

pleasant task of pinching Bijou's curly ears, or if she preferred it, revolving in her mind the preceding conversation, which was anything but agreeable.

In such scenes as these were Amy's days passed. Parties of pleasure in which she found no amusement, persons whom she almost hated, conversations which wearied and disgusted her; by such were the happy hours she had known, previously to her entrance into society replaced. How often when preparing for some glittering *fête*, in which her heart was not, did she look back with a bitter sigh to that blissful period when she was at least free. But that time was past, and now too frequently she had to wreath with flowers a brow that throbbed with suppressed agony. The only circumstance that tended to render these scenes of gaiety supportable, was, that in them she enjoyed tolerable quiet. 'Tis true, Sir George was ever beside her, but he had totally laid aside the impertinent manner that had so shocked her on their first acquaintance. His attentions though devoted, were unobtrusive and delicate, and her prejudices against him were imperceptibly wearing away. In this monotonous and unvaried life time sped rapidly on, and she little heeded its flight.

(To be continued.)

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

'Tis night—but not a night to sleep—
Upon the blue and moonlit deep;
It is a night to think of home,
And friends, and all the heart holds dear,
And though so far from thee I roam,
My sister! thou wilt lend an ear.
Three thousand miles now intervene
Between that happy home and me,
But though three millions it had been,
They could not keep my thoughts from thee;
I know too, thine will often stray
To him who wanders far away—
I know that not a night has past,
Since thou did'st gaze upon me last,
But what thy lip has breathed a prayer
To heaven for me, thus doomed to rove,
Far from a happy land I love,
To one which cannot be more fair,
And never half so dear—Alas!
How many more such nights must pass,
Ere I can hope to see thy face,
And clasp thee in a long embrace!
I said 'twas night upon the sea—
Our little bark, with wings unfurled,
To waft us to that western world,
Which soon will smile beneath our lea—
Leaps joyously from wave to wave,
O'er many a gallant seaman's grave—
Down where the stars reflected shine,
Like jewels in an eastern mine.

How often, on such nights as this,
So calm, so bright, so full of bliss,
When the young moon has stooped to kiss,
Each rapid billow in its flight
And tinged it o'er with mellow light,
I've scanned our graceful ship with pride
And wished that *thou wert by my side*,
To pace the moonlit deck with me,
And breathe the hour's tranquillity.

But Lucy, see! even while I sing,
The storm to windward gathering!
That little cloud of silver hue,
Which hid the young moon from our view,
(As if she would have blushed to stray,
Unveiled along the milky way,
Has spread itself o'er all the sky,
And called from far those swelling gales,
We long have wooed to fill our sails;
It freshens—fleeter, and more fleet
Along the foaming main we fly—
But, ah! the scene that was so sweet!—
All now is darkness to mine eye.

O! thus, thus, many a dream I've cherished,
And many a hope, long, long since perished—
And many a bright and rosy hour,
I've passed in Love and Friendship's bower,
Although replete with all the joy
That earth could give—and soon destroy—
One single moment has o'ercast,
Till I have learn'd to feel at last
Some other world contains the bliss,
Which I had vainly sought in this.

Four bells!—'tis time to sigh adieu!
Would that the bark which bears to you
These lines, could bear *me* o'er the main,
And give you to my arms again.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN ON THE BLACK RIVER.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

Yes, oft when o'er the sleeping main,
The moon has shone serenely bright—
And the pure stars, like silver rain,
Have strewn it o'er with liquid light,
In the lone mid-watch of the night,
When slumber had no charms for me—
My thoughts would sweetly wing their flight,
To home and thee, sweet home and thee!
And when, through billows white with wrath,
Where myriads have met their doom—
Our ship has ploughed a foaming path,
And every billow seemed her tomb,
And fitful lightnings lit the gloom,
Where would my heart, my fancy flee?—
Where *could* they wander, and to whom,
But home and thee, sweet home and thee!
And now, as down this peaceful stream,
I urge my light canoe along,
By forests bathed in sunset's beam,
And golden isles all bloom and song,
Though not a wild flower blossoms nigh,
But has some gentle charm for me—
Still, still I think, and thinking sigh,
Of home and thee, sweet home and thee!