

## MISCELLANY.

### THE MINIATURE.

William was holding in his hand  
The likeness of his wife;  
'Twas drawn by some enchanted wand,  
It seem'd so much like life.  
He almost thought it spoke—he gaz'd  
Upon the picture still,  
And was delighted and amaz'd,  
To view the painter's skill.  
"This picture is just like thee, Jane,  
I'm drawn to nature true;  
Wee kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you."  
"And has it kiss'd thee back, my dear?"  
"Ah, no, my love," said he;  
"Then William, it is very clear  
It is not all like me." [N. Y. Mirror.]

### LUCY MAR.

Of all the virtues of the world, that of pure and philanthropic charity sends forth the sweetest incense. It is a lovely trait in the character of the aged—for it argues a tenderness of feelings, and expansiveness of mind, and a warm and benevolent heart, existing amid the desolation of the winter of years; and by this we know that time which withers and freezes up the flowers of beauty and the perennial fount of youth, has not been able to reach the springs of humanity which flow from the inner bosom. We admire it in the middle aged and active, but from these we expect the ready and active benevolence which is due from man to man—they are the bone and sinew of society, and owe duties from which their fathers are in a manner exempt. But the charity of the young is that which mingles present pleasure with all the fulness of future hope, and sheds around the character a more than earthly glory.

Every poor family in Alesbury knew Lucy Mar, of the sweet briar cottage, over the brook by the meadows; where her father lived on a snug little farm which he had bought out of the earnings of his young days, and where he had long lived in good circumstances, honest and industrious. There were many pretty girls in Alesbury, in these times, but they were, as now, generally found too much devoted to pleasure, too fond of gay dress, and gay company, and spent too much time with the beaux, to have a great deal to devote to better purposes. Among these Lucy was called the basket girl, from the circumstance of her frequently bringing up to the village small presents in a basket, which she carried round to those families who, through misfortune, sickness or accidents were struggling with distress.

Her father, when she was quite a child, gave her a spot of garden ground. "Lucy," said he, "this shall be all your own; if you are a good girl and industrious, it will yield you a great many good things, and you shall dispose of them as you like." Every summer she paid constant attention to its cultivation—her brothers assisted her in the most laborious part of the business, and in process of time it yielded abundantly. She had a present also, once, of two pretty lambs, and from this small stock in a few seasons came a fine little flock—the wool of these she spun for stockings and mittens, for the poor people about her neighborhood and in the village, to whose relief also, the produce of her little garden went.

From resources such as these, Lucy was many times enabled to cheer the spirits of desponding poverty, and often did her small presents, well timed always in their application, dissipate the gloom that was gathering round a widowed or an orphan family. Among the poor, and there are several of such in and about Alesbury, she was idolised; and she early, very early, had the joy of knowing that if the prayers of grey headed, decrepit, desolate age were valuable, she was rich in such treasure. Beyond her circle of measurably dependent friends, she had few intimate companions; and secluded amid the retired shades of the sweet-briar cottage, she passed the first sixteen years of her life in tranquility and innocence.

I think Lucy was about sixteen when the law suit between her father and the Lawrences took place, which ended in the loss of his estate, for the court decided that he had bought the sweet-briar property under a bad title. It was a severe stroke to the family—for in his farm the good man lost all that he was worth, & found himself involved in debt besides—having devoted all that he made for many years to enrich, and beautify and improve his delightful situation; and the expences of the unexpected suit having been considerable.

When Mr. Mar returned from the court, on the evening of the day in which his fortune had been decided, an affecting scene took place. "All is lost," said the poor man, as his wife opened the door to receive him, "all is lost; Mary, we must leave to others this pretty retreat which we have fixed up so snug and comfortable, for our old age, and on which we so long fondly hoped our children would succeed us—but, it is the will of Heaven—we must bear it with the resignation that becomes us."

The kind mother clasped her hands silently and turned pale—but when she saw her husband affected almost to tears she put on the natural fortitude of a woman, & endeavored cheerfully to encourage him under his misfortunes. The children gathered round their parents, and with tears in their eyes listened to the father's sad account—and then we must leave the Sweet briar Cottage, said they all, sobbing, and in the same breath. "Yes," repeated the unfortunate father, the tears ran down his cheeks, and unable to restrain their feelings longer, the whole family were bathed in tears.

Misfortunes, sudden and deep, and unexpected misfortunes, make sad inroads upon the hearts, even of the most philosophic—and the young and unfertilized often bear them with less firmness. But Lucy, who had been sitting long silent in one corner, at length spoke. They will take my pretty garden spot, then and all my lambs; but, though I shall have to leave my poor friends in the village, without my aid it will be ever a sweeter task to work, and earn something for, and help every day, my poor parents. Yes, we will all work to help you, pa, responded each of the affectionate children, and touched with this pathetic appeal to his affectionate heart, another burst of tears succeeded.

Just then a gentle rap was heard at the door—Lucy flew to open it, and a traveller entered, and asked for lodgings. There was a moment of hesitation, and all eyes were turned to Mr. Mar. "I never yet," said the old man, "turned a stranger from my door, and while I have a loaf of bread, I will not deny a share of it to the needy."—Pleasure returned in every countenance at these words, and the unknown visiter was shown to a seat—supper was prepared by Lucy, and the stranger feasted. He was a young man of a fine figure and countenance, intelligent and affable; and ever & anon, his eye was caught straying towards Lucy; she discovered it, & blushing, seized an opportunity of leaving the room. "Methinks," said the stranger as she left the room, "I saw that pretty blue-eyed girl in the village, two years ago, carrying a basket of food to the poor old woman who lived by the turnpike gate; is it not her they used to call the little basket-girl?" The father smiled and assented. "Then," said he, "I know more of her history than you imagine; we must become better acquainted." The conversation went on—in course Mr. Mar mentioned his losses—and spoke with a full heart of his past life, his prospects, and his family. The evening was spent; and next morning the stranger left the cottage, saying he had some business to transact and would return in the evening.

The evening came—Carroll returned, and presented to the astonished family Mr. Lawrence's deed for his farm. "I give it to you," said he, "on this condition, that you allow me to remain a member of your family for a few weeks;" the condition was accepted; a new era opened; the six weeks were prolonged to sixteen, and at the end of that time he led young Lucy to the altar. He was a wealthy landholder from an eastern town, and had been on a visit to his tenants, when this event took place.

Thus did heaven reward the virtues of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mar, at last, and when it was least expected, with a flow of unexampled prosperity.

### FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I had occasion to visit the store of a friend yesterday, whom I had not seen for some time. After conversing for a considerable time on various subjects, the conversation changed to one more congenial to my feelings. He stated that "it was possible for a man to become captivated with a lady at first sight," and as a confirmation of it he told me a story relating to himself.

"Sitting one day," said my friend, at

my desk which was contiguous to the window, I observed a young lady, apparently about eighteen, passing by with a slow and dignified step, her complexion was rather dark than otherwise, yet there

was that sweet sadness in her countenance which is so peculiarly charming in a young female—her eyes were of a deep black, as was her beautiful hair, which fell in graceful ringlets down her cheek.

In short, she was the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. As she passed, I flew to the door and fastened my eyes on her as long as she was in sight, but my feast was of a short duration, for after having walked some twenty yards she turned the angle of a street and was lost to my view. I again returned to my desk, but my avocations

gave me no pleasure, my books were thrown aside, and resting my head on my hand, I sat musing on a lovely creature, who, though unconscious of it, had inspired me with a feeling of which before I had never been under the influence—my business became irksome to me, my nights were sleepless, in short I was deeply in love.

My endeavors for discovering her residence were for a long time fruitless, but by unremitting enquiry I found she lived in—street. I learned also

that she was a native of New Orleans, that she had come on a visit to this city, and expected soon to return—no time was now to be lost, she would soon return to her native city and I might never see her again. I accordingly repaired to her lodging, and had the satisfaction of finding her in. I requested the landlord with whom I was well acquainted to introduce me, which he did in a very polite manner. The ice once broken he left me to strive for myself. We engaged ourselves in conversing on various subjects till the approach of the evening warned me to depart. Never had I passed so happy an hour. Before I departed I remarked to her that I had some beautiful shawls in my store and requested she would call the next day and examine them, she promised she would and gently pressing her hand bade her farewell. I thought at that moment I observed a tear start into her eye, but I had not vanity enough to suppose that I was the cause of it. I returned home that night more deeply in love than ever. It was long ere sleep visited me, but when it did, it was only to haunt my imagination with the image of her who was uppermost in my thoughts. I dreamed that I made her an offer of my hand which she readily accepted, but soon after, the nuptial knot was tied she departed for her native city, leaving me behind—this distressed me and I awoke. The next morning as she promised, she visited my store, but the shawl by me was forgotten, nor did she appear to remember it as she did not mention it. Before the lapse of many minutes I made her an offer of my hand. Blushingly she said she was sensible of the honor I would confer on her, but there was an inseparable bar to our union; she said she was penniless, and that she resided with a maiden aunt who was as destitute as herself. Charmed by her candor I told her that my fortune was sufficient to maintain us, and that I would settle an annual stipend on her aunt for the remainder of her life. My dear sir, had you witnessed the effect my "generosity," as she termed it, produced on her, you would have sympathised in it—wiping the tears from her eyes she placed her hand in mine, at the same time giving me permission to retain it forever. As my friend concluded he called out in a loud voice "Caroline," upon which a lady, certainly one of the loveliest I ever beheld made her appearance. "There," said he, "is my lovely Caroline; six weeks ago she was poor and friendless, but now, thank God, she may look with disdain on her former poverty." This is one of the many instances in which persons have felt the shaft of Cupid at first sight.

**Grumbling.** There is a pleasure in grumbling, which none but grumblers know. Cats, dogs, pigs, and other animals, eat their meals with a good appetite, and go to sleep. They are not rational beings. They have their trouble, but they are already made troubles; they never take the trouble to make trouble for themselves. We call them poor dumb creatures, and place the most pathetic and grievous emphasis on the word *dumb*. I suppose we pity them that they cannot enjoy the luxury of grumbling. That there is an absolute and positive pleasure in grumbling, is obvious from this fact, viz. the reluctance with which men are convinced that they have no cause to complain. Fierce is the wrath of a gouty patient, on whose toe some awkward body has trampled, and great the anger of a plundered miser, but keener far the indigitation is of him, whom cold philosophy could rob of the pleasure of grumbling. Tell a grumbler that he has no real ground to complain, and he will be angry, and perhaps treat the information with a sneer of sceptical contempt; but prove to him the irrefragable arguments, that his grumbling is unfounded, and he will hate you most cordially. Is there not then a pleasure in grumbling.

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