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ISABELLA; OR, THE MAIDEN OF GLEN SAUGH.*

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY S.

CHAPTER V.

"There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?"

Montgomery.

THAT evening, Mr. Lindsay drank tea with them at the cottage, and still further delighted Isabella with his agreeable manners and conversation. Lillias was very silent and dull; for that very day, Mr. Munro, her greatest and most favoured admirer, had left S——, and proceeded to London upon business, which would probably detain him for some months. Lillias missed him greatly, for there was a wit and liveliness about his conversation, which accorded well with her own. She listened for some time to the conversation which was passing between Mr. Lindsay, Isabella and James, but finding it too grave and learned for her taste, she put on her bonnet, and went to take a short ramble along the sea shore.

After walking a while, she wrapped her shawl tightly around her, for the north wind was chill and piercing, and, sitting down upon a rock, she gazed with awe and delight upon the scene before her.

The noise of the ocean has a strange effect upon those who have not been accustomed to its presence, whether heard in those low rippling waves which roll gently and playfully along, and break with such a sleepy murmur upon the sandy beach; or, when lashed into fury and impotent rage, they dash their snow-white crests upon the unyielding rocks, and spend the expiring efforts of their fury, in showers of silvery spray. Our

minds are wafted away upon the rolling billows, and fancy roams to the distant shores whence they have come. The contrast between its mighty overwhelming force, and our own puny insignificance, strikes our hearts, and bids us think, whether we will or not.

Lillias felt thus as she gazed upon the foaming waves, as they rolled majestically along, and laid at her feet their watery tribute of sea-weed and shell. She thought of her own conduct, often so childishly frivolous and thoughtless, and her imagination wandered back to the lonely Glen Saugh. She remembered the joys and sorrows she had experienced there, and the pale faces of her departed parents seemed to rise before her.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lillias, "it is not that I am hard-hearted or unfeeling, but affliction has not the same effect upon me as upon Isabella and Robert. I feel keenly at the moment, but my spirits soon revive. But who is like Isabella? I never knew her real worth till now, when she is surrounded by so many others, to whom she rises so far superior. Were I but as good as Isabella, how happy I would be! I will not tease her about Mr. Lindsay, and laugh next time she tells me I am wrong."

"Ah, ha! how d'ye do! Soliloquizing, I suppose; how romantic! Quite in love, eh! What a charming evening! Sister quite well at home, and all the rest? Why, surely, child, I have not frightened you out of your wits! How you jumped when I spoke to you!" said the dashing, bouncing Miss Williamson, as she interrupted Lillias' serious meditations by a good, heavy thump upon the shoulder, but which she intended for a gentle tap.

"Good evening, Miss Williamson," replied

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