

THE  
SMOKER'S  
GUIDE

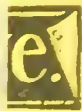
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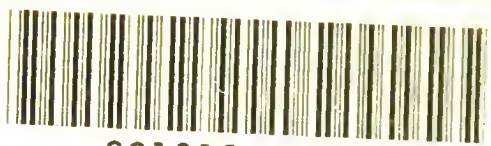
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COLOURING A PIPE FOR FAULT.

At MANCHESTER, to-day, a young French, 17, a student of law, living at 124, Broad-st., Lion-grove, was charged with having a new pipe, value 11s. 6d., in his possession, and not giving a satisfactory account of the same. It was shown that five or six days ago Messrs. Spear, Turner, and Bostero raised some research upon the prisoner in his cell-rooms. On Friday evening last John O'Leary saw a gang of boys in Lion-grove street prisoner, who was one of them, was smoking a pipe exactly similar to the stolen. In answer to the offer the prisoner said he had bought the pipe of a man in the street, and the constable then took him in custody. Mr. Sampson, solicitor for the prisoner, called a witness, who said the prisoner had had the pipe five or six weeks, and Mr. Sampson stated that the colouring of the pipe showed that it had been smoked for some weeks, but the other alleged that it could be coloured to that extent in a week's time. The witness stated that the prisoner had smoked the pipe very freely, and Mr. Cooke inquired what he meant by smoking it freely. Mr. Sampson remarked that the pipe had been smoked slowly, so that the colouring would be that of a week's use. Mr. Cooke said that the pipe was colouring very nicely, which would not have been the case had it been smoked freely. — Other witnesses gave their opinions of the colouring of the pipe, but before urging that the colouring of the pipe could not have been done in five or six weeks. — Mr. Sampson said he could not promise the defendant when the prisoner had bought the pipe in the street for 2s. 6d., and Mr. Cooke remarked that the great suspicion was that men did not usually buy pipes for 2s. 6d. in the street which were worth 11s. 6d. Mr. Sampson said that there were many boys about the streets of London who were content to make a shilling or two out of them. They were sold in this way. — Mr. Cooke remanded the prisoner, and I agreed to accept bail.

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A HINT TO SMOKERS.—An inveterate smoker, who for some time past has found that his pipe was beginning to seriously affect his nerves, before giving it up determined to find out if there was no way by which he might continue to smoke without feeling its effects to an injurious extent. He accordingly wrote to a medical journal, and was recommended to fill the bowl of the pipe one-third full of table salt and press the tobacco hard down upon it, as in ordinary smoking. The result was very satisfactory. During the process of smoking the salt solidifies, while remaining porous, and when the hardened lump is removed at the end of a day's smoking it is found to have absorbed so much of the oil of tobacco as to be deeply coloured. The salt should be renewed daily.

Exeter Flying Post. Feb.

1882

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**SMELT.**—On the 3rd inst., at Chert abam, Mary Ann, widow of the late Rev. Maurice Smelt, aged 83.  
**TYNDALL.**—On the 1st ult., at Sheen Bungalow, Ceylon, Olivia, daughter of J. Tyndall, Esq., aged 21.  
**WOOLSTON.**—On the 29th ult., at Peckham-rye, Martha Emma, widow of the late J. T. Woolston.

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**THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.**—At the General Quarterly Court of this Corporation, holden this day, Dec. 6, at the Asylum, under the Presidency of James Lawrie, Esq., Chairman of Directors, the following CANDIDATES for admission to the Institution were, at the close of the poll, declared duly ELECTED.

**BOYS.**

	Votes.		Votes.
William James Hamilton.	6, 0	John Sinclair .....	3, 76
John Scott.....	6, 1	Andrew Squair .....	2, 087

**GIRLS.**

Mary Duncan Pitt-Rivers..	4, 101	Catherine Isabella	
Jane Siddall .....	1, 14	Edith Milner	1, 228

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FREDERICK THE GREAT'S PIPE.—*Edward Lee*, a young man, was charged before Mr. Flowers with stealing two meerschaum pipes, value £15, the property of Charlotte Jane Finch.—Mr. Abrams appeared for the defendant.—The prosecutrix said she was a widow, and carried on the business of a tobacconist at 23, Wilmot-street. On Dec. 1, at about six o'clock in the evening, the prisoner, whom she had previously known as a customer, came into the place and asked for some tea. She gave him a cup, and in getting it ready knocked down a pipe, and the prisoner noticed this. He then produced a book of poems and lent it to her to read, and pointed out parts of it to her, one of which he made her read then and there. While she was reading it he said, "Excuse me a moment," and left the house. Witness's little boy soon after came in, and said he had seen the prisoner going into a pawnbroker's shop. Witness then found that two pipes, which she would not part with for £15, were gone.—Mr. Flowers: What makes the pipes so valuable?—Witness: Why one of them was smoked by Frederick the Great.—Mr. Flowers (looking at the pipe): It's big enough to put him in. It reminds one of a German professor's, Mr. Abrams. Now then, Mrs. Finch, just answer me one question. Isn't £15 a fancy value?—Witness: Well, seeing I've been offered 10 guineas for them —.—Mr. Flowers: Of course, if anybody believed the pipe was smoked by Frederick the Great they would give more than £15 for it.—Witness: Oh, I assure you it has been smoked by him.—The accused was remanded on bail. 76. 7. 12 77.





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Tobacco Plants.

THE  
SMOKER'S GUIDE,  
PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.

WHAT TO SMOKE—WHAT TO SMOKE WITH—AND  
THE WHOLE "WHAT'S WHAT" OF

TOBACCO,

*HISTORICAL, BOTANICAL, MANUFACTURAL,  
ANECDOTAL, SOCIAL, MEDICAL,  
&c., &c., &c.*

BY  
A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM.

*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena VAPORIS?*  
What land on earth not fill'd with our SMOKE?



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HARDWICKE & BOGUE, 192, PICCADILLY.  
1876.

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## TO THE READER.



THE adoption of Pope's memorable words addressed to Lord Bolingbroke for the title of this little work inspired the entire design, and made it incumbent upon the Author to do his utmost to render it worthy of so comprehensive a designation.

In the attempt he has been largely assisted by his innumerable predecessors in Tabacology, and almost every other "ology." But, whilst drawing from every available source, he has taken nothing without striving to adorn it—after the good example of Virgil, Milton, Byron, and all the most enduring writers of ancient and modern times, who have thereby secured immortality—simply because so many other worthies have contributed to, and can vouch for, their excellence.

In like manner, whilst thankful to all the gods of Literature and Science for the gifts they have showered into his casket, the Author trusts that he has fashioned and set their gems in a new light, for livelier appreciation.



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# THE SMOKER'S GUIDE.

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## A FEW WORDS TO BEGIN WITH.

THE invention of smoking is one of the most remarkable events in the history of mankind. It seems to be more or less connected with man's religious instincts.

Smoke, fume, or perfume of some sort, from the earliest times was an emblem of divine satisfaction. The pagan gods were supposed to sniff and delight in the fume of sacrifice; and no sacrifice was otherwise ever brought to a perfect consummation.

And not only in accordance with his religious instincts was the fume of something burnt offered up in order to please, as he believed, the god whom he worshipped, but as a natural analogy, man also burnt it to please *himself*, the next best object of his adoration all the world over.

Be that, however, as it may, one fact is certain—Tobacco came upon civilized man as a "conquering hero." The advance of an Alexander the Great, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Mohammed, or Tamerlane, was nothing to the advance of Tobacco—the Weed divine

—marching to universal conquest. Perhaps, however, in this respect, it was equalled, if not surpassed, by CRINOLINE, another “puff,” designed to fascinate and beguile mankind.

The results of all revolutions must be estimated by their extent. Now the conquests of other mighty conquerors have been transient. They modified, to a certain extent, only portions of the earth; and Time immediately began to sponge off the traces of their march and obliterate their exploits. It has been otherwise with those great changes in man's private and social life, resulting from the inventions and discoveries which influence his morals, his customs, in fine, his happiness here below. Indeed, what are Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon—in the universal point of view—compared to the inventor of even *Lucifer Matches*, which have “revolutionized” every palace, every cottage, every nook and corner of the universe? Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, are now merely objects of vain curiosity, of admiration not without critical suspicion; whereas, there exists not a man at the present day—from the king down to the peasant and clodhopper—who can light his candle, his pipe, or cigar, without a grateful remembrance of that modern Prometheus and truly great man who first overturned the empire of the *flint and tinder box*—those implacable and worrying foes of man's digits and the charming fingers of lovely woman!

But if we award this grateful praise to the inventor

of this new light, how much more grateful should we be to him who first discovered that divine Weed of sacrifice to which it is so admirably adapted for the consummation!

“Blessed be the man,” exclaimed Sancho, “who invented *sleep!*” but how much more blessed the man who first discovered in this providential herb the means of sleeping with our eyes open!—a blessing to toiling and fretful humanity which no words can adequately describe in its totality, for

Gods would have revell'd at their feasts of mirth,  
With this pure distillation of the earth—  
The marrow of the world, star of the west ;  
The pearl whereby this lower orb is blest ;  
The joy of mortals, umpire of all strife ;  
Delight of nature, Mithridate of life ;  
The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,  
By taking which *man differs from a beast.*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF THE WEED.

MISLED as usual by incidents which they did not take the trouble to elucidate, historians of the herb have advanced doubts, plausibly supported, as to the fact that the smoking of Tobacco was invented by the aborigines of America. No doubt something of the kind was resorted to by other races of men seeking an intellectual pleasure and a new sensation. The ancient Scythians used to cast bundles of herbs into the fire, and then inhaled the fragrant smoke; the Thracians did the same with the aromatic seeds of certain plants; and, according to Herodotus, the Babylonians employed the same means to produce and enjoy a transient *intoxication*; but the divine Weed, with its highly ingenious mode of imbibition, was not vouchsafed to these savages or semi-barbarians. The fact is incontestable that the honour of having discovered the virtues of this herb divine—this truly incomparable Dulcinea of all humanity, is entirely due to the Indians of America. When first seen by Columbus they were imbibing the fume of the herb in the shape of a cigar, either rolled into a tube of straw or other appliance, which they called *Tobacco*; hence the persistent and universal name given to the herb all the world over.



Nothing in this world has had so many *aliases* as Tobacco. Imagination was racked and invention was exhausted in devising names for this fascinating mistress of mankind; but all have remained in the dust of old books, giving place to the original appellation, more or less perverted, curtailed, or mystified in the languages of Europe and Asia, for instance, in the East, *Zinbac*, *Ittabac*, *Tibac*, and *Tumbraca*. As it is no part of our purpose to consider Tobacco in the philological point of view, we spare the courteous reader the detailed proof of this positive averment.\*

Invented then by the elegant savages whom the atrocious Spaniards so cruelly treated, the introduction of this enjoyment into civilized Europe was effected by two of the most elegant of men, both of them exquisites of fashion, one a Frenchman, the other an Englishman—the former rejoicing in the well-remembered name of JEAN NICOT, the latter the unfortunate and still commiserated SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It was in the middle of the sixteenth century—a time of religious wars, when men really needed some sort of alleviation for their miseries—that Tobacco began its soothing influence on the mind and heart of man. Both of these courtiers introduced the herb to the royal notice of their queens, Catherine de Medicis

\* In the *Athenæum*, August 1, 1857, the reader will find this fact established by documentary evidence, in an elaborate and exhaustive article by Andrew Steinmetz, entitled "History and Mystery of Tobacco."

of France, and the great Elizabeth of England. The French queen had reached that age of women when transient follies take the place of passionate enjoyment, and accordingly, "turning up her nose" against every other fascination, Catherine took to snuff.

Amongst the various accomplishments of our energetic Queen Elizabeth, it is not on record that she smoked; but she certainly had the good taste to sit out a pipe smoked by the elegant Raleigh beside her, philosophically discoursing. Undoubtedly this royal patronage of England's great queen vouchsafed to the Weed, is one of the most important historical facts of the remarkable epoch in question. It also proves that, although it is said that ladies of lower degree sometimes "object to smoking," a queen, and a queen of England too, smiled complacently at the curling smoke of the Weed, and deigned to start thereon a philosophical discussion, in the course of which Raleigh undertook for a wager to show exactly the weight of the smoke emitted by his pipe. The queen at once took the bet, of course deeming the feat impossible. Raleigh weighed a bowlful of his Virginia, smoked it out, and then weighing the ashes, triumphantly exhibited the "difference" by the simple rule of subtraction! Thereupon the queen paid the wager, observing, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, "Many labourers in the fire have I heard of, who turned their gold into smoke; but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

Perhaps if our modern ladies would try and "philosophize" a little, they would find as pleasant entertainment as did Queen Elizabeth in the smoking of their husbands, their lovers, and their universal admirers.

It would have been well if the herb, once introduced to the good taste of Europeans, had been left to her special function—the intellectual alleviation of the excited and the weary. Unfortunately, however, she fell, as it were, "amongst thieves." The *doctors* got hold of her, and everybody knows what these gentlemen do with what they get hold of. Small mercy, indeed, and frightful manipulation! In the entire history of human aberration, lunacy, and madness, there is nothing equal to the extravagant uses and virtues absurdly and craftily attributed to our innocent Weed at its first appearance in Europe. No sooner did this "delight of nature" get into the hands of the medical faculty of the day, than they converted it into an universal apothecary-shop for the pretended cure of all diseases whatsoever. It was prescribed in the shape of snuff, smoke, and a quid for chewing. Some patients it was said to cure, but the great majority of course it killed; and little it mattered, in the general infatuation, whether it killed or cured. Nor did the iniquitous refinement stop there. There were water-infusions of it for draughts, and oils of Tobacco for embrocations, with syrup of Tobacco, nay, even cataplasms of Tobacco!

Applied hot to the body, Tobacco leaves were said

to be an infallible remedy for paralysis, carbuncles, rheumatism, the venomous bite of serpents and insects, and those incomprehensible tumours which the doctors call "œdematous," if the gentle reader will excuse the barbarous quotation. Triturated with vinegar, or incorporated with grease and ointments, the same leaves were considered omnipotent in the cure of all skin diseases, from leprosy to that which is said to be as peculiar to Scotland as its bagpipes, and poetically called "the Scotch Fiddle."

The oil of Tobacco was a secret nostrum for that implacable worm of conscience, the tooth-ache. The syrup of Tobacco—only fancy what must be the syrup of Tobacco 1—was, and even actually has been revived as, "a pectoral paste" for consumption, asthma, and all "affections of the chest!" We wonder if "Cough-no-more Lozenges," which sound ominously of the *coffin*, owe their vaunted virtues to the charms of Tobacco?

But, alas! quackery did not stop there, although the noble Weed deserved "neither that excess of honour nor indignity." Tobacco—the aid of Tobacco—was even made to intervene in the recondite mysteries of human generation! Women, in certain cases, received it in the shape of smoke in a manner quite impossible to describe; suffice it to say, however, that they received it, like the Delphic Pythoness of old, sitting on a tripod, whose vapour disclosed to her a futurity full of mystery and inexplicable confusion. Certainly Tobacco was not in its proper place there—

in that place which it deserves ; like Virtue as apostrophized by the poet Molière, “ Oh, Tobacco, where the deuce have you built your nest ? ”

But “ no more o' that ; ”—the reaction came apace ; and from having been lauded and vaunted to the skies, Tobacco became an object of ferocious denunciation to the same medical faculty which had perverted its use in their infatuation or their craft. A certain medical idiot named Pauli pretended that the smoke of Tobacco blackened the brain ; and another simpleton rejoicing in the name of Borrhy went further. He positively stated that he had a patient who became so completely exsiccated, or dried up, by the immoderate use of Tobacco, that at his death he was found to be nothing but a black clot enclosed in “ membrane,” which is the learned name for something like parchment.

In fact, it seemed as though certain privileged thinkers, concluding that Tobacco was the “ fire stolen from the ethereal mansion ”—as feigned by the poets—scribed to its furtive introduction all manner of ills that flesh is heir to ; nay, the very image of death by premature decay loomed in the quivering smoke of the pipe, and horribly grinned in its ashes !

Of course the lovers of the Weed did not remain silent when their darling was thus “ baited with all the unmuzzled thoughts that tyrannous heart can think.” Public disputations were held at the Universities of Europe on the subject ; for in those days the

professors of Universities were like "the gentlemen of the Press" at the present day—the omnipotent guides of public opinion—and as bull-headed and ferocious as their successors in their safe *incognito*. More than a hundred volumes were printed on the occasion; and as we always find a German engaged when prodigious erudition is required, a German has catalogued the hundred volumes in question, with the names of their authors. A few of these may be given for the edification of smokers chuckling over their gratification, which has, providentially, out-lasting and survived the terrible onslaught of a hundred pens, dipped in gall and flourished by madmen. They were Magnus, Thorius, Neander, Schröver, Libalpus, Barnstein, Pauli (before mentioned), and the redoubtable Mariadon Scriverius; all fine fellows, no doubt, who had not the least idea that the time would come when the commonest smoker would really know more about the Weed than they did; and it will be our fault if this is not effected by these pages.

Unquestionably, to have produced such a mass of learned literature entitles Tobacco to the honour of a distinguished place, with letters of naturalization, in all learned academies, whether scientific, moral, or political: but the gentle Weed, the modest Rose of Sharon, was also honoured by the distinguished hatred and denunciation of a king of England—James I.—just as his predecessor, the burly Henry VIII., of wife-killing infamy, had denounced the immortal Luther of the glorious Reformation, the only great

social modifier that can be reasonably compared to our "sacred herb" and "Star of the West:"

The Pearl whereby this lower orb is blest.

But King James's *Counterblaste, or Misocapnuus* (a learned treatise against the Weed) was itself only a puff of the vilest smoke, since he had the unprincipled audacity to write these words:—"Smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!"

Would it not be an insult to any smoker, to any man or woman out of Bedlam, to ask them if this is true—if it contains one particle of truth? But, in fact, there was always in the Royal controversies of the truly unfortunate House of Stuart some strange aberration of intellect, which always placed its kings on the wrong side of every question. Witness the case of Charles I., who lost his head effectually by his blunders—James II., who lost his crown in like manner—and first of all James I., who decidedly lost his wits in denouncing Tobacco, the universal solace of mankind, and the main support of Governments in their revenue and finances.

King James was a drivelling pedant and undutiful son, without heart or soul, who never thought of avenging his lovely and luckless mother; a coward who grew pale and shivered at the sight of a sword



—thus still further wronging the sweet memory of his mother by enabling her foul slanderers to trace this very Royal peculiarity to the fright of his mother in pregnancy, at the slaughter of her troubadour Rizzio in circumstances which they coarsely assume to be critical. The brave herb can well afford to treat such an insulter with contemptuous silence. The bravest of the brave are amongst her votaries and lovers—the heroes of a thousand fights—headed by Marshal Ney, who lit a cigar when he went to meet the smoke and the bullets of the enemy.

However, neither the absurd uses to which it was degraded, nor the denunciation of doctors, kings, and popes, could prevent the Weed from making way in her conquest of mankind. Thirty years after its introduction into England—that is, during the reign of the same James I.—the practice of smoking was more general than at the present day, although far more costly; for the king states that “some of the gentry bestowed three and some four hundred pounds a year upon that precious stinke”—representing a much greater value in the present money; and he lays particular stress upon the interesting fact that “the mistress could not in a more mannerly kind entertain her lover than by giving him, out of her fair hand, a pipe of Tobacco.” According to Aubrey the pipe was handed from man to man round the table, and Tobacco was actually sold for its “weight in silver.” “I have heard,” says he, “some of our old yeoman neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury

or Chippenham, they culled their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the Tobacco."

In France it was somewhat otherwise. The city and the Court had adopted the Weed, but only in the shape of snuff. The pipe became classical with the heavy and amphibious Dutch, the sturdy Swiss, and the positive Germans, whose patriarchal manners and customs tolerated the stranger, as a familiar well adapted for home-comfort. At that period originated such proverbs as "To smoke like a Dutchman" or "like a German." At the present day, however, things have changed, and the proverb should be "To smoke like a Briton." Thus has the old proverb become at fault, and gladly would we get rid of many other old proverbs, perpetually bothering us with their absolute platitudes; and it is quite a relief when, by the advance of mankind and the development of society, one of them drops into the abyss of time and oblivion.

Nevertheless, the French soldiers and sailors smoked almost as well as the Germans and the Dutch; and the celebrated privateer's-man, Jean Bart, lit and smoked his pipe even in the antechamber of the Sun-King Louis XIV., the proudest and grandest monarch the world ever beheld. That was a prodigious piece of audacity on the part of this gallant sailor; and this levelling deed may be said to be the *true commencement of the great French Revolution.*

If so, the end of it was like its beginning, for as it began so did it end—in smoke, blown out by Bonaparte.

As for soldiers, it appears that there was a good reason for allowing them to smoke. The following remarkable passage in the celebrated French 'Encyclopædia' explains it. It says: "Tobacco deprives the stomach of its salivary juice, most essential for digestion; thus smokers must drink a great deal to supply its place; and consequently Tobacco in camps compensates for the scanty rations of the wretched soldiers." The evident conclusion to be drawn from this highly authoritative declaration is simply that "he who smokes *dines*," and therefore we confidently recommend to all the Governments of Europe, so often pinched by the expenses of war, this most economical method of feeding their armies when not in the enemy's country. A beautiful Parisian lady, apparently with this object, sent thousands of cigars to the French army during the siege of Sebastopol.

Doubtless the reader will smile at this important financial and commissariat discovery, but we can assure him that it is really "no joke." The suggestion is positively supported by one of the most distinguished chemical philosophers of the present day—the celebrated Liebig. It seems that Tobacco, when smoked, subserves in the human system a function similar to that of salt in preserving meat from decay, or rather like any other "smoking," by which hams and bacon are rendered safe from putrefaction. Liebig says that Tobacco prevents the waste of the "tissues," or the flesh, and so a smoker can do more work with less waste, and consequently less requirement of food,

than those who do not avail themselves of this admirable substitute for eternal mastication, digestion, and *in*-digestion—all which we must go through to keep body and soul together, adding immensely to the toils of poor humanity. Liebig instances the fact that the smoking North American Indian can go several days without food; and it is on record that shipwrecked sailors on their forlorn raft have outlived their horrors for a week, chewing Tobacco. Modern Yankees also go two or three days without eating—when “hard-up,” or “clean broke,” as they call this dilemma—“chawing” all the while.

On the other hand, however, we must protest against the alleged cause advanced by the learned French encyclopædist, namely, that smoking diminishes the “juices” of the stomach, and so renders less food necessary, but more drink. If so, it certainly will not do for our fighting braves. To increase their thirst without having at hand a benevolent Bass or profuse Allsopp would be abominable cruelty. But the allegation must be erroneous. The Indian hunters do not indulge in deep potations; and if we find good “mild ale” a good thing with our pipe or cigar, it is simply because two good things are better than one, all the world over. However, we shall revert to this topic in the sequel, in its proper place.

Considering the positive advantage of the extended consumption of Tobacco to all Governments, their infatuated and useless opposition to the Weed was indeed ridiculous, absurd, and suicidal. For we have

seen its useful application in enabling their armies to fight fasting, which is not so easy as *praying* in the same condition. But there is also another point of view—the “financial”—a very pretty name for the fine fleecing of the people by that ever-watchful dragon of civilized society—TAXATION. Take the two countries, England and France, and we find that the revenue from Tobacco has always constituted one of the largest, if not the largest, of the items—at present nearly eight millions sterling in England, and rather more than half that sum in France. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—the entire working of the machinery of Government in this great country—the existence and efficiency of our army and fleet—largely depend upon the financial results of the consumption of Tobacco by our truly patriotic smokers. Put a stop to smoking, and then the Chancellor of the Exchequer must “go to pot”—if he knows where that is—to bring grist to his mill. To wish that smoking should cease throughout the land is to wish for national bankruptcy, with ferocious treason and revolution in its train.

And this reminds us of one of the finest feathers in Tobacco's all-glorious cap. Everybody knows all about the glorious Revolution, which quietly sent King James II. on his travels, and brought over Dutch William, to the pacification and comparative comfort of the nation. But everybody does not know who “paid the piper” on that occasion—in other words, who paid the cost of that pretty piece of treason.

Why, it was actually Tobacco! We have had in our possession the Dutch copy of the Act of Parliament passed at the time, appropriating the revenue from Tobacco duties to the payment of the Dutch bill of costs against our glorious Revolution of 1688! What a fine stroke of revenge by the mighty Weed! The father of the rejected king had cruelly insulted the Weed; she did not forget it; and proudly came forward, "like a brick," to pay "the trifle" for the traitors, triumphant over the fall of his worthless house and progeny.

This historical summary would be incomplete, however, without proofs of governmental infatuation proscribing Tobacco. In 1624 Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of "excommunication" against all who took snuff in churches; that is, they were deprived of all religious *rights* in life and religious *rites* at death, and for ever after. They were consigned to the great depository of everlasting fire and smoke; assuredly a most uncharitable and unchristian penalty, prodigiously exceeding the "merits of the case."

Ten years after this, smoking Tobacco was forbidden in Russia, under the penalty of having the nose cut off. It seems that the old city of Moscow was burnt down, and the cause was attributed to an incautious smoker. Give a dog a bad name, and he'll always carry it; and these two faithful dogs of humanity—Tobacco and Lucifer Matches—will always be blamed in such cases, contrary to the spirit and practice of English law at least, which considers a

man innocent until he is proved guilty; although we "take care of him" in the meantime, as we should always do with our Tobacco and Lucifer Matches.

In Transylvania the penalty for growing Tobacco was a total confiscation of property; and for using the Weed, a fine varying from 3 to 200 florins.

In 1653 the council of the Canton of Appenzel, in Switzerland, summoned smokers before them for punishment, and ordered all inn-keepers to inform against such as were found smoking in their houses. The police regulations of Berne, made in 1661, were actually divided after the manner of the Ten Commandments, the various prohibitions being classed with reference to the *specific* import of each commandment; and the prohibition against smoking stood beneath the command against—what does the reader think?—why against *Adultery!* For what reason, we are at a loss to conceive, unless it arose from the fact that the Tobacco plant is, like many others, a sort of vegetable *Mormon*; that is, it belongs to the order styled *Pentandria monogynia* (five husbands to one wife), as it were a female polygamist.

Amurath IV., king of Persia, made the smoking of Tobacco a capital offence; and this terrible penalty was actually suggested by the absurd opinion that smoking rendered the people "infertile," or childless. He should have come to England to verify the fact, where our population-increase is at the rate of a thousand a day, in spite of smoking and taxation.

After all this, the reader will agree with the urbane



and intelligent Doctor Paris, that Tobacco “furnishes in its most romantic history a striking illustration of the triumph of popular opinion over a series of legislative enactments which had no other origin than that of ignorance and prejudice.”

The votaries of the Weed loved and courted her—

“Thro’ joy and through torments,  
Thro’ glory and shame.”

And when the doctors tried to frighten them with the pretended horrors of the gentle herb, they turned to their fascinating mistress more fondly than ever, exclaiming,

“I know not, I ask not,  
What guilt’s in that heart;  
I but know that I *love* thee,  
*Whatever thou art!*”

In conclusion, we may state that the controversies about the use and abuse of Tobacco have been renewed from time to time; the last in the year 1857, again originated by the doctors—a veritable tobacco-phobia for the time, concerning which one of the defenders of the Weed made the following original observation:—“Do they really expect to persuade the public that they (the *doctors*) feel interested in the continued *health* of nations? If we paid them, like the Chinese, for keeping us *well*, the case would be altered; but our health would be their starvation! And if the immense majority of our habitual ailments originate in corroding cares and

anxiety, the use of the soothing Weed is clearly the very arch-enemy of the doctors. 'The passions of the mind,' says Dr. Elliotson, 'are a frightful source of disease, much more so than is commonly imagined. An immense number of cases of disease of the heart, and diseases within the abdomen, as well as of the brain itself, arise, I am certain, from *unpleasant passions of the mind.*'" This writer, therefore, concludes that smoking, by its soothing effects, checks the increase of such formidable diseases, and so "dispenses" with the doctors. Hence he furtively implies the opposition of some of them to the beneficent herb "with healing on its wing" in the toils and fretfulness of life.

All these controversies, however, have only been an everlasting repetition of old-disputed points, for and against, leaving the question precisely where it was before, and the Weed triumphant over all her opponents, steadily advancing or maintaining her conquests.

## CHAPTER II.

THE CULTIVATION, MANUFACTURE, AND  
CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.

APPARENTLY with the view of its profuse and universal consumption, nature has been pleased to make the Tobacco plant one of the most numerous species in the vegetable kingdom. Now, if the absolute abundance of any of the products of nature be any criterion by which we can infer some commensurately extensive purpose to be subserved thereby, the immense varieties of Tobacco, the vigour and rapidity of its growth, the prodigious quantity of its seed in each plant, and the great difference of climate in which it will thrive and reward cultivation, must exalt it highly amongst the appointed agents of the terrestrial economy.

No less than forty species have been named, but only eight or ten are cultivated, in different varieties. The most abundantly grown is the *Nicotiana Tabacum*, as it has been learnedly named after the celebrated worthy previously mentioned—NICOT—who had the honour to introduce the Weed to the Queen of France.

This species may be taken as the most beautifully developed type of all the family. We have seen

plants in England full six feet in height, the growth of four summer moons, rising from the soil with a pyramidal stem, the base of which nearly equalled in thickness the wrist of a strong man. Stout tendons, with innumerable fine fibres like woman's hair, fix it to the soil; but it is observed that the plant constantly tends, as it were, to emerge entirely from the ground, which must be repeatedly heaped up round about the salient roots.

Its stem is divided by numerous branches, adorned with magnificent leaves, oval, lanceolate, alternate, and 24 inches in length by 18 in diameter. The tips of the leaves are acute, their borders wavy, their surface velvety and strongly marked with a mimic nervous system, dividing the leaves into spaces at right angles nearly from the central spine, and of a yellowish-green colour, glutinous to the touch and bitter to the taste.

The flower is purplish; the fruit-pod is oblong, with two lobes containing an immense number of exceedingly fine seeds. Linnæus counted 40,320 in a single pod.

So vigorous is the reproductive energy of the plant that we have seen it blooming a beautiful flower after having been cut down and hung up to dry, after the lapse of three weeks, the flower-bud having been developed from the juices of the hanging stem. The seeds have been known to retain their vitality for fifteen years.

Between the 40th and 47th degree of latitude is the

climate which seems the best adapted for the cultivation of Tobacco of the strongest kinds, but the warmest latitudes have hitherto produced the mildest and wholesomest varieties. The finest Tobacco, by universal consent, is that produced at Havannah, in the island of Cuba. It is said that Cuba is the very jewel of the Spanish Crown, because of its Tobacco, the cigar being absolutely necessary to propel the "blue blood"—*sangre azul*—of Spain's gentility.

The Manilla Tobacco is produced in the island of Luzon, one of the Philippines. A common notion prevails that Manilla cheroots are made up with opium. This is an error. We have tested them chemically with the greatest exactitude, and could never detect a trace of opium in any of its forms.

In Western Asia the most prized Tobaccos are those of Latakia (the ancient Laodicea, one of the "Churches" named in the New Testament) in Syria, and those of Shiraz in Persia, and Turkey. These are chiefly consumed in Europe by way of "mixture" for the pipe.

The following are the principal commercial centres of the globe for the cultivation and exportation of Tobacco:—

In America : Virginia, Maryland, Louisiana, Havannah (Cuba), Macouba, and St. Vincent.

In India : the Philippines and Borneo.

In Europe : Spain, France, Italy, Amersfort (Holland), Belgium, the Levant, Silesia, and the Ukraine.

It was once extensively grown in Ireland and in Yorkshire, until prohibited by law, in order to favour our tobacco-growing colonies; and the penalty of £10, with the destruction of the crop, still exists against the cultivation of Tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland. In the seventeenth century England actually supplied the Turks with Tobacco of her own growth—a very inferior brand indeed, called *Mundungus*.

Tobacco requires a light, loamy soil, and the kind of manure used must be adapted to the quality of the Tobacco as to its strength or mildness.

The climate, the soil, the mode of culture, the kind of manure applied, the period at which the leaves are gathered, the way in which they are cured, the time they are kept in store, the distance to which they are carried, and the process by which they are prepared for use; all these circumstances exercise a well-known influence upon the leaf in every way. It is, like wine, improved by careful keeping and mellowed by age, if artificial heat has never been applied to drive off the manufacturer's excessive moisture.

These conditions being so numerous and varied, there can be only very few places in which all conspire to the production of the most valuable crop. Hence, as in the case of the vine, and with tea and coffee, the localities which yield Tobacco in the greatest perfection are not only few in number, but in general very limited in extent.

Moreover, in the temperate climates where it is

cultivated, a single night's frost is sufficient to damage and utterly destroy the entire crop, either at its first planting out or at its maturity, as has sometimes been the case in the Tobacco States of America.

In America, and all temperate climates, the cultivation is not successful without great care and solicitude from beginning to end. The seed is first sown about the beginning of March on a hot-bed. In a week the plant appears, not larger than a pin's head, and continues to grow rapidly in its artificial climate until, in the first week of May, it becomes ready for transplanting.

It is then "pricked out," or planted singly, each plant being allowed three square feet of superficial surface. Thus an acre will receive 1613 plants—no more—if broad and vigorous leaves are required, such as will yield half a pound of prepared Tobacco from each plant, or 800 lbs. to the acre.

This transplantation requires care, so as not to injure the delicate fibres of the embryo-giant, giving as yet no idea of the "development" which it will attain if you only give "ample room and verge enough" for its superabundant energies.

The first week in May is the usual time; but still a frosty night may utterly undo your toilsome labour. If so, you must renew the transplanting from a stock in reserve for that purpose: nay, you may have to do so a third time in a very "unlucky" season. After the third failure, the French "give it up" and plant hemp, so as to lessen their loss for the season. It is

certain, however, that the success of one crop out of three will amply remunerate the cultivators of tobacco.

To proceed. Your plants have "struck," that is, taken root, and show well, and begin to rejoice in the genial warmth of the vernal sun; but your labour is not done. All manner of grubs, earthworms, and insects will attack the tender nurseling. These you must kill or drive off with lime or sawdust, until a month has passed away, and then the plant will be safe from such depredators.

As it grows every other weed in the vegetable kingdom dies off beneath it—as it were, shrinking from the presence of majesty or annihilated by the sight of a Gorgon. Tobacco will occupy its space without competition. There is nothing equal to it.

It is "monarch of all it surveys." But, alas! even majesty itself is subject to the lot of "all things below," and the royal herb is not excepted. Every living thing in creation has its parasites or vermin: man has twenty species within and without him; so has Tobacco not a few, especially a peculiar caterpillar, which will attack the leaves and eat them up voraciously, if you are not a vigilant morning and evening visitant to "nip him in the bud."

Soon the plant enlarges its dimensions, rejoicing in its energies; but the growth must be checked to secure profitable "returns." Twelve leaves at the most are sufficient for each plant; and after having developed that number, it must be "topped off," that is, the tip of the stem must be cut away; and



every flower-bud must be constantly removed, so as to prevent the flowering of the plant, which would impair the quality of the leaves.

Early in September, or later, according to the season, is the time for gathering the crop. In hot climates, at the time of its maturity there is an odour of Tobacco round about the plant; but nothing is more absurd than the Munchausen story sometimes told by "knowing wags" of tobacco-nists, that the best relish of a cigar is when the leaf is just culled from the plant, and rolled up there and then into a cigar and smoked. This is a pure fable. You might just as easily set the Thames on fire with a rushlight. The leaf when gathered—whether on the stem, as in America, or separately, as in France and Germany—is very juicy, greenish as any autumnal leaf, and very brittle—utterly incapable of being rolled into a cigar, and most impossible to smoke. Yet, cigars said to have been thus made, have been offered to the writer of these pages by a London tobacco-nist!

After being cut down close to the soil, or plucked leaf by leaf, in the morning as soon as the dew has evaporated, the crop is exposed to the sun all day, and housed in the evening before the dew reappears.

The plants or leaves are then hung up in covered sheds or lofts, admitting the light and air freely on all sides; and there they remain for six or seven weeks until they are perfectly withered. It is a better plan, however, to lay them in heaps, and give them a "sweating" for a week before suspension; the

drying process will thus be more rapid, and the tobacco will be improved in flavour.

After this drying, a moist "juicy" day, as the Yankees call it, is chosen; the leaves are thrown in heaps on the floor, covered with mats or blanket, and thus retained for the purpose of setting up the *fermentation*, which evolves the peculiar aroma of tobacco.

The dry leaf has scarcely more odour than any other dry leaf: it is its peculiar fermentation that gives it the well-known fragrance of the Weed.

Various "liquors," or fluid mixtures, are used to promote this fermentation, and, at the same time, to give the Tobacco that peculiar flavour which constitutes the difference of samples. With some of their choicest "Cavendish" the Americans use eider; and the Tobacco-growers of Havannah apply a fluid mixture of various aromatic gums, the composition of which they have managed to keep secret. The Germans and the Dutch use a villainous compound of sal ammoniac, nitre, and, it is said, the fluid secreted by the kidneys!

The speed of the fermentation will depend upon the surrounding temperature. Thirty-six hours will sometimes suffice. When to stop this fermentation is the ticklish point of the process. It must be stopped at attaining a precise degree of heat, which is not scientifically determined, as in brewing, the practised *hand* being the only means of testing the temperature of the heated mass, which is ascertained by shoving in

the hand. Heated above or below that point—which practice makes easy of detection—the Tobacco would be “foxy” or musty, and become deteriorated in the market. The fermentation is stopped in its intensity by simply uncovering the mass and spreading out and turning over the leaves, more or less saturated with moisture.

It is certain, however, that a mild and slow fermentation constantly exists in all Tobacco, varying with the degree of moisture in the air; and therefore still further tending to improve its *good* qualities, as in the best American and Havannah; and to intensify its *bad* qualities, as in inferior productions. This explains the necessity for “keeping” the prime Havannahs, which decidedly “improve by age,” reversing the lot of all other things in this best of possible worlds.

Thus the withered leaf becomes TOBACCO—for the royal cigar, for the meditative and patriarchal pipe, for snuff—the incomprehensible fascination and titillation of the human nostrils.

At this stage various manipulations ensue in various countries. In some the leaves are twisted into rolls, in others packed into bales; and in America they are pressed into hogsheads, or other like receptacles, with a powerful leverage, which has the effect of spreading and diffusing the oil of the leaf uniformly throughout its mass.

Thus, then, the various kinds of Tobacco depend not only on the seed of the variety, but also the soil,

and cultivation, and the liquor used in the final fermentation. Hence the striking difference betwixt the American, the German, Dutch, French, Manilla, and Havannah Tobaccos. It is more than probable that all those tobaccos would more resemble that queen of smokedom, the Havannah, were they manipulated by the Havannese, and still more were they grown in the same soil and with the same mode of culture.

The largest cigar factories in the world are at Manilla, in the Philippine Islands, in some of which 10,000 girls are employed.

Supposing the planter to have succeeded in getting his 800 lbs. of Tobacco per acre, we are in position to calculate what the product of each acre may fetch in the London market, immediately before it begins to add to our comforts and to the revenue of Governments. Taking the average prices, some kinds of Tobacco would figure as follows, best qualities :

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	Per Acre.
Virginia-leaf 800 lbs. at 1 0 a lb. =	£	40	0 0
Amersfort „	0	6	0 0
Columbian „	2	0	0 0
German „	1	0	0 0
Manilla „	5	0	0 0
Porto Rico „	1	6	0 0
HAVANNAH „	6	0	0 0

Imported in bales, boxes, tierces, frails, or panniers called *serons*, the Tobacco is lodged in the warehouses

at the London Docks, where may be seen at any time ranges, tiers, and alleys of hogsheads, whose number is immense. Passage after passage occurs, each several hundred feet in length, and only wide enough to admit the necessary traffic; all parallel one to another, and all bordered on both sides with close compact masses of hogsheads, generally two in height. The whole are under one roof, or rather a succession of roofs; and there are sometimes deposited there as many as 20,000 hogsheads, averaging 1200 lbs. in each, or twenty-four millions of pounds of Tobacco!

Why is this enormous quantity of the Weed kept in one place? On account of the glorious duty on Tobacco—constituting it a pillar of the State, as we have observed, and as we shall demonstrate in the sequel. The duty is not demanded as long as the Tobacco remains at the Docks, or rather, in these warehouses. It is in this safe keeping that Tobacco is said to be *in bond*—under the State—and it cannot be removed until the duty is paid.

If by any casualty the whole or a portion of a hogshead of Tobacco becomes injured previous to its arrival at the Docks, the owner would rather lose it entirely than pay the heavy duty on the damaged portion; hence the advantage of this system to the importer. On the other hand, were the duty very small, the damaged portion might be sold at a price which would more than cover the duty; but the duty is too high to permit such a speculation; and thus is the quality of the Weed in the market effectually

secured. The authorities allow the damaged portion to be burned without any duty being paid on it.

The damaged Tobacco is burned in a huge kiln, called "The Queen," or the "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe," at the Docks, by which it is reduced to ashes.

But the "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe" does more than that. It is an Institution for flinging money to the winds. It is one of those relics of a glorious (and barbarous) past, with which even the most revolutionary members of "Liberal" Governments have not found it in their hearts to part—because it is "old," or, for some other equally stupid reason. It exists in the bonded warehouses, and is hidden from the sight of vulgar reformers; and therefore it is left to be.

The humour of history is grim. The "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe"—in this enlightened, economic age—is preserved—still to destroy what is good, without producing good, after the fashion of Divine Providence. At this moment we are not relating fables; we are stating truth. Whatsoever good Tobacco is found in the bonded warehouses of London, Liverpool, Bristol, or elsewhere, for the which there is no immediate owner; and whatsoever Tobacco is found upon the persons, or in the possession, of passengers, sailors, or other sinners who have not paid duty thereon—is cast into the furnace called the "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe," and there burnt and wasted—to the glory of a good, a wise, and an economical Government.

If an evil-minded Briton be detected in the act of importing or vending (without license) a few pounds of our cherished deleterious Weed, he is mulcted in the fine of one hundred pounds sterling. That sum goes into Her Majesty's Exchequer. This is right; it is just. So long as the growth of Tobacco is prohibited, by a wise and enlightened Government, within these realms—so long as the State imposes a duty of 300 per centum upon the Tobacco imported, and lays heavy taxes upon those who manufacture and those who sell it here—so long it is right to punish soundly all who try to bring into the country Tobacco without cost. We don't object to that. But it is a little damping—just a little moistening—to our ardour, to find that the best use Her Majesty's Government can find for all the splendid Tobacco thus seized is—to burn it in a furnace! Heavens! couldn't they sell it, and thus lighten the taxes? or, couldn't they supply it to the fleet, and thus reduce the Navy Bill?

What is done with this tobacco-ash we know not; but it is decidedly a valuable commodity, and should be shipped back to the Tobacco plantations, as an almost priceless manure. The leaves of all plants are especially rich in incombustible ash, and those of Tobacco are amongst the richest in this respect. The dried leaf when burnt yields from 19 to 28 per cent. of ash; and on an average every 4 lbs. of perfectly dry Tobacco contain 1 lb. of mineral matter, the same that forms the ashes of our pipes and the nozzles of our

burning cigars, and with which Raleigh won his bet with Queen Elizabeth, as before related.

It is important to growers of the Weed to give a little consideration to this subject. Tobacco is an "exhausting crop;" in other words, it is found to impoverish the soil more rapidly than other vegetables. Now, it is in the ashes of plants that we find what they took from the soil; and it is certain that no plant will thrive unless the soil contains the elements of its ashes. Until the modern advance of the science of agriculture, this simple law of Nature was universally ignored, or at all events most imperfectly obeyed in practice; but the operations of Nature have been accomplished notwithstanding. The ultimate particles—the universal constituents of plants—can never be destroyed; and whatever we do with them, or wherever they happen to rest at last, after their endless transmigration through the blood and bones of animals, Nature garners them up to renew a subsequent vegetation. Exactly then in proportion to the weight of leaves gathered must have been the weight of those substances withdrawn from the soil.

Now, every ton of perfectly dry leaves of Tobacco carries off 400 to 500 lbs. of this mineral matter! What a waste of valuable matter, then, it is to throw away the ashes of our Tobacco! 1 lb. of ash will supply 4 lbs. of Tobacco. It has consequently a most appreciable value; and it would decidedly "pay" if dépôts were established for the purchase of the ash of our pipes and cigars, were it only to give pin-money



to those indulgent wives and daughters who, as we have advised, shall learn to "philosophize" on the celestial concretion. The high price, also, of Tobacco commends this idea to domestic economy; and a "COMPANY FOR THE COLLECTION AND EXPORTATION OF TOBACCO ASHES (LIMITED)" would unquestionably be a sound speculation, although it must necessarily begin and end in smoke.

For want of these mineral salts, many plantations have gradually become exhausted and now lie waste. It is actually upon the Atlantic borders of the United States that the effects of this exhaustion are strikingly found, and most decidedly the aid of Science must be called in, with her "artificial manures;" or all the lovers of the Weed must come to her rescue from annihilation by garnering her ashes, out of which, like the Phoenix, she will live and rise again for everlasting.

That we should "take action" in this important matter, simply results from the enormously-increasing consumption of the Weed all the world over. It has been so from the beginning of her fascination. In 1615, the year before King James fulminated, or rather puffed out his "Counterblast" against Tobacco, the fields, the gardens, the public squares, and even the streets of Jamestown, Virginia, were planted with the Weed—nay, it became not only the "staple" or dominant production, but even the very currency of the colony—the money-value in all bartering transactions. Fifty years after Virginia ex-

ported annually to England 60,000 lbs. During the next thirty years it increased to 120,000 lbs. ; and during the last 187 years, since 1689, the produce of Virginia has risen to nearly twice as many millions of pounds ! And what wonderfully proves the benignant influence of Providence in the matter is the fact, that in spite of the truly infernal fratricidal war which raged amongst our infatuated cousins over the water, the supply of the Weed did not fail perceptibly. Oh, how often did we wish that our cousins would shake hands, and smoke the pipe of peace in a waldance, to the tune of Yankee Doodle !

As to the consumption of Tobacco in England, it is certain that the above-mentioned 120,000 lbs. were all the imported supplies for home consumption and exportation ; but of late years the imported leaf which has paid duty has exceeded 40,000,000 lbs., besides upwards of 500,000 lbs. of cigars ; and the consumption of Tobacco in the United Kingdom has gone on increasing, until it averages about 20 ounces per head of the population, without taking into the estimate the very large quantity of contraband Tobacco which the high duty tempts the smuggler to introduce. Nor do these numbers truly represent the consumption in either of our two islands. As in the case of tea and ardent spirits, Great Britain consumes a much larger proportional quantity than Ireland.

According to the ' Journal of the French Statistical Society,' the following table gives for each country named its consumption of Tobacco per annum,

per 100 inhabitants :—Belgium, 562½ lbs. ; Holland, 450 lbs. ; Germany, 327½ lbs. ; Austria, 280 lbs. ; Norway, 230½ lbs. ; Denmark, 250 lbs. ; Hungary, 212 lbs. ; Russia, 187 lbs. ; France, 207 lbs. ; England, 140 lbs. ; Italy, 128 lbs. ; Spain, 110 lbs. ; Sweden, 76½ lbs. Hence it appears that the French smoke at the rate of 2 lbs. 1 oz. per head of the population, England at the rate of 1 lb. 6 oz., or 9 oz. more than in 1853, when it was 19 oz. per head of the population.

In some of the North American States the proportion greatly exceeds these quantities ; immeasurably more, however, being consumed in “chewing” than smoking ; whilst amongst Eastern nations it is believed to be greater still.

The grand total quantity consumed by the entire human race is *two millions of tons*, or 4480 millions of pounds, giving the average consumption of Tobacco by the whole human race as actually 70 ounces per head.

In concluding these striking statistics of the Weed, we shall record a fact, “not generally known,” namely, that the *serons*, or matting-sacks, in which some kinds of Tobacco are sent to England, are chopped up and given to our native oysters to feed on, that having been found to be the best food for the delicious mollusc. Now, as the Weed impregnates all she touches, we infer that the luscious flavour of this “dainty dish” is actually “spiced” with Tobacco. Not a bad idea, that these sensible oysters

neither poison themselves nor us with the impregnation.

A substitute for tobacco has been recently recommended in the shape of the *potato-leaf*, prepared after the manner of the tobacco-leaf. The two plants, strange to say, are naturally allied, and it is said that potato-tobacco closely resembles the ordinary "Weed," but is much milder, less acrid, perfectly adapted for pleasant smoking, and free from all poisonous qualities whatever. We shall try the thing and report upon it in our second edition. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the *Excise* will duly note this discovery. Each smoker may make his own Tobacco, but it will not do for the manufacturers to give us "tater"-shag for Virginian.

## CHAPTER III.

HE WHO SMOKES *DINES*.

NOTWITHSTANDING its powers of fascination, this extraordinary plant has, as we have seen, suffered romantic vicissitudes in its fame and character. It has been successively opposed and condemned by physicians—condemned and eulogised by priests and kings—proscribed and protected by governments; whilst, at length, this once insignificant production of a little island, or obscure district, has succeeded in diffusing itself through every climate, and in subjecting the inhabitants of every country to its dominion.

The Arab cultivates it in the burning desert; the Laplander and the Esquimaux risk their lives to procure a refreshment so delicious in their wintry solitude; the seaman—grant him but this luxury, and he will endure with cheerfulness every other privation, and defy the fury of the raging elements; and in the higher walks of civilised society—at the shrine of fashion—in the palace, and in the cottage, the fascinating influence of this singular plant commands an equal tribute of devotion and attachment. In fact, as Dr. Lévy remarks, “whilst civilisation advances so slowly, a foetid herb has conquered the world in less than two centuries.” Well may

Brother Jonathan magnificently style it "the almighty Weed!"

Again, the consumption of Tobacco all the world over, is constantly on the increase, together with the increase of populations—in spite of continuous medical denunciation, attributing the most direful effects to the use of the Weed, which—if the medical faculty be right—ought long since to have decimated mankind, or rather, extinguished the human race entirely.

But, although the denunciations against Tobacco date back almost with its introduction—being periodically revived with more or less intensity—mankind have still gone on enjoying their pipe or cigar, snuffing and chewing, whilst populations increase everywhere, and in many parts of the globe the public health has been rather ameliorated than otherwise; at any rate, here in England, the Registrar-General is utterly unable to trace any increase in the national mortality to the use of Tobacco.

These undeniable facts suggest the inquiry—whether Tobacco is really so injurious to the human system as is represented by the anti-tobacconists; or, if injurious, whether it be not so constituted as to neutralise or compensate its evils.

The consideration of several salient and important facts seems to uphold at least the latter proposition; and we proceed to examine them in the hope of establishing a definite conclusion on this very interesting and most important subject.

First and foremost, there is the remarkable fact

quoted by Joubert, that "when a stranger arrives in Greenland, he is immediately surrounded by a crowd of the natives, who ask the favour of sucking the empyreumatic oil in the reservoir of his pipe! And it is stated that the Greenlanders smoke only for the pleasure of drinking that detestable juice which is so disgusting to our European smokers."

Again, goats relish a quid of tobacco amazingly; and it is well known that monkeys—man's first cousins—are particularly fond of eating tobacco, ravenously masticating and swallowing the remnant of unburnt tobacco you may fling from your pipe.

Lastly, it has been found that if the empyreumatic oil of tobacco be washed with acetic acid (or vinegar) it loses its poisonous quality. It contains, therefore, a harmless oil and a poisonous *alkaline* substance, which the acetic acid combines with and removes. But *any* acid will react against an alkaline substance, and the mouth will be found habitually acid to litmus paper; nay, even on touching the tip of the cigar taken from the mouth, a strong acid reaction has been made evident. Indeed, it is the habitual acidity of the mouth that causes the decay of our teeth, in some more than in others.

May it not, therefore, be contended that this terrible oil, which kills cats and dogs and vipers as if by lightning—this "cursed juice of hebenon," if you like—is thus deprived of its poison, and rendered completely innocuous by this provision of nature in the mouth; and nothing but a harmless oil remains,

if it does remain, in the mouth ; and if swallowed, it must be tantamount to so much olive oil or butter in sustaining the system as a "heat producer"?

This also explains how some smokers can swallow their saliva without being poisoned ; neither the bitter principle nor the oil, thus altered in nature, is necessarily dangerous if they do not accidentally disagree with the stomach, like any other oil or bitters.

But now, if we analyse the article, we find that 100 parts of dry Tobacco contain about 88 of pure water, whilst the remaining 12 parts will be occupied by nicotine and the other poisonous matter before alluded to, together with the following mineral bases, acids mineral and organic, other organic bodies, and other mineral bodies, some of them identical with those that exist in *wheat* !

Mineral bases.	{	Potash Lime Magnesia Oxide of iron Oxide of magnesia Ammonia	Organic acids.	{	Malic acid Citric acid Acetic acid Oxalic acid Pectic acid Ulmic acid
Mineral acids.	{	Nitric acid Hydrochloric acid Sulphuric acid Phosphoric acid	Other organic bodies.	{	Yellow re-in Green resin Wax or fat Nitrogenised matters Cellulose

Other mineral bodies—Silica and sand.

We give the above analysis from the 'Traité de Chimie Générale,' by Frémy and Pelouze. Other analyses answer also for *albumen* and *gluten* in Tobacco



—“flesh-forming” matters of the first importance, raising tobacco to the dignity of beef and bread! Indeed, without gluten, Tobacco would not be adapted for rolling into cigars, or cutting into the long shreds or “shags” of pipe-tobacco.

Now it is evident from this list that the dainty dish of “plug” within the sailor’s jaw has had a very complicated cooking at the hands of nature. Truly it is homœopathically infinitesimal in its quantitative little bits of this and little bits of that; but still, here we have substantial constituents such as nature has brought together in those vegeto-farinaceous substances designed as the proper food of man and other animals. Thus, wheat contains water, fat, gluten, albumen, starch, cellulose, together with various mineral matters; and, similarly, we are assured on the highest chemical authority, that Tobacco contains water, wax or fat, gluten, albumen, cellulose, together with various mineral matters. Can chemical demonstration be more conclusive?

Certainly the gustatory nerve of the chewer has good reason to be excited. Whilst it escapes the poisonous oil which is produced by the burning of the leaf by the smoker, it has the full swing of the natural volatile oil and the nicotine to contend with. How the resultant of these forces is simply an unspeakable gratification, without the penalty of poison, is a matter which doctors must not pretend to explain by saying that from the quantity of these substances which he involuntarily swallows or absorbs, his appe-

tite *must* be impaired, and his digestive powers *must* be gradually weakened. As a matter of fact nothing of the sort is observed, and when we contemplate our hardy race of sailors, whether British or American, and consider their robust frames and vigorous appetites, when we reflect that a tolerably good digestive faculty is often necessary to assimilate *their* "daily bread," we may tell them, indeed, that they must be endowed with *dura ilia* "hard entrails"; but if we tell them they are poisoned by the quid or plug, they will tell us to "tell that to the marines."

Who can say what resultant is produced in the mouth of the chewer by the free *mixtura cum liquido* of all the constituents of the tobacco and the constituents of saliva, and the entire heterogeneous mass—potash, lime, magnesia, iron-rust, &c.; acid nitric, acid acetic, acid citric, phosphoric, &c.; resin yellow, resin green, wax or fat, nitrogenated matters and cellulose, with flint and sand—who can say, we ask, what resultant is produced by beneficent Nature in the mouth of the chewer? If we pause for a reply, doctors may shake their heads, but from this expression of doubt we can appeal to the incontestable bodily vigour of the jolly tar, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent."

Surely there is much to arrest attention in this consideration of the constituents of Tobacco. We know not whether the green leaf might form a good substitute for the cabbage, but there can be little doubt that the "aromatics" or condiments which it imports into

the system in the shape of the resins or gums we have mentioned, must act as a tonic, and promote the appetite of certain smokers ; whilst others, who are not "great eaters," probably suck in with their tobacco, in some shape or another, ample provision of "nitrogenated matters," albumen and gluten, as well as fat, for the sustentation of the body.

We give the theory for what it may be worth, in accounting for the immense discrepancy between the alleged poisonous and deleterious properties of tobacco, and the amount of immunity enjoyed from the consequences of such properties in tobacco by the world-wide race of smokers, snuffers, and chewers. At any rate, if our arguments be not sound they ought to be so, for the consistency of Mother Nature in giving us this vegetable.

Liebig's theory about tobacco checking or preventing waste in the system—also attributed to tea and cocoa—is untenable in strict physiology. Waste is as absolute a requirement of the system as is supply ; it is a normal condition of the corporeal economy. Therefore, it cannot be checked with impunity ; but, indeed, it cannot be prevented at all—as Liebig has himself demonstrated completely. If Liebig's theory be correct, smoking would be advantageous in exhausting diseases ; but, unfortunately, the smoker loses his taste for tobacco during most states of illness.

According to Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his entertaining work on Physiology, the excessive discussion about

the injuriousness of Tobacco-smoking is due to the fact that physiology was, and still is, in most circles, little understood. He says "it is a positive fact that the gastric secretion can at any time be produced by simply stimulating the salivary glands with tobacco; and whatever stimulates the secretion of saliva promotes that of the gastric juice. Smoking does this. A cigar *after* dinner is therefore to that extent beneficial. Not so *before* a meal."

Whilst admitting the sympathy between the salivary glands and the gastric follicles, we must demur to the alleged utility of stimulating the former by means of tobacco. In healthy digestion, and with proper food, the salivary glands need no stimulus. For an hour, at least, after a wholesome meal (vegeto-farinaceous) we find them intensely active, and the mouth "smacks" incessantly with an abundant flow of saliva, which is swallowed with "infinite gusto." Hence we find it more advantageous to defer smoking for some time after meals; for, although the "aromatics" of the pungent weed may be additional stimulants, the resulting mixture is by no means so pleasant or so safe to swallow, and the saliva immediately after meals is too precious to be ejected.

## CHAPTER IV.

## WHAT TOBACCO SHALL WE SMOKE?

A CELEBRATED English judge, remarkable for his intellect and vigorous potations, who is said to have never felt himself on a fair level with his "brothers on the Bench" until he had imbibed two bottles of port, was once asked what sort of wine was the best. His reply was, "All wine is good, but some sorts are better than others." We are half inclined to say the same of the Weed; for, like the parson of whom we have read, we might find ourselves under the necessity of chopping up and smoking our bell-pulls for want of even the "vilest shag" in creation! Besides, it is the very essential virtue of the divine Weed that, in whatever form she presents herself to her votary, she always unfolds some charm or fascination, and "nought can wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

However, we will light our pipe, and, in meditative mood, try to solve the problem and answer the question, aided by our extensive experience of smoke and smokers.

That tastes differ and that there are all sorts of tastes in nature, is a platitude everlastingly uttered by those who have no taste at all. There are certainly

circumstances in which we would smoke anything—cabbage-leaves, lettuce-leaves, dock-leaves, the standing hypocrite of the Weed. No Tobacco—no bread; and the alternative is fasting or starvation. But taste is a positive thing—like beauty, the adorable beauty of woman. It is quite possible that “for some reason or another” we may see beauty where none exists—as in Pepper’s ghost; but the divine thing exists notwithstanding, and blessed are they whose mind and heart have been attuned to vibrate as *Æolian* harps to its entrancing touches.

The courtier will tell you that the best Tobacco is that smoked by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, or Prince Bismarck, the mighty man of blood and iron, who is known to aid his vigorous intellect with the meditative Weed; but we are not courtiers.

Fops and dandies prefer cigarettes, to please the ladies in general, and the pouting little pretty ones in particular; but we are neither fops nor dandies. Finally, illogical and absurd people say, “*that* Tobacco is the best which we *like best* ;” which, of course, is nonsense.

As a general proposition, we may aver that the aptitudes of man are the results of the medium in which he lives. For instance, the Hyperborean, or Man of the North, with his coarse and dull faculties, rejoices in strong Tobacco. The Man of the South, more sensual, more effeminate, prefers mild and aromatic Tobacco—“*Turkish*,” and that sort of

thing, which is only Tobacco in name and pretensions. All the intermediate appetites are nothing but derivative instincts, tastes perverted or depraved.

Given, a normal man and the kind of Tobacco he smokes, we undertake to tell you his country ; or, to put it after the manner of the seven wise men of Greece, "Tell me what thou smokest, and I will tell thee what thou art."

Therefore, the question as to the "best Tobacco" to smoke, is a question of latitude and temperament, like anything else on which man lives and thrives ; and assuredly, after the solemn declaration of the mighty French Encyclopædia, and the scientific demonstration of the great German philosopher, and the facts on record, no one will now deny that Tobacco is "meat and drink."

"So many men, so many opinions," says that admirable jumble of classic tit-bits, the Latin Delectus ; but *we* say, So many smokers, so many problems ; and as not one leaf of the forest resembles its neighbour, so not one smoker resembles another.

First, there is the dandy smoker, who decks himself out with the Weed, as the jackdaw of the fable, with the feathers of the peacock. He only smokes in fashionable resorts where "men do congregate." This biped or bi-man is but an indifferent smoker. He smokes, certainly, but only for show ; and, like the little young man through sheer impecuniosity fasting, takes a seat in that grand style of a feasted alderman, when he says, "I give thee all— I can no more"

to his belly, and pretends to use his toothpick ; thus the dandy smoker in question, at the appointed hour, when the fashionable throng is greatest, flourishes his cigar like a personal adornment, or indeed like a military decoration. He kisses it not ; he sucks it not ; he merely “tips” it like a thief, and blushes not at his dishonesty. His demonstrativeness may be translated as follows : it says : — “Look at me — *follow* me — SMELL me ! The “stunning” cigar I am smoking is one of a sample intended for the Captain-General of Cuba, and the King of Spain, and positively *cost a shilling* ! Oh ! . . . I have some dearer at home. Yes, the expense is frightful, but — it ! who *can* smoke the monstrous rubbish of the shops ?”

This is no fiction ; we have piteously heard such boasting and pretence on more than one occasion. And when this biped goes to his quarters, he rinses his mouth with some abominable mixture for “correcting the breath,” as if the scent of Tobacco were a jot worse than the doctor’s stuff—Gum Benjamin or Kino !

My friend Bullhead is not of that ilk, but still he does little credit to the gentle Weed. He smokes very little himself, but cigars are his hobby ; just as pictures are the hobby of certain “moneyed” tradesmen, who affect to patronise the Fine Arts, and manage to “put money in their pocket” by the “transaction.” Bullhead’s father was a tradesman who made “a lot of money”—retired—died of the



“hip”—and left my friend behind, the monarch of his thousands. Bullhead likes to boast of the cost of his “samples.” When he presents you with a cigar he tacks on to it the “figure” at which it “stands him in;” and if you have a feeling heart, you regret the diminution of his income by the acceptance. Besides, his cigars are not of the best quality, although he really pays dearly for his whistle about them. It happens thus, and we have the fact from a tobaccoist :

“He came and asked me for the very best cigars in the market,” said our informant. “I showed him the very best, and, of course, at the highest prices—some at sixty shillings. Sample after sample he rejected, until at last, concluding that he was no judge of a cigar, and yet evidently a man who wanted to buy, I ventured to place before him a sample of my twelve-shilling British. ‘Just the thing!’ said he; ‘*what’s the price!*’ Now I knew very well that if I said twelve shillings, I should lose my customer; so I said, ‘Same price as the others—sixty shillings.’ ‘Send me in 10 lbs.!’ said Bullhead, and we parted well satisfied with each other.” Decidedly Bullhead is not the model of a smoker, although the type of a class who “affect” the Weed.

Swein is the type of another class. He’s a true-hearted Saxon—red-haired, sanguineous, sulphuric. He is never without a cigar in his mouth—a human or inhuman *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. A cigar to him is both a quid and a fuming sacrifice—a frightful combi-

nation!—a most abominable contamination! Can he enjoy smoking? He says he does, and he is too honest and honourable to be doubted. 'Tis his manner. He can't help it—and there he is—a type of Glutton-Smokers.

So much for the smokers of cigars. It cannot be said that cigar smoking was ever very common in England. Raleigh, with all his generation, smoked a pipe; and there is no mention of anything but the pipe throughout the reigns which followed that which he adorned and glorified. The inspired Milton smoked a pipe—so did the mighty philosopher Hobbes of the Leviathan—and the acute Locke of Mental Science—and wise old Burton (he who discoursed so pleasantly on Melancholy, with the aid of the consolatory Weed)—and Newton, the universal. All “sucked a pipe” when they would “drink Tobacco;” for

“ 'Tis like the river, which whoe'er doth taste,  
Forgets his present griefs and sorrows past.”

And so has every European nation generally, excepting the Spanish, which has always had its taste exalted to the highest pitch by the possession of Cuba, and her “pearl of the West,” Havannah. The Americans in general, and the Yankees in particular, “affect” the cigar. They leave the pipe to the “niggers.” A Yankee “gentleman” would be disgraced if seen smoking a pipe, just as he would be if found riding on the top of an omnibus, or having his boots blacked in the street. “If we were to

have that done here," said an American "General" to us, "it would be inferred that we had nobody at home to do it!" Of course this is affectation; but it is their custom, and it will never do to quarrel with the taste of other people, especially with that of the "first nation in the Universe," ready to "lick all creation," after almost licking themselves into the condition of the fighting cats of Kilkenny in their Civil War.

By universal consent, it seems established as an axiom, that no man would smoke any cigar but the Havannah, if he could get it. No doubt the Manilla cheroot has its recommendations, but we suspect that these are chiefly on the score of cost. As for the cheap concoctions fashioned to the pocket of economical smokers, all we can say is, that you cannot expect more than you can pay for. If you insist on cheapness, you must not be particular as to quality. A cheap pleasure is generally a coarse one. "*Verb. Sap.*," as my friend Smellfungus says: "A hint to a smoker is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

The varieties of the prepared Weed for the pipe are as numerous as those of the cigar; and here again the smoker's pocket is apt to be the foundation of his taste. When, in matters of this kind, a man says, "I prefer this or that," there is generally lurking beneath the averment that little white liar, vanity, which is ashamed to tell the truth; and when he says, "I don't like this or that," it is generally the case of the Fox and the Grapes, with a little mocking devil

perpetually grinning beside him and ejaculating, "Don't you wish you may get it?" Thus we range in quest of enjoyment, from the enchanting fumes of Honey-dew down to Shag, which is universal.

There are, of course, exceptions to the general proposition just enunciated; for, as before observed, temperament and latitude have much to do with it, just as with regard to the preference for the cigar to the pipe. Between the taste of the smoker who would rather not taste the Weed itself, and that of the Greenlander who positively drinks, and finds a luxury in its most offensive juices accumulated in the reservoir of the pipe, there must be endless gradations of taste, shades of difference—*nuances*, as the French cleverly express the idea, varying according to the natural state of the gustatory and the olfactory. The smoker of the mildest Havannah by preference cannot enjoy it more than does the smoker by preference of K'naster, Returns, or even Shag, through the happy medium of the pipe. Philosophically we must contemplate the sum of sensations, by whatever means produced. In fact, we must—

" Survey the whole, nor seek fresh faults to find,  
When nature moves and rapture charms the mind."

The Greenwich pensioner, to whom, in his honoured retreat, you can make no present more acceptable than an ounce of Shag Tobacco; the Dutchman in his swamps, that everlasting memento of man's original fish condition (according to the author of the 'Vestiges

of Creation'), imbibing the fumes of his dry and hay-like K'naster, exhibit to the mind the very perfection of human bliss—namely, pleasure cheaply bought and intently enjoyed.

As a fixed and universal rule, we say, always get the best of everything if you can, especially Tobacco. In general, the best Bird's Eye is a most wholesome Tobacco, but so is the best Shag. For exquisite purity, of course, the Honey-dew is unapproachable by any other Tobacco. Nevertheless, we have found a mixture of a kind of Tobacco called "Yara" with Turkish, four parts of the former to one of the latter, a long-continuing favourite, and we recommend it accordingly. Various other "smoking mixtures" are found in the shops, but these must be left to individual tastes to decide as to their excellence. In general, however, the greater the number of sorts in the mixture the worst the compound; and it is best to make the mixture in the original cutting or "shagging" of the Tobacco, in order to secure a perfect distribution of the components.

The late Lord Lytton, that exquisite smoker and Raleigh *redivivus*, in one of his novels, seems to recommend champagne to the mass of the population, in order to check the ravages of rheumatism. For our part, we recommend the best of Tobacco unto all men, to prevent the evils of smoking, of which some few complain, and in this matter a few are too many. Smoking is the universal leveller; and as the paternal King Henry IV. of France wished to

see the day when every Frenchman could have his chicken for dinner, so we desiderate the advent of the time when the gentleman in fine clothes and the gentleman in rags may give the fiery kiss of a light, without exciting on the one side disgust, and on the other that envy with which wealth inspires poverty — the blessing of the gods, but everlasting curse of men.

A royal head of Europe gave an admirable example in this line. Under the name of a Tobacco College, the father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, King William, instituted a sort of club, to which only smokers were admitted ; or, if others were admitted, they were obliged to hold an empty pipe and pretend to puff like veteran smokers. The company consisted of generals and captains, famous for their extensive information and conversational powers. Tobacco and pipes of the commonest kind were supplied by the king, and no other was allowed. A jug of beer was placed before each guest, and all waited upon themselves, completely forgetful of their respective rank for the occasion. Perfect equality reigned, and the utmost freedom of speech was permitted and sanctioned by the king, who effectually reduced himself to an equality with his subjects, as the following incident testifies. One Major Fürgus, one evening, indulged in some critical remarks on the immoral conduct of some of the favourite courtiers of the king. The king got angry, and called him a fool. "It is only a blackguard," retorted Fürgus, "who would

dare to apply to me such an epithet ;” saying which, he rose and quitted the room. The king then declared to the assembly that, as an honest soldier, he could not brook the insult, and that he was resolved to fight the major with swords or pistols ! The company, however, strongly protested against the proceeding, and an arrangement was finally made that the duel should take place by proxy on the royal part. A Major Eisendel at once offered himself as the king’s champion, and the duel was fought next day with swords, when Eisendel was slightly wounded in the arm. On presenting himself to the king the latter thanked him, and, slinging round him a musketeer’s knapsack, asked him if he had any objection to march through the streets if the knapsack were filled with hard thalers. Eisendel having replied in the negative, the king filled it, and giving the command, “March !” Eisendel walked home, well satisfied with the adventure.

Thus, indeed, is Tobacco the universal leveller. The Weed perpetually shows the necessity for reciprocal kindness and obligations—a veritable Freemasonry—and that one good turn deserves another. It induces all men to say unto each other demonstratively, when they ask for a light, “Am I not a—smoker and a brother ?”

## CHAPTER V.

## OF THE CIGAR AND CIGARETTE.

NOTHING is more simple than the construction of a cigar, and yet nothing can be more elegant than that simplicity. It looks very much like a huge Spanish beetle called *cigarro*—hence the name, sometimes most improperly written “*segar*.” In Havannah they keep the original term—*Fumar un Tabaco* is “to smoke a cigar.”

Whether made in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Hamburgh, England, or in its own burning arsenal of the sun, Havannah, the mode is the same everywhere; and it is certain that our best workmen can fashion a better cigar than any imported from abroad.

Important as is the formation or folding of the “article,” of course the quality of the leaf is paramount for a good cigar.

In the simple folding of the “Weed” there is much that concerns the smoker; for it follows that, like vice,

“There’s no” cigar but can “assume  
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.”

The outside may be fair whilst the inside is verily foul—“a goodly apple, rotten at the core.” Indeed,



it is this very composition of its inner part that accounts for the different prices of cigars—of confessedly British manufacture—varying from 21s. per lb. down as low as 7s. or 5s.

Every possible compound of Tobaccos enters into the formation of cigars. Some are compounds of low-priced Havannah, with German outsides; some are Havannah inside, and Manilla outside; in short, it is utterly impossible to know what a cigar is made of until it is smoked, and not even then, except by the experienced veteran. Cheapness is the order of the day. Man's ingenuity makes every effort to meet its requirements, and with perfect success. Manufacturers in all "lines" give the public what they want—a cheap article. It suffices. It pays. The world rolls on as usual. Sufficient for the day will be the evil thereof up to the Day of Judgment.

But what shall we say of those manufacturers who commit the atrocity of making paper the "fillers" of their cigars? A New York journal states that not a steamer leaves that port for Havannah, that does not take out from 2000 to 5000 reams—or in occasional instances—as high as 30,000 reams of coarse brown straw wrapping paper. What this paper was used for, was for a long time a mystery; but it has recently been revealed that it enters into the manufacture of "pure Havannah cigars." It is said that when saturated with the juice of tobacco stems, the straw paper makes a "filling" almost equal, if not superior (!) to the genuine leaf. In fact, it is some-

times impossible to detect the delicate film of paper interlapped with leaves in the finished cigar, or neatly folding the exterior. Cigarettes and cigars composed entirely of such steeped paper, are sold in London. The legality of the thing is questionable even when such shams are sold as such, which is the case with the honest dealer.

But the veteran smoker says: "No! I smoke a pound of cigars a week. I will not smoke a bad cigar. I'd rather give up smoking—and I'll do it, if you don't supply me with a good cigar at or under such a price! The consequence is that the veteran smoker gets a good cigar at a cost which only gives fair and sufficient "returns" to the tobacconist, and both are satisfied with each other, both being good judges of cost and average profits.

But as a general thesis, it may be affirmed that the price of cigars is absolutely what can be *got* for them. We have seen cigars which we know could be bought at 10s. or 12s. per pound, retailed at 3*d.* each as "foreign Havannahs;" and doubtless they were bought and smoked as such by those who sicken you in the streets with a truly "precious stinke"—to use the elegant phrase of King James.

Philosophically considered, a cigar is primitive matter reduced into itself by the two great agents of physical analysis; for, at one end is *water*, at the other *fire*—decidedly a very instructive subject for meditation and discussion, if time and space permitted.

A slight pressure of the lips enables us to produce

a vacuum in the mouth, the smoke follows, to be puffed out gracefully again, and the mucous linings of the mouth are gently titillated by the juices of the Weed. "O bitter kiss!" exclaimed Rousseau's Heloise. "O bitter Tobacco!" cry out all smokers—the Great Napoleon amongst them—when they first suck the Weed. In modern times a mouthpiece has been invented. We must be permitted to denounce the thing as a most unmannerly insult to the fair creature who refuses not a kiss. For our part, to smoke a cigar through a mouthpiece is equivalent to kissing a lady through a respirator.

A cigar should "draw" without effort or muscular contortion of the cheek. It should be in a good state of dryness. Indeed, if possible, a stock should be laid by, to mature the latent aroma and get mellow with age. A new and fresh cigar can never be good; it becomes perfect only when *the worm attacks it*. And here it is proper to state that certain acids are used to give an air of antiquity to cigars, which, however, cannot deceive the practised lover of the Weed, who knows her real points too well to be taken in by the counterfeit.

One word about "Explosive Cigars." It is well known that these are used for a sort of practical joking by ignorant and careless people. A cigar is made with a squib or cracker inside, and, when it is burned to a certain point, the squib goes off with a loud report, of course astonishing the unsuspecting smoker. The ingredients of which the squibs or

crackers are made are injurious in every way ; and when they explode they are always liable to scorch the smoker ; and, if the squib has been inserted the wrong way, the possibility is that it will explode right in the smoker's face, and disfigure or permanently injure him. Many unfortunate accidents have occurred through this mischievous practice of presenting a smoker with an explosive cigar by way of a joke. Of course such an accident is not a joke, but simply a wanton trick, for which anyone who attempts to perpetrate it should be duly punished. It is just like asking a friend to take a glass of wine with you, and, as a means of getting up what some would call a little fun, placing in his glass some disagreeable or dangerous powder which should make him thoroughly ill. We would therefore caution all sensible people against the use of these mischievous toys. No smoker, claiming to be called a gentleman, would present his friend with such a dangerous article. We are sure no retailer, knowing their real nature, would attempt to dispose of them to his customers, and no respectable manufacturer would think of endangering his good repute by making such useless goods.

The cigarette is a Spanish invention—a pretty little affair which lights up in an instant, and burns to admiration—like the Andalusian maiden, which it resembles.

Maryland Tobacco is best adapted for it, folded in Spanish or French paper ; but it requires almost a

regular apprenticeship to fashion it properly. During the battle of Solferino the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, smoked cigarettes, folded for him by an expert aide-de-camp. A very pretty picture indeed would that scene make for the war annals of the *Grande Nation!*

But we cannot recommend the smoking of cigarettes. They dry up the stomach and weaken the salivary glands by over-exciting them, and thus upset digestion, and damage the complexion. This is probably the explanation of the very serious, and, we believe, most unfounded charge advanced by Mr. Kinglake, to the effect that the late Emperor of the French actually became *green* with fright during the battle of Solferino! Grave historians should inquire into all the circumstances of their facts; and it is through the neglect of this precaution, amongst others, that history has been pronounced to be "one great lie" from beginning to end. We trust that future historians, warned by this explanation, will rectify this unjust aspersion on certainly one of the bravest of men—witness his *coup d'état* which made him Emperor—after this physiological demonstration of the deceitful appearance in question on that memorable occasion; and we rejoice in being able to suggest it for their serious consideration.

In truth, there is nothing manly in the cigarette; and the great difference between the two great French painters Decamps and Horace Vernet, is said to have been mainly caused by the fact that one smoked a pipe, the other a cigarette.

Decamps, the French Murillo, the Oriental colourist, the wonderful painter, the sublime and Syren-like Decamps—smoked a *pipe*. Horace Vernet smoked a *cigarette*!

The greatest cigar smokers in the world are the people of Manilla. Little children before they can walk are taught to smoke cigars; women have such an especial predilection for the Weed that they distort their pretty mouths by puffing at cheroots nearly a foot long. Marryat has said of the inhabitants of Manilla that “nothing can be done without the cigar. They smoke for an appetite; they smoke for digestion; they smoke when they are too hot; and they smoke when they are chilly.” And yet they pine not, they die not more than other people!

## CHAPTER VI.

## OF THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD PIPE.

WHEN the North American Indians go to get the red rock out of which they make their pipes, there is a solemn religious ceremony ; and they give thanks to the gods for the gift and blessing. With great pretensions to artistic design have these savages, from the earliest times, fashioned their smoking bowls. They are frequently adorned with characteristic figures of various animals ; and in no case whatever has any indelicate design been discovered in these pipes of the savage. It is only civilized man that has exhibited this monstrous bad taste and indecorum.

Almost every material has been fashioned into pipes—stone, wood, bronze and other metals, bone, and clay of every kind—including, of course, the fashionable Meerschaum, which is, after all, only a species of clay, called *magnesite*, which is the mineral *magnesium* silicated, or in union with silex or flint.

The history of MEERSCHAUM—"Sea-Froth" in German (so called from its lightness and whiteness) is as follows. In the year 1723, there lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, a certain Koral Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving wood, etc., brought him into contact with the Coun-

Andrassy of the epoch, ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Austria, who seems to be leagued with those who would smoke out the Turks from Christendom. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary lightness. On its being shown to his friend the shoemaker, it struck the latter that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Koral cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself.

Mark, however, the process of invention: in the pursuit of his trade, of course Koral could not keep his hands clean, and so, many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance (as was naturally to be expected) when Koral wiped it off, received, wherever the wax had touched, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously possessed. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and polished the pipe again, smoked it and noticed how admirably and beautifully it coloured,—also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed.

Koral had struck the smoker's philosopher's stone; and other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes.



The natural scarcity of this much esteemed substance, and the great cost of importation in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until the year 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first Meerschaum pipe made by Koral Kowates has been preserved in the Museum of Pesth. Such is the pretty little story of the origin of the Meerschaum. Meerschaum clay is found in Samos and Negropont, in the Archipelago, in Asia Minor, and recently, it is said, in Norway, but mostly in Kaffa, a town in the Crimea, whence it is called *Kaffetil* by the Turks.

In Italy, bricks have been made of it so light that they would float on the top of the water. It is soft when first dug out of the earth, but hardens on exposure to the air. In Turkey Meerschaum clay is—horrible profanation—much used for fuller's earth. In Austria and Germany, where are the greatest Meerschaum manufactories, the pipe is first steeped in tallow, then in pure wax, after which it is patiently polished by shave-grass. There is a vast number of mock Meerschaums in the market. The excellence of a new real Meerschaum consists in its capability of becoming of that beautiful, slightly-mottled, brown colour, which a judge at once appreciates. Mock Meerschaums indeed will colour, but the colour is always in the wrong place: the upper part, which in a genuine Meerschaum, if well smoked, is white, in a short time becomes spotted with a

dirty brown, while other parts will show here and there irregular patches of a dingy yellowish hue. The Meerschaum trade has undergone a great change in shapes of late years, bowls made to fit on to long stems being comparatively rare. For out-door smoking and billiard-playing the change is all very well; but for quiet, arm-chair enjoyment, give us a large bowl with a stem or *rohr*, as the Germans call it, with its lower piece made of wood, and the flexible part of its upper piece formed of spiral rings of wire tightly wrapped with leather.

Clay, however, common clay, is the universal material in every community of smokers; and it has every advantage to recommend it, in addition to the most important of all, cheapness. You may buy twelve dozen clay pipes, for less than the cost of a single Meerschaum of the cheapest kind, namely, four shillings.

You can ensconce your clay pipe in your pocket. It follows you to the field, and to battle, if you are a warrior, a brave. It will go abroad with you; it will stay at home with you. In the country, in the town, it is always at hand and ready, and is never inconvenient—just like the pursuits of knowledge so elegantly apostrophised by the great Roman orator and philosopher.

In the shape of a *caddy*—one of the very few inventions of the emerald islanders, and called *gillet-burner* (*brûle-gueule*) by the French—it lends its aid to the most minute and eye-straining occupations of

man ; and, at the same time, to the hardest labour of bone and muscle in the navy. In fine, it is the only pipe that can be conveniently smoked here below, in this valley of tears, even on horseback.

Such are the qualities of a good pipe, and they are due to elay, the same material out of which man, the most perfect of animals, was fashioned.

As, however, the varieties of mankind may be traced to the varieties of their primordial elay, so, in like manner, the varieties of pipes ; and it appears that the Belgium clay must rank amongst pipe-elay as the Caucasian race amongst mankind. All honour to Belgium for the possession of this blessing !

As to shape, good taste sanctions only the old and general design. We, therefore, protest against those fantastic heads, barrels, thighs and legs, which have been produced by the rioting fancy of manufacturers, a class of men who systematically pervert the taste of the community in all its requirements, by tempting it to extravagance and eccentricity, eagerly catching at "novelty."

Of course everybody has seen, in shop windows at least, the mighty Hookah or Hubble-Bubble, a sort of chemical laboratory, invented by some ingenious Oriental, begotten in melancholy, reared in idleness, and naturally condemned to everlasting fatuity.

A vast number of things in this world are got at in a roundabout sort of way ; but it is quite inconceivable how any human being can submit to get at smoke in such a roundabout way as by this hubble-

bubble sea-serpent of a pipe ! Pity for the sons of Mohammed, if that be all the delight they can find in the Weed !

A pipe is the very image of true friendship—it should improve by age. The longer we smoke it the more we should like it. It should freely imbibe the oil and juices of the Weed, and not become encrusted like those deceitful wretches who play upon our feelings under the guise of friendship.

A perfect Meerschaum pipe is decidedly one of the choicest and rarest gifts of the gods ; but like all choice and rare gifts, it is a source of considerable anxiety to the owner. Like women, its, "name is frailty." As originally taken in hand, and presented to the lips, nothing can exceed the loveliness of its looks—its delicious smoothness, its graceful rotundity of form, and apparent innocence from everything that can tarnish a reputation. But, alas ! you take it as you take a wife, "for better and for worse ;" and again, alas ! it does not fare better with the smoker and his Meerschaum than with man and wife. And the process of disenchantment, disappointment, and despair is pretty similar in both cases—it begins almost immediately. You find you are "in for it," and must "make the most of a bad bargain," if you are a philosopher ; if not (and here fortunately the comparison favours the smoker), you must "put it away," and get another.

It must be admitted that nothing can exceed the sweetness of an old Meerschaum, originally good and

well-treated, to say nothing of its rich tint, indicative of its "blood"; but unlike common clay, it always becomes incrustated with the hard and scaly residue of combustion, which rapidly diminishes the diameter of the bowl, if not removed. This shows its imperfect absorption, the very essential quality of a pipe. The burr is detrimental to a very great extent, since it further prevents absorption. Nevertheless, happy is the man to whom a good Meerschaum has been vouchsafed! He should cherish it as a mighty great blessing, and not overwork it when it has become ambrosial, as above described, in the perfection of its savour and beauty of tint. The dying Gavarni said to his friend, "I consign my wife to your care, but oh, do take care of my *pipe*."

Briar-root and other wooden pipes have their recommendations. They do not heat so readily as clay pipes and Meerschaums, and therefore, as the tobacco is burned at a lower temperature, there is less danger of eliminating nicotine, which requires a considerable degree of heat for its extraction. Moreover, these wooden pipes may be fashioned so as to admit of easy and frequent cleaning—by enlarging the bore of the stem, so as to admit an ordinary "spill" or twisted paper,—with a removable mouth-piece. Such is the form of pipe we have constantly used ourselves—having been always most anxious to smoke a thoroughly clean pipe—as the first requirement to escape the penalty imposed by *Nicotiana*, upon unwise, inconsiderate, that is to say, unclean smokers. Some smokers,

especially Englishmen, like a dirty pipe ; and a well "cured" pipe is thus essentially dirty—a foul chimney of the worst species, a sink of iniquity—the very *ne-plus-ultra* of the detestable—to any man of refined taste and superior aspirations. Briar-pipes have been furnished with a sort of marrow-spoon along the stem to receive and remove the horrid "effects" in question ; others are provided with reservoirs, but all such contrivances are bad and useless in the long run. In fact, numerous devices have been resorted to, in order to counteract the effects of the objectionable juices of the Weed in smoking ; but we have never yet found any of them successful. The more complicated your pipe, the worse it is for your purpose, namely, a sweet comfortable smoke on all occasions.

Some smokers "draw" so vigorously that they burn up their wooden pipes "in no time." We are ourselves in this category ; but finding the thing rather costly, we hit upon the plan of getting a lining of tin fixed in the bowl by a tinker, which gives immortality to the instrument, without augmenting its heat—as might be fancied—but just the contrary, according to the law of Radiation in Physics, making it cooler.

To fix a Meerschaum bowl in wooden pipes is a mistake as well as a degradation to the royal clay. Happily such mongrel compounds have found little favour with legitimate smokers.

The execrable china pipe is the mystery of the German. It has no absorption. It is a mere tobacco-

still, condensing the fetid juices in its reservoir, which must be frequently emptied and cleaned, or it is converted into a hubble-bubble of disgusting poison.

Cheap Meerschaums are of inferior or damaged clay, or moulded out of the parings or "dust" of Meerschaum. The difference in the latter may be detected by the weight as compared to the lightness of the "real thing." Otherwise they are not easily distinguished.

Pipes have been made of formidable dimensions in Germany, some carrying a quarter of a pound, others half a pound, and even a pound of Tobacco. They figure in the shops of Bremen and Hamburgh. Some large and fine specimens of Meerschaum are carved so elaborately into pipe-bowls, as to command two or three hundred guineas each. But all these giants of smokedom "pale their ineffectual fires" before the monster-pipe of the South American Indians, the pipe of the tribe of Oyatopoks. It remains burning night and day, filled with a species of herb, which they use instead of Tobacco. This huge pipe is surrounded at one time with a hundred to a hundred and fifty *aspirants*, who fix their long tubes of reed into the numerous holes with which its sides are bored.

Some go to Rome to see her stones, after the fashion of Ruskin, and get a sun-stroke; but really we should like to take a trip to South America to see this infernal pipe of the Oyatopoks. Perhaps they got the idea from Macbeth's witches demonizing around their caldron.

## CHAPTER VII.

## OF TOBACCO IN THE RELIGIOUS POINT OF VIEW.

AS we have seen, the Church was one of the early opponents of the Weed. The bulls of excommunication did not, however, prevent some of the popes themselves from "taking a pinch" with their truly Roman nose; and it is related of one of them, that when offering a pinch to another ecclesiastical dignitary, the latter declined it, saying that he did not indulge in such small vices; whereupon the nettled Holy Father exclaimed, "No! *you* patronize the *big* vices."

Now-a-days there is no penalty of excommunication for indulging in the Weed in Roman and Rom-*antic* places of worship, but the prejudice against it still exists. All perfumes are admitted into the sanctuary excepting that of Tobacco. This is a pity. Would it not be moral, religious, hygienic to dethrone that vulgar incense which from time immemorial has obfuscated heaven and the saints, and replace it with Tobacco? And then just see how public worship would be the gainer by the change. The slaves of the habit who keep away or remain at the door, would enter willingly, pipe or cigar in the mouth, and the crowded ranks of these docile thurifers



or incense-bearers would become evangelized without noise and impatience at the length of the longest and dreariest sermon. All lukewarmness, and spiritual indifference, and neglect would vanish with the curling smoke of fuming neophytes. If you only let a smoker smoke, you may do anything with him : and therefore, with the view of promoting a true revival in the general backsliding of believers, we recommend, in the first place, that all men should be induced to become smokers ; and, in the second place, that "Smoking allowed" should be inscribed on the walls of every church in Christendom. If he who smokes *dines*, it is also certain that he who smokes *thinks* ; and equally certain that he who thinks must become a good Christian, sooner or later.

Nevertheless the Rev. Henry Allen, a divine of some note, has laid a serious indictment against Nicotiana in the religious point of view. He states that, "as a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of smoking young men are irreligious." This is a tremendous accusation ; and we would fain receive it "with a grain of salt," and refer it to that uncharitableness which censured the famous and pious Jesuit preacher, Bourdaloue because he was in the habit of scraping his fiddle to the most lively tunes on the Sabbath—just before delivering those stirring sermons of his which humbled and scared a bit that modern Nebuchadnezzar, LOUIS QUATORZE. For, most assuredly, many worthy Christians of all nations, as well as pious Turks, Hindoos, wild

Indians, and good Niggers, blow their cigar or puff their pipe in proper righteousness.

But the grandest occasion in which *Nicotiana* stood forth in the religious point of view, occurred about two years ago in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and we have no hesitation in saying that this occasion is another of the brightest feathers in her cap.

One Sunday evening, Mr. Spurgeon, before beginning his sermon, announced that he should not preach long that night, because he wished his friend Mr. Pentecost, who was on the platform, to say a few words to the congregation. Mr. Spurgeon then gave a very earnest address on the words, "I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O Lord; I will keep Thy statutes. I cried unto Thee; save me, and I shall keep Thy testimonies." (Ps. cxix. 145-6.) He spoke strongly and plainly upon the necessity of giving up sin, in order to success in prayer for "quickenings," and as an evidence of sincerity. . . . Mr. Spurgeon, in concluding his discourse, said: "Now then, perhaps Brother Pentecost will give you the application of that sermon."

"Brother Pentecost" is an "open communion" Baptist minister, of the American city of Boston. He responded at once to Mr. Spurgeon's call, and, stepping to the front of the platform, gave some excellent remarks on the latter portion of the text, with much simplicity and force of manner. Referring to one part of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, he gave an interesting bit of personal experience. He said that

some years ago he had had the cry awakened in his heart, "Quicken Thou me." He desired to be more completely delivered from sin, and he prayed that God would show him anything which prevented his more complete devotion to Him. He was willing, he thought, to give up anything or everything if only he might realise the desire of his heart. "Well," said he, amidst the profound silence and attention of the immense congregation, "what do you think it was that the Lord required of me? He did not touch me in my church, my family, my property, or my passions. But one thing I liked exceedingly—the best cigar which could be bought." He then said that the thought came into his mind, could he relinquish this indulgence if its relinquishment would advance his piety? He tried to dismiss the idea as a mere fancy or scruple, but it came again and again to him, and he was satisfied that it was the still small voice which was speaking. He remembered having given up smoking by the wish of his ministerial brethren, when he was twenty-one years of age, for four years. But then he had resumed the habit, for he declared during that four years he never saw or smelt a cigar which he did not want to smoke. Now, however, he felt it to be his duty to give it up again, and so unequal did he feel to the self-denial, that he "took his cigar-box before the Lord," and cried to Him for help. This help he intimated had been given, and the habit was renounced.

Mr. Spurgeon, whose smoking propensities are

pretty well known, instantly rose at the conclusion of Mr. Pentecost's address, and, with a somewhat playful smile, said : " Well, dear friends, you know that some men can do to the glory of God what to other men would be sin. And notwithstanding what Brother Pentecost has said, I intend to smoke a good cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed to-night. If anybody can show me in the Bible the command, ' Thou shalt not smoke,' I am ready to keep it ; but I haven't found it yet. I find ten commandments, and it's as much as I can do to keep them ; and, I've no desire to make them into eleven or twelve. The fact is, I have been speaking to you about real sins, not about listening to mere quibbles and scruples. At the same time, I know that what a man believes to be a sin becomes a sin to him, and he must give it up. ' Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' and that is the real point of what my brother Pentecost has been saying. Why, a man may think it is a sin to have his boots blacked. Well then let him give it up, and have them whitewashed. I wish to say that I'm not ashamed of anything whatever that I do, and I don't feel that smoking makes me ashamed, and therefore I mean to smoke to the glory of God." \*

Great was the scandal produced by this manly utterance of the great Preacher ; but he stuck to it—saying (in the *Daily Telegraph*)—" As I would not knowingly live even in the smallest violation of the law of God—and sin is the transgression of the law—

\* ' Christian World,' Sep. 25, 1874.

I will not own to sin when I am not conscious of it. There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men ; to that system I will not yield for an hour. The preservation of my liberty may bring upon me the upbraiding of many of the good, and the sneers of the self-righteous ; but I shall endure both with serenity, so long as I feel clear in my conscience before God.

“The expression ‘smoking to the glory of God,’ standing alone has an ill sound, and I do not justify it ; but in the sense in which I employed it, I shall stand to it. No Christian should do anything in which he cannot glorify God—and this may be done, according to Scripture, in eating, and drinking, and the common actions of life.

“When I have found intense pain relieved—a weary brain soothed—and calm refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God, and have blessed His name ; this is what I meant, and by no means did I use sacred words triflingly. If through smoking I had wasted an hour of my time—if I had stinted my gifts to the poor—if I had rendered my mind less vigorous—I trust I should see my fault and turn from it ; but he who charges me with these things shall have no answer but my forgiveness.

“I am told that my open avowal will lessen my influence ; and my reply is that if I have gained any influence through being thought different from what I am, I have no wish to retain it. I will do nothing

upon the sly, and nothing about which I have a doubt.

“ I am most sorry that prominence has been given to what seems to me so small a matter—and the last thing in my thoughts would have been the mention of it from the pulpit ; but I was placed in such a position that I must either by my silence plead guilty to living in sin, or else bring down upon my unfortunate self the fierce rebukes of the anti-tobacco advocates by speaking out honestly. I chose the latter ; and although I am now the target for these worthy brethren, I would sooner endure their severest censures than sneakingly do what I could not justify, and earn immunity from their criticisms by tamely submitting to be charged with sin in an action which my conscience allows.”

Thus did the great Boanerg of the Tabernacle take up the cudgel—or rather the sledgehammer—in behalf of *Nicotiana*, showing incontestably that she is not at all incompatible with any religious point of view whatever—but rather in fact, capable of inspiring the sweetest emotions of piety and gratitude heavenward ; and therefore it is not her fault if people will remain perverse, miserable sinners, in spite of her incessant teaching and suggestion of sober, serious, conscience-pricking cogitation.

Finally, Tobacco has the honour of numbering among her votaries a martyr going to execution. A poor Roman Catholic priest, named Kemble, was hanged in 1679, in his eightieth year, being absurdly

implicated in that monstrous absurdity, the plot of Titus Oates; and he marched to his fate, amidst a crowd of weeping friends, with the tranquillity of a primitive martyr, *smoking a pipe of Tobacco.*

And here we must state, in historical justice, that in Sir John Hawkins's edition of 'The Complete Angler,' this smoking martyr is erroneously claimed as a Protestant hanged by "the merciless bigot Queen Mary"—at a time when Tobacco was unknown in England!

It was bad enough for Protestants to hang an innocent "Papist"; but then, for Protestants to convert him into a Protestant martyr, was surely too bad.

In memory of this old "martyr" going to be hanged with a pipe of Tobacco in his "smokie fist," the people of Herefordshire to this day, call the last pipe they take at a sitting, a "Kemble-pipe."

According to the Roman Catholic biographer, miracles were performed by the invocation of this smoking martyr of the Faith. If true, surely this fact shows that the highest moral excellence is compatible with the use of Tobacco—contrary to the opinion of the Methodist, Adam Clarke, who said he "could not help deeming *impiety* in the use of the herb." Nay, he hails Pope Urban VIII. as "an apostolic man," for having excommunicated the votaries of Tobacco, using it in churches. But nought is so constant here below as mutability; indeed, as a Frenchman observes: "The absurd man is he who never changes

his opinion." Tobacco captivated the tiara at last. Pope Benedict XIII., one of the best of popes, and most exemplary in all his doings, was an inveterate snuff-taker; and, in 1724, he revoked all the absurd Papal Bulls against Tobacco. Thus the Weed was avenged by the Popedom itself—just as it has been by a far greater institution than the Popedom, namely, the Metropolitan Tabernacle and its best of Christian Popes, Mr. Spurgeon.

Assuredly, the following quaint old ditty plainly demonstrates how the act of smoking may itself be made a pious meditation—a stirring up of profound religious sentiment :

THIS INDIAN WEED.—OLD SONG.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,  
Tho' green at noon, cut down at night,  
Shows thy decay ;  
All flesh is hay !  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,  
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.  
Thou art e'en such—  
Gone with a touch !  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Then thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff—  
Gone with a puff !  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.



And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think on thy soul defiled with sin ;  
    For then the fire  
    It doth require !  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away ?  
Then to thyself thou mayest say,  
    That to the dust  
    Return thou must !  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

To have produced such a psalm of inspired piety proves incontestably the innate devotion of the pipe, which is further consecrated to religion by the last act of the sainted Kemble. And here we may propose that, as all avocations have their patron Saints—the lawyers having accidentally taken the Devil for theirs—so should smokers adopt Saint Kemble, and build him a niche in their temple.

## CHAPTER VIII.

OF TOBACCO AND "LES MISERABLES," OR AS THE  
COMFORT OF THE AFFLICTED.

DECIDEDLY the introduction of Tobacco is a strange fact in the history of civilized man. Whilst civilization advances so slowly, an herb has conquered the world in less than two centuries. This rapid and continuous extension proves that Tobacco appeals to the very depths of human nature.

Can it really be said that Tobacco only satisfies a fashion, a caprice, an inveterate habit, whilst it is a substance which the workman, the poorest of the land, will get at the cost of real privations, with the pence which they gain by the sweat of their brow?

In spite of so many medical observations to the contrary, shall we not believe, with the eminent German physician Knapp, that Tobacco "exerts a useful influence on the human body and its functions" ? \*

Tobacco responds to that imperious craving after sensation with which man is tormented. The savage of America, in his semi-starvation and wretchedness ; the soldier in the bivouac, ill-fed perhaps, anxious

\* ' Knapp, "Die Nahrungs-mittel in ihrem chemischen und techni chen Beziehungen," p. 101.

and weary ; the sailor on the deep, in the dull monotony of toil and peril ; the effeminate inhabitants of tropical regions, who dread to think under the overwhelming weight of their burning climate ; the idler of our towns ; the Turk, enervated by the premature exercise of the reproductive function, and sunk in the double inertia of fatalism and despotism ; all make use of Tobacco as our dandies use the ball-room and the theatres—as a poet sips coffee—as the *savant* gives lectures ; all resolves itself into that grand engine of animality—*sensation*.

Amongst smokers, some relish the immediate impression, and enjoy it instinctively like the very air they breathe. Others meditate their sensations. They find in them a source of contentment, which lifts them up to the hope or the remembrance of bliss. The periodic action of embracing the cigar or pipe with their lips, and expiring its vapour in puffs, rocks their minds to rest.

Thus Tobacco rises to the rank of a *moral modifier* ; and thus we must appreciate it, no longer in accordance with its mere chemical constituents or the principles of physiology, but in the light of moral reactions, which play so important a part in human hygiene. Wretches who have not eaten bread for a long time beg alms to buy Tobacco. A sailor, deprived of his plug for three days, puts into his mouth a ball of tarred oakum, and thanks, with tears in his eyes, the kind surgeon who shares with him a bit of his Tobacco.

If Tobacco has its drawbacks, it has, therefore, its sweets also. To most of us it is the remedy of that disease of civilization which we call *ennui*. And many a poor man, going home to a scolding wife, finds comfort in the "philosophy" of filling his pipe, placing one knee upon the other, and puffing his misery away.

Even the very illusions and erroneous ideas that men entertain concerning Tobacco, deserve to be respected by the physician. One man attributes to Tobacco the facility of his intellectual labour; another cannot digest his food without smoking. Oh, you may smile! But consider. The craving for Tobacco is positively the last appetite which leaves those who are in a state of disease, and who have been accustomed to Tobacco under one form or another; the renewal of that appetite is a favourable prognostic of recovery, as acknowledged and attested by observant physicians, and as every smoker knows by his own experience.

However curious may be the investigation of the national peculiarities which distinguish the most intemperate consumers of Tobacco, we must guard ourselves against the fallacy of substituting the effect for the cause. Individual life must always be the starting point from which we must infer the life of nations. Now, if a man has household affliction of some sort, a "skeleton in the cupboard," and "takes to drink," did the drink cause the affliction or make the skeleton? In truth, if the battle of life be to man con-

tinuous and determined in his physical economy, it is not less so in his mind—hopes, fears, troubles, and anxieties. These he strives to resist, to fight, to overcome anyhow, as best he may, in his desperation. You may quarrel if you like with the *cause*, but you had better try and alleviate its effects, rather than denounce intemperately even his temperate use of the means which he has found so conducive to his ease, comfort, and consolation.

To meet that state of life's necessary evils, Mr. Solly, one of the opponents of Smoking, asked the question—“Would it not be far more manly, far nobler, far more in accordance with the precepts of Christianity, if, instead of smoking away our griefs, and stifling in the pipe our angry passions, we met our difficulties with a manly front, and conquered our evil tempers by the force of our better nature? Are not all troubles sent,” etc.

Unquestionably, Mr. Solly! But remember the piteous words of poor Job :

“Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?”—JOB xv. 2.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TOBACCO IN THE ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

THIS is a point of view in which the Weed figures to great advantage. The Art-devotee and the Art-critic owe everything to the inspiring Weed ; and the first condition to become a painter or sculptor, is not to go through the Academy, nor to have studied your lines, and the arrangement of your palette ; no ; it is to learn to *smoke*, for "smoking" is the grand merit of every picture. Art is nothing without "smoke," which is perfectly well-known to the Critics, although but imperfectly known to artists, except to such as old Turner, the wily, and one or two others who have "coined a mint of money" in these, our days, simply by knowing how to manage their "smoke." Without the pipe—and a "piper"—there is no salvation in the Royal Academy.

Now, this science is so absorbing that sometimes we stick to it, and after fifteen years' study a man becomes a perfect *colourer* of pipes. We might cite a great number of unknown geniuses, whose pictures indeed we have never seen, but whose cutty we should at once recognize by the ingenious labour of the colouring, which has marbled with a "warm" tint the magical recipient of the inspiring Weed.

Happy indeed are those great artists—philosophical artists—unknown to fact and fame. They do not suffer from the caprices of exhibitions and their critics—all smoke-nuisances of the foggiest hue—and their divine perfections remain unquestioned. Their pictures are in their *head*; there they behold and enjoy them, boasting of their perfections—of course without the risk of contradiction.

What becomes of these great artists? Why, they become professional *colourers of pipes*! The thing is a natural sequence. You are fond of smoking—but your pocket is empty. Well, you go to a tobacconist (who “knows your talent”) and engage to give him the benefit of your smoke *at his expense*,—for which your careful patience and artistic sense of colour will be an equivalent, in converting his new pipes into gentlemen-pipes—fit to be bought by any “swell” who likes to hear it said—however falsely—“How nicely you have managed to colour that pipe of yours!”

## CHAPTER X.

## OF TOBACCO IN THE MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BEHOLD the embryo *Æsculapius*—son of *Apollo* and *Corona*—scalpel in hand, spectacles on nose, his “subject” beneath him, its ghastly head the stand for his ‘*Anatomy Made Easy*,’ and cutty in mouth, whose every puff gives vigour to his brain, stifling the inevitable aroma of death, and rendering innocuous its pestilent miasma. In this respect, the fume of Tobacco is decidedly, as King James called it, “a *precious stinke*.” Two material things cannot co-exist in the same place, and the pungent “*stinke*” of the Weed admits no rival.

Severe and rugged moralists talk of conquering love! A pitiful victory, indeed, even if achieved. But to conquer pestilence—what a triumph is that for the Sovereign Weed, as Spenser grandly styles it! Without your cumbrous disinfecting appliances, without pouring around them waves of stupefying chlorine, your indefatigable students of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, cut, saw, eviscerate, without fear and trembling, the poor hideous tenements of grim death. Their cool determination—their courage—are inspired by their pipe of Tobacco! It is their preservative—their shield of *Minerva*.



Tobacco fought and killed the Cholera wherever they came in contact. It is a recorded fact that this mighty invader was stopped with "No road this way" at the shop of every Tobacconist!

At the sight of the vigilant Weed—as by the protecting archangel we read of—that dreadful plague—like its predecessor of old, as attested by Pepys—shrank back appalled, saying aghast—"No, thank ye!"

Indeed, we know a veteran smoker who has roamed the universe—tarrying in localities where Cholera was reaping its thousands, where small-pox was killing or tattooing its myriads without mercy—sojourning in swamps where gaunt dysentery and Yellow Fever were "a nightly fear and a noon-day devil"—and passed through the valley of death unscathed, untouched, smiling, and jolly as a lark piping his matutinal hymn of praise and thanks to Heaven.

If he lives (this veteran of Smokedom) the long term predicted to him by the astrologers, he intends to have engraved upon his tomb—after the record of the fact—these grateful words, "THANKS TO TOBACCO!"

Implacable diseases, learnedly called "epizotic," decimate our domestic "lower animals"—the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog. Doubtless all these diseases would vanish could we only make them smoke Tobacco.

The "prophylactic" (dismal scientific term!) or

*defensive* property of Tobacco, has been doubted by some of the medical profession; but it is a rooted belief of the popular mind; and so—whether well-founded or not—if it only tends to quiet the mind during certain epidemics—beyond doubt it possesses an immense advantage; for, it is certain that quietude of mind is one of the best hygienic conditions during the prevalence of epidemics.

On the other hand, it is inferred that certain mineral and vegetable substances have operated as preservatives against certain epidemic influences. The Cholera, it is said, spared the manufactories where animal charcoal, sulphur, or mercury was manipulated; the town of Idria, a town in Carniola, Germany—near a mine of quicksilver, did not present a single case.\*

Dr. Stokes and others noticed the disappearance of intermittent fevers in the marshy districts of Cornwall, after the establishment of several copper-foundries, which pour into the atmosphere the otherwise deadly vapours of arsenic; and M. Bayle has collected over 2000 cases, of which 1948 prove the prophylactic efficacy of belladonna against that formidable disease, scarlatina.†

These are facts worthy of the attention of all men. Time and observation will undoubtedly disclose more of the broad available facts of nature; it matters not if we cannot understand their *modus operandi*; let us

\* Delmas, 'Dict. de Médecine,' art. *Cholera*.

† 'Bibliothèque de Thérapeutique,' ii. 331,

avail ourselves of the blessing and wait patiently for its explanation.

And now for the question—does the Tobacco-factory preserve its inmates from certain diseases, or cure them when ill? According to Dr. Lévy, the workmen, when attacked with rheumatism, neuralgia, or lumbago, lie upon a heap of Tobacco, and wake up cured or relieved.

Dr. Berthelot used with success in these diseases a cataplasm made of linseed and a slimy decoction of Tobacco. Reveillé-Parise has proved the efficacy of Tobacco in gout. We regret to be unable to confirm this virtue of Tobacco in our own case; nothing cured us of this exquisite torment but vegetarianism or the complete abstention from flesh-meat of every kind—which has emancipated us—we trust for ever—from this inexorable tyrant.

Other French doctors of eminence consider Tobacco a prophylactic against intermittent fevers. By some it is stated that pulmonary consumption is rare among the workmen, and that its course is less rapid in those who bring with them the developed germ of the malady.

But it is in those conflicts which we have to sustain with those little animals of a thousand forms, with a thousand names, and without names at all—which attack us, tear us, and disappear only to return to decimate us anew,—or which, desperate in the attack, die buried in their spoil, but die *multiplying*—it is against these sworn enemies of the human race and

the brute race, that Tobacco proves itself a Hercules among the Pygmies. Tobacco is the most potent of insecticidal powders ; its smoke is our best safeguard. O Tobacco, Slayer of the Small, divine Micraphoneus !

Tobacco is said to be one of the best applications to fresh cuts of every kind. A lady of the bar, that is, a bar-maid, recently showed us a finger rather severely cut, over which she had tied some shag tobacco, which had instantly stopped the bleeding and relieved the pain. She showed us the scars of several other cuts, one rather formidable, which had been successfully treated in this simple manner. It appears that a few drops of any kind of spirits on the tobacco enhance the effect. Thus have the words of the old Tobacco poet been enlarged—

“ For 'tis a cordial for an *outward* smart,  
As is Dictamnium to the wounded hart.”

Finally, the gentle Weed is the acknowledged solace of the poor insane in their dismal affliction. Tobacco and snuff are freely admitted in all our public and private asylums for the insane, as a useful sedative—at Colney Hatch to the extent of £270's worth for one year, according to Dr. Wynter.

## CHAPTER XI.

TOBACCO A MINE OF GOLD TO TRADE AND  
GOVERNMENT.

NICOTIANA is a Millionaire to whom neither Cræsus of old nor the modern Rothschilds can for a moment be compared. These millionaires might count their capital by millions, but Nicotiana estimates her *annual income* by millions; in France it is about twelve millions sterling, in Great Britain it is over twenty-one millions of pounds sterling per annum; it is twenty-five thousand pounds per day in Paris, and about fifty thousand pounds per day in London.

To realise the full significance of this prodigious wealth, the economist suggests that the outlay for Tobacco in France would support two millions of people, whilst that of Great Britain would supply bread to five millions of its inhabitants. It would give an income of £600 per annum to 35,000 families; an income of £300 per annum to 70,000; an income of £100 to 210,000 families; or an income of £50 per annum to no less than 410,000.

Impressive as must be this great resultant of our smoke, it becomes still greater when we include in the expenditure all the necessary concomitants. First there is the cost of pipes. Thousands of pipe-makers

throughout the Kingdom flourish by the smoke of Tobacco. It is impossible to give any precise value to this item of smoking expenditure; but the income of pipe-makers cannot be less than £50 per annum, and it may be much more. The cost of the ordinary clay pipe stands mostly to the account of the publican; and in the numerous suburbs of the Metropolis and in country places, the publicans give away each from eighty to one hundred gross of pipes per annum, of the probable average value of at least £10.

Now, it appears by the London Directory that there are about 4500 publicans in the Metropolis—the extensive list occupying not less than fifty-one columns of the huge book in question. Then, at the average of £10 each, the publicans of London alone pay a tribute to *Nicotiana* of about £45,000 per annum. Who would have thought it possible that such an apparently insignificant matter as the giving away of clay pipes by the publicans can amount to forty-five thousand pounds sterling! And yet there is the evident fact—the plain arithmetical solution.

Next come the tobacconists of London, numbering about 1760, whose incomes from their trade must vary from £150, £250, to about £500 per annum. Thus, the average may be taken at £300 per annum, which, being multiplied into their number, gives us £528,000 as the income made out of Tobacco and its adjuncts by the tobacconists.

Taking the pipe-makers of London at the annual earnings of only £50, the result is £5000 for pipes,

there being about 100 pipe-makers in the Metropolis.

There are about 100 Tobacco-manufacturers. These must be considered men in a pretty large way of business, few employing less than forty or fifty men and women, whose wages cannot amount to less than £3000; and the concern can scarcely be rated at less than £600 per annum net income. This would give, for the hundred manufacturers, some £60,000 per annum.

There are 25 wholesale Tobacco-merchants—doubtless with incomes of a similar amount, and making up together £15,000.

There are 18 dealers in “Tobacco sundries,” whose incomes cannot be taken at less than £400 per annum, making up £7200.

There are 30 Meerschaum pipe makers and importers—doubtless with similar incomes—making up £12,000.

So much for incomes produced by *Nicotiana*. We must now calculate the cost to the consumer.

First, we have “fancy pipes.” The meerschaum (and its imitations) hold the first place in the smoker's expenditure; and the prices vary from a few shillings to many pounds. Briar-root or other wooden pipes, although less expensive in the original cost, still swell the item by their little durability and the want of care in their preservation.

Then the habitual smoker must have his Tobacco-pouch. With regard to this item, some idea may be

formed of the number of smokers in England, from the fact that the patentee of the original indiarubber tobacco-pouch amassed a large fortune and retired in the course of ten or twelve years.

Now, let us sum up these figures for the total of the annual incomes produced by *Nicotiana* in commerce :

	£
Publicans' pay for pipes .. .. .	45,000
Tobacconists' incomes .. .. .	528,000
Pipe-makers' .. .. .	5,000
Tobacco-manufacturers' incomes .. ..	60,000
Wholesale tobacco-merchants' incomes ..	15,000
Dealers in tobacco sundries' .. ..	7,200
Meerschaum pipe makers' .. ..	12,000
	<u>£672,200</u>

Most likely this sum should rather be raised to a million ; at any rate it must be borne in mind that it refers to London alone, and that it has to be incremented by the "doings" of the same classes of traders in the other twelve or thirteen great cities in the kingdom.

So far, however, we have been considering the cost of smoking to the mass of the community—those who may be said to smoke as workers ; but there is a large class besides, of whom we occasionally read in the law reports, who may be said to cultivate smoking as a fine art, or the speciality of a fine gentleman, young men who pay (or promise to pay) twenty-five guineas for a cigar-case, and who would be ashamed to puff a cigar for which they had



paid (or "been credited for") less than sevenpence or a shilling each. In a law case before Mr. Baron Martin, one of these "minors" was shown to have smoked 500 cigars in a month, for which he was charged sevenpence each, that is, about £15 per month, or £180 per annum. A thousand such "minors" or young gentlemen, may thus dispose of about £180,000 per annum between them, on the Weed.

But the make up of a smoker is incomplete without the means of getting a light *ad libitum*, and the great variety of fusees supplies the desideratum. Immense sums of money have been expended by patentees on the scores of specifications relating to fusees—probably not less than £10,000 since 1852. Numberless contrivances "to get a light," which had their day, but were doomed "to pale their ineffectual fires" before the enduring "Vesuvian" and the pungent blazer—the manufacture of which secures a livelihood to many thousands of the population, good income to their employers, and furnishes a tolerable pittance to thousands of the poor who bore us with them in the streets. The annual cost of this item, like that of pipes, it is impossible to get at accurately; but obviously, it cannot be inconsiderable, although made up of small outlays; indeed, perhaps the smallness of outlay, in most cases, should induce a suspicion that a great deal more is expended than we imagine. The same remark applies to "spills," or pipe lights, spittoons, and cigar-holders.

The smokers of the United Kingdom are obviously in the minority of the population, as against women and children, so that there must be an enormous individual consumption of Tobacco in some shape or other, to account for the vast expenditure. And here we may observe that it would be a valuable fact to ascertain the number of smokers and snuff-takers in the United Kingdom, with a view to the discovery of the physiological consequences of the practice; and this information might be usefully required in the next census returns of the population.

That the productive, labouring, or working classes are the chief supporters of the revenue from Tobacco, is evident from the fact that, in the year 1868—a year of pressure and privation among the working classes—the duty on Tobacco fell off by £41,000. This, we believe, was the first instance showing a decline in the consumption of Tobacco “from time immemorial.”

So much for all the trades and their thousands of employes supported by *Nicotiana*; but it is the Government which receives the “lion’s share” of her benefaction. The produce of the Customs duties on Tobacco far exceed that of every other article—almost treble that on Tea, on Sugar, and even Spirits! Last year the Customs duties on Tobacco and snuff amounted to the enormous sum of seven million, five hundred and twenty-two thousand, two hundred and seven pounds sterling! This showed an increase of £134,349 over the previous year; and

doubtless a similar increase at least will be found in the amount this year. The previous rate of annual increase was over £200,000. In fact, at the present rate of increase, every seven years will add a million to the Customs duties on Tobacco.

Assuredly, therefore, *Nicotiana* is the very providence of the British Exchequer; it is Tobacco that mainly keeps the British financial pot a-boiling.

And here is a grand consideration;—As before stated, it was the revenue from the Tobacco-duties that paid the cost of our Great Revolution of 1688, and, similarly, the revenue from the Tobacco-duties has all along paid the greater part of our Navy Estimates; and there can be no doubt that, increasing at the present rate, the proceeds from Tobacco will within twenty years, entirely pay the cost of our magnificent fleet—the main bulwark and perpetual safeguard of Great Britain and her supremacy among the nations.

In the face of all these splendid statistics of the Weed, is it not astonishing that Lord Palmerston could declare, as he did, that “Beer and bakky are the bane of the British people”? Is not Tobacco, at all events, a national blessing and good fortune? Without the staunch support of the Tobacco-duties, his lordship could never have blustered and bullied as he did, at home and abroad, and make Mr. Disraeli say, “We were all proud of him.”

## CHAPTER XII.

## TOBACCO THE FIRMEST SUPPORT OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

AS we have said before, Tobacco is the great leveller in social life. Liberty, equality, fraternity, are its preachings. Nothing equals it in this respect; and this is the veritable joint of the mighty question—the stand-point at which the Peer of England and the common soldier—the supernumerary and the Prime Minister—the millionaire and the rag-collector meet—even if they don't shake hands together.

By the intelligent smoke of Tobacco they live the same life—obey the same instincts—and in precisely the same conditions of physical existence.

The man who smokes is equal to the man who smokes. This solemn truth admits of no contradiction. Thus, smoking is the universal Freemasonry; and, as the humblest 'prentice in Masonry can "give the sign" even unto his royal Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, so can there be no doubt that if the Prince of Wales were in want of "a light" for his cigar, he would not hesitate a moment in stopping the humblest Brother Smoker, with that sweet recognition—"A light, if you please?"

This brotherhood of Smokedom is most conspicuous

in Spain. But, indeed, in Spain there are no aristocrats. Every Spaniard is equal to another Spaniard; and it is Tobacco that has worked out the social question.

The lowest clodhopper will accost the highest hidalgo of countless generations, cigar in mouth, and boldly saying—“Fire!” (in Spanish) and the Grandee of Spain replies, without a shiver, “Take a light” (in Spanish).

The rich man has his café, his hotels, his places apart at the theatre and in the public carriages, by coach or rail; follow him, and everywhere you find him isolated from the poor man—or, if anywhere there be contact, you see plainly that there is also evident repulsion.

Not so, however, in the temple of Tobacco—the shop of the tobacconist. Here the rich and the poor—the captain and the soldier—the lawyer and the lacquey—the prince and the subject, elbow each other on the most perfect equality, and yet not without mutual respect and decorum.

There is a wonderful difference in dinners. A glorious “spread” is certainly otherwise than a ten-penny cut of cow-flesh, with a penny for bread, a penny for potatoes, and a penny for the waiter. There is a wonderful difference in boots, in gloves, in hats; and immense are the gradations of display in these items that alternately please and horrify a man of taste in his daily perambulations.

But these marked differences do not exist in the

temple of Tobacco—the shop of the tobacconist—whence the poor man departs with his pennyworth of Shag, and the rich man with his costly supply of prime Havannalis—and positively both of them carry off an equal source of enjoyment: and when we say equal, it is rather too strong, for there can be no doubt that the real pipe-smoker alone elicits the greatest enjoyment from the benignant Weed.

What, therefore, can be more equalizing than Tobacco? and, consequently, what more useful to maintain our constitutional government in its beautiful integrity, than a want of this kind—common to all—satisfying all alike and in like manner? Of course there are other wants in the same category, but these are more or less shameful and secret; they are rather infirmities of our nature, covering themselves with the shades of mystery. And even with respect to these, can we really say that they make men equal? No, no; Tobacco cannot be concealed. The Weed is no hypocrite. She is instantly known wherever she smiles. She displays her charms boldly in the face of heaven and earth. Darkness is so little to her liking, that the Prince of Darkness himself would let his pipe go out in the dark, and certainly not relish it at all in obscurity.

Hence we boldly generalize the principle, that of all things below Tobacco is the only one capable of promoting universal equality; and as such we commend it to the consideration of our modern politicians—Whig, Radical, Tory, and Conservative.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SMOKING COMPARED WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANCES.

THERE is a mighty great outcry against smoking as a frightful extravagance, as though it stood alone in this line of human folly. Want of reflection is at the bottom of it, for it is literally the case of the teapot calling the kettle a certain bad name.

That bald-pated philosopher, Dr. Franklin, who has bored all the world with his wise saws about economy, laid it down that to keep up a habit costs more than to bring up four children. So it may; but unless there be something by way of compensation in the shape of a pleasant habit indulged in, few "poor fellers" could endure the worry of bringing up four children. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and it is certain that, without those encouraging titbits of enjoyment which we habitually indulge, we should crumble away in moral and mental dry-rot, notwithstanding the approval of Dr. Franklin's 'Poor Richard' and all his ilk.

Well, smoking is expensive, and it is not expensive. It is expensive in itself; but it is not expensive in comparison with other habits and fancies, respecting which there is conventional silence.

We inquired (at a shop in Regent Street) the price

of a lady's umbrella. "From twelve shillings to twelve or fifteen guineas and upwards," was the complacent reply of the ready shopwoman, who evidently did not think we should be in the least surprised at the information. For, "it would be absurd to argue" that, if a twelve shilling umbrella will answer all the purpose for which the invention was designed, to spend twelve or fifteen guineas upon it would be the height of extravagance.

It is the same with ladies' dresses. Undoubtedly a two-guinea dress would answer for most "respectabilities"; but is that any reason why twenty guineas or two hundred guineas should not be expended over the fair forms of pretty (or *not* pretty) women—if they "*will* have it?" The cost of the Veteran's smoking during the last twenty years may be set down as not having much exceeded £150. Now, can any fine lady say that this is extravagant in comparison with what she has spent on dresses? What could *she* do, in her dress department, with only about £8 per annum?

Fans are advertised at from five to fifty guineas a piece. If ladies were not extravagant enough to buy them (or get them bought for them), they would not be manufactured. *Vive la bagatelle!*

Bonnets, again? But really these are now-a-days such exquisitely contrived Venus's Catch-flies, that we cannot find it in our hearts to quarrel niggardly about their prodigious cost as an extravagance to be resisted by a husband, especially one who has a pretty face to put under them.



It is, however, certain ladies (of uncertain age) who are most unfair in denouncing the smoker's habit for its cost and extravagance.

Says Hamerton:—"The reader has, I daresay, amongst his acquaintances ladies, who on hearing any habitual cigar-smoker spoken of, are always ready to exclaim against the enormity of such an expensive and useless indulgence; and the cost of Tobacco-smoking is generally cited by its enemies as one of the strongest reasons for its general discontinuance. One would imagine, to hear people talk, that smoking was the only selfish indulgence in the world. When people argue in this strain, I immediately assume the offensive. I roll back the tide of war right into the enemy's intrenched camp of comfortable customs; I attack the expensive and unnecessary indulgences of ladies and gentlemen who do not smoke. I take cigar-smoking of, say half-a-crown a day, and pipe-smoking threepence. I then compare the cost of these indulgences with the cost of other indulgences not a whit more necessary, which no one ever questions a man's right to, if he can pay for them.

"There is luxurious eating, for instance. A woman who has got the habit of delicate eating, will easily consume dainties to the amount of half-a-crown a day, which cannot possibly do her any good beyond the mere gratification of the palate. And there is the luxury of carriage-keeping, in many instances very detrimental to the health of women, by entirely depriving them of the use of their legs. Now, you

cannot keep a carriage a-going quite as cheaply as a pipe. Many a fine Meerschaum keeps up its cheerful fire on a shilling a week.

“I am not advocating a sumptuary law to put down carriages and cookery ; I desire only to say that people who indulge in these expensive and wholly superfluous luxuries, have no right to be so very hard on smokers for their indulgence.

“Then there is wine. Nearly every gentleman who drinks good wine at all, will drink the value of half-a-crown a day. The ladies do not blame him for this. Half-a-dozen glasses of good wine are not thought an extravagance in any man of fair means ; but women exclaim when a man spends the same amount in smoking cigars.

“The French habit of coffee-drinking, and the English habit of tea-drinking are also cases in point. They are quite as expensive as ordinary Tobacco-smoking ; and like it, defensible only on the ground of the pleasurable sensation they communicate to the nervous system. But these habits are so universal that no one thinks of attacking them, unless now and then some persecuted smoker in self-defence. Tea and Tobacco are alike sedative, delicious, and—deleterious. The two indulgences will, perhaps, become equally necessary to the English world. It is high treason to the English national feeling to say a word against tea, which is now so universally recognized as a national beverage, that people forget that it comes from China, and is both alien and heathen. Still, I

mean no offence when I put tea in the same category with Tobacco. Now, who thinks of lecturing us on the costliness of tea? And yet it is a mere superfluity. The habit of taking it as we do is unknown across the channel, and was quite unknown amongst ourselves a very little time ago, when English people were no less proud of themselves and their customs than they are now; and, perhaps, with equally good reason.

“A friend of mine tells me that he smokes every day at a cost of about sixpence a week. Now, I should like to know in what other way so much enjoyment is to be bought for sixpence. Fancy the satisfaction of spending sixpence a week in *wine*! It is well enough to preach about the selfishness of this expenditure; but we all spend money selfishly, and we all love pleasure; and I should very much like to see that cynic whose pleasures cost less than sixpence a week.

“It is needless to allude to field sports and luxurious dress, whose enormous cost bears no more proportion to the cost of smoking, than Chateau Margot to small beer, or turtle-soup to Scotch broth.

“Besides, Tobacco is good for the wits, and makes us moralise. All the above sagacious observations came out of a single pipe of Tobacco; and the cleverest parts of many clever books and review articles are all Tobacco.”

Little more need be added to these pertinent observations, which make out a case for smoking

among the extravagances of life. But smoking, differing from other extravagances, makes compensation. As Dr. Richardson remarks, "no smoker is ever a glutton." He never eats too much—as most people do. He only eats just sufficient to keep up adequate vigour, and it is smoking that enables him to regulate his stomach-wants with the precision of a Cornaro, so as to be always up to the mark at half the cost of non-smokers. That is the true way that Tobacco "stops waste," depend upon it ; and thus it secures us from the multitude of evils perpetually and universally resulting from over-eating.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOBACCO AND ITS ENEMIES.

THE three preceding chapters have, we trust, grandly set up the claims of *Nicotiana* as a moral, material, and Governmental or financial benefactress—well deserving the gratitude of all moral, law-abiding, and loyal people. But, alas! it is too true that some people are as deficient in gratitude as they are in the sense of beauty; and even beneficent Tobacco has had and has its enemies. But we must be charitable. Ignorance is at the bottom of this enmity, and assuredly herein ignorance is not bliss—

Knows he that never took a pinch  
Nosey, the pleasure thence that flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows?

Doubtless the late Lord Lytton would have prescribed to these bewildered and bewildering enemies of *Nicotiana*, a frequent dose of the Weed—"that softest consolation," next to "that which comes from heaven"—to soothe the demon of their distempered brains.

However, they are men of rigid virtue—*perfect* men. Perfect men! "*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed a French lady to one of these perfect men—" *Mon Dieu*, sir, how many virtues you compel me to detest!"

The Parisienne was right. Virtue is all very well ; but does virtue make the fortune of Republics, Kingdoms, or Empires ? Did virtue pitchfork Prussia into the seventh heaven of dynastic omnipotence ? Was it not rather blood and iron and *das Rauchen*, smoking ?

Well, ye enemies of Tobacco ! You are wise men, philosophers (after your fashion, or rather that of Diogenes), economists, lovers of the savings' bank, exempt from all ambition, love, passions, desires—hostile to the fair sex, to all expense, all enjoyment, and—*Tobacco*. Now, Gentlemen, where would England be with such virtuous people as you, to direct her sublunary march ? Stop Tobacco, and the result to the financial movement of Great Britain would be just like the arrest of rotation or gravitation to the planet. Of course you say—"Let heaven rush amain—but away with Tobacco !" Well, such terribly virtuous sentiments as these scare me out of my wits and strike me dumb ; they can't be entertained for a moment.

Between the use and the abuse of Tobacco there is at least a difference—if not a gulf or ocean. It may be admitted that there are many who abuse Tobacco, as there are many who abuse all the other gifts of nature ; but it would be better for men of office and position to shrink into obscurity, rather than come forward to reform the universe without fact, reason, or even prejudice to recommend them to a patient hearing.

One of the champions of the Weed during the

Tobacco-Controversy of 1857, puts the case conclusively, as follows :

“ Smoking—as to what may be use or abuse—is entirely a matter of idiosyncrasy of constitution. Thus, we are told that there are cases on record of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting. It is possible ; it may be probable ; but surely the same result might arise from eating of as many dishes. And how comes it that I am at this moment thinking, writing, and smoking indefatigably, whereas I have been thus engaged since three o'clock this morning, the hour being now four o'clock P.M. ? ‘ Thirteen hours’ thinking, fixedly composing, transcribing, translating, and smoking all the while ; and add to this another item, that I had been writing until midnight, when I retired for the repose of three short hours. This may be called *abuse*—but I know it not to be so in my case—as my constitution is capable of greater endurance.”

It appears to us that the late Professor Johnston settled the matter against the anti-tobacconists in the following well-reasoned exposition :

“ With some constitutions smoking never agrees ; but both Dr. Pereira and Dr. Christison in his ‘ Treatise on Poisons,’ agree that ‘ no well-authenticated ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking.’ Dr. Prout, an excellent chemist, and a physician of extensive medical experience, whom all his scientific contemporaries held in much esteem, was of a different opinion. But

even he expresses himself obscurely as to its being generally deleterious when moderately indulged in. I give Dr. Prout's own words : 'Tobacco disorders the assimilating functions in general, but particularly, as I believe, the assimilation of the saccharine principle. Some poisonous principle—probably of an acid nature—is generated in *certain individuals by its abuse*, as is evident by their cachetic looks, and from the dark and often greenish-yellow tint of the blood. The severe and peculiar dyspeptic symptoms sometimes produced by inveterate snuff-taking are well known, and I have more than once seen such cases terminate fatally with malignant disease of the stomach and liver. Great smokers, also, especially those who employ short pipes and cigars, are said to be liable to cancerous affections of the lips. But it happens with Tobacco, as with deleterious articles of diet,—the strong and healthy suffer comparatively little, while the weak and predisposed to disease fall victims to its poisonous operation. Surely, if the dictates of reason were allowed to prevail, an article so injurious to the health, and so offensive in all its modes of enjoyment, would speedily be banished.'

“Yet reason is not so certainly on Dr. Prout's side, for Locke says : ‘Bread or Tobacco may be neglected, but reason at first recommends their trial, and custom makes them pleasant.’”

One word more. If the various positions of the anti-tobacconists were well founded, it would follow that every third smoker at least in the community,



must have been suffering from all manner of diseases during the last two centuries—since the consumption of Tobacco has kept pace with the increase of population; nay, it also follows that, instead of increasing in population at a great rate, as proved beyond a doubt, we ought to have suffered from sterility. Finally, it is easy to name at least dozens of places in London, where many dozens of men congregate nightly for the purpose of recreation—every man with pipe or cigar, puffing many cubic feet of smoke from many “hundred grains of slowly-burning Virginia Tobacco,” each hundred containing “three quarters of a grain of nicotine, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog!” Yet, in these close, ill-ventilated laboratories of “volatile oil,” “oil empyreumatic,” and “volatile alkali”—in which men, women, and children, cats and dogs, enjoy a periodic respite from the toils of day—not a single case of poisoning has ever been seen; and night after night this *experimentum crucis* on a large scale has been tried, with the same harmless result. “I recollect seeing,” says Dr. Elliotson, “a young woman who could eat the hardest salt beef and digest it well; but if she took a raspberry, or a currant, or any other fruit, she was instantly thrown into the most violent spasms of the stomach,—so that a stranger would have fancied her life in danger!” But here is not a case of currants and raspberries, but “one of the most subtle of all known poisons,” confessedly con-

cocted and administered broadcast ; and yet the functions of life go on glibly as usual ! And to tell even an uneducated man, in such circumstances, that he is actually imbibing poison enough to kill a thousand cats, would provoke the reply given to a doctor by such a man after the trial of Palmer for poisoning his friend Cook :—“ Well, doctor, you seem divided as to how poor Cook came by his death ; but it's clear it wasn't a room full of tobacco-smoke—else *I* must have the lives of ten thousand cats, dogs, and the like of such stupid animals.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## WORDS OF THE WISE ON TOBACCO.

FROM the multitude of rational views regarding the Weed, we select the following as quite sufficient to keep moderate smokers in countenance in the presence of their enemies. Says the celebrated French writer on Hygiene, Dr. Lévy :—

“If we weigh without prejudice the advantages and inconveniences of Tobacco, we shall find that both have been somewhat exaggerated. It is not a digestive agent ; it does not prevent scurvy, nor does it produce it, &c. It does not besot smokers and chewers ; it does not emaciate them by the loss of saliva, &c. ; it does not ‘soil the angles of the lips with a black foam,’ excepting among those gluttons who, instead of being satisfied with a simple plug, fill their mouths with Tobacco intended for the pipe. When it is accused of brutalizing its votaries, its effects are confounded with those of drunkenness and gross intemperance.”

Says Professor Johnston, in his ‘Chemistry of Life’ :—

“Generally of the physiological action of Tobacco upon the bulk of mankind, and apart from its moral

influence, it may be received as characteristic of this substance among narcotics—

“*First.* That its greater and first effect is to assuage and allay and soothe the system in general.

“*Secondly.* That its lesser and second, or after-effect, is to excite and invigorate, and at the same time to give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought.

“According to Dr. Madden, ‘the pleasure of the reverie consequent on the indulgence of the pipe, consists in a temporary annihilation of thought. People really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during their long smoking reveries, and they replied, “Of nothing.” I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds ; and in the consideration of the Turkish character, there is no more curious circumstance connected with their moral condition ?’

“Is it really a peculiarity of the Turkish or Moslem temperament, that Tobacco soothes the mind to sleep while the body is alive and awake ? That such is not its general action in Europe, the study of almost every German writer can testify. With the constant pipe diffusing its beloved aroma around him, the German philosopher works out the profoundest of his results of thought. He thinks and dreams, and dreams and thinks alternately ; but while his body is soothed and stilled, his mind is ever awake. From what I have heard such men say, I could almost fancy they had in this practice discovered a way of liberating the mind

from the trammels of the body, and of thus giving it a freer range and more undisturbed liberty of action. I regret that I have never found it act so upon myself."

We ourselves must endorse this last averment of Professor Johnston. Smoking is merely a satisfaction—a completion, as it were, of our corporeal and mental state; or a pleasant companionship, without a chance of being bored or worried; and above all, contradicted. That's all *we* can say about the "action" of the Weed,—quite enough, doubtless.

"It is especially because of the soothing and tranquillising effect it has on the mind, as it is expressed by Dr. Pereira, that Tobacco is indulged in. And were it possible, amid the teasing paltry cares, as well as the more poignant griefs of life, to find a more material soother and tranquilliser—productive of no evil after effects, and accessible to all—to the desolate and the outcast, equally with him who is rich in a happy home and the felicity of sympathising friends—who so heartless as to wonder or regret that millions of the world-chafed should flee to it for solace!"

Excellent, Mr. Johnston! A Daniel come to judgment! . . . .

Says Professor Huxley, on an occasion whilst President of the British Association:—

"I was placed in a rather awkward position with regard to the question of smoking; for forty years of my life, Tobacco was to me a deadly poison. I was brought up as a medical student, and I had every

temptation to acquire the art of smoking; but my smoking, after a few puffs, always resulted in finding myself *on the floor*. I failed to become a smoker when I was an officer in the Navy; and I had, for a long time, a great antipathy to smokers; but some few years ago, I was making a tour in Brittany, when I stayed at an old inn. It was awfully wet and cold without; and a friend of mine took to smoking, and tempted me to have a cigar. My friend looked so happy; the fire was so warm within the inn; and it was so cold and wet without, that I thought I would try to smoke; and then I found myself a changed man. I found that I was in the position of a lamentable 'pervert'—and my case would illustrate to you the evil of bad associates,—although the person who led me astray was a most distinguished, and a late President of the British Association. From that day I date my ruin. For, from that day, whenever smoking is going on, you might be pretty sure that I join in it.

“*There is a certain substantial kind of satisfaction in smoking—if kept in moderation—and I must say this for Tobacco—that it is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper. I am glad to state that, in my opinion, there is nothing worse than excessive smoking; but anyone could undertake to destroy himself with green tea, or any other article of diet, if carried to excess.*”

Says Percy B. St. John: “‘Blessed be the man who invented sleep!’ was the pious ejaculation of our worthy and inimitable friend Sancho Panza, and we,

not denying the advantages, pleasures, and delights of slumber, change the subject-matter, and exclaim, 'Blessed be the man who discovered Tobacco!' Yes! blessed be the man who first rescued this precious weed from obscurity and brought it into general estimation! For what has been more useful to mankind? what more beneficial? Its virtues are manifold; their name is Legion. Truly the Indians proved their wisdom by making the pipe the symbol of peace, for what more soothing? what more consolatory? To all men it proves of service, from royalty to the bone-picker. The philosopher over his pipe and coffee (excellent berry—rare weed) reasons and speculates with a freshness and vigour which encourages him in his labours. And if invention consist, as Condillac will have it, in combining in a new manner ideas received through the senses, when are they received with such force, clearness, and energy, as when under the inspiration of the Virginian weed? The historian, whose province it is to study facts, events, manners, the spirit of epochs, can certainly not do justice to his subject if he be not an adept in blowing a cloud. The romancist, who differs only from the historian in that he embodies brief spaces and not centuries, families and not races, he, too, must love his meerschaum or his cheroot. Leaning back leisurely upon his sofa, if he have one, and puffing his amber mouthpiece, ideas, thoughts, feelings, rush in rapid succession upon the mind prepared for kindly and soothing emotions. In the

curling wreaths of vapour which ambiently play around him he discovers lovely and exquisite images ; amid the shadowy pulsations which throb in the atmosphere he sees the fair and exquisite countenance of woman, faint, perhaps, as the shade cast by the Aphrodisian star, but yet visible to his eye. The aromatic leaf is the *matériel* of his incantations. Yes, there is magic in the cigar. Then, to the sailor, on the wide and tossing ocean, what consolation is there, save in his old pipe ? While smoking his inch-and-a-half of clay, black and polished, his Susan or his Mary becomes manifest before him ; he sees her, holds converse with her spirit. In the red glare from the ebony bowl, as he walks the deck at night, or squats on the windlass, are reflected the bright sparkling eyes of his sweetheart. . . . . The Irish fruit-woman, the Jarvie without a fare, the policeman on a quiet beat, the soldier at his ease, all bow to the mystic power of Tobacco, and none more so than our own self."

Dr. Gore, in his recent 'Contributions to the Medical History of the West African Campaigns,' says :—

“Not being a professed smoker, I can say little of the practical value of Tobacco, except that most of those who indulged in a pipe seemed to enjoy it. The correspondent of the *Standard*—a devotee of the Weed—‘thought that it should be issued regularly during all similar campaigns, being, in his opinion, a practical judge of many years, *as good a defence*



against fever as quinine.' 'I should stick to Tobacco, and relinquish quinine without hesitation,' wrote Mr. Henry. He goes on to say, 'Its use adds to a soldier's power of endurance—enables him to bear cold, fatigue, and wet, with comparative impunity; it is, in fact, at once a necessary and a luxury, and should form part of the issue on the field.' It certainly appears to me to be *harmless in practice*—to have a soothing effect and a pleasant solace."

Finally, we quote the declaration of Dr. Richardson, one of the most distinguished medical *literateurs* of the present day—one who has reached the highest rank in medical exegesis—the eminent author of 'Modern Diseases,' &c.

Says Dr. Richardson:—"In an adult man, who is *tolerant* of Tobacco, moderate smoking, say to the extent of *three clean pipes* of the milder forms of pure Tobacco, in twenty-four hours, does no great harm. It somewhat stops waste and soothes.

"The ground on which Tobacco holds so firm a footing is, that of *nearly every luxury it is the least injurious*.

"It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than *tea* (!!); and by the side of *high living* altogether, it contrasts most favourably: *a thorough smoker is never a glutton*.

"It brings quiet to the overworn body and restless mind in the poor savage from whom it was derived, killing wearisome, lingering time. The overworked

man discovers in it a *quietus* for his exhaustion, which, having once tasted, he rarely forgets, but asks for again and again. Tobacco will hold its place with this credit to itself, that, bad as it is it prevents the introduction of agents that would be infinitely worse."

Now, we do not hesitate to say that this authoritative dictum, being a solid compound of medical opinion, common sense, and experience; and, moreover, being the foregone conclusion of all the smoking world in all times and countries—it should settle the question of the anti-tobacconists once for all. Dr. Richardson—the great "Medicine-man" of the epoch—has spoken. Let all else hold their peace!

"To be sure," said old Dr. Samuel Johnson (of the Dictionary), "it is a shocking thing to blow smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and have the same done to us; but I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out."

The great moralist said these words in the year 1773, after remarking that he "remembered when all the decent people in Litchfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of."

But, after all, the strongest testimony in favour of smoking is indirectly given by the Registrar-General. In law, innocence exists until guilt is proved, and in no instance whatever has the Registrar-General accused Tobacco of any share in the mortality of the

population. Alcohol is repeatedly arraigned as a national poison ; but not a word has ever been said against Tobacco by the great official who has to account for British mortality. We hold this fact to be a triumphant argument even against the admission that

“ This sweet simple, by mis-ordered use,  
Death or some dangerous sickness may produce.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

## TOBACCO IN THE LITERARY POINT OF VIEW.

IN these our modern times every department of Science, Art, and Literature, is as distinguished by its smoke as by its excellence. Doubtless Germany inaugurated the scientific and literary Nicotian era; indeed, it may be said that all the art-cultivation—all the scientific development—all the philosophy of the Teutonic Fatherland had only one object in view—namely, the triumph of Smoke. It is the Germans who have incontestably proved what virtue there is in smoke—in art, in science, in poetry, music, in philosophy, in religion, and in arms. But for smoke there would have been no German Unity—no German Empire. Both were begotten, born, and matured in smoke.

If Smoke be not so peculiarly British as it is *Deutsch*, still it must be admitted that it has done much for the promotion of all that is best in our art, science, and literature—if not in arms.

First and foremost, there is Shakspeare. Says T. Cooper :—“ While so many are trying their hands at making new lives of him, deducing his habits from stray passages in his dramas, shall I not deduce the

positive fact that he smoked, and kept his pipe in, from some score of his finer flights of thought? Who can prove that he did not learn to take the pipe from Raleigh? Could not Milton have told us how the pipe—though his dear eyes could no longer see the smoke—suggested some of the most transcendent idealities in the ‘Paradise Lost,’—or Newton might have informed us how his smoking assisted his profound comprehension of the celestial mechanism; or Robert Hall—ha! you should have heard him preach after a pipe thrice filled, to have known what pulpit eloquence was! Or Campbell—who ever equalled him for the true fire of a lyric? The secret of it was—he smoked, and kept his pipe in. Or Tennyson—do not all our living poets pale their smaller fires before him? What wonder? He smokes, and keeps his pipe in. Or Carlyle—by whose electric words your brain is stirred, your prejudices are shattered, your heart is fired with indignation against idle shams, and your resolution is girt up to work, and be no sham; and why? He smokes, and keeps his pipe in.” Or Bulwer Lytton—the grand *exquisite*—superb novelist, dramatist, poet, and all but a statesman—did he not owe almost everything to smoke! Has he not recorded the fact in memorable words? “A pipe!” he exclaims, “it is a great comforter, a pleasant soother. Blue Devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain; it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan.”

And Byron;—although Leigh Hunt maliciously

suggested that this greatest of modern poets owed his inspiration more to gin than anything else, we may be permitted to scout the assertion as a slander, and rather opine that he mainly relied upon the Weed, which he loved so well—especially a cigar.

And Cowper, that poor dear child of Melancholy—did he not gratefully record his obligations to *Nicotiana*—affirming that she

“ Does thought more quicken and refine  
Than all the breath of all the Nine.”

And Thackeray—was he not a considerable if not an inveterate smoker? Was it not through this smoke that he exposed the shams of our artificial society—entering a vigorous protest against the Great Humbug Tree—which is not the Tree of Life? Who can tell how much Tobacco contributed to his peculiar idiosyncrasy? The keenest observer of modern manners was a smoker—for he was “a man’s man.” But he was a gentleman likewise—a kindly and a generous gentleman. Like many authors, he was subject to fits of despondency; but he always seemed to feel some relief from such depression by his habit of sketching little bits of humourous illustration in his books, wherein you often see the novelist himself smoking in a corner, with a queer expression in his physiognomy—for, as he said, he felt sometimes “anything but gay.” And who would have denied him the solace of his cigar, whilst he recalled kind faces that were no more visible on

earth, and warm hands that once grasped his, now mouldering in the dust?

And DISRAELI is a smoker—indeed a smoker if ever there was one. Who so much as he could so accurately take that “Bird’s-Eye” view of his career which made it certain for him that ample, splendid “Returns” were in store for his old age? “O ye immortal Gods! ye are still immortal, although no longer ye hover o’er Olympus. The Crescent glitters on your mountain’s base, and Crosses spring from its toppling crags. But in vain the Musti, and the Patriarch, and the Pope, flout at your past traditions. They are married to man’s memory by the sweetest chain that ever Fancy wove for Love. . . . In vain, in vain, they tell us your divinity is a dream. From the cradle to the grave, our thoughts and feelings take their colour from you, O Ægidius! O pulcher Apollo!” Thus did this mighty smoker, as he tells us in his ‘Young Duke,’ get his blood up, and make his “jaded hackney seud along, and warm up into friskiness;”—and it has been through such vigorous smoke that he has emerged the very Grand Turk of the situation—unassailable by envy, and all-sufficient for universal admiration. No man has ever more effectually “puffed out” his opponents—Peel, Gladstone, and the Broad Church party. And now, the Empress he made has made him a lord, actually in fulfilment of his own bold prophecy recorded some fifty years ago—“when George the Fourth was King”—saying, in the same youthful

novel, 'The Young Duke': "One thing is clear,—that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite; *I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both.*"\* Mark the sublime audacity of the words, "*If I have time!*" Thus Disraeli prophesied of himself when scarcely out of his teens, and with no prospect before him but the results he promised himself from his achievements, involving such a prodigious amount of puffing and smoking; for in the same passage he said that his style in the Commons would be that of "Don Juan," and in the Lords, that of "Paradise Lost"—the former being "the smoke that so gracefully curls," the latter more or less Stygian.

Thus then, philosophers, novelists, poets, dramatists have ever been under the cloud of that smoke which ascends when Genius is near. Coffee—that slow poison—which carried off Fontenelle and Voltaire, is no longer numbered among the feverish inspirations of the brain. The Muses have long been in mourning for it; and if they still dance with Apollo, it must be an Irish jig, cutty in mouth filled with "pigtail."

\* 'The Young Duke,' book v. c. vi.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### TOBACCO AND THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

How the ancient Greek and Roman warriors contrived to do without Tobacco, is such a marvel that, with regard to the former, Alexander Pope, in translating 'Homer,' actually assumes that they did "suck a pipe"—declaring that

"Brave Achilles *smoked* along the plain."

But here we may observe in passing, that Mr. Gladstone (the greatest Homeric authority in the universe) considers the assertion apocryphal, or merely designed to signalize the well-known martial adaptation of the fiery Weed. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that it was for the want of Tobacco that neither the ancient Greeks nor the Romans ever achieved any exploit comparable to the smashing up of one Empire in seven days, and another in three weeks—as did the smoking Prussians in 1866 and 1870.

In recalling to mind the events and results of the last great war, we are struck with the marked characteristics of the two nations engaged in it, as evinced by their method of smoking. The French, like their cigarette, when ignited, make a brilliant show for a time. They have abundant dash—"go off" at once—

but again, like their cigarette, it is only a puff or two, a deal of smoke, and nought remains but a deal of ashes and a stench of burnt paper. With a shrug and a pose, the Gallic brave says *Voilà, tout est fini—Sauve qui peut !*

Very different is your Teuton. He comes of the stock that were never really vanquished by the Romans in their palmiest days of victory. The Germans are emphatically not-to-be-knocked-down people—heavy, phlegmatic, strong, hardy, without any sort of show—mere plodders, stolid clodhoppers. Your German brave is all big pipe—substantial, capacious, essentially contrived for durability. His pipe is large enough to hold an ounce of Tobacco,—whilst the Frenchman's cigarette is made with a mere pinch between the finger and thumb. That was the whole secret of the Franco-German War. It is a fact that the authorities were as anxious of supplying their troops with Tobacco as with food and ammunition. A tobacco-famine was a dreadful thing to be apprehended ; and so, general subscriptions were raised in the principal German towns—tobacco-contributions for the resistless braves of the Fatherland. A large barrel with a hole in the top stood at the corner of the street, with a printed appeal on behalf of the army attached thereto, and into this receptacle the generously disposed dropped what quantity of the fragrant Weed they could afford to part with, either in the shape of cigars or cut tobacco. It is said, though, that in many cases the Weed was anything but fragrant, and

in the subscription boxes there was a superabundance of cigars known as "Pfenning's," and sold at the extraordinarily cheap rate of a penny a dozen. It has been said by some wag that the Government of our own country once had in contemplation the introduction of a small coin valued at the eighth of one penny to enable Scotchmen to contribute to charitable objects; but this suggestion was carried to its fullest extent in Germany, where the most niggardly subscriber can give the worth of the twelfth part of a penny.

Most assuredly the Put-out-the-Pipe Society would have been softened into pitiful leniency if they had considered what a friend in need Tobacco was to the soldier in the war of 1870. In referring to the question of Tobacco for the soldiers, that high medical authority, the *Lancet*, observed:—

"The soldier, wearied with long marches and uncertain rest, obtaining his food how and when he can, with his nervous system always in a state of tension from the dangers and excitement he encounters, finds that his cigar or pipe enables him to sustain hunger or fatigue with comparative equanimity. Explain it as we may, this is physiologically true; and medical officers who would not be sorry to see the issue of a 'spirit ration' discontinued, are compelled to allow that the moderate use of Tobacco by soldiers in the field has several advantages. For the wounded it is probable that Tobacco has slight anodyne and narcotic properties that enable the sufferer to sustain

pain better during the day, and to obtain sleep during the night."

The truth of this theory was proved over and over again in the course of the war. The correspondent of the *Daily News* before Metz, related how the pay-sergeant of one company, being shot through the chest at a sortie, smoked his cigar while the doctor cut the bullet out of his back ; then he quietly squared up his company-book, handed everything over to his successor in right trim, and went away philosophically in the waggon to a lazaretto. Again, it is told how a maimed soldier, lying upon the ghastly battle-field with the dead and the dying around him, and approaching his end with calmness notwithstanding his bodily agony, asked but for one relief when discovered—a cigar. To quote the *Daily News* again :—

“ In every letter we read of the exhausted soldiers, prisoners, and maimed victims of battle eagerly asking for the soothing narcotic, begging for it sometimes, finding it a solace under the hardships of weather, of hunger, of disease—finding it enables them even to endure the painful searches and amputations of the surgeon. The counterblast enthusiasts would do well to re-consider their creed.”

So they would, and at the same time take a lesson in moderation of opposition, and another on the value of facts.

When the maimed and shattered lie upon the sodden battle-field, what do they most piteously cry for? Tobacco. In the hospitals, where are found

the wounded—poor useless wrecks of a-day-before's glorious humanity—what is supplied to them so liberally and is more essential to those apparent bundles of lint and splinters than medicine? Tobacco!

When that valuable ammunition, Tobacco, ran short, a cry for "more! more!" rose from the ranks. And wherever the conquering troops entered a surrendered city, they at once claimed Tobacco from the vanquished. What did the inhabitants of quiet French towns most dread to see? Why, the capacious pipes of the Uhlans.

In the heat of battle, when coolness is the most desirable of all soldierly qualities, what are the best marksmen doing? Smoking. As the smoke of their powder reeks from their heated rifles, the thin smoke of Tobacco curls from their lips.

It has been said by the enemies of Tobacco that the pleasant narcotic which has come into such use destroys energy; but incidents of modern warfare do not go to support such an assertion. The following items are deserving of attention, as proving how smokers fight:—

"The Uhlans, who in little parties of three or four, trotted gaily in advance and took possession of fortified towns, invariably carried pipes in their mouths. The mayor of each town was directed to find cigars for everybody before anything else was done. The German troops, it is stated, thought but little of a scarcity of provisions—they fought as well without

their dinner as with it—but Tobacco was indispensable to them.”

Again, in one of those early and more desperate fights, when the German corps suffered so severely, and officers were struck down so quickly; in fact, when the 2nd Division were upon the point of suffering a repulse and being scattered, General von Bentheim seized the moment when a desperate movement must decide:—

“He saw one of his men in the heat of the fight coolly smoking a cigar. It impressed the General. Hurrying up to the soldier, he called out ‘Give me a light,’ ignited a cigar, and gathering up his shaken battalions, cigar in mouth and sword in hand, he again led forward his decimated forces.”

In Saarbrücken, says the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

“Whilst the firing was going on a party of Brunswick hussars came galloping in smoking their cigars, just as if the French were 20 miles off, instead of from 80 to 100 yards.”

The great lesson of the last war taught to the French, was not so much to look after their military organization, to secure thorough efficiency in all the arms—but to get up and set up the *German Pipe*. That is the way they will get back their lost provinces and avenge France with another Jena. Let them not attempt this achievement until every Frenchman “flaunts in his smokie fist” as big a pipe as that worked by the “grizzly old Steinmetz, the Lion o

Skalitz, when he used to sit down smoking as he received the forced contributions levied on the enemy. And here we would observe that it was his big pipe that made General Von Steinmetz too much even for the Prussians ; so that they thought it best to send him out of the way, awarding him, however, the sword presented by the Czar of Russia “ to the bravest of the brave.”

Finally, there is evidence that the fumes of Tobacco can dim the prospect of death in battle. Witness the following dialogue between an Irish soldier and his officer upon the field of Salamanca :—“ Och, murther, I'm kilt entirely ! ” “ Are you wounded ? ” “ Wounded is it, yer honour ? Be the powers, I'm worse than kilt out an' out ! Wasn't I waitin' for the last quarter of an hour for a pull at Jim Murphy's pipe ? an' there, now, it's shot out of his mouth ! ”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## OF TOBACCO IN THE POETIC POINT OF VIEW.

IN all languages—we believe even in Greek—and in all times since its advent, the praise of Tobacco has been sung by poets who, but for the exalted and inspiring theme, must have been utterly unknown to fame. The finest modern Latin poem is a “Hymn of Tobacco,” one of the earliest productions of the Weed; and that most unpoetical of all languages, the French, has been made sublime by the modern poet Barthélemy singing the praises of Tobacco. Byron’s richest apostrophe is addressed to Tobacco. Everywhere we find lyrics and ditties on the Weed. But all of them fall short of one by the most ancient of Tobacco poets, of name unknown, in the times of King James I. of Tobacco-hating memory.

Thrice happy Isles that stole the world’s delight,  
And thus produced so rich a margarite!

It is the fountain whence all pleasure springs,  
A potion for imperial and mighty kings.  
He that is master of so rich a store  
May laugh at Cræsus and esteem him poor;  
And with his smoky sceptre in his fist,  
Securely flout the toiling Alchymist,



Who daily labours with a vain expense  
In distillations of the Quintessence,  
Not knowing that this golden Herb alone  
Is the Philosopher's admired Stone.

It is a favour which the Gods doth please,  
If they do feed on smoke, as Lucian says.  
Therefore the cause that the bright Sun doth rest  
At the low point of the declining West—  
When his oft-wearied horses breathless pant—  
Is to refresh himself with this sweet Plant,  
Which wanton 'Thetis from the West doth bring,  
'To joy her love after his toilsome ring ;  
For 'tis a cordial for an inward smart,  
As is Dictamnium \* to the wounded hart.  
It is the sponge that wipes out all our woe ;  
'Tis like the thorn that doth on Pelion grow,  
With which whoe'er his frost limbs anoints,  
Shall feel no cold in fat or flesh or joints.  
'Tis like the river, which whoe'er doth taste,  
Forgets his present griefs and sorrows past,  
Music, which makes grim thoughts retire,  
And for a while cease their tormenting fire—  
Music, which forces beasts to stand at gaze,  
And fills their senseless spirits with amaze—  
Compared to this, is like delicious strings,  
Which sound but harshly while Apollo sings.

The brain with this infumed, all quarrel ends,  
And fiercest foemen turn to faithful friends ;  
'The man that shall this smoky magic prove,  
Will need no philtres to obtain his love.  
Yet this sweet simple, by misordered use,  
Death or some dangerous sickness may produc.  
Should we not for our sustentation eat,  
Because a surfeit comes from too much meat ?

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\* An herb with which the hart is said to cure its wound.

Should we not thirst with mod'rate drink repress,  
 Because a dropsy springs from such excess?  
 So, our fair Plant—that doth as needful stand  
 As heaven, or fire, or air, or sea, or land;  
 As moon, or stars that rule the gloomy night,  
 Or sacred friendship or the sunny light—  
 Her treasured virtue in herself enrolls,  
 And leaves the evil to vain-glorious souls.  
 And yet, who dies with this celestial breath,  
 Shall live immortal in a joyful death.  
 All goods, all pleasures, it in one can link—  
 'Tis physic, clothing, music, meat, and drink.

Gods would have revell'd at their feasts of Mirth  
 With this pure distillation of the Earth;  
 The Marrow of the World, Star of the West,  
 The Pearl whereby this lower Orb is blest;  
 The Joy of Mortals, Umpire of all Strife,  
 Delight of Nature, Mithridate of Life;  
 The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,  
 By taking which Man differs from a beast.

#### SUBLIME TOBACCO.

Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west  
 Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;  
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;  
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
 Tho' not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand:  
 Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,  
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
 More dazlingly when daring in full dress;  
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
 Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!—BYRON.

Charles Lamb was required by his physician to give up smoking, whereupon he wrote his celebrated

## FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

Scent to match thy sweet perfume  
Chemic art did ne'er presume,  
Through her quaint, alembic strain,  
None so sov'reign to the brain.  
Nature, that did in thee excel,  
Framed again no second smell.  
Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for the greener damsels meant ;  
Thou art the only manly scent.  
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,  
Africa, that brags her foison,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison,  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,  
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;  
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you  
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;  
Irony all, and feigned abuse—  
Such as perplexed lovers use,  
At a need, when, in despair,  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strike  
They borrow language of dislike ;  
And instead of Dearest Miss,  
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her cockatrice and Siren,

Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
 Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,  
 Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,  
 Monkey, ape, and twenty more ;  
 Friendly trait'ress, loving foe,—  
 Not that she is truly so,  
 But no other way they know  
 A contentment to express,  
 Borders so upon excess,  
 That they not rightly wot  
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part  
 With what's nearest to their heart,  
 While their sorrow's at the height,  
 Lose discrimination quite,  
 And their hasty wrath let fall  
 To appease their frantic gall,  
 On the darling thing whatever  
 Whence they feel it death to sever,  
 Tho' it be, as they perforce,  
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
 For thy sake, TOBACCO, I  
 Would do anything but die.  
 And but seek to extend my days  
 Long enough to sing thy praise.  
 But, as she who once hath been  
 A King's consort is a Queen  
 Ever after, nor will bate  
 Any tittle of her state,  
 Tho' a widow, or divorced,  
 So I, from thy converse forced,  
 The old name and style retain,  
 A right Catherine of Spain ;  
 And a seat too 'mongst the joys  
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;

Where, though I, by sour physician,  
Am debarr'd the full fruition  
Of thy favours, I may catch  
Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
Sidelong odours that give life  
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;  
And still live in the bye-places  
And the suburbs of the graces ;  
And in thy borders take delight,  
An unconquered Canaanite.

THE PIPE AND THE DOCTOR.

Strong labour got up, with his pipe in his mouth  
He stoutly strode over the dale ;  
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south,  
On his back hung his wallet and flail ;  
Behind him came HEALTH from her cottage of thatch,  
*Where never physician had lifted the latch.*—SMART.

Finally, that latest accession to the British Parnassus, Lord Southesk, has immortalised himself by the following elegant ejaculation in praise of “ Beer and Bakky : ”—

“ Poor wretch ! I don't fancy that anything pays  
For toiling and moiling ; I live all *my* days  
A sort of a god, with my bakky and jug,  
And as jolly and snug as a bug in a rug.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TOBACCO AND THE FAIR SEX.

AMONG the pretty sayings of that too much developed and too thoroughly refined portion of womanhood which is American, none can surpass in beauty of sentiment the following "Maiden's Wish," as reported in a New York paper:—

"A thoughtful girl says that when she dies she desires to have Tobacco planted over her grave, that the Weed nourished by her dust, may be chewed by her bereaved lovers."

In anticipation of such a pleasing and truly poetic event, we propose the following lines for the fair one's epitaph:—

Let no cold marble o'er my body rise—  
 But only earth above and sunny skies.  
 'Thus would I lowly lie in peaceful rest,  
 Nursing the Herb Divine from out my breast.  
 Green let it grow above this clay of mine,  
 Deriving strength from strength that I resign.  
 So in the days to come, when I'm beyond  
 This fickle life, will come my lovers fond,  
 And gazing on the Plant, their grief restrain  
 In whispering, "Lo! dear Anna blooms again!"

Ladies of uncertain age will certainly condemn the sentiment of this charming Yankee Anna, and say

that it is through the fault of "such as these," that the men have become so desperate in their smoking habits among all ranks of society. Said one of these grim old ladies to us the other day :—"When I was young the gentlemen were kept in their manners—that they were, I can assure you ; and they wouldn't dare to come into the presence of a lady smelling of Tobacco—let alone puffing a pipe or cigar. We should have gone into fits if they had !"

Well, it really may be through the kind indulgence of the sweethearts and wives of the present epoch, that a greater latitude is accorded to our smoking propensity ; but it is nevertheless a fact that not only Queen Elizabeth tolerated the "nuisance," but all the ladies of that period showed infinite favour to the Weed. King James vouches for the fact. In his "Counterblaste," he exclaims :—"Yea ! the mistress cannot in more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of Tobacco. Moreover (which is a great iniquity and against all humanity) the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clear-complexioned wife to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment."

Although, perhaps, not quite so exacting as the husbands and lovers of the times of King James, it would appear from a declaration of Mr. Gladstone, that the smokers of the present day are by no means

so particular as they ought to be in this matter. "I remember," said Mr. Gladstone (in an after-dinner speech), "a friend of mine, fond of smoking, was asked how long should be the interval after smoking before a gentleman should enter into the presence of ladies. He answered, 'About four hours.' That is a very gentlemanly and liberal estimate, but I doubt very much whether it is very largely adhered to."

For our part, we could never enjoy smoking when it has been in the least offensive to anyone,—because the olfactory of everybody must be respected,—even as a helpless babe or drunken sailor, who cannot help themselves. And yet, how pleasing it is to record that never in all our experience did we find Woman objecting to the fumes of our pipe or cigar. "Is my smoking disagreeable?" "By no means! I rather like it." Such have always been the question and answer in our own experience; nay, it hath sometimes been vouchsafed to us to have our cigar lighted for us by a fair one—imbibing the first puff, and leaving a kiss behind!

But we have heard of an inexorable wife, who had stipulated before marriage that her future lord should give up smoking, which was agreed to. Time rolled on, and she boasted how much better he looked for giving up the Weed. At length, however, a friend led her to the top of the house, and through a glass door she beheld her lord, costumed from head to foot like a Turk, and in beautiful Nicotian meditation!



“Never mind,” she exclaimed, “after all, he smokes *so gracefully.*”\*

Possibly some wives of the present time would rather have imitated Sir Walter Raleigh's servant on the occasion. When for the first time the latter found his master smoking, he concluded that the poor Knight was on fire, and flung the contents of a jug of ale upon his smoky head to put out the supposed conflagration!

But whilst many (or most) wives, sweethearts, *et cetera* will now-a-days concede the gentle liberty of smoking in their pleasant presence, some of the fair ones have themselves taken to the cigarette and cigar. Nor does this appear to be in the least unbecoming, for not long ago, Sir James Hannen (of the divorce court) declared that he knew several respectable ladies who smoked. The occasion on which this important avcrment was made, was otherwise remarkable. It was a case in which some churlish husband sued for a divorce, one of his pleas being that his wife smoked in bed! Well might the Judge scout this worse than Turkish plea for connubial separation, seeing that smoking must be far less objectionable in bed than *snoring*, which *is* a ground for divorce among the Turks.

It is impossible to say how far smoking may become developed among the fair sex, owing to the prodigious self-assertion which the strong-minded

\* A somewhat similar anecdote, expanded into a sensational tale, entitled “The Secret,” by Paul de Kock, appeared in the second volume of ‘Bentley's Miscellany.’

women of the epoch are displaying. Everything tends to show that woman is being "manified" in every possible way compatible with the exigencies of nature. Perfect equality between the sexes, as a matter of course, must entail all the consequences. It appears that the only obstacle in the way of Woman's Rights, is her inability, hitherto, to act as constable or enlist as a soldier. Doubtless this will be overcome in due time; her constitutional claim will then be acknowledged; and all she will have to do is to *take to smoking*, which will complete her virility, as it does that of the male biped, when he assumes this "manly" habit in his teens.

In South America the ladies vie with the gentlemen in puffing fine Havannahs, lolling in their hammocks gracefully swinging, like the light clouds of morn wafted from the summer sea heavenward.

But it is in Turkey, in the Seraglio, at Stamboul, where delicate and tender smoking reigns supreme, among the eleven hundred "Lights of the Harem"—one hundred more than King Solomon delighted in—the voluptuous Odalesques, a village of beauties (more or less moon-faced, however), slightly, gauzily attired, lounging on softly cushioned divans, playing on mandolins, puffing their elegant *chibouques* or richly jewelled *narghilis*, alternated with coffee and sweetmeats,—after they have tired themselves with trying on new dresses, talking to parrots, and winding up French clocks. And to think that such a lovely Arcadian scene is beheld by no other masculine eyes

but those of their jaded lord and a horrid cohort of ugly black incomplete gentlemen—with their tongues cut out (to ensure secrecy), and posted like hideous dragons to guard these golden apples of the Orient ! A pitiful life of idleness, however, doubtless leading to evil—like that of Eve in Paradise—

“ For since that time it need not cost much showing,  
That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,  
And still more woman, springs from not employing  
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.”

It was the Seraglio that made Abdul Aziz depart from the law of Allah, and bring his empire to the brink of ruin, and hurled him down the precipice. How much better those wise young married women of the present day, who have so made Plato their study, that they have become paragons in veritable “love Platonic”—capable of going to any extent in flirtation without risking the infraction of the Seventh Commandment ! These will certainly require smoking to preserve their virtue in the long run.

After all, however, it is your old lady of the Emerald Isle, the she-Paddy, or the old jade of Auld Reekie, and the ebony old ladies of Africa and the Southern States of the American Union, who really and thoroughly enjoy and do justice to the Weed. Of one of the last we have a pleasant remembrance. She was the black nurse of the family, and came of a superior type of African anthropology. On his return home from college, her young master found

her very old and tottering to the grave. Coming to greet him she bore in her hand a little jacket which he had worn when a boy,—and she said: “See, Massa, me hab him still. Me keep him under my pillow ; and wen me die dey sall put him in my coffin wid me.”

It will readily be understood that this touch of nature impressed us deeply ; and with a tear trickling down, we asked the poor thing what could be done for her comfort.

“Only gib me little bakky,” was the reply. Tobacco was the last and only want of this excellent old creature.

We have heard of another smoking old lady, who also evinced her appreciation of the Weed, but in a very different way.

It appears that the Countess of A——, with a laudable desire to promote tidiness in the different cottages on her estate in Scotland, used to visit them periodically and exhort the inmates to cleanliness. One cottage was always found especially untidy, and the Countess at length took up a broom and having by its use made an improvement, said to the housewife, who was meanwhile enjoying her pipe—“Now my good woman, is not this much better?” “Oh, ay, my leddy,” said the matron, presenting her pipe to the Countess, “*an will ye tak’ a blast noo?*”

An attempt has been made of late to persuade our weaker ribs that Tobacco is an invention of the arch-enemy—proving the fact from the inspired diction of

that "Most High and Mighty Prince, James, By the Grace of God King of Great Britain"—namely, that "in the black stinking fume thereof, it nearest resembles the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit which is bottomlesse." Acting upon this "notion," the *Herald of Health* has recently declared that "smoking by husbands can be cured by such wives as will read *dime (or penny) novels* out loud all the time the husband is trying to smoke."

There can be little doubt that many thousands of wives, otherwise good, pure, self-denying, and devoted, will now resort to this wonderful remedy. But unfortunately, the woman who will read "dime novels out loud," is lost. The spectacle thus presented for the contemplation of sensitive minds is more than dreadful: it is Penny-dreadful.

Oh, let the fair sex be merciful as they are strong (in their weakness); and turning away from evil-advisers who would teach them how to render their homes miserable, listen to the words of Bulwer Lytton, who wished all men and women to enjoy happy homes, although that blessing was not strikingly vouchsafed to him in his earthly pilgrimage.

"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we

are young and handsome ; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman, in this scale, the Weed in that—Jupiter, hang out thy balance and weigh them both ; and if thou give the preference to Woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter ! try the Weed.”

And what is the moral of all this, Ye Wives of England ? Why, as you cannot help ruffling your husbands—as you are made to please and *tease* them—deny them not the pipe, which you can make the bond of union and loving kindness between you. There is a mysterious virtue in the thing, which should suggest to you “what to do with it.” As your husband smokes his pipe, so does he smoke *you*, imparting preservation to your charms—to your fascination endless omnipotence. For experimental science has proved that smoking preserves *fresh* better than any other mode yet discovered. “Love me, love my dog” is all very well ; but better far, “Love me, love my pipe or cigar.” In trying to “cure him,” you will dry him up to your enticements and reduce him to a moral mummy. Turn 'over *this* new leaf, and date from that hour home-happiness secured, by the aid of this little *Nick* ; and thus you will know “What to do with it.”

## CHAPTER XX.

OF TOBACCO IN THE RUMINANT OR QUID POINT  
OF VIEW.

THE flavour, savour, and aroma of Tobacco are as we have shown, positively the resultants of *twenty-four* chemical and other ingredients which naturally enter into its composition. We will not trouble the reader with the learned catalogue of the Weed's constituents. All its enticements must depend upon the right distribution of particles; or, to borrow and adapt a phrase from that veritable genius of the stomach, the immortal Soyer, "The ingredients are so nicely blended, and such a delightful concord exists, that it equally delights the palate (of those who like it) as a masterpiece of a Mozart or a Rossini delights the ear."

This chewing of Tobacco is, however, somewhat incomprehensible to those who have not "taken to it;" and this only shows how, in our indulgences, we are apt to find fault with those who "go the whole hog," whilst we ourselves only put in a paw; for, between the tip of a cigar or pipe on the lips, and a plug in the jaw, there is only a matter of small measurement. And why should not the nerve gustatory subserve to that great engine of animality

—*sensation*, as well as the nerve olfactory? Indeed, is there another animal which has contrived so many wonderful means of agitating, exciting, delighting every sense whereby the brain is continually shaken, as man, the restless biped of creation? Is man content with seeing the natural beauty of nature alone? How came he then to invent such incomprehensible combinations, beginning, perhaps, with Punch and Judy, and ending—no—only further developing his ideas—in the gorgeous spectacles of our modern sensation-dramas? Is man content with merely hearing the song of birds, the humming of the winds, the roar of the ocean? Did he not invent the bag-pipes? . . . . And so, throughout the catalogue of his senses and sensations, all is tendency to expansion, exaggeration; and then a return, a retrogression to something which, though buried in the by-gone past of ages, he will not “willingly let die,” but reproduces to enjoy again with new excitement. If this holds good in his “educated” senses, possibly it is as certain in the rest; and if, according to the theory of development, man is but an advanced *mammal*—bull or cow—perhaps the chewing of Tobacco is but a “repetition” of the chewing of the cud in his antecedent prototypes—the *ruminants*!

There is a point connected with this chewing of Tobacco which is somewhat noteworthy. The wonderful dexterity acquired by man in the use of his hands and eyes in taking deadly aim as a sportsman or otherwise, however striking, is still conceivable,



since we clearly see that his hands, arms, and eyes were adapted to the purpose : but the naturalist tells us of a little sporting fish, whose endowment is most extraordinary ; he rises near the surface of the sea or lake where the flies and other insects are vaulting in their mazy dance, and, taking his aim, spits unerringly at a fly, a small pellet of water, thus bringing it down and securing the prey. We know not how to come at the comparative anatomy of the matter, after the manner of the learned, but the Yankee chewer unquestionably “repeats” the unerring “organ” of this sporting fish to admiration. If practice makes perfect, great must have been the practice which has given the Yankee his art of ex-puision. He can hit spitting anything within range, at any angle, and vault you a curve of any parabolism. He will lodge his alkaline or acid pellets between each of the bars of the grate, exactly in the centre, each in succession, and begin again from the bottom. He will fusilade each corner of the heated stove, and leave at each corner the impress of the hissing conical, finishing off with a shell plump down upon the centre ! Never take a bet with a Yankee if he offers to wager what he can do in the *'spital* department ; but, considering how few can “do a dirty thing” in a “handsome manner,” we cannot deny our admiration, in this particular, to the votaries of the plug in America.

The Finlander removes his quid from time to time, and sticks it behind his ear, and then chews it again ;

but the Yankee keeps it in until it is exhausted of all its juices, and then he "claws" another. Hence, in fact, the big Yankee boast of "chewing up all creation," if necessary, when Yankeedom shall rise in its might, but which, however, it had hard work to do with its Southern Rebels.

Nothing can give an idea of the empire swayed by chewing over those who have once adopted it. A French navy-surgeon relates an interesting anecdote thercanent. He says:—"A sailor consulted me for a sore throat; I saw from the protuberance of his cheek that he was chewing something. 'How is this?' I said to him, 'you have a sore throat, and yet you are chewing Tobacco!' 'Sir,' he replied, 'for these three days I have been out of Tobacco!' and he then removed from his mouth a plug of tarred oakum! The tears which rolled from his eyelids brought a similar gush from mine, and I halved with him my small stock of Tobacco."

Whereas the French poet Santeuil expired in atrocious agony from having drunk a glass of wine in which tobacco had been steeped, it is certain that sailors swallow much of their saliva in that condition without any such consequences. As before observed, the poison is probably counteracted by the acidity of the mouth, neutralizing the alkaloid. It is remarkable, however, that the cheek on the chewing side, gets perceptibly thinner, as if worn away by the acrid juices.

It is said that some sleep with the plug in their

mouths. A negro in his sleep swallowed one of these plugs, and soon awoke with vomiting, frightful cries, and frantic gesticulations. He was bled, and, after a few doses of ether, perfectly recovered.

Nothing seems to prove more conclusively that a very different process takes place in the absorption of the virtues of Tobacco by chewing, to that which occurs on consigning them at once to the mucous membrane of the stomach, than the fact of the complete immunity of the sailor. And yet there is evidence that the aroma at least inter-penetrates the tissues like salt in pork, or beef, or fish. The following fact was communicated to Commodore Wilkes, of the exploring expedition, by a savage of the Feejee Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

“What did you do with them?” inquired Wilkes.

“Killed 'em all,” answered the savage.

“What did you do with them after you had killed them?”

“Eat 'em—good!” returned the cannibal.

“Did you eat them all?” asked the half-sick Commodore.

“Yes, we eat all but one.”

“And why did you spare one?”

“Because he taste too much like Tobacco. Couldn't eat him no how!”

Thus if the Tobacco chewer should happen to fall

into the hands of New Zealand savages, or get shipwrecked somewhere in the Feejee group, he will have the consolation of knowing that he will not be cut up into steaks and buried in the unconsecrated stomach of a cannibal, and thus find at least one advantage in the use of Tobacco.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## OF SNUFF AND SNUFFERS.

SNUFF-TAKING used to be formerly a characteristic "practice" of the medical profession. The gold snuff-box and gold-headed cane were the peculiar badges and emblems of the fashionable leech.

Times change—it's quite a different thing now-a-days. Now the emblem is a smart equipage yclept a "pill-box," vulgarly, with tiger beside or behind, dashing past with a well-appointed cob, who knows his master. From the top of the omnibus, how we envy the fortunate individual! But we also think of the sad vicissitudes of poor human nature, its beautiful simplicity, its wonderful generosity, in making so "han'some" a return for

" Shelves,  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses!"

As before stated, the use of Tobacco in the shape of snuff is referred to the time of Catherine de Medicis. It was recommended to her son Charles IX. for his chronic headaches. Indeed, snuff-taking was originally a medical prescription, and to the present day there is evidently no fraternity, no bond of union,

between the smoker and the snuffer. We naturally grudge a cigar to a man who "snuffs." It is really a cruelty to the olfactory. The olfactory cannot reasonably object to the ethereal vapour of Tobacco, but to bury it alive in dust, to slake it with filthy liquor, perhaps compounded of sal-ammoniac, yellow ochre, red lead, and other diabolical concoctions, is too hard to bear, even for a nerve of the *nose*, condemned as it is, without the possibility of spontaneous defence, to smell all manner of things, in all manner of shapes, incidental to the economy of man and universal nature.

The peculiar titillation which snuff-takers enjoy can be procured only by augmenting the dose of snuff. Their noses and their upper lip being continually rubbed, are "hypertrophied," as the doctors call it, that is, increased in dimensions; the black mucosities which ooze from their nostrils, the odour of their breath and of their garments, often disgust us with their persons, especially when old age and the want of cleanliness aggravate these inconveniences. Their sense of smell is deteriorated and weakened by the exhaustion of excitability in the olfactory, which finds it very difficult to perform its function through the blackish mass of carpet.

Nevertheless the votaries of snuff have in all times been lavish in its praise as a purge of the brain and a stimulant to the intellect. Says the French dramatist, Molière, "In spite of Aristotle and all philosophy, there's nothing equal to snuff. It is the craving of

upright men, and he who lives without snuff is not worthy of life. It not only rejoices and purifies the brains of men, but it also instructs their souls unto righteousness, and by taking snuff we acquire virtue." Others think that it strengthens the judgment and invigorates the imagination; certainly a snuff-taker deprived of his habitual dose, seems decidedly deprived of his wits and faculties.

Abroad most ecclesiastics are inveterate snuff-takers, and some indulge the habit even at the altar, in spite of the Bull of Pope Urban VIII. prohibiting snuff-taking in churches. The great Prior of Vendome used to take large quantities of snuff, and he always kept the finest quality. His snuff-box was a pocket lined with skin for that purpose. He used to poke in his hand, and then smear his nose with the snuff. A large quantity would fall upon his coat, which was always encrusted all over with snuff. His valets derived a considerable income from the proceeds of this crop. They used to scrape it off his coat, and other garments, enclose it in lead, and sell it as the best snuff just imported from Spain; just as the lady's maid of a certain French courtesan used to sell the milk in which her mistress had bathed in the morning for the benefit of her complexion, and to promote the pearly whiteness of her skin.

Bonaparte, it is well known, was a desperate snuff-taker, and at Waterloo he is said to have sniffed it incessantly, wasting, however, more than he imbibed. Waterloo was a very exciting occasion, and no doubt

it is the same with snuff-takers as with smokers, who generally pull and pull ferociously with pipe or cigar when in a rage or excited.

During a battle in Holland, General Van-Grosten begged a pinch of snuff from one of his lieutenants. At the very moment when the latter was presenting his snuff-box, he was carried off by a cannon-ball. The General coolly turned to the other side, and quietly said to another officer, "Well, sir, then *you* will give me a pinch."

Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., had the reputation of snuffing to excess. And there was a report that the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and her other sons, when speaking of her, never gave her any other name than "Old Snuffy." Perhaps it was more from fun than from intentional disrespect that the Queen was so designated. The etiquette of Courts is the most intolerable of all thraldoms, and none are so glad to escape from it as courtiers and princes themselves. Doubtless it was partly because she found the bondage of etiquette intolerable that Queen Charlotte snuffed ; and her sons in calling her "Old Snuffy," may have been influenced by a similar motive.

The true snuff-taker who is bold in his propensities always has a large wooden snuff-box, which he opens with a crash, and which he flourishes about him with an air of satisfaction and pride. He takes a pinch with three fingers, and then bringing the whole upon his thumb, he sniffs it up with that lusty pleasure with



which a rustic smacks a kiss upon the round and ruddy cheek of his sweetheart.

The true artistic method, however, of "taking a pinch" consists of twelve operations:—

1. Take the snuff-box with your right hand.
2. Pass the snuff-box to your left hand.
3. Rap the snuff-box.
4. Open the snuff-box.
5. Present the box to the company.
6. Receive it after going the round.
7. Gather up the snuff in the box by striking the side with the middle and forefinger.
8. Take up a pinch with the right hand.
9. Keep the snuff a moment or two between the fingers before carrying it to the nose.
10. Put the snuff to your nose.
11. Sniff it in with precision by both nostrils, and without any grimace.
12. Shut the snuff-box; sneeze, spit, and wipe your nose.

Men will do things for the sake of Tobacco scarcely to be predicated of them with any other inducement. That comical old sea-dog, Charley Napier, according to the *Naval and Military Gazette*, adopted a curious expedient for securing his 'bakky once upon a time. He had bought some snuff before he found he had no money in his pocket; and the seller, who didn't know him, declined to trust. "I am Admiral Sir Charles Napier," said he. "How do I know that you are?" asked the tradesman.

“Confound it, I tell you who I am, and you won't believe me. Give me the packet at once.” “No, sir, not unless you pay me.” The old hero, we are told, “suddenly thought of a convincing proof; and unbuttoning, he hauled out the tail of a nether garment, and, turning it over, triumphantly pointed out the name—‘Charles Napier, R.N.’” After that he got his packet of snuff; and we are inclined to think that if the Government had stopped the Tobacco supply when he went to the Baltic, and old Charley had had news of good snuff inside Cronstadt, he would have kept that grand promise of his—to be in Cronstadt or in hell within a month—which he failed so miserably to perform in 1854.

Lord Nelson was also a snuffer—his snuff-box being among his relics in the Greenwich Museum; but he never undertook to do anything which he did not perform—as at Trafalgar—which saved England from invasion.

That truly great and most successful strategist, Count Moltke, is also a huge snuffer; indeed, it may be said that he literally snuffed out the French, in the grand three weeks' campaign which culminated in that Prussian “Waterloo,” the battle of Sedan. Moltke's “pound of snuff” did that grand stroke of business. All throughout the Prussian advance—amid its tremendous anxieties—the General did nothing but take snuff; but, at the supreme moment when his faithful Uhlans announced to him the fatal march northwards of Marshal MacMahon—through

the blunder of the Imperial Regency—Moltke exclaimed (in German), “Mein Gott! surely they are mad!” and forthwith nearly emptied his snuff-box, as he entered his tent (giving strict orders not to be disturbed on any account) to organise that splendid movement, including the brilliant swoop round of the Crown Prince, which bagged Napoleon so inextricably on the Belgian frontier. It was snuff that did it all. And strange to tell, Moltke was actually required to pay for that memorable pound of snuff at the end of the war, when there was presented to him the bill for it (duly signed and countersigned by various officials), namely, “For one pound of snuff supplied to General Von Moltke, one thaler!” Of course the General had to pay the bill.

Some workmen contend that snuff enables them to work longer without fatigue; others think it good for the eye-sight; and Dr. J. C. Murray, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, advocates the utility of snuff-taking in bronchitis and consumption. If there be any truth in these allegations, something may be said in favour of the practice; but there is no relying on anything said in *favour* of Tobacco, any more than *against* it. We must beware of partiality on one hand, and prejudice on the other. However, we must admit to snuff being “good” in the incipient stage of a common cold—by setting up sneezing, and so perhaps curing homœopathically.

Although the nose may have been expressly designed by nature for taking snuff, as Coleridge pro-

pounded, still a nose thus repeatedly charged very soon acquires a sad disfigurement. So much the worse, however, for the hypocrite! In all cases a vice is half-pardoned, when no attempt is made to conceal it.

This human nose of ours deserves a little consideration. We apprehend that there is more in it than in a mere smeller or rummaging snout. It seems that the larger the surface of the mucous membrane of the nose, the greater the activity of the intellect, or the fore-lobe of the brain; and without a well-developed nasal organ, there never was a well-developed intellect. We do not mean exaggerated noses—those hideous projections caricatured in the figure of *Punch* and other clowns. All exaggerations are monstrosities, and none are worse than the hideous noses in question, which, in fact, make a face literally *all nose*—after the manner of Aztecs—and which generally belong to weak-minded, silly people. But we do mean to say that the nose of genius, in every age, has been conspicuous, in every sphere of its numerous manifestations. Perhaps we should rather say that its size and adaptation to expose a large internal surface to the action of oxygen, indicates the amount of intellectual activity of which the individual is capable. Nay, so striking is the provision of Nature (and Comparative anatomy will bear it out), that, in the case of celebrities whose fore-lobe of the brain exhibits no marked development or expansion, Nature has planted between and below their eyes a nose of remarkable

dimensions in length and depth and inferior expansion. For the proof of this, we appeal to the portraits of all manner of intellectual celebrities—in every profession, in every department of art or science.

“Give me a man with a big nose,” was Napoleon’s axiom ; and he always selected his special men with reference to their nasal development.

Common parlance justifies our assertion about noses. To “*smell* a rat,” is to be sharp at a discovery ; and a “long-nosed fellow,” is equivalent to a sharp detective. Through his nostrils Adam received the intellect-awakening soul ; and all the dominant races of mankind have, in all ages, displayed a good nasal development. If the negro could manage to remodel his nose, he would no longer be the equivalent of a mere slave of the white man. In the crossing of the races—black and white—the first feature most decidedly altered in shape is the nose, at the very first remove, thus going on for ever, until it assumes the normal shape and development for dominant intellect.

Look at the entire tribe of monkeys, apes, baboons, and gorillas, and all the inferior races of mankind, upon which Nature evidently “tried her ’prentice hand” before she could take up her masterpiece—the *Caucasian*, the divine race to which we have the honour and privilege to belong ; well, throughout the entire category, what do we find ? Why, despicable noses—apologies for noses, at the best ; and whenever you see a degraded nose of any kind on the human face, you may be sure it is a “cropping out” of degraded

ancestry, more or less connected with the primitive faces out of which patient Nature eliminated and elaborated her final perfection.

An ingenious instrument has been invented to refashion and mould noses to graceful elongation; but we are not aware that its inventor, Mr. Alexander Ross, also guarantees the mental attributes which the artificial fabrication would imply—a most important consideration. For, to be stupid with a fine nose would be the height of absurdity.

Wellington, Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, Socrates, Mozart (who could use his nose as a finger to the piano), Beethoven, and of course the divine Hebrew melodist, Meyerbeer, Milton, and his demoniac painter, Turner—but really the list is inexhaustible—all of them owed their exaltation to their noses, which were either projections worth surveying or exquisitely moulded by Nature. Who more knowing than the Jews? And *haven't* they noses? And did you ever see a Yankee with a snub? No, no. The *'cute* fellows have cultivated their noses, till Heaven only knew what extent of grinding it would require to reduce them to the level of common-sense noses, before they would give up their insane internecine strife in the late Civil War, and “rub noses together” and smoke the blessed “pipe of peace.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

## USEFUL HINTS TO SMOKERS.

HAD Narcissus been a smoker, we should not have had that enchanting chapter of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* about him, and that beautiful unfortunate would have ended his days as a Zouave, a grenadier, a sapper, a barrister, an actor, or a novelist.

All the elements of manly beauty in the human face divine are precious gifts of the gods ; and they should be carefully guarded, if not on our own account, for the sake of others, especially the fair. It was said by Dr. John Johnson—a great bear indeed, to all intents and purposes—that woman's chief vanity is to appear beautiful ; but we doubt if there is a single ill-favoured man who would not have his phiz remodelled, if he could, for love or money.

If we don't take care, smoking will decidedly impair our good looks, in some particular element of beauty. The teeth, those ivory pearls which Nature has concealed behind the mobile veil of our lips, are and always will be, say what you like, the most graceful ornaments of the face. Hence, we' should provide for their preservation with the greatest solicitude. And here a grave question naturally presents itself, Is

the smoke of Tobacco injurious or beneficial to them ? We reply, it is either, as you choose to make it. The Tobacco smoke is injurious to the teeth, when it is introduced into the mouth too hot, at the same time slaking the thirst with a cold liquid. This sudden variation of temperature to the teeth often causes serious injury to their enamel. But provided these two improprieties are avoided, the smoke, far from being injurious, actually becomes a preservative to the teeth. This is proved by the fact, that when the dentists used real teeth, the best were imported from those everlasting smokers the Germans. In fact, continuous smoking gives the teeth a protective varnish, which is proof against all the acids of food and digestion so injurious to them. Of course this varnish is unsightly, but it is easily removed by a dentifrice or tooth-powder, nay even prevented from being deposited by the habitual use of the tooth-brush. At all events, the use of an appropriate tooth-powder twice or three times a week will keep the "ivories" uniformly brilliant. And here, by a beautiful provision of Nature, the very best dentifrice is the Weed's own ashes, mixed in any proportion with powdered cuttle-fish and orris-root, with a few drops of oil of cloves. Cigar-ashes are the best ; but pipe-ashes will do, if previously sifted. The whole mixture should be well incorporated together in a mortar. Another dentifrice may be composed of one part powdered charcoal, two parts powdered bark, and half a part of refined sugar rubbed up in a mortar. A third consists of equal



parts of calcined magnesia and powdered red-coral, well mixed, adding a few drops of cloves.

There is, however, a very serious injury inflicted by clay pipes, which wear away the teeth as by a file. This may be prevented by covering the tip of the stem with the well-known vulcanized indiarubber jacket or sealing-wax.

On the other hand, it is certain that smoking arrests the tendency to decay in the teeth, and frequently cures toothache by deadening the nerve with the narcotic energy of the fume.

Many cases of headache are also cured by Tobacco, but in the shape of snuff. Thus introduced into the nostrils, it promotes a relieving secretion, and facilitates respiration by the nose. It also cures the undue flowing of tears; hence the vulgar notion that it improves the sight. It has sometimes cured deafness by ridding the Eustachian tube of the mucosities which obstruct it. But we have no wish to trespass on the domain of the doctors, otherwise we might still further expatiate on the medicinal virtues of this wonderful plant, even at the present day.

Of old, Tobacco died out as a remedy, by the disastrous deaths which it was made to inflict by the ignorance of the doctors, as recorded by Dr. Paris in his 'Medical Jurisprudence,' whilst Fowler proved by experience its efficacy in various diseases, especially dropsy. If corrosive sublimate, arsenic, opium, prussic acid, strychnine, aconite, and other frightful poisons, can be made subservient to the healing art

by internal administration, so, by suitable management in skilful hands well acquainted with its properties, even Tobacco may become a useful assistant in some diseases. At all events, the Homœopathists profess to use it in their incomprehensible infinitesimals, it which state it can, at least, do no harm. In Dr. Pereira's 'Materia Medica,' we find notices of the possible exhibition of Tobacco as an internal remedy; but until the physician is accurately acquainted with his remedy, and the specific purposes to which it may be applied, perhaps the public have reason to congratulate themselves that Tobacco is a dead letter in the Pharmacopœia. The infinitesimal globules of the Homœopaths are best adapted to a medicine like Tobacco, which, given to the blood in its normal activity, would shake, within three minutes, all the nervous centres of the system.

It is a curious fact, and worthy of record, that an infusion of Tobacco has proved to be a perfect antidote for arsenic.

To inveterate smokers, as their guide, philosopher, and friend, we say, that Tobacco is a spiritual power, and by its uses they charge the batteries of their nervous system. They must, therefore, either intellectually or bodily work off the subtle electric fluid. Without great mental work, or much bodily exercise, no veteran smoker can escape the penalty of this plethora any more than any other. Out-of-door exercise is absolutely essential, in this climate at least, but must never be urged to lassitude. Frequent,

if not daily tepid ablutions of the whole body or a great portion of it, especially the chest, are also essential. Moreover, Tobacco requires temperance in her votaries, who are, as a general rule, sober men. To drink excessively and smoke intemperately, is to burn a candle at both ends.

The use of Tobacco certainly tends to diminish the sugar of the blood ; therefore, be free in the use of sugar. Ripe fruit of all kinds, especially apples and oranges at any time, and vinegar at meals, but in moderation, are useful.

If you be a real smoker, you feel no evil effects whatever in body or in mind from the use of the gentle Weed, but quite the contrary, as we ourselves can testify by forty years' experience.

If any such evil effects be felt, common sense advises at once—GIVE IT UP.

Smoking on an empty stomach will not do for every one, nor immediately after meals ; which, however, is positively the irresistible craving of the veteran smoker. To the latter, the pipe or cigar subserves the function of the jester at meals to our forefathers—now generally substituted with *cheese*, which is a sort of jester, at all events a di-gester.

The inconvenience of smoking, where and when it is offensive to others, is a point of some importance to the real smoker. Pliny observes : “ A man must do all by his own humour, or another's ; now my stomach is of that nature as to digest what is entirely one on the other, without a medium ;” but every-

body's stomach is not so exquisitely complacent and accommodating.

Make it a rule never to smoke when it is disagreeable to anybody, especially in railway carriages, with their limited supply of fresh air. The tyranny of smoking has compelled the Legislature to permit the thing in railway carriages, wisely, however, restricted to carriages set apart for that purpose: show your gratitude for this boon by never breaking the rule elsewhere—especially if ladies be present. *Apropos* of this, however, it is said that some ladies prefer smoking carriages for the sake of the company of the gentlemen. In such cases, smoke wisely and vigorously, and keep your pipe in—meditating on the “vanity of vanities” and human folly—keeping your eyes fixed on the curling smoke, emblem of woman in her graceful frivolity.

But it seems that some ladies prefer smoking carriages for another reason. According to Mr. Punch, a lady with a bunch of children, on being warned that the carriage she had entered was devoted to smoking, exclaimed—“Oh, that's exactly why I prefer it; the smoke preserves us from infection!”

Expuition or spitting is a great drawback to the pleasure of smoking, and decidedly a nuisance. Although the saliva can be wasted with more impunity than any other plastic fluid in the system, still, it should be remembered that excessive secretion means excessive labour of the salivary gland, and this may determine disease in the organ. On the other

hand, if you don't spit, you cannot help impregnating the digestive fluid of the stomach with the juices of the Weed, which cannot be advisable, if all that is said of them be true as Gospel. The only cure for such spitting—as every other—is the dismal ordeal of manfully (or brutally) swallowing it! A smoker cured his friend of the habit by compelling him to smoke in a splendidly furnished drawing-room, with bright steel fire-place and fender, into which he was requested to spit—"if he liked." Of course he "couldn't] think of doing such a thing;" he swallowed the pill, and never spat afterwards. For our part, however, we should rather give up smoking altogether than swallow the smallest quantity of saliva tainted with Tobacco; and yet the stomach is decidedly *acid* enough to neutralise the poison.

This evil is avoided by smoking the best Havanahs—provided you don't suck them to the very last extremity. Sacrifice the "end" for the benefit of your stomach and the use of the gardeners. All these cigar ends are carefully hunted up by diligent "pickers," and carried to Covent Garden Market, where, at the seedmen's shops they are sold at three shillings a pound, for fumigating plants, in lieu of the old tobacco-paper. Observe how low the benevolent Weed descends to make herself useful, and put money in *somebody's* pocket!

Cheap cigars—those horrid "penny smokes," which the late Assistant-Judge, Sir William Bodkin, once qualified as "nuisances"—are as bad as the

pipe in their action on the salivary glands. Next to the Havannahs, the Manilla cheroots excite them least. Considering the prodigious quantities of Manilla cheroots manufactured, it seems strange that they are still so dear. Havannah "fillers" with Manilla "wrappers" make the finest compound for cigars.

Never smoke out-of-doors during frosty weather; it may cause sore lips, and be otherwise injurious.

An ivory or amber mouth-piece in the pipe excites the salivary glands less than horn or the other materials used for the purpose. And here we must warn smokers that they are often imposed upon by dealers who sell them mouth-pieces made of *copal* for amber. It is these brittle mouth-pieces which crumble to pieces between the teeth and send youi pretty meerschäum spinning upon the pavement. Now in this matter there are certain signs by which the true substance can be separated from the false. The colour of amber always varies; copal is a yellow of lighter or deeper shade, but always of uniform tint throughout. Rub a piece of amber on the palm of the hand near the little finger for a few seconds and it will exhale a strong aromatic odour; copal is entirely without scent. The genuine amber is harder than the artificial, and offers greater resistance to the teeth. The copal, it may be added, is resin, exuding from the trunk of a tree found in India, China, and Madagascar. Amber is also a resin, but a resin transformed by long interment in the bosom of the earth

into its present etherealised state. Copal to amber is, a poetic Frenchman would say, as the chrysalis is to the butterfly ; but a patriotic Frenchman might prefer copal for his cigar-holder all the same, seeing that the great amber harvest is Prussian, and that the right to extract amber from the soil is worth twenty-four thousand pounds a year to the Berlin Exchequer. It is to M. Reboux, a wise man of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, that we are indebted for this most important caution to smokers, and the detection of a truly flagrant fraud on the part of the pipe-makers.

*Verb. sap.*

Clean your pipe frequently, if not five times a day—should you be a heavy smoker.

Let no articles of food (bread, meat, sugar, &c.) be kept exposed in a room where smoking is habitual. In officers' mess-rooms smoking is properly prohibited whilst the table is laid out for any meal. The food on publicans' and others' counters should be carefully covered over. Everything becomes tainted with the smoke of tobacco, more or less injurious—at any rate to the delicate stomachs of the young and ailing.

It may be said, perhaps, that if all such precautions must be taken to ensure immunity from smoking, the practice had better be given up ; but we reply, on the contrary, that these are the essential rules of health, and if smoking compels us to conform to them, it must be considered, indirectly at least, one of the means of promoting public hygiene.

If you cannot give up smoking to please your good

wife, you must manage the thing with the greatest tact and delicacy, although we cannot altogether recommend the example of an American smoking husband, which is related as follows :—

“Burrows was an inveterate smoker, but as his wife detested the practice, and made home awfully tempestuous for him when he indulged in the habit there, he always smoked when away during the day, and declared to his wife that he had stopped permanently. But one evening upon entering the front door and drawing out his handkerchief, he accidentally pulled out his paper of tobacco, and, without noticing it, left it lying on the floor. When Burrows sat down to his tea, his wife walked in with the tobacco in her hand, and looking Burrows firmly in the eye, said, ‘Do you know who this belongs to?’ With great presence of mind, Burrows turned scowling to his oldest boy, and said with a severe voice, ‘Immortal Mars! Is it possible that you have begun to smoke tobacco, you young reprobate! Where d’you get that nasty stuff? What d’you mean by such conduct, you young villain? Haven’t I told you often enough to let the tobacco alone? Come here to me, or I’ll tear the jacket off you!’ And as he spoke, the stern father made a grab at the boy, and dragged him out in the entry, where he chastised him with a cane. Then Burrows threw the tobacco over the fence, where he went out and got it in the morning, and enjoyed it during the day. ‘Merciful Moses!’ he exclaimed, when he told us about it.



‘ what should I have done if my children had been all girls ! It makes an old father’s heart glad when he feels that he has a boy he can depend upon in such emergencies.’ ”

Everything we eat or drink is more or less adulterated ; but it is satisfactory to know that Tobacco is the least adulterated article in commerce. Strange and contrary to the popular belief as it may appear, Dr. Hassall, who scientifically examined the question by means of the microscope and other tests, for impurities, found that not one of forty samples of cut Tobacco was adulterated with any other leaf. The most frequent adulterations consist of the addition, in large quantities, of water, salt, sugar, or treacle. The worst kind of fraud committed by the vendors of Tobacco consists in manufacturing cigars from common, cheap, and coarse Tobacco, and selling them as foreign produce. The rage of the public for enjoying luxuries at a cheap rate is the cause of this evil—a bad cigar or bad Tobacco being a social infliction of great enormity. The blame is therefore as much with the consumer as with the manufacturer, for every smoker should be able to judge for himself in this important matter. The great majority of smokers care little about quality in their tobacco—the mere act of smoking being their only object.

The adulterations of snuff are unfortunately well attested. Dr. Hassall examined forty-three samples, including all the most celebrated and popular compositions, from Prince’s Mixture to Grimstone’s Eye-

snuff; and he detected *oxide of iron, red and yellow ochre, umber, chlorate of lead, red-lead, bichromate of potash*, and what appeared to be powdered glass. Mr. Fosbroke, a surgeon, was very near falling a victim to this poisonous adulteration; paralysis had commenced, but the lead in the snuff was fortunately detected in time. Dr. Letheby detected lead-poisoning from Brown Rappee. Thus it is not the snuff, but the poison in it that does the mischief.

It is bad to suck a cigar or a pipe to the last extremity. The higher order of Turks consider the first puff to be but middling, the second and third to be the best, the fourth bad, and the fifth is held by all connoisseurs to be below criticism. Sultan Abdul Medjid is said never to have drawn more than three whiffs out of his pipe. Such is hygienic smoking in perfection.

To smoke with the cigar or pipe at the side of the mouth may be a convenience, but it is unadvisable, for it excites the secretion of more saliva than when the pipe or cigar is held in front of the organ.

In conclusion, we thoroughly endorse and commend the following piece of advice given to smokers by Dr. Lankester:—

“If you will not give up this habit of smoking, from motives of economy, from a sense of its uncleanness, from its making your breath smell bad and your clothes filthy, from its polluting your hands and your house, and driving women and men from you who do not smoke, I dare not—as a physiologist or

a statist—tell you that there exists any proof of its injurious influence when used in moderation. I know how difficult it is to define that word ‘moderation;’ and yet, in my heart, I believe that every one of you has an internal monitor that will guide you to the true explanation of it in your own case. The first symptoms of giddiness, of sickness, of palpitation, of weakness, of indolence, of uneasiness, whilst smoking, should induce you to lay it aside. These are the physiological indications of its disagreement, which, if you neglect, you may find increase upon you, and seriously embarrass your health.”\*

\* ‘On Food,’ by Dr. Lankester. (Second Edition.) Hardwicke and Bogue.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A WORD OF ADVICE TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TO us few sights are more painful than mere boys indulging in the pipe or cigar. How these wretched little miscreants must poison themselves to acquire the "manly" habit, is sufficiently obvious; but they should know that they are playing with dangerous edged tools.

Tobacco is not required by the young, whose brain will develop itself by its own natural force in due time, and in a normal manner; and whose passions, if they are to subserve the great intents of nature, must not anticipate their period of development, unless they will be content to acquiesce in finding the end of their enjoyments antedated—full men at fourteen, but worn-up remnants before forty! Let these urchins beware. Repentance, as far as the *body* is concerned, comes generally too late. When the body's functions are blighted by premature fruition, involving premature decay, then, alas! it is indeed *too late to mend!*

Nothing can be more reprehensible than the practice of teaching these little fellows to smoke, nay, even to chew Tobacco! It is notorious that in many workshops this iniquity is perpetrated by the old

hands through a mere spirit of devilry. The consequence is that nothing is more common than to see a batch of such boys—from ten to fourteen years of age—coming into tobacconists' shops for a supply of shag, "penny-smokes," or cigarettes; some have been seen to put a plug of Tobacco into their mouth before leaving the shop.

Brothers sometimes play the same evil part to the younger members of the family. A venerable veteran of Smokedom tells us that he was thus initiated in the mysteries. In his tenth year he was a great sufferer from toothache, which made him cry very much; and in order to stop the annoyance of his cries, his elder brother (who was a great tyrant) forced him to smoke to cure the toothache. From that day to this he has smoked vigorously—now in his sixty-sixth year, and a veteran smoker of just fifty-six years' standing.

A great many boys, however, take to the practice through human apishness, that is, in order to ape their elders and appear "manly"; indeed there is no telling how many of our "young rascals" are not already masters of the art.

What will the reader think of the following fact? An old gentleman was at the seaside with his nephew, a stripling of some thirteen or fourteen summers. During their walk, the latter perceived and pointed out "a young friend of his," of the same age, flaunting and puffing a cigar in good style; adding, "Oh, how I should like to smoke!" The old

gentleman was indignant and shocked, and he at once resolved to cure the little fellow of so pernicious a desire and ambition. He gave him a cigar, which, to his astonishment, the young rogue smoked like a veteran, and without exhibiting the expected qualms and contortions of a *first* cigar, as it was supposed to be; but, on the contrary, he coolly exclaimed, "Well, uncle, this is the best I have ever smoked—no mistake! I wonder where you got it; I should really like to try another!" . . . Alas! the biter was bitten with a vengeance; and with amazement he meditated on the universal depravity of the age we live in. To the request for another cigar, however, he emphatically said, "No! I'll see you — first!"

THE END.



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