

on it. She looked at the silver plate which bore the inscription "Earl Percy Montague." Adelaide admired then the name and the title, and still more so when the handsomest man she had ever seen came forward and delivered the writing desk to a servant who attended him.— If there be such a thing as sympathy of souls and love at first sight, the feeling was realised in the case of Adelaide, and "Earl Percy Montague" occupied her whole thoughts. In the evening she met him at a brilliant ball; and the elegant stranger was introduced simply as Mr. Montague; Adelaide was surprised, but she knew that English noblemen frequently dropped their title when travelling among strangers. His company was so agreeable to Adelaide's father as well as herself; that he was invited at an early day to visit Belmore House, when he soon became a frequent visiter, and soon proposed himself in marriage to its lovely mistress, and was accepted. 'Tis strange, thought Adelaide on her bridal eve, that he does not declare his rank, but he doubtless wishes me to love him for himself alone, and means to surprise me, when he hails me as his Countess. The splendid wedding passed, and Adelaide received all the admiration due to so young and lovely a bride.

A short time after, her father died, and to divert her grief her husband proposed a visit to England; and they embarked from New-York in a packet bound for Havre de Grasse, as there were none direct to England. They travelled for a time in the sunny lands of France and in Paris; Adelaide beheld all her dreams of the grandeur of rank realised in the gorgeous state of the nobility; but it was only at an humble distance she could behold them, and she anxiously longed for the time when she should be able to take her place among the proudest of them; this made her hasten their departure for England. While her husband was absent making preparations for their departure, she indulged in the day-dream of future greatness. Nothing in her acquaintance with Montague had ever occurred to make

her entertain such fancies, save once having seen the word "Earl" before his name. On passing a jeweller's shop one day, Adelaide's attention was attracted by an elegant ornament in the window. She entered to examine it nearer; it was the coronet of an English Countess. Adelaide's heart leaped to her mouth, the very thing she should want, and it was so beautiful she determined to purchase it. The jeweller had made it on order to be sent to England, but as Adelaide seemed anxious for it, he let her have it at an enormous price; it was sent home, and Adelaide not having sufficient money in her own possession to pay for it, recollected a parcel which a stranger had left the day before, as a sum which he had been entrusted with from England for her husband; this she opened and found it contained a large number of bank notes, and gold and silver pieces.— With these she paid the jeweller, and had just placed the coronet on her head when Montague entered the room.— Adelaide was rejoiced at his return and when his affectionate greetings were over, she asked him with an arch smile how he liked her head-dress. 'Tis a beautiful toy, said he; but you know Adelaide you can never wear it in public. "Never!" said Adelaide, and the bright colour faded on her cheek.— "No! my love," returned Montague, "for I hope my Adelaide will never be an English Countess," and he pressed her fondly to his bosom. "Are you not then an Earl?" whispered Adelaide, as she laid her head on his shoulders.— "I am an Earl, Adelaide, but not by rank, as you imagine"—and he related to her the history of his early life,—a subject on which he had hitherto been silent, and that silence had increased the deception under which Adelaide laboured. Earl Percy Montague, was no other than the son of an English tinker, who pursued his noisy avocation, while his spouse amused the ears of the King's subjects, by singing ballads.— Among her motly collection of songs, the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" chanced to be a particular favorite. The