

struggled for utterance. Withdrawing his hand from the pressure of Arthur's, he threw it round the neck of Isabel, and with the feebleness of an apparently dying accent, inquired if she loved that man. Astonishment kept her mute; Evellin sobbed aloud. " By *his* father, girl, your brother has been murdered in cold blood."

If a painter wished to portray a scene of superlative misery, which the pen cannot describe, the present might employ his strongest powers of pathos.—The pleading eye of Arthur fixed on the face of Isabel, while she gazed on her father with the blank features of astonishment and despair. Jobson now understood the developement he had caused, and shared the anguish which it excited. He brushed the tears from his eyes; they filled again. He sobbed aloud, and thought such sorrow worse than