

A BRIDE TO HER SCHOOL-MATE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am dreaming, Lulie, of those sweet days
When I sought, with my girlish rhymes, to praise
The *darling dimples* that nestled in
Young Charley Hamilton's cheek and chin!

In the twilight here I was bending o'er
Some faint-marked lines in the verse of *Moore*,
When a faded rose that I knew too well
And a golden curl from the bright page fell!

Ah, I understood that angel then,
('Twas long ago—you remember when?)
Who found in an earthly eye of blue
A dearer Heaven than the one he knew

Beyond the stars! For, in *Charley's* eyes,
The azure light of the summer skies
Was mirrored—more lovely there, I deemed,
Than when its beauty above me beamed. * *

Have you forgotten one triumph-night,
One scene of music and flowers and light;
And—a stately stranger with martial air,
Who lingered with me by a fountain there?

Alas, (I regret my delusion now!)
But when I had looked upon his dark brow,
Long kissed by the burning suns that glow
Where the perfumed winds of the tropics blow—

His heavy hair in its gloomy sweep,
And his eyes' dusk splendor strange and deep,
Whence the Southern fire with its restless flash,
Was almost scorching the trembling lash!

Yes, when I thought of *his* beauty's glare—
Why—Charley Hamilton seemed *too fair*—
With his short, red lip, and his sunny curls,
And dimples and blue eyes—like a girl's.

"He's a pretty boy!" I said, and smiled;
And he pleased me much—when I was a child;
With his baby-lisp and his blue-veined brow—
But I look for something that's *manly* now!

I was thinking the while of Colonel Clyde!
(For his was a form and an air of pride.)
"He is haughty as Lucifer!" I said;
"But as splendid too!"—and you shook your head!

* * * * *

Charley is—married! And one who seems
Unlike the form that haunted his dreams
When a poet-boy, is claiming his hand—
But his home is princely, his name is grand!

We met last night in a smiling throng—
Another had asked for a sweet, sad song,
That he used to sing for me alone—
I fancied a trembling was in his tone.

He's little changed—yet the years that are fled
Have darkened the gold of his early head;
And his eye looks misty, as tears slept there,
And his brow has the *faintest* marks of care.

* * * * *

If I'm a deceived and unhappy bride,
It is not the fault of Walter Clyde;
Though I start at Charley Hamilton's name,
Had I wedded him—I *had been the same!*

For as now I'm regretting *him*, I then
Had regretted *Clyde!* Ah, a trifle, when
It is *lost*, will oft take a charm divine—
And *possession* dims the diamond's shine.