

your head, my friend — 'tis no matter — What is this pavement here upon the brink? — how deeply the stones are worn! — Many strange tales, I daresay, have been told about this old castle of yours — Your mill, I see, is partly built against the old wall — The great wheel stands idle to-day — will you climb the tower with me?

Ah! this has been a grand place in its day, too: What windows — what galleries — what immense fire-places — what a roar the flame must have gone up with — what odd staircases — what dark strange passages — heavens! how gigantic a plant is the ivy — what broad leaves, when they are not troubled with the wall — An apple-tree, too! — Here in the very heart of the hall — just where the table stood — What a dungeon this must have been — the lid rested on that ledge, no doubt — Ha! I see the rings in the wall yet — what a dark hole for a poor creature — that little slit is a mere mockery — Is there any way of getting down? — I think one might venture the leap; — but you smile — how to get up again? — ay, that's the difficulty — well, we'll stay where we are — How black the wall is on that side — the rafters, also, have left rotten ends here and there — they, also, are black enough — Fire? — I understand you — quite burnt out? — How long ago was all this ruin? — you can't say — well, well.

What a beautiful view from this gap — here, stand beside me, there is room enough for us both — What a fine descending sweep to the sea, the silver sea — How clearly one sees all those hills beyond — How richly the coast is wooded; but here you are rather bare, I think — Your turf has never an oak to shade it — How green and luxuriant is the old pasture grass. And more ruins too, I think. Why, you are rich in ruins here. Is this another castle? if so, methinks they must have been good neighbours. A church, say you? — Ay, the chapel — I understand. Will you walk so far down the hill with me, old man? I should like to see their chapel also, since I have seen their hall. Why, you are a very comfortable-looking old lad — who knows but if you had