

FROM TYCHO'S SUNLIT HEIGHT.

Behold I stand on Tycho's sunlit height,
A lonely spectre in a world of death,
For all is silent, and the vacancies
About are painted with the dismal shades
Of Hell. All is silent, silent. Woeful clime,
Where charms of solitude are lost, where strife
Is bliss, though never to be blessed. Fain would
The fiends of Hades turn and seek, in woe,
Their lethal caves of fire; fain would mortal
sleep

In everlasting rest, than dwell in such
Domain of awful halcyon gloom. But now
Inured to sights of dim obscurity,
I cast my wandering sight above, where space
Is black as night and chaos rules supreme
In sempiternal depth; there to behold,
Midst countless wandering orbs, the mother of
This sphere in splendor wrapt, in glory crowned,