

TO MY DAUGHTER.

A beautiful garland thou'rt twining, Sissy, Of rosy woads and jessamine fair, Whose flowers o'er thy sweet face shine, Sissy, Shall sparkle like stars in thy golden hair...

A sweet song of childhood thou'rt singing, Sissy, An thy clear voice thrills with each golden word, As thy shadowless spirit were winging, Sissy, Its way to the land where the cherubs are heard...

And now in the garden thou'rt playing, Sissy, With frolic tosses, and laughing face, Or held the tall toddling way in thy play, The little one panting to win the wax race...

Oh, I pray for thee, Sissy, I pray for thee, That it may not be, Sissy, it may not be!

And yet thou art kneeling, Sissy, To the gentle shepherd that watches above, And the simple words thou art saying, Sissy, Like the dew to the flowers may return with His love.

And yet thou may'st cease to remember, Sissy, Thy father's teachings, thy mother's care, And thine heart may grow cold as December, Sissy.

Nor thrill to the charm of the old sweet prayer, Oh, I pray for thee, Sissy, I pray for thee, That it may not be, Sissy, it may not be!

And now thou art quietly sleeping, Sissy, And smilest softly o'er thy beautiful face, As the angels of light were keeping, Sissy, Sweet watch over one of their own bright race.

Would that life with its sin and sorrow, Sissy, Might never chase fond sleep from thine eye, May the light of each flying morrow, Sissy, Bring peace to this heart, as the year's stars still by!

Oh, I pray for thee, Sissy, I pray for thee, That this may be, Sissy, that this may be!

MARY MORRIS; Leaves from a Gentleman's Diary.

Continued. A month elapsed, and yet Mr. Morris had not made his appearance at the cottage. His daughter, though seemed no wise disturbed on account of his absence...

Thus pleasantly had passed a month and a week, when one afternoon, as we rose from the dinner-table, I proposed a ride to Wilmington and a visit to the old Swedes' Church, built, as may be seen by the figures on the belfry, in 1698.

It was a summer day—warm—but a genial breeze was constantly in motion. In an hour's time we were riding down the shady lane that leads to the dilapidated building. The building is not now used for public worship, nor has it been for several years.

"Yes there was indeed something hallowed in the spot, that old graveyard! We read the names upon the tombs, and perused the verses that occasionally commemorated the virtues of a mouldering occupant."

While thus seated my thoughts wandered to Euphrasia, and I related to the maiden at my side the sad tale of my sister's unhappy fate.

The York Herald.

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to depart, Marry Morris had promised to be mine! It was moonlight, and the ride homeward was pleasant.

"There is no need of it," said he playfully, as he kissed her forehead; "we are not unknown to each other."

"What," inquired Mary, with surprise, looking from one to the other, "have you ever met before?"

"Nor was I surprised," said he; "I have had a presentiment of it for some time past—in fact, ever since that fracas in the woods."

"That man," said I, "who attempted your life in my brother-in-law?"

"When I came home, (which was but a few minutes since, fifteen or twenty, perhaps), the servants told me that Mary was out riding with a Mr. Allan from the Springs. I knew at once who you were, and listened patiently to Lemuel's narration of the storm upon the evening of your becoming acquainted here, of your shelter beneath this roof that night, and your subsequent visits.

"And her mother?" "Is dead!" these two words he uttered with a deep emphasis and an almost choked voice.

The three of us sat down to the tea-table that evening; I left as usual at nine; and that night, before she retired to her chamber, Mary informed her father that I had word that I had won.

It was about an hour past noon on the following day when I dismounted at the cottage. Upon entering the parlor I found Mary and her father seated in conversation with a gentleman, apparently middle-aged, who was introduced to me by the name of Vaux.

"Mary and I did not remain in the room long; and having nothing particular to engage our attention during the two hours that must elapse before dinner, we concluded upon a ride. After a pleasant excursion into the adjacent country we returned at three o'clock."

Mr. Vaux dined with us. He had arrived by the steamboat that morning from Philadelphia—so I incidentally learned by his conversation at the table. Notwithstanding the nicety of his dress, it in no degree interfered with his appetite, for he ate heartily and drank freely. I wondered who he was. Though he drank glass after glass of champagne, it by no means loosened his tongue, but I believed rendered him more taciturn. Mary, in answer to an inquiry of mine, after we had risen from the table and were walking to and fro in the hall, said that she knew nothing of him, that she had never seen him before.

"But why are you so curious?" she playfully asked. "Were it in my power I should certainly satisfy your inquiries—but it is not."

Still I wondered why he was there! But, surely, it was no business of mine, and of course I refrained from making any inquiries that might be deemed in anywise impertinent.

We were now adrift and with a scull I guided the boat to a deeply shaded spot of greenwood, which Mary pointed obliquely to on the opposite shore.

"I know it, sir, I then knew it!" "Indeed!"

"You speak of the Queen of Scots," she said, as I rejoined her; "how beautiful, and yet, she spoke it with a sigh, how unfortunate! With her distinguished birth and all her accomplishments, how sad a fate was reserved for her.

"But love, that is earthly, as I fondly whispered, as I pressed her to my bosom and felt the palpitation of her heart against mine."

"My love for you can never change; on earth it shall last till death's dark doom divides us and be renewed in Heaven with augmented strength."

"She was my affianced bride, yet this was the first time that I had ventured to strain her to my bosom. Our intercourse had hitherto been like the unruffled bosom of a stream—clear and placid; no emotions had been visible on its surface. Yet, though this was the first ebullition of feeling that had been permitted by us—I would not have it be understood that there had heretofore been any lack of it upon the part of either. On the contrary it had existed, with a daily increase, since the very first evening of our acquaintance, with a deep but silent current, and in this instance, like a swollen river, had overflowed."

Three hours had nearly passed when I entered the barge to return. "We take no note of time but by its loss." During this interval the sun had revolved to the west and was now descending in all his setting splendor behind the distant highlands; and his beams, no longer intercepted by the foliage, streamed upon the river so brightly that it shone like molten gold.

"He is merely here on a visit," I and red, the western sky became

"adorned with the most gorgeous colors imaginable, and dazzled the eye with 'one unclouded blaze of living light; and the ripple of the boat as it sped the water seemed to make the silence musical. Not another sound was heard—not even the note of a bird; every warbler had retired to rest. Twilight began to shade the scene as we landed again; and the town-clock at Wilmington chimed the hour, as, arm-in-arm, we bent our steps to the cottage, and we loitered along so thoughtfully that it was almost dark when we reached there."

expectation of being absent two days. As we rose from the table he asked a few minutes of private conversation with me; I acquiesced, and he led the way up to his chamber, securing from the possibility of any abrupt intrusion by locking the door.

"I will protect her, sir, with my life I will!" was the resolute answer I gave, whilst we shook hands together.

"I believe you," he replied, grasping my hand with additional warmth. "I have written to my attorney, Mr. H., at New York, giving him a statement of the facts as they stand and should it be my fate not to survive the meeting that will take place to-morrow, you, (as soon as matrimony is solemnized between Mary and you,) will find yourselves of forty thousand pounds more consequence in the eyes of the world than you now are."

"The next morning, (I had risen very late I remember,) after breakfast, and while I was reading a newspaper in the bar-room of the hotel, in came the person to whom I had been introduced at the cottage the day before. He walked up and addressed the bar-keeper. I was near enough to hear what he said."

"Mr. Fairfax is staying here at present, I believe?" "Yes, sir!" "Can I see him?" "He is in his room, sir. What name shall I announce?"

"The bar-keeper then pulled a bell which brought a servant to the spot and to whom orders were given. So far I had not been observed by Mr. Vaux, and to prevent him from noticing me at all, which I thought would be the proper course for me to adopt, I screened my face behind the paper I held, apparently absorbed in its contents, but in reality not bestowing a thought thereon."

"I saw at a glance that Fairfax was much agitated—his pale countenance and restless eyes were not otherwise to be accounted for. I went to the window—saw Mr. Vaux was there when I arrived—he was in the parlor with Mr. Morris. I encountered Mary in the hall at the foot of the stairs, which she was just descending; and ere her foot had reached the floor I caught her in my arms and saluted her with a lover's kiss."

"Unless you have the nature of a gentleman, you can never arrive at the perfection of good-blooming. True gentleness, like true manhood or true courage, has its foundation in the very nature of a man; and if the foundation be defective, the superstructure will always rest on an infirm basis."

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FARM OPERATIONS FOR MARCH.

From the American Agriculturist.

March is here, with its rude winds, like a busy blusterer clearing the way for the advancing season. Unpleasant as the sweeping blasts are, they perform important service, rapidly freeing the surface of the earth from moisture and enabling the awakening vegetation to push its way up to light.

Already at the South the fields are green and the gardens planted. Cultivators in this latitude often wish for the advantages of such an early season. Though we can not control the sunshine, we may do much to make it more effective. A properly sheltered and thoroughly drained farm may be worked many days earlier than one where the winds are unchecked, and the soil saturated with moisture, with no way of escape but by surface evaporation. Much too, may be gained by system and full preparation. Let the season's work be fully planned, all necessary implements prepared and seed procured now, that there be no hindrance when the time arrives for active operations.

Buildings need careful inspection to secure weak timbers, loose boards, and open joints from the driving winds of March.

CATTLE.—This is perhaps the worst month of the season for animals. Keep up their appetite by change of food, alternating cut coarse fodder with grain and roots. Look well to breeding cows; give them separate roomy stalls at night. Working cattle should be gradually introduced to heavy work after their long inactivity. Keep them well carded and in good trim.

CELLARS.—Open for thorough ventilation as early as possible. Remove all refuse and decaying vegetables. Sort potatoes, apples, etc. Preserve beets, carrots, cabbages, etc., for seed. Whitewash the walls and posts at an early day.

CLOVER.—Sow upon light snow, or when the ground is well opened by a morning frost. Use plenty of seed.

DRAINING.—Lay tile drain as early as frost will allow. If these can be procured, subsoil wet lands intended for grain. Clear out open ditches, adding the muck to the manure heap.

FENCES.—Put in repair, or as soon as frost is out of the ground. See particularly to line fences. Plant hedges, m, l, in localities not too cold. Prepare posts, rails and gates in stormy weather.

FORESTS.—Devote waste rocky spots to locust, black walnut, maple, or other quick-growing trees.

GRAIN.—Examine bins to exclude vermin. Keep from moldering. Shell and market corn. Select or procure seed if neglected until now.

HEDGE ROWS near fences, and scrubby bushes in meadows and pastures, or by the road side, should be rooted out. Tidiness adds to the market value of the farm, and improves the taste and pleasure of the occupants.

POULTRY.—Give chopped meat and green food with grain. Supply with water, gravel and ashes, or chip dirt. Remove accumulations of droppings. Save eggs for setting. For earliest chickens set. Allow one male to ten or twelve hens.

SEED.—Secure full supply from reliable sources. Change occasionally for that raised in a distant locality. Test small parcels of corn and other grain before using largely.

SHEEP.—Keep breeding ewes by themselves, where they may be comfortable and quiet. Allow them roots and grain. Watch for early lambs. Read article on Protection from Dogs, p. 75.

SUGAR MAPLES.—Tap to m. Use shallow evaporators. Keep all sufficiently clean to prevent the necessity for clarifying.

SORGHUM.—It may be well to plan for trying a small plot this year for selling, for fodder, or if practicable for making syrup. Secure seed early.

SAM SLICK AND THE LADIES.—"Cousin John how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awfully to see what a great hump she's got a growing since she came away from Connecticut!"

"With that Cousin John looked at her and larded a little, but I could see he didn't feel just right, and arter a minute sez he, 'Hush, cousin, you must not talk so loud; its true Mary has put on rather too much bustle, but it's the fashion you see.' I looked round, and as true as you live there warnt a gal in the room that hadn't her back sticking out jst the same way."

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