

vanished doors still paint the stones with red rust. Upon the southern side of the quadrangle a kitchen stands ; but the banqueting-hall and much of the upper regions have disappeared, for time has so fretted the granite, so changed its contours, that only antiquary may speculate or architect hazard of what aspect was the manor house in its youth and prime.

Ivy-mantled, solemn, silent, it stands like a sentient thing, and broods with blind eyes upon ages forgotten ; when these grey stones still echoed neigh of horse and bay of hound, rattle of steel, blare of trump, and bustle of great retinues, where was open house in the spacious days. Under June's soft green shadows the castle lies ; and History has no thrilling page devoted to it, for Compton's scanty story is at once inglorious and unstained. No unhappy spirit haunts its desolation, and the mighty dead, despite their taking off, revisit these glimpses of the moon no more. Good red tilth winds round about, and the clank of plough and cry of man answers the chime of the jackdaws ; grey boughs of ancient orchards stretch to the walls ; bluebells, forget-me-nots,