

And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.  
 Ah ! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
 Recall'd and cherished in a foreign clime,  
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
 Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.  
 True as the needle homeward points his heart,  
 Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;  
 This the last wish that would with life depart,  
 To see the smile of her he loves again.

When morn. first faintly draws her silver line,  
 Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave ;  
 When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
 Still, still he views the parting look she gave.  
 Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,  
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;  
 And when the beating billows round him roar,  
 Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.  
 Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
 In many a plantain forest waving wide,  
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
 And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But, lo. at last he comes with crowded sail,  
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend ;  
 And, hark ! what mingled murmurs swell the gale,  
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.  
 'Tis she, 'tis she herself, she waves her hand,  
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd,  
 Soon through the whit'ning surge he springs to land,  
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

TRIO—(Violin, Violincello and Piano,)

Andante No. 2.....*Haydn.*

MR. G. B. SIPPI, DR. SIPPI, AND MR. ST. JOHN HYTTEN-  
 RAUCH.