

the gratification which this surly being experienced in being left alone.

I soon rejoined the carriage, which I found waiting for me; and I was not sorry in the rapidity of the motion, to change the current of my thoughts, which had become unpleasantly connected with the individual I had just seen. The sound of music and the strains of a well-known waltz, as I passed the first inn, and saw that the dance was begun among the peasants, directed them soon into a different channel; and when we stopped at the hotel de Russie I had quite forgotten the slight incident I have above narrated. I was too late for the table d'hôte dinner, which in Germany generally occurs at one; so after performing that necessary arrangement alone, I set forth to make a general reconnaissance of the place. I passed the wells, the promenade, and strolled onwards to the extremity of the baths, intending, if I saw anything sufficiently attractive, to establish myself in some quiet domicile, in preference to remaining at an hotel. With this object in view, I was struck by the appearance of a pretty white cottage, with green blinds. The jealousies were closed, and nobody answered to the repeated knocks I made at the door, which made me fancy it uninhabited, or the owner absent. It looked, however, too full of promise to be given up lightly, and, as I had been told any house in the place might be had for money, I resolved to explore it. Trying the latch therefore, and finding that it yielded, I entered. I first knocked at the door of an apartment but obtained no answer, so I mounted the stairs, imagining, as I proceeded, that I heard the sound of voices. Nor was I deceived. Here I knocked again, and was desired to enter: and when I opened the door I was amused with the sight which greeted me. In the centre of a spacious salon was placed a small dining-table, on which was a large china dish, heaped with the finest peaches; beside them rose in graceful proportion; two long-shanked, bell-mouthed green glasses, the rims of which were richly gilt in flowers and festoons; and to shew that these goblets were not uselessly there a bottle of Johannisber, half expended, and on it the date, formed the *sine qua non* of the entertainment. Seated at the table and bent upon doing justice to the golden juice of the Rhine (for I heard the glasses ring simultaneously on the board as I entered) were installed two personages. One was a man of ordinary mien, with little remarkable in his appearance: the other man, was, as Falstaff says in speaking of himself, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, about fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to three score," with sufficient amplitude of stomach to denote him one of those who neglected not the creature-comforts of earth. His eyes shone with a merry twinkle, and a lively joyous expression irradiated his whole countenance from the corners of his expansive mouth to the extremity of his rubicund nose, which might serve as the Pharos to the port of Bacchus, which smiled beneath. Here, in the glow of the evening, were these two worthies seated; the elder of whom, it was evident, was the host, for his air was not to be mistaken, as with out-stretched limbs, and a look of gratified pride, he leaned himself back,

"taking his ease in his inn;" and enjoying the combined luxuries of conversation, wine, and a delicious evening.

As I entered, I half imagined I was wrong in taking this abode for a caravansaray, but the sight of the words "Tag, 2fl." in gold letters over the door, again re-assured me; the answer to my question placed it beyond doubt. "May I ask if this house, or any part of it is to be let?" "Frohlich, mein Herr," (Willingly, sir), answered he of the merry countenance, completing the operation of filling up, which he was in the act of doing as I spoke. "Garten of Elms, the prettiest house in the place, and I am the owner of it. My name is Friedrich Heidenhaus—keep the Stainernen Haus, close to the great wells, opposite the Promenade; have wells or baths in my own house, where you may either drink or swim—the first for nothing, the last for a trifle."

While pronouncing this eulogium, my friend arose, and proceeded to shew me all the capabilities of his mansion, which he led me all through; then into the garden, and finally, he proposed the cellar, expatiating all the while, on everything around us with great volubility. His waters, he said, were good for everything, and cured every complaint: his wine was even better, for it kept people in such perfect health, that there was no necessity to drink his water; however, those that liked might mix them—he never did. His fruit-trees, he said, were the choicest in Elms—he had had the honor that day of sending a bouquet from his garden to the Princess Henriette at the Chur, and he begged me to admire his aviary, which contained some of the finest birds ever seen. We soon arranged our mutual affairs, and after settling that I should set up my household gods in the salon, where I had first discovered Herr Heidenhaus, I left him to resume his libations, and wended back to my hotel, having gained information that a countryman of my own was also a sojourner in the famous Lust Garten. Every one knows the routine of existence at a public-house; mine was nothing different from the rest. In the morning we drank waters, and circulated through the promenades amidst invalids and musicians, some seeking health, others merely appetite; then the reading-rooms, the walks in the vicinity, the lounge at the bazaar, the cortege of donkeys with their scarlet saddles, and the equally scarlet caps of their drivers, all furnish amusement or occupation till the grand reunion at one o'clock, when each individual, appetized or otherwise, must render himself to his chosen "Gast haus," to discuss, if he can, those commons which are anything but short. After dinner, every one seeks their amusement as inclination leads them, in the numerous excursions which the scenery round Ems affords; and in the evening, the greater part meet again on the promenade, where they remain till dusk, listening to the admirable music which is both sung and played. The wiser part then seek their own homes; the least so, though, perhaps, the majority, resort to the Redoute to lose their money, health, and temper, at rouge et noir, or roulette. In all these recreations, necessary, or for mere delassement, I participated except the last, where even I did not enter,

having neither the wish nor curiosity which usually conducts most people to the gaming table. I was surprised to find, in a place where the numbers were so limited, that I had, as yet, formed no acquaintance with the countryman, who, I was assured, lived in the same house with myself. Accident soon gave me to understand the cause. There happened to be a German prince of some celebrity staying at the baths, whom I was desirous of seeing. One evening, just as it was getting dusk, I caught a glimpse of him at the extremity of the walk, and having no particular object in view, I followed him into the Redoute, whither he bent his steps. At the door I met one of those conversational acquaintances whom one always meets with at those places: he entered with me, and after pointing out the prince to my observation, he proceeded to descant upon some of the company assembled, who had already begun to try their fortune. After mentioning two or three he paused, and asked me if I observed a young man who had just taken his seat, and was evidently preparing with avidity for the business which had brought him there. "But perhaps you know him," said he, "for he is a countryman of yours, and a fellow-tenant with yourself of the Lust Garten, and is so well known here since his sojourn in Ems, (though that is not long), that to point him out would be superfluous." I assured him I was not acquainted with any Englishman at the bath, and moreover was especially desirous of seeing the man who divided my abode with me. "You will see enough of him, then, this evening," replied my informant, "if you have patience or motive to stay so long here as he does." Is he, then, so decided a gambler? "A constant one at any rate; though his career, I fear, will be a short one—yet, perhaps, the shorter the better." "Is he then an unsuccessful speculator?" "Generally; at first he had a run of luck, but latterly the chances have gone against him. Last night he was successful; let us see whether he will break the bank to-night, as he has just said to one of the dealers."

If I before felt an interest in a person unknown it is easy to suppose that this feeling was increased by the few words which I had just heard. I stationed myself, therefore, directly opposite Mr R—, and attentively watched the fluctuations of the game, which with all its fallacies, brought success only to the table, its own shrine. He seemed well provided with the means of carrying on the war; and the attention with which he pricked the game, shewed him not unobservant of the chances. At first his stakes were not higher than those of the mustachioed gamblers round him, who hazarded, at the utmost a few louis on the event. This style of play lasted for some time. He seemed at length to be weary of playing on a system, though evidently a safe one, and having backed *noir* tolerably high, the result of which was not favourable, he suddenly changed his plan, doubled his stakes, and appeared resolved to contest the fortune of the winning colour. At first the dusky hue lost, and the ominous words, so indifferently uttered by the croupier—"rogue gagne et la couleur"—seemed likely to annihilate the piles of gold which R— so ostentatiously