

And yet their glowing language^{*}
 Tells more of what hath been,
 Still delicate in feature
 As Europe's daughters fair,
 Lovely—with the locust garland
 In their glistening hair.

From his distant kingdom
 The swarthy trader hies
 To thy broad breast, Gambia.
 With native merchandize,
 Down the shining highway,
 Comes the earth-born star,
 And nuts, and gold, and ivory,
 And chea-oh from afar.

From remoter regions,
 Whence tribute waters pour,
 Tribes come—wild and warlike
 Along this wondrous shore.
 On the sunny borders,
 Monsters swarm unstirred,
 And hither leads the Elephant
 His own majestic herd.

Strange night-cries are booming
 Across the silent air,
 When, roused, the river-horses
 Forsake their wat'ry lair.
 All day the vulture watcheth
 For prey, the stream and slope,
 And boundeth up and down the banks,
 The dainty Antelope.

Beautiful is Gambia,
 Approaching ocean's sway;
 Beautiful is Gambia,
 Five hundred miles away.
 Through exhaustless glories,
 Passing all we dream
 Of lovely, wild and wonderful,
 Sweeps on the cooler stream.

MAUDE.

^{*} "How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilisation and mental culture of no mean order. For the language of a people contains the hieroglyphics of their former character, just as the Pyramids and ruined Temples of Egypt would convince us of her ancient grandeur, if all literary records had perished in the flames which consumed the Library of Alexandria. The language of the Foola contains words and terminations exceedingly like the names of the old Carthaginian heroes who fought with gigantic Rome. In other respects it bears the marks of considerable taste and genius."—UP THE GAMBIA.

SKETCHES OF DARTMOUTH.

BY M. B. D.

(Concluded from page 232.)

DARTMOUTH contained in the year 1809, only nineteen dwelling houses, composed chiefly of the buildings erected by the Quakers, and its population in