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TO "A THING OF BEAUTY."+  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Sweet boy, I'll rave not of thy lip or brow,  
Or darkly-clustered hair, or flashing eye;  
But I had dreamed not there was aught like thou,  
This side the lovelinesses of the sky!

Nay, in my visions of the blest afar,  
The wingéd glories nearest to the Throne,  
The glittering guardians of sun and star—  
I've seen few faces fairer than thine own.

I do rejoice that I have looked on thee;  
Life will seem brighter now, for thou wert given,  
In thy young splendor thus, to prove to me  
That earth, however dimly, mirrors Heaven.

Oh, if in those poetic climes away,  
The shadow of a shadow, Venus dwells,  
And loves, unseen of mortal eyes, to stray  
Where Southern blossoms hang their radiant bells;

And if beneath those warm and glowing skies,  
In memory of her God of Beauty gone,  
She haunts the wind-flower, in whose perfumed sighs,  
'Tis said she hears the music of his tone—

Yes, if she lingers 'mid those storied groves,  
And ruined temples of religions fled,  
And moans her sorrow for her vanished loves  
To winds and waves, and ghosts of Ages dead—

I would that she could look on thee to-night,  
For well I know it would not be in vain;  
Her cheek would bloom anew, her smile grow bright,  
And she would say: *Adonis lives again!*

+ John Keats, "Endymion," 1818.