

death ; they came with slow and heavy steps, the governor entered first and stood looking at his prisoner in mournful silence. ' I know the time is come' said Mansfeldt, ' and before my tongue is silent for ever, bear witness to the declaration of my innocence. The treason if such it be that I am charged with, was committed when I had indulged in wine, until my reason had become obscured ; my tongue bore evidence against myself, and has ruined my name, and forever stained the honor of my ancient house. But at this last hour believe me no disloyal thought ever entered my breast. Let my countrymen take warning of me, and reform this national reproach, it unmans the soldier and betrays the patriot, breaks the bond of social union, and the ties of love.' His voice faltered—the governor turned away his face and waved his hand, the Count bowed, and the procession commenced.

" The garrison had formed a hollow square, their faces were moulded into that stern sadness, which is above the weakness of tears. The Count and his escort advanced, his sword was borne before him—they halted ; the Count advanced and stood alone, the sentence of the court that tried him and the royal order for his execution were read. The commander of the troops, a tall gaunt old man, came forward to perform the ceremony of breaking his sword ; as he took it in his bony and shrivelled hands, he shook with a visible tremor : he raised the weapon, and suddenly bending the blade, it flew in glittering fragments on the ground—no unfit emblem of the transient glory of its master. The brow of the prisoner flushed, and a groan escaped him.

" The firing party and their victim alone occupied the space, and a dead silence ensued ; he glanced his eyes to where the look out was stationed : he had a lingering hope of mercy, but the officer looked through his glass with correct attention : no horse or man appeared in