

SKETCHES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

INES.

I stood before them ! she lay on his bosom
 Like some poor bird in misery's very lap—
 Too blest ! her arms entwined around his
 Neck in all the confidence of love, while her
 Upturned eyes gave the full deep sense of
 Safety in their glance—but he whose arm
 Sustained her, well I knew him ; the beauty on
 Those brows, tho' his young face was changed, r
 Still bore the kingly stamp and lofty mien of
 His lost sire, the earth had given back its
 Dead, and ALBERT'S form in all its youthful brightness
 Revived one link in memory's chain, of the lost—
 The lov'd. Why did I come to dive into the heart's
 Deep mystery ? to uproot earth's deep and purest affections,
 To tear, alas ! from the oak, the vine which God had
 Planted, to save yet sacrifice the innocent. 'Tho' guilty, yes !
 For all was I the instrument prepared
 To avert the curse unhallowed love must bring.
 " Oh ! in this rush of visions I became as one
 " Intense in consciousness of sound, yet buried
 " In a wildering dream, which brings lov'd
 " Faces round me girt with horrid things." But to
 Be brief. They were the children of my bosom's
 Friend, but death had parted them, carnage too
 Had done its work of bloody horrors, and in their
 Separation, *Ines* knew no brother—her youth
 Was passed 'mid sunny days, beneath the eye of
 Pity and compassion, time waned, and as the
 Blossom expanded to the sun, she became all that
 Man could wish for in woman's form, lovely
 Aye ! too lovely even for his gaze. But my heart quivers
 As I tell it. Accident had brought them, then
 Together ; they met—as strangers did they meet.
 And love did spread its meshes there ; why are the pure
 And bright to be thus tossed upon a troubled sea ?
 But I came to smite them with my words
 Which like a curse fell, while my perturbed heart