

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE GERMAN GAMBLING SPAS.



WIESBADEN—THE GARTEN.

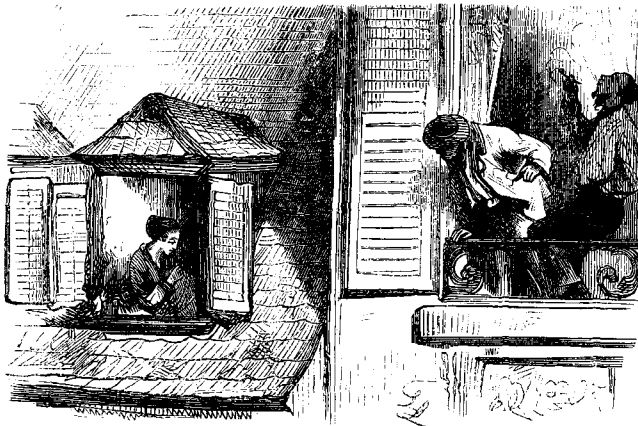
**I**T is said that all men have inherited a passion for gambling. The reason comparatively few become gamblers is to be found, it is alleged, in the fact that the majority are not exposed to the temptation inhering in their temperament. Since gambling is only an appeal to what is understood as Chance, it is not strange that human nature, ever uncertain of its destiny, should feel a curiosity—the stronger part of

temptation—to try experiments upon Fortune. Life itself is but a game; and wealth, power, fame, and contentment are the stakes we play for; almost always losing, but held to the hazard by ever hoping to win.

Business of every variety is a species of gambling, the counters being industry, energy, tact, capital; and commercial speculation merely substitutes investments, purchases, sales, for the wagers made upon the

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Vol. XLV.—No. 265.—1



INVALIDS AT THE SPA.

throwing of dice or the turning of a card. The Bourse or Stock Exchange, Lombard Street or Broad Street, is quite as much a gaming-place as Homburg or Baden-Baden. As money is capable of gratifying nearly all our desires and wishes, physical, mental, and moral, it is not singular we should have an interest in the manner of making it. The processes of pecuniary fortune are simpler and clearer at gaming-tables than in mercantile haunts or banking quarters. There is a certain fascination for all of us in seeing large sums change hands by mysterious caprice or incomprehensible chance; and this, with the irrepressible concern we have in our fellows, constitutes the magnet of the German gambling spas.

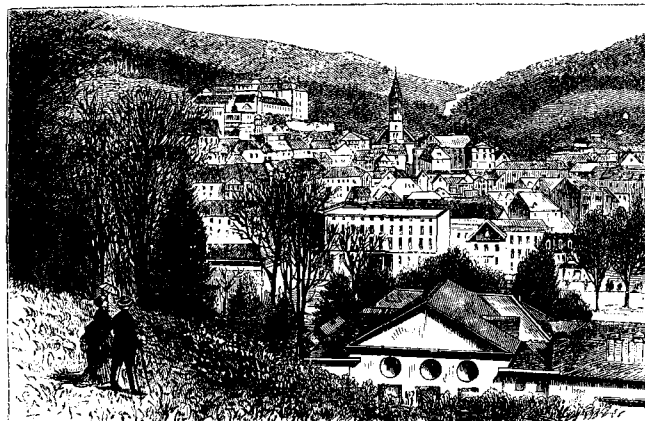
Of the mere pleasure-seeking crowds who visit Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems every season from all parts of Europe and America, not one in ten goes with the intention of trying his luck beyond the losing of a napoleon, for the sake of being in the fashion or having the experience. Men seldom enter upon what is called a vice with premeditation. They approach it by degrees; are seduced by circumstances; are possessed by it before they are well aware. Nearly all the victims of roulette and rouge-et-noir, who are drawn year after year to the German spas as by an irresistible spell, began with playing for amusement or distraction. The prompting of an idle hour grew into an absorbing pas-

sion, which neither reason nor prudence can cure. Every one knows, or rather thinks he knows, the peril of a first step toward vice; but yet he takes it unhesitatingly, believing himself stronger and better guarded than his kind.

The German spas are seen at many different angles, and have, therefore, very different aspects. Their visitors may be divided into five classes—invalids or valetudinarians.

gamesters (consisting of numerous species), followers of fashion, seekers after rest and recreation, and travelers or observers.

It is customary to ridicule the curative claims of all spas, and to declare that their habitués make health-seeking an excuse for dissipation. Of the American watering-places this is true to a great extent; but the springs and baths in Germany—notably the four under consideration—have unquestionable therapeutic power. This may arise in many cases partly from imagination (there is some reason for saying that imagination and physicians are the parents of sickness), and partly from change of atmosphere and altered conditions. But, independent of those valuable aids, any one who has remained any length of time at the German springs, and become acquainted with their frequenters, must have had indubitable evidence of remarkable healings. The waters taken externally seem more effective usually than when taken internally, though in numerous diseases they are employed in both ways. I



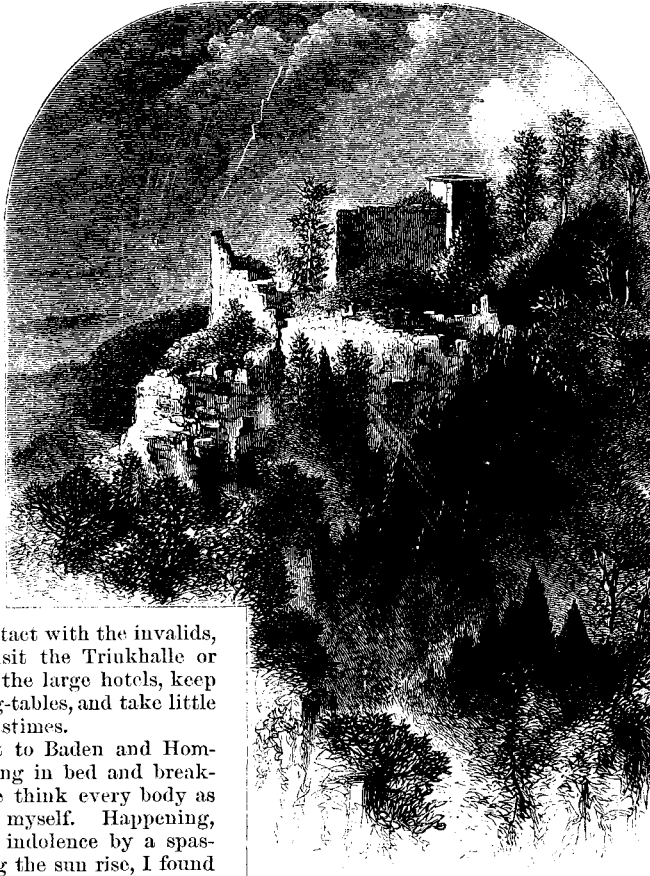
VIEW OF BADEN-BADEN.

have known so many persons troubled with cutaneous eruptions, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, jaundice, and lead-poisoning to be materially benefited, and often entirely restored, that the skepticism which I once felt has been altogether removed. Some of those trying the baths have had no faith in them whatever, because so many previous remedies, declared to be infallible, had done no good; but a few weeks' test compelled belief in their efficacy.

Those in good health and bent on enjoyment are seldom brought into contact with the invalids, who rise early to visit the Triukhalle or the baths, who avoid the large hotels, keep away from the gaming-tables, and take little part in fashionable pastimes.

When I first went to Baden and Homburg my habit of lying in bed and breakfasting late made me think every body as idle and healthy as myself. Happening, however, to vary my indolence by a spasmodic fancy for seeing the sun rise, I found myself during a morning promenade in the midst of a vast hospital. Prematurely old men and women, pallid and emaciated girls, prosperous merchants broken down by overwork, crippled millionaires, asthmatic authors, paralyzed statesmen, superannuated gallants, and faded beauties crept, or hobbled, or limped, or were wheeled along in dreary procession or dismal groups, to their regular imbibing and ablutions. They formed a part of the summer sojourners not reflected in the mirror of my mind. They were almost literally the skeletons at the feast—the shriving monks hidden by the rich hangings from the poisoned revelers; and I was not sorry they held themselves aloof from the throng superior to diagnosis and defiant of pathology.

The whole globe can not boast of an inland watering-place half so charming as Baden. It has so many attractions that one never marvels at its popularity. You may have there society or solitude, delightful walks or picturesque drives, quiet reverie or wild excitement, tranquil days or tempestuous nights, healthful recreation or dangerous excesses. Its situation is almost unequalled; it is nature resolved into poetic



THE OLD CASTLE.

forms: the atmosphere is inspiring, and every square foot of the varied neighborhood is paved with beauty.

Baden lies at the entrance of the Black Forest (Schwarzwald), in the beautiful valley of the Oel-bach, surrounded by green and graceful hills. It resembles Heidelberg and Freiburg, but is lovelier than either. Even in August the days are not oppressive, but of that happy mixture of warmth and coolness which makes temperature perfect. The virtues of the waters are said to have been known to the Romans, who called the place Aurelia aquensis. For six centuries Baden was the seat of the Margraves of Baden, of whom Hermann III., who perished in the Crusades, was the first to reside in the Old Castle on a height overlooking the town.

The castle, supposed to be nearly eight centuries old, was destroyed by the French in 1629, and has since been a noble ruin. What was formerly the chapel of St. Ulrich is now a restaurant, where substantial lunches and good beer may be had. A fine panorama unfolds itself from the top of the ancient tower. The broad expanse of the val-



ley of the Rhine, from a point beyond Strassburg (the city itself is not visible) to the ancient town of Worms, is seen in the distance, and in the foreground the delightful valley of Baden, rich with verdant pastures, sprinkled with handsome villas, and bordered by sombre forests of fir. Near the castle lie broken masses of porphyry in such fantastic shape that they might well be mistaken for ruined towers, crumbling battlements, and petrified billows. The New Castle, crowning an eminence rising far above the valley, was founded some four centuries since; was enlarged in 1519; was dismantled a hundred and fifty years later, and afterward partially restored. The Grand Duke occupies it as his summer residence, and gives it its chief importance, since it has few points of interest, with the exception of the subterranean vaults, formerly Roman baths, according to some authorities, and, according to others, the dungeons of the Secret Tribunal (Vehmgericht), of which mysterious and barbarous order Walter Scott gives a vivid description in "Anne of Geierstein." The vaults are dreary and gloomy enough to have been dungeons; and I have often imagined, when groping through them, that they might have echoed for generations with the shrieks and groans of the tortured and dying victims of the infernal brotherhood.

All about Baden are pleasant walks and drives, leading to points commanding admirable eye-ranges of old Roman remains, quaint villages, and picturesque ruins.

The town has not more than eight thousand inhabitants, but the annual influx of strangers reaches fifty and sometimes sixty thousand, converting almost every dwelling into a boarding-house, and crowding all the hotels to excess. The visitors are called the bathing population to distinguish them from the regular residents, and in most cases the phrase of distinction is literally correct, for



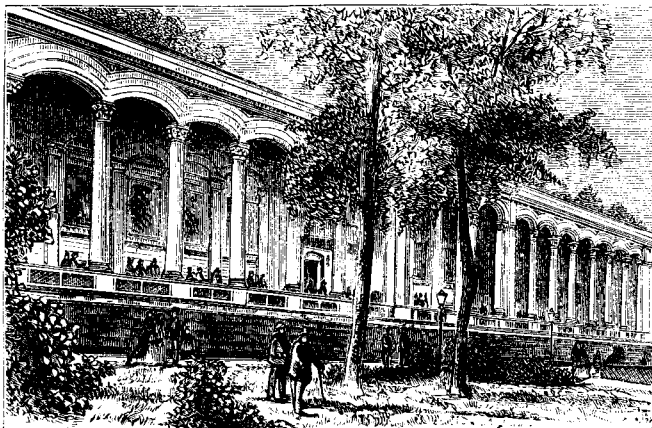
EXPERIENCE OF A NOVICE.

the Badenese, as a people, consider water mainly as a means of navigation. The river Oelbach, or Oos—its dimensions are not above those of a creek—divides the natives from the foreigners, the latter confining themselves for the most part to the ground extending along the left bank of the stream.

The Pump-room (Trinkhalle), where the thirsty and the ailing go at stated hours to drink the waters, is a large and handsome building, in which young women—not particularly prepossessing, I am bound to say—act as the Hebes of the springs. Nature serves most of the medicinal liquids hot, and as you have to wait some time before they are cool enough to swallow, both patience and a peculiar palate are required for their proper appreciation. Having tasted of all the springs known in that region, and having scalded my throat on numerous occasions with those of a boiling sort—I was determined to give them an impartial trial—I found it impossible to relish them. They made me feel very uncomfortable, as if my interior organization, having revolted against the aqueous invasion, was determined to expel the foreign foe,

which it would have done, had not my will firmly resisted and suppressed the revolt. That was not strange, however. As the waters make sick persons well, it is to be expected that they should, by a natural process of inversion, make well persons sick.

Behind the Pfarrkirche are the sources of the thirteen hot springs, issuing from the rocks of the Palace ter-

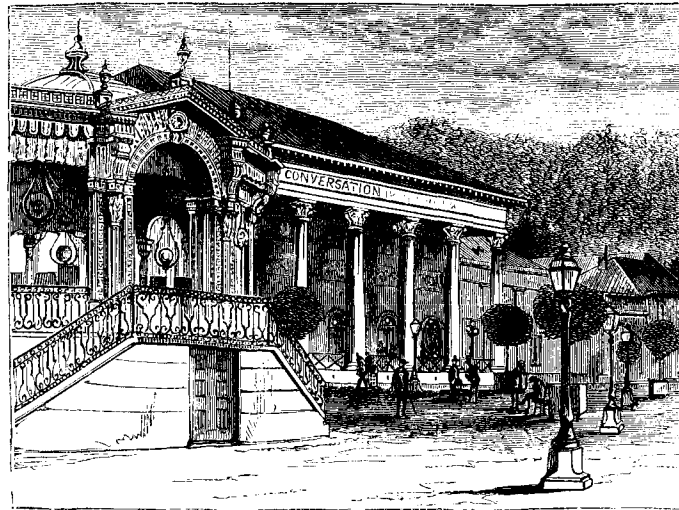


THE TRINKHALLE, BADEN.

race, and conducted through pipes to the bathing establishments in town. They yield nearly a hundred gallons per minute, and their temperature ranges from 115° to 153° Fahrenheit. The Ursprung — the principal spring — is inclosed with ancient Roman masonry, and the tasteful building above it is devoted to Russian baths.

The central attraction of Baden is, of course, the Conversationshaus; so called, I

presume, because no one is expected to speak there except in a whisper. Why a gambling hall should be styled a conversation-house is beyond conjecture. The name must be the result of some Teutonic vagary in which irony was uppermost. The Conversationshaus contains a number of drawing, dining, reading, concert, and gaming rooms, all elaborately gilded and frescoed and luxuriously furnished—immense mirrors on the walls reflecting every form and face. The gambling saloons, opening into each other, usually have six roulette and rouge-et-noir (trente-et-quarante) tables, at which all the gambling is done. They are open from an early hour of the morning to midnight, but the playing does not begin until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and does not end until eleven in the evening. The place is as public as Broadway or City Hall Park. Every body goes in and goes

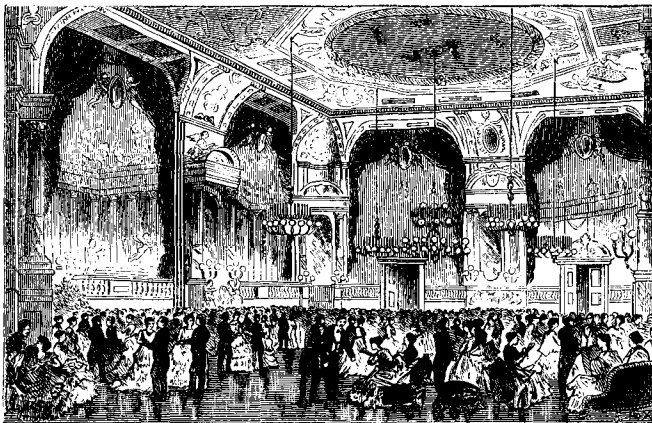


THE CONVERSATIONSHAUS, BADEN—EXTERIOR.

out, bets or bets not, just as he pleases. There is no one to question or interrupt, to invite or discourage, any respectably dressed or decently behaving stranger, who, from curiosity, inclination, or any other motive, may see fit to enter. If he carry a cane or umbrella, or wish to leave his hat—hats are not worn at the shrine of the fickle goddess—he will find in a sort of vestibule very polite lackeys, in livery much resembling a court costume, who will benignantly inform him that it is contrary to the rules of the Direction to take either of those articles, or go covered, into the charmed presence of the challengers of fortune. These bedizened servants are stationed in all the saloons, ready and anxious to do any one's bidding, with the expectation, of course, of receiving certain douceurs for their trouble. They are the most obedient and obsequious of underlings; they will do any thing the mysterious

Direction allows—and it is far from narrow on most subjects—in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. The Direction pays a license of about \$75,000 a year, and defrays, moreover, all the expenses of the establishment, amounting to as much more—which shows that the business is at least profitable.

The gambling license which has long been granted to Baden and the other



THE CONVERSATIONSHAUS, BADEN—INTERIOR.

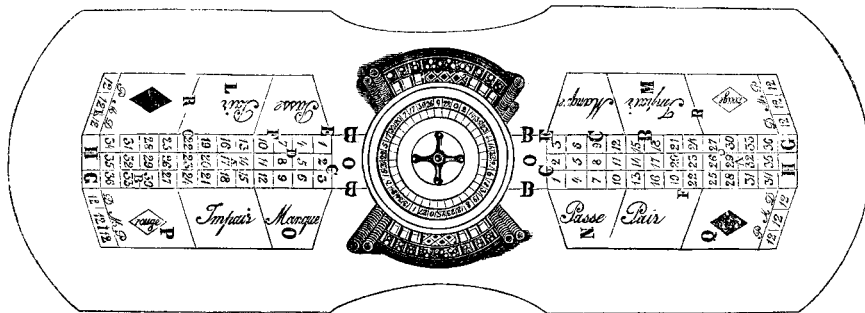


DIAGRAM OF ROULETTE.

German spas expires this year by limitation; and as the Emperor William has positively refused to renew it, the saloons will all be closed. Those Americans who in their transatlantic wanderings have not done the spas, must either visit them this season or have their longing curiosity respecting them forever unsatisfied.

The season extends from May to October, and is at its height from the middle of July to the first of September; the great throng beginning to arrive about the first of the month of July and to depart toward the end of August. Some invalids, who are too weak and infirm to care for gayety or think of pleasure, remain throughout the winter.

The games of roulette and trente-et-quarante, especially the latter, are comparatively so little known in this country that a description of them may not be uninteresting.

Roulette is played upon a long table covered with green cloth, about which are grouped the bettors. In the centre of the table is a movable cylinder, whose circumference has thirty-seven divisions separated from each other by wires, and numbered from 0 to 36. The cylinder is set revolving by the hand at the same time that a small ivory ball is thrown in the opposite direction upon the fixed part of the machine, and, after several circuits, falls into one of the numbered compartments, which are alternately black and red. At each end of the table the thirty-seven numbers which the cylinder contains are stamped on the cloth in three columns, with the words *manque*, *pair*, and *rouge* on one side of the columns, and *passe*, *impair*, and *noir* on the other side; while in the line below the columns and the divisions I have mentioned (*manque*, *pair*, etc.), are nine spaces marked below the columns first C, second C, third C, and to the right and left three spaces marked first D, second D, third D.

The smallest stake is a florin. If the player bet on any odd number, and the ball drop into that number, he receives thirty-six times the amount of his stake; but as there are always thirty-five chances against him, he might lose a large sum before win-

ning at all. To simplify the matter, and encourage the bettor, he is at liberty to divide his stakes among several numbers; lay his wager upon any of the columns containing twelve numbers each, or upon the first, second, or third series of twelve numbers (he is paid double if he win); play upon *rouge* or *noir*, *pair* or *impair* (these designate the odd or even numbers), or upon *manque* and *passe*; the former including the numbers from one to eighteen, and the latter the numbers from nineteen to thirty-six.

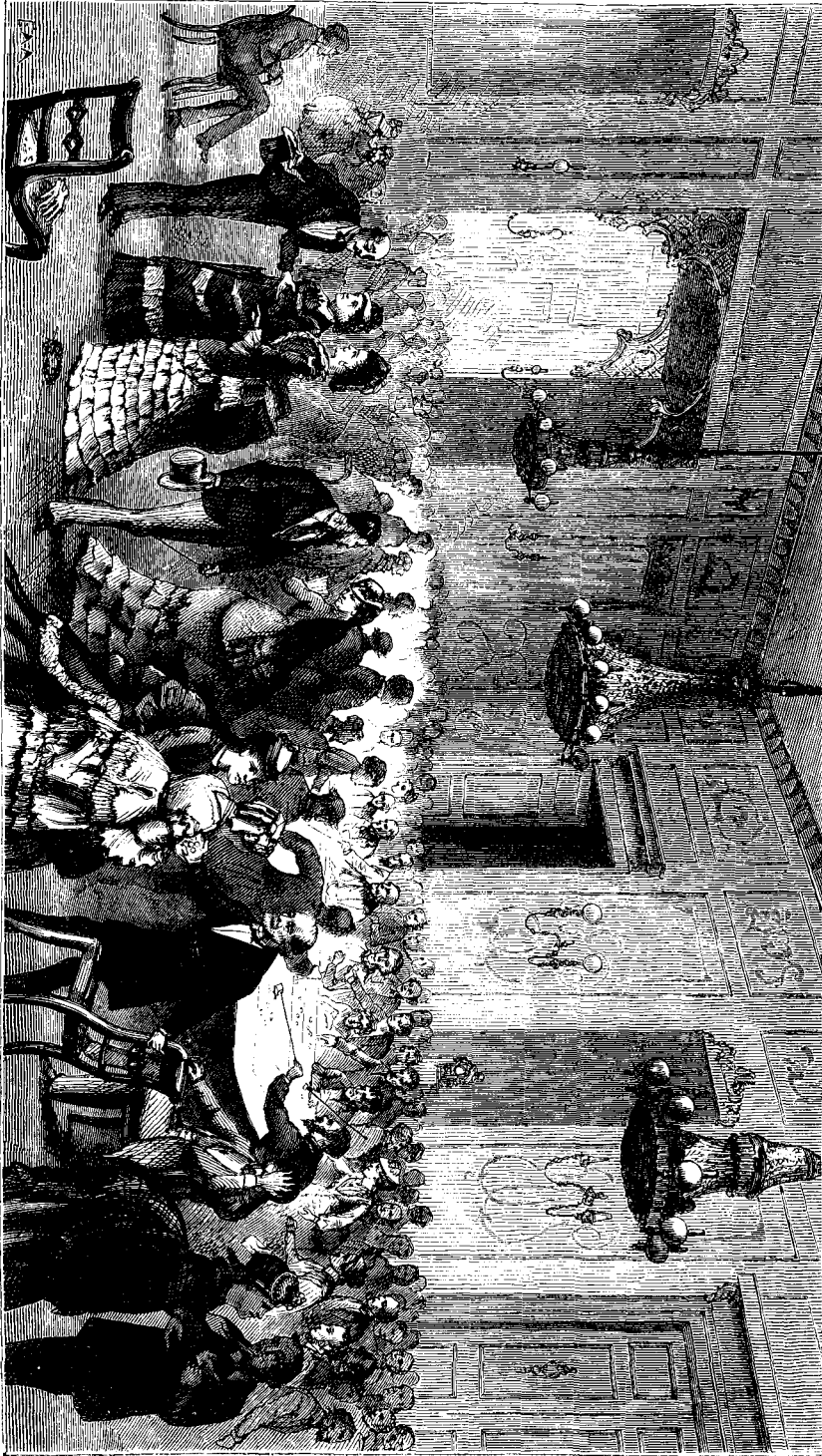
First D, second D, third D, printed on the cloth, signify first, second, and third dozen on the *rouge* (red) or *noir* (black) side; and first C, second C, third C represent the columns of figures under which they are placed. The game, which appears quite complicated at first, is really simple, as will be seen by a little attention to the explanations, and affords great variety in betting. Roulette, however, is considered rather vulgar than otherwise compared with trente-et-quarante, which is the favorite with enterprising gamblers, and, indeed, with all who wish to lose or win largely.

Trente-et-quarante is played, like roulette, at a long green-covered table surrounded by groups anxiously watching the cards as they are laid upon the cloth. The dealer (*tailleur*), or banker, is seated at the centre of the table, while opposite him and at each end are the croupiers, whose duty it is to see that no mistakes are made, to aid the bettors in placing their stakes, and to draw in or push out with their long wooden rakes the money lost or won.

On one side of the table is a piece of diamond-shaped red cloth, and on the opposite side a piece of black cloth. The bettors who believe red will win put their money on the red side, and those having faith in the black lay their wagers on that color. Hardly any one ever speaks above his breath, except the banker, who, after each deal, croaks out monotonously, like a French raven, "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs; faites votre jeu;*" and when he sees all the stakes laid down, adds, "*Le jeu est fait,*" closing, as he begins to turn off the cards, with, "*Rien ne va plus.*"



GAMBLING SALOON, WITSHADEN.



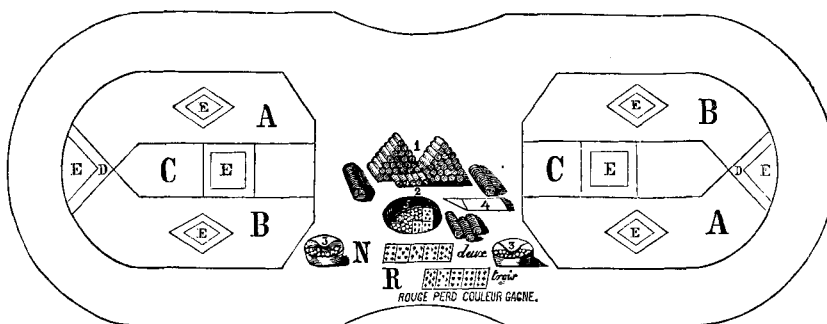


DIAGRAM OF ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

After this declaration any and all bets offered are rejected, the stakes being pushed back by the croupiers.

The game is played with six packs of cards, the court-cards counting ten each, and all the others whatever number of spots they may bear. Being well shuffled, the dealer, holding them in his hand face downward, lays them face upward on the cloth in two rows or series. The first row (the dealer must continue turning and counting in a loud tone until he reaches at least thirty-one, but can not go beyond forty) counts for the black, and is necessarily between the two numbers named, and the second row is for the red; the one nearest to thirty-one being the winning series. For instance, the first row, composed of the queen of clubs, the eight of hearts, the trey of diamonds, the six of spades, and five of clubs, making thirty-two, renders the black series complete. The dealer then goes on turning the cards for the red. Suppose these to be the ace of clubs, the nine of hearts, the knave of diamonds, the four of spades, the trey of clubs, and the king of spades, making thirty-seven. In this case black wins, because the number thirty-two is nearer thirty-one than the red series, counting thirty-seven. The dealer says, "Noir gagne," or "Rouge perd;" then all the bets made upon the first or black series are paid, and those made on the second or red series are raked in by the croupiers. Wagers are also laid upon or against color, and are decided by the color of the last card in the winning series. If the first or black series wins, and the last card turned in the series be clubs or spades, "color" wins; but if hearts or diamonds be turned, "color" loses, the success of "color" demanding that the last card in the winning series shall be of the color of the series itself.

The bank, of course, always has an advantage quite sufficient in the long-run to enable it to prevail over all the players. The advantage at trente-et-quarante is called the refait (drawn game), which happens when each of the series counts the same number between thirty-two and forty, as thirty-four

or thirty-nine for both the black and red. Under such circumstances neither the bank nor the bettors win or lose. The players are privileged to let their stakes lie or to change them if they like. Should each of the series count thirty-one, which occurs, it is estimated, once in about thirty-eight or forty times, bets on both sides are placed "en prison"—that is, they must remain as they are, and depend upon the next deal. This seems entirely equitable, and yet it is really equivalent to giving the bank half of all the stakes. The Homburg bank, which is the most liberal of all, puts the stakes in prison only when the last card of the second series is black. At roulette also its advantage arises from a single zero in the wheel, while the Baden bank makes its percentage from a double zero. The refait at trente-et-quarante is estimated to make the percentage in favor of the bank about two and two-thirds, which at Homburg is diminished to one and one-third.

The advantage at trente-et-quarante is less than at roulette, while the minimum stake is two florins (a florin is equal to about forty cents in our money), and the maximum five thousand six hundred florins (some \$2300). The capital of the bank at trente-et-quarante is one hundred and fifty thousand francs (\$30,000), and at roulette only one-fifth of that sum; the extent of the stake, on simple chances, being limited to four thousand francs. When the bank is broken, which, in spite of stories to the contrary, very seldom happens, the game is usually suspended for a while, and then resumed with the same amount of capital. There has never been a season, I believe, in which the Direction has not won much more than it has lost. The winnings at Baden, of course, vary materially; but they average, I have understood, from two millions to two millions and a half of francs per annum.

Casual and amateur bettors at the spas play at random, without theory or calculation of any kind; but the habitual and professional gamblers always have systems, by which they confidently expect, some time or



other, to break the bank. I have been told of men, and women too, indeed, who have been going to Baden or Wiesbaden for ten, twelve, and fifteen years with that avowed purpose, and yet the sole financial injury they have wrought has been to themselves. Their ill luck, as they term it, does not, however, mar their faith in systems. These they hold to be unquestionably correct—the fault is either in their understanding or in the malignant stars.

The principal fallacy in respect to systems is that chance is subject to law, extremely subtle, but discoverable if diligently and earnestly investigated. The mind of a thorough gamester can never be disabused of this notion. He cleaves to it after years of experience to the contrary as he did at the outset. Come what may, he will hold that the blind goddess has vision enough to read the pages of the volume of logic which he is persuaded she carries concealed in the folds of her robe.

One of the simplest and most plausible systems or theories is to begin with a small stake, and keep doubling it until it wins. There are three bars to the success of this plan: first, the vast amount of money required to carry it out; secondly, the limitation as to minimum and maximum of the stake; and thirdly, the percentage of the bank (no amount of prudence, audacity, or calculation can overcome this), by which, when the little ball at roulette drops into zero, or the refait is made at *trente-et-quarante*, all the bettors, on whatever side, lose their wagers.

Few persons, without actual computation, have any idea to what an enormous sum the doubling process will soon swell. Let any one, for example, begin at roulette with the smallest stake allowed, one florin, and let him lose, as not infrequently happens, twenty times in succession: his last bet must be 524,288 florins—about \$210,000—an amount very few men have at hand to devote to the purpose of play. At *trente-et-quarante* the sum needed, beginning with the lowest stake, two florins, for the twentieth doubling bet would be 1,048,576 florins—say \$420,000. Besides, long before the player arrived at his twentieth stake he would have exceeded the limit of the bank, and be forced to return to his original bet, losing four or five thousand florins in the desperate attempt to win one—a species of political economy not likely to be taught or followed outside of a madhouse. Another theory of the frequenters of the gaming-tables is that chances are governed by the doctrine of probabilities—in other words, that a number or color which has lost for a long time must soon begin to win. If this could be tested for a century or two it might be proved correct. But, confined to a limited period, it turns out very fallacious. I have known men who betted

persistently on black in the evening, because red had had such an extraordinary run of luck during the day; and yet when the bank closed they had no more florins than the players who had stubbornly adhered to the red.

The number of systems can hardly be reckoned. They are even carried so far that books have been written to show their positive accuracy, declaring that, with a certain capital, and by following certain rules, you can be sure of winning each and every day at least one-fourth of your capital. Men, too, are to be found at all the spas who pretend to be able to teach you how to obtain and to keep the advantage of the bank, with splendid probabilities of breaking it every few days. It is scarcely necessary to say that such fellows are always charlatans and tricksters, but still they have no difficulty in imposing upon the ignorant, the avaricious, and the inexperienced.

Gambling begets and fosters superstition and unreason. Persons who bet habitually are very apt to acquire crotchets in regard to chance, and one of them is that they are always on the point of making some great discovery, which is never made. I know not how many players in Germany have informed me, in the gravest and most confidential manner, that they had finally found an absolute method of gaining a fortune. In moments of glowing generosity and gushing candor they have sought to impart to me this valuable information; but all their efforts at instruction were of no avail: they only mystified roulette and rendered *trente-et-quarante* altogether incomprehensible.

But for the prevailing faith in systems I doubt if the tables would have half as many patrons as they do. When an unfortunate mortal once conceives that he has achieved a system, the bank can depend upon securing all his superfluous florins.

A stranger to the spas wonders why most of the players pore so intently over the little printed cards they hold in their hands, sticking metallic pins here and there as the last result of the game is announced. They are keeping the run of the game, marking the numbers and cards which have won, and drawing deductions therefrom for future bets. In this way they are slowly but steadily evolving systems which will prove their bane.

The Baden saloons during the height of the season are attractive to the eye and interesting to the mind. They present a striking phase of cosmopolitan society. Both the roulette and *trente-et-quarante* tables, particularly the latter, are crowded throughout the twelve hours of play. Seated about them are well-dressed men and women, young and old, plain and handsome, distinguished and commonplace; while many others are standing behind, and leaning over to



A LACKEY RECEIVING A STRANGER.

make their bets or collect their gains, and all seriously intent upon the game. The banker or dealer and the croupiers are usually seated higher than the galerie—so the players are called—that they may overlook the table, and have a clear view of whatever is going on. One can hardly bet without taking considerable trouble, owing to the throng of wistful players. It is not convenient to stand on tip-toe and stretch out your arm between the shoulders or above the heads of others, with the stereotyped “Pardon, madame,” “Pardon, monsieur,” on your lips, in order to deposit your stake on the tempting and treacherous green cloth.

So far from being asked, even in the most indirect manner, to take part in the game, the impression of the extremest indifference to your course of action is conveyed to your mind on every hand. You are welcome to play or not play, precisely as you please. Whether you bet or look on appears exactly the same. No one notices you, no one seems aware of your presence, unless you should lay extraordinary wagers, and by great gains or losses attract attention to yourself.

The most perfect air of good-breeding—usually meaning the suppression of all emotion, and the loftiest unconcern respecting every thing the universe contains—characterizes the place and persons, even down to the elaborately attired lackeys. The silence is broken only by the rattle of coin, as the banker adroitly tosses the florins or napoleons across the table, or the croupiers push

them away or rake them in; while the dealer's “Faites votre jeu, messieurs,” “Le jeu est fait,” “Rien ne va plus,” are periodically heard like a sad refrain.

The majority of the players are not young and fast-looking, as might be imagined. On the contrary, gray hairs, staidness of manner, sobriety of appearance, generally predominate. The most constant devotees are old people. I have frequently seen, seated side by side, aged men and their wives, who would scarcely leave the table to take dinner. Their bets were small, confined mainly to florins. They seemed to play more for pleasure than for profit, and in not a few cases I have known this to be true. They were in comfortable circumstances, often wealthy; were accustomed to visit the springs every year, and had formed a habit of attending the tables—a habit grown so strong that they could not and probably did not wish to break it. Many of the most confirmed players, if I had encountered them elsewhere, I should have mistaken—I am not at all sure they were not such at home—for presidents or secretaries of benevolent institutions or charitable societies, deacons or spiritual pillars of orthodox churches, leaders of reformatory movements, or chief agents in missionary enterprises.

In Europe age often seeks a pastime in some sort of gaming, which is not considered there such an offense against propriety as in this land of puritanic notions and straight-laced habits. Young persons are by no means lacking in the saloons, though few are so youthful as many who might be discovered in the gambling-houses of American cities. Nearly all the boyish-appearing bettors at roulette and rouge-et-noir are from this side of the water, and when they are well supplied with money they scatter it with a recklessness which creates astonishment in the Old World. They despise calculation and systems, and sometimes stumble upon such good luck that, if they were the least prudent, they would take advan-



VENERABLE GAMESTERS.

tage of it. But prudence is not one of the virtues they hold in esteem. If they should break the bank on four days of the week, they would lose all they had won, and much more, on the remaining three. To waste money foolishly and ridiculously is, I am sorry to say, the sole badge of distinction which many of our countrymen are willing to recognize.

To see women gambling openly and in public is likely to shock at first the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race—Americans more than English, whose wives and daughters are in the habit of playing cards for money, at least in the privacy of their own homes. The feeling of uneasiness and repulsion soon wears off, however, and feminine gamblers come to be regarded as light in the picture skillfully managed to heighten its effect. The general truth that women are the keepers of the gates of society is ignored in the *Conversationshaus*, the *Cursaal*, and the *Curhaus*. There, though they do not speak to one another, they meet on common ground. The gowns of the duchess and the demi-mondeist unite their rich folds; the great banker's wife almost rests her chin upon the white and gleaming shoulder of the English adventuress; the Berlin outcast takes the rouleau of coin from the jeweled fingers of the Russian princess and passes it to the croupier; the Italian cantatrice, who gained such a triumph at San Carlo last winter, smiles in the face of the gray-haired Jewess, whose son is a power on the Rotterdam Exchange; the charming actress of the *Folies Dramatiques* half reclines upon the lovely American girl who bends eagerly forward to see the result of the last coup. *La belle Américaine*, as so many of our fair country-women are called on the Continent, has just escaped from strict parental supervision, and on this, her first visit to Europe, is delighted with every thing. The Parisian actress, the Milan Duomo, the Sistine Chapel, the "Transfiguration," Mechlin lace, Nürnberg dolls, and the *Maison Dorée* breakfasts, are all "splendid" alike.

That blonde, dowdy, and fleshy dowager countess from Saxe-Memingen-Hildburghausen (it is strange so much of the name could have been left after she came away) is in marked contrast to the youthful, black-eyed, dark-complexioned señorita standing near, who has made the soft nights of Sevilla musical with the tinkling guitars and susceptible singers she has drawn beneath her window.

The women of rank, always largely represented at the spas, seem to have a temperamental fondness for play, especially after they have passed the period when coquetry is charming and purely feminine triumphs are easy. Most of them are said to have been beautiful in their youth. Never having seen them then, I am unable to judge;



COUNTESS KISSELEF.

but if they were, age has certainly withered them, and staled what may have been their infinite variety. Titles and blue blood are far from being, as it would seem they ought to be, the parents of comeliness, which is so frequently a foundling as to make us despair of the power of transmission through recognized forms. I think I have seen more ugliness, ungracefulness, and inelegance among queens, duchesses, countesses, marchionesses, and baronesses than among any women of the cultivated and fortunate class.

Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems have each their feminine noblesse from the leading nations of Europe. They compose, indeed, some of the best known habituées; can be met, while they are alive, in the Lichtenthal avenue, the Wilhelmstrasse, or on the Mahlberg-Kopf with as much certainty as the *tailleur* with his imperturbable face, frigidly polite manners, and perpetual "Faites votre jeu, messieurs."

One of the most noted players of rank is the famous Countess Kisselef, whom all frequenters of Homburg must remember as a very large gray-haired woman hobbling about with a crutch, and often carried by her servants in an invalid-chair to the gaming-table, which she seldom quits. She must be seventy-five now, and has been reported dead again and again. Her portly and crippled figure was conspicuous in the *Cursaal* last season, and will be again this, I am sure. She could hardly forego the pleasure of occupying her accustomed seat during the last gambling year, when she has for nearly a quarter of a century breathed the



genial summer air of the Taunus Mountains. She is, or rather was, the wife of the former Russian minister to Rome, and all kinds of stories are told about her. She is said to have separated from her husband because he insisted that she should give him up or give up gaming, and she adhered to the latter as the more attractive of the two. The gossips declare that up to her fortieth year she was a beautiful basilisk of fascination, and her figure (who ever saw a very fat old woman that had not once been a model of lissome grace?) so slight and symmetrical that St. Petersburg and Moscow followed it with adoring eyes. (If this be so, it is only another corroboration of my æsthetic theory concerning the tendency of rank to awkwardness and *avoiropois*.) The hour of beginning the game is almost invariably anticipated by the countess. She is at the table before the croupiers, and day and night, week-days and Sundays, find her glued to her familiar chair. Roulette is her life, and her last words, as the ball of death goes swinging round the circle of her being, will be, no doubt, "*Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus.*"

Her losses at Homburg are stated to have been enormous—not less during the last twelve or thirteen years than eight or ten millions of florins. She has done much to improve the little town, has built many of its best houses, and opened a street, which is named in her honor. But all her property has been mortgaged, and it is questionable if she now has left, out of a colossal fortune, more than a modest independence. She no longer bets with her former audacity, staking rouleaux of napoleons upon a simple chance, but limits her mise to a few florins, in consequence of her comparatively straitened circumstances. To her more than to any other one person the Direction is indebted for the large dividends, averaging about twenty per centum per annum, which it pays to its stockholders, after deducting its very liberal expenses. All the tables at the springs are owned in this manner, though, as may be presumed, the companies are supremely close corporations, and the shares are no more purchasable than the correct biography of Prester John. As dividend-paying stocks they probably have no rivals in all Europe.

A lionne at Baden is the Princess Suvarow, a Russian lady of distinction, who devotes herself almost as zealously to rouge-et-noir in the Conversationshaus as the Countess Kisselef does to roulette in the Cursaal. She must have been exceedingly pretty; indeed, she is very good-looking now, although fully five-and-forty, if it be allowable to conjecture a woman's age, and she still has a fine presence and engaging manners. Always dressed richly—yellow silk, trimmed with black lace, is her favorite costume, setting off her brunette beauty to advantage—and

having a really grand air, she draws the fire of many glances. According to general report, she has played as sad havoc with the funds of the Baden bank as she has with the hearts of men all the way from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Constantinople to Antwerp. She is said to have won as much as her notorious country-woman has lost, and she bears the credit of having again and again exhausted the treasury of the *tailleur*. Her reputation as a lucky player is diffused throughout the grand duchy, and she is often implored to make bets for others, as persons believed fortunate are apt to be. Full of *bouhomie*, she generally yields to persuasion, albeit she avers she has little leisure to look after other stakes than her own. She is deemed the best authority on systems in the entire valley of Oel-bach, and appears to have studied them to some purpose. I have been informed that she has thousands of the little pricked cards (having noted the course of the game for many years) carefully arranged in her archives according to date, and that she gives the late hours of the night to their diligent investigation. She must be a feminine Anastasius, if all the *on dits* concerning her are to be trusted. She has been every thing and done every thing; speaks all languages; has traveled all over the world—is, in a word, a paragon of imprudence and enchantment, of folly and generosity, of wickedness and charity, of tenderness and temptation. She is a Greek, a Russian, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a Frenchwoman; the much-fathered daughter of a Grand Vizier, of the Pope of Rome, of the Emperor William, of a Russian admiral, of a Spanish grandee, and of a French general. Every body at Baden knows something about her nobody else knows; and what each knows is altogether different from the general knowledge of this singular woman, who seems pleased with the mystery surrounding her, and nowise averse to deepening it by a continuation of eccentric courses and inexplicable vagaries.

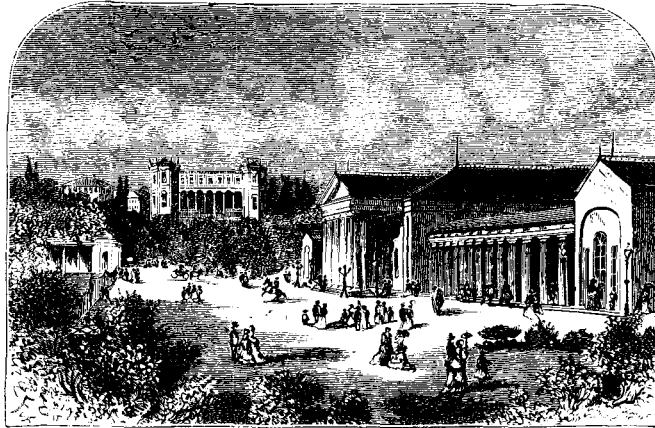
The outward proprieties are carefully observed at Baden. One very seldom sees wrangling or disturbance of any sort in the saloons, and nobody is allowed to make himself disagreeable to the galerie. There is not the smallest objection to a man's rushing on his own financial ruin; but after he has done so he must not be melodramatic and boisterous in company, or discompose the serene equanimity of others. If so inclined, he can go to his own lodgings or to the bath and tranquilly blow out his brains. Or, if of a romantic turn, he can ride into the Black Forest, read a few chapters of "*Werther*," and hang himself to the nearest tree. No one will interfere with his suicidal ambition, provided he has paid his debts, and left enough in his purse to cover his funeral expenses. Baden is the reflex of the best, be-

cause the most artificial, society. It values the external alone, and to him who prates of misfortune, sympathy, and heart it turns its well-dressed back, shrugs its graceful shoulders, and says—nothing. The Direction itself is a very *Tartuffe*. In order to seem sanctified it employs a bilious peddler, who looks as if he were entirely convinced of the doctrine of total depravity, to sell Bibles in all languages

in front of the *Conversationshaus*, and graciously informs the patrons of the tables, in printed cards conspicuous upon the walls of the saloons, that the games on Sunday will not be begun until after the close of divine service. This is considerate indeed; for roulette and rouge-et-noir are so much more inviting than religious exercises to the frequenters of Baden that the slightest echo of the parrot-like phrase, "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs,*" would empty the churches like a pestilence.

The promenades of Baden during the afternoon and evening, when an excellent band plays before the gambling-hall, are thronged with nearly all the nationalities that lay claim to civilization. Then the latest and most expensive costumes are displayed; the women look their fairest, and the men struggle to express that grand insouciance which indicates the final fathoming of all social profundities. In the shady alley running south from the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* and on the terrace in front of the *Conversationshaus* one may encounter acquaintances from every quarter of the globe. I have met there friends of boyhood, college chums, army messmates, traveling companions, and persons casually known on land and sea, at home and abroad. Boston, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Odessa, Athens, Venice, Naples are brought to mind by the passing faces, and the little history of former meetings revived.

The pleasantest part of Baden is these leisurely strolls with the bright sunshine overhead, the strains of Bellini or Verdi in your ears, and a gay panorama of fair women and well-satisfied men before your eyes. You can have what society you choose from the thousands of summer swallows who fly from Baden before the cool September evenings, and you must be hard to satisfy if out of such endless variety you do not find your material and mental need.



THE CURSAAL, WIESBADEN.

Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, the capital of the Landgraviate of Hesse Homburg, only nine miles from Frankfort, owes its fame and fashion to its baths and its bank. The town, less than five thousand inhabitants, is without interest, and its situation has not much to boast of. Its hotels, with the exception of the *Quatre Saisons*, are poorly conducted and poorly equipped; and yet the place steadily grows in popularity, and has recently become one of the genteeldest of the spas. Many of its villas are handsome, and the excursions in the neighborhood pleasant; while the mountain air, full of piny odors, fresh from the Taunus, recommends it to the healthy, as its saline and muriatic waters do to the afflicted. The Cursaal, with its Florentine façade, its spacious and delightful gardens, is the finest gambling-hall in Germany. The theatre, where Adelina Patti sings every season in Italian opera, as she does likewise at Baden and Wiesbaden, is cozy, comfortable, and elegant; and so, on the whole, he who has pleasant friends there, and is capable of enjoying a one-sided contest with the *tailleur*, will have small reason to complain. If I owned Homburg I should lay it out anew, erect some excellent hotels, give more variety to the vicinity, and bring the mountains nearer. These improvements might not increase the patronage, however; for the waters, the women, and the tables are the real triad of attraction.

The Cursaal is certainly dazzling, with its rich frescoes, heavy gilding, immense mirrors, and splendid furniture, and when lighted in the evening, and thronged with members of *le grand monde*, it looks like the gambling saloons you read of in this country, and never see. The annual number of visitors used to be six or eight thousand, but within the past eight or ten years it has increased three or four fold. The gambling is kept up through the entire twelve months, and it is estimated that the bank wins in

that time more than a million of florins. It can well afford, therefore, to pay to the government an annual tax of eighty thousand florins, to light the town and keep it in good condition, to support the hospital, and meet the expenses, always heavy, of the Cursaal and its extensive grounds. The capital of the company is nominally four millions of florins—I doubt if it is really four hundred thousand—and its shares are two hundred and fifty florins (\$100) each. These are said to have paid for themselves ten times over; and some of their holders live luxuriously, I have been told, without any other income.

A gayer throng than the month of July or August gathers at Homburg I have not witnessed, and in it is usually a larger proportion of pretty and engaging women than almost any European capital can lay claim to. I fancy the atmosphere of the place must be favorable to good looks. Maidens, wives, and widows, who had been wan, worn, and moping in Vienna, Florence, or Nice, were rosy, fresh, and vivacious in the gardens and avenues of the little capital. On the terrace behind the gambling-house I have frequently heard in half a dozen languages the admiring comments made by Continentalists on the beauty of Columbia's daughters. I have noticed, when foreigners see an unusually lovely woman, and discover she does not belong to their own nationality, that they immediately conclude she must be an American. I remember several fair New Yorkers at Homburg, whom Frenchmen apostrophized, Italians raved about, Spaniards admired in silence, and Germans drank beer over. They always created a stir when they appeared on the promenade, and the consciousness that they were appreciated added to their charm.

There is no material difference between roulette and trente-et-quaraute as played at Homburg and elsewhere. The tables are equally thronged, and by much the same kind of people, though the players in general are younger and less prosaic. Adventurers and adventuresses of the higher sort seem to gravitate to those springs. London, Paris, Naples, and Berlin send there their sons and daughters of fortune to woo her in a new form, and under favoring combinations. Usually they have assured successes, not so much with the bank as with the frailties of our common nature. For six weeks of the summer they defy augury, and, kissing their hands to the purple mountains, hurry joyously away with new purses and new prospects, determined, when fate frowns, to return again.

The last time I was in the Cursaal I could not help noticing a high-bred and handsome woman who always betted largely on the red, and lost repeatedly, without seeming to feel any interest in the game. She ap-

peared to play for distraction, and the sad expression in her eyes and the drawn lines of her mouth indicated that she had made the acquaintance of sorrow. Something about her awoke my curiosity, if it did not elicit my interest; and I was trying to read her history by the light of my imagination when an acquaintance, observing the direction of my gaze, inquired if I knew who she was. Answering in the negative, I was informed she was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman. She had run away with a captain of cavalry, and been disinherited by her father. Her lover then deserted her, like the base churl he was, and, going to Smyrna, she married an aged and very wealthy merchant, who soon after died. Her father, about that time, became financially embarrassed, and she secretly sent him money, by which he was enabled to discharge his debts. Subsequently she wrote him, imploring his pardon; but he denounced her bitterly, and refused to forgive her either in this world or the next. She loved him devotedly, so much that she had in her heart no room for another affection, especially after the terrible blighting of her first passion. For dissipation she had recourse to travel, and this proving empty, she seeks excitement and forgetfulness in rouge-et-noir. Still handsome, possessed of magnetic presence and charming manners, her hand has frequently been sought by men of great influence and high position. She uniformly answers that she has no more love to give; that it is her destiny to live alone and be a wanderer for the remainder of her life. Every once in a while she writes to her obdurate parent, who now resides in Pesth, but will not reply to her letters. She thinks and says she would die happy if she were forgiven, but that she never dares to hope for forgiveness. So the seasons wane and the years creep on, and she, stifling for sympathy, puts all friendship and affection aside because an unnatural father has locked his heart against her and thrown away the key.

Wiesbaden, population twenty-two thousand, is the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, and the chief residence of the Duke. It lies to the west of Frankfort, as Homburg does to the north, being three or four miles further from that historic city. Pleasantly situated on the spurs of the Taunus, nearly one hundred feet above the Rhine, it is surrounded by handsome villas, remarkable for the beauty of their gardens. Most of these are occupied by the wealthy bankers and merchants of Frankfort, the great money centre of the Continent. They spend large sums on their grounds, not a few of which are models of elegance and taste.

It has always seemed very fitting that Homburg and Wiesbaden should be in such proximity to an extremely opulent city, so that in the event of financial stress at the





AT THE KOCHBRUNNEN.

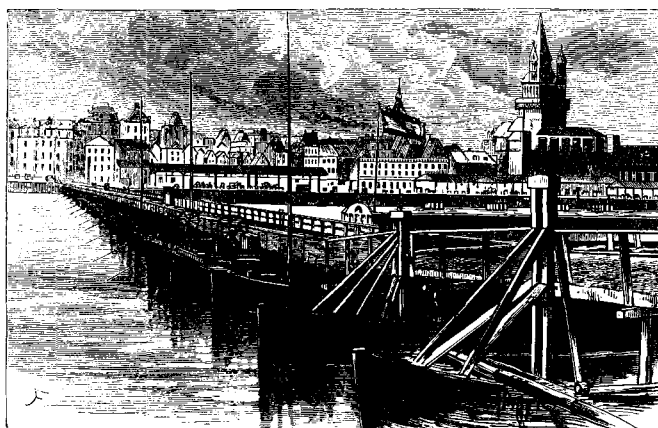
Cursaal the gambling companies might negotiate unlimited loans.

The prosperity of the two spas largely depends on Frankfort, a favorite place of residence for foreigners, and the richest city for its size on the globe. The capital of the bankers there is estimated to be over \$100,000,000, with a capacity to control, through their numerous connections, fully as much more.

Wiesbaden is one of the oldest watering-places in Germany, and Pliny, in his Natural History (*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germaniâ fontes calidi trans Rhenum, quorum haustus triduo fervet*), refers to what was the basis of the present town. Traces of a Roman fortress, garrisoned, according to the inscriptions, by the fourteenth and twenty-second legions, were discovered not long ago on the Heidenberg, to the north of the city, and on the northwest side the Heidenmauer now forms a sort of town wall. The Emperor Nero, if we accept tradition, once built and occupied a palace on what is called the Neroberg, in the outskirts, where stands a splendid Greek

chapel, erected as a mausoleum to the memory of the Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna. Consequently Wiesbaden is classical beyond question, and if you remain there long you will discover that it is also contemporaneous.

The Kochbrunnen—no doubt one of the *fontes calidi* of Pliny—is the most important of the warm springs (temperature 156° Fahrenheit), and is connected with the Curgarten by a long iron pump-room in the form of a veranda. The most noteworthy buildings are the ducal palace, the palace of the dowager duchess—built in imitation of the Alhambra, and on the height near the Cursaal—the ministerial buildings, after the Florentine style, and the Gothic Protestant church, with its five tall towers. Of course the architectural and social centre is the Cursaal itself. The principal hall contains copies of the Apollo, Venus, Laocoön, and other celebrated antiques, and is embellished with pillars of red and gray marble, indigenous to the region. The portico of the Cursaal is after the ever-reproduced Pantheon, and looks out upon a charming square,



BRIDGE OF BOATS AT MAINZ.

ornamented with fountains and beds of plants and flowers, the leaves and petals of which make beautiful shades and contrasts of color. On each side of the square are broad colonnades lined with fancy shops, and attended, as at Baden, by women selected for their good looks and their art of cozening. The different dining, drawing, reading, ball, and gambling rooms are arranged and furnished in the same sumptuous, rather florid manner as at the other spas, and the pleasure-grounds in the rear of the Cursaal have the same agreeable walks, pleasant grottoes, sparkling fountains, and miniature lakes. These are the chief promenades, and at stated hours are thronged with fashionable loungers listening to the excellent music and the, to them, still sweeter tones of their own voices. The main thoroughfare of the town, Wilhelmstrasse, is half a mile long, excellently built, and skirted with shade trees. The Platte, a hunting residence of the Duke, crowns a hill nearly sixteen hundred feet high, some five miles from Wiesbaden, and the view therefrom extends over the entire valley of the Rhine as far as the Haardt Mountains, with Mainz in the foreground. Through the large telescope on the platform I could distinctly see persons crossing the bridge of boats connecting that city with its suburb of Castel. The excursions in the vicinity of Wiesbaden rank next to those of Baden in number and picturesque-ness.

The visitors to Wiesbaden the year before the Franco-German war were nearly forty-five thousand, of whom one-third were passers through. During the winter as many as two thousand strangers stay in the city, attracted by its public institutions of science and art, though the tables are always closed, I believe, toward the end of October.

It is a mistake to suppose that all the frequenters of the gambling-houses there or elsewhere are addicted to play, for many who

go to the saloons daily never lay a florin on the green cloth. I have known persons to spend ten or twelve summers at the spas without ever being tempted by the unvarying and dogmatic invitation of the *tailleur*. The members of this non-playing class are generally Americans and English, with a sprinkling of Germans. They turn over the papers in the reading-room, walk in the gardens, talk, smoke, sip coffee and wine in the restaurants, and seem, on the whole, to enjoy themselves more than the gamblers. For the great mass the tables, it can not be denied, are the chief attraction of the Hadean quartette; but any one of the springs will be quite as pleasant, if less exciting, when the occupation of the croupiers has gone forever. Though it is not polite to call these spas bells—for the reason, perhaps, that they have borrowed the art of the architect, the painter, and the upholsterer to serve Satan with—they really deserve the name more than any similar establishments on either side of the Atlantic. They make every thing seem decorous and delightful: they cover flagons of poison with flowers, and daub skeleton heads with gaudy pigments. All this brave show only serves to render more perilous what is hidden, and enables the mind to deceive itself more readily. The players, as a rule, are skillful maskers; they have complete control over their facial expression, and bear the loss of their last napoleon with an air of indifference which does honor to their discipline. They always remind me of the guests at a fashionable party, so fearfully bored do they appear when their hearts and pulses may be leaping wildly, and every nerve of their bodies thrilling to the highest. Most professional blacklegs have a certain negative deportment which in society is deemed desirable, and the habit of gambling has a tendency to improve external manners at the ruinous expense of morals.

Players at Wiesbaden are more conservative than at Baden or Homburg. Some of the wealthiest habitués of the place bet invariably with the greatest caution. Some of the Frankfort bankers, worth millions, whom I might name, never make their stake above a napoleon, and usually content themselves with wagering three or four florins.

Three years ago, a notorious lorette from Paris reached Wiesbaden with one hundred francs, all the money she had in the world.

She had most extraordinary good fortune. Three days after her arrival she had swelled her slender capital to two hundred thousand francs. She then resolved to return home; had paid her bill at the hotel, had packed her trunks, and was expecting the carriage to take her to the station. The carriage happened to be late, and she waited for the afternoon train. With four hours on her hands, she strolled into the Cursaal, firm in her purpose to play no more. The fascination of the game was too much for her: she placed her mise on the tapis vert, and in an hour she was penniless. She announced her intention to commit suicide, and somebody interested in the tables, hearing of this, went to her and promised her two hundred francs if she would leave Wiesbaden before executing her purpose.

The gambling companies do not like to have their business injured by self-slaughter on the spot; and if any poor devil, bankrupt in hope and fortune, can make them believe he seriously designs bidding eternal adieu to the planet, they will furnish him means to take his leap at some distance from the place where he has wrought his ruin.

The lorette gladly accepted the offer, went by express to Paris, expended what she had left in a petit souper at the Café Helder, merrily bade good-by to her friends, and the next morning her body was found in the Seine.

This sad story having become bruited, a young woman in the same circle, who had



"PLEASE DON'T DIE HERE."

experienced the same adversity, likewise declared that nothing but charcoal and a close room could relieve her woes. One of the croupiers was apprised of this, and knowing



AT EMS—A BELIEVER IN "THE WATERS."





AT EMS—THOSE WHO GO THERE TO PICK UP A LITTLE MONEY.

the disposition of the demi-mundanes to visit Azrael without invitation, he called upon "Elise," in behalf of the Direction, with a promise of five hundred francs if she would defer her demise until she reached Frankfort. Entering into a covenant with him to that effect, he accompanied her to the station, purchased her ticket, and saw her off.

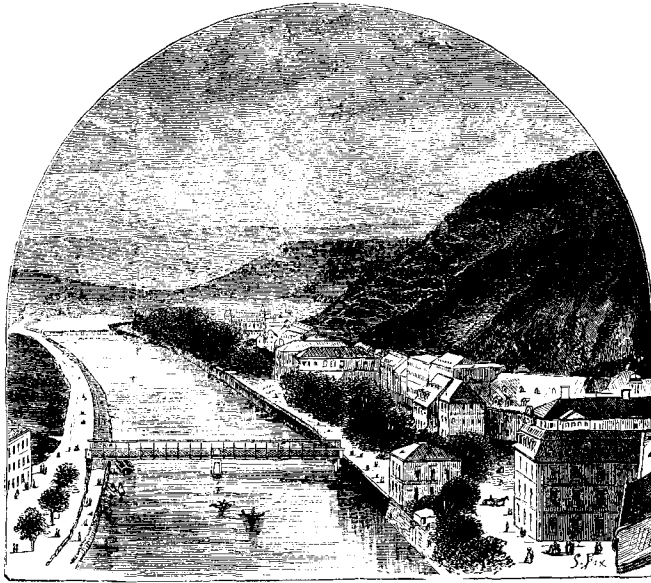
Two days after, she was back again, betting furiously against the bank, and actually broke it before dinner—the only time it was forced to suspend during that entire season.

The dealer at roulette and rouge-et-noir needs to be, and is, worldly-wise. He is very keen-eyed, and, notwithstanding his calm manner, sees every thing that is going on before and around him. Generally he has been, like the croupiers, a player himself, and has accepted his position either because he has seen the folly of betting against the bank, or because he has lost all his money. It is difficult to deceive him, and he usually detects a sharper as quickly as a banker detects a counterfeit note. Sometimes, however, he is, to use the English phrase, taken in, as he was last season.

A very well-dressed and well-mannered man, pretending to be an Italian count, and staying at the Nassauer Hof with a plenitude of luggage, made it a point to lose a rouleau of napoleons every day for a week, and then ceased betting. The next week he won largely at trente-et-quarante—probably fifty thousand florins—and disappeared, leav-

ing his bill unpaid and his trunks unclaimed at the hotel. No one could imagine the cause of his sudden exodus and of his apparently dishonest conduct after his pecuniary success. One morning, however, a Russian officer who had won a rouleau of napoleons tore open the paper—these rouleaux are carefully put up and sealed in red wax with the stamp of the company—and saw, to his amazement, that it contained a small cylinder of lead. He showed it to the dealer, who at once handed him the amount of coin the rouleau represented, stating that the bank had been swindled, and inquiring if any body else had any of the fictitious gold. It was found that the galerie had come into possession of more than twenty lead cylinders, which it had taken for some \$1600, and that the bank had so many of them that it refused to disclose the extent of the fraud.

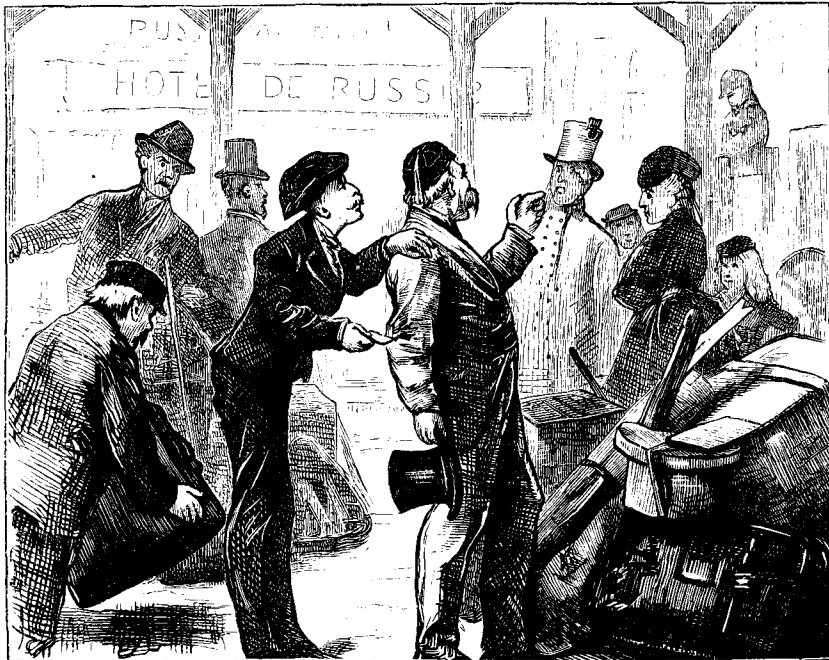
The soi-disant Italian count—he was afterward suspected of being a Maltese smuggler—had evidently fully matured his plan before making his appearance in Wiesbaden. He had counterfeited almost exactly the stamp of the bank, had even grooved his little cylinders to imitate the coin, and had achieved a most striking external resemblance between them and the genuine rouleaux. The tailleur was promptly discharged from his position, and since then the dealers have been more careful than ever to see that the sealed papers placed on the tapis are entirely correct.



VIEW OF EMS.

A very quiet village and comparatively quiet watering-place is Ems, or Bad-Ems, also in the Duchy of Nassau, and fifteen miles north of Wiesbaden. It is picturesquely located on the river Lahn, along which runs a pleasant terrace, and is surrounded by verdant hills and delightful landscapes. Like

Wiesbaden, it was known to the Romans, as has been proved by the frequent finding of ancient vases and coins in the neighborhood. From the bridge over the Lahn, commanding but a limited view, eight different independent principalities could once be seen, showing to what an absurd extent Germany



AT EMS—THOSE WHO GO THERE TO DROP A LITTLE MONEY.

was formerly divided up and infested by petty tyrants. These little principalities, duchies, grand duchies, kingdoms, electorates, and landgraviates were long the curse of the nation. Bismarck has changed all that, and by the empire has made not only unity but strength.

The village now has nearly 4000 people, and within a few years has undergone a marked alteration. It used to be limited to a row of lodging-houses on the right bank of the river, but recently a new town, largely consisting of handsome residences, has risen on the left bank, and is much the pleasanter quarter of the two. Among the most conspicuous buildings are the bathing-house (its four towers give it the appearance of a church or castle), the old Curhaus, connected by an open hall (filled with shops) with the Cursaal, devoted to the same purposes as at Homburg and Wiesbaden. The gambling saloons and other apartments are not so showy as they are elsewhere, but they are pleasant and in very good taste. The new bath-house on the left bank is a large square structure, with two court-yards and gardens in the middle, and two mineral springs that are pumped up by steam. A covered iron bridge unites this bath-house with the promenade on the opposite side of the river.

The most famous springs, the Kesselbrunnen, the Krähnen, and the Fürstenbrunnen, varying in temperature from 79° to 117°, are inclosed in the hall belonging to the old Curhaus. The waters, the chief ingredients of which are bicarbonate of soda and chloride of sodium, have a great reputation for efficacy in pulmonary and feminine complaints, and some 200,000 bottles are exported annually to every part of Europe.

To the east of the village the Bäderlei, a rough group of slate rocks, rises precipitately, and half-way up are Hanselmann's caves, resembling small casemates and embrasures, their origin unknown. In the vicinity are remnants of Roman watch-towers and intrenchments, and some magnificent points of view, including the scenery of the Rhine.

About eight thousand guests usually spend the summer at Ems, which assumes to be much more exclusive and much higher toned than the other spas. If rank and title can render it so, its claim is just, for barons, counts, electors, and dukes are almost as abundant there as invalids. Their number has increased since the Emperor William and Bismarck have become regular visitors. The first time I ever saw those dignitaries was at Ems. I had no difficulty in recognizing "Old Dutch Bill," as a Colorado iconoclast called him, from his resemblance to his portraits. Bismarck, however, looks quite unlike his pictures. He has an exceedingly strong, worn, and unattractive face. It repels you almost by its expression of hard-



BISMARCK.

ness and sternness, and yet you feel that it belongs to no ordinary nature. The more you see of Bismarck the more you are convinced that he must be the greatest and the homeliest man in Europe. The tables at the Cursaal are not so crowded as at Wiesbaden, but the stakes are generally higher. Some of the noblemen have an inordinate passion for gambling, and must seriously impair their revenues by its indulgence.

An eccentric baron always spends July and August there, and though now in his eighty-fifth year, he is as profoundly attached as ever to *trente-et-quarante*, and believes that it and beer are the true poles of enlightened being.

One of the croupiers at Ems is said to have had a most adventurous life. The illegitimate son of a German margrave, he was educated a soldier, and served with distinction; then became a religious enthusiast; traveled all through the East; was by turns a Mohammedan, a member of the Greek Church, an Israelite, a Roman Catholic, and a Buddhist. Finally he turned atheist, and by his father's death inherited a considerable fortune. He married three times, and quarreled with each of his wives; set up as an epicurean and a dilettante, and soon grew to be a sensualist and a sot. Half crazy with dissipation and reduced to poverty, he found himself at Ems. Having had large experience in gambling, he applied for the position of croupier, and was employed on condition that he should cease to drink. He pledged himself to total abstinence, and has kept his pledge. A wreck of his former self, he is still a croupier and nothing more. All this within twenty years; and within the next twenty, if he live so long, he will be seated there, with his stony face, raking in the stakes and smiling like a ghoul.

The man ends when the croupier begins. A croupier is altogether without future and without ambition. Once that, he is incapable of becoming any thing else. Nobody