[illegible]

[illegible] Herr von Meyer.

THE TOBACCO-POUCH.

I was sitting at Stefl's in Vienna, smoking considerably my good Hungarian tobacco, of which I had taken with me what I considered would do for the time of my stay in the capital of about four weeks or a little more. My tobacco pouch lay before me on the table. After a few minutes, I observed a gentleman stepping near. He took a seat beside me, praised the fine flavor of my tobacco, and begged to be allowed a pinch of it.

"With pleasure," said I, offering him my pouch; and he dose and over again praised the fine Hungarian tobacco, and then went on asking, in a quiet, humble way, not apparent:

"Have you brought much of it?"

"Well," replied I, without any opprobrium, "as much as I intend to use myself—a few pounds only."

"How" said he, "I'll tell you it's my duty to take you to the next station. Being a member of the police, I must call you to a account. Where do you reside?"

"At the White Fox Hotel, No. 5."

"Well, then, let us go first there and ascertain the fact."

"You have no objection, being well aware that your base spy system will force me at any rate to submit, however disgraceful your proceedings may be."

Saying, I stood up and followed him, after having been deprived of my pipe and pouch, the corpus delicti. When under way I remembered that I had given as the number of my room 4, instead of 5, which was the real one—a circumstance I did not attach any importance to, and so I thought it even not worth while to correct the mistake. This however, was to give an unexpected turn to the matter.

When I went up stairs at my hotel, I could see, from the face and the winking of the waiter, that he knew the character of my companion; and when he reached our floor, I called the waiter, and said, "I have told this gentleman that I live here at No. 4, and he wishes to ascertain whether that is really the case.

"Yes, of course, sir," said the waiter, with another wink at me; and then turning to the spitzel (spy,) he continued, "This gentleman resides with us, and his name and legitimation are marked down in our book."

"Well," replied the spitzel, "then open us the door."

"That, I am sorry to say," answered the waiter, "is the moment an impossibility, as the companion of Herr von Theodorovich—here he bowed to me—has put the key in his pocket, when he went out."

I now began to guess what the waiter intended. Theodorovich, a friend of mine, stayed next door to me; he resembled me so much that he often been mistaken for me; and I made up my mind to enter upon the fun, hoping that, under such circumstances, there might be means to escape the penalty of several hundred florin which I had in pro-out.

"You see," said I then to the spitzel, "that I am borne out by this man's evidence. What can you still demand?"

"To search your luggage, sir, and to seize the tobacco; but having your confession, I will spare you the trouble to have broken up the door of your room. Waiter' you have to answer for that gentlemen.

"Very well," replied the waiter, "as far are we are bound to do." The spitzel then went away, and I remained alone with the waiter!

"Well, sir," said this man to me, "you have fallen into a sad pickle; but I shall help you out. Only do what I tell you Herr von Theodorovich starts to morrow early in the morning. Then you shall become again Herr von J——; but mind not to be put out by anything whatever. I am sure we shall cozen that spitzel. I mean these scoundrels, who would fain enlist every waiter in their infamous order. We depend on the police; and there is no waiter in Vienna who is not in some way or other connected with them, a great many even as spies. It is not a shame, sir?

Next morning, about noon, a carriage came up to the White Fox Hotel, and the spitzel jumped out, in order to take Herr von Theodorovich to the police. "Oh," said the waiter, "then I am sorry to say Herr von Theodorovich has started early this morning with the first steamer for Pesth. We had no power to prevent him from going."

"Well," replied the spitzel, "I think I should rather see myself;" and then entered the coffee room, where, amongst other visitors to the capital, I was quietly sitting, having a cup of coffee, and smoking my excellent Hungrian tobacco.

"Why," he shouted, when he perceived me, "there he is sitting!"

"What do you want, sir?" asked I quietly, when he came up to me.

"What do I want? I'll take to the police, Herr von Theodorovich."

"You are mistaken, sir," said I; "my name is name is J——."

"Oh," exclaimed he "your dissimulation is of no use. Waiter, what's this gentleman's name.

"Herr von J——," was the answer, which puzzled the man a little; still, he was by no means put out. "Which room do you occupy!" asked he.

"No 5."

"Five," muttered the spitzel. "Waiter, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "here is the book of the hotel. The gentleman occupies No. 5; and Herr von Theodorovich, who departed this morning, stayed at No. 4.

"Well, that will all be put right at the police office. Make haste and come," said the ruffian.

"I shall go, shouted I angrily; "but I will make you feel, you wretched fellow, what it is take a Hungarian nobleman to the police under a false pretence. Bassamister——, you shall repent of your attempt."

When I came before the magistrate, I saw on the table, where I offered a seat, my poor confiscated pipe and tobacco pouch.

"Do you know this pipe, sir?"

"I have seen many such pipes in hungary, but I cannot say that I am acquainted with this particular pipe."

"Will old you not tell this man that you had several pounds of Hungarian tobacco brought with you?"

"That's mistake. I never saw that man; he must have mistaken me for somebody else."

"What is your name?"

"Herr von J——."

"Have you a passport?"

"Yes, here it is."

I handed the document over to the magistrate, who examined it, looked angrily at the spitzel, and returning it, asked me, and insisted upon [illegible] for the waiter of my hotel, [illegible] my name.

"Herr von J——," said the waiter.

"The matter has lost its ground.

"Gentlemen of the magistracy," said the gentleman, "there is no [illegible] Do not take you dear-[illegible] and remember the future. But [illegible] I shall [illegible] to [illegible] Vienna [illegible] Spy's [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to