

hausted her remaining strength, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

For my own part, leaving her to the care of a neighbour, and blubbering like a whipped school-boy, I betook myself to flight; then, entering a *café*, I wrote a letter, which I carried myself to its address. It contained my resignation.—(*Livre des cent-et-un*.)

SKETCHES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

—That very morn from a fair land I come

Yet round me clung the spirit of my own.—HEMANS.

It was evening—the bright summer sun was slowly fading in the west, while the last rays of his departing splendour, reflected in softened radiance around, the lake was waveless, the black buoys of the fishing nets floated on the waters, and seemed stains upon its bosom, like those made on the snow white lilly by the careless insect. The village church was peering above the willow and the cypress—I could but gaze as that moment, threw a sudden freshness back on banished hours; nor could I afford one thought to external objects, from the world within my bosom, I had been a wanderer, a searcher after happiness and vain dreams, and now like the prodigal son was retracing my way, from a far country, to the home of my childhood, the bosom of my family. I had always an inward veneration for the “houses of God” and a wish to view their site and structure, and with melancholy feeling I slowly bent my way along the shore towards the village church, its wall of the rough mountain granite and its thatched roof had an air of simplicity, I had often looked for in vain among the stately edifices of rich and more populous cities; the burial ground encircled with a wooden fence, and a few head-stones of marble or painted wood, on which some were inscribed a simple motto, or recorded the name or age of the tenant beneath; in one corner I marked a small rising mound, no stone was there, but in the centre grew a rose bush, on which only one bud expanded its deep but delicate flower. I approached and gazed awhile with the deepest feeling of melancholy, for youth was buried there—thought after thought came rushing on, of severed affection—pure yet hopeless love—and ruined frame—and I lingered till twilight’s dusky mantle, warned me of approaching night, and all nature seemed to take the same dark hue of my own feeling—slowly I retraced my way towards the village Inn, and found my hostess, like most of her craft conversant with all the gossip for miles around, I took an early opportunity of enquiring the history of