

partment won, first on the old lady, and then on the father, till their scruples vanished, and, indeed, they wondered they could ever have entertained any against so estimable a young man and an officer. He was thus speedily received as the lover of Rosalie, and about the time of my visit was installed in all the privileges of a *bon ami*. He was equally accomplished with herself; spoke German fluently, Italian passably well, and was an excellent performer on the flute and the guitar; so that he was a fit companion for his charming intended, and was able to assist in those refined and elegant recreations, in which she also excelled.

Things were in this state when I visited S——, and the union of Henri and Rosalie, though not positively fixed, was regarded as an event by no means distant. Every one was interested for the young and handsome couple, and wished for their espousal. Rosalie's friends longed for the day when she was to wed the young and handsome Henri; and Henri's comrades were perpetually urging him to cement his union with the lovely Rosalie.

We left the place with every kind wish for the young betrothed pair. I have not since revisited S——, but by letters from my friend, I have been informed, that this commencement of their loves had a sad and melancholy sequel.

After our departure, it seems, the lovers continued equally attached; arrangements were making for their union, and it was intended that Henri should leave the army previous to their marriage. But just at this juncture, and as he was about to leave his corps, rumours of war were circulated, the enterprise against Spain was projected, and the royal guard was one of the first corps ordered for service. Henri, with the natural enthusiasm of a soldier, felt all his former ardour revive; and longed to mingle in the ranks of glory, ere he left them for ever.

He, doubtless, felt severely the separation from Rosalie; yet his feelings were described to me as being of a joyous character, and as if evincing that he felt happy that the opportunity of joining his brethren in arms, and of signalizing himself perhaps for the last time, had presented itself previous to his marriage and his quitting the service.

The enterprise against Spain, he considered as the French army commonly did, to be a mere excursion of pleasure, which, while it led them into a country which many of them had never visited before, would also afford them the occasion of gathering laurels which might serve to redeem somewhat of their lost glory. He therefore looked forward to the expedition, on the whole, with feelings of ardour and delight, and even longed for its approach. Not so Rosalie! She looked on war and bloodshed with the natural apprehensions of her sex; and saw in the projected expedition, and in its prospects of glory, only danger and death to her lover! Her spirits received a severe shock when the intelligence was first communicated—she gradually lost her cheerfulness and spirits; the song, the dance, had no longer charm or interest for her, and she could only contemplate the approaching separation with sorrow and dismay.

Henri perceived her depression, and endeavoured to combat and remove her fears by arguments fond, but unavailing. It was only, he would urge, a jaunt of pleasure; it would admit his speedy return, when he would come to lay his services at her feet, and claim the hand which was already promised to his hopes; and surely, then, Rosalie could not regret his obeying the call of duty and of honour; or like her lover the worse, when crowned with victory in the cause of his country. To these and similar assurances, Rosalie could only reply with the mute eloquence of tears; and nothing could divest her of the appre-