

assailed the slumbering courier. 'Rise boot and saddle thou lumbering hundsfoot.' Runwede roused by her exclamations, started up. 'What' said he again, 'there is no rest for man or beast in this cursed service; but I will be ready directly;' so saying, he turned in his bed and snored again. The angry Ursula now entered his chamber, and dragging the reluctant messenger from his bed, bestowed cuffs and kicks on him with such hearty good will that he at length arose and prepared for the road. 'Haste haste' said Marinett from below, 'the horse is ready, and I hear the other coming up the hollow-way;' Runwede got to the door and climbed heavily into his saddle, the fresh air restored him to momentary consciousness, and he sat waiting for the coming express. In a moment after, the Vienna courier dashed to the door, his horse covered with foam—he unslung the dispatch bag from his neck, and saying 'to Lichenwald with speed,' gave it to Runwede, who stooping forward dashed his spurs into his horse and was gone in a moment. 'Thank God it is gone on' said the Vienna courier, 'for it is a message of mercy, it is a reprieve for the Count Mansfeldt.' Marinett sighed deeply as she looked at her mother, for she knew the life of the gallant noble hung by a hair; depending on the most faithless of mankind—a DRUNKARD.

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"The Count Mansfeldt sat in a guarded chamber of the fortress attended by a chaplain, who exhorted him in a low and earnest voice, to lay aside his worldly thoughts. The young man was leaning back in a chair, his eyes were closed, but not in slumber; the visions of the past were busy in his mind, and his features showed the struggle of that waking dream. The morning gun boomed heavily through the vaulted galleries, Mansfeldt started and looked wildly around: his hour was come. He collected his firmness, and stood awaiting the messengers of