

Oh! when shall trial, tears, and torture, cease?—
 Despair, and frenzy, and remorseless gloom,
 Defiance, and the thoughts that crouch before
 The bright severity of Virtue's eye,—
 When shall their myst'ry lie unweaved and bare?
 When shall the lips of Agony be dumb,
 And the dark wail of wounded Nature hush'd?—
 A tragedy of twice three thousand years
 Hath almost ended: soon, perchance, may fall
 A curtain whose unfolding darkness brings
 Oblivion o'er a universe decay'd!
 Already looks earth's final scene begun:
 The elements, like human limbs unnerved,
 Forego their functions; seasons out of tune
 Creation's harmony of change destroy;
 And in their wildness of unwonted act
 Reflective eyes an awful omen read,
 By Nature given to prophetic man,
 Of time's conclusion.—Sea and air confess
 A weird excitement; through the trackless heaven's
 Immensity the unheard Comet rolls!—
 No vision'd eye his path may comprehend,
 Nor dread imagination dream what orbs
 May crumble, or what blighted planets shrink,
 As on the burning Desolator sweeps,
 And blazes o'er annihilated worlds!

Spoiler of hearts and empires, vanish'd Year!
 Ere for eternity thy wings were spread,
 Alone I listen'd to thy dark farewell.—
 The moon was center'd in the cloudless heaven,
 All pale as beauty on the brow of death!
 And round about her, with attracted beam,
 Grouped the mild stars:—the anarchy of day
 Was hush'd, the turbulence of life becalm'd.
 From where I stood, a vast and voiceless plain,—
 A city, garmented with mellow light,
 Lay visible; and, like romance in stone,
 Shone gloriously serene!—all sounds were dead!
 The dew-drop, stirless as a frozen tear,
 Gleam'd on the verdure; not an air-tone rang
 The leaves hung tranch'd as the lid of sleep;
 Around me Nature in devotion seem'd,
 The Elements in adoration knelt,
 Till all grew worship—from the heart of things
 Material to the conscious soul of man!—
 'Twas then, sepulchral, hollow, deep, and loud,
 The bell of midnight on the stillness burst,
 And made the air one atmosphere of awe!—

Sublime of hours!—I thought on all the grave
 Had buried since the infant year began:
 What dreams, what agonies, untold,
 Dead as the hearts whose depth they once turmoil'd
 Lay motionless and mute!—of pomp in dust,
 Of wither'd pride, of wealth from glory hurl'd,
 Of lull'd ambition and appeas'd despair,—
 Of each I dreamt; and then, in sad array,
 Pale visions of the Kings of thought arose!

The wise, the wondrous, the adored, whose death
 Enrich'd eternity with added mind,
 Sleep with the Patriarch's now!

Monarchs of time, and ministers of thought!
 Felt in the frame of intellectual life,
 As rolls the blood-tide through our breathing form,—
 Where is the palace of your spirits now?
 In what immensity are ye array'd
 Imperishably pure? Was Sabbath earth
 In beauty but an archetype of heaven?
 Your dreams, your towering aspirations high,
 The far-off shadows of each truth divine,
 Are all absorb'd in beatific light,
 And this world, like a rain-drop in the deep
 Of time,—for ever from the soul dissolved?—
 Our craving passion for the unreveal'd,
 Fain would it know to what vast height removed,
 To what perfection of sublimest powers
 Ye are ascended:—but the dazzled wish
 Is driven earthward, and cold Nature cries,
 In tones as thrilling as the touch of death,—
 "Back to thy clay, Mortality! and bend,
 Like faith, before the infinite Unknown!"

(ORIGINAL.)

TO LAURA.

Fare-thee-well, and forever! the day dream is ended,
 'Twas blissful—'twas bright, but 'tis o'er,
 And the hope which with fear in my bosom was
 blended,

Can cheer me to gladness no more.

Oh! 'tis maddening to think on the deep draught
 of pleasure,

I have drank, unbeked, from thine eye,
 And to feel that the heart's loved and holiest trea-
 sure,

Is fleetest to wither and die.

I do not upbraid thee—but surely thus wiling
 The heart into hope was unkind,
 And to rob it of peace, with a brow ever smiling
 Leaves madness and sorrow behind.

Yet, lady, though vain were the wish to forget thee,
 No sigh shall my weakness reveal—
 And 'twere folly, though ne'er can I cease to regret
 thee,

To tell all the anguish I feel.

Farewell! but when lovers before thee are kneeling,
 Oh! smile not on hopes that are vain,
 For smiles such as thine must awaken a feeling
 That never can slumber again.

Yet think not on me—though unloved and forsaken—
 The world is a desert to me,
 I would not that grief such as mine should awaken
 One moment of sorrow to thee.