

against the Spanish counsels that he repaired to the Hotel de Culembourg, where the Counts Culembourg and De Brederode entertained the confederates on the day following the procession. He entered just as Orange, Egmont, and Horn, who professed to have come *fortuitously*, were received with loud joy.

De Brederode had arisen clothed in a beggar's cloak and wallet, to explain to the infuriated assembly that this garb was assumed to hurl back in bitter defiance the contemptuous taunt of one of the councillors of the Duchess, who had called the petitioners in scorn *un tas Gueux*,—a heap of beggars! The word was unanimously accepted with revengeful pride; and to this name the pledge went round in the cup, and an oath was taken to stand by each other to the last.

In the height of this enthusiastic ecstasy, and while Adrian's whole soul was thrown into the general feeling, a hand was laid upon his shoulder as if to bespeak instant attention. There was something in that touch which roused him at once, though he knew not at the moment why; and, hastily turning his head, he saw a figure on the seat next to him, clothed in a beggar's gray cloak, with the emblematic wallet, which he durst have sworn the room had not contained a moment before.

This was his youngest brother Erasmus, whom he had believed at that instant in the dungeons of the inquisition at Madrid. He was on the point of shouting out aloud with joy and wonder, when his brother made an emphatic sign of silence, and spoke to him these words in a very low whisper, "I came to give thee warning; heed me, it is for life and death. Three princes have now entered: the oath and the cup are given to them. Follow thou him who drinketh out the glass. The rest shall lead thee to the scaffold. Mark well! Egmont hath taken the cup in hand."

Haranguer, involuntarily turning his head at these words, gazed towards the upper end of the board, where De Brederode was receiving his distinguished guests. There stood Count Egmont, holding out the cup, and listening with fixed attention to the words which De Brederode spoke. As Adrian looked on that noble warlike man—the leader amidst a thousand—the hero of his age, as he marked the fire in his eye when, raising the wine to his lips, he repeated the oath after De Brederode—he could not but rejoice in the assurance that Egmont would be the last man in that company to leave unhonoured such a health. The Count was Haranguer's old leader and dear

friend, and he could not bear that upon the noble Captain should fall the omen he had heard. But his love had prevented him from discerning, with his wonted quick and clear perceptions, how the quivering indecision of Egmont's lip warred in his noble features with the triumphant radiance of his eye, leaving the palm of his undisputed daring and ascendancy of character resting upon military valour rather than sagacious boldness in the conduct of life. His first motions in seizing the cup, and repeating the oath, were full of energy and confidence. Hardly, however, had the wine reached his lips, when his open brow was shaded by some sudden foreboding; and he stood for a minute irresolute, with the cup moved from his mouth. Adrian was racked with consternation and dread; and, starting suddenly from his seat, he shouted aloud, "Drink it out, noble Egmont, for the love of Christ! your life is in the pledge!" But amidst the deafening roars of triumphant applause when the Count (who was the idol of the people) took the oath and touched the cup—a word that he uttered could be heard, and his voice merely swelled the general acclamation. There Egmont stood, as though lost in thought, unmindful of the transport around him; but last De Brederode, fearful lest his indecision should produce a reaction, turned to address the Prince of Orange, to whom Egmont handed the cup, gazing on him with mingled affection and expectation. Deeply as all Adrian Haranguer's thoughts had been 'till this moment engaged in his country's cause, he would now have gazed no more; for his sorrowful Egmont made him careless of what might follow, had not a doubt of the truth of the foreboding cheered him with a momentary hope. With the peculiar propensity common to those who try to force a conviction upon their own feelings, he resolved to test his belief of the omen upon this test. Neither of the others would drain the cup. The conduct of Orange was now of the highest interest, and Haranguer watched him as eagerly as any of those around him, though from widely different motives. The brow of the prince was contracted, as if in deep thought; and nothing attracted intense attention to De Brederode's speech was traced there. This was succeeded by a moment of silence, which seemed an age of cold indifference to the excited feelings of the assembled multitude.

But the uneasiness of doubting soon passed away; with a full, manly, earnest voice which reached every heart, Orange repeated the oath.