

despair of the unfortunate sailor. — "Then
is our every hope lost!" he exclaimed aloud, as,
quitting the centre of the vessel, he slowly
traversed the deck, and once more stood at
the side of his no less unhappy and excited
sister. For a moment or two he remained
with his arms folded across his chest, gazing
on the dark outline of her form; and then, in
a wild paroxysm of silent, tearless grief, threw
himself suddenly on the edge of the couch,
and clasping her in a long close embrace to
his audibly beating heart, lay like one bereft
of all sense and consciousness of surrounding