

en looking upwards, and crying fervently, "We call on THEE for help!" he raised the cup to his lips, and drank out the last drop, saying, "So help me God, as I thus drain, to the dregs, whatever sufferings the cause of my unhappy country may lay upon me!"—A loud tumult of acclamation followed: there was a murmur of admiration, but the energy of his devotion had gone too near to every heart to come forth anew in shouting from the mouth. Many a lip might you trace repeating, in a fervent whisper, the vow to bear long and suffering, even to the death.

Haranguer turned sick and dizzy; the fatal prophecy seemed stamped with fire into his brain, and he muttered it over unconsciously to himself. Yet another thought of comfort darted into his mind which, naturally cheerful, added but slowly to melancholy impressions. It was all some deception, a personification of his brother; he had been cheated by some facious resemblance. So he would look all round him, and soon discover the cause of his grievous delusion. The chair next to him on the left, in which the figure had sat, was now filled by his well-known neighbour, John de Soreas, whom he well remembered to have been sitting there at the beginning of the feast: and as he gazed from him to the familiar faces of his friends and neighbours around him, he could no longer resist the conviction weighing upon his heart, that the vision had been no feat of the imagination. To this mournful certainty the seal was set by the words of Van Eessel, next to him on the right, which he caught upon awakening from a melancholy reverie, and which chilled him like ice to the heart's core: "Culembourg might have waited until Count Horn had drank the wine out!" Haranguer rose abruptly, and left the table, unmanned by fears which he could not repel. He walked mechanically to his own lodgings in Brussels, and entered the room where his young bride sat, reading at her work-table. He stood before her some minutes ere he regained the full use of his senses; her kisses awoke him from his stupor. She was surprised by his returning so long before the expected conclusion of the solemn feast, and yet more at his unwonted melancholy. Hanging round his neck, she strove by a thousand affectionate wiles to bring back his usual cheerfulness. "Nay, Maria," he cried, pressing her fondly in his arms, "even thy love cannot make me happy in this sorrow. But it will make my sorrow such as I would never change for all the realms of Spain without thee!"

Adrian had no secrets from Maria: for to the perfection of womanly gentleness was added in her a firmness, produced by her excellent understanding and the simple truth of her feelings.—Upon this firmness he relied as upon Heaven. Though he shielded her as he would a delicate plant, or favourite bird, from all that could alarm or annoy her—for she was truly a woman in all her feelings and habits—yet there was nothing that he thought, knew, or felt—none of his joys or griefs, projects or wishes, hopes or fears, that he did not immediately tell her. In all of mind or heart, there was nothing but the most perfect trust—the closest union between them; and this was never disappointed nor disturbed for a moment.

When Adrian told her all the occurrences which had filled him with grief and consternation at the first hearing, her distress was greater than his. She shared all his love for Count Egmont, and her mind quickly glanced over the fearful chances of her husband being involved in that nobleman's ruin. Haranguer, she well knew, would be with his noble friend in life or death; and though this bitter thought rent her very heart asunder, she felt that she could not try to persuade him to desert his leader. They both were embarked in the perilous struggle for their country; and from that cause her Adrian never could turn back.

Still, even in her sore fear, she had comfort; and the greatest was in her power of comforting. "Grieve not," she said, "for noble Egmont. His death shall be better and more glorious than the life of meaner men—his memory shall be dearer than the friendship of princes. He shall be honoured—mourned for, and loved—even as thou art loved, my Adrian! For the rest, he is in the hand of the King of mercies. We cannot keep him alive, but we can pray for him!" She hastily turned aside to wipe away a tear; for all that she said of Egmont, her soul told her was of her own husband.

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It was far in the night; Adrian had received tidings from Madrid of the death of his brother in the cells of the inquisition. He was sitting alone, for Maria had been ill, and was gone to rest. Weighed down with deep sorrow, he was interrupted in the painful duty of replying to these letters, by a low tap at the chamber door, which warned him that some one wished to enter. Haranguer mechanically said—"Come in!" without turning his thoughts from the mournful task before him: and the visitor was forgotten before the words had