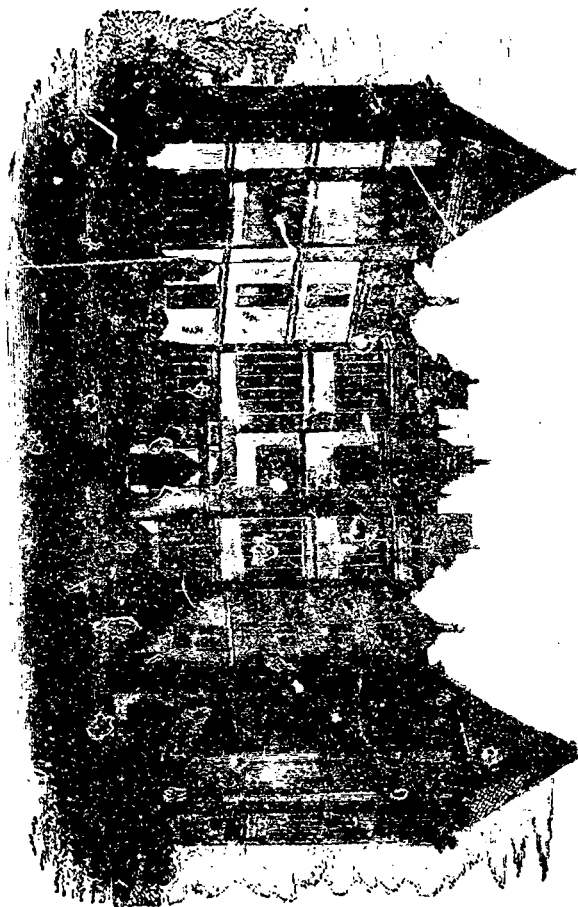


From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"



The grand saloon is hung with noble tapestries—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust—the subjects being the Biblical story of Jacob. The elegant modern furniture seems almost out of keeping with the heirloom arras on the walls.

Sir Thomas Pakington, the lord of Westwood, was a favourite