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It was eve; the sunset, lovely and serene,
Bathed all the fair cloud-islands of the west,
With such pure golden light, they well might seem
The radiant gardens of the bright and best.

I stood alone upon that silent shore,
The wide Atlantic lay at rest before me;
But rest my troubled spirit knew no more,
Amidst the packing fears and doubts that tore me.

The waves' soft murmur seemed to whisper "peace,"
Yet turned the sound to dirges in mine ear;
My whole soul panted for a swift release
From dread suspense - worst of all ills we fear.

The missive came; I read, and knew that Fate
Had bid me give sweet Hope a long farewell;
I would not if I could - the rest relate;
The anguish of that hour what words could tell.