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BY S.

CHAPTER VI.

"All indistinctly apprehend a bliss
On which the soul may rest—the hearts of all
Yearn after it."

DANTE, CARY'S TRANSLATION.

BUT did no shadow of regret cloud the frank, open countenance of Charles O'Donnel, as he was thus about to banish himself from the home in which he had always been so happy—from Fitzgerald, who had loved him as a son, and from Constance, whose eyes had ever turned in confidence and love to meet him, whose smile had ever been ready to approve his actions? Yes, the expression of his face was dark and troubled this night, as he bent over Constance, while her fingers wandered over the strings of her harp, and she sung the sweet melodies of her native land. For a moment he would have given worlds that the conversation which he had held with her father that morning could have been recalled. "I will remain in this peaceful haven," he exclaimed, "and try whether I can inspire Constance with a love for me, deep and unextinguishable as that I experience for her. I have never known how dear she is to me, how necessary her presence is to my happiness, till now when about to part from her! Why should I not have suffered my life to flow on calmly and uneventfully as in days past? But, no," he continued, after a pause, "I will not permit such thoughts to unnerve me; I will mingle in the human crowd, and return as one who has obtained distinction, and a name which he can ask another to share. But I will return

to the home of my boyhood with a heart grateful as ever, and a love constant and true as that which pervades my heart for thee, dear Constance! at this moment. But I must not yet breathe a word of love in thine ear—I will not seek to win thee for mine own till I return, my exertions crowned with success, and till you can regard with pride, as well as affection, your lover."

In the meantime, the song, which Constance had sung at his request, was ended, and her attention awakened by the emotion his varying countenance betrayed, she bent her dark eyes inquiringly upon him, as if to ascertain the cause.

"I will at least satisfy myself before I depart, whether Constance really feels an interest in me or not; this knowledge will cheer me through many a lonely hour." As Constance looked upwards, he said abruptly, "I depart from Ardmore in a few days, Constance, and many months will pass away before I return." But, oh! how stupid; as Charles made this momentous announcement, his elbow most provokingly came in contact with a pile of books, and down they came thundering upon every side.

This accident caused Constance to avert her face for a minute, and when she again turned towards him, it wore its usual placid expression.

"What is the cause of this hasty departure?" she inquired, while Charles thought that her voice trembled. "I hope, however, that you will not be so long absent from us. My father is never happy when you are from home; and I—" but here Constance stopped—she could not trust herself to conclude the sentence.

*Continued from page 314.