

last hang up the sword to enjoy the peace and liberty for which they have so nobly striven.

Looking closer, we see here and there a figure that we know. Foremost among them is our old friend, Count van Sitcart. A few years longer he plays his part amidst scenes of strife and bloodshed, to perish at length vainly trying to protect the helpless townspeople in the massacre of Naestricht.

Vasco del Rio next claims our attention. Old as he is, through peace and war, he is still intent only on enriching himself. His efforts are not crowned with much success in Holland, and he obtains a recall in time to take command in the ill-fated Armada, thinking, perhaps, to have a share in the plunder of some wealthy English city; but, battered by shot and shell, his vessel drifts a helpless wreck on the rocky coast of Scotland, and fall a prey to plunderers as merciless as himself. Struggling in the roaring water amongst jagged crags, which every moment threaten his feeble life, he gains the shore; and lying exhausted there is murdered by ruthless hands for the sake of his rich dress.

Alonzo's friend, Gonzalo, next crosses the stage with a fair and wealthy Flemish bride, whom he is taking to his ancestral home in Castile; and there, in careless content, he lives and dies, while the great world surges round him unheeded in its trouble and its passion.

The next is a humbler figure than the gallant cavalier's—a little dark-eyed old woman with bowed form and trembling hands; and as we look at her the roar of unceasing battle sounds less loudly in our ears. A quiet room with deep, narrow windows, through