

À UN PASSANT.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Traveller, who at night, along the echoing street,
With thine uneasy dog, passest accompanied,
After the burning day, why onward walkst thou yet?
Where ledest thou so late the patient wearied steed?

Night! fearest thou not, far from farm house gate;
The robbers' warning whistle to his mate?
Or those wehr-wolves that near the highway roam,
Heed not the horses' heels, but stealthily creep,
And gain thy crupper with a sudden leap;
Mingling thy black blood with their fangs' white
foam?

Fear, above all, the wildfire's erring lamp,
That, from the road, may lure thro' marshes damp;
And, as it oft had wont, at nightfall gray;
Dreaming of cottage warmth and sounds of mirth;
And the great logs of welcome, on the hearth;
Lead thee towards lights that ever flit away.

Fear, lest thou meet a death dance, in the plain
When howling demons whirl, in storm and rain;
In walls accurs'd of God; profaned with their rites;
The magic tower deserted seems by day;
Hell knows its story—when the nightfall's grey
Fills its old windows with unholy lights

Thou lonely traveller, where away so fast?
With thine uneasy dog, at night accompanied;
After the burning day, when rest inviteth thee;
Where ledest thou so late, thy patient weary steed?