

the French delight to embellish life.

We were favoured with a specimen of her talents in this way, on the evening of our arrival. It was the fete day of madame, the mother of Louise, and we were invited to be present. After some time passed in taking refreshments, varied by dancing, conversation, &c., the little ceremony of the evening commenced; the door opened, and a small but gay procession entered the room. It consisted of several young persons, all friends of the family, headed by Louise, who was charmingly dressed, and looked altogether most lovely. She bore her guitar across her bosom, and the instrument was encircled with a wreath of flowers. Each individual carried some little offering, such as bottles of wine and liqueurs, conserves and sweetmeats, flowers and fruit, &c. &c.; and these were placed on the table, the whole group forming a circle round Rosalie, who advanced to her mother, and sang to the guitar the well-known verses consecrated to such occasions.

Madame c'est aujourd'hui votre fete,  
C'est aussi celle de nos cœurs ;  
A vous chanter chacun s'apprete !  
Et veut vous couronner de fleurs !

The lovely girl then loosed the garland from the lyre, placed it with light hand on the brow of her mother, and sank into a graceful bending attitude to receive her parent's blessing. She was instantly raised, fondly embraced by both her admiring parents, and with a repetition of the song, the whole party left the room. The scene is long past, but I have often recalled it since; and in many an hour of fancy and of thought, have again beheld that fair girl kneeling to her mother, again beheld her clasped to that mother's heart. Nor was the above the only instance of her skill, every day presented some fresh instance of her feeling and of taste.

A *plaisanterie* which proved very successful, was arranged as follows:—We were sitting one evening up stairs, when we were attracted by

the performance of three musicians, who were singing in the *cour*. The party consisted of two young men, and a female, who wore a veil; they accompanied their songs by playing on the guitar; their performance was evidently of a superior character; the music and the words were Italian, and the voice of the female performer was eminently sweet and touching. After listening some time with great delight—

“Go,” said I to one of the party, “find Rosalie, and tell her to come and listen to a better singer than herself, who will give her a *leçon de chant*.”

This was said in the hearing of the foreign songstress, for whom it was intended as a compliment, while, at the same time, some silver was thrown upon the ground. But what was our surprise, when the lovely girl threw aside her veil, exclaiming—

“He! bien messieurs et dames! sous ne connaissez donc plus votre pauvre Rosalie!”

Such was one of many pleasantries by which we were diverted and amused. Idle fancies these indeed, and such as sterner judgments may deem trifling or absurd, yet not uninteresting, since many of them evidently afford vestiges of classic times and manners, transmitted through the course of ages; nor unuseful, since they tend to smooth and adorn the rugged way of life, and to strew its flinty path with flowers.

With the charms and accomplishments which I have described, (and the sketch can convey but a faint idea of those which she actually possessed,) it cannot be supposed that Rosalie was destitute of admirers. She had, indeed, had several, but their suits were all unsuccessful. She had been addressed in turn by the *medecin* of the place—by the son of the President of the Tribunal du Commerce—and by a nephew to a Monsieur de V——, the seigneur who resided at a neighbouring chateau. But they were all, more or less, improper characters; the *me-*