

Yet once obtained, tis but a bauble thought :
Possession robs the object of its charm—
And as the words were even on my lips
To beg another boon, the scene was changed—
All, all as instantaneously as thought
Had disappeared—I was again alone
Within the Cemetery of the dead,
Reclining on a sloping grassy mound,
The diamond sprinkled canopy of night
In dark magnificence above me spread,
And silent as the slumber of the grave,—
A soft, still breeze passed whisperingly by
And woke a mournful cadence in the palms
And cypress trees that reared their aged tops
Far into the obscurity of night—
There pondering over what I had beheld
In dreams,—I sighed to find the vision gone.

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