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SOMETHING YET.  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

They call me beautiful, and fame  
Forever echoes on my name,  
    And crowds before me bow  
Yes, I have loveliness and grace,  
Where years as yet have left no trace,  
    And laurels bind my brow.

Like an enchanted palace, raised  
By poet-dreams, when fancy blazed  
    With burning glory, seems  
My home! That place of all most blest—  
That ark of refuge and of rest,  
    That sleeps in golden gleams.

Its graceful marble-spires float high,  
As if to kiss the smiling sky;  
    And in its dreamy halls,  
'Mid all things bright, I pass the hours,  
While far in starlight groves and flowers  
    Sweet music swells and falls.

And he—no form of marble mold,  
Whose classic charms, all fair and cold,  
    Stand sadly in the real,  
Where dreamy poets sigh to view,  
Silent and calm and *soulless* too,  
    Their idolized ideal—

These, these are scarce more bright than he  
Whose heart and genius shrine for me  
    A heaven of love and light!  
And infant angels in my dreams  
Are not more beautiful than seems  
    My smiling child to-night.

Fame, riches, beauty—ay, and *love*—  
By woman prized all else above,  
    Are mine—but one regret,  
Faint, strange, and shadowy, haunts my brain,  
And grasps afar—in vain, in vain—  
    Ah, there's a something yet!