

It began to grow dark as they arrived, and the post-master was smoking his pipe at the door. As soon as the chaise stopped, they called out to him to get ready the horses, without loss of time, as they could not stay a moment. To this he coolly replied, that since they were in such a great hurry, he did not wish to detain them, but that he had no horses for their use. On being questioned when they could be procured, he replied, when they returned from attending the archduke; but when that would happen, he knew not.

Finding it impossible to get on, they resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and stepping out of the carriage, ordered the post-master to get ready beds, a good supper, and some of his best wine. Instead of receiving these orders with respect, he answered, that he had no wine but for his own drinking; that he never gave suppers to any but his own family; and that he had no bed except for himself, his wife, and his child, and which could not easily hold more than three at a time.

They now perceived that this cavalier gentleman did not keep an inn, and with some slight apology for the mistake, begged he would direct them to one. He pointed with his pipe to a small house opposite, where they found every room so full, that it was impossible to receive more company, and all the victuals consumed.

In this dilemma they returned to the post-master, informing him of their bad success, and begging to know how they were to dispose of themselves for the night. He replied, with stoical composure, that was more than he could tell; and