

shared attachment ye were wont to enjoy.—Four pages are yet capable of administering happiness—of imparting knowledge; but your seasons will be shorter, and your hours of separation more enduring. In the spring-time of youth, ye should scatter of your abundance, but through manhood and old age your influence may be felt.

After a short stay in New York, Morris once more bade adieu to his friend. The parting was a sorrowful one to the latter. There was a community of feeling between them now, which more than ever, made his presence desirable; and the hope that beamed on the joyous face of Morris, as he sped away on the wings of love, sent a chill to his own heart that nearly arrested its vitality.

## CHAPTER II.

MORRIS HOME stood by himself in a crowded assembly room. Soft strains of music floated around him—fairy forms swept past him solitary; but he heeded not the voluptuous fanning his temples as it escaped from the whirl of the moving throng. The light laugh and the loving look were alike unheeded; for his gaze had passed over the gay assemblage, and had not met the one it sought. As he stood rapt up in his own reflections, a sigh escaped from some one near him; turning round, his eye rested on the form of Louise Moreau; she was unconscious that any one stood near enough to notice the sound that, like the breath of the æolian harp, thrills through the heart that is disposed to echo back slow whisperings. The sigh was repeated, and the heart of Morris leaped at the thought that he had done her an injustice, by permitting the conviction that she, who thus gave expression to her feelings, was a trifler with the emotions of others, and he felt impelled by the sympathetic agency, to sooth her troubled spirit. Avaunt presumptuous meddler! Unkindest thou by thy unwelcome presence, to me the tide of grief that swells within the bosom of that fair one! Ah! why sits she lone, and apparently unheeded in that gay assemblage?—Why does the eye peer on vacancy, when so many objects invite its soft glances? Why does the cheek blanch, while the voice of merriment invites the soul to cheerfulness? Answer, Morris Home, for thou canst judge from thine own feelings. Answer, ye who own to emotions whose existence ye are blushed to acknowledge.

"Nevers, by all that's most welcome!" cried Morris, on turning round to witness the entrance

of a new arrival at the ball-room door.—"What lucky chance? what unheard of convulsion of the world's surface has thrown you among us?" he repeated in a loud key, to the horror and alarm of some fifty nervous young ladies, who took occasion to grasp their partners' arms, and to hang on them for protection. George made his way as speedily as possible to a vacant spot pointed out by his friend, and for which he also was aiming.—This was a task that required time; for he who would move through a ball-room while it is crowded with dancers, must execute as many skillful manœuvres to avoid collision and overthrow, as a chess-player who has the worst of the game: and the difficulty was no less in the present case, albeit the fair ones had been alarmed; for many a proud beauty seemed to take delight in obstructing, by standing purposely in his way.

"Why, Morris," said Nevers, after the excitement caused by his entrance, had subsided. "Do you see that piece of wax paper—how it flies up in ecstasy, at its own ærial lightness; then twirls round and round, and darts to its mother earth, as if with a sullen purpose of cleaving to her forever—again, with a sudden freak, it rises higher and higher, and see!—it rests on that lady's shoulder. In that you have a good illustration of the state of my mind since I saw you last. In a fit of desperation I have cut my studies, set philosophy at defiance, and despite of sundry misgivings, am now on the high road to—heaven knows where! 'Twould puzzle a triumvirate of Greek philosophers, with a fair sprinkling of Philadelphia lawyers, to guess at my whereabouts a month from this."

"You will recollect I told you in York, that you were an enigma. Upon my word, George, I half begin to suspect you, now, of an aberration of intellect. But come, we're losing much that's worth seeing. This is the most splendid affair of the season; and there are so many little incidents connected with the parties present, that you might work up a tolerable romance from them. Do you see that lady?—Ah! the set is finished, and we can scarcely hear ourselves speak. Here, take my arm for a promenade. That lady—I was about to tell you, is but lately married. Tom Scott,—you knew Tom at Harvard,—heavens! that look; how she loves him. She came near losing him through—but hang it, man, you're not listening!"

"Yes, yes! go on, I was just looking——, but go on, let's hear how it was."