

## Grief Wrecked.

"My wreck of life and all my woes,  
And all my ills that day arose."

Gen. Buchanan.

Hot tears are coursing down my cheeks,  
And yet I scarcely know,  
What 'tis that brings the blistering drops  
And causes all my woe.

They say that I am weak and crazed,  
I am not, yet it seems,  
As if my heart were sorely vexed,  
By haunting shapes, - in dreams.

And oft I hear a whistle shrill,  
A locomotive's shriek;  
Would frighten any heart, I ween,  
By Love and Hope made weak.

Just so it screamed that morn, when he,  
My idol, left my side,  
Oh God! how sweet, within his arms,  
That moment to have died!

Have died — and 'scaped the haunting fiends,  
Who since have mocked my grief,  
And mocking jeers, which greet my ears,  
When I have asked relief.

The whistle shrieked, — and through my heart  
There sped an icy chill, —  
And I believe the freezing bolt,  
Is in my bosom still!

And oh! he was a noble form,  
In soldier's proud array;  
And gay he looked, as if he went,  
To grace some festive day.

And proud was I, his new-made bride,  
— How proud, I may not tell,  
Until I heard that fatal train,  
The whistle and the bell!

One fond embrace, one parting kiss,  
My head a moment prest,  
Upon that bosom, where, alas,  
It never more may rest!

And yet upon my lips, I feel  
That parting, burning kiss;  
Oh! Time hath not one moment more,  
So full of love and bliss!

Again, I heard that whistle shrill;  
They told me he had come,  
To clasp me to his breast, again,  
To glad our new-made home.

In swept the rushing, crowded train.  
I gazed, till hope had fled,  
And then, they brought him back to me,  
My idol husband — dead!