

"A pall," said I, "old man! — a velvet pall! — They have left this tomb strangely unfinished, man. — Might one, perchance, remove this too?"

"Sir," says my grave-eyed, yet cheerful-looking senior, "you may do so if you like; but I will tell you what is the truth of it first. — The last lord of the old family — he that lived in our castle, and owned all the country round this place — had but one daughter. A bad, cruel man came, and he married the lady, and became lord of the land too. She had a child, sir; and he, they say, could not bear the sight of it, nor of her, then: — and he drowned them yonder in our lake. That cry that you heard was from the baby; and the three sobs, they were from the mother. They always do so — just as when they were murdered, it is thought — whenever any one touches their tomb. — But we have been used to this all our days, sir, and we make little of it now. — If you wish to see them you may lift the cloth."

I did so, and beheld a glass cover, dim and dusty. The old man took the corner of the pall, and, rubbing it a little, said, "Now, sir, here you may see them both, quite entire; they have been so beautifully embalmed. — Look ——"

"Oh, Joanne! that white face once again! —"

I screamed in my agony, and awoke ——

"Here, sir," cries the keeper, — "here's a pretty-behaved gentleman, truly? — If it were night it were less matter; but no screaming here in the day-time. — Here, squire, get up! Do you feel this — and this — and this? If you wish to halloo so much, we must e'en try to give you some excuse for your noise. — And here's the barber come to shave your head again. Do you think to frighten the barber, Mr Squire? ——"

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