

*The Franciscan.* How did you come to build your Mausoleum just where the gallows used to be?

*The Lagman.* The Devil must have suggested the idea to me.

*The Franciscan.* Yes! just as he did of driving your children out on the highways and robbing them of their inheritance. You have also been an unjust judge, broken your oath, and taken bribes.

*The Lagman.* I?

*The Franciscan.* And now you want to erect a monument to yourself, and to gain a house eternal in the heavens. Listen! This ground will never be consecrated and you will think yourself happy if you are allowed to lie in the public churchyard among ordinary sinners. The curse of blood-guiltiness rests upon this ground, and it has been unjustly acquired.

*The Lagman.* What shall I do?

*The Franciscan.* Repent, and restore the stolen property.

*The Lagman.* I have not stolen; it has all been honestly earned.

*The Franciscan.* Look you! that is the worst of all—that you justify your crime; yes, I know you think you have been specially favoured by heaven because of