

*The New York Ledger*  
XIV:20:5 July 24, 1858

A TWILIGHT GALE.  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Sweet Lily Bell, come near me now;  
The perfumed era of the flowers  
Is haunted with my early love.  
And so from yonder lonely bowers,  
The spirit of my youth glides forth  
All wreathed with *myrtle*, scattering round  
White roses and young passion-blooms,  
And singing songs of sighing sound.  
Now, while the baby-birds are dreaming  
With veils of moonlight o'er them gleaming,  
Mid lullabies of angel seeming,  
I'll tell thee an old story.

"Sweet Lily Bell, there was a time  
In the dim years of long ago  
When, looking through my lattice vines,  
O'er yon dusk hills where violets blow,  
I saw a stranger young and fair—  
So fair—so like some shape of light—  
In hunter's garb, who came and craved  
A shelter from the stormy night.  
He lingered long—and I, forgetting  
Even my God, when suns were setting  
Would gaze on him without regretting  
My blind and daring worship.

"Sweet Lily Bell, he left me lone—  
He left me—but who could forget?  
Who was he like? I'll tell thee now;  
Come closer, darling, closer yet—  
*Thy baby brother Charlie* wears  
The beauty of my early love—  
The lip, the brow, the same blue eyes—  
For this, his cradled smiles above,  
Thou'st seen my frenzied tears come gushing,  
While thy young mother's voice was hushing  
Her child amid the eve's last blushing,  
Beneath thy father's glances.

"Sweet Lily Bell, what was his fate?

He wedded a fair bride, who smiled  
To hear this story from his lip."

"And she"—"*She is thy mother!* child.

And he, the man whose name I bear,

Was *her* first—idol! this is strange—

Yet, such is life! Now, Lily Bell,

My simple story's done—go range

Among the purple shadows lying

In yon green grove where winds are sighing,

And hear the wild-wood music dying—

I cannot meet thy gazes."