

A PIPE OF TOBACCO:

WITH

WHIFFS AND CLOUDS.



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“DINNERS AND DINERS AT HOME AND ABROAD:”—“HEADS AND TALES OF TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING:”—“ARTFUL DODGE:”—“ROAD OF LIFE:” ETC., ETC., ETC,

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THE PUFF PRELIMINARY.



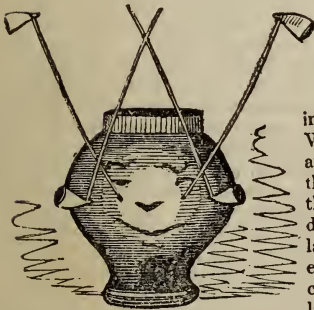
To those who smoke (—and who in this age of fumigation does not!) the following pages are affectionately dedicated by an old smoker. Each day having had occasion to observe the want of a monitor in the art—for art it is—of smoking--we determined at last on transferring the Cigar we then held atwixt our thumb and finger to the more permanent embrace of our lips, and grasping a pen instead, thus obeyed the call for a mentor, hoping to deserve it without the prefix of TOR being held requisite.

Tempting as our subject is, we have chosen rather to be brief than tedious; aiming at a niche in the waiscoat pocket, rather than a more presuming station on the library shelf; and consigning our humble manual to the patronage of a smoking public, we beg to introduce the following pages to their notice, conscious that in our treatment of Cigars this is the only PUFF that will be found obtruded on the notice of the reader.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

WHIFF THE FIRST.

Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labours, and 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,
Though not less loved in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookhas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazingly when dawning in full dress.
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a CIGAR!—BYRON.



HEN, where, and by whom, Tobacco was first discovered, few need now be informed. We need not, therefore, enter here into a long detail of how Sir Walter Raleigh (all honour and praise be to him) made the year 1586 memorable in the annals of fame, by introducing the plant into England. Nor need we become erudite in stating how it received its botanical appellation of *Nicotiana* from

Jean Nicot, then Ambassador to Portugal, from Francis the Second, who brought it from Lisbon and presented a small portion, as a rich and rare luxury, to Catherine de Medicis. Nay, even may we pass over, as well known, the bitter "Counterblaste" of the sordid and pedantic James the First of England, and the Sixth of Scotland, who falsely and frivolously sought to establish a connection between the balmy plant, and the influences of the evil one. All these incidents, and more in the early history of our beloved companion, are "familiar in our mouth as household words," and win our interest accordingly; pass we on therefore to its reception amongst the great unprejudiced of modern times. Some idea of the immense demand that exists for this luxury, and the just esti-

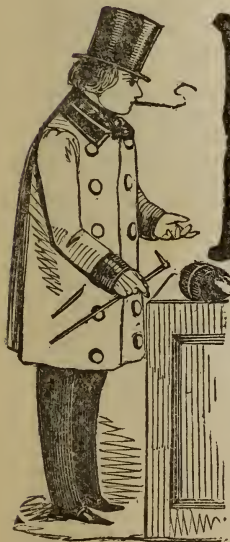
mation in which it is held, may be elicited from the fact of the annual revenue derived from this source alone, averaging nearly four millions of pounds sterling, making it thereby manifest, that upwards of twenty-five millions of pounds of tobacco, in some shape or other, are yearly consumed in Great Britain. This is what Mr. Cobden and his compeers would call "a great fact," tending, indeed, to prove that some wondrous properties must exist in a plant, which, within two centuries, has spread itself over the face of the whole habitable globe, and which is regarded by three-fourths of the world's population, as a necessary item in the amount of their daily expenditure. The duty is three shillings a pound for unmanufactured tobacco, six for snuff, and nine for cigars, so the benefit derived by Government from a nation of smokers may be readily conceived. The long-disputed question as to whether the habit of taking tobacco is injurious to health, may now be considered as having been pretty well decided in the negative. Its effects are those of a mild narcotic, soothing and beneficial to the system, and having a strong tendency to check the causes of apoplexy, by thinning the venous and arterial fluids. Like every other habit, whether suggested by inclination or not, it is liable to abuse and misapplication; but would the most ingenious of sophists argue thereupon for its total rejection? We should think not! That to some constitutions smoking would be most prejudicial, it would be folly to deny, but here inclination will direct and lead to a safe and sure conclusion. We may fearlessly assert—with the opinions of the first medical authorities of the age to corroborate our assertion—that since smoking has become more general, the health of the community has materially improved; and that so far from producing any ill-effects on the system, it is more likely to prevent disorders, by diffusing over the human frame a beneficial and tranquil serenity, which, through its soothing, and yet stimulating properties, allays all feverish anxieties, and plunges the mind into a delicious halcyon reverie. Nay, what is perchance more to the purpose, experience has shown that it rather prolongs than shortens life. Old Parr was such an inveterate smoker, that he is said to have even tanned his skin by the absorbing of tobacco smoke into his pores, and his longevity has become proverbial. Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Dryden, Parr (the doctor), Professor Porson, Goëthe, Maginn, Byron, and the incomparable Shakspeare, were all confirmed smokers. Germany—where the fragrant incense rises morning, eventide, and night—has produced some of our longest livers and most profound thinkers. Spain the same: and it is more than a curious coincidence, that since Englishmen have become more attached to the habit, epidemic disorders have become less prevalent, and the choleric temperament of our countrymen has been subdued into a quiet phlegmatic disposition, evidenced by the infrequency of national wars and civil commotions, as compared with a few centuries bygone. Since 1586, all our greatest discoveries and inventions have occurred, thus proving that smoking engenders

thinking, and that great benefit to society must therefrom result. Besides, it is rarely you find a lover of smoking either a passionate or a drunken man—two of the greatest curses of existence—your true smoker preferring the calm and placid enjoyment of a pipe or cigar, in association with the cheering beverages of coffee, or sherbet. But we could adduce a thousand incontrovertible proofs of the benefits arising from smoking; the difficulty is only to avoid exceeding our limits; we will, however, content ourselves with one logical deduction, which may be thus syllogistically put; “Ill weeds grow apace, Tobacco diminishes apace;—ergo—Tobacco is *not* an ill weed.”

END OF WHIFF THE FIRST.

WHIFF THE SECOND.

ON CIGARS IN GENERAL.



T is now time that the reader should be initiated into the art and mystery of choosing a cigar, and this we may now proceed to unravel in the manner following:—In the first place, it is necessary for our smoker to consult his taste, as to whether he prefer a mild or a full-flavoured cigar. If the former, he chooseth a lighter-coloured roll; if the latter, his digits dive amongst the dark. In selection, do “your spiriting gently,” not rudely and clumsily subverting the tobacconist’s stock, but handling each, as though pressure would destroy. Select those that are firm, compact, and free from knotty intricacies, which would interfere with the free draught of the air. Remember, also, that the seductive specks are more frequently the result of acid than age, and that the olfactory nerve forms an excellent palate on which to test the superior qualities of what may be proffered. Never, save from absolute necessity, snip off that twisted mouth-

piece that serves as a filter to the smoke, and which will protect the lips from many an unpleasant visit from the burning oil within. If a cigar will not draw without this abstraction, rely upon it the cigar is one that will not repay the trouble of smoking. After igniting it with a slip of either wood, paper, or German tinder—never commit the absurdity of resorting to gas or any other combustible for a light,—just press gently the lighted end of the cigar *on the light*, and you will leave a clear passage for drawing without difficulty. A good cigar, from a Cuba to a Principe, should burn with a clear steady light, and leave a firm grey pellet of ashes as it consumes, which forms by the way the finest dentifrice that can be used. A tube—the best are of porous clay with an amber mouth-piece—may be resorted to for “using up” the stumps, but no true smoker would from choice inhale a perfect Cigar or Cheroot through this medium, which is infinitely inferior to the rich flavour derived from pressing the fragrant leaf with the lips alone. Held gently between the fore and middle finger there is but little necessity for leaving the Cigar to more than the occasional embrace of even the lips, but under no circumstances should it be consigned to the harsh imprisonment of the teeth. It should recal the recollection of Honest Izaak Walton’s worm, and be used “as though you loved it;” not compelled to endure remorseless puffing, or left to the indignity of self-expiring. A Cigar—once out—is never worth the pains of re-illuming. And now to the various species of the rolled leaf, which may bear the truth of a Shaksperian quotation, for well we know that—“Time cannot wither, nor custom stale THEIR infinite variety.”

Cigars originated, in the first instance doubtless, through the absence of proper materials through which to inhale the dried shreds, and have been brought to their present perfection through the indefatigable industry of the manufacturers in the West India Islands. Though now extensively imported into this country, they were for a long period confined to Spain. The Manilla, Chinsurah, and other Cheroots, take their designation from those islands where they were first produced; and the distinctive flavours of all Cigars are mainly attributable to the different modes of manufacture and qualities of Tobacco adopted with them. Some thousand artisans are regularly employed, even in London, for making up the raw material. The greatest manufacturers in the Havannah, are Cabenos, Hernandez, (known to the smoking world, under the *nomme de guerre* of Dos Amigos,) Silva and Rencuerreil; but besides these, there are hundreds of manufacturers who make from one to ten thousand a day. The Cigar is composed of two distinct parts, called the *tripas*, or inside, and the *capa*, or cover; for these two different kinds of leaves are used, the latter being finer in texture as well as more pliant. Those which are most carefully and beautifully rolled are the Regalias, and these are generally made of the finest Tobacco, which is grown in the Vuelta Abaja, or lower district of the West of Havannah, between that capital

and Puerto del Principe, which also gives name to a fine plump Cigar, lately introduced here, and remarkable for the rich flavour which it possesses. Hernandez employs about a hundred men in his factory, and as of the best Cigars (Regalias) good workmen can make six hundred a day, and of the more common sorts, a thousand, there daily issues from this immense emporium about eighty thousand Cigars, which would yield upwards of a £100 per diem. Many of the metropolitan makers vie with Dos Amigos in the extent of their establishments, but the profits, of course, are not so enormous as we may presume; these are of the West India firms.

END OF WHIFF THE SECOND.

WHIFF THE THIRD.

OF CUBAS AND CIGARS IN GENERAL.



URELY no fair and gentle votary of the art Terpsichorean ever coquetted and pirouetted with the weed for a partner? Yet well do we know each variety of Cigar has its own especial favourite, and this preference is variously manifested by individual smokers, as well as those in the mass. Some hanker after the savoury Havannah, whether of British or Foreign manufacture, others revel in the odorous fumes of the Regalia, but whether we mount a Manilla, pick out a Principe, choose a Chinsurah, brandish a Bengal, try a Trichinopili, lay hold of a Lopez, manage a Mexican, question a Queen's, or come to a Cuba, it is obviously necessary that the best specimen of each kind should be selected

by the connoisseur. To these the remarks in our last "whiff" will fully apply—the only care to be taken in a Cheroot being the same as with the managerial selection of a new drama, viz.,

whether it will DRAW. - Many, to ensure this desideratum, ignite their cheroots at the larger end; but, for our own part, we see no very great advantage in so doing, as it consumes the Tobacco by increasing the draught, without making any adequate return. Indoors, or during the hot days of summer, a good flavoured Havannah, of the best quality, is infinitely to be preferred; but in the open air, or when winter requires some stronger stimulant, a rougher Cigar may with justice be chosen—a rich dark Principe becomes then an especial treat: but outside a coach, or during a cold midnight walk home, commend us unto a potent Cheroot of Chinsurah, which mellowed by age and weighty with its leafy burden, will outlast a dozen of its insipid Bengal brethren. Always take this for your guidance in cigar-choosing, that your cheap ones are invariably the dearest in the end. We, of course, have too high an opinion of our reader's critical taste, to suppose he would willingly prefer an Amersfoot to a Woodville, but occasionally he may be tempted in the streets by one of the genus "*duffers*" to test the qualities of a supposed smuggled bundle of Cheroots, which, upon trial, will be found capable of analyzation into lettuce-leaves washed in Tobacco-water and spangled with saltpetre. Of the chief ingredients in these spurious compounds, we may say with *Hamlet*, "that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it,—pray you avoid it." As to Cubas—softly, a word in your innocent ear, good reader,—we fervently believe that more than one half of those sold in London are manufactured within the sound of Bow-bells; not that they are a jot the worse for that, provided the leaf be good in the first instance, well rolled in the second, and duly mellowed by age in the third; but we just hint at the probability of such a thing, for the benefit of those unpatriotic individuals who will only extol whatever is exclusively foreign, and increase the nasal angle at the contemplation of things British.

The Yara Cuba is a sound commendable Cigar of generous flavour, and delicious either on land or water, though we conceive smoking on the latter to be of itself a positive concentration of luxuries that may even defy description. Of tubes, we have before spoken; and as to cases, we leave the smoker to follow the details of his own fancy; merely premising, that it is preferable in *all* cases to have them commodious, without being overwhelming, for the coat pocket, and elastic without being easily depressed. A Cigar-case, like an epigram, should contain a great deal in a small compass, and be capable at least of holding a dozen, with a small niche for a packet of *fuses*, which will ever be found indispensable in a country discursive ramble, or during the enjoyment of a trip aquatic.

As a pleasant companionable beverage with a Cigar, coffee, taken without milk, and not over sweetened, is by far to be preferred. Ardent spirits, and all malt liquors, destroy the distinctive properties of the palate, and render it incapable of appreciating the delicate flavour of a good Cigar.

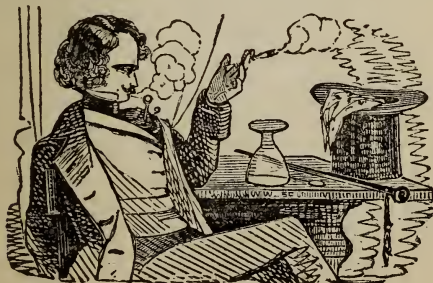
In summer, should coffee be found to heating, the Turkish adjunct of sherbet may be adopted, for which a tolerably good English substitute may be found in weak Sherry and water, judiciously assimilated with sugar, and the expressed juice of lemons. With a goblet of this delectable fluid, and a genuine bundle of government Manillas, a very agreeable dreamy hour in the rosy twilight of a summer's eve may be got through with pleasure to the body and profit to the mind. We mention a Manilla on account of its extra narcotic and sedative properties, the extreme whiteness of the ash being generally attributed to the leaf undergoing a preparatory bath of opium.

We may suppose that our smoking Anacreon was in the dreamy mood when he penned for us the following tribute in the shape of

A MANILLA SONNET.

Luscious leaf of fragrant savour,
Mild Cheroot of choicest flavour,
Wafting incense to the sky,
Like the gales of Araby;
Let us press thee to our lips,
As the bee the honey sips;
Culling as our well-earned meed,
Joys from thee—thou heavenly weed!
Ere thy burnished lip we kiss,
Let us thus enjoy the bliss,
Lit by the promethean spark,
Kindled from the congreve dark;
In summer-house or country villa,
There's nothing like a good Manilla!

And trusting that our enthusiastic bard may find an echo to corroborate the truth of his assertion, we now resign our *SILVA* for a pipe, and prepare ourselves for the enumeration of a few words about TOBACCO.



END OF WHIFF THE THIRD.



A FEW WORDS ON TOBACCO.

"A pipe is the fountain of contemplation, the source of pleasure, the companion of the wise; and the man who smokes, thinks like a philosopher and acts like a Samaritan."—BULWER.



CLOUD THE FIRST.

IN your true lover of the weed the influence of a Pipe is to a Cigar what beef the substantial is to pastry the unsatisfactory. It is your veritable sedative after the toil and turmoil of the day, and of the two methods of inhaling the vaporous weed we regard it as not only the more social, but as infinitely the more wholesome. The clay absorbs the deleterious oil, and keeps the pungent smoke at a respectable distance from the eyes, besides affording the smoker a pleasant medium for the exercise of his dexter thumb and finger. To enjoy a Pipe properly, it is imperatively necessary that the smoker should thoroughly understand, and understanding appreciate, the sources of his enjoyment, which may arise either from the social and intellectual converse by which the mere act of smoking is accompanied, or be elicited by the solitary fumist from the reveries in which that operation causes him to indulge. No one can ever be admitted a true disciple of Sir Walter Raleigh without he allows the habit of pipe-smoking to engender a habit of meditation and thinking. They should be the natural consequences of each other, and the two operations should be carried on consentaneously. By the adoption of this rule, every time a man smokes a Pipe, he becomes obviously wiser, and if Solomon never knew—unhappy man—what it was to conceal himself behind three feet of mortality—or as they say in the vernacular "a yard of clay,"—all we can allege is, that he most honestly earned the indulgence. Whilst the cloudy wreaths ascend to the upper air, so should the hopes and aspirations of the inner man rise with them, until the soul, becoming purified from the corrosive crust which the daily struggle after existence deposits on its surface, vaults into a heaven of its own, and leaves the fears and the cares of this mundane pilgrimage to the miserable non-

smokers of creation. But out upon our forgetfulness, here are we getting metaphysical, and an empty pipe and jar of genuine weed standing expectantly before the reader's vision, so let us address ourselves to the elucidation of our subject at once.

We have before said that Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who brought tobacco into England and into fashion, and to him and his friend Sir Walter Long may be traced the introduction of pipes. The first were silver pipes, richly ornamented and lined with wood; but these, from their costly nature, were only employed by the wealthy, the commoners making use of a walnut-shell and a straw. Old Aubrey, the antiquary, in a quaint work of his, now obsolete, says:—"I have heard my great grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. Raleigh standing in a bower at Sir Robert Poyntz his parke at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladyes quitt it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years it was scandalous for a divine to take tobacco: it was sold then for its wayte in silver." From this allusion, we have ever since entertained a most intense respect for Grandfather Lyte, and are firmly convinced he must have been a man of great moral integrity, who entered heart and soul into the theme of which he so ably descants. Pipes are made in sufficient variety to gratify every smoker's fancy; but the white earthen pipe of old England is by many connoisseurs considered as a more delicate mode of smoking than any of the rest, as by its being constantly changed, the smoker is not annoyed by the bitter flavour which others by constant use are apt to contract. The formation of these pipes forms a considerable article of manufacture in England, and they have been used among us since the very first introduction of tobacco. As early as the 17th year of the reign of James I., the Society of Tobacco-pipe Makers were incorporated by royal charter, and bore on their shield a tobacco-plant in full blossom; which, considering the vehement "counterblaste" that had just emanated from the pedantic king, speaks much in honor of the company. Meerschaums are, without question, the finest tubes for inhaling the balmy weed, but the difficulty and expense attendant on the possession of a genuine one—and all others are utterly worthless—should make the smoker cautious in his selection. The best are those from the pits of the *Crimea*, in Asia Minor, and are made from a species of clay composed principally of silica and magnesia. The greater portion of those cheap imitations sold in England are vile combinations of wax and plaster-of-Paris, and should be eschewed by all who put forth a claim to taste and respectability. A pleasant mixture for smoking in a Meerschaum may be composed of half an ounce of Canaster, quarter of an ounce of Cavendish, three-quarters of an ounce of Shortcut, and a little Negro-head, cut up in the mixture and rendered predominant or not, according to palate. This will be found agreeable and stimulative, without being too strong. For those who are beginning to smoke,

the Latakia or Turkish tobacco is much to be preferred to the insipid Oroonoko, which is destitute of all that should render smoking pleasurable or beneficial. Where the fumes of the tobacco are obnoxious to the company—and it would be but a selfish enjoyment to then pursue the annoyance—it is worth while to know that a small quantity of dried lavender, crumbled with the finger and thumb into the bowl of the pipe, will diffuse a most grateful fragrance, and this without injury to the flavour of the tobacco beneath. Never make use of those little gilded pills which are recommended by old ladies for the same object—they totally destroy the quality of the plant, and are apt occasionally to induce a more unpleasant feeling of indisposition. It is a matter of perfect indifference whether you prefer Shag, Returns, or Bird's-eye, but it is a matter of great importance that you should have the very best of the kind. For one who smokes constantly, we think the Bird's-eye is preferable; the Shag tobacco being a stronger narcotic, and when not first-rate in quality, being hot and pungent. A small sprinkling of Varina—the superior Canaster—being blended with it, will be found an estimable addition. We are no great admirers of the Dutch clay pipes, for we have generally found them impart a disagreeable twang to their contents; Aldermen are too thick and clumsy for general use; and the common pipes are unfit for any use at all. It may be seen, then, that the pipe we hold in the highest estimation is the full-bowled Straw pipe, which if of good quality will be a real luxury to the nicotian epicure. Besides having the absorbent properties in higher perfection, it is lighter and more graceful to the hand, a recommendation by no means to be slighted, for it must not be forgotten that the science of smoking has its elegancies as well as every other branch of the fine arts. Thus, having placed the reader in the possession of a few hints worth knowing, we shall expect him to do us the honour of smoking a pipe with us. With much pleasure; eh! Well, then, having duly discussed the merits of one leaf, perhaps you will oblige us by turning over another. “Thank you—now to our divan;—and remember, that whilst the first person who ever blew a cloud was Boreas, the first that *loved* a cloud was Ixion.”

END OF CLOUD THE FIRST.

CLOUD THE SECOND.

Mystic tube of magic power,
 Solace of each lonely hour;
 Short or long, with bowl well freighted,
 Lip that's pure or wax-inated;
 Dear indeed does smoker prize thee,
 Whilst between his lips he eyes thee;
 As thy bowl with ardour burns,
 Filled with shag, bird's-eye, returns;
 Each and all he honours duly,
 Loving, like a lover truly!
 Monarchs, thee in porter soaking,
 Oh! king, poking, joking, smoking;
 Cannot find amidst their blisses,
 Such a regal prize as THIS is!

ANACREON PIPAIVISUS.

Presuming that you have laid in a gross of Straw pipes—by much the most economical plan—place the whole in a deep pitcher filled with clear water—spring water is preferable—and let them be there completely immersed for four-and-twenty hours at least. You will see the advantage of this by-and-bye. Before using them, observe that they are perfectly dry, which should take place, not by exposure to the fire, but be the result of gradual evaporation in the open air. They will be now cool and pleasantly porous for smoking; the chemical change that has been going on, rendering their absorbent properties greater, and in fact, by destroying the excessive lime, causing them very closely to approximate in character to a true Meerschaum. Selecting one of these duly prepared “straws,” let us see the contents of your Tobacco jar, which we are glad to find has a damper, and is composed of the right material. The common brown jars, sufficiently capacious to hold half a pound, are as good as any. Ah! the tobacco is then of the proper medium, neither too dry nor too moist, so begin to fill your bowl, not by violently plugging down the weed into an air-tight mass, but by lightly, though compactly, kneading it with your forefinger into an elastic substance. There, now take your pipe into your right hand, and placing your fore and middle fingers above, and the other two beneath the stem near the bowl, allow the weight of the pipe to fall on the ball of the thumb, and you will have attained the most elegant position for holding which a smoker can adopt. Your left hand is now disengaged, which will enable you to reach one of those spirally-rolled strips of paper, denominated “spills” from the mantel-piece, and, which having ignited, you now bring into close contact with the bowl of your pipe. There—don't be in a hurry—see that the contents are equally and thoroughly lighted before you throw it on one side. A good light and a free draught, eh? well! now relapse into a cosy loll in your arm chair and enjoy yourself, and as the fragrant vapour exhales in snaky ringlets, think of all the glorious intelligences that have basked in a similar indulgence. Ah, pleasant, is it not? we will wager a trifle that the balmy plant—

Divine in Hookahs—glorious in a pipe,

never seemed so great a luxury as now. If you should find the tip becoming unpleasantly hot, just amputate it to the extent of one inch, but never become so far stultified as to smoke an old pipe that has been *baked*—its fine flavour and choice porous properties are then irrecoverably destroyed. And now, we do not think a fitter period could be found for concluding, than when we see the reader left in the full and uninterrupted enjoyment of his pipe. Let him remember that Tobacco, notwithstanding its fascinating powers, has suffered romantic vicissitudes in its fame and character; that having been successively opposed and commended by physicians, condemned and eulogised by priests, vilified and venerated by kings, and alternately proscribed and protected by Governments, this once insignificant production of a little island, or an obscure disrrict, has succeeded in diffusing itself throughout every clime, and exhilarating and enriching its thousands, has subjected the inhabitants of every country to its dominion. The Arab cultivates it in the burning desert;—the Laplander and Esquimaux risk their lives to procure a refreshment so delicious in their wintry solitudes;—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 highest grades of civilized society, at the shrine of fashion, in the depths of poverty, in the palace and in the cottage, the fascinating influence of this singular plant demands an equal tribute of devotion and attachment. Shall we say more? No! let our artist, ever so ready to catch the “Cynthia of the minute,” daguerrotype with his pencil, the extatic reverie of our smoker for a tailpiece, and thus pictorially bury the cares and sorrows of existence in a bowl of appropriate dimensions.



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