THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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"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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THE ATHEIST.

BY FLORA MCIVER.

The Atheist in his garden stood,
"At twilight's pensive hour,"
His little daughter by his side,
Was gazing on a flower.

"O, pick that blossom, Pa, for me,"
The little prattler said,
"It is the fairest one that blooms
Within that lowly bed."

The father pluck'd the chosen flower,
And gave it to his child;
With parted lips, and sparkling eye,
She seized the gift, and smiled.

"O, Pa—who made this pretty flower—
This little violet blue;
Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lovely hue?"

A change came o'er the father's brow,
His eye grew strangely wild,
New thoughts within him had been stirred,
By that sweet, artless child.

The truth flashed on the father's mind,
The truth—in all its power;
There *is* a God, my child," he said,
"Who made that little flower."

Written for the Blue Hen's Chicken.

The Humming Bird's Nest.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

"Rum Cuique Tribuito."

The following story I had from a gentleman of veracity, who assured me that it was "founded on fact." It exemplifies the universal disposition to mankind to retaliate, be the cause of retaliation what it may: a joke, an insult, or an injury.—Self defence and retaliation are common to man, and not only to man, but to all the tribes of the animal creation. The meanest insect if oppressed, will turn and sting the oppressor: and hence it is evident that the spirit of retaliation is inherent in the animal being implanted in it by the Creator for a wise purpose, that of self defence. The pugnacious spirit of man I believe to be inherent, though bravery in a great degree is an acquired quality; for we find that that pugnacious spirit does not belong exclusively to man, but to all the animal creation. Were the disposition to fight peculiar to man, I should be led to think that it originated in his own evil disposition; but we find that it is not peculiar, for dogs and chicken cocks, like men, will fight unto death.

But I did not commence with the view of writing a philosophic essay, neither was it my intention to attempt to prove that God made man for war; though I have been led into some reflections on the subject, by the word *retaliation*. My object is to relate the story of the humming bird's nest.

Some time since, there arrived from Ireland a man by the name of Paddy Shane, a beautiful bit of a boy, to use his own expression, and much of a wag into the bargain. Paddy had resided in a neighboring city a few months, and considered himself wise enough in a knowledge of the affairs of this country to enlighten all foreigners just arriving; and that he was well enough acquainted with the why and wherefore of every thing, to play a waggish prank occasionally on a raw 'un; and not only on the raw ones of swate ould Ireland, but on any unlucky wight from any other nation! Paddy was notorious for having seen great things. He was surprised at nothing that was shewn him. He had seen far greater things in the ould counthry, and even the childre across the wather would'nt be astonished at the wonders in Ameriky. On being shewn some famous huckleberries, he exclaimed—

"Och! noo, and by my soul, did ye niver sa the plums growin in in the boys iv ould Ireland on the big trees, sure? 'Pon my sowl, an ye niver did sa the like iv 'em."

"And what were they like, Paddy?"

"Like, yer honor? Well noo, an I have a sowl to be saved, they were like a niver thing, barrin the biggest plums ye iver did sa at all at all."

"But, Paddy, there are no such plums as these in Europe."

"No sick plums in the ould counthry, yer honor? An ye may well say that same; but hevn't I sane thim sure, an hevn't I pulled thim meself aff the vines the day?

"Pulled them to day off the vines in Ireland—how is that, Paddy? You said, too, that they grew on large trees."

"Och! botherashum to me mimory noo, an sure warn't it meself that wur jist fancyin myself in swate ould Ireland the day, an its thrue, yer honor, meself was in Ameriky.

Upon the conclusion of this wise conclusion, Paddy shane gave one of his inimitable horse laughs; which, at a moderate computation, might be heard a mile, and to give vent to which he was under the necessity of opening his "swate little jewel of a mouth," as he called it, from ear to ear. That laugh, which more resembled a sudden clap of thunder than a sound proceeding from human lungs, had caused more than one horse to break his bridle.

"Och! the dear leetle cratures!" exclaimed Paddy Shane one day when he saw, for the first time in his life, a parcel of bedbugs in the cracks and crevices of a bedstead. "An its meself sure that niver saw silkworms cooltivated afther this beautiful way at all at all."

"This is a droll way of cultivating silkworms, Paddy."

"An its yer honor may well say that same.—Divil a bit, noo, in the ould counthry, but they hive 'em intil the young varmints spin the sewin silk all teady for the needle sure."

"And do the worms twist the silk in your country?"

"Twist it, yer honor? An yer honor may well say that noo. An ye go till untwist it, it'ill twist tighther, intil divil a bit yer honor it'll niver untwist at all at all."

Paddy Shane brought with him, from the 'ould counthry, a nate leetle bit o' money till furnish the manes o' makin a dacent livin in Ameriky." Paddy was not like the most of the British nobility, who boast of their birth and found their greatness on the bones of their buried ancestors; neither was he like an Irish potato; for the best part of *him* was not under ground. He sprung from poor but respectable parentage, and possessed that birthright of a true Irishman, an open, honest heart, free from all meanness and selfishness; and a liberal, generous soul, that was ever ready to enjoy a joke, shed a tear of sympathy over another's sorrow, and to share the last hard earned shilling with a fellow creature in distress.

I merely desire to give the reader a bird's eye view of the character of Paddy Shane, and I have said no little in his favor when I assert, that his day-book was not his Bible, and gold was not his God. He was a good churchman, nevertheless; for, in the language of Yankeedom, "he did those things he hadn't ought to do, and left undone those things he ought to have done." Though Paddy Shane never indulged in the usual *furor;* though he never strained at a gate and swallowed a sawmill, yet he was orthodox in his religion.—He loved a joke, when it was even at this own expense; but, like most people, he loved it much better when it was at the expense of another.—But, unlike most people, he could relish a joke when he was himself the butt of ridicule, almost as well as when he cracked it on the head of another.

I have said that Patrick brought a sum of money with him from Ireland; and it is necessary that the reader now should know what he did with it. He bought him a "nate little bit of a vessel" for the coasting trade, of which he became captain, and in which he had made several profitable voyages, at the time of which I write.

In the neighborhood of Paddy Shane's domicil, lived a Frenchman and a Dutchman; both of whom, like Paddy, had been in this country but a short time. Monsieur Parley Vous Francois, the Frenchman; and Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle, the Dutchman; had been guilty of playing several pranks at the expense of Paddy, just after he landed on these shores when, to use his own language, he was "a green bit iv a boy, an he warn't looken what they wur afther at all at all."

One of the pranks consisted in selling Paddy a large lot of bed bugs, telling him they were silk worms just hatched, which he very carefully put in his bedstead, with the intention of "cooltiving the beautiful leetle cratures. Alas! poor Paddy was almost eaten up by them; literally bled to death.

"Blood and thunder take ivery one iv ye," he exclaimed a few days after, when he met the two wags, "but its meself 'ill be afther fixin ye for this mane thrick iv ye, ye furriner spalpeens, ye. Och! noo, an ye may laugh sure, but may iviry saint forgit Paddy Shane, an he don't make ivery one iv ye be afther laughin on the wrong side. The divil take Paddy Shane, an he don't play ye a thrick till yeer heart's content."

Paddy vowed revenge for the blood and sleepless nights he had lost, when the bed bugs were "afthur atin him up sowl and body." Time passed on, and the bed bug trick was forgotten by all but Paddy; as well as a trick they had played upon him, in persuading him that a mud machine in the harbor was the electro-magnetic telegraph; and on going on board of which, he was knocked overboard.

"An sure it was meself," said Paddy, with an elongated, doleful countenance, "that was flounderin in the mud, and thryin to git till shore, with me Sunday suit on. Och! bad luck to ye, ivery one iv ye, ye furriner spalpeens; the back iv me hand till ye."

Paddy had made several trips along the Southern coast, and at length returned with a great curiosity, which he had purchased at a great price. He disseminated this intelligence in suce a manner as to excite unbounded curiosity in the minds of the Frenchman and Dutchman, and Monsieur Parley Vous was particularly anxious to see the humming bird's nest; neither he, nor Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle, suspecting for a moment that Paddy was designing a trick.

The reader is aware, I presume, that there is a very venemous race of insects, nearly or quite as large as the wasp, called hornets; that build a nest sometimes almost as large as a bushel basket, having a hole on one side, through which the hornets go in and out; and that when this nest is disturbed, the enraged creatures pour out in a swarm to avenge the injury, and woe to him who has the temerity to approach. The nest is usually suspended from the limb of a tree.

Paddy had procured, in the woods of Virginia, one of these nests, which he called a humming bird's nest, and expatiated largely on the beauty of the "swate leetle cratures." The hole in the side of the nest he had carefully stopped, declaring that if the charming little birds were let out in open space they would fly away; and his friends, Monsieur Parley Vous Francois and Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle, would be deprived of the great pleasure of hearing them hum; at the same time assuring them that nothing ever was so beautiful, and no music so sweet, as that made by these little humming birds.

The curiosity of Monsieur and Mynheer rose to the highest pitch. They examined the nest with a curious eye; turned it from side to side; and asked many questions concerning the beautiful little birds that hummed so sweetly; to all of which Patrick answered, in such a manner as to increase, if possible, their wonder, as well as their desire to see them.

"Och! noo," said Patrick, taking up the nest, "an its yer two selves, perhaps, 'ud like till see the dear little cratures a flyin about the cabin."

"Oui, Monsieur Patrick," returned the delighted Frenchman, "it will give me de grand satisfactiong to have de pleasair, sair, to see de petit hum bird. Monsieur Van Vonswitzenswizzle vill help me have de grand satisfactiong.

"Yaw, Mynheer Parley Vous," answered the Dutchman, "it ish mit greater pleashur as you I sees de beaudiful hum bird. Vat color ish de beaudiful creadur, Patrick?"

"Och! noo, an isn't it all over red an brown, afther bein speckled wid all sorts o'colors from its head till its tail, sure. Just come down in the cabin, where the purty crature can't be after flyin aff, an I'll jist let them out noo."

Down went the Dutchman and the Frenchman into the cabin, tickled amazingly at the idea of having an opportunity to see the beautiful humming birds come out of the nest, all over red and brown, and speckled with all sorts of colors, from the head to the tail.

"Now mind yer eye," said Paddy on the outside, "an don't ye be afther pullin out the stopper till let the birds out o' the nest, intil its meself that's fastened the door o' the cabin noo, for I'm jist afeard the birds 'ill be aff."

Paddy accordingly fastened the door of the cabin; and, peeping through a crevice made by the sliding doors, he, with a suppressed laugh, told Monsieur Parley Vous Francois to hold the nest, while Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle should pull out the stopper. With the delightful expectation of seeing and hearing the beautiful little humming birds flying and humming around the cabin, Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle pulled out the stopper; when, lo! out poured a swarm of roaring and enraged hornets made more savage by having been long kept confined and tumbled about in the nest. With fury they rushed upon Parley Vous and Vonswitzenswizzle, stinging them in every part of the body uncovered.

"Oh! mine Got, mine Got!" roared the Dutchman, "mine eye ish stung clean out of de sight."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! exclaimed Parley Vous dropping the nest and rushing to the cabin door, "save dis leetle Franchman from te Cot tam hum bird. Ah! begar, sair. Monsieur Patrick, me shoot you wis de small sword—Cot tam, me runne you trou de pody wis de pistol. Open to door, open te door, me killa you begar."

Paddy laughed until he thought he had carried the joke far enough, and then opened the door, taking good care to make his escape, ere the enraged Frenchman and Dutchman reached the deck. One of the hornets had stung the Dutchman on the lip, which swelled to an enormous size, giving him a very grotesque and ludicrous appearance; while the Frenchman's eyes were almost closed up. They never could bear the name of a humming bird afterwards, and never again desired to see a humming bird's nest; tho' they were well satisfied that Paddy had, in the language of the Latin quotation at the head of this story, *give to every one his own.*

Reading the Will.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with his invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death, and always cured and better than ever in the course of a few days—last month the cold water system seemed completely to renovate him, but he suddenly relapsed departed from the world and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him. Though Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived—he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequent took offence at something or at nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital prison or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Grahams house-keeper had given me information that only an hour before her master's death he told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt however, that it was my policy, to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street—the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine—Constance's mother looking stiff, cross and uneasy—an elderly female cousin and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elder-cousin and dreaded the frolics of his strippling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved;" I said I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited—this however will be of little moment to me—I have enough for comfort though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—

'Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love."

I fancy Mr. Chilton said Constance's mother looking excessively sneering and shrewish, that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

'Indeed, madam!' I replied with a start of surprise, I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will.

I have heard a surmise hazarded, sharply interposed the elderly cousin that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it.

"The mind must be both base and weak, retorted Constance's mother which could give credence to such a rumor. And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham—he was a handsome young man and had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to Constance—he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive. Oh what a disappointment awaited us!—Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned.—Temple read the names of the attesting witnesses and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red—I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it.

I thought said the elderly cousin, with a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and weak which could give credence to such a surmise.

"Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not be discomposed, I am very well contented—I shall not be quite a portionless bride." Constance here held out her delicate white hand to me—I affected not to see it.

My dear Miss Graham, I said, do not believe me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty.

I thought you said that your income was sufficient for every comfort, remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condesoend to answer him, but continued 'No, Constance, though it breaks my heart to do so, I give you back your freedom—in the pathetic words of Haynes Bayly, "may your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me! I was just making for the door, leaving Constance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, when Temple said, "I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil.

I reseated myself in amaze men', and Temple forthwith read that the testator being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the same to his beloved niece, Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and severe as Medea. I then attacked Temple. "Is it legal," I said, 'only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied and having greatly fatigued myself by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks when Constance's mother said, "Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave taking, and I descended the stairs pursued by a smothering laugh from the party in the drawing-room, returned home in very low spirits and entered my adventure, or rather misadventure, in my diary deducing from it this valuable piece of advice to gentlemen in search of fortune—"Never believe that a will is concluded till you have inquired whether there is any codicil to it."—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

LIFE OF MARION.

From Headley's "Washington and his Generals."

About this time occurred one of those incidents so frequent during the Revolution, and which illustrate the character of our people. Washington, with his cavalry, came upon the British Col. Rugely, posted in a strong redoubt—and knowing that it would be vain to attack him simply with horsemen, ordered a pine log to be hewn into the shape of a cannon and mounted on a pair of wagon-wheels. With this he slowly and solemnly approached the redoubt, and summoned the English commander to surrender. Seeing such a formidable piece of artillery approach, the latter concluded it would useless to attempt a defence, and yielded the post. Cornwallis, speaking of it in a letter to Tarleton, very significantly remarks, "Rugely will not be made a Brigadier."

Soon after Lee joined Marion, and the two together made an attack on Georgetown, which was only partially successful. But when Greene commenced his famous retreat, Lee was called to his aid, and Marion again left alone. He, however, did not relax his efforts, but with his little band, and sustained by such trusty men as Horry, Macdonald, James, and others, kept the Tories and British detachments in constant alarm.

A British officer, Major McElrath, was sent out to destroy his band; but Marion attacked him with such vigor that he forced him to retreat. The latter being without cavalry, was compelled finally to take a strong position and offer battle. But the wily partisan knew too well where his strength lay to accept it, waiting until he should move again. While the two forces were occupying this position, the British officer sent Marion a challenge to single combat. The latter replied that if he wished to see a fight between twenty picked men, he had no objection. The proposition was accepted, and all the arrangements made for this strange encounter, which seemed to transport one back to knightly days. Marion picked out his own men; and, when every thing was ready, addressed them in his usually pithy style. "My brave soldiers," said he, "you are 20 men picked out of my whole brigade. I know you all, and have often witnessed your bravery.—In the name of your country I call upon you to show it. My confidence in you is great: I am sure it will not be disappointed. Fight like men as you always have done, and you are sure of the victory." This was a long speech for him, and it was received with loud shouts by those resolute men. They had no bullets, and so ramed home good heavy charges of buckshot, and marched out towards where the British stood drawn up in order. Vanderhorst, who commanded this gallant little band, turned to Witherspoon, the second officer, and asked "what distance he would prefer, as the most sure, to strike with buck-shot?"—"Fifty yards for the first fire" he replied. "Then, said Vanderhorst, turning to the men, "when we get within fifty yards, as I am not a good judge of distance, Mr. Witherspoon will tap me on the shoulder; I will then give the word, my lads, and you will then form on my left, opposite to these fellows. As you form, each man will fire at the one directly opposite, and my word for it few will need a second shot." They advanced boldly, till within about a hundred yards of the British, when the latter, at the order of their officer, retired. The Americans then halted, gave three cheers, and marched laughing back to their companions.

That night McElrath broke up his camp, and leaving his heavy baggage behind, commenced a precipitate retreat. In the morning, Marion followed him—though he finally, out of respect to an enemy who had shown a forbearance towards the people not practiced by any other British officer, called off his troops.

Col. Watson was next despatched, with a strong force, to destroy our unconquered partisan. The latter boldly advanced to meet him, and coming up with his guard at Wiboo Swamp, immediately commenced the attack. Horry, who commanded his cavalry, was thrown back in disorder, which Marion no sooner discovered, than he cried out "charge," with such a vehement expression, that the whole body threw itself forward with resistless impetuosity, and swept the road. Watson's regulars, however, restored the fight, and finally forced Marion to retreat. The Tory horse following up the advantage, were pressing with dangerous energy upon him as he was crossing a narrow causeway, when Gavin James, a man of huge proportions and boiling courage, and mounted on a powerful gray horse, wheeled right in front of the whole advancing column. He was armed with a musket, and as he turned, took deliberate aim, and shot the first man dead. A whole volley blazed in his face, sending the bullets in a shower around his head, not one of which, however, struck him. A dragoon rushing forward, he transfixed him with the bayonet—a second coming to the rescue, fell beside his companion.—Awe-struck at this bold horseman, as he thus sat on his steed in the road and hurled death around him, the whole column halted. In a moment Marion's cavalry was upon it, breaking it in pieces, and sending the fugitives in affright back to their infantry.

He then slowly retired, fighting as he went, till at length he threw himself across the Pedee, and destroying the bridge, awaited his enemy. As Watson approached the bank, the deadly riflemen picked off his men with fearful rapidity; and when he ordered the cannon to be advanced, so as to clear the low grounds on the farther side, the artillerists fell dead beside their guns. Finding this would not do, he attempted to force the ford, and a detachment was sent forward. The officer commanding it advanced gallantly; but as he approached the water, waving his sword and cheering on his troops, the crack of a single rifle was heard and he fell dead in his footsteps. A whole volley followed, which sent the thinned ranks in affright to their cover. Four brave fellows undertook to bear off their dead commander, but they all fell beside the corpse. Watson was terrified, declaring that he had never seen such shooting in his life,—and afraid to force the passage of the river, resorted to skirmishing across it.

The next day he sent a flag to Marion, complaining bitterly of his barbarous practice of shooting down his pickets, affirming it was fit only for robbers, and challenging him to come out and fight like a man and a Christian. Marion did not even deign a reply to this message, and coolly told his men to keep shooting both sentinels and pickets. But the flag did not go back unanswered—a Sergeant McDonald, a bold Scotchman, who had lost all his clothes in one of the late skirmishes, sent word to Watson that he was very much in want of them, and if he did not give them up, he would kill eight of his men as pay. The English officers was thrown into a transport of rage at this insolent message; but his fellow-officers, who knew McDonald well, told him that the bold dragoon would certainly fulfil his threat. Watson, who had been filled with terror at the sharp-shooting of our men, and thinking, perhaps, that he might be the first victim of McDonald's vengeance, actually sent back his clothes. But the most amusing part of the whole affair was the gratitude and politeness of McDonald.—He immediately returned word to Watson that he would not now fulfil his threat, and instead of killing eight of his men, would kill but four.—Whether the former was particularly thankful for this reduction of fifty per cent. or not, is not recorded, but it was certainly the coolest piece of impudence one could well perform. To make it still worse, this fearless dragoon, two days after, shot an English lieutenant through the knee, at the distance of three hundred yards.

THE AFFECTION.—"One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it; and there is none but the love of its kind—none but the affection of a human heart."

A spruce-looking lieutenant, under the ten regiment bill, asking a friend what he would be taken for without his epaulettes, was answered that he would be *taken for debt.*

"Isn't it time to think abont getting up?" said the wife, as she rattled at the door. "Yes, my dear," replied the husband, "I have been *thinking* about it an hour and a half."