

corpse, staring upward with glazed eyes;—and the manacled hands plucking at him;—and the surging waters yawning like a hell, gurgling and sobbing, sobbing and moaning—"Blood for blood! Blood for blood!"

Again the shiver ran through all his veins, and the man of blood recoiled, white with terror.

Long he sat:—till at last, cursing himself for his folly, he rallied his courage so far as to leap the chasm, and pass on, under the gate-way, and into the Castle.

He paused every other instant, his heart beating at the muffled echoes of his stealthy footfall, and dreading a foe in every shadow.

At last he gained a position whence he could command a view of the Central Court, and the ruined Chapel.

No stir, no movement, not the least sign of living being.

He peered round and round, high and low, with a searching, lynx-like stare:—nothing!

Not satisfied with this first inspection, he drew a small, but perfect night-glass from his pocket;—adjusted it;—and bit by bit went over his whole survey:—nothing still!

His superstitious terrors were rising again. By a powerful effort he recalled his truant attention; again leant forward, and this time applied his ear to the ground.

He could hear the shivering boom of the billow breaking far beneath on the rock foundations: he could hear the sighing of the night-wind through the chinks of the fractured walls. The occasional rustle of a leaf startled him like a living presence. But that was all:—nothing more!

But stay! Is there not something besides? What is that sound?—A distant hum, as of bees swarming! Is not this what he hears in the intervals between the dash of the waves?

Whence does it proceed? It cannot be heard an inch from the ground; but glueing his ear to the stone, he can plainly detect it.

Evidently the sound originates in the bowels of the earth.

There *are* dwellers underground then; troglodytes,—earthmen!

But who are these underground dwellers? And how had they gained their retreat?

Quite at fault he passed outside the ruins on their seaward front, and looked gloomily away from the bare, bald rocks beneath him, inaccessible by mortal feet—far off to where the moon was sinking, broad and red, behind the sea-line. Unconsciously his