

ing favourite Flemish tune; he could not the singer, and fearing the guards would deceive him, he dared not even look round.—the words wakened up all his senses:—

They have cut down our king-oak; no more shall his glory

Broad shadows o'er us fling;
his blood shall arise; from that slaughter-place gory

A thousand trees shall spring!

the woodman beware! Some tall son of our forest

Shall crush him with his fall;
God helps the weak, when their need is the sorest,

And he shall hear our call!

are marked—ye are doomed: the bright axes are ready!

But yet ye shall not die;
and far from the woodman!—his hand is unsteady;

Adrian!—he strikes awry!"

The mention of his name stung all Adrian's nerves with joyful energy, and those who have suffered, will well imagine how many piles of bright hopes were built on these few words—castles, alas! founded on no rock.

On entering the great square, the desertion of the streets was explained. All Brussels was assembled there: for the cruel policy of Alva, whilst he provided for the disposition of such a military force as made resistance hopeless, had purposely given every encouragement to the attendance of the townspeople; hoping that a strong effect would be produced by the solemn and open execution of noblemen so powerful and beloved as Egmont and Horn. But sorely was he deceived. Each one came here to see how brave men could die for their country; and went home praying that his end might be like theirs!

Count Egmont's bearing on the scaffold was worthy of the man and of his whole life. Just before his eyes were bound by the headsman, he begged for a moment's delay; and turning round slowly, he looked carefully over the sea of faces below, and those in the balconies, as though searching for some one. At length he turned to the window where Adrian stood, quite near his right hand. He had found what he sought; and bade Haranguer farewell, trying by a mild and lofty expression of love and resignation in his own features, to banish the misery and indignation which he saw in the countenance of his friend. Adrian knew and answered to that influence; he mastered his

soul's agony, to return such affection and firmness from his eyes, as might help to bear up the noble victim in his hour of suffering. And thus these two brave men looked their last upon each other,

Adrian had hoped for pardon or rescue to the last; and it was only when the shout of horror, which even the presence of the ferocious Alva could not restrain, burst from the people at the murder of one whom they almost adored; then only did despair—deep, hopeless, almost unendurable—crush him to the earth. Yet, even in this state—all but dead as he was to what passed around him—his eye at once caught the figure of Maria, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and shaded by a broad drooping hat and wide feather, hastily winding through the dense mass by several richly clothed Spanish figures. With intense interest he watched her turn the corner by which he had entered the square. This gave rise to a thousand thoughts of vague fear and wonder, which for a moment wholly absorbed him. What could bring his wife into such a scene—so clothed, so attended?

Now approached the time for returning to his gloomy prison, there to spend, in no enviable feelings, the brief and worthless space remaining to him of life. Though the crowd was so immense, and the feeling so universal, yet Alva had taken such excellent measures, that the square was cleared without tumult.—As soon as the last stragglers were gone, the guards marched off with their prisoners. In the narrow deserted streets through which Haranguer's conductors had entered the square, the same gloomy, silent solitude awaited their return. Not a single being seemed to have entered any of the houses; and the mouldy doors, with dust piled over the thresholds, looked as if they had been closed for ages.

Yet these doors could open; for, in passing between two large-fronted houses, whose wide, folding portals were precisely opposite to each other—at the exact moment, when they were betwixt them,—the leaves on one side flew quickly asunder, as though by magic, and about twenty men, some clothed like the guards, others in the rich dress of Spanish generals, rushed furiously across the way, quarrelling, with drawn swords, and loud Spanish oaths and cries. The doors from which they issued closed as quickly as they had opened, and Adrian was swept across with them, the two soldiers who guarded him on each hand falling at once into the current.—The doors on the opposite side opened an instant to admit them, and at once closed again.