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## THE IRISH STUDENT.\*

BY S.

### CHAPTER XIX.

—  
She never told her love;  
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek:—she pined in thought.

SHAKESPEARE.

—  
In a few weeks, Mrs. Douglas and Ellen became inmates of Woodbine Villa, as Madame De la Rue had appropriately named the rural cottage to which she had retired. Although in the neighborhood of a large city, the house was situated in a quiet, peaceful spot, retired from the road, and almost hid by surrounding trees.

Her mind, now relieved from that load which poverty had so long imposed upon it, and dreading no longer a life of penury for her daughter, should she be taken from her, Mrs. Douglas soon began to experience returning health. The time of their hostess was so much occupied in literary pursuits, that Mrs. Douglas and Ellen were left greatly to themselves, and might be seen together, wandering through the pleasant grounds, or seated, reading or working, upon a rustic chair, which stood before the house, under the shade of a stately tree.

This change for the better in their circumstances, and exemption from that constant labor which exhausts the mind as well as the body; even their removal to their cheerful residence, was far from being attended with those beneficial effects upon Ellen which Mrs. Douglas had so confidently hoped and Madame De la Rue had predicted. The mother saw with alarm, that she

became much thinner, and her cheek even more pale, than, when immured in the centre of a crowded city, she had toiled from morning till night. At times she appeared also to be laboring under the deepest dejection, as if some withering sorrow, which she strove to conceal, preyed upon her mind.

Mrs. Douglas tried in vain to ascertain the cause of the melancholy alteration in Ellen, who, but a few months ago, when surrounded by care and distress, was a creature full of life and happiness—merry and careless as the uncaged bird.

It was not surprising that Mrs. Douglas had observed the depression of Ellen; for she had really become another creature,—one in whom the happy, joyous being, could not be recognized, who had hitherto gladdened her mother's widowed heart.

Her mind, not occupied as formerly by those occupations to which necessity had compelled her to devote her undivided attention, was left a prey to that grief which now haunted her more strongly than ever. Of O'Donnel she had received no tidings; and her feelings at times amounted to despair, when she thought of his ominous absence, and his long-continued silence. The affectionate kindness and solicitude of her mother also overwhelmed her with self-reproach, when she reflected how she had deceived that parent who was so unsuspecting and confiding. Often, when sunk in despondency, she was about to reveal her secret marriage to her mother, and the confession, which she felt would relieve her burdened mind, was trembling upon her lips; but, repress-

\*Concluded from page 444.