

to arms.' Hush, young man, hush! no joyous exclamations, no transports! You must set out! It is high time! Beware of the bullets of the French, and the thievish hands of the Russians! You must reach Wittgenstein sooner than Natzmer does; do not forget that!"

"I shall not. Farewell, your excellency!"

"Farewell, my young friend. For a week at least, then, I shall not see your dear face greeting me every morning in my cabinet. You must indemnify me for it."

"In what way, your excellency?"

"You must embrace me, my young friend," exclaimed Hardenberg, stretching out his arms toward the young man.

"Oh, how kind, how generous you are!" exclaimed Richard, encircling the minister with his arms, and then reverentially kissing his shoulders and his hands.

"Now, your excellency," he said, rising quickly, "now I am ready to brave all dangers. Farewell!" He waved his hand again to the minister, and left the room.

"He will outstrip Natzmer," said Hardenberg, gazing after him; "it is an arrow of love which I have discharged, and it will not miss its aim. And now let us see how it is about the other arrow of love, which *mes chers amis mes ennemis* would like to discharge at me!" He rang the bell. Conrad, his faithful old footman, entered the room.

"Has there no note come for me?" asked Hardenberg.

"Yes, there has, your excellency," said Conrad, in a low and anxious tone. "Two letters, your excellency."

"Give them to me."

Conrad cast a searching glance over the room; he then drew two tiny, neatly-folded letters from his bosom and handed them to the minister. "She herself was here," he whispered, "and seemed very sad when I told her his excellency was not at home, and at first she refused to believe what I said. Only when I swore to her it was true, she gave me the first note. She returned afterward and brought the second letter."

"But why do you tell me all this in so mysterious and timid a manner? Are you afraid lest some one has concealed himself, and plays the eavesdropper?"

"Not that exactly, your excellency," whispered Conrad; "but—the walls might have ears!" He pointed furtively at the ceiling of the room.

"Ah, we are here under my wife's bedroom," said Harden-

berg, laughing. "You are afraid lest she should be awake, and overhear our words through the floor of her room."

"Madame von Hardenberg sees, hears, and divines every thing," said Conrad, with an air of dismay.

"It is true," muttered Hardenberg to himself, "her jealousy gives her a thousand eyes, and the events of her own life have familiarized her with all sorts of cabals and intrigues. In this way she succeeded in becoming my wife and in bearing my name before the world. But, no matter! I am not afraid of her Argus eyes, nor shall she prevent me from pursuing my own path, and adorning my dreary private life with a flower or two of pleasure."

"I believe and fear, your excellency," whispered Conrad, "Madame von Hardenberg has found out that the young lady was here, and that I received these letters from her."

"What makes you believe so?"

"Madame von Hardenberg sent for me at eleven o'clock to-night, and asked me when your excellency would return, and whither you had gone. When I told her I could not inform her, because I did not know, she was pleased to box my ears and threaten that she would before long turn me out of the house."

"These are, indeed, very valid reasons for your suppositions," said Hardenberg, smiling. "But do not be alarmed. I know how to protect you from being turned out, and as to having your ears boxed, it is no insult, by the soft little hands of a lady. Any other news?"

"Yes, your excellency, the physician of the young lady was here at a late hour in the evening, in order to tell me that she had again fallen asleep, and, before doing so, had announced she would be clairvoyant at eight o'clock in the morning."

"At eight o'clock!" exclaimed Hardenberg. "Do you hear, Conrad?—I must be there at eight o'clock. That is to say, you must awaken me at seven o'clock."

"But, your excellency, you will then have slept scarcely two hours," said Conrad, sadly.

"My old friend," said Hardenberg, "shall we not have time enough for sleeping in our graves? Let us be awake here on earth as long as possible. You will awaken me at seven o'clock. And now, come and assist me in retiring."

Fifteen minutes afterward Hardenberg was in bed. A neat little table, with a night-lamp burning on a golden plate, was

standing at his bedside. Before falling asleep, the chancellor read the two notes which Conrad had delivered to him. "Protestations of love!" he whispered, smiling and folding them up. "Protestations of love—that is to say, falsehoods. But I must confess that this arrow, which *mes chers amis mes ennemis* have discharged at me, is at least very finely feathered and very attractive. At eight o'clock in the morning, then! Well, I shall see whether I do not succeed in playing my hostile friends a little trick, and in returning the arrow to their own breast."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

FOR some time past the inhabitants of Berlin had paid a great deal of attention to the doings of Doctor Binder, and told each other wonderful stories of the new medical system of this strange physician. He treated his patients in an entirely novel way, and performed his cures in a manner bordering strongly on the romantic and miraculous. He neither felt the pulse of his sick friends, nor did he examine their tongue; he only gazed on them for a minute with his sombre, flaming eyes, and the patients then felt as if fascinated by them. Their pain ceased, their blood burned less ardently, and an indescribable feeling pervaded their body for a moment. When the doctor perceived this, he would raise both his hands, and with the palms softly and repeatedly stroke his subject's face. Then the sufferer's cheeks colored; a wondrous, long-forgotten smile played round the lips which, for many months, had opened only to utter prayers, or sighs and complaints; the dimmed eyes began to brighten, and fixed themselves with a radiant expression on the face of the doctor, whose steadfast, piercing glances seemed to penetrate the sick one's countenance, and reach down into his soul, in order to divine, in its innermost recesses, his most secret feelings and thoughts. By and by a sweet peace pervaded the soul of the patient; his aching limbs relaxed; he folded his hands, which had hitherto moved convulsively and restively on the counterpane; the eyes, which had steadfastly rested on the face of the wonderful physician, closed gradually, and soon his long and regular breathings indicated that he had at length found the slumber

which, during his sickness, he had so long sought and yearned for.

It is true, the patient awoke after a time, and his sufferings returned; the end of his slumber was often accompanied by painful convulsions, an indescribable feeling of depression, and the most profound sadness, but Dr. Binder was present; his eyes exorcised the patient's pain, his hands quieted the quivering limbs, and chased away the tears, and the sufferer fell again into a sweet and refreshing slumber. This lulling the patient to sleep, this fascinating gaze, and laying on of hands, were the only medicines which the doctor administered, and by which he succeeded in freeing them from their sufferings and diseases. People related the most wonderful cures which he had performed; they spoke of persons who had been blind ever since their birth, and whom he had caused to see—of deaf-mutes, to whom he had given the power of speech and hearing after a few days' treatment—of lame men, who suddenly, after being touched by the doctor's hands, had thrown away their crutches, and walked freely and easily.

But the public's attention was particularly riveted by the case of a young girl who had been for some time past under Dr. Binder's treatment. She had come from a distant city to seek a cure at the hands of the famous physician and pupil of Mesmer. A bad cold had brought about a paralysis of all her limbs; she was unable to move her hands and feet, and had for months lain on her bed as motionless, rigid, and dumb, as a marble statue. Her parents had, in the anguish of their heart, at length applied to Dr. Binder. The doctor received her into his house. He publicly invited all the physicians of Berlin to visit his patient, to examine her condition, and to satisfy themselves of the efficacy of his cure. He also requested the public to watch the progress of it, and to come to his house at the hours when he lulled his patient to sleep. The physicians had disdainfully refused to have any thing to do with the "quack doctor," who pretended to cure diseases without medicines; but the public appeared the more eagerly.

And this public enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing that the motionless form of the young girl, who at first had lain on the bed as rigid as stone, very slowly commenced to move. It was seen that, a few days afterward, she raised her right hand, and, shortly after, her right foot; gradually life and motion