

Night—the blessed, and glorious, and beautiful Night has ever been all mine own;—and then and there the world I have shared in *equality* with my kind, if not even in *superiority*.—And,—but no matter,—at least on that ‘vantage ground’ it were well that I have learned to moderate the ever fermenting leaven of a disappointed heart, and to feel that it is a ‘good thing’ to be *charitable in opinion* even to those who draw little but defiance from a bending brow—or the contemptuous bearing of a curling lip.—But away with thoughts like these;—their expression were better brought to a conclusion.—I love the Night—shall I again and for the last time repeat;—for its waking dreams have brought fancy the *materiel* of many of the foregoing idle SCRAPS AND SKETCHES; and now, as it is waning fast into the morning light, has afforded me the subject of, as well as the opportunity of adding, this my last contribution to the ALBUM OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE END.