

THE LINWOODS.

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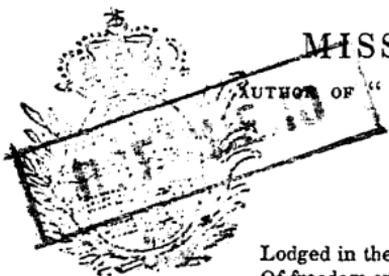
OR,

“SIXTY YEARS SINCE” IN AMERICA.

BY

MISS SEDGWICK,

AUTHOR OF “HOPE LESLIE,” “REDWOOD,” &c.



The Eternal Power
Lodged in the will of man the hallowed names
Of freedom and of country.

MISS MITFORD.

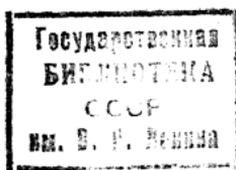
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THE LINWOODS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Is't possible that but seeing you should love her ?

IN the meantime Eliot had been released from his durance, where he had suffered, as mortals sometimes mysteriously do, what he seemed in nowise to have deserved; and passing unobserved into the entry, he had preceded Miss Linwood down the stairs, and was standing within the outer door in conversation with his attendant, so earnest that he did not perceive her approach till she said, "Am I intruding?"

She was answered by Herbert's suddenly turning his face to her, and uttering "Isabella!"

In the suddenness of surprise and joy she forgot every thing but his presence; and would have thrown her arms around him but for Eliot's intervention.

"Herbert!—Miss Linwood! I entreat you to be cautious—your brother's safety is at stake—not a moment is to be lost—is concealment possible at your father's house?"

"Possible!—certain. I will instantly go home."

"Stop—pray hush, Herbert. Was the reason of your coming down stairs known to any one, Miss Linwood?"

"Only to Helen Ruthven and Mr. Meredith."

"Two foxes on the scent!—that's all," said Herbert.

"Oh, no, Herbert; they would be the last to betray; but they do not suspect you."