

passed his lips. But a well-loved voice called his name, and in a moment his eyes were raised from the letter, and perused Count Egmont's features with more uncasiness and apprehension than their gallant, open expression had ever before caused him. There he found a serious despondency to which hitherto he had been a stranger. "Adrian," said the Count, "so far we have gone together as friends—as brothers!—but here we part company: I am entering a dangerous sea; it is full of shoals and hidden perils. I fear nought for myself, thou knowest—it is not my wont; but why shouldst thou be wrecked with me? I will await Alva's commission. For all that is past, I cannot but trust our gracious monarch.—Perhaps I may stand between his anger and some of my unhappy countrymen. And thou knowest"—here he could not keep his voice firm, nor his eyes quite dry—"thou knowest, I have too large a house to stir, or leave. My dear wife hath given me eleven precious reasons for staying to take care of them. Whilst thine," here he tried to hide his emotion in a laugh, "thy Maria, hath yet given thee only one child, and that is lightly moved. But ye are but newly wedded, and by the grace of God, in good season."

"For Heaven's sake, my dear friend," cried Haranguer, "let us be serious in this weighty matter! What saith Orange—doth he stay?"

"He hath talked with me all yesternight," said Egmont, "and almost persuaded me to fly; but William is suspicious. Nevertheless, his last words dwell with me like a foreboding:

"'Trust, then,' said he, 'if so it must be, my noble friend, in the Spaniards' promises: but a presentiment (God send it be no true one!) telleth me that thou shalt be the bridge whereby they shall enter Brussels, and which they will destroy when they have crossed!'"

"Yet for my fixed purpose to stay I can show thee many reasons." Count Egmont was firm in his design of remaining. Noble and unsuspecting himself, he could not comprehend the refined deceptions to which the crafty Philip descended; and had, in that monarch's intercourse with him by letter, been completely outwitted and entrapped. Haranguer, unable to persuade him, resolved to share his fate, and remain; but it was with a sad though steadfast spirit, for the warning came full upon his mind, and he looked upon both their lives as doomed.

"I will stay with you," replied he to Egmont, "though I do not much rely on the faith of the Spaniards: the more we are who re-

main, the better can we protect one another. Nor could the Count persuade him to leave Brussels.

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In his prison, and deprived, by the cruelty of the Spanish tyrant, of the sight of her who had soothed all his former sorrows, Adrian Haranguer was tortured by many bitter thoughts. The Spanish lion was loosed; the streets of Brussels flowed with the blood of her citizens; the last blow had been struck at the high and most princely heads. After the mockery of a trial, and condemnation, the Counts Egmont and Horn were to be beheaded on morrow, in the Place Royale of Brussels. Adrian himself was doomed to suffer on the following day. With keen grief did he remember the warning he braved; but even when life, thus to be lost to his wife and his country, seemed the most cruelly shortened in the flower of youth and hope, his heart told him, what all to do again, he could not in his soul think of deserting Egmont; and when his thoughts turned to her, who was his sole comfort in trouble, "Even my Marie," he said, "despite as my death will cut down her life's happiness, would not bid me do other than I have done for her loved sake, I will die as a free and generous man—as her husband should die! Should these Spanish brutes will let me speak to you once again before—" his voice was choked in spite of all his firmness.

On the morning of that fatal day, when Brussels was to see the bravest of the last nobles die, for his devotion to her cause, Spanish guards suddenly entered Haranguer's chamber, and said he must be conveyed to a window in the Place Royale, during the executions. Alva had commanded that all the prisoners should be compelled to witness his infamy and cruelty. Adrian was at first inclined to resist this tyranny; but he remembered having promised Egmont, if possible, to look on him when he died; and he merely answered, "that he hoped he should be placed somewhere near his friend."

"Aye," said a gaoler, "close to the scaffold." They had to walk through two narrow streets, and turn an abrupt corner, ere they entered the Place Royale. As Haranguer passed through these streets, surrounded by Spanish soldiers, with whom the town was filled, he remarked that all the houses were shut up, and the windows barred; and that not a soul seemed left there. Yet a well-known low man's voice followed the soldiers, singing, as it seemed in his very ear, the