Smoking and smokers, also, snuff and snuff-takers.

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SMOKING & SMOKER'S

SQUAS & SQUASHER'S


TAKE
A
LIGHT

SMOKING AND SMOKERS;

ALSO,

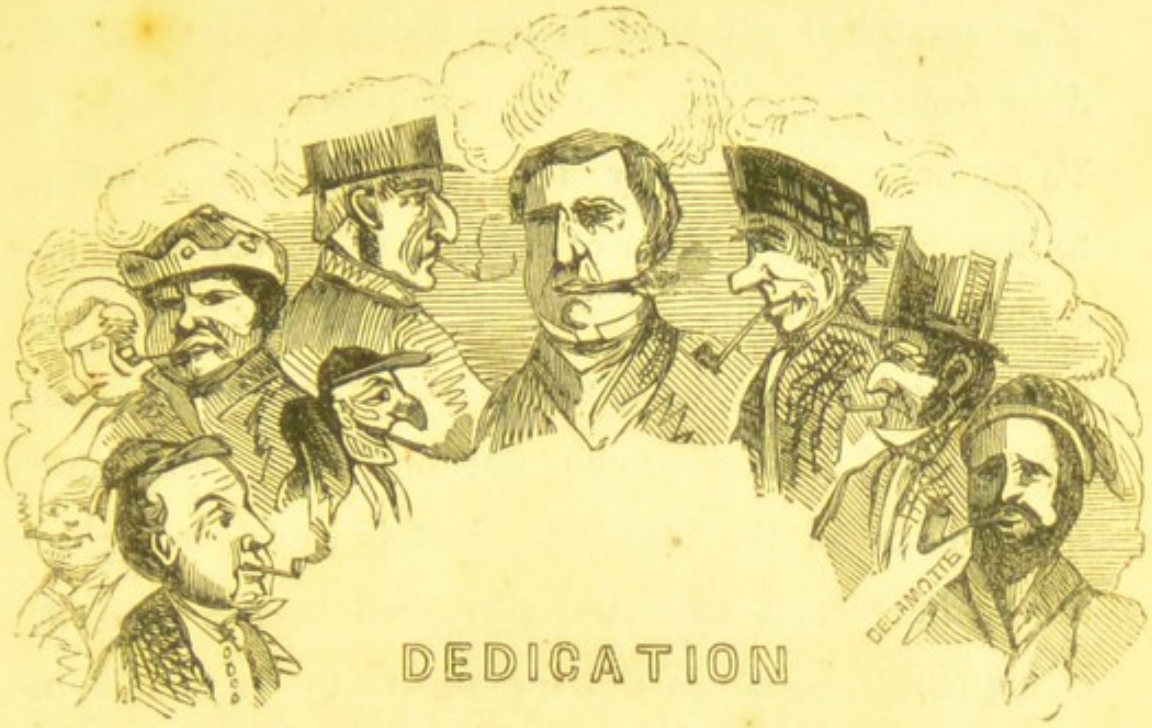
SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

WITH NUMEROUS WOOD CUTS.

London:

JOSEPH BAKER.

1851.



DEDICATION

To the World of Smokers.

GLORIOUS people! Smokers! And whoever talks of smokers talks of a world of intellect. It is to you that I dedicate this Book—the glowing offspring of my long-watchings — my deep thought — my great experience. I have sought, as many others have done before me, for something which I could leave behind me, by which I may be remembered when I am departed. I

have had my ambition—my feelings of vanity. I have often scratched my head in the fruitless endeavour to draw from it an epic Poem, a Tragedy, a Drama, a Farce, or a Novel,—nay, I would have been content to have been the founder of some new system of philosophy. Nothing has come of it; and I have seen the nothingness of all these things, about which so much fuss is made, and of which nine out of ten sink into the tomb of all the Capulets. In this world, the great thing, that which must be considered as pre-eminent, is happiness—and great happiness is to be found in Tobacco, and from Tobacco.

"Life is but a summer's day,
So let's *puff* all care away;
With the fragrant weed, and a yard of clay."

Now I should like to ask, and this by the way is my ——

PREFACE.

—— For whom were created and sent into this world Homer, Plato, Virgil, Aristotle, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Shakspere, Racine, Corneille, Moliere, and all the whole clique of poets who have filled the human heart with imagination and visions of beauty;—for a certain number of the elect, who are as tiresome to themselves as they are tedious to others? The masses remain with their appetites—their desires the same. But Tobacco came, a new religion from which there is no dissent; it has levelled all ranks, and already miracles have become apparent. The West need no longer envy the East—so proud of its opium. The body suffers it is true—it will still suffer—it will always suffer; but imagination marches abroad, and to dream or to drown thought, we need no longer sleep. It has been said, that when

a man is not happy, he should turn philosopher. Bah! The axiom is stupid, fallacious, nonsensical. When a man is not happy, he should smoke; and I'll prove it.

But first and foremost, I must, after the manner of ancient bards, invoke my muse—

"Oh thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns—
Tobacco! fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns—
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
And glazed magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill,
Then rudely ramm'd illume

With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet
Mark'd with Lennoxian Lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought thrilling—thirst inciting clouds around
And many mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
Oh be thou still, my great inspirer, thou
My muse; oh fan me with thy zephyr's boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song."

'Tis done! The muse has inspired her votary! And now to begin ——

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CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF TOBACCO,

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MAKES HIS BOW AS A HISTORIAN AND AN ANTIQUARY.

THE great events of History are not wars and revolutions, which only interest a certain class of society, and exhibit humanity in a turbulent and sanguinary point of view; I would rather hear, speak, or read, of those great and complete changes, brought about in social life by inventions and discoveries which influence customs, morals, and individual happiness. If it were necessary to establish a parallel between two great names—I do not wish to

force other people into my way of thinking — but for my part, I should prefer to Napoleon, who revolutionized all the kingdoms of the European continent, the simple inventor of Congreve matches, which have revolutionized all the fire-places in the whole world. The former, at all events, failed to carry his arms into our own little island—the trophies of the latter are in every cottage. The former is now but an object of curiosity, or, at most, of an envious admiration; while in the present day there is scarcely a man, from the prince to the peasant, who can light his candle without bestowing a thought on the great citizen who first gave the death-blow to the flint, steel, and tinder-box—those inveterate enemies of the fingers of all gentlemen and ladies who used them.

This preamble, which may appear to some beside the question before us, has no other end, dear reader, than to make you understand, that the year 1586, in which Tobacco was first introduced into our "nice little, tight little island," is one of the most memorable in our annals. I know that there are certain historians who would wish to persuade their readers that the celebrity of this date, 1586, is due to the success of our arms against the Spaniards — to the misfortunes and trial of the lovely Mary of Scots; but is it, I would ask, reasonable to attach more importance to miserable political intrigues and trumpery quarrels—the former of which were terminated by the sacrifice of a young and lovely woman—than to the advent of Tobacco—the comforter

of so many wretched beings—the father of so many golden dreams;—of Tobacco—the sovereign ruler of modern society?

Sixty years before this period, the Spaniards in their wanderings had observed, for the first time, the marvellous use which was made of this plant amongst the savages of Tobago, who, from their confirmed smoking propensities, must have been jolly dogs. It was Hernandez, of Toledo, who attached his name to this immense discovery. From there the secret spread to Spain and Portugal, where the leaves of tobacco were smoked from hollow reeds, mixed with myrrh, aloes, and a hundred other odoriferous substances. It was from thence that Jean Nicot, lord of Villemaine, ambassador from France to Portugal, a wise man, who wrote a large French and Latin Dictionary, sent the first tobacco leaves to Catherine de Medici, in the form of snuff.

This was in 1560. In England, on the contrary, it did not make its appearance, as we have already said, till 1586. The merit of its introduction is generally given to Sir Walter Raleigh; but Camden, the antiqua-

rian, says, that Sir Francis Drake and his companions, on their return from Virginia in 1586, were the first, as far as he knew, who brought it here—having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion. "And from the time of their return," says he, "it immediately began to grow into very general use, and to bear a high price; a great many persons, some from luxury, and others for their health, being wont to draw in the strong smelling smoke with insatiable greediness through an earthenware tube, and then to puff it forth again through their nostrils, so that tobacco taverns are now as generally kept in all our towns, as wine-houses or beer-houses." But whoever it was who introduced it, I care not,—all glory to him, say I, whether Raleigh or Drake!

In the same manner, as in former times a whole host of towns disputed the honour of having given birth to Achilles and Ulysses,—a thousand rivals disputed who should give their name to the new comer. Nicot was the first claimant, and with justice, for he first brought it into the civilized world; but the name of Nicotiana did not remain long in connection with our beloved leaf. It only remains in botanical books, where we still read, *Nicotiana Tabacum*. Catherine de Medici was ambitious in her turn of the glory of giving her name to the plant of Jean Nicot, and see how great would have been her fortune had she succeeded. The name of Queen's, or Medician Weed, would have at this day been in every mouth, and tobacco would have served more to immortalize the woman than all her

Italian policy; but to give a name, even to a mere top-knot, one must be popular: and from this cause it was, that Catherine de Medici was conquered by tobacco. After her, the primate of France of the house of Lorraine was for a time in vogue, and tobacco was called "*Herbe du grande Prieux.*" Afterwards it received the names of Sainte Croix, and Tornaboni, from two Italian Cardinals who had taken it under their protection, and who introduced it into Italy under the name of "Sacred Plant." The Americans of Yutacan, from whom it had been stolen, gave to tobacco the name of Petun—under which title it was for a long while known. Indeed, in a document of the date of 1758, it is stated, that PETUN was sold at a crown a pound. But of all these rival denominations, tobacco has been finally triumphant. It is derived both from the island of Tobago—the locality in which Hernandez made his discovery, and from Tobaccos, which was the name of the little hollow reeds from which the Spaniards smoked. But the name was, comparatively speaking, nothing; it was its use which required to be determined.

Alas! as the historian of Tobacco, I feel the blood mount indignantly to the roots of my hair, as I write. Strange! nay, almost incredible, if it were not authenticated by men the most worthy of credit,—tobacco, the necessary auxiliary to all pleasure and harmony,—tobacco, so cozy an addition to a friendly gossip, combining so pleasantly with a cool glass of punch in summer, and a steaming ditto in winter—tobacco, was at

first a —— medicine! It is a heartrending thing to read of the ridiculous uses to which it was applied by the ignorant crowd of physicians, and the ignoble transformations to which it was subjected by the pestles and mortars of bygone apothecaries. But I am a man of nerve, and I must bring my mind to exhibit the sad picture to thee, candid reader, who, when thou dost speak of tobacco, dost but think of it as a cigar, or in a well-coloured pipe. It may be well that the present generation of smokers should know, once for all, what have been the aberrations of medicine; and, without having any wish to sow the seeds of discord between different classes of society, we are not sorry to be enabled to inform the estimable corporation of tobacconists, that once on a time they had apothecaries for associates. Let them remember, however, as a consolation, that surgeons were then in league with barbers.

When once this herb of a hundred names was in the hands of what we should now call the scientific world, the savants endeavoured, in a hundred different ways, to make it, *nolens volens*, play the part of cassia or senna. They forced it down the throats of unfortunate invalids, whom it cured or killed by hazard; and in this, perhaps, there was nothing altogether unworthy of it, unless, it was the affront offered to it by sticking it in a prescription between a lavement and a bleeding. But refinement was brought to bear upon it. Distilled waters were made from it, and oils by infusion and distillation, syrups, ointments, and a host of other messes. It was actually converted into poultices. Ap-

plied to the body warm, the leaves of tobacco were in those days considered to be a sovereign remedy against palsy, rheumatism, venemous bites, tumours, and sores. Boiled in vinegar, or incorporated in fats and ointments, they could cure cutaneous diseases. The oil of tobacco was a specific against tooth-ache. The syrup of tobacco! (just imagine for a moment what syrup of tobacco must have been,) the syrup of tobacco was to strive with asthmas and diseases of the chest, and was said to cure the most obstinate coughs. Add to this the most whimsical theories, the most foolish antipathies, and you will have some idea of the degradation into which tobacco was precipitated by the herd of practitioners. A certain fellow, named Pauli, pretended that the smoking of tobacco rendered the brain black. Borley, another wiseacre, went further still: he wrote to Bartholin, and told him that a patient of his had so dried up his brain by the immoderate use of tobacco, that at his death they only found a little black substance in his scull composed of membranes. The friends of tobacco did not leave these attacks without reply. Treatises on both sides were hurled from the press, and there was as much fuss made about the matter, as there is in the present day about mesmerism. More than 100 volumes were printed on this occasion; and as there is always a German to be found who can give you a specimen of erudition on any subject, a German has absolutely preserved the titles of these hundred volumes, with the names of their authors. I subjoin here a few of them for the edification of the curious, and a pretty lot they are,—Magnen,

Thorius, Simon Paul Schrover, Jean Libaldus, Barustien, Marradon, Scriverieus. To this list, already sufficient to give to tobacco a great and everlasting name, we must add the name of our own pedantic monarch James the First, who honored tobacco by writing a huge treatise upon it, intituled, a "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Here, dear reader, is a specimen of royal folly —"It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." James the First wrote against tobacco—posterity must know it. It is another charge against this heartless, soulless prince, who never thought of revenging his mother, and who turned pale at the sight of a sword.

But as I have given a quotation from the furious tirade of the weak prince, I cannot avoid adding a more proper one from the writings of another author of the period, who dared the lion in his den, the monarch on his throne.

"Much meat doth Gluttony procure,
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed,
That on a *leaf* can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe."

But it was not merely with these paper warriors that tobacco had to contend: after a time, the smoking of

tobacco appears to have met with strenuous opposition in high places, in all parts of Europe. Its principal opponents were the priests, the physicians and the sovereign princes; by the former its use was declared sinful, and in 1684, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church! This bull was renewed in 1690, by Pope Innocent, and about twenty-nine years afterwards the Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking a capital offence. For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off; and in some parts of Switzerland it was likewise made a subject of public prosecution—the police regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the Ten Commandments, immediately under that against adultery.

But despite this kingly and priestly wrath—despite its absurd applications and furious opponents—tobacco has made its way in the world, and its use has extended far and wide. There were some bold spirits who dared all the anger of those in high places, and I know of nothing more heroical—more independent—more haughty, than Jean Bart, lighting—and, what is more, smoking — his pipe, in the very presence of Louis XIV.

Had I the time and space, I could say much concerning this trait of greatness of soul;—Diogenes begging Alexander to get out of the light, and the Greek, who told Dionysius the tyrant, to send him to the quarries, was nothing to the Corsair of St. Malo. All

glory to Jean Bart! it was he who gave to France the first example of the man daring the majesty of the sovereign.

Well, it would be but a fruitless, and moreover a tedious task, to trace the further history of tobacco, suffice it to say, that now it is perhaps the most universal luxury—enjoyed in common by the African negro—the unclothed and houseless wanderer of Australia—the hardy American Indian—the slothful Asiatic, and every class of people throughout the more polished countries of Europe. And so I will close this delectable history with a noble burst of eloquence from a modern author, Percy St. John;—"Tobacco! scoffed at and slighted by the fastidious who dwell in towns, and know not the perils of the wilds—who are unaware of the sufferings from wet, cold, and hunger the traveller endures—is certainly one of the greatest physical blessings given by God to mortality. In all parts of the world its use, in moderation, is conducive to health and tranquillity of mind, but in the wilderness it often saves the life of man.

It allays hunger—it counteracts the effects of miasma arising from swamp and morass—and to the solitary wanderer, it serves the purpose of conversation and companionship —."

CHAPTER II.

STATISTICS OF TOBACCO—WHEREIN THE AUTHOR EMULATES JOSEPH HUME.

THE universal indulgence in the luxury of tobacco was too good an opportunity for governments to let slip. In France, the state enjoys a monopoly in the manufacture. In England, it contents itself with taxation—and to a pretty good tune—since about three millions sterling of the public revenue is derived from the consumption of tobacco in this country. Indeed tobacco yields a larger amount of revenue than any other commodity, with the exception of tea and sugar.

Since the year 1789, the duty has fluctuated from fifteen pence to four shillings the pound. At present it

is as follows:—For unmanufactured tobacco, three shillings per pound; manufactured tobacco or cigars, nine shillings a pound. From the last returns we find, that the quantity of tobacco retained for home consumption, was as follows:—Of leaf tobacco, 20,626,800 lbs, the duty on which amounted to £3,090,782. 12s. 2d.;—of manufactured tobacco and cigars, 143,868 lbs. realising a duty of £64,726. 8s. 5d. To show the enormous increase in the consumption of tobacco, we subjoin the following table:—

YEAR.	CONSUMPTION.	DUTY. £.	s.	d.
1789	8,152,185 lbs.	408,037	4	2
1800	11,796,415 lbs.	987,110	8	8
1810	14,108,193 lbs.	1,679,912	2	2
1820	13,016,562 lbs.	2,610,272	7	9
1830	15,170,719 lbs.	2,309,287	0	0

There, reader, rejoice with me! To consume this quantity, what a goodly fellowship of smokers there must be. There are some other restrictions on tobacco. It is prohibited to be imported in vessels under 120 tons, and to be exported in vessels under 70 tons; and the only places allowed for import are—London, Liverpool, and a few other principal ports.

While I am on this subject, I cannot avoid indulging the reader's curiosity concerning the manner in which the duty is received. From the vessel in which the hogsheads of tobacco are imported, they are conveyed to the Tobacco Warehouse of the London Docks, immense buildings containing whole tiers of hogsheads, stretching away in every direction as far as the eye can

reach. The whole are under one roof, and there are frequently as many as twenty thousand hogsheads, averaging twelve hundred pounds of tobacco each!

Those who are unacquainted with customs' and excise regulations, may perhaps feel desirous of knowing why this enormous quantity of tobacco is kept in one place. The duty, as will be seen from what I have already said, is large; but this duty is not demanded, so long as the tobacco remains at the docks, where it is considered to be *in bond*, or under the care of the state, and cannot be removed thence till the duty is paid. A small *rent* is demanded during the time it remains in the warehouse. Permission is given for the transference of samples from hand to hand, but the bulk of the tobacco must remain until the demands of the state are satisfied. If by any circumstance the whole, or a portion of a hogshead of tobacco become injured previous to its arrival at the docks, the owner would rather lose it altogether, than pay the enormous duty upon it. The state does not compel the damaged portion to be released from bond, but allows it to be burned under the direction of its own officers, without any duty having been paid upon it. This is effected in a huge kiln of a circular form, which is, jocularly enough, termed, "The Queen's Tobacco-pipe!" The greater part of the tobacco is thus consumed; but an ash remains, which is from time to time drawn out of the furnace, and thrown into some bins or troughs at the side. These ashes are by no means valueless; they are sold as a manure, for

which they possess good qualities,—one ton of ashes being used to manure four acres of ground.

We are continually hearing would-be legislators cry aloud for the reduction of the duty on tobacco. The expediency or inexpediency of this, in a fiscal point of view, it is no part of my purpose to discuss; certes I should have no objection to see tobacco cheaper, not for the reason that I should inhale one whiff the more, but for the benefit of my poorer fellow-smokers.

CHAPTER III.

TOBACCO—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

CONTAINING A LITTLE USEFUL ADVICE TO THE READER.

My object, dear reader, in this Manual, is not only to exhibit the depth of my own researches concerning Tobacco — to immortalize myself, as I premised at the outset—but also to acquaint you with the whole mystery of the art of smoking,—to plunge you deeply into its lore, and to give you the vast benefit derivable from my lengthened experience, and that of other sages who have flourished before me.

> "'Tis advice for a king
> I am going to sing,
> As you'll find, ere I come to a close."

Always purchase your tobacco in a quantity, if you can. Not only does the weed keep better so, but it is

cheaper. Thus a person purchasing a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, pays dearer for it in proportion than the individual who invests in a whole ounce, for he loses the fraction of a halfpenny, which, in a constant succession of purchases, amounts up. "Many a little makes a mickle," says the adage; and by an elaborate calculation I have made, I find that the man who purchases a quarter of an ounce of tobacco three times a week, is the loser of half-a-pound at the year's end; and heaven preserve you, reader, from ever losing half-a-pound of tobacco.

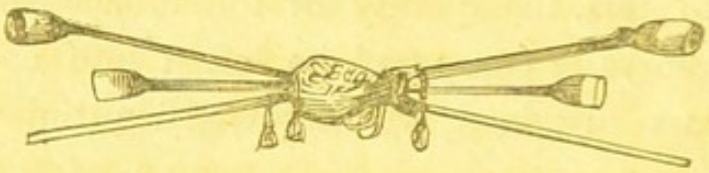
Above all things, eschew those wretched abortions which are termed *screws*, whose denomination is in every respect most appropriate, since they contain something less than half their proper quantity; and if in addition to this, the quality of the tobacco of which they are generally composed be taken into consideration, the loss sustained is absolutely frightful to contemplate.

In the many rambles to which my erratic genius drives me, it is my constant custom to select one of the good, old-fashioned, venerable wayside houses, wherein to rest my wearied feet, and refresh mine inward man. I have constantly observed in the quiet parlours of these country houses a square metal box, with a curious aperture at the top, close to which will be apparent some such quaint couplet as the following,

"Drop a brown into the hole,
Touch the spring, and fill your bowl."

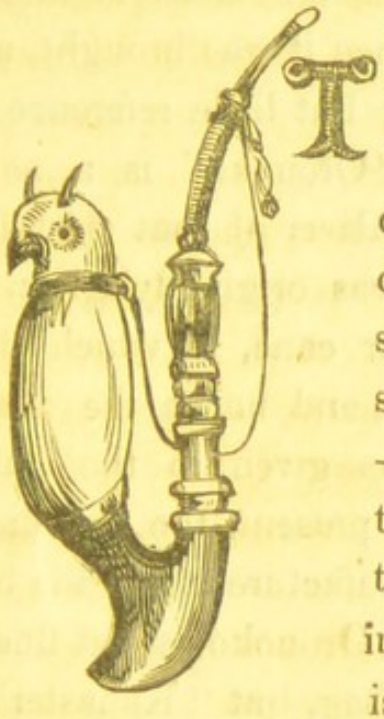
As a matter of curiosity, it may be well to try this system for once; but as a general thing, it should be as carefully avoided as the screw, for it is even attended with a greater loss.

Once more, reader, buy your tobacco in quantity, and carry it with you in your rambles, and then you will never have to fear the *screw*.



CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF TOBACCO.



THE various kinds of Tobacco ordinarily used for smoking, owe their different qualities to many different circumstances; some depending on the kind of leaf—some on the colour of the leaf—some on the retention of the stalk—some on the extent to which the leaf is liquored—and some on the relative fineness of the fibres into which it is cut. *Birdseye* is produced by cutting up the stalk, together with the leaf—a plan never adopted with any other form of tobacco. *Returns* is made of the lightest coloured leaf selected from the hogshead, and this light colour is preserved by caution in the subsequent arrangements. A considerable quantity of water in the process of liquoring has a tendency to darken the leaf, as has likewise an excessive amount of pressure when in the form of cake; by using a small

amount both of moisture and pressure, therefore, the lightness of the colour of Returns is preserved. *Shag* owes its quality to different circumstances; the first of which is the choice of the darkest coloured leaves from the hogshead. In the subsequent processes, the tobacco is well liquored, and screwed down in the press with great force. Shag is subdivided into two sorts, fine and common—the chief difference between which is in the diameter of the fibres into which the leaves are cut. Many of the names by which tobacco is known were given from the places whence it was brought, and from other circumstances, having but little reference to the quality of the tobacco. "Oronoko" is a name given from the South American River of that designation. *Kanaster*, or *Canaster*, was originally given in America to baskets of rushes or cane, in which they put the tobacco sent to Europe, and hence the designation of Kanaster tobacco was given to the leaves imported in those baskets. At present, the two kinds known by these names are manufactured from the best leaf, generally from Havannah. Oronoko is cut finely, somewhat similar to the best Shag, but "Kanaster" is much coarser. This forms the chief difference between the two kinds, the quality and preparation of the leaves being, in other respects, about equal.

A pleasant mixture for smoking in a meerschaum may be composed of half an ounce of Canaster, a quarter of an ounce of Cavendish, and a little negro-head, cut up in the mixture and rendered predominant

or not, according to palate. Where the fumes of the tobacco are obnoxious to the company, it is worth while to know, that a small quantity of dried lavender crumbled into the bowl of the pipe will diffuse a most grateful fragrance, and this without injury to the flavour of the tobacco beneath.

But of all the tobaccos in general use, commend me to the best Shag. Every smoker who respects his name as one of the fraternity, will let those which are generally called the superior sorts, be. In commencing the pipe, perhaps Shag will at first be too strong, and to the pupil, we should therefore first recommend the Turkish tobacco; from this he may proceed to use Maryland, mixed with a third of its bulk of Shag, and thence climb up to Shag itself. The *York River* variety is unquestionably the best. All the foreign sorts with fine names are, in my opinion, worthless. Virginian tobacco, which bites your tongue and parches your throat—Varina, which smells like dust—Levant tobacco, whose undecided taste serves only to tickle your palate—Oronoko, destitute of all that should render smoking pleasurable or beneficial, are not worth a moment's consideration. Returns, or Birdseye, I would permit; indeed I know a very estimable smoker who uses nothing but the latter form of weed. But whatever you use, mind it must be the best of the kind.

In the course of a stormy life, during which I have visited many shores and sojourned in many lands, tra-

versed many countries, seen many men, and smoked many tobaccos, I have come to the firm conclusion, that the best Shag tobacco (York River, mind) is really the best and most economical.

But it may be asked me, What tobacco should be smoked in preference and for a continuance?

I have long and maturely reflected on this delicate and subtle question, and I think I have found out a reply which will satisfy everybody.

Were I a court lady, I might say, the best tobacco was that smoked by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Were I an exquisite, or a mere fashionable smoker, I should select the mildest.

If I were indifferent on the matter, I should make reply, The best tobacco is that which you like best.

But this is not the question, and such a subject must be treated with caution and wisdom. Generally speaking, the habits of men are the results of the circumstances by which they are surrounded. Let me explain. The inhabitant of the north will prefer a strong tobacco; he of the tropics, more sensual and more effeminate, will choose a mild and aromatic tobacco. All intermediate appetites are but perverted or depraved tastes

—all the products of the same sun men, animals, and plants should live and die together—all transplanted or artificial products are but monstrous alliances.

I will sum up what I mean. A man whose taste is not depraved being given, tell me what tobacco he smokes, and I will tell you what countryman he is.

The question, therefore, of the best tobacco, is but a question of latitude.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE CIGAR AND CIGARETTE.

Of all the various ways in which tobacco is used in England, none has made a more striking advance within the last few years than cigars. However much this form of the plant may be used in Spain, and in the tropical regions of America, it was till a few years ago scarcely known in England, except to the higher class of smokers; but now, every stripling who is just shooting up into manhood, thinks a cigar indispensable as a symbol whereby the world may know that he has at length become a man. And lest this important piece of information should not be diffused widely enough by his remaining within doors, he exercises his new vocation in the open street.

The rate of duty on foreign cigars is so enormous, (nine shillings in the pound, about sixteen or eighteen times the real value of the leaf,) that the quantity imported from abroad is very small compared with that of tobacco in the leaf. This rate of duty, therefore, has given rise to an extensive home manufacture of cigars.

The cigar is the original matter reduced to itself—at its extremities fire and water. A light pressure of the lips draws the smoke, and the mucous membranes are softly excited by the juice of the tobacco, which mixes with the saliva. It is necessary, therefore, that the leaf should be well rolled. The cigar ought to smoke without effort or trouble, for the which it should be free from knotty intricacies, firm and compact, and should be nice and dry without being brittle. And were it not that I am under the fear of being charged with an aristocratic tendency, I would recommend the smoker who can afford it always to lay in a stock of cigars, and expose them to the air so as to get rid of their excess of moisture, and to impart to the tobacco a perfect aroma. A fresh cigar is never good—it requires to be made—it is perfect when it is touched by mites. Manufacturers know this; for by means of acids, they fabricate those little seductive specks which are so fascinating to the smoker. A good cigar, no matter what its name, should burn with a clear, steady, equal light, and leave a firm grey pellet of ashes as it consumes. 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 Isaac 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-illumining.

I know that there are some men who only love forbidden fruit, and who from the very spirit of contradiction pay through the nose for what are called smuggled cigars. Any man who has this mania may easily gratify it, for there are hosts of the genus *Duffer* to be found in London streets who will take him in to his heart's content. No! no! If you want anything of the kind, lay in for yourself, in the cheap season, a stock of lettuce leaves,—steep them well into tobacco water, and wash them with a little saltpetre, and there you have the ingredients for a smuggled cigar at your hand. .

Whatever cigar you do smoke, to which ever kind your affections tend, above all things have nothing but the best of the kind. Each and all have their admirers and advantages. In warm weather, or within the house, the Havannah is certainly the best; unless it be that you are in a dreamy mood, when there is nothing like a Manilla. In the open air, or in winter, a rich dark Principe is an especial favourite with me; but outside a coach, or during a cold midnight walk home, a glorious Cheroot of Chinsurah is the thing to warm a smoker's heart and gladden his eyes. But of all things

remember, that cheap cigars, like every other thing cheap, are dearest in the end.

This, perhaps, more particularly applies to Cubas, which are by divers persons deemed cheap smoking. Reader! take my advice,—never buy a Cuba, save at a first-rate shop, for it is absolutely frightful to contemplate the amount of naughtiness committed in this metropolis in the fabrication of spurious Cubas, which are vended to low tobacconist's and chandler's-shops; and if you really delight in a Cuba, purchase the Yaras, which are made of the same leaf as the Principe.

We come next to the Cigarette, whose very denomination, with its diminutive termination, sufficiently denotes its character. The cigarette is much used in Spain and France, but in this country it is rarely had recourse to, save by foreign visitors. It consists merely of tobacco rolled up in a portion of thin paper, and the paper usually employed is first steeped in a weak solution of saltpetre. The cigarette is certainly genteel and sprightly—pleasant to look upon. There is something piquant in its external form—it is what the French would call the *grisette* of smokers. But it has its faults —it soon expires,—there is nothing substantial in it,—it is out before you have thoroughly got the taste in your mouth,—it is, in fact, the pastry of smoking compared to the pipe, which may be called the substantial beef. It makes your thumb and fore-finger too yellow, and they look as if you had been picking walnuts all day. To the young smoker they are invaluable, for

they are the means by which he will be enabled to overcome the obstacles to his career. The Spanish paper necessary for the purpose, may be had at most tobacconists. A pinch of Maryland is placed within a square slip of paper, and rolled within its fragile envelope; the light is applied, and nothing is left to be done but to smoke.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVICE TO YOUNG SMOKERS.

YOUNG MAN, who as yet dost not smoke, but who art actuated by a noble emulation, and who longest to follow in the steps of your ancestors, my sympathy is

enlisted in your behalf, and I would fain facilitate your study of this difficult art; the first steps towards the acquirement of which are accompanied unfortunately by diabolical headaches, and fearful weakness of stomach. I know that boldness and perseverance, despite of all obstacles, are the attributes of great minds; but I would advise you not to be rash—take the word of a friend, and don't venture at first on a pipe—no, nor even on a cigar,—your organs are too delicate to bear it, and all the courage in the world is utterly useless against sickness. It is with the cigarette that you should commence. The cigarette has but little strength—it can do you no harm. The odour of the burning paper corrects the piquant flavour of the tobacco; and then, when the delicate membranes of the mouth are somewhat accustomed to the warmth, and the fibres of the brain begin to be less disturbed by the smoke, pass on —— to the cigar? No; from the cigarette to the cigar the distance is still too great,—and spite of a similarity of names, a wide gulf separates them. No; take one of those insignificant little pipes, whose capacity is small, and whose taste is but vague and undefined—a small glass pipe, for example. Read my chapter on Pipes, and, progressing step by step, you will ultimately reach the pipe, par excellence; and you will no longer be an incipient, but a true smoker.

"Happy mortal, he who knows
Pleasure which a pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume."

But how many obstacles are there to be conquered, —what time must elapse,—what a vast amount of study is necessary, before you can call yourself a true smoker. Read and meditate. The true smoker is not he who is always smoking, he is a glutton. The true smoker takes his own time, and smokes at proper hours. It is not he who decorates his walls with numbers of pipes which he never uses. Vain and ridiculous display! The faithful dog has but one master—the true friend but one friend—the real smoker smokes but from one pipe. He may possess others, it is right that he should do so; but they are for his friends, or in case his pipe breaks. When such a misfortune occurs, the true smoker does not fly into a passion—he does not swear—he does not cry out,—he weeps and — picks up the pieces. But this accident never occurs to himself; he never breaks his pipe, it is broken for him. The pipe of the true smoker (the artistical smoker) once fixed between his canine teeth, never moves; it forms a part of his jaw. To avoid distraction, he speaks but little; and yet he does not like to smoke alone, but he is careful not to admit into his circle any but men of merit, consummate practitioners. He settles himself so as to spit as little as possible, and when he does spit he spits well,—none of those false ejections, which alight on his own clothes or his friend's boots. No, he spits directly into his spittoon. And never will you see him remove his pipe from his mouth, to observe the progress of the tobacco within the bowl,—he is too sure of it; and, without looking, he feels it, and applies his tobacco stopper accordingly.

But, above all things, let it be understood, that there is a vast difference between the true smoker, and the mere colourer of pipes; the former is the artist, the latter the mere mechanic. For a hundred mere pipe colourers, you have but one true smoker.

Young Man, whose eyes glance over these pages, let your ambition be, that you may rank in so noble a fraternity.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD PIPE, AND OF PIPES IN GENERAL.

In commencing my discourse on Pipes, I cannot refrain from quoting, by way of preface, the following lovely —

ODE TO A PIPE.

" Little tube of mighty power—
Charmer of an idle hour—
Object of my warm desire—
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the cricket's gay—
Little crickets full of play,
Can afford his tube to feed,
With the fragrant Indian weed.
Pleasure for a nose divine—
Incense of the god of wine;
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

As of all tobaccos shag is the queen, so is a fine, well-made, full-bowled, straw clay, the king of all pipes; whether it be that you prefer to change it frequently or choose to use it well, and so colour it thoroughly. Above all things, it has this one great advantage over all others, of being made in a single piece—there is no impediment to its drawing—the air never gets admission into it—and you never have the trouble of those constant repairs required by all other varieties where the tube is not a fixture. If broken short, you can put it in your pocket, carry it with you in your out-of-town rambles, or enjoy it as you saunter along on your horse. When well coloured, to my taste, there is nothing to equal it; even a meerschaum, which requires so much time, does not, after three months' use, possess so mild and excellent a flavour, as a thoroughly good clay pipe acquires in a week. And then within doors it is a perfect delight, a thorough piece of beauty.

Let it be understood, that when I speak of clay pipes, I have not the slightest intention of praising those

wretched abortions, which are made of clay, and intended to imitate a cigar, and which are frequently to be observed marked up at a penny or three-half-pence; nor those painted follies, whose bowls represent Jim Crows or Punches; nor those trumpet-looking things, where the tube is curled into six or seven contortions; nor those outrageously long animals, which are in every sense of the word yards of clay, and which it is utterly impossible to keep for more than a week without breaking; and the constant fear of such an accident must disturb that equanimity of mind which should be the result of smoking. All such monstrosities bespeak a depraved taste, and a really serious smoker will never degrade himself by having recourse to them. No, no! again I say, the true, well-made, full-bowled straw, is the only clay pipe for your true smoker. And this reminds me of the advice of a brother smoker, one of the right class, which is to soak the pipes thoroughly in spring water, for at least four-and-twenty hours. They should then be removed from the water, and allowed to dry slowly in the open air; they will now be 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 excess of lime, causing them very closely to approximate in character to a true meerschaum.

The oriental pipe with its appurtenances which look as though they had been borrowed from a chemist's labora-

tory, is no great favourite of mine, highly praised as it has been by travellers. No, there is something cold and insipid about smoke that has been made to pass through water or rose water,—it has no action on the palate, none on the brain. It is not smoke—it is but the ghost of smoke.

As for those red earthern pipes, of all shapes and sizes—round, square, or octagonal—they possess, it must be confessed, a something mild and tranquillizing, which is at first very fascinating. With them there is not, as in the meerschaum, the trouble of a long preparation, they are pleasant from the very first. But unlike meerschaum and clay pipes, in proportion as you smoke them they become clogged and plugged up; the oil of the tobacco is not absorbed into the interior, through the pores, but coagulates on the surface. It is an apt resemblance to those easily formed friendships, whose ardour is apparent only at a first interview, but which are never lasting. The heart is hard, and it is but a surface impression. Have nothing to do with red earthern pipes.

The same remarks hold good in reference to the porcelain pipe, it does not imbibe the oil of the tobacco, age and use do not improve it; and, as a consequence of this impenetrability, you are constantly obliged to clean it. A smoker ought not to be a bottle or a bowl washer: a porcelain pipe is utterly useless to him.

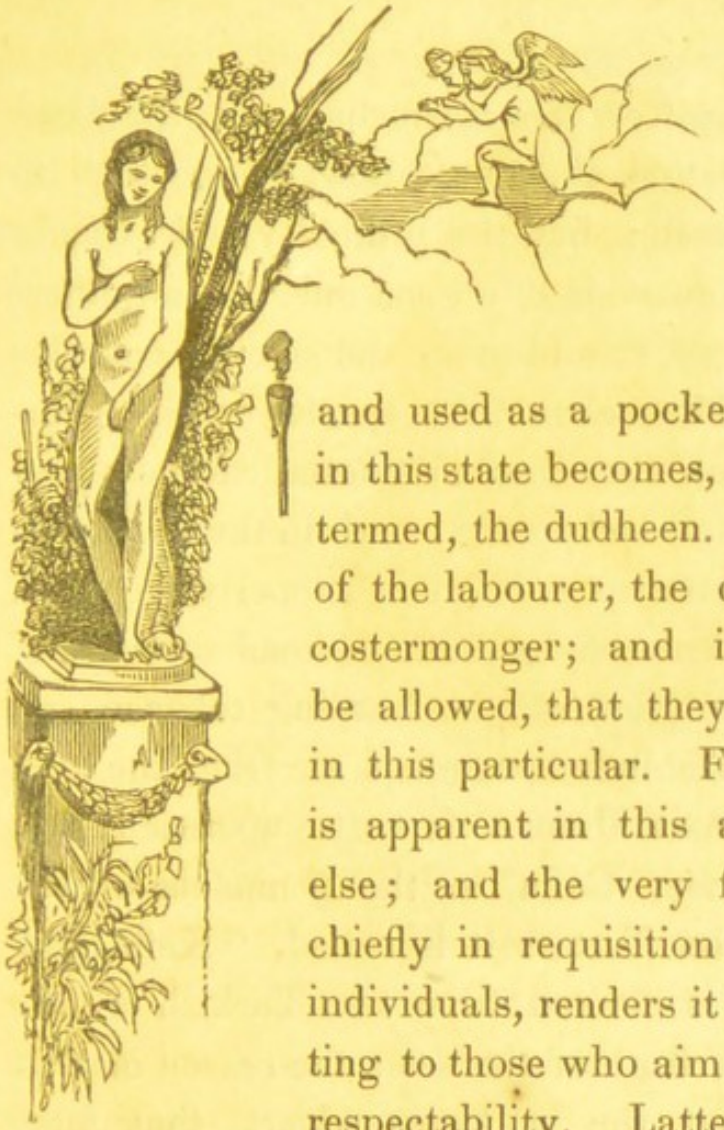
As for those fantastical pipes of horn, of carved wood, of the roots and branches of trees, of cocoa nut, which are imported from Switzerland, Leipsic, and Miremberg, I unhesitatingly throw them out of my catalogue. Let them be hung around your walls, let them be preserved as you would retain the remembrance of a bad joke, but as to thinking of using them—never! These articles of curiosity may certainly be admitted into a smoker's museum; but, then, you don't smoke out of a curiosity, any more than you walk about the streets with a helmet of the time of the Black Prince on your head, or your feet encased in boots of the period of Charles the Second.

It only remains for me to say a word or two about the gigantic pipe, about the pipe which holds a quarter of a pound, half-a-pound, or a pound of tobacco. There are such things in Germany, aye, and even in Paris; as yet they have not reached us. I have seen some which might rather be called tobacco *pots* than pipes; and yet they are nothing to a regular model of a monster pipe, which a friend of mine saw, with his own eyes, in the deserts of America. It was the pipe of the tribe of the Oyatopokes. It remained lighted night and day, was filled with a kind of indigenous herb, which served them instead of tobacco. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty of these sons of the desert in rotation insert their long tubes, with which they are provided, into the numberless holes which are bored in its sides. I cannot un-

derstand how any one can go to Rome to see a parcel of stones, and to be tanned by the sun ; but I can comprehend the utility of a voyage to America, if it were only to see the pipe of the tribe of the Oyatopokes ! !

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE DUDHEEN & MEERSCHAUM IN PARTICULAR.



HAVE already observed in the former chapter, that the clay pipe may be broken short, and used as a pocket companion, and in this state becomes, what is familiarly termed, the dudheen. It is the delight of the labourer, the dustman, and the costermonger; and it certainly must be allowed, that they show their taste in this particular. Fashion, however, is apparent in this as in everything else; and the very fact of its being chiefly in requisition by this class of individuals, renders it generally uninviting to those who aim at what is called respectability. Latterly the dudheen has come much into use amongst medical students; but as they are generally the last people in the world

whose habits are followed, I fear that the dudheen is now completely thrown into the shade. Whenever you observe a woman smoking, it is invariably the dudheen which is selected as the instrument of enjoyment; and I have often paused in my rambles, to observe the zest with which one of Eve's fair daughters inhales the fragrant vapour, and combines pleasure with business, —that is to say, smokes and sells apples or fish, at one and the same time.

Of all pipes, however, the meerschaum is the best. It is, without question, the finest bowl from which to inhale the balmy weed; but the difficulty and expense attendant on the possession of a good one, and all others are utterly worthless, should make the smoker cautious in his selection. Meerschaum is a species of clay composed principally of silica and magnesia, carbonic acid and water. It is soft and porous; and, in the finest specimens, is almost transparent, when properly prepared. Indeed, we have seen many genuine meerschaum bowls, through which the glow of the burning tobacco can readily be seen. The best specimens are from the pits of the Crimea, in Asia Minor. It is dug up near Konii, on Natolia, and near Caffa, in the peninsula of the Heracleote. By the Tartars it is called, "Keff Kil," which appellation is derived from two Turkish words, signifying foam, or froth of the sea; the reason of this designation is, that the workmen assert, that after having been dug away, it forms again, puffing itself up like froth. Its sale supports a monastery of Dervises,

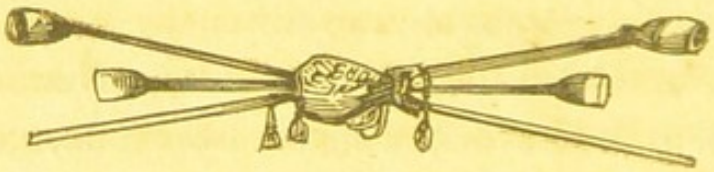
near the place where it is found. When fresh dug it is of the consistence of wax, and when thrown on the fire it sweats—emits a fetid vapour—becomes hard and perfectly white, or yellowish white. There are many rascally imitations of meerschaum fabricated from plaster of Paris and wax, and sold as genuine to the unwary. If it be asked, How is the youthful smoker to discover the fraud?—all I can advise, is, that he go to a respectable tradesman, and he will rarely find himself deceived.

The great beauty of a meerschaum is the colour to which it ultimately attains. To procure this colour in the greatest perfection, is a matter of some difficulty. The bowl should be wrapped round with a bit of washleather, and after every day's smoking it should be examined to see the progress of the colouring. Occasionally it will occur, that there are spots of white left, that is to say, that it does not cover gradually or uniformly; to remedy this, the white spot should be carefully touched with a piece of virgin wax. And it is moreover advisable, that the whole of the tobacco should not, at first at least, be smoked out; about a third part of it being left unburnt, nor should the bowl be again filled before it is thoroughly cooled.

Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, and Americus Vespucius, who followed him, gave his name to it. Here Columbus was done; and when they reflect on this matter, Daguerre and Talbot, two savants of our day, ought to rejoice that they still possess the merit of their discoveries in Photography, which are

allowed to bear their names. But what can be said of the unfortunate Kummer, who discovered the model pipe —the porous pipe, and who died with the consciousness of his immortality, and the knowledge of the good he had done. The French have corrupted the pipe of Kummer, into the pipe of the *Ecume de mer;* and we rarely ever hear of the name of Kummer, certainly not in reference to his great discovery. It appeared natural that the earth having produced its pipe, the sea should also produce hers; and I am somewhat astonished that none of the members of our kid-glove school of poetry should not have consecrated some stanzas to the mythological tradition of the meerschaum-pipe, being fabricated out of the sea foam. This is a wrinkle for poets.

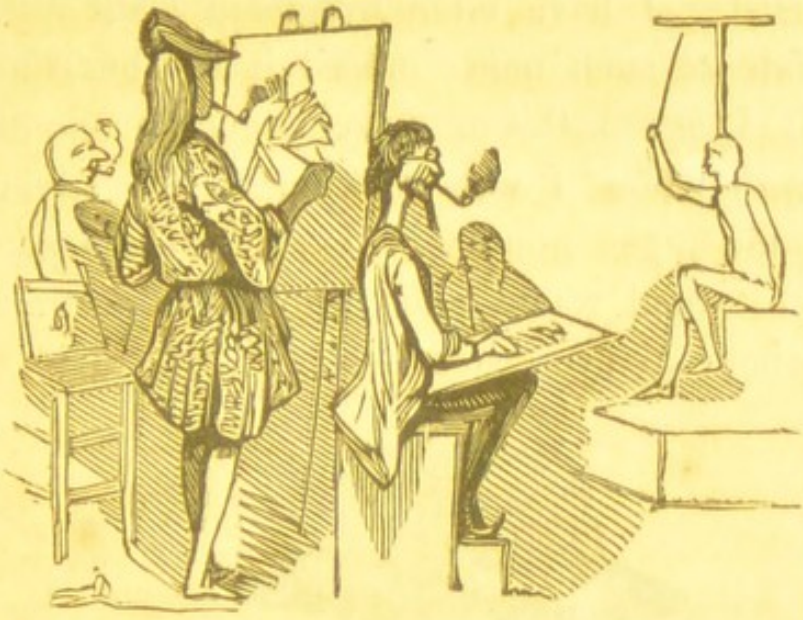
But, alas! the gods of the ancients have long since fled. Love neglects his mother and smokes his pipe. What a falling off!



CHAPTER IX.

OF TOBACCO—CONSIDERED IN AN ARTISTICAL, LITERARY, AND MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW, AND ITS GENERAL EFFICACY.

ARTISTICAL.



THE first condition necessary to be a painter or sculptor, is not to engage deeply in study at the academy — nor to endeavour to understand the line of beauty—not to draw from the living model —not to comprehend the use of colours. A man must know how to smoke! There can be no success with out the pipe. And this science is so necessary, so absorbing, that oftentimes it happens that the artist devotes himself entirely to it; and at the end of fifteen year's hard study, he is a perfect colourer—of pipes!

I might name a great number of unknown men, whose pictures I have never seen, but whose ardent genius I have recognized in their well and artistically coloured meerschaums. Happy are these great artists—these great philosophers; they are ignorant of the trouble and annoyance of planning out a picture. All their paintings are in their own minds. They see them — they delight in them — they can praise them, and leave to their friends all the horrors of the critical remarks of connoisseurs or newspaper reporters. For a time this is all very well, it is true; but years glide away—the boy becomes a man, and the student should become an artist. I have often wondered what was the ultimate fate of such men; indeed it was but the other day that I asked this question aloud of one of my friends, with whom I was walking in the street —"They became pipe-colourers!" exclaimed a voice behind me. I turned round, and behold the portrait of him upon whom my eye rested——

From him I learned what was the nature of this noble profession. You love smoking, and you have no money—you go to a first-rate tobacconist whom you know, and you ask him for one, two, or three pipes, as the case may be, and enough tobacco to transform them from new pipes to perfect pipes. The bargain is made. The workman or the artist takes home his work, after having thoroughly enjoyed his tobacco, and the tradesman does not want for buyers, who for a few shillings enjoy the satisfaction of having their pipe admired by connoisseurs, while they give out that it was their own efforts that thus coloured it. Miserable vanity—culpable idleness ! It is thus that amateur painters buy pictures, to which they append their own initials—it is thus that amateur sportsmen buy the fish or game, they cannot catch or shoot.

LITERARY.

Romanists, poets, authors of tragedy or comedy, farcists, and philosophical disquisitionists, smoke as much as you can, for coffee and spiritous liquors are no longer considered as of use to inspire the brain. The muses have put on mourning for them ; and if they still dance with Apollo, it ought to be in a kind of polka, with their pipes in their mouths. I know a literary man, and without doubt one of the most clever in his walk, who not wishing to be behind his era,

worked harder to learn to smoke than ever he did in the production of a three-volumed novel. He would have given away all his critical acumen—all his fancy—all his good sense to have been able to smoke like any of the peasantry of the green island. I took him in pity under my tuition, and I made a smoker of him; since that time his talent has increased wonderfully—his imagination has done wonders, and he has now settled down to his proper sphere. Before, he wandered in a state of incertitude, amidst all kinds of writing, all styles, and he had all manner of desires. Now he has but two—to write and to smoke, but first to smoke. In this strife, which appeared almost unnatural, love itself was conquered. All glory to tobacco!

MEDICAL.

But to conquer love is nothing—to conquer disease and death how great is the triumph. See our young disciples of Esculapius of the old fashion. Without having recourse to Gannal or his disinfecting process—without casting around them rivers of chlorine-water, they dissect, and carve, and handle the dead body which the very maggots dispute with them. Their preservative is the pipe!

When the cholera was here, it was nothing but tobacco which could save—it destroyed the pestilential vapours; and even were the plague, which has carried off at times two-thirds of the human race, to come, we could defy it.

DENTITION.

As there is no fire without smoke, and no smoke which does not leave traces of its passage, it has been argued, that the mouth is exactly like a chimney; and that the enamel of the teeth, altered by the exhalation of the tobacco, cannot well be restored to its natural tint. This is an error. If there be any truth in homœpathy, it is proved by this. What tobacco does, tobacco undoes, and this is the way ——

ECONOMICAL TOOTH POWDER.

Put carefully aside the ashes of your cigars, and when you have smoked five hundred of them, you will be the possessor of a real treasure, in the shape of a dentrifice. If you add to it a third part of powdered charcoal, and a third part of myrrh, the receipt will be a perfect one. I have tried it, and I know it.

But the virtue of tobacco and its miraculous ash does not stop at the teeth. It is equally useful to the gums; and I know a friend of mine, a distinguished barrister, who was wonderfully relieved by it. Scurvy of the gums is a general name, which disguises many diseases of altogether a different family; and of all vegetables, tobacco, smoked or chewed, is that which is the most efficacious against its fearful ravages.

In the combats which we have to sustain with those animals in a hundred forms—with a hundred different names, who attack our bodies in a hundred different ways—who fix upon their prey and never quit it, but die surrounded by the trophies of their victories—but die in multiplying—tobacco is our sovereign remedy. It is the destruction of all insects.

DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

One of my friends, who is well acquainted with ancient history, and who is one of the most celebrated members of the Antiquarian Society, told me, that if Narcissus, the beautiful Narcissus, had always had a cigar in his mouth, he would not have died so young For my part, I don't understand him.

CHAPTER X.

TOBACCO AND MISERY.

Play, that great rank-destroyer, has been driven from amongst us. Rouge et Noire and French Hasard have fled, and pitched their tents in other lands. Lotteries, those deceiving speculations, which occasionally made persons suddenly rich, while it ruined hundreds of others, have taken shelter in Italy and Germany. All the airy castles which the poor man could erect from these things in other times, are snatched away from him—the stern realities of an every-day-world have set their seal upon them for ever. Excitement and evil passions are no longer roused. Day follows day without any change, and this horrible monotony threatens to annihilate the social compact. Fortunately, however, there is tobacco —tobacco the glory of the world,—and still more fortunately tobacco is cheap, or I know not what would be the consequence. Now the poor man may get his half ounce of tobacco, and with a little clay pipe he may soon procure himself the most intense enjoyments—

hunger and thirst are forgotten—misery is relieved—sorrow no longer thought of—the mind, the immortal mind, soars away from the clod in which it is imprisoned—dreams of beauty, and joy, and prosperity—of rich heiresses and wealthy dowagers—of parks and manors, and castellated mansions float before the mental vision—and the whole man is wrapt in a

"Loving languor which is not repose."

While on this subject, there is another point which has often struck me forcibly, and which I may as well mention; and that is, that tobacco,

——————"Like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre."

There is nothing else, that I know of, that does so as effectually. I do remember that it has been said, that in the eye of the law there is no respect for persons; but this is one of those fictions which is all very well in theory, but not quite so correct in reality. I have observed everything most minutely, and I see nothing in society, as at present organized, which carries out to such an extent the principle of universal equality. Tobacco is equality itself. It is here that the field-marshal and the private—the judge and the turnkey—the minister and the government messenger—the peer and the peasant, meet on the same ground, obey the same instincts, and are exactly in the same condition.

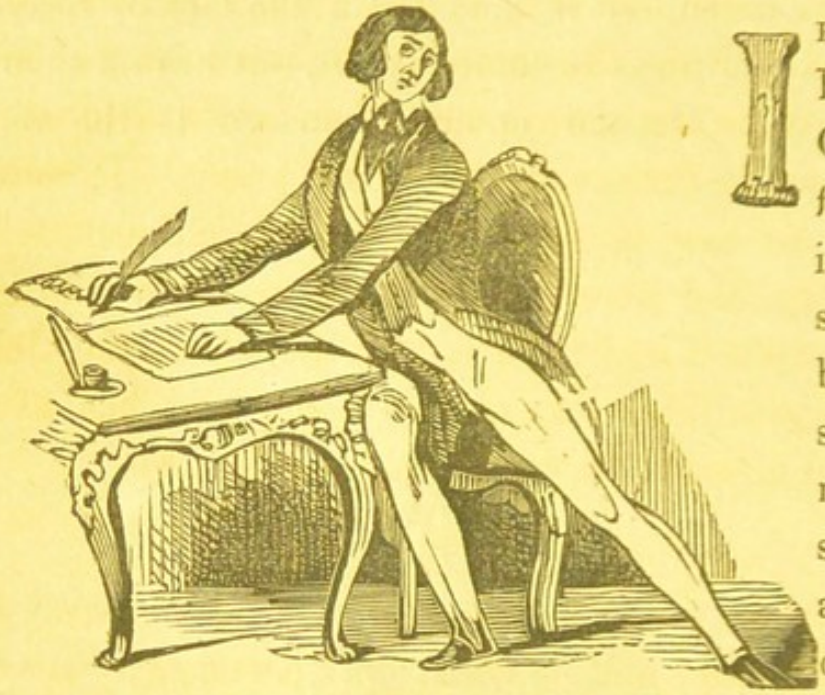
The man who smokes is the equal of the man who smokes; this will never be contradicted by any one who knows what smoking is. In Spain, for example, there is no aristocracy in smoking; there the poorest labourer, meeting the first grandee, will say to him, "A light;" and the reply will be, "Take it." The rich have their clubs—their hotels—their boxes at the theatre or opera—their vehicles; follow them where you will, and you will everywhere see them separated from the poor, and if anywhere there is actual contact, you will find that there is a mutual repulsion. But the rich and the poor meet without any astonishment in tobacconist's shops. In the finest cigar divan you will find the exquisite purchasing his Havannah close to the dustman investing his three-halfpence in half-an-ounce of Shag.

I know not what can be the still small voice that whispers to them that they are there equal, but so it is; the dandy does not despise the hodman, and the chimney-sweep's rags are not sneered at by the wearer of superfine Saxony, or velvet collars. It is incontestible that a dinner at Long's Hotel is better than a cold collation of a penny loaf and a saveloy—a pair of boots is decidedly better than naked feet — and there must certainly be more pleasure in lounging comfortably in a private box than being crushed and elbowed in the shilling gallery. But at the tobacconist's, the man who purchases a pennyworth of Shag, and the individual who buys a pound of Havannahs, carry away with them the same sources of enjoyment; and when I say the same, I am even speaking partially of the

cigarist; for, as I have already said, the smoker who knows anything of the art, will always choose Shag tobacco. Now tell me, you who would doubt if you could, if there be anything which tends more to place men on an equality than this desire, common to all of us, and gratified by all in the same way. It may be objected, that there are many other things which do the same. Nonsense—trash; there are, certainly, but mystery or secrecy hangs around them. Tobacco never needs concealment—it is smoked in the face of heaven and earth; darkness becomes it not,—it has no savour in obscurity. Depend upon it tobacco is the only leveller of ranks.

CHAPTER XI.

REVERIES CONCERNING TOBACCO.



If I had been Robinson Crusoe, before I fashioned myself an umbrella, I should have made myself a pipe; and I feel certain that Alexander Selkirk, the veritable Robinson, did think of it the first day. But in the time of poor Daniel Defoe, the literature of smoking had not been thought of,—he himself did not understand the yearning after tobacco — a grave omission, which destroys all the illusion of his book; and I am rather astonished that critics have never noticed this glaring error.

The Sybarites of old, who reclined on beds of roses, were yawning from morning till night, and were actually

reduced to the necessity of constantly examining the rose leaves to see whether they were or were not wrinkled—from mere want of employment. They would not have thought of it if they had had the wit to smoke them, for tobacco was not then in existence.

French tradition asserts, that the Wandering Jew was always possessed of five sous, and that whatever he did with these five sous it was always miraculously replenished. Now the moment tobacco came into common use, he was always sure of an ounce of tobacco, for five sous in France is exactly its price. He could smoke at his ease on every highway—could walk with a light step, and never need ask or wait for change. For this reason it is, I believe, that the Wandering Jew, who in former times was always being seen, has never been heard of since smoking came into fashion.

"I leave to you my wife and my pipe," wittily remarked Gavarni; and he adds, "Be particularly careful of my pipe." So goes the world. Reader! draw your own conclusions.

It is a curious fact, that tobacco is equally availing in winter and summer—in spring and autumn,—but curious as it is, it is no less true—

"When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;

When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn—youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing."

I have often laughed at the many discussions which I have heard about the franchise, univeral suffrage, etc. I know a plan which would be far superior to all that have yet been proposed. It will be allowed, I suppose, that the man who contributes mostly to the taxes, is the individual who has the greatest right of being represented. If this be the case, and I should like to meet with any one who would deny it, then let the right of voting depend upon a man's consumption of tobacco. When he can produce certificates of having spent ten pounds in the weed, and so paid the greater part of that sum to the State, he ought to be allowed to vote. I expect a pension for this plan.

In these days, when it is a matter of complaint with dramatists, that there is nothing new for them to exercise their calling, I should suggest that a little Comedy, the moral of which should be the advantages of smoking to the community, would be successful. And perhaps to enhance its merit, and to ensure its success, the heroine should be made to smoke. Breeches parts have had their day, and I know of nothing but smoking on the stage as a novelty for an actress. Depend upon it she would be the rage amongst men of fashion.

I have an idea of a little Drama of the kind.

In the first act, the heroine should mysteriously leave her guardian's house, to learn smoking with a male cousin. From a similarity of taste, of course a mutual affection springs up. At the end of the act they are discovered. General surprise! Tableau.

In the second act, she must smoke cigars like a little man as she is.

In the third act, a rupture takes place between her and her lover, for the reason that he has offered her a fictitious meerschaum.

In the fourth act, she smokes, drinks coffee, and sings pretty little songs in praise of tobacco.

In the fifth act, she receives a huge legacy from an old batchelor, an inveterate smoker, who admires her taste, she pardons her lover, invites a smoking party, etc. Grand chorus of smokers. Finale.

There,—Any manager offering 100,000 Havannahs, my manuscript is his.

I love Diogenes. In the brutal world of antiquity—so devoted to outward appearances—so fond of despising the misery of others, there was something noble in the man who stemmed the torrent of custom—who rendered his rags more admired than the robes of princes. The example of that satirical wit who tore asunder, like a dog of spirit as he was, the empty pretensions of the rich and powerful, was then a lesson of great price, of which the world has since taken advantage. Diogenes was a great philosopher—far greater, to my thinking,

than Thales and Pythagoras, who sought to discover whether the world was made by fire or water, and whether the moon was as big as a green cheese.

In our days, certain gents have endeavoured to restore the philosophy of Diogenes. But the philosopher's trade is now useless, since with a halfpenny pipe and a quarter-of-an-ounce of tobacco, the very rag-picker may procure for himself whole hours of contemplation —happy dreams—delicious reveries. And therefore as the rag-picker can transform himself into a philosopher, the philosopher has no need to turn himself into a rag-picker.

Poor Rousseau—poor Chatterton—the French and English poets—that calm which they sought for all their lives and never found—an ounce of tobacco would have given them. Rousseau or Chatterton, as smokers, would have been true philosophers, and would not have ended with suicide.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE PIPE AS A MEANS OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

I once saw a little picture, but I cannot now call to mind its author, which represented the interior of a school in Turkey. The master was represented as smoking his pipe in calm meditation. Now this was all very well for him, but not so pleasant for the pupils. Certainly not,—and England, whose boast it is to be the foremost in civilization, ought to rectify this. An act of the legislation should be passed, according the privilege of smoking, both to professors and pupils. By this means, the barrier which now separates them would be broken down—the master

would regard his pupils with complacency—the pupils would look up to him with calm respect—and tobacco, that whimsical narcotic, which gives repose to man without producing drowsiness, would open the pores of intelligence, and close the door to evil passions.

Would it be possible for a true smoker to have recourse to the birch? No! indignantly we repel even the insinuation. No lover of the fragrant weed could be a bum-brusher.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW MAXIMS FOR SMOKERS.

Smoke, mortals, and don't spit.

Time makes love fly,
Love makes time fly,
Tobacco makes them both fly.

The man that would live, should smoke,—
The man that smokes, will live.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR IS SAD.

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And so he says nothing, but takes his pipe.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF HIS PIPE, THE AUTHOR EXPERIENCES A DESIRE TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS.

AFTER mature reflection, I have determined to speak the language of the Gods, through the mouth of the immortal Lord Byron.

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* * * * * *

"And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher—
Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labours, 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,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties——Give me a cigar!"

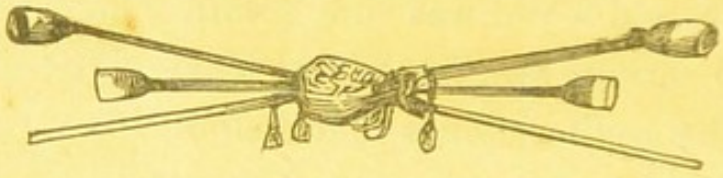
CHAPTER XVI.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR INDULGES IN THE CLASSICS.

TOBACCO!

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant! only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich 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 greener damsels meant—
Thou art the only manly scent.



CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR BECOMES SATIRICAL.

TO THOSE, who, without the love of smoke in their souls, dare to level the shafts of their little wit against the glorious weed, I will not deign, for my own part, to say one word. But I will quote a poem from one of the brave old English poets, and leave the words to wither the hearts of the smokeless wretches of the world :—

"Flint-breasted Stoics! you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature's too affected fashion
Or travel in the regent walk of passion ;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast, and lose with smiles and tears ;

Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew; a vanity that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet;
That has condemned us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves of smoke.
But stay, why tax I thus our modern times
For new-blown follies, and for newborn crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No! they were smoked, and slaved as well as we.
What's sweet-lipt honour's blast, but smoke? What's treasure
But very smoke—and what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they're all but shadows—fumes and blasts;—
That vanishes—this fades—the other wastes.
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it
Like morning vapours vanish in a minute;
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke,
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke."

And if this be not enough to quiet the babblers against the precious weed, I will add one more extract, which I think will complete my triumph :—

"Critics avaunt—tobacco is my theme,
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam;
And you court insects—flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within its scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the muse, with smoke elicit fire;
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff,
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.
Lord Topling smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town.

But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter.
Its foes but show their ignorance, can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink,
She will not smoke, ye gods, but she will drink;
And chaste Prudella—blame her if you can—
Says—pipes are used by that vile creature man.
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
For some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame—
Fame, of our actions, universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—everything."

There! railers against tobacco, put that in your pipes and smoke it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR IS EXCEEDINGLY PROFOUND.

Omnia fumus erunt!

If there be any reader who cannot comprehend this chapter, he is recommended to apply to any grinder of medical students.

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CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH CONTAINS THE RESULT OF TEN YEARS' HARD STUDY OF HISTORY.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun."

CHAPTER XX.

A PROPHECY FOR THE YEAR 1945.

Gifted with the spirit of prophecy, the author predicts that the immense increase in the revenue for the year 1945, arising from the universal use of tobacco, may be ascertained by reference to —— the Parliamentary Papers of that date.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUBSCRIPTION PROJECT FOR A STATUE TO RALEIGH.

I CONSIDER, as one of the most wicked examples of national ingratitude, the profound oblivion in which the venerable and venerated name of Sir Walter Raleigh remains at the present day. When I call upon the nation to erect a monument to him, it is not that I think his mighty shade requires it. I demand it for England herself—for her glory—as some reparation for an injustice which is a stain upon her name. There is among us a great desire to erect monuments to people

who really are nothing to us, whose deeds are perfectly indifferent to us, nay, whose acts we sometimes dislike. Does any great lawyer die, immediately we have a statue erected to his memory. Millions are raised in about the time which it would take to smoke a pound of cigars. Tens, twenties, and fifties roll in, till they swell into an enormous sum. If a little town produce a general who dies, the general has his statue—if a philosopher, a bust at least. But for Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave us tobacco—taught us its use—for him to whom we are indebted for so much enjoyment, to which we can have recourse at any hour—in every place—(with the exception of railroad stations,)—not a memorial—not an obelisk—not one stone raised upon another! For others, bronze or marble, and interminable lists of subscriptions: for him nothing!

If this odious neglect continue much longer, I shall blush at being an Englishman; and to prove my earnestness on the matter, I have devised the following project to redeem our fame with posterity. Let every tobacconist throughout the kingdom fix a box at his door, and let every one who enters his shop, as a purchaser, drop a farthing into it. At the end of a year, we should be able to erect to Sir Walter Raleigh—not a statue—not a column—but a temple, a real temple, with bas reliefs around it, and paintings on every wall. The subscription I have proposed would pay for all, without de-

manding one penny from Government, and there would remain over and above enough to grant a magnificent pension to the widow of the author of the project.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR INVOKES THE GLORIOUS BARDS OF HIS COUNTRY.

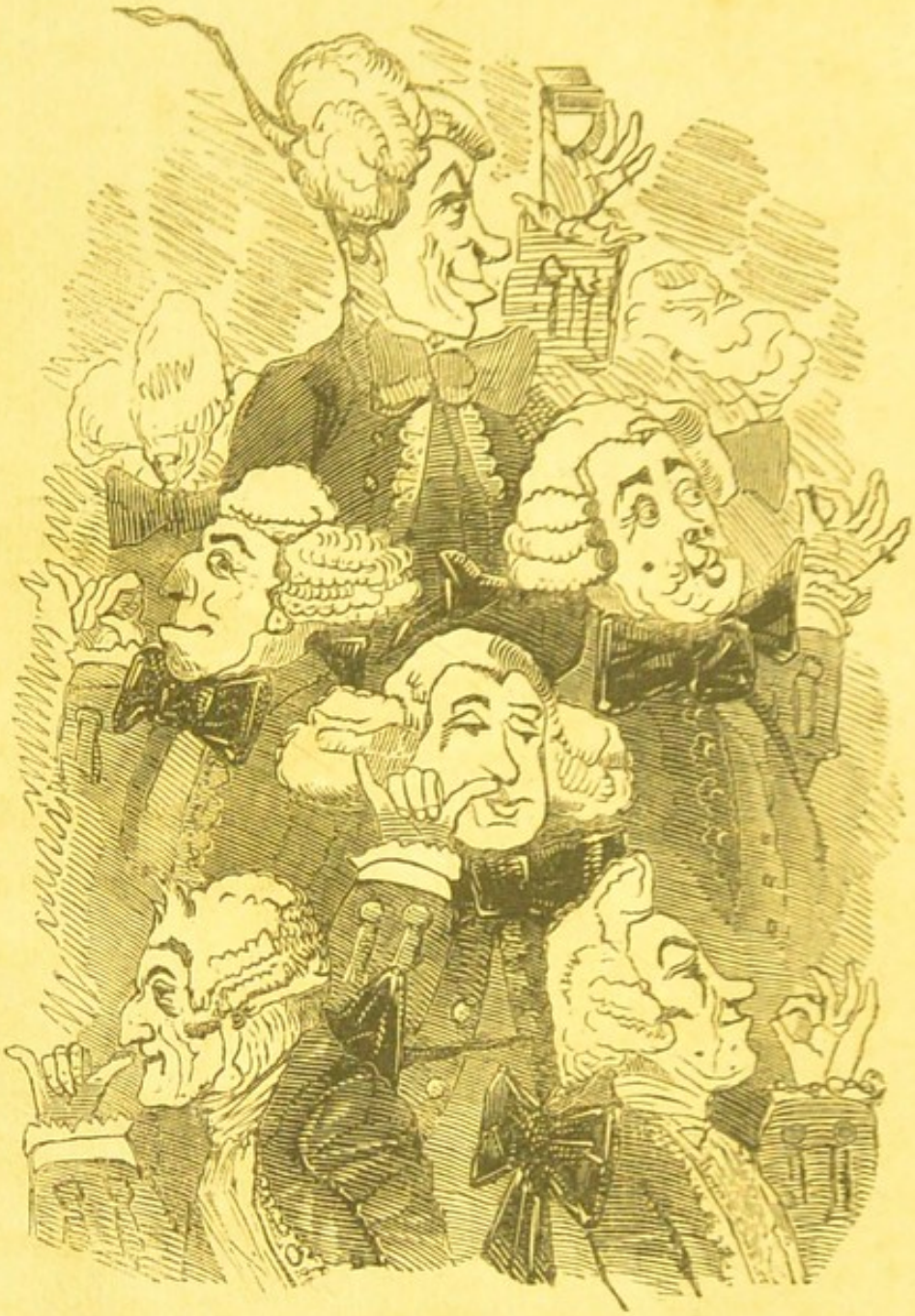
Bards of England! Great and glorious geniuses of my country! I beseech, in conclusion, your support. Geniuses who smoked, and you geniuses who did not smoke, shed but a ray of your brightness on the bard, the historian, the advocate, the friend of smoke—that younger sister of glory—so like to glory herself, that they have of times been mistaken for each other. Be good-natured, geniuses of my country!—fear not compromising your sacred names, by accepting the patronage of this Book. Hold out the hand of friendship to a brother, who makes the first advance to you—for after so brilliant a work, I cannot fail being converted by my admiring countryman into a genius myself.

Readers! beloved and admiring readers!—for admire you must;—subscribers to the temple I have proposed, let the statues of the author—the artist—and the publisher of this glorious treatise decorate its walls. To aid you in so praiseworthy a desire, we have given a design for these statues in the frontispiece. And so, with the wish that you may enjoy your pipes in peace, I bid you farewell.

POSTSCRIPT.

By way of warning to all evil-disposed persons, as it is likely enough that numbers of societies—royal or otherwise—desirous as they are of recruiting their ranks from amongst the greatest authors of the day, may make overtures to me, and endeavour to raise the veil of mystery with which I have concealed my name, and to drag me forth from my easy chair—I hereby publicly declare, that my mind is made up on the matter, and that I refuse to join them beforehand. All efforts —all overtures, however flattering, will be useless,—such is my full, firm, and immoveable determination. I have said it! Enough!

Snuff and Snuff-takers.



INTRODUCTION.

MUST begin in the usual style of all Epic Poems, for this is an Epic Poem, and a great one too!— Descend! Ye Nine! Descend to my aid. I sing Snuff and Snuff-takers. I am about to immortalize it and them. I know that I shall make many enemies — I know that I shall

have to struggle against a host who profess to hate snuff, simply because they know not its enjoyment. But nothing shall stop me in my course, for I feel that I am fulfilling a duty of the most sacred character. I will either succeed in the task I have undertaken, or I will gain the martyr's crown.

It was but the other day that I delighted the world with a mighty Disquisition on TOBACCO—I desired immortality—and I gained it. The noble and the great have sought me;—the philosopher and the savant have endeavoured to penetrate the heart of my secret. I might have been elected president of countless learned societies. Till the appearance of my mighty Poem on Tobacco, the great question for solution was,—"Who wrote the Letters of Junius?" Now it is asked,—"Who wrote SMOKING AND SMOKERS?" This, however, is a question I shall not solve. I have wrapped myself round with the mackintosh of mystery—my incognito is impenetrable.

But although I have thus attained the immortality I sought, I confess to the failings of mortality, and seek yet further fame.

"I of the spirit of conquest am possessed
Incontinently; vict'ry but serves
To whet the lust of triumph."

Shakspeare was not satisfied with having written Othello; but he gave in succession, to the delight of the world, a glorious brotherhood of Dramas, whose truth and beauty will last while the world endures. Homer did not content himself with a single Epic, nor Anacreon with a solitary song—neither can I confine myself to a single Poem.

"But, Author, my friend!" may one of the readers of this book exclaim, "before you begin this glorious work concerning Snuff, we would wish to know if you have the requisite knowledge to carry it out. What are you?—Who are you?—Tell us, that we may judge."

Friend, reader, you are exceedingly curious, and I shall not answer you. I will not enlighten you concerning the point you have raised. I will not even tell you whether I am a snuff-taker. Read on; and when you have got to the last page, ask yourself the question, and you will then be able to answer it.

Reader! a last word, before I begin my task. If I have not bared before you the secrets of my study—if I have not drawn aside for you the curtains of my own bower—if I have chosen that the mystery of my name and habitation should be preserved, do not believe that I shall be as discreet on every point. No! In order that you may be able to deny many of the hints which have been whispered about me—my name and social position—I will at once tell you, that I am not the President of the Royal Society, nor the Lord Mayor of London, nor the chairman of the Land's End and John-o-Groat's Railway, nor a member of the House of Commons, nor the Beadle of the Bank—I am not even a knight of the Garter! Are you satisfied, dear reader? Verily, you ought to be; but if you are not, I can say no more.

Still one of these days your curiosity will be satisfied; for I do not wish to carry my secret to the grave; and when my pipe shall have been finally extinguished, when my last pinch of snuff shall have been taken, and the Newspapers tell to all the world, that the historian and poet of tobacco,

"In every shape, in every mood,"

is no more,—then may you have an opportunity of shedding a tear upon my tomb. The fair sex will, I know, do so; for to them am I indeed a friend. The pipe and the snuff-box, the cigar and tobacco, in every shape, are domestic dainties—they are the Lares and Penates of an Englishman's fireside; and I know of nothing more truly delicious than a bright fire on a winter's night—a favourite author—a cigar or snuff-box,—and last, though far from least, a rosy, smiling, chatty little angel of a wife. Thus, in praising tobacco and snuff, I have praised domestic virtues, and shown the delight of domestic comforts. I am easy, therefore, on this score, and know that flowers will, by the hands of the grateful fair, be strewed upon my tomb.

CONTENTS.

SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF SNUFF.

COLERIDGE once observed to an individual who was venting his abuse against snuff, "You abuse snuff; perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose." Whether this be, or be not, true, I will not attempt to argue; but certain it is, that long before the discovery of tobacco, aromatic powders were used in the same way as the snuff of the present day. To prove this, I need only quote the generally known passage from the glorious Bard of Avon—

"I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it came next there,
Took it in snuff."

I know that snuff has been, and still is vastly reviled. I know that hosts of petty wits have spoken, and written, and sung against it. But I would ask, What great discovery has not been subjected to scorn and contempt? and the very excellence of the custom is, I maintain, proved by its outliving all the efforts and attacks directed against it. It would scarcely be imagined, that the introduction of tea and coffee into Europe spread consternation amongst all nations, and produced the most virulent attacks. Thus, with regard to tea, Patin, a French physician, called it "*l' impertinente noveauté du siècle;*" while Hanneman, a German wiseacre, called tea-dealers—"immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives." For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption. One writer calls it—

"A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dash't with diurnals and the books of news."

And another anonymous jingler writes of it thus—

> "For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
> And he's no gentleman who drinks it not;
> That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature—
> But custom is but a remove from nature."

If, therefore, such invectives were hurled against tea and coffee, we can scarcely wonder that tobacco and snuff should share a similar fate. But to the man of sense, even though he be not a snuff-taker, I would say: Laugh not with the scorner, but rather make merry with submission. You cannot know what providential uses there are in such customs; or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. Every lover of literature must be inclined to a charitable regard to snuff-taking, out of pure love of the snuff-taking days of queen Ann and the wits of France, and out of a veneration for all great events and prevailing customs that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get such a man to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt—of the ceremoniousness of the Chinese—of the betel-nut of the Turks and Persians—nay, of the garlick of the South of Europe—and so of the tea-drinking, coffee drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking, which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if such a man there be) put that in his pipe and smoke it!

It has been argued against us, that snuff-taking is

an odd custom; and Leigh Hunt speaks thus of it—"If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder; and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life, (for, even with the most indifferent snuff-takers, there is a certain look of importance,) proceeds to thrust, and keeps thrusting it at his nose; after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. What should we say to this custom among the inhabitants of a newly-discovered island?" Now I am disposed to admit, that the custom is a curious one; but then what custom amongst civilized nations is not an odd one? Look at dancing, hunting, or a hundred other customs—they are every whit as odd, and would on a first sight strike the beholder with astonishment. But even if the virtues of snuff itself be doubted, no one, I am sure, will deny the benevolence of an offered pinch, and the gratitude of an accepted one. These are such good things, and snuff-takers have so many occasions of interchanging them. The social benefit is therefore great.

The first introduction of tobacco into the civilized world was in the form of snuff. Jean Nicot, lord of Villemaine, ambassador from France to Portugal, a very wise man, who wrote a very large and learned

French and Latin Dictionary, sent the first tobacco leaves to Catherine de Medici in the form of snuff. In England, as is well known, it did not make its appearance till 1586, and was then, as is generally believed, introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh. It soon got into great repute, and many persons were anxious to have the honour of giving their name to it; amongst these were, Catherine de Medici herself; the primate of France; Cardinals Saint Croix and Tornaboni—but all their efforts were useless, and tobacco and snuff have maintained the sway.

The instant that snuff came into repute and into general use, the most furious tirades were issued against it; nor were the efforts of its opponents, chiefly priests, physicians, and sovereign princes, confined to mere paper warfare. In 1684, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. This bull was renewed in 1690 by Pope Innocent, and a very innocent fellow he must have been to have attempted it. About twenty-nine years afterwards, the Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking and snuffing a capital offence. For a long time, snuff-taking as well as smoking, was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off; and in some parts of Switzerland, it was likewise made the subject of public prosecution; the police regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of the use of tobacco in the list of the Ten

Commandments immediately under that against adultery. I need but allude to the furious counterblaste of one of the weakest kings who ever sat upon the English throne —James the First.

But, despite all this kingly and priestly wrath, tobacco, both as snuff and for smoking, has not only maintained its ground, but has even extended its influence and sway. One of our earliest poets, in a single line, informs us how general the use of snuff had become, even though forbidden by the monarch to whom I have alluded—

"Courtiers prefer the tickling sting of snuff."

Perhaps, by the way, there was a reason for this; namely, that they were less likely to be detected. The odour left by smoking would have inevitably led to discovery.

Perhaps there is no habit which has been so general amongst literary men as snuff-taking. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, Voltaires, and Du Chatelets from their wigs and caps as from their snuff-boxes. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed, that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Johnson was a large snuff-taker. Lady Mary Wortley Montague took snuff. Madame du Bocage also—even the charming

countess of Suffolk, and my lady Harvey. Steele, speaking of his half sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue stocking, and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have her nose all over snuff in future. He, a great snuff-taker himself, was willing to allow the habit, if it were done with cleanliness. In the battle of the Rape of the Lock, Pope makes his heroine Belinda conquer one of her gallant enemies by throwing a pinch of snuff in his face; and from our not being told that she borrowed it, we are led to conclude, that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket. Indeed, with the fair in those days, snuff-taking was a common custom—

"But this bold Lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued;
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose."

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore, to a philosophical consideration of the various events of this life, grave as well gay, we can scarcely wonder at finding so many poets, philosophers, and sages having recourse to it. Nor is the practice confined to the great men of literature. Frederick of

Prussia took snuff in such large quantities, that a snuff-box was useless, and he kept it in his waistcoat pockets. Napoleon took snuff, and I presume that no one will deny that he was a great man. In fact, I might go on citing great names to the end of the volume.

CHAPTER II.

VARIETIES OF SNUFF—MANUFACTURE AND IMPORT

SNUFF is made from the leaves of tobacco alone — from the leaf mixed with stalk—or more rarely from the stalks alone; circumstances which render the whole of the imported leaf valuable. In every case a greater amount of care is required in the preparation of snuff than of tobacco. The various qualities of snuff are due to a great variety of circumstances, principally under the control of the manufacturer. In snuffs of lighter colour, as for example Scotch or Irish, there is very little of what is called "liquoring," that is to say the addition of water applied to the tobacco, as that would darken the colour of the snuff. There are many kinds of snuff, called "high dried"—such as Welsh, Irish, Lundyfoot, (the, latter being named after its maker.)

These owe their qualities chiefly to the circumstance, that they are dried so much as to acquire a slight flavour of scorching.

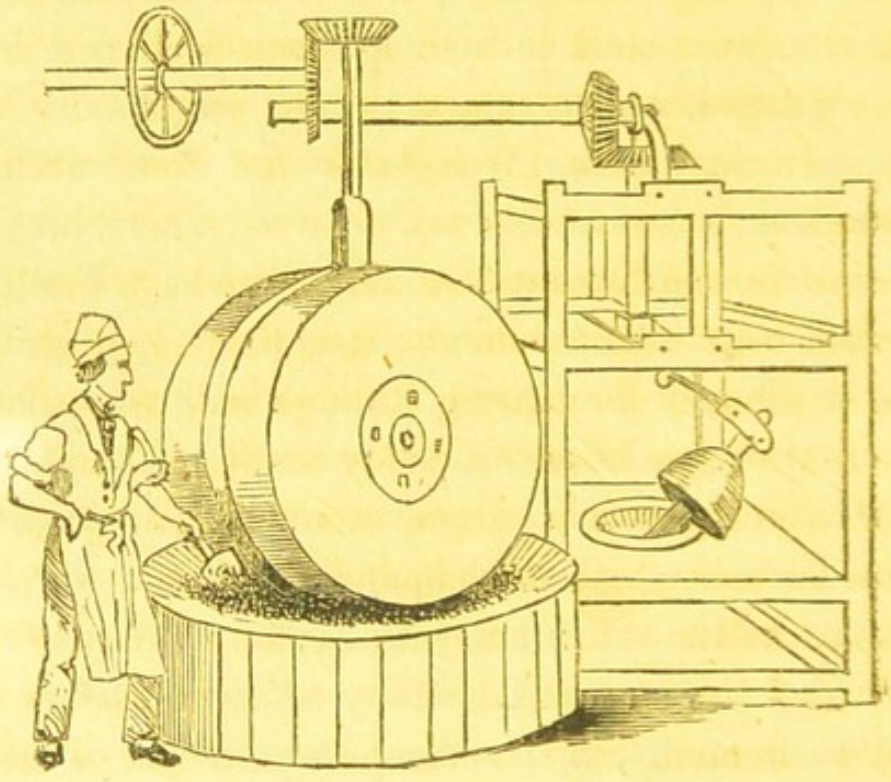
The snuffs called "rappee," of which there are two kinds, brown and black, are made chiefly from leaf to which is added the smalls or broken fibres of tobacco, which are too small to be smoked conveniently in a pipe. The dark colour is principally produced by wetting the powdered tobacco in a bin or box, and allowing it to remain for a considerable time, turned occasionally with a shovel; during which time it undergoes a slight degree of fermentation, which darkens the colour.

The original quality of the leaf of tobacco is as much attended to as the subsequent processes. Scotch snuff is made principally from the light dry leaves, whereas rappee and darker snuffs are made from the darker and ranker leaves. The process of scenting too has great influence on the flavour of the snuff, since the manufacturer can introduce any kind of scent which he thinks may please his customers. Thus, Prince's Mixture, and the interminable varieties of fancy snuffs, owe no small part of their flavour to the kinds of scent introduced; other kinds, however, such as High-dried, Welsh, and Lundyfoot, are chiefly dependent on the peculiar circumstances under which they are dried. In relation to the last-named snuff Lundyfoot, a celebrated author observes, "That it derives its peculiar flavour from having the fermentation carried to a very high pitch before the batch is turned; and it is said, that its

first discovery was owing to the neglect of the man attending upon the batches, and who by getting drunk made his master's fortune. Another story also prevails, with respect to the discovery of this snuff, so much esteemed by many snuff-takers, which attributes it to an accidental fire, which, by scorching some hogsheads of tobacco gave them a peculiar flavour when manufactured. This story is, however, evidently without foundation, as the snuff manufactured by Lundyfoot still continues to retain a peculiar flavour, which cannot be imitated by other manufacturers, a circumstance which is not likely to continue if the effect simply depended upon the degree of drying.

It is a curious circumstance, and one little suspected by snuff-takers, that almost the whole of that which is sold in the metropolis, either wholesale or retail, is ground in or near the town of Mitcham in Surrey, owing to the excellent water-power afforded by the river Wandle, which passes through the town. Many manufactories on the Wandle derive their mechanical power from water-wheels, which were almost invaluable before the use of steam became prevalent. Few manufacturers dispose of enough snuff to keep a grinding-mill constantly employed; and under such circumstances it is generally cheaper to resort to the assistance of individuals, whose premises and arrangements are devoted wholly to that occupation. This is the case in reference to the snuff-mills situated on the river Wandle to which I have alluded. Many London manufacturers send their snuffs, in a certain stage of preparation, to

these large and complete establishments. These mills are provided with two different kinds of grinding machines, such as are represented in the following illustration. In one of them, a pair of cylindrical stones, several feet in diameter, and a foot or more in thickness, are set up on edge, on a slab or bed beneath, and have then a two-fold motion given to them, resembling that of the wheel of a carriage which is going round in a small circle. By means of a horizontal axis passing through the centre of the stones, they wheel along the surface of the bed; and by giving to the axis itself a motion around another but vertical axis, the stones are carried round in a small circle. The snuff to be ground is laid on the bed or support, and the broad edge of the heavy stone passes repeatedly over it, by which the particles are reduced to powder.



In the other form of grinding-mill, the snuff is put into a kind of cell or mull, in which it is ground by a pestle moved in a singular manner. The pestle is connected with a set of jointed arms or levers, so adjusted to one another as to give to the pestle a motion best calculated to effect the grinding of the snuff. Every establishment for grinding snuff contains a considerable number of both of these machines, since some kinds of snuff are best ground by the one, and others by the other. Beyond the grinding and a preparatory drying, nothing is done to the snuff at the snuff-mills. The proprietor brings it to a certain stage of preparation before it is sent to the mill, and in most cases passes it through some finishing operations after it is brought from the mill. The high-dried snuffs, such as Lundyfoot, Welsh, Scotch, etc., are sometimes made from stalks, which before grinding are cut into fine shreds, but very often the entire stalk is dried so intensely that it may be easily ground to powder without the preparatory shredding. In such case the lightest and finest stalks are selected.

Some of the London manufacturers have small mills on their own establishments, for grinding small quantities of snuff, or for passing through any particular process the various kinds of fancy snuffs, but we are not aware that there is a single establishment in London where the main bulk of the snuff is ground.

As a matter of course, with such a variety of snuffs there must be an equal diversity of tastes among snuff-takers. Scotch snuff is the great delight of females,

who, when they do give way to this indulgence, almost invariably have recourse to Scotch snuff. With a certain class of old maids, Scotch snuff divides their time and affections with their cats and their parrots.

I would lay very heavy odds, that it was Scotch snuff which was used by Mrs. Gamp; indeed it would have been perfectly impossible for her to have had recourse to any other. And here, by the way, I may take the opportunity of reading a lesson to many of my brethren of the box, who endeavour to conceal or actually deny the habit. The conduct of Mrs. Gamp, who, when accused by her frequent pardner, Betsey Prig, of the indulgence, boldly replied, "Who deniges of it, Betsey —Betsey,—who deniges of it?" is worthy of their imitation.

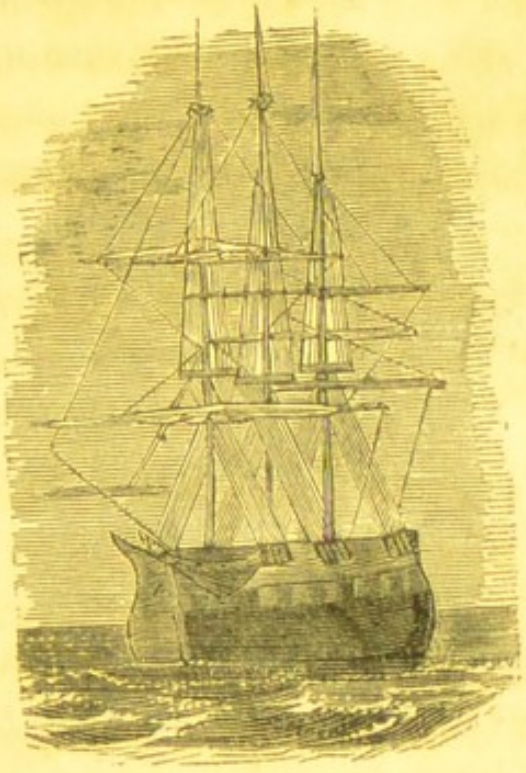
It is by the Chesterfields, the Chesters, *et hoc genus omne*, that scented snuffs are adopted—those individuals who indulge in the habit for the mere sake of ostentation, but who at heart love it not. The real snuff-taker rarely has recourse to it. As an occasional treat, or for an after-dinner pinch, scented snuffs, and more particularly some of the exquisite foreign snuffs, are a positive luxury. But then luxuries cannot be used every day. Turtle and whitebait are delicious occasionally, but a constant use of them would pall and sicken.

After all, good wholesome rappee, (the best mind, and whether brown or black, coarse or fine, is a mere matter of taste) is the proper snuff for a continuance. It is the snuff of a business man, of literati, of professionals, of all in fact who take snuff for its utility in sharpening the wits, in stimulating the brain. Such was the snuff used by Napoleon, by Frederick of Prussia, and I would warrant that such was the snuff of Johnson, Gibbon, Voltaire, and others. Rappee is the perfect manly snuff.

The regulations with regard to the export and import of snuff are the same as those relative to tobacco. The duty is six shillings per pound. It is prohibited to be imported in vessels under 120 tons, and to be exported in vessels under 70 tons; and the only places allowed for import are London, Liverpool, Bristol, and a few other principal ports.

It is difficult to make any calculation as to the quantity of tobacco used in this country, in the form of snuff. In the year 1841, it was calculated that in America there were as many as 500,000 snuff-takers. I conceive it would be utterly impossible to estimate the number in our own islands. As I have already said, the chief part of the snuff used in Great Britain is of home manufacture; the import of snuff is therefore exceedingly limited, never exceeding 150 lbs., the duty on which amounts to about £40. But the quantity of leaf tobacco imported, according to the last returns,

was 20,626,800lbs, the duty on which amounted to £3,090,782. 12*s*. 2*d*. It will perhaps be evident that a great part of this is smoked, but it must be equally evident that a large quantity is used in the form of snuff. But whether it be smoked or snuffed, all glory to tobacco, say, I.



CHAPTER III.

UTILITY AND PLEASURE OF SNUFF-TAKING.

o the real snuff-taker, it may appear quite a task of supererogation to devote a chapter to the consideration of the utility of snuff-taking; but to all my brothers of the box I can only say, that it is not every one who will allow that there is either pleasure or utility in snuff-taking. Nay, there are many individuals who have dared to level the shafts of their petty wit at the habit; and one person, and it grieves me to add, that that individual is a nobleman, has actually gone so far as to make an elaborate calculation on the time wasted by snuff-takers in delighting their olfactory nerves. It is for this reason, and this only, that I have determined to show its utility and pleasures.

A snuff-box—and in speaking of a snuff-box I of course mean its contents—is a letter of introduction; it has been the foundation of many friendships. When

you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera, or the new ministry, you can offer him your box with graceful as well as profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient. In a railway carriage, or a stage coach, with what can a conversation with a stranger be so conveniently broached? You have ventured a remark on the weather, on the rapidity of railway transit, or on any other topic, which has probably received a monosyllabic reply; but a pinch of snuff appears to open the floodgates of intelligence, to let loose the whole powers of the mind, and to dispel the taciturnity of any one but a misanthrope. A pinch of snuff is, in this respect, as all-powerful as the wand of a magician.

Snuff-takers are a reflecting race: no men know better that everything is not a trifle which appears to be such in uncleared eyes, any more than everything is grand which is of serious aspect or dimensions. A snuff-taker looks up at some mighty error, takes his pinch, and shakes the imposture like the remnant of the pinch to atoms with one "flesh quake" of head, thumb, and indifference. He also looks into some little nicety of question or creation of the intellectual or visible world, and having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his brain into proper cephalick condition, discerns it as it were microscopically, and pronounces that there is more in it than the unsnuff-taking would suppose. And his assertion is true. A mere pinch of snuff,

trifling as this may seem, enables us to consider divers worlds of mistake, in the history of man, but as so many bubbles breaking, or about to break; while the pipe out of which they were blown assumes all its real superiority in the hands of the grown smoker, the superiority of peace and quiet over war and childish dispute. An atom of good will is worth an emperor's snuff-box. I happened once to be compelled to moot a point of no very friendly sort with a stranger whom I never saw before, and of whom I knew nothing, but whose appearance in the matter I conceived to be altogether unwarrantable. At one of the most delicate of all conjectures in the question, and when he presented himself in the most equivocal light, what should he do but, with the best air in the world, take out a snuff-box and offer me a pinch. I accepted it with as serious a face as it was offered; but secretly the appeal was irresistible. It was as much as to say, "Questions may be mooted—doubts of all sorts entertained—people are thrown into strange situations in this world—but abstractedly, what is anything worth compared with a quiet moment, and a resolution to make the best of a perplexity." Ever since that time, whenever the thought of this dispute has come into my mind, the bare idea of the snuff-box has always closed my account with it; and my good will has survived, though my perplexity has remained also.

But this is only a small instance of what must have occurred thousands of times in matters of dispute. Many a fierce impulse of hostility must have been

allayed by no greater movement. Many a one has been caused by less. I remember some years back to have read some account of the causes which have given rise to duels, by which it appeared that people have challenged and killed one another for words about "geese," and "anchovies," and "a glass of wine." Nay, one person was compelled to fight about the very peace-maker, "a pinch of snuff." But if so small are the causes of deadly offence, how often must they not have been removed by the judicious intervention of the pinch itself. The geese, anchovies, glass of wine, and all, might possibly have been made harmless by a dozen grains of Havannah. The handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees, was the type of the pacifying magic of the snuff-box—

> "Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

> "These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
> Give but a pinch of *snuff*, and you compose."

For giving an air of profundity and wisdom, there is nothing like a snuff-box. I know a gentleman, at the head of his profession, who is mainly indebted to this portable succedaneum for the character he enjoys of profundity; and I have been so fortunate as to procure his receipt for this extemporaneous process of manufacturing solid sayings. It is as follows,—Having slowly drawn the snuff repository (gold, if possible) from your waistcoat pocket, give it three distinct taps

and apply a portion of the contents to your nose with an artificial cough, consisting of one long pectoral a-h-o-o ! Gently flap off the scattered particles from your frill with the knuckle of the right hand, take out your handkerchief with a theatrical swing, and having gradually folded down the extremities till it has assumed the form of a silken ball, draw it athwart the cartilage of your nose, bending it first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again—flap your frill, return your handkerchief with the same formalities, and by the time you have heaved another a-h-o-o, you will have been able to compose a very solemn and sententious piece of pomposity. This I take to be a most admirable operation ; for your opponent's attention being occupied by the hocus-pocus and mummery, he does not perceive the lapse of time by which you enable yourself to get up your impromptu.

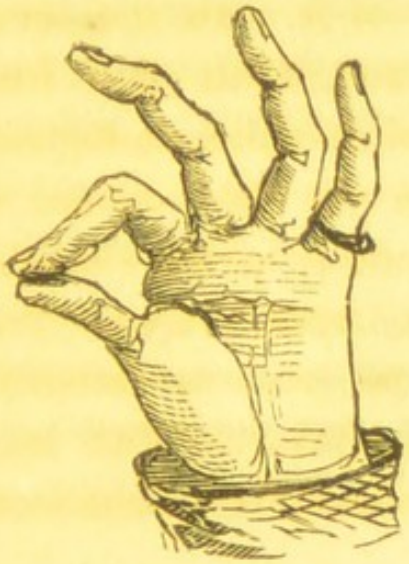
From what I have before said, the reader will see how much of calm philosophy may be communicated by a pinch of snuff. Life might have been a gloomier thing even than it was to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in his snuff-box. It was his last pinch, and most imperatively he pinched it, digging it and fetching it out from its intrenchment. And so it is with every snuff-taker. With his magic box in his hand he is prepared for all chances. As the Turk

takes to his pipe, the Chinese to his opium, the drunkard to his dram, and the sailor to his quid, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatever comes,—for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

All great and valuable discoveries and inventions have furnished our poets and prose writers with elegant and attractive similes, and tobacco is not an exception to this general rule. The mere smoke, to which the Indian weed is reduced in the pipe or cigar, is an apt resemblance of the folly and frivolity of all worldly pursuits; and a pinch of snuff itself, from the trifling nature of its value, may be made expressive of contempt and scorn. Thus Dean Swift makes one of his heroes express his horror of all learning by such a simile—

> "Your Noveds, and Pluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
> By Jove they don't signify this pinch of snuff."

What can be more expressive or more elegant?



But I will sum up the praise of snuff, with the following Ode of a brother bard, entitled,

PLEASURES OF SNUFF-TAKING.

Let some the joys of Bacchus praise,
The vast delights which he conveys,
And pride them in their wine;
Let others choose the nice *morceau*,
The piquant joys of feasting know,
But other gifts are mine.

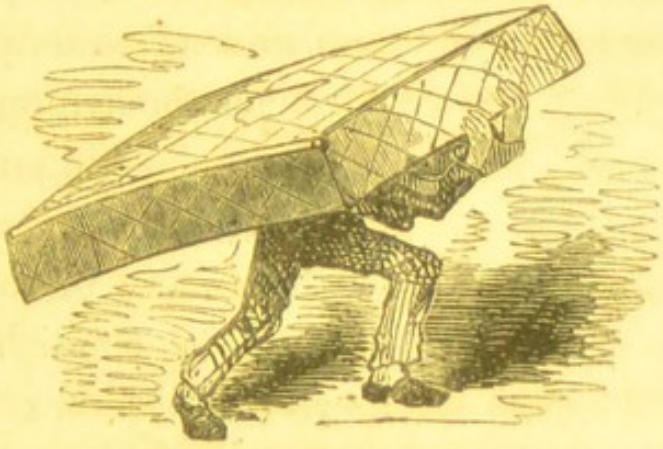
Oh where shall I for courage fly?
Or what restorative apply?
A pinch be my resource;
Perchance the French are not polite,
And with my country wish to fight,
Then I must grieve perforce.

Or if with doubt the bosom heaves,
The heart for Grecian sorrows grieves,
And pines to see them feign;
Such critics sometimes court the muse,
And I perchance the rhyme peruse,
Then heaves the breast with pain.

To soothe the mind in such an hour,
A pinch of snuff has ample power;
One pinch—all's well again!
A pinch of snuff delights again,
And makes me view with great disdain,
And soothes my patriot grief.

Thus for the list of human woes,
The pangs each mortal bosom knows,
I find in snuff relief;
It makes me feel less sense of sorrow,
When modern bards their verses borrow,
And soothes my patriot grief.

Then let me sing the praise of snuff,
Give me, ye gods, I pray, enough;
Let others boast their wine;
Let some prefer the nice morceau,
And piquant joys of feasting know,
The bliss of snuff be mine.



CHAPTER IV.

SNUFF-TAKING IN A LITERARY, ARTISTICAL, AND MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE already, in the course of these pages, said much concerning the utility of snuff-taking in a literary point of view, and shown that many of the greatest men in English and Foreign literature have been ardent and enthusiastic snuff-takers. Its utility, as an exciter of the cerebral powers, is manifest; and I am sure that but for snuff, many of the finest productions in our country's literature would never have existed. To manufacturers of romances, poetry, tragedy, comedy, farce, and philosophy, two things are absolutely indispensible if they would be successful. The first is the knowledge of smoking, and the second is the capability of snuff-

taking. Depend on it these two things are the only inspirers of—

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

To any one who may doubt this assertion, I would say; Go to the reading-room of the British Museum—that great book-manufactory of England,—and I will wager that the most successful authors or pirates are the snuff-takers.

In an artistical point of view, snuff-taking is equally necessary. Indeed, both to connoisseurs and would-be connoisseurs, a snuff-box is a *sine qua non*. For if a would-be connoisseur wishes to pass muster, and be looked up to as Sir Oracle, he must be cautious and slow in passing his opinion. There is nothing like a pinch of snuff for effect. He should choose his position so as to get at the best light, criticise with a knowing shake of the head, and as his eye wanders over every portion of the figure or landscape, he should quietly and steadily have recourse to his box. If this rule be followed out with accuracy, the effect is absolutely miraculous. No one will dare to dispute an opinion arrived at with so much pains.

But in a medical point of view, it is still more valuable. In my former great work on Smoking, I have said, that tobacco destroys contagion. And this is really the case. During the reign of the cholera, smokers and snuff-takers were almost exempt from the

disease; and it is a fact, related by the historians of the period, that when the plague raged in this country, those persons who were engaged in the large tobacco manufactories were never affected. How great then must be the utility of snuff! In a sick room it is manifest that smoking would not be altogether proper, but there is no objection could be urged against the grateful pinch of snuff. With snuff the physician defies the power of contagion; and with snuff and tobacco, the juvenile 'sawbones in training," as Sam Weller calls medical students, are preserved against the ill effects of the rotting carcases by which they are daily surrounded. In the combats which we have to sustain with those animals, in a hundred forms, with a hundred different names, which attack our bodies in a hundred different ways, which fix upon their prey and never quit it, but die surrounded by the trophies of their victories—but die in multiplying—tobacco, in any form, is a sovereign remedy. Snuff is fatal to insects.

And this reminds me of another use of snuff, to wit, as a dentrifice. Mixed with charcoal and myrrh, it is the finest tooth powder in the world. Not only does it clean the teeth, but it prevents the accumulation of that incrustation, which as the microscope has proved to us, consists in the shells of minute insects contained in the saliva, which perish, it is true, but in dying, leave the mementoes of their former existence behind them.

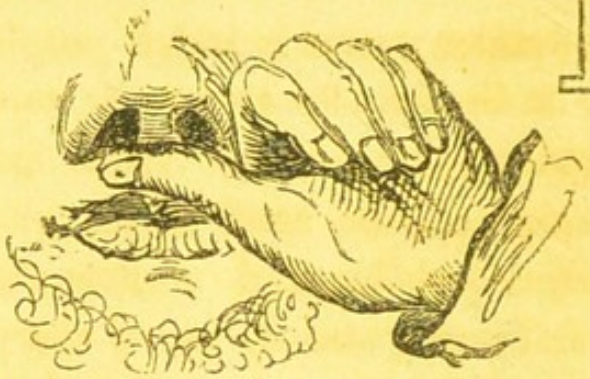
Perhaps the best sum up I can give of the utility of

snuff medically, is in the words of a Scotch elder, who had listened patiently to a fierce tirade against its use from his parish minister.

"Bide a wee," retorted the elder, "experience is alloed, even by your reverence, to be a mighty argument. I fin' snuff throughout a' its nomenclature to be a marvellous agent. I carena what kin, sa as it be guid—black or brown Rappee, Gillespie, Irish Blackguard, Welsh, Strasburgh, Hardham's 37, or any other name that smells as sweet—they all have amazin restorative powers."

CHAPTER V.

OF THE VARIOUS METHODS OF SNUFF-TAKING.



THERE is a vast deal of difference in the various ways adopted by divers individuals in taking snuff. Of this there can be no doubt. To the casual observer there may appear nothing particular in this—nothing which can possibly require a whole chapter to be devoted to it. But all I can say is, that the casual observer is decidedly wrong; to the philosopher—to the student of human nature—there is a vast deal more connected therewith than meets the eye. To him, the mode of taking a pinch of snuff at once depicts the man—his character—habits. Lavater's Science of Physiognomy is in one respect beaten by the science of

snuff-taking. In the former, a mistake may and often does occur; for some of the worthiest individuals have had the most unprepossessing aspects, as witness Mirabeau, Dr. Johnson, and divers others, the catalogue of whom would fill a volume. But I would defy any regular snuff-taker to deceive me in his character. It is a matter of impossibility. An old adage says, "Tell me your companions, and I'll tell you what you are;" but I say, "Let me see you take a pinch of snuff, and I'll tell you what you are." The only point in which my science fails is, that the practice of snuff-taking, not being universal, my means of judging are necessarily restricted. But so in fact are Lavater's, for the reason I have already mentioned.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people do take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get the thing over as quickly as possible. These are what Leigh Hunt calls epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points. Reader! whenever you meet with such a man as this, you need never be deceived. If your interview be on a matter of business, never attempt to beat round the bush—never have recourse to anything like chicanery. Rely on it, that such a snuff-taker is a thorough business man, and will not be imposed upon. He will go straight to the business in hand, and will knock it off with as much rapidity as he takes his pinch of snuff.

It will be a "Yes" or "No," and whatever he says he means. Of this there is no question. The best public example that I know of such a snuff-taker, is the Mr. Perker, described by Boz, in the veritable history of Mr. Pickwick.

Some snuff-takers are all urbanity and polished demeanour; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them, more out of dignity than benevolence. These men are the aristocrats of snuff-takers. A vast deal of ostentation is mingled with the act. Lord Chesterfield must have been such a snuff-taker, and Boz has ably delineated this class of persons in his Sir John Chester. However much such men may proffer their snuff-boxes to those around them, there is no benevolence in the offer; it is ostentation alone that prompts the deed. And here an anecdote occurs to me, which I have read somewhere of somebody, who, while in conversation with a stranger, had recourse to his snuff-box. His temporary companion begged a pinch, and the snuff-box was handed to him with great apparent politeness; but the moment the pinch had been taken, the owner of the box emptied its contents into the grate, rang the bell, and desired the servant who answered his summons to refill it. This man, whoever he was, belonged to the class of which I am speaking. Had he been in society, of course this would not have occurred—his pride and love of show would have prevented it; but the act sufficiently exhibited the littleness of the man's mind, polished only

and rendered apparently valuable by the cold formalities of the world. As Shakespeare says—

"Let no such man be trusted."

A jewelled snuff-box and scented snuff are almost invariably used by such men.

Some persons take snuff irritably, as though upon compulsion—some bashfully, as if they were ashamed of the habit, while others take it in a way as dry as the snuff they use. The characters of these individuals are sufficiently apparent. The first, irritable, irascible, prone to pick a quarrel; the second, bashful, timid,

weak, and wavering; the last, dry, quiet, not easily affected, and penurious, for they invariably adopt an economy in the use of the powder. There is one exception however to this rule, to be found in Scotchmen, who, although proverbially saving in their habits, are profuse snuff-takers; many of the most inveterate snuff-takers of that nation using a large mull to contain, and a spoon to exhibit the titillating dust.

Many persons take snuff with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply that announces a moister

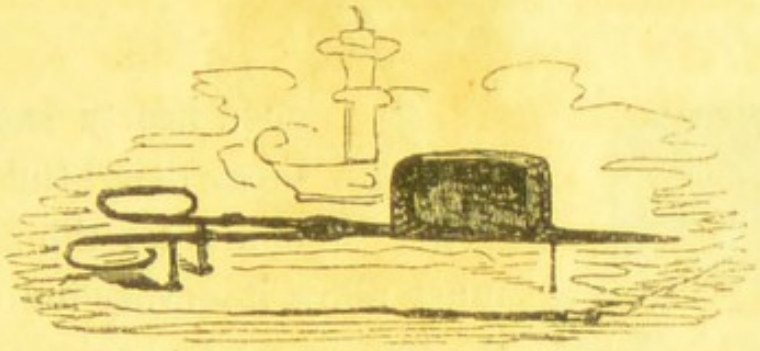
article, and sheds its superfluous honours over neck-cloth and coat. Dr. Johnson must have been a snuffer of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket instead of a box. So also did the great Frederick of Prussia, whose waistcoat pocket was lined, for the purpose of more conveniently containing it. So also did Napoleon, who was, I affirm on good authority, a capital snuff-taker, although I know that this has been denied by some historians, to whom the "petit caporal" was an idol. In the Memoires de Constant occurs the following passage, which I subjoin merely to prove my impartiality as the historian of snuff; premising, however, that the assertion contained in it is at variance with all other accounts. "It has been asserted, that His Majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff; and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the emperor never took snuff, except from a snuff-box; and though he used a good deal, he took but little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose merely to smell it; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it would frequently happen, that the spot where he was sitting or standing, would be strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. His snuff was generally very coarse Rappee, but he sometimes liked several kinds of snuff mixed together."

There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, that performs the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity; but smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side, then stretches forth his arm with pinch in hand, then brings round his hand as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted

up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a sniff, and a great "Hah." Of this man I shall say nothing—his character is sufficiently apparent. Guess it, reader! The solution of a riddle, rely on it, is a great help to the proper exercise of the intellectual faculties.

A vast number of other characteristics might be cited in reference to snuff-takers; but, I believe, I have said enough to prove my point, and so I shall leave it to the consideration and imagination of all—

SNUFFERS.



CHAPTER VI.

ON THE POETRY OF SNEEZING.

A good hearty sneeze is a most delightful thing—and every thinking man must allow it—every individual, in the course of his existence, must have felt the truth of this assertion. And if there can be said to be any consolation in catching a cold, it is in the fact, that one of its earliest concomitants is a hearty sneeze. At the same time, I do not mean to induce my readers to catch a cold for the sole purpose of enjoying a sneeze, because a pinch of snuff will always effect the same desideratum. It may be asserted, that a regular snuff-taker does not sneeze; true, but if he wish to do so, he has but to change his usual stimu-

lant. Thus, for example, if he regularly use Rappee, let him take a pinch of Scotch, and vice versa, and I will answer for the effect.

In all nations a sneeze appears to have been counted of great significance, and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you," still heard among us when people sneeze; and the "Felicità" (Good luck to you) of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, even makes Cupid sneeze at the sight of the happiness of two lovers—

"Hoc et dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante
Dextram sternuit approbationem."

Catullus.

"Love, at this charming speech and sight,
Sneez'd his sanction from the right."

Among the Greeks, sneezing was reckoned a good omen. The practice of saluting the person who sneezed existed in Africa among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that upon a sneeze of the emperor of Monumotata, there passed acclamations successively through the city. The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us, that the cacique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him—stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect; while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The Romans saluted each other on sneezing. Plutarch tells us, that the genius of Socrates informed him by sneezing, when it was necessary to perform any action. The young Partheius, hurried on by her passions, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love; she sneezed in the most tender and impassioned part of her letter. This was sufficient for her; this incident supplied the place of an answer, and persuaded her that Sarpedon was her lover. In the Odyssey, we are informed that Penelope, harrassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors, begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son, Telemachus, interrupts her by a loud sneeze; she instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the

approaching return of her husband. Xenophon was harranguing his troops, when a soldier sneezed at the moment he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution. The whole army, moved by this presage, determined to pursue the object of their general. In fact, I might cite instance after instance of the religious reverence felt by the ancients for sneezing.

An Italian wit has written a poem on tobacco, in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a sneeze. I subjoin the extract, and also an English version of it by one of our best modern poets, Leigh Hunt,—

" Ma mi sento tutto mordere
E dentro e fuori
Il meato degli odori,
E la piramide
Rinocerontica ;
E via più erescere
Quella prurigine,
Che non mai sazia,
Va stuzzicandomi,
Va rimordendomi,
E inuggiolendomi,
E va gridandomi
Fiuta, fiuta, annasa, annasa
Questa poca, ch' è rimasa—
Chi m' ajuta ? sa, finiamola,
Che non é già questa elleboro,
Ma divina quintessenza,
Che da Bacco ha dispendenza,

Donatrice d' allegri.....
D'allegri....gri—gri—allegri.....
(Lo starnuto mel rapia)
Donotrice d'allegria.

So much for the original, and now for the English version, which is equally good—

What a moment! what a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool, get through it."
What shall help me—Oh! good heaven!
Ah!—yes!—Hardham's—thirty-seven.
Shee!—shee! Oh, 'tis most del *ishi!*
Ishi!—ishi!—most del *ishi!*
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring,)
Snuff's a most delicious thing."

If this is not poetry in a sneeze, I confess I know not what poetry is.

There is only one kind of sneeze which to my mind is unpoetical, and I have thought deeply over the matter. Fancy two lovers, in the time of Queen Anne or Louis the Fifteenth—for then ladies took snuff—each with snuff-box in hand—who have just come to an explanation, and who, in the flurry of their spirits, have unthinkingly taken a pinch of snuff just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so,—finds his honest love as frankly returned; and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature;" when a sneeze overtakes him.

Cha!—cha!—cha!—charming creature!

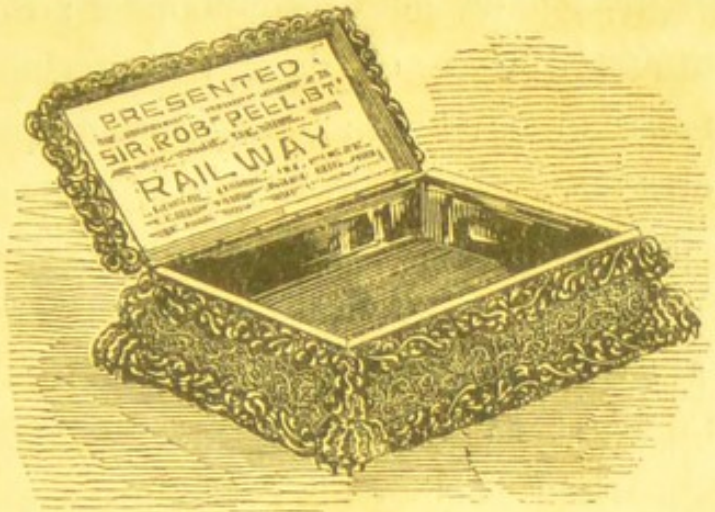
What a situation! A sneeze. Oh Venus! where is such a thing in thy list? The lady, on her side, is under the like mal-apropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches with the shock of the sneeze respondent, "Oh, Richard, Sho! Sho!—sho! Should you think ill of me for this!"

I have imagined this, and can make nothing, I allow, of it. Indeed I am free to confess, that snuff-taking and love-making are not altogether congenial; and I can never forget having once seen a gay young spark, who was a snuff-taker, horribly received by a lady whom he attempted to kiss under the misletoe at a Christmas party. All his ardour was checked, as she exclaimed—

"GET AWAY! YOU SNUFFY BEAST!!"

CHAPTER VII.

SNUFF-BOXES AND THEIR VARIETIES.



IT is a curious fact, and one which I particularly would recommend to the consideration of all the enemies of snuff, that in nine cases out of ten, when some mark of respect or esteem is to be presented, either from one individual or a body of individuals, to another, a snuff-box of gold or silver

is the implement chosen for presentation. Now it strikes me forcibly, that there must be some love of snuff inherent in the human mind, or this would never be the case. How often do we find the freedom of a town presented to any great personage—in what? in a silver or gold snuff-box. Now it must be self-evident, that a snuff-box can never be meant seriously to contain the freedom aforesaid; but it appears to me, that there is a latent meaning in the gift. It is as though the corporation would say, "Snuff is good—it clears the brain, stimulates the mental powers, and therefore take snuff—and that you may do so, there is a box to hold it."

Napoleon had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals, in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them; and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or lid fall. Next to presenting the legion of honour, nothing marked his satisfaction at the conduct of an individual more than the presentation of a snuff-box. The following anecdote, a true one by the way, will show this; and will prove, moreover, that Napoleon was what was never suspected—a poet. A Dutch Burgomaster thought it his duty to place upon a triumphal arch to the glory of the emperor—

"Il n' a pas fait une sottise
En epousant Marie Louise—"

which rendered into the vernacular, would signify, "He did not perform a foolish action in marrying Marie Louise." Napoleon, the moment he perceived this singular inscription, called the Burgomaster to him, and said, "They cultivate French poetry here." "Sire, I compose some verses." "Ah! it is you—take a pinch of snuff,"—the emperor added, presenting a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. "Yes, Sire, I am abashed." "Take, take, the box and snuff, and—

"Quand vous y prendrez une prise
Rappelez vous de Marie Louise."

"When you take a pinch from it, remember Marie Louise."

The varieties of snuff-boxes are legion. There is the good, honest, homely, wooden box, which has the

advantage of being cheap, and the loss of which consequently does not disturb that equanimity of mind which the snuff-taker should always enjoy. For it is a curious fact, and one which I believe to be founded upon the love of snuff inherent in all men, that even those *chevaliers d' industrie,* whose disregard of the essential difference in the words *meum* and *tuum* is in London so notorious, have a great liking—an itching palm as it were for snuff-boxes, particularly when constructed of silver or gold. Then there is the papier-mache box, with its, in many instances, exquisite illustrations, or painted adornements. Then we have the Scotch snuff-box, an elegant and useful article; the tortoiseshell box, and the vast variety in metal, from the round tin receptacle of the Scotch-loving old lady, the German silver or mosaic gold of the would-be exquisite, to the real silver and real gold of the aristocracy of snuff-takers.

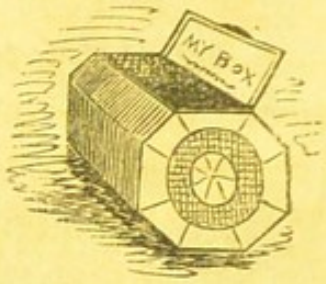
But of all snuff-boxes of the present day, those which are made of Amboyna, or, as it is also called, Lingoa wood, are the most fashionable, and are certainly extremely elegant. This is a fancy wood, very much like what bird's eye maple would be, if of a mahogany colour, being in small knotted specks and veins. It is imported from Amboyna and Ceram, and is now largely used for the manufacture of snuff-boxes.

But it may be asked of me, "What snuff-box should be selected in preference, and used continually? This

is a grave question, and one to which I have devoted much time and deep thought; the result of which is, that I would recommend all men of limited means to purchase that snuff-box which best suits their taste and means; and to those who can afford, it to possess themselves of a specimen of every sort, and then I think that they cannot avoid being satisfied.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, AIDED BY HIS MUSE, APOSTROPHISES HIS SNUFF-BOX.



Old Friend! who now, for many a year,
To me and to my nose so dear,
Hath graced my writing-table;
'Tis gratitude inspires my verse,
Thy various virtues to rehearse,
As well as I am able.

Let gay Anacreon, to his bowl,
Pour the outflowings of his soul,
And sing the praise of wine:
But drinking yields a short delight,
Soon driving reason out of sight,
And turning men to swine.

Let Tom Moore prattle of his loves,
With Venus and her turtle doves,
Still billing and still cooing;
But let him heed the sly blind boy,
Whose tempting baits of transient joy
Lead folks to their undoing.

Enjoying thee, I envy not
The youthful songster, or old sot,
Their short-liv'd treacherous pleasures;
Let fools in liquor or in love,
The joys of wine or women prove,
Give me thy sober pleasures.

Faithful companion of all hours,
Whom nothing ever frets or sours,
Whom fortune ne'er makes flinch:
Nought can thy constancy abate,
Sure still to prove, in spite of fate,
My best friend at a pinch.

When fled are both, to wit or sense
Thou helpest out my innocence,
Although both deaf and dumb;
For should my memory take a nap,
Let me but wake thee with a tap,
And words are sure to come.

Oh! how unlike Pandora's box,
When miseries flew a bout in flocks,
With demons of disease:
While lurking round thy friendly border,
I'm sure the very worst disorder
Is but a gentle sneeze.

Let others toil for wealth or fame,
To get a fortune or a name,
Of these I've got enough ;
For other gifts, old friend, I'll pray,
Grant me, unto my latest day,
Grant me A PINCH OF SNUFF !!

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE MAN THAT DOES NOT CARRY A SNUFF-BOX.

THERE is a social monster, an incubus, who must be familiar to all snuff-takers, whom all would shun if they could,—but that he never gives them the opportunity of so doing; it is the man who takes snuff, but never carries a snuff-box. I have before observed,

that there is a freemasonry in snuff amongst those who partake of it; but it must also be remembered, that the section of snuff-takers has, in common with all social categories, its apostates and its false brethren. For as sure as you carry about with you a snuff-box, of copper, of tortoiseshell, or of horn, (the material matters absolutely nothing,) you cannot fail to meet constantly with the man who carries no snuff-box, and yet is continually taking snuff. This fellow is a perfect, a thorough nuisance—a hand-in-hand annoyance—a sort of authorized Jeremy Diddler to all snuff-takers.

Wherever you go, whether you walk the streets, or ride in an omnibus, or sit at the theatre, or are whirled along in the carriage of a railway, you are sure to meet him. Others will first ask you how you do—he does not. His first question is invariably, "Have you a pinch of snuff?" Now if it were only *one* pinch of snuff, so small a contribution would scarcely matter; but it is two—it is four—it is eight—it is all the week—the month—or year. His demands constantly increase, and like those mysterious calculations in arithmetic books concerning the nails in a horse's shoe, become ultimately enormous. The man who carries no snuff-box is a regular Claude Duval, a licensed Turpin to all he meets. He meets you on the highway, and summons you to stop, by demanding "your snuff-box."

A man can easily refuse, to his most intimate acquaintance his purse, his wife, his razor, or his horse,—nay, he may even refuse his pipe or a cigar-case to a mere acquaintance; but it is not so with his snuff-box; he

cannot with any decency refuse a pinch—a mere pinch of snuff, even to his most distant acquaintance. It is here that the evil pinches. The snuff-taker who carries no snuff-box is aware of this, and woe to the box into which his fingers gain admission, to levy the pinch his nose distrains upon. There is no man who has the trick so aptly at his fingers ends of absorbing so much in one given pinch, as the man who carries no snuff-box. The quantity he takes, proves he is not given to samples; properly speaking, he is the landlord of all the boxes in the kingdom. Those who carry snuff-boxes are only his tenants, and hold them merely by virtue of a rack-rent under him.

He is a perpetual plunderer—a petty purloiner—a pinching petitioner in formâ pauperis—a contraband dealer in snuff; but he is, at the same time, generally noted for his social qualities. He is affable, mild, harmless, insinuating, and submissive. He never fails to compliment you upon your good looks, wonders in deep interest where you buy such excellent snuff, and asserts, that he will immediately proceed in person to Cheapside, and purchase his own at Baker's. He will agree with you, that Peel is the first statesman of the age, and will invariably assent to your remarks on the weather, on politics, or on the danger of railway bubbles. If you are a tory, he will agree that conservatism is all right; or if you are a radical, he will acknowledge that universal suffrage is the only thing that can save the nation, and affects to be astonished that he has left his box behind. He will beg to be remembered to your

wife, and leaves hold of your button after begging for the "favour of another pinch." Where is the man whose nature would not be susceptible of a pinch, when invoked in the name of his wife?

Goldsmith recommends a pair of boots, a silver pencil case, or a horse of small value as an infallible specific for getting rid of a troublesome guest; and in later times, we have been advised to try the loan of a book, of an umbrella, or a sovereign, as a remedy in like cases,—for the reason, that the borrower will never come back to return them. But with the man that carries no snuff-box, this specific would lose its infallibility. It would be folly to lend him your snuff-box, for at this price snuff would lose all its flavour, all its perfume for him. The best box to him would be, perhaps, a box on the ear. If he were obliged to bring his own snuff, it would give him no sensation. The strongest would not make him sneeze, or wring from the sensibility of his eyes, the smallest tribute to its pungency. He would turn up his nose at it, or at the best use it as sand-dust, to dry his washerwoman's receipt with.

These feelings aside, the man who carries no snuff-box is a good member of society; that is to say, quite as good a one as the man who does carry a snuff-box. He is in general a good friend, (as long as he has the entree of your box,) a good parent, a good tenant, a good customer, a good voter, a good eater, a good talker, and especially a good judge of snuff. He knows by one touch, by one sniff, by one *coup d' œil*, the good

from the bad, the old from the new, the fragrant from the filthy, the colour which is natural from the colour which is coloured. If any one should want to lay in a stock of snuff, let him take the man who carries no snuff-box with him; his *ipse dixit* may be relied upon with every certainty. He will choose it as if he were buying it for himself, and in return will never forget to look upon it as a property he is entitled to, fully as much as you who have paid for it; for, in fact, would you have been in possession of the snuff if he had not chosen it for you?

As for his complaint, it is like hydrophobia; no remedy has as yet been invented for it; and I can, with a comfortable conscience predict, that as long as snuff is taken, and men continue to carry it about with them in snuff-boxes, which I believe will be as long as the world endures, they are sure to be subject to the importunities of the man who carries no snuff-box.

CHAPTER X.

STORIES OF SNUFF AND SNUFF-BOXES.

IN my time, I have been a great reader; and I believe, that amidst all the books I have ever perused, I have never met with but one tragical story as connected with snuff or snuff-boxes. I believe my readers will give me all credit for impartiality, and to preserve so amiable a characteristic, I subjoin the story to which I refer without comment.

The younger Cathilineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame the Duchess de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suriac, M. Morriset, and M. de la

Sorremere, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau—they took refuge in a chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded it and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the chateau, they closed the gates, set a watch, and allowed no one to enter except a peasant whom they employed to show the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the nonappearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance—they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought previously to doing so, he would go over the chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels. Suddenly the officer turned towards him, "Give me a pinch of snuff, friend," said he.

"I have none," replied the man, "I never take it."

"Then who is there in the chateau that does?"

"No one that I know of—there is no one in the chateau, as you see."

"Then whence comes the snuff that I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

The man turned pale, and made no reply; the officer looked round again, examined the ground more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinised every inch, and at length saw something like

a loose board; he raised it, and then at last he beheld Cathalineau in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hands, ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate; he fired, and Cathalineau fell dead, and his companions were seized.

I regret to be compelled to throw such a heavy stone against my favourite plant, but my next two stories will probably make up for the blow. The following document will tend to show, that there are some strong-minded individuals who dare publicly to avow their predilection for snuff. It is a copy of the will of Mrs. Margaret Thomson, who died April 2nd, 1776, at her house in Boyle Street, Burlington Gardens, and affords a notable specimen of the ruling passion strong in death.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thomson, etc. being of sound mind, etc. do desire, that when my soul is departed from this wicked world, my body and effects may be disposed of in manner following:—I desire that all my handkerchiefs that I may leave unwashed at the time of my death, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially, as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of their departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that

precious powder. But I strictly charge, that no man be suffered to approach my body till the coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following :—Six men to be my bearers, who are known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster ; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-coloured beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz., etc. to bear my pall, each to wear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse, I desire the minister may be invited to walk, and to take a certain quantity of the said snuff, not to exceed one pound, to whom also I bequeath five guineas, on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute, every twenty yards, a large handful of Scotch Snuff to the ground, and to the crowd who may possibly follow me to the burial place, on which condition I bequeath her £20 ; and I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle Street.

She then proceeds to order the time of burial, viz. twelve at noon,—particularizes her legacies, and over and above every legacy, she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

Our last legend is a more important one than either of

the others, because it proves what I have attempted throughout these pages to show, that a snuff-box is not the insignificant thing which many persons are disposed to consider it. Upon a snuff-box, in fact, may hinge a man's fortune, as was the case with the hero of the following tale.

Mr. George Hampden was a man, who, yet in the prime of life, had seen a vast deal of the world. He was quiet, unobtrusive, good-looking, and gentlemanly in his deportment. His fund of information was prodigious; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, that no one would suspect his depth, or believe him to be other than an easy, quiet, good-humoured individual. One fine day Mr. Hampden took it into his head to make a tour of pleasure into Wales, the interesting mining operations, of which country he was desirous of investigating, to which end he took up his quarters for a season at Swansea. Here with his usual modesty he took genteel and modest lodgings, and by no means pressed himself on public notice. He pretty constantly attended the news room, where by degrees he contracted a slight and partial acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. Conversation produced invitation, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable inhabitants of the place. His unostentatious manners and universal information soon got him into general favour. One day, after dinner, at Mr. Dobbes,' he exhibited a snuff-box, upon which, as I have already hinted, hinged an event very important to his future destiny. It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a chest; it was of

the finest gold, and so richly chased, that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques, which as it were flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid a very bank of large diamonds, was surmounted by a regal crown, where sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies of almost inestimable value, alternated round the coronet, while the centre top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the Royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a torquoise of equal rarity; and below it, as if forming a part of the lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge, ran a wavy circlet of gems; and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters, "G. H." were let in and embedded more deeply in the golden matrix.

No wonder that at Swansea it was greatly admired, and that curiosity was excited as to what might be its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carelessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that in fact, it was unique. Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about with him naturally followed; but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head; that he seldom took it from its safe repository; that he had only removed it to-day, as he purposed attending the town-ball on the morrow evening; and that, after all, he prized it more as a testimony

of royal friendship than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbes for inspection; and the following inscription on the inside was read by him and all the guests at table:—

PRESENTED
BY HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS THE FIRST,
King of Bavaria,
to
GEORGE HAMPDEN, ESQUIRE,
English-Man;
In grateful consideration of his extraordinary services:—
This Token,
Together with the sum of 20,000 florins,
(the same to be paid to him annually for ever,)
Will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of
The high esteem of
His Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery
of the
Inexhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpuhl, the prosperous working of which,
Commenced, A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of
incalculable
Magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which, however, seemed to add a personal interest to the gift, the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by

his Majesty himself; and, that when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs for ever, a well secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which, indeed, might easily be paid, since the Kitzpuhl mine had, within the first three months produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanaxuato, the Real del Monte, the Bolanos, the Dolores, the Gallega, and the Zacatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the compass of a whole year. Mr. Hampden further explained, that his present tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with this momentous subject.

From this period, it is needless to state, that Mr. Hampden became an object of peculiar attention to the good people of Swansea. At the ball to which we have alluded, he danced with Miss Mary Patten, Miss Greenfield, and Miss Betty Bolthose, the three richest heiresses in the county; and the latter, in particular, being already the owner of a lion's share in the famous black tin mines of Charlestone, besides a fair slice in the copper of Knockmahon. Chance gave Mr. Hampden the happiness of handing this fair Welsh lady to the supper-room, and placed him by her side at the refection. Among other topics for chat, the snuff-box was not forgotten; and Miss Bolthose was gratified with an inspection of the gorgeous but well deserved Bavarian present. She was enchanted by its beauty, and not less pleased by observing, that its owner appeared to be mightily struck with hers.

Yet she could not be called beautiful; for though her features were tolerably regular, her complexion was rather of a coppery colour, and her dark eyes had a dullish cast, not very unlike that of Black tin. It was strange that her fortune, certainly not short of thirty thousand pounds, had not propelled her into matrimony; but the truth was, that old Bolthose, her father, was of a very miserly disposition, and had thrown cold water on all the suitors who had aspired to his daughter's person and purse. Thus she was still in single blessedness, at the age of twenty-seven, when our hero was introduced to her notice. We will not dwell on the ordinary matters which ensued, — on the morning-call after the dance, or the intimacy that speedily followed. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hampden contrived to make himself so agreeable to the lady, and to all parties concerned in her disposal, that, within three weeks after the ball, he was daily received at Tincroft House as the accepted lover of its fair mistress: in fine, they were united in the parish church of Swansea; and Miss Bolthose became Mrs. George Hampden, the wife of the wealthy discoverer of Kitzpuhl, and thus part-proprietor of the royal box, as he was of her handsome dower of thirty thousand pounds.

Fêtes and feasting attended the auspicious union, and a happier couple were never tasting honeymoon, when a trifling but unlucky accident happened to jar the harmony, and interrupt the felicity of the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, a week after their marriage,

were giving a small party to their most intimate friends the Dobbes', Pattersons, Greenfields, and a few others, (some of the females not being over-joyful at the triumph of their late companion,) and the wine and glee were contagious of good humour. Winks and nods, and wreathed smiles, played round the social board; and the box of boxes passed from hand to hand. At this moment, a rude and vulgar fellow burst abruptly into the room, and immediately behind him followed a still dirtier and more disreputable looking rascal. What was the astonishment of the company, when they saw the former march up to Mr. Hampden, and, slapping him on the shoulder, heard him exclaim—

"Aha, Master Smith! so I've nabbed you at last."

The bridegroom was almost convulsed with confusion, while the ruffian ran on—

"And my eyes! I say Jem, if there isn't the werry hidentical box too! Vell, my trump, I hope as how you can pay for it now; but in order to make sure, you vill allow me to pocket it for the meanwhile;" which saying, he grabbed the king of Bavaria's diamond crown, just as if it had been Birmingham or Sheffield. And not to keep the reader in suspense, it was so. The gold was mosaic—the stones were Bristol—the manufacture London—the inscription, "Mr. Hampden's." His mining was of the sort called undermining; his foreign travel among the kangaroos; and his present most successful pursuit was entirely the plot which made Swansea his resting-place, and the Welsh heiress of Charlestown, Knockmahon, and Tincroft House his

blooming bride. It was a bad business, but what was to be done? "Of a bad bargain," says the song, "make the best." It was an easy matter to settle with the bailiffs, as the arrest was for only eighty guineas—the price of the snuff-box to a Jew-trader in St. Mary Axe; but then came the mortification and disgrace of such a connection. Miss Patten tittered, and Miss Greenfield absolutely laughed, and poor Mrs. Hampden was obliged to be satisfied with his assurance, that her lord and master would turn honest, and behave like a gentleman.

CHAPTER XI.

STATUE TO RALEIGH.

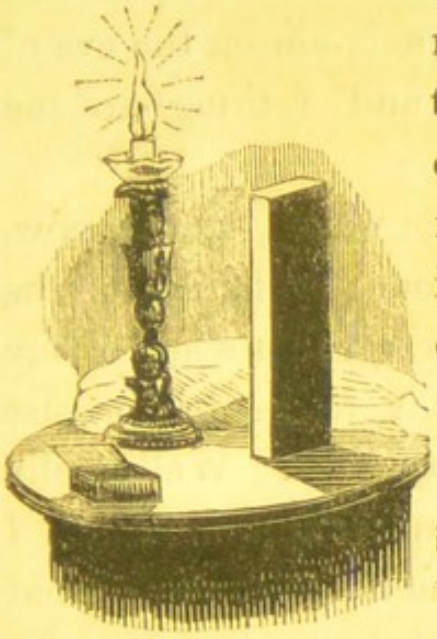
IT is but a short time since, that I projected a plan for a monument, or rather a temple, to the great man who introduced tobacco into England—Sir Walter Raleigh. I remember to have then stated, that I would retire in disgust from my country, and would renounce my title to the claim of Englishman, if something were not done to wipe away the stain of national ingratitude, as exemplified in the profound oblivion in which the venerable and venerated name of Sir Walter Raleigh remains at the present day.

Well, fortunately I am saved from such a fatality; for although the project I then formed has not yet been brought to bear, still something has been done towards it. In the heart of London—in a thoroughfare where busy swarms pass and repass from morn to dewy eve, a statue—not a mere bust, but a real statue—is erected to his honour, and here is its counterpart.

Yes, in the shrine of smoke, amidst tobacco in all shapes and forms, devised by the ingenuity of man, Sir Walter Raleigh's statue stands there the presiding genius of the scene !

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST PINCH.



IT would have been impossible for me not to have written this chapter. I would willingly have escaped it, but my conscience would not allow me to do so; it is an imperative duty: and yet, never did author feel more embarrassed than the unfortunate man who now holds in his hand the goose-quill, with which he pens the words, which you, dear reader, are about to read.

Beloved reader! and, you still more beloved purchaser of this Book! our acquaintance has been a short one—it has only extended over the pages of which this work is composed; but then that acquaintance must have ripened into friendship, for it is only on congeniality of

tastes and habits that lasting friendships can be formed. Well, then, we must be friends, and what is more, we are likely to remain so; for as we are perfectly unknown to each other, our friendship is not likely to be destroyed by those jars and bickerings which so often prove its destruction. How readily then can you divine the cause of my embarrassment. It is, that we must part, and that the time has come when we must separate.

> Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
> A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell!

This is our last pinch (imagining 'tis true, but none the less pleasant on that account) together. The curtain is about to fall, and I, like Prospero, am on the eve of throwing off my magic robes, and retiring to the sovereignty——of my own study.

An author is allowed some little vanity, and I know, dear reader, that I am not free from this failing of the goosequill. My vanity is in believing, that some of my readers will also have a feeling of regret as they peruse this chapter, and know that it is the last. Well, really after all it is a very pardonable vanity, and one which I can indulge in with impunity; and it has too this great advantage, that if after perusal of the book the reader throws it away with contempt or disgust, I shall never know it, for my vanity will never let me believe that any of my readers can exhibit such a want of taste, or that my book can be anything but interesting; and so I shall still indulge in it.

But this is a digression. What, was I about to say? Oh yes! Farewell.

Well, since it must be so, dear reader, once more farewell; and in sincerity of heart, I pray that you may never know poverty or misfortune, or ever be reduced to—

A LAST PINCH!!

J. BAKER

Begs to announce, that he has also recently published, price One Shilling, affectionately dedicated to all Lovers of the Weed,

SMOKING AND SMOKERS.

An Historical, Antiquarian, Comical, Veritable, and Narcotical Disquisition, concerning Tobacco, its Uses and Efficacy, (adorned by numerous woodcuts.) And being a faithful guide to the incipient smoker, or the veteran practitioner, whether he manage a Meerschaum, choose the Clay, mount a Manilla, hanker after an Havannah, pick out a Principe, revel in a Regalia, or brandish a Bengal.

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"In these days, when there are but few individuals who do not enjoy the narcotie delights of the fragrant weed, in some one or other of its many forms, this little Work will, we are certain, meet with a rapid sale. It is a complete *vade-mecum* for the smoker. We heartily commend and recommend it."—*Taunton Courier.*

"Written with much fancy and humour, and entirely free from any vulgarity, either of style or expression, Mr. Baker's little volume contains a large fund of very serviceable information, referring to the judicious choice and employment of the implements and materials necessary for the now so universally-indulged-in practice of smoking. The book is also daintily enough decorated with a variety of clever designs, drawn and engraved by those skilful artists in their several lines—the Delamotte's. Altogether, it is the best hand-book for smokers we have yet seen."—*British Friend of India.*

"When the poets fabled Ixion to have been enraptured with a 'cloud,' we look upon it as a self-evident proposition, that under this mythological guise of allegory they intended to shadow forth the enthusiastic lover of Tobacco risking every danger and overcoming every obstacle in avour of his beloved weed. The greatest of these obstacles and, indeed the only one, that at all militates against the truth of the theory, is the simple circumstance of the soothing plant not having been discovered; that even up to the reign of our own "good Queen Bess," the botanical *nicotiana* slumbered in obscurity amidst its own dark forestal recesses, unknown to any but the jovial Indians of Tobago, and unconscious as yet of the important part it would have hereafter to play in the civilised world. The author of the little work we have now the pleasure of introducing to the reader's notice, has entered into this knotty history with wondrous manifestations of learning and research. He has dived deep into the lore of a three centuries' antiquity, and brought to the surface such a multitude of scattered facts appertaining to the subject, that even as a work of antiquarian curiosity it will interest all who have a natural desire to examine the archives of the past. But there is a purpose in the little tome upon our table be-

yond this. It aims at instructing the unsophisticated neophyte in all the mysteries of the art of fumigation, teaching him how to smoke, as well as what to smoke, and, morever, relating to him, in the pleasantest and most unobtrusive manner imaginable, all the many agreeable and interesting features of what may be termed the Physiology of Smoking. In the gossipy, chatty vein which we have it on good authority, your genuine Meerschaum hath the exclusive property of producing, the writer discourses most eloquently of the golden thoughts and dreamy fancies which hover round the bowl of the artistic fumist, blunting the corroding darts of care, and lending an extra feather to the wings of time, to make his flight more smooth and joyous; whilst with the nurse of Wisdom—contemplation—those heaven-born aspirations arise 'that in the various bustle of resort were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.' And then there are besides a multitude of suggestions on the selection of cigars and the management of pipes, commingled with the refreshing outpourings of the olden poets who have invoked the muse to aid the celebration of the weed, and many a rare tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, in one of which the proposal—'Shall Raleigh have a statue?'—may be regarded as likely to generate more unanimity than was produced by the Cromwell controversy on a similar question. Through the volume will be found scattered a positive luxuriance of illustration, dainty devices in wood calotyping the allusions of the text, and engrafted thereon by the able graver of Mr. F. G. Delamotte. These alone would be worth the price (one shilling) demanded for the whole book, which, it must be stated, has been got up in a style highly creditable to its well-known publisher. Altogether, we regard 'Smoking and Smokers' as a valuable addition to the bibliographical world, and heartily commend the smokotive advice it contains alike to the proficient and the novice. With a Meerschaum between their lips, and a goblet of sherbet by their elbow, our bachelor friends may lounge over their fireside with this in their hands, and thus constitute a very triad of enjoyment. They will sit down to its perusal, with as much eagerness as they will rise from it with regret."—*New London Magazine.*

JOSEPH BAKER,

CIGAR MERCHANT AND DEALER IN MEERSCHAUMS, &c.

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JOSEPH BAKER begs strongly to recommend his **York River Tobacco** which is so justly esteemed—is getting into general use—and will, no doubt, very soon become the **Smoker's delight.** J. B. vends it in Packages (enclosed in lead) containing a Quarter of a Pound, Two Ounces and One Ounce each.

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JOSEPH BAKER does not think it necessary to give a **List of Prices** of the Articles which he offers for Sale, because experience has convinced him, that those Gentlemen, who have **once** kindly favoured him with their Orders, do not fail to continue their **patronage**,—thus proving that the plan which he has adopted, of Selling every Article of the **Best Quality**, and at the **most moderate Price**, has met with the success which he anticipated from an **enlightened Public;** and upon this **just** principle, it is his intention to continue to conduct his Business, at his Establishment for the Sale of Cigars, Tobacco, Snuffs, &c. **No. 110, Opposite Bow Church, Cheapside, London.**