

months after the review, the Courier Leopold was seated on a bench in the porch of the inn, whilst Marinett the daughter of the host bathed his ankle, which was bruised and swollen; her mother Ursula stood by rating him in no very measured terms. 'Your neck is the next joint you will break you sot.—I promise you the Provost of Lichenwald shall deal with you.—I wish I could write and the emperor should know the doings of his couriers; ay and the inspectors too,' said she, darting an angry look at Van Halem, who stood inside the door with that timid look of resignation, common to confirmed *sots*.

"At this moment, Runwede who had been at Lichenwald with a dispatch from the capital, rode to the door, and dismounting sat down on the bench and sighed heavily. 'Give me some drink' said he 'for I have heavy news,' the inmates of the inn gathered round him. 'Ay' said the courier 'it is too true, the noble Count Mansfeldt is condemned to death, he dies at sunrise to-morrow.' The Governor of Lichenwald shook his head when he saw the three black seals on the express I brought; 'but give some drink Marinett, for I am as thirsty as the Baltic-ocean.' 'Be moderate to night good Runwede' said the maiden, 'for Leopold is lame and cannot ride; and if an express comes you must bring it on.' 'Hush girl' said the courier, 'if I have double work I must have double drink. Why I have ridden over lipp and lian when I was as drunk as a state-counsellor.' A party of Pomeranian carriers now arrived, and Runwede soon forgot that he might be obliged to ride at a moment's notice in darkness over the worst road on the banks of the Rhine.

"The sun which the gallant Mansfeldt was to see rise but once more, had long descended, when Marinett called hastily to her mother. 'What shall we do; there is an express coming from Vienna, there is a light at Wedburg to warn us to be ready, and Runwede is so drunk he cannot sit on his horse.' The shrill voice of Ursula now