

FEBRUARY, 1827.

bitter thraldom shew,  
pinch, the blow?  
are found  
uthful hound,  
the morning light,  
woeful plight.

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THE TRAVELLER BY NIGHT IN NOVEMBER.

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e the good, the bold,  
enates bravely hold  
d cruelty,  
age glide by.

y power exert,  
iron each kindly heart.  
s foul blot of shame  
tain's honoured name,  
nations stand,  
erous land.

HE who with journey well begun  
Beneath the morning's cheerful sun  
Stretches his view o'er hill and dale,  
And distant city, (through its veil  
Of smoke, dark spires and chimneys seen,)  
O'er harvest-lands and meadows green,  
What time the roused and busy, meeting  
On king's high-way exchange their greeting,  
Feels his cheered heart with pleasure beat,  
As on his way he holds. And great  
Delight hath he who travels late  
When the fair moon doth hold her state  
In the clear sky, while down and dale  
Repose in light so pure and pale !

While lake and pool and stream are seen  
Weaving their maze of silvery sheen,  
And cot and mansion, rock and glade,  
And tower and street in light and shade  
Strongly contrasted are. I trow,  
Better than noonday seems his show,  
Soothing the pensive mind.

And yet,

When moon is dark and sun is set,  
Not rest of pleasure is the wight,  
Who, in snug chaise, at close of night,  
Begins his journey in the dark,  
With crack of whip and ban-dogs' bark,  
And jarring wheels and children bawling,  
And voice of surly ostler, calling  
To post-boy, through the mingled din,  
Some message to a neighbouring inn.  
All sounds confusedly in his ear ;  
The lonely way's commencing cheer.

With dull November's starless sky  
O'er head, his fancy soars not high.

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IN NOVEMBER.

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The carriage lamps a white light throw  
Along the road, and strangely shew  
Familiar things that cheat the eyes,  
Like friends in motley masker's guise.

“ What’s that? or dame, or mantled maid,  
Or herd-boy gathered in his plaid,  
Who leans against yon wall his back?”

“ No ’tis in sooth a tiny stack  
On peat or turf or cloven wood—  
Of cottage fire the winter’s food.”

“ Ha! yonder shady nook discovers  
A gentle pair of rustic lovers.”

“ Out on’t! a pair of harmless calves,  
Through ragged bushes seen by halves.”

“ What thing of strange, unshapely height,  
Approaches slowly on the light,  
That like a hunch-backed giant seems,  
And now is whitening in its beams?”

“ ’Tis but a hind, whose burly back  
Is bearing home a well-filled sack.”

“ What’s that like spots of fleckered snow

On the road’s margin clustered so?”

"Tis linen left to bleach by night." —

"Gramercy on us ! see I right ?

Some witch is casting cantraps there ,  
The linen hovers in the air !"

"Pooh ! soon or late all wonders cease,  
We have but scared a flock of geese."

And make  
As it were  
Full well  
Such act  
A crowd  
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And this  
Novemb  
Thus oft through life we do misdeem  
Of things that are not what they seem.  
Ah ! could we there with as slight skath  
Divest us of our cheated faith !

And then, belike, when chiming bells  
The near approach of wagon tells,  
He wistful looks to see it come,  
Its bulk emerging from the gloom,  
With dun tarpawling o'er it thrown,  
Like a huge Mammoth moving on.

But still more pleased, through murky air,  
He spies the distant bonfire's glare ;

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## IN NOVEMBER.

And, nearer to the spot advancing,  
Black imps and goblins round it dancing;  
And nearer still, distinctly traces  
The featured disks of happy faces,  
Grimming and roaring in their glory,  
Like Bacchants wild of ancient story,

And making murgeons to the flame,  
As it were play-mate in the game.  
Full well, I trow, could modern stage  
Such acting for the nonce engage,  
A crowded audience, every night,  
Would press to see the jovial sight ;  
And this, from cost and squeezing free,  
November's nightly travellers see.

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Through village, lane or hamlet going,  
The light from cottage window, shewing  
Its inmates at their evening fare,  
By rousing fire, where earthenware  
With pewter trenchers, on the shelf,  
Give some display of worldly pelf,

Is transient vision to the eye  
Of him our hasty passer by ;  
Yet much of pleasing import tells,  
And cherished in his fancy dwells,  
Where simple innocence and mirth  
Encircle still the cottage hearth.  
Across the road a fiery glare  
Doth now the blacksmith's forge declare,  
Where furnace-blast, and measured din  
Of heavy hammers, and within  
The brawny mates their labour plying,  
From heated bar the red sparks flying,  
Some idle neighbours standing by  
With open mouth and dazzled eye ;  
The rough and sooty walls with store  
Of chains and horse-shoes studded o'er,  
And rusty blades and bars between,  
All momently are heard and seen.

Nor does he often fail to meet,  
In market town's dark, narrow street,

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A household  
From jug or  
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(Even when the night with onward wings  
The sober hour of bed-time brings,) Amusement. From the alehouse door,  
Having full bravely paid his score,  
Issues the tipsy artizan,  
With some sworn brother of the can,  
While each to keep his footing tries,  
And utters words solemn and wise.

The dame demure, from visit late,  
Her lantern borne before in state  
By sloven footboy, paces slow  
With pattened feet and hooded brow.

Where the seamed window-board betrays  
Interior light, right closely lays  
The eves-dropper his curious ear,  
Some neighbours fire-side talk to hear;  
While, from an upper casement bending,  
A household maid, perhaps, is sending  
From jug or pot, a sloppy shower  
That makes him homeward fleetly scour.

From lower rooms few gleams are sent  
Through shortened shutter-hole or rent;  
But from the loftier chambers peer  
(Where damsels doff their gentle gear  
For rest preparing) tapers bright,  
That give a momentary sight  
Of some fair form with visage glowing,  
With loosened braids and tresses flowing,  
Who busied by the mirror stands  
With bending head and upraised hands  
Whose moving shadow strangely falls  
With size enlarged on roof and walls.  
Ah ! lovely are the things, I ween,  
By speed's light, passing glam'rie seen !  
Fancy so touched will oft restore  
Things once beheld and seen no more.

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IN NOVEMBER.

A place of bustle, dirt and din,  
Swearing without, scolding within ;  
Of narrow means and ample boast,  
The traveller's stated halting post,  
Where trunks are missing or deranged,  
And parcels lost and horses changed.

Yet this short scene of noisy coil  
But serves our traveller as a foil,  
Enhancing what succeeds, and lending  
A charm to pensive quiet, sending  
To home and friends, left far behind,  
The kindest musings of his mind ;  
Or, should they stray to thoughts of pain,  
A dimness o'er the haggard train  
A mood and hour like this will throw,  
As vexed and burthened spirits know.  
Night, loneliness and motion are  
Agents of power to distance care ;  
To distance, not discard ; for then,  
Withdrawn from busy haunts of men,

Necessity to act suspended,  
The present, past and future blended,  
Like figures of a mazy dance,  
Weave round the soul a dreamy trance,  
Till jolting stone or turnpike gate  
Arouse him from the soothing state.

And when the midnight hour is past,  
If through the night his journey last,  
When still and lonely is the road,  
Nor living creature moves abroad,  
Then most of all, like fabled wizard,  
Night slyly dons her cloak and vizard,  
His eyes at every corner meeting  
With some new slight of dexterous cheating,  
And cunningly his sight betrays  
Even with his own lamp's partial rays.

The sun  
From m  
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The road that in fair, honest day  
Through pasture-land or corn-fields lay,  
A broken hedge-row's ragged skreen  
Skirting its margin rank and green,

blended,  
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my trance,  
gate  
state.

With boughs projecting, interlaced  
With thorn and briar, distinctly traced  
On the deep shadows at their back  
That deeper sink to pitchy black,  
Appearing soothly to the eye  
Like woven boughs of tapestrie,—

Seems now to wind through tangled wood  
On forest wild, where Robin Hood  
With all his out-laws stout and bold  
In olden days his reign might hold.  
Yea, roofless barn and ruined walls,  
As passing light upon them falls,  
When favoured by surrounding gloom,  
The castle's stately form assume.

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l green,

The steaming vapour that proceeds  
From moistened hide of weary steeds,  
And high on either side will rise,  
Like clouds storm-drifted, past him flies;  
While mire cast up by their hoofed feet  
Adds curious magic to deceit,

Glancing presumptuously before him,  
Like yellow diamonds of Cairngorum.

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How many are the subtle ways  
By which sly night the eye betrays,  
When in her wild fantastic mood,  
By lone and wakeful traveller wo'd !  
Shall I proceed ? O no ! for now  
Upon the black horizon's brow  
Appears a line of tawny light ;  
Thy reign is ended, witching night !  
And soon thy place a wizard elf,  
(But only second to thyself  
In glam'rie's art) will quietly take  
And spread o'er meadow, vale and brake  
Her misty shroud of pearly white ;  
A modest though deceitful wight,  
Who in a softer, gentler way  
Will with the wakeful fancy play,  
When woody knolls, their bases losing,  
Are Islands on a lake reposing,

BY NIGHT

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IN NOVEMBER.

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