

plain to the utmost verge of gentility; his figure was such as generally passes unobserved; yet the melancholy Frenchman had often been a subject of mirth to Adelaide and her gay companions.

She observed that at times he looked very handsome and animated; this she found was when he was engaged with herself, and seldom was it, though in the land of equality, that any deigned to address the "poor schoolmaster." It was evident that he loved her, and Adelaide while she wondered at his presumption, felt more surprised at the similar feeling which existed in her own bosom. Her pride enabled her to overcome her passion. She would have dismissed De Valmont, but that would have been to acknowledge herself under the control of a passion, which made her cheek burn in secret—so contemptible did De Valmont appear in the eyes of the proud lady, whose better feelings were all shaded by the dazzling dreams of wordly grandeur, which revelled in her mind. Wealth she had in abundance, but her republican brow ached for a coronet. On Adelaide's seventeenth birth-day, she was introduced to the president. Her reception was all the deepest vanity could expect;—all admired her extreme loveliness, and the president remarked her extraordinary resemblance to the beautiful Maria Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France. Ah! sighed Adelaide, if I only had her rank, I would dispense with her beauty.

A ball was to be given in the evening, and Adelaide retained the splendid costume she had worn in the morning; a robe of the richest velvet fully displayed the majestic beauty of her form;—glittering diamonds flashed on her snowy neck and arms; and her dress was fastened with clasps of the same precious stone; a tiara of radiant gems blazed like stars on her head, and passing grand she looked. Never before had the contrast been so great between Adelaide and De Valmont. She, all radiant in smiles, and magnificent in attire; and he in mean apparel, and struggling with feelings too deep for

concealment. The usual calm melancholy of his manner, was changed to a restless agitation; his pale forehead was one instant white and fixed as monumental marble, the next crimsoned with emotion; that day Adelaide heard his tale of love, and how did she hear it? Haughtily she commanded him to be silent, and with a contemptuous smile on her proud lip, left the room;—but had she looked again at the kneeling suppliant, she would have seen him stand with folded arms and a mien as lofty as her own. She sent a servant with the amount of his salary, but it was returned untouched; he was gone never to return. Next day Adelaide stood where she had left De Valmont. The glow of pleasure called forth by the admiration of her beauty, yet lingered on her cheek; in the gay whirl of the last evening's revelry, De Valmont and his ill-fated passion was forgotten, or if remembered, it was only in a scornful smile, passing over that fair face. A ring of De Valmont's lay on the carpet, which Adelaide had often seen him wear, and it was remarkable as being the only article of jewelry he had been seen with; it was a plain band of pearl, with an amethyst, on which was engraved three "*fleur de lis*," of exquisite workmanship; in his agitation he must have lost it from his finger. Adelaide wished to return it the first opportunity, but it was long before that opportunity occurred; that the simple ring might not be forgotten in the rich caskets of the heiress, it occupied a conspicuous place on her jewelled fingers. Perhaps a thrill of sorrow wrung her heart, for woman's feelings must indeed be changed ere she can learn to think with scorn, on one, however humble, who deeply loves her; and Adelaide knew De Valmont's love to be fond and fervent as aught that bore the passion's name.—A few months after at a sale of Byonterie, which was a fashionable lounge for the ladies of Washington, Adelaide wished to purchase an elegant rose wood writing desk; she was informed it was already sold, and had only been left to have the owners name engraved