

For The Amaranth.

ADELAIDE BELMORE.—A Tale.

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THE cloudless lustre of American sunlight, was pouring a flood of beaming effulgence over the splendid mansion and fairy precincts of Belmore House, and increasing by its glorious beauty the elegant magnificence of the scene.—Every thing that fancy could invent, or wealth procure, was assembled here to charm the eye. Statues of breathing marble from the sunny shores of Italy, stood in groups of beauty, amidst thickets of clustering roses—delicate flowers, unknown in Europe, here flourished in rich luxuriance, fountains of sparkling water as they caught the sunbeams, flashed in dazzling radiance, while clumps of ancient cedar and oak trees relieved the sight by their sombre stateliness. A broad and glassy lake spread its clear waters, and reflected as in a mirror, the loveliness around it; on its margin stood a Grecian temple of the purest white marble, its polished columns wreathed with the dark leaves and white flowers of the “starry jessamine.” The floor of the temple was of same material with its columns. In the centre stood a magnificent aloe, with its stranger flowers in full bloom; low couches, covered with pale green satin, were ranged between the pillars. Curtains of rose-coloured silk, fringed with silver, hung in graceful festoons, and threw a mild and soft light around. Alabaster vases, filled with rosebuds and flowers, yet shining with dew, breathed balmy fragrance. On one of the couches, sat a lady of extreme beauty. Her high and open brow, shewed intellect and genius, yet pride was the reigning expression of the lady’s features—it shone forth in her clear bright eye, and played round her beautiful mouth. The lady’s dress was white, of the most delicate texture, and exquisite form. A band of costly pearls encircled her neck, and a brooch of burning rubies, flashed amid the snowy folds of her robe. A single white rose gemmed her dark hair, which was

simply parted on her queenlike forehead—the lady was Adelaide Belmore, the only child and heiress of the rich owner of Belmore house. Her mother died while she was an infant; she was thus placed early at the head of her father’s splendid establishment, when she received that adulation and flattery, which encouraged the only failing of her nature, for Adelaide was really an amiable and intelligent girl. Many a suitor sighed for her fair hand, but as yet her heart remained untouched.—An undefined hope, and certainly a strange one, for an American girl to entertain, flitted before her mind, that her lover must be a nobleman, while probably she had never been in company with one in her life,—but she was only seventeen, and romance was part of her nature. Adelaide generally spent her summer mornings in the Temple on the lake. Here were her harp and drawing materials, and here she took lessons from a French emigrant, who attended to teach her languages. This morning she waited his coming, and a trace of care was visible on her face, a feeling which till now, had been a stranger, arose in the heart of Adelaide. And who occasioned that feeling? who was the object of the proud beauty’s love? Alas! no other than the humble teacher—for a moment the bright vision of a first love lived in her fancy. Pride then came to her assistance, and the dream faded—she was angry with herself; and these thoughts were still in her mind, when a shadow fell on the marble floor. She raised her head to behold the dark figure of De Valmont. His eyes were fixed on her with a gaze of such ardent admiration as made her blush. De Valmont’s eyes were immediately withdrawn, the colour mounted to his very temples. Adelaide replied to his respectful salutation by a distant bow; while she coldly said, “you are late this morning, Monsieur; let us begin our studies immediately, as I have other engagements to attend.”

De Valmont’s appearance contrasted strangely with the gay elegance of his pupil and her abode. His dress was