

Hung in the empyrean, drops of blood,—
Red, fiery, ghastly,—'gan to fall: and earth,
Quaking with fear, received the direful flood
Upon her heaving breast: the dying moon
Thus shed herself in tears, weeping in death;
And th' impenetrable shroud of night came down.
And oh! the silence that around did fall!—
Silence so deep that Nature was appalled,
And but the quivering of a leaf had seemed
A sound as of a mountain overthrown.
'Then as I stood in terror, lo! a gleam
Of light, pale as the beam of the young moon,
Played round the summit of the mount, which now
Emerg'd to view; and all the valley round
Was bathed in spectral light. So feeling dense
Had been the darkness, that the change, tho' slight,
Mine eyes bore not, but closed; and when again
My sight uncovered was, upon the height
'Twas fixed, and in the pale sepulchral glare
Two forms appeared, so vast that each one seemed
As if a planet in her arms could rest;
Of woman's form they seemed, their circling robes
Enormous thunder clouds.

An arm of each
Encircled other's form; grasped by the hand
Unprisoned, one a mighty balance held
With JUSTICE thereon blazoned, word of light.
The free hand of her sister held a book
High o'er her form, and TRUTH, a burning word,
Blazed from the volume.