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CHARLIE.  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

——"A mortal shape endued  
With love and life and light and deity,  
And motion that may change but cannot die;  
An image of some bright Eternity;  
A shadow of some golden dream."

SHELLEY.+

I know the angels have blue eyes—  
Or I'd not love them as I do—  
Ay, by the azure of their skies  
And by my dreams, their eyes are blue;  
And sure the lips and brows of Heaven,  
Charlie, are molded like thine own,  
And to its voices there is given  
The melting music of *thy* tone.  
And so the angels are like thee—  
Or thus they ever seem to me.

If this light verse should meet thine eye,  
Do not mistake its meaning, boy.  
'Tis true that, as in hours gone by,  
Thou art a loveliness and joy;  
And thou wert more than this, I know—  
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago!

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Sometimes adown the twilight Past,  
'Mid mists and shadows hushed and dim,  
I see thee, as I saw thee last,  
Listing the autumn-wind's wild hymn,  
As though thy pensive spirit heard  
Prophetic voices in its sighing,  
And gazing where one lonesome bird  
Far through the cold, gray clouds was flying.

How blue and fathomless thine eyes  
Watched that air-wand'rer's silent flight—  
As if thy soul, like it, would rise

And lose itself away in light!  
Though without wave or curl, thy hair  
    Fell golden, carelessly and low;  
The gentlest grace was in thine air;  
    Thy brow was blue-veined and like snow  
And sweetest dimples nestled in  
The pure, pale cheek and rounded chin.  
In sooth, thou wert the brightest one  
Mine eyes had ever looked upon—  
And thus I will remember thee,  
Thou *vision-like* Reality!

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In that old wood where oft I've seen  
    Thee, in thy hunter-costume, rove,  
And gazed upon thee till I ween  
    My *admiration* seemed like love;  
In that old wood, upon *that* tree  
    Thy name I've written o'er and o'er—  
But there, since then, ah me—ah me!  
    I might have written—*many more!*

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If e'er I loved thee it was well—  
    But then I do not love thee now;  
Thy *beauty* haunts me like a spell,  
    But only as a dream art *thou*.  
A dream, a loveliness, a joy,  
Thou art, and will be, brightest boy.  
And thou wert more than this, I know—  
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago!

+Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Epipsychidion: verses addressed to the noble and unfortunate lady, Emilia* (London, 1821)