

and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town, in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, and so forth. But still, no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Henrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth day; and like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Henrich; and then was suggested to him as the reader probably suspects, that after all he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be traveling at that time of day? At any rate it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust the tinder at his nose, and cried to him, "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Henrich as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Henrich answered, that to the

best of his belief one was that of Herr Müdel his former schoolmaster; another, that of Doctor Von Hommer, the principal of such a College, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surpris you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words, the marshal fixed his eyes on Henrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe, and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Henrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Henrich began to get exceedingly nervous. The conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Henrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last as he found himself following Grumbkow even in the palace he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, and the marshal continued to lead him through his various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in the corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in."