points, cannot shake those combinations which have virtue for their foundation, and truth for their end. Such friendships, like those of Luther and Melancthon, should they cease to be friendships of agreement, will continue to be friendships of alliance; approaching each other by angular lines, when they no longer proceed together by parallel, and meeting at last in one common centre, the good of the cause in which they are embarked. *Lacon.*

Birds.—Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—*Bulw.*

"There is a communion which one gifted mind holds with another, to which those of commoner nature are strangers, aye, utter and entire strangers to the depth of feeling it awakens, and the strength of the delicate chord which binds them."

"Oh! it is the curse of this life, that the hand of avarice should scatter its golden sands where there should flow the holy fountains of human love: it is the bane of all happiness that the polluting thought of worldly gain comes and mingles itself with higher things, in the view of that union, which, when entered into by pure hearts, would give a semblance of a blessed hereafter, of a state of existence where heart flows out to heart, and spirit meets spirit in high and blissful communion. It is these earthly thoughts that profane the sanctity of love, it is these earthly worshippers who have burnt false incense on a holy altar.

Ay, go to the grave of buried *love*, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a *child*, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent—if thou art a *husband*, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a *friend*, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a *lover*, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind *look*, every ungracious *word*, every ungentle *action*, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these *tender*, yet *futile*, tributes of regret;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the *dead*, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the *living*.

Irving.

Men seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may secure the love of those with whom we transact.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others. *Lacon.*

There must have been something surpassingly beautiful in our surroundings, for even Mr. ——, into whose composition I suspect much of the poetical element does not enter, began expatiating on the happiness of the original possessors of these fair lands and waters, the Indians—the Red Children of the soil, who followed the chase through these lovely wildernesses, and drove their light canoes over these broad streams—"great nature's happy commoners"—till the predestined curse came on them, till the white sails of the invaders threw their shadow over these seas, and the work of extermination began in these wild fastnesses of freedom. The destruction of the original inhabitants of a country by its discoverers, always attended, as it is, with injustice and cruelty, appears to me one of the most mysterious dispensations of Providence.

The chasing, enslaving and destroying of creatures, whose existence, however inferior, is as justly theirs, as that of the most refined European is his; who, for the most part, too, receive their enemies with open-handed hospitality, until taught treachery by being betrayed, and cruelty by fear; the driving the child of the soil off it, or, what is fifty times worse, chaining him to till it; all the various forms of desolation which have ever followed the landing of civilized man upon uncivilized shores; in short, the theory and practice of discovery and conquest, as recorded in all history, is a very singular and painful subject of contemplation.

'Tis true that cultivation and civilization, the arts and the sciences, that render life useful, the knowledge that ennobles, the adornments that refine existence; above all, the religion that is its most sacred trust and dear reward, all these, like pure sunshine and healthful airs after a hurricane, succeed the devastation of the invader; but the sufferings of those who are swept away, are not the less, and though I believe that good alone is God's result, it seems a fearful proof of the evil wherewith this world is cursed, that good cannot progress but over such a path. No one, beholding the prosperous and promising state of this fine coun-