

live there with the Zincoli; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gambia, whilst I returned to our own battalions."

"*Myself.*—Do you know from what country he came?"

"*Salanio.*—He told me that he was a *Mayore.*"

"*Myself.*—You mean a Magyar or Hungarian?"

"*Salanio.*—Just so; and I have repented ever since that I did not follow him."

We are here constrained to part with our worthy missionary, and our other less respectable friends in whose company he has led us to pass some agreeable and instructive hours. Farewell

to you, our kind guide; and to you, poor wanderers—we wish you a happier lot in the future, than you have met with in the past. We could hope that, so long as you love your roving life, the wildernesses of the world might be left open to you, and that you might forsake these only for gardens of pure and beautiful culture. May the bright stars which you once so devoutly worshipped, shed their gentlest influences upon you; and, degraded and ignorant as you now are, may Heaven's last born star lead you to that faith and hope which can make man, erring, imperfect though he be, but "a little lower than the angels."

LINES IN A BALL ROOM,

TO A BEAUTIFUL PERSON WHO OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN THERE.

I saw thee mid that radiant throng,
Where all were innocent but thou;
And marvelled that a soul so wrong
Could lurk beneath so fair a brow.

Thine eye was bright, thy laugh was loud,
And to thy cheek no blushes came,
And every look and step was proud,
As though thou wert not lost to fame.

Some meteor drooping from the skies
Thus blazes toward the murky flood,
Beheld by all the pitying eyes
That sparkle where it lately stood.

Not Hebe's fault was dark as thine,
Though banished from the eternal sphere,
No more she pour'd the ethereal wine,
Nor dared again in heaven appear.

The pearls that bound thy jetty hair,
The jewel glittering on thy breast,
As sparks by night contrasted glare,
The deeper all thy guilt expressed.

Say, when that hauble met thy gaze—
The ring, the signet of thy shame—
Swept not the thoughts of better days
Along thy shuddering heart like flame?