

view. The governor advanced and took the hand of the Count, he pressed it in silence. A black bandage was then bound on his eyes, he knelt on the ground, the chaplain joined his hands over him and then retired. The governor looked again to the signal tower, but there was no change; he covered his face, waved his hand and turned away. The party levelled their pieces—the signal fell—the sharp volley followed; the Count sprang on his feet, and making a motion as if drawing his sword, fell dead.

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“A party of the Hungarian hussars spurred along the road to Lichenwald with fiery haste; their leader bore a full pardon for the Count Mansfeldt, and they gave the rein to their horses with right good will. At a turn in the road they found a horse grazing with gored sides and a broken rein; a little farther lay his late rider, the drunkard Runwede, dead and mangled; he had been dragged in his stirrup, and the uprooted shrubs and grass which he had uprooted in his progress, showed the struggle he had vainly made for life. As they recognized the royal courier, and found the express yet unopened, they knew that speed would not save their gallant chief; and slowly and mournfully they pursued their way to Lichenwald.

“Thus, by a vile passion led,
His life the sottish Runwede gave;
And gallant Mansfeldt’s blood was shed,
On a dishonoured grave.”

When he had concluded, the carpenter remarked, “That’s wot comes of sending messengers by lubberly horsemen; if that ere letter of advice for the saving of the poor gentleman’s life had been sent by a smart boat, it would have come in time, I’ll warrant me.” “Strike the bell, and call the watch,” said the mate. This operation broke up the party.

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