

The smoker's text book / by J. Hamer. (A reprint).

Contributors

Hamer, J.
Cope's (Firm)

Publication/Creation

Liverpool : At the office of "Cope's Tobacco Plant", 1889.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/dxddzxsu>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

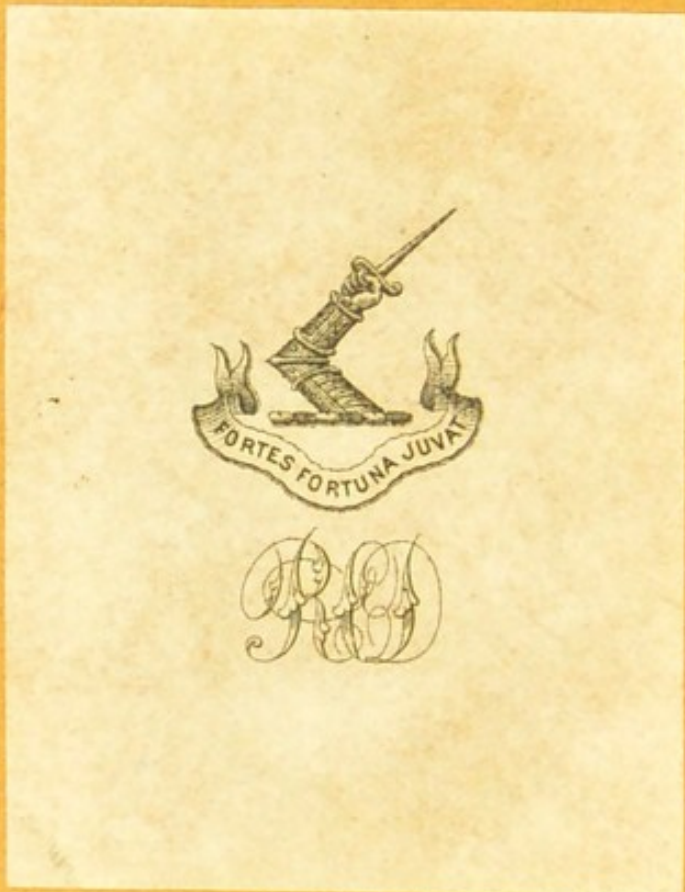
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

27429

O. XVI . 2 . 9/



22102248769

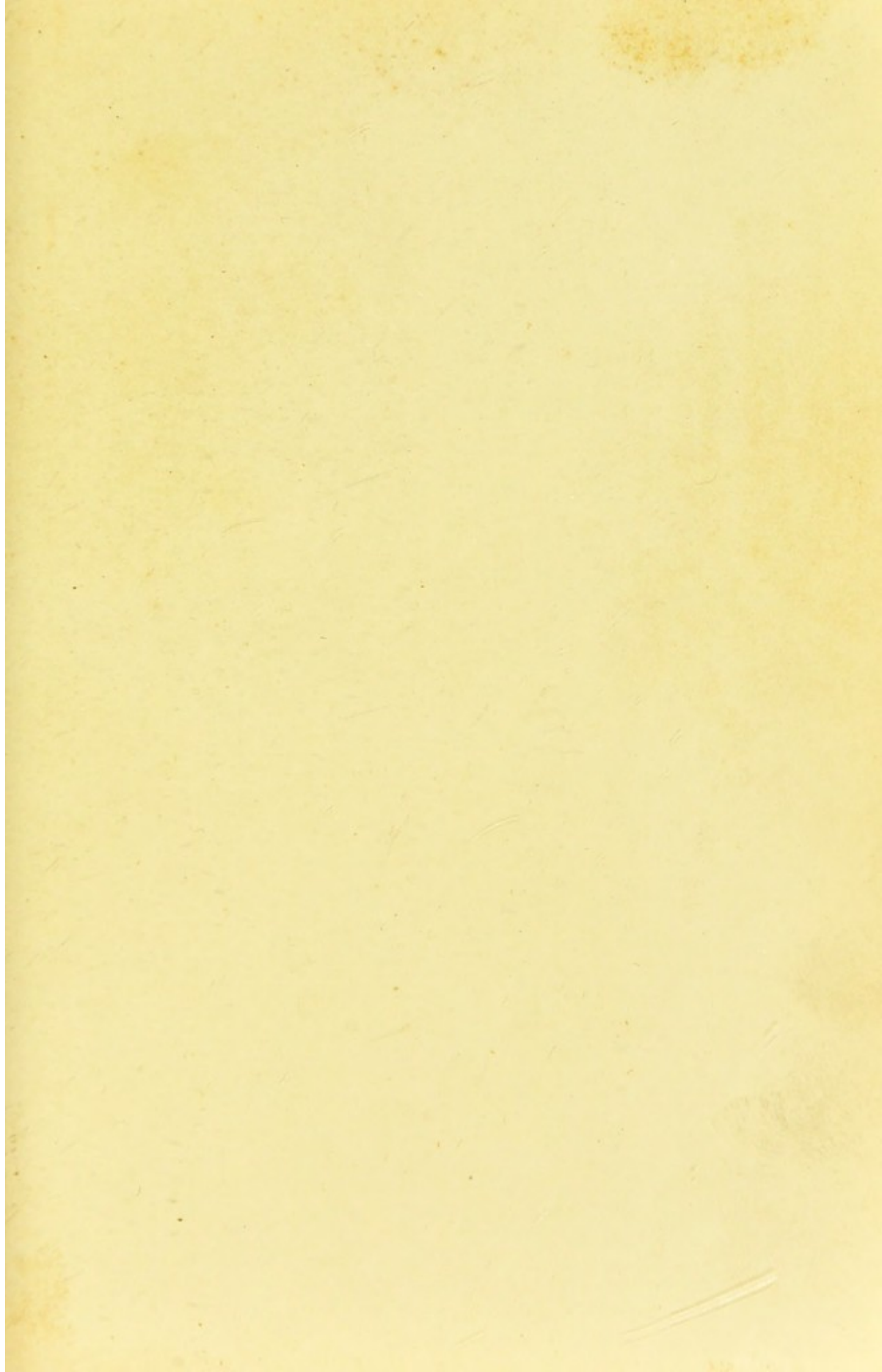
Med

K13993



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/b28141775>



THE
NEXT BOOK



Printed and Published by
W. & A. G. & Co. Ltd.
10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

THE SMOKER'S TEXT BOOK



Printed and
Published at the Office
of "Cope's Tobacco Plant"
10 Lord Nelson Street,
Liverpool.
1889

NOTICE to Shippers and Exporters.

Special Lists of Cope's Manufactures, Cigars, Cigarettes, Snuffs, Tobaccos, Pressed Spun and Cut, suitable for Exportation, forwarded on receipt of Business Card.

~~~~~  
For London, TELEGRAMS:— Golden Cloud, London.

For Liverpool, TELEGRAMS:— Cope, Liverpool.

DO YOU TAKE SNUFF?

---



STOUT HIGHLANDER:—"I never tak' Snuff."

LEAN DITTO:—"That's a peety, for there's  
gran' ACCOMODATION!"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

# GOLDEN CLOUD.

CLASS 45. No. 5604.

FAC-SIMILE OF LABEL.

Registered Trade Mark.

FINE CUT  
BRIGHT CAVENDISH



TRADE (COPE) MARK

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—

**COPE BROTHERS & CO., LIMITED.**

*WHEN YOU ASK FOR IT,  
SEE THAT YOU GET IT.*

Smokers not getting it are requested to write to the Head Office, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, for a list of Tobacconists in their locality who sell GOLDEN CLOUD.

LONDON ADDRESS: 89, Great Eastern Street, E.C.

FOUNDED IN 1848, BY

THOMAS  
COPE.

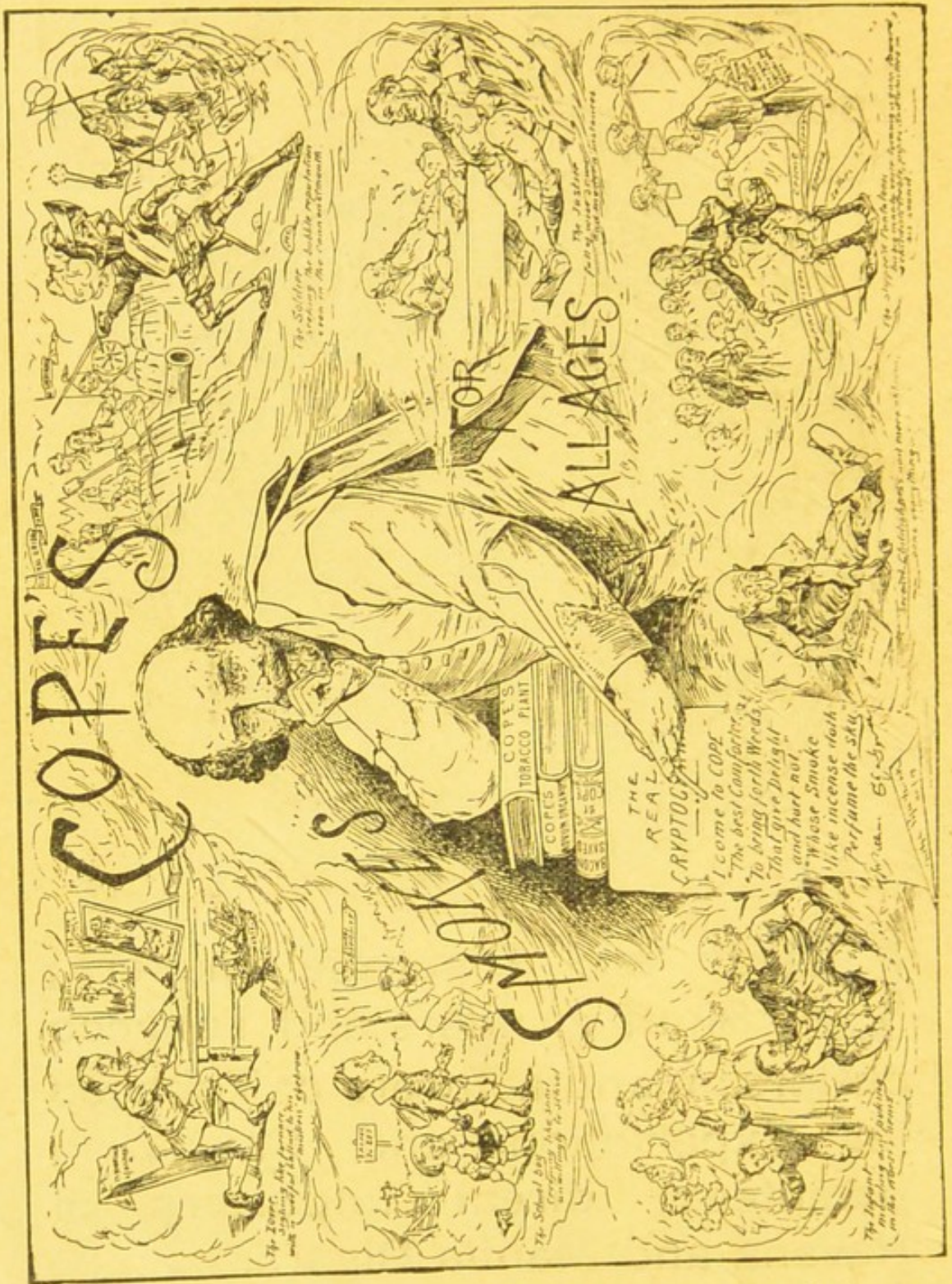
GEORGE  
COPE.



**C**igar and Cigarette makers;  
Snuff grinders and Tobacco  
cutters; manufacturers of Tobacco  
for Exportation, and Cavendish  
patentees; direct Importers of  
Havana and Manila Cigars.

All Export Communications to  
be addressed:— 10, Lord Nelson  
Street, Liverpool; or, 89, Great  
Eastern Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAMS { COPE, LIVERPOOL.  
GOLDEN CLOUD, LONDON.



New Edition of Shakespere Card now ready for distribution to our Customers. Size of Card, 24 x 19 inches. Owing to the expense attending separate packing and postage, the Shakespere Cards are sent out with Goods only.

# COPE'S

English Made Cigars.

Cope's Courts, 1d. Smoke.

England's Best, 2d. Cigar.

Prairie, 2d. Cigar.

Burgomaster, 3d. Cigar.

St. George, 4d. Cigar.

---

Cope's Shilling Bundles.

A packet of Six Cigars  
to retail at One Shilling.

*SOLD By all Tobacconists.*

---

Price List of the various Brands of Cigars  
in Stock, upwards of one Hundred varieties,  
Supplied to the Trade only.

---

TOBACCO WORKS—10, Lord Nelson Street, LIVERPOOL.  
BRANCH TOBACCO FACTORY—89, Great Eastern St. LONDON, E.C.

# FOREIGN CIGARS.



Messrs. Cope are direct Importers from Havana and Manila.

*Monthly lists are posted to Customers on request.*

Among the chief Factories represented by C. B. & Co.'s choice selection of Havana (or Foreign) Cigars, may be mentioned:—

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Flor de Sainz.   | Flor de Murias.     |
| Cabana.          | El Favorita.        |
| Larranaga.       | La Corona.          |
| Intimidad.       | El Brillante.       |
| Villar y Villar. | La Matilde.         |
| Henry Clay.      | La Flor de Alvarez. |
| Hortensia.       | La Ley.             |
| La Flor de Cuba. | La Legitmidad.      |
| Figaro.          |                     |

## MANILA CHEROOTS.

|                   |                         |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| Compania General. | Fortin.                 |
| Hensiana.         | La Gloria de Filipinas. |

## MANILA CIGARS.

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Compania General. | Flor de la Isabela. |
| La Hensiana.      | Capitan General.    |
| Del Principe.     |                     |

*A large stock kept at the Branch:—89, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.*

LIVERPOOL:—10, LORD NELSON STREET.

Made in a Model English Factory.

Cope's Cigarettes are made by English Girls.

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

BIRD'S EYE... .. 3d. per packet of 12

JULIANA... .. 3d. per packet of 10

WHIFFS ... .. 4d. per packet of 10

OUR MUTUAL

FRIEND ... 4d. per packet of 10

SOLACE ... .. 6d. per packet of 10

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

GOLDEN CLOUD—6d. per box of 12,  
made with and without tubes.

FAIRY—A Cigar-shaped Cigarette, leaf  
cover, 9d. per bundle of 10.

HAVANA—A full-flavoured leaf-covered  
Cigarette, 1/- per box of 13.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

DUBEC—Finest Turkish—

9d per box of 10.

1/- per box of 20.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

Not made in the Slums of Cairo or Constantinople.

Not made in Continental Prisons.



COPE BROTHERS & CO., L<sup>TD</sup>.

*Tobacco Works,*

10, LORD NELSON STREET,  
LIVERPOOL.

---

---

*Branch Tobacco Factory,*

89, GT. EASTERN STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

---

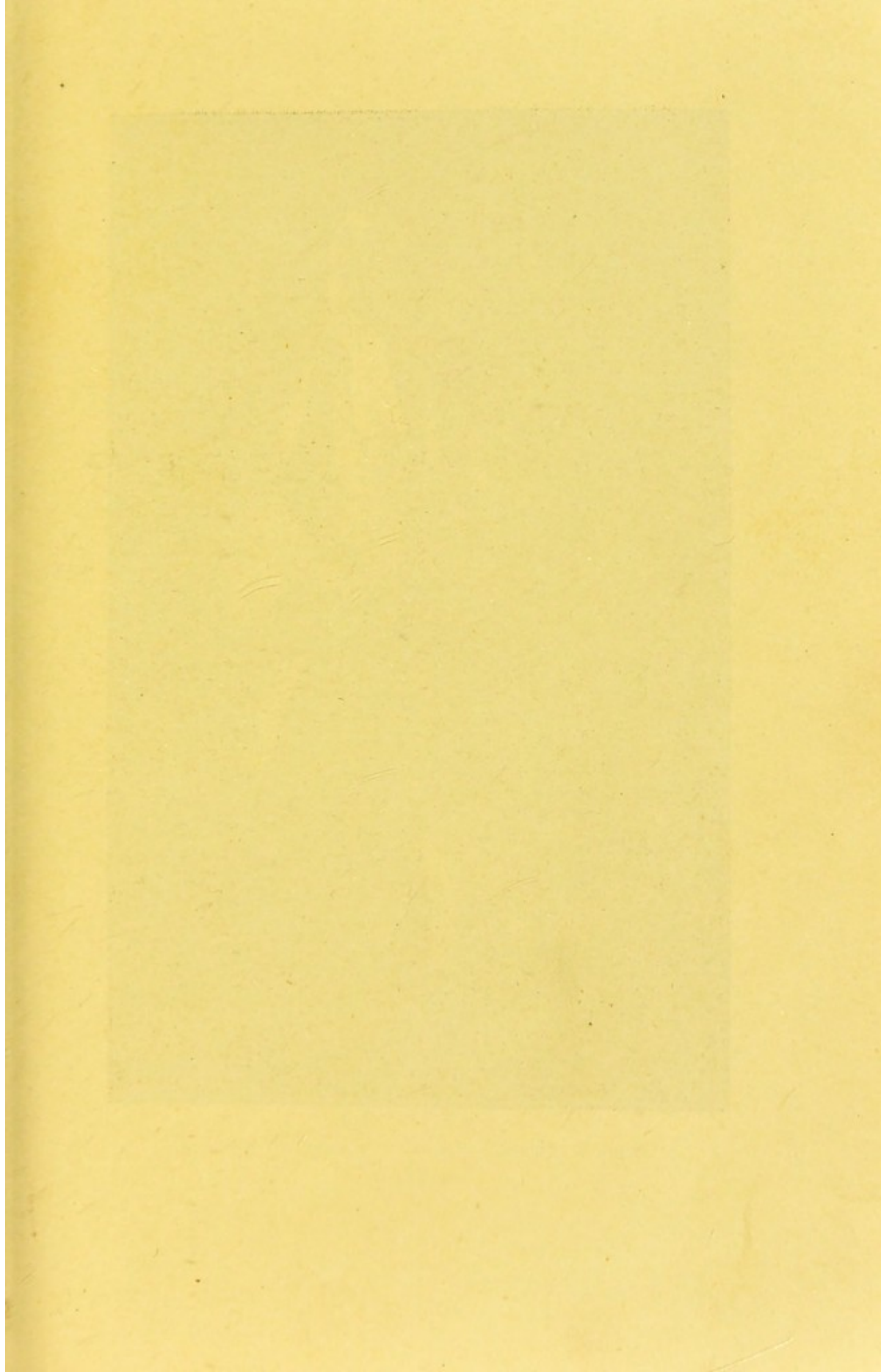
TERMS AND PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

---

*All Cope's Proprietary Goods are kept in  
Stock at 89, Gt. Eastern Street, E.C.*

THE SMOKERS' TEXT BOOK.







THE SMOKER'S  
TEXTBOOK.



BY  
J. HAMER, *F.R.S.L.*

(A REPRINT)

G.T.



LIVERPOOL:  
AT THE OFFICE OF "COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT."  
1889.

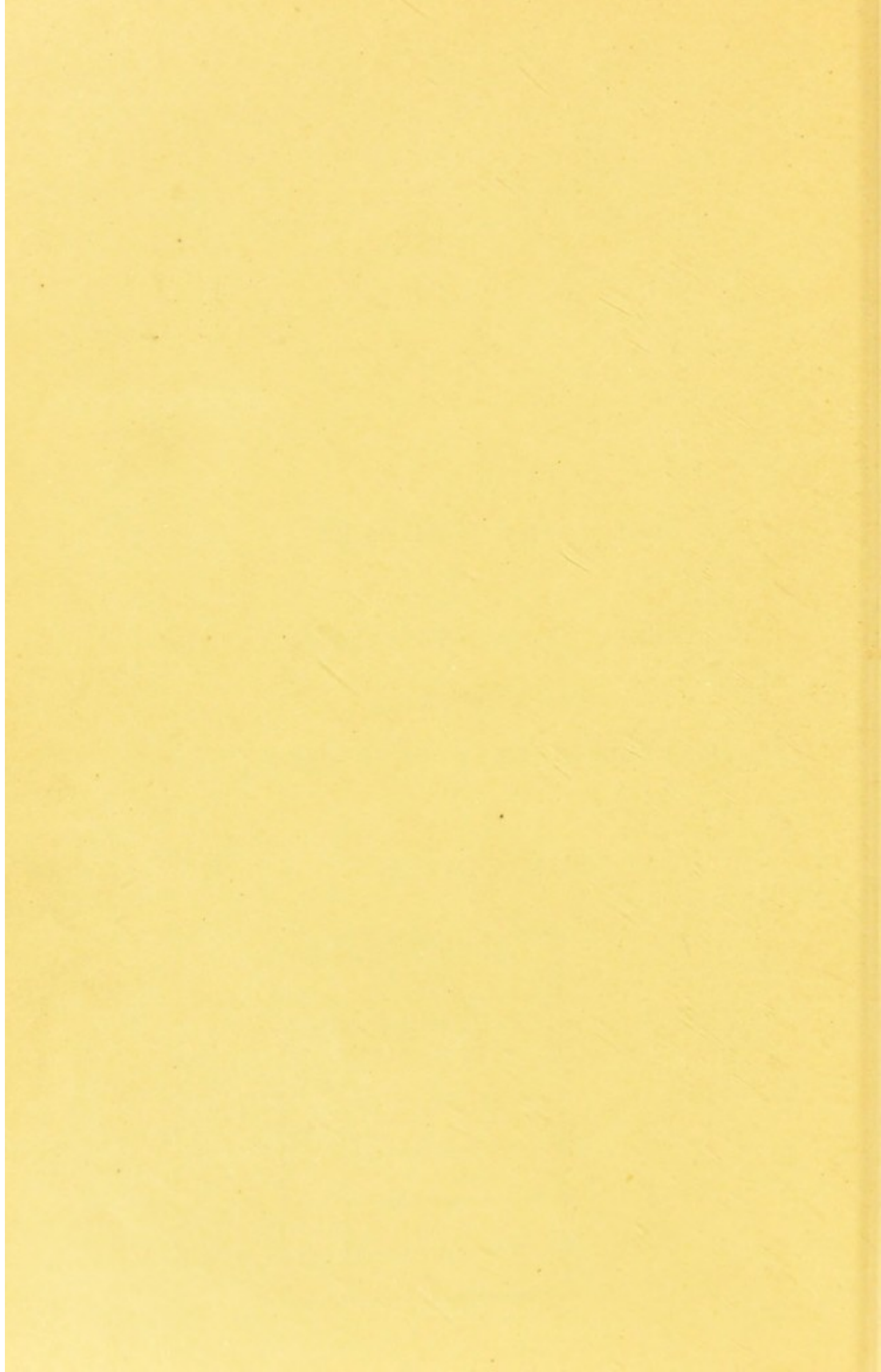
005 639

27429

|                               |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| WELLCOME INSTITUTE<br>LIBRARY |          |
| Coll.                         | weIMOmec |
| Call                          |          |
| No.                           | QV       |
|                               |          |
|                               |          |
|                               |          |

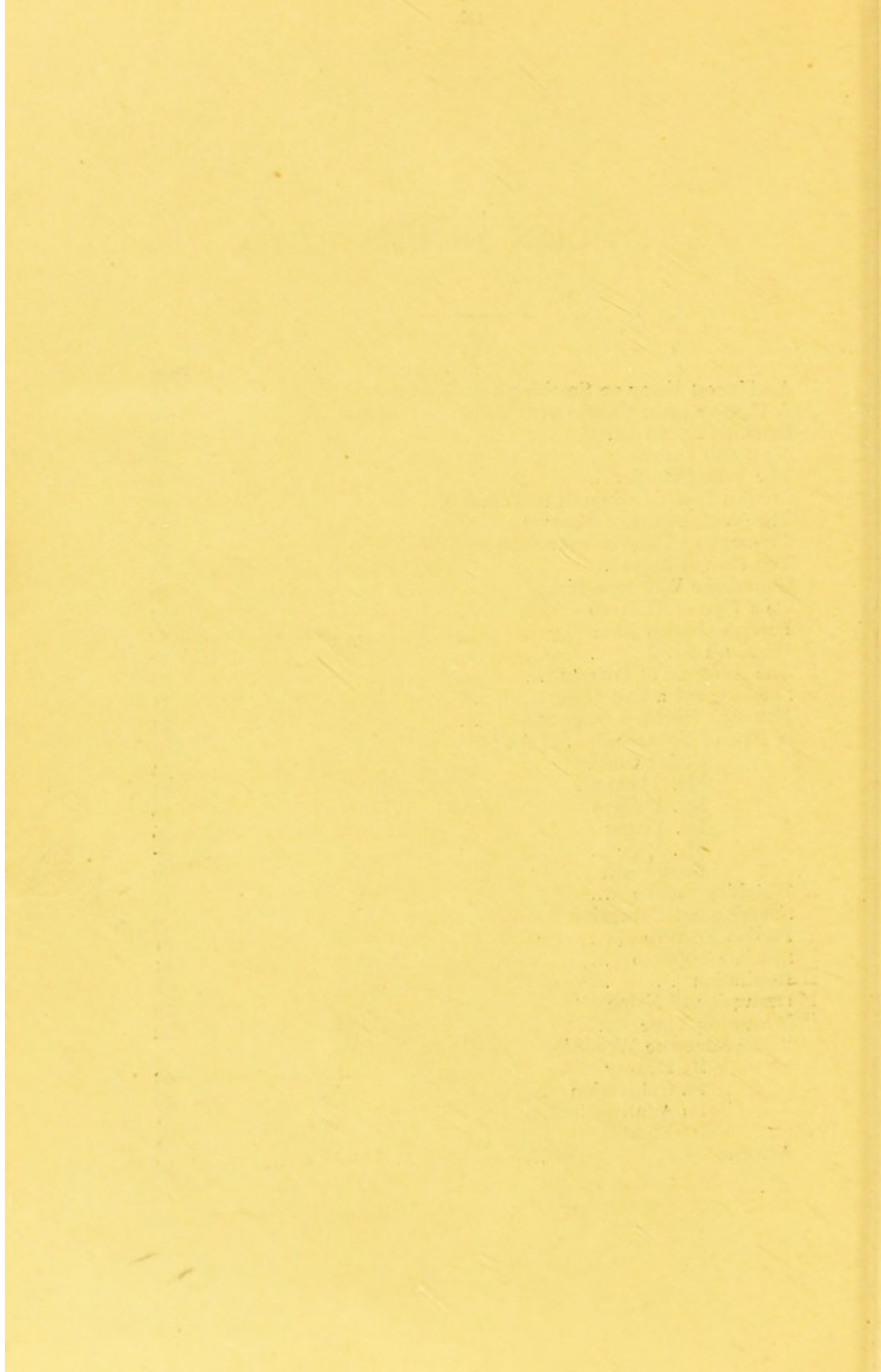
TO  
ALL TRUE SMOKERS,  
OF  
EVERY LAND AND CLIME,  
THIS WORK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THE EDITOR.





## CONTENTS.

|                                        | Page |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| An Honest Essay on Smoking and Smokers | 11   |
| A Pipe—a great Comforter               | 14   |
| Smoking Spiritualized                  | 14   |
| Meat and Drink                         | 18   |
| The True Consoler                      | 19   |
| Charles Lamb's Farewell to Tobacco     | 20   |
| The Noble Army of Martyrs              | 22   |
| Tryumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ale   | 24   |
| The Pipe of Peace                      | 26   |
| Choosing a Wife by a Pipe              | 29   |
| To a Pipe of Tobacco                   | 29   |
| Punch's Golden Rule                    | 30   |
| Woman's Rival                          | 30   |
| The Anodyne of Poverty                 | 30   |
| Smoking not a Bad Habit                | 31   |
| Newton's Tobacco Stopper               | 34   |
| A Pipe of Tobacco, by Six Authors—     |      |
| Colley Cibber                          | 34   |
| Mr. Thomson                            | 35   |
| Mr. Phillips                           | 36   |
| Dr. Young                              | 36   |
| Mr. Pope                               | 37   |
| Dean Swift                             | 38   |
| Weighing Smoke                         | 38   |
| Smoking not Expensive                  | 39   |
| Persian Proverb                        | 41   |
| Sublime Tobacco                        | 41   |
| Inspiration                            | 41   |
| Derivation of Name                     | 42   |
| Measuring Time                         | 42   |
| “The Sovereane Weede”—                 |      |
| Its History                            | 42   |
| Its Cultivation                        | 48   |
| Its Adulterations                      | 51   |
| Its Effects                            | 51   |
| Acrostic                               | 54   |



THE  
SMOKERS' TEXT-BOOK.

---

AN HONEST ESSAY  
ON SMOKING AND SMOKERS.

---

*Recommended to the Consideration of reasonable People.*

---

HE was but a ribald wit, serious reader, who turned against tobacco smokers the significant text, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." But the trifler's joke was as sound as his argument would have been, no doubt.

What an age is our own for arguments in advocacy of all kinds of abstinence, except from money-getting, and getting into debt! The arguments are so many, and so hotly urged, that I usually take to flight as soon as they open; catching the alarm at the preparation-note.

"Abstain from war!" cries the peace-man; and I answer, "it is a beautiful precept, and I wish the world would observe it; but I see no hope of that, as yet."

"Abstain from shaving, and follow nature!" urge the young Europe Philosophers. "May it please your wisdoms to excuse me," I reply; "I have as modest an

objection to copy the ourang-outang in your fashion, as by going without my nether garments."

"Abstain from strong drink!" insists the teetotaller. "My friend," I answer very kindly, "I wish you hearty success with all the drunkards, rich and poor, gentle and simple: but I hope that all temperate men will have too much sense to be overcome by your fanaticism."

"Abstain from flesh, fish, and fowl!" advises the vegetarian. "Good brother," I reply, "if I understand your aim, it is to rid the world of the 'carnivora,' to which numerous class of animals man belongs (I don't care about the Cuvierian classification.) Now, if you can show me how, after having converted mankind, you shall convert the lion from deer-devouring, the hawk from pigeon-eating, the porpoise from salmon-gormandising, and so on to the end of the chapter, through earth, air, and sea,—why, I'll listen to you. 'Verbum sap!'"

But what say I, what do I, when any super-delicate brother cries out, "Adam Hornbook, abstain from smoking!" I say nothing: I smoke! Why don't I argue with my adviser? Because I think he talks without thinking; and I never argue with such people.

Why am I to be forbidden this harmless and pleasant practice with my pipe? It is not gluttony, nor drunkenness, nor rape, nor murder, nor cheating, nor lying, nor swearing, nor burglary, nor larceny, nor high-way robbery, nor sedition, nor treason. You cannot make it out to be either a sin or a crime, or a transgression of any part of the Decalogue. "But it is an indolent habit," the objector urges, when he can find nothing more to say. I wish he had said that at first, for then I would have smiled and shaken hands with him, and said, "Most true; and therein lies its excellence."

What are the real evils and plagues of this age? What but its breathless fuss and brainless flutter, its bother and din and hurry-skurry, its glare and stare and pretension? Now, the pipe calms a man, it slackens his pulse, lulls his restlessness, lays unruly haste and anxiety to sleep, and makes a man willing to stay in the arm-chair, and enjoy it as one of the pleasantest and most comfortable things in life, and let the world, if it will, go a-gadding. Your true smoker—he that keeps his pipe in, I mean; and that is the mark by which you may know the true from the sham

smoker—your true smoker is a pattern man for consistency. He takes his time about things. You ask his opinion: he thinks twice before he answers once,—keeping his pipe in. You offer him a bargain: he considers well before he accepts it,—keeping his pipe in. Some ill-natured, quarrelsome fellow tries to provoke him: but he is slow to be provoked,—he keeps his pipe in. He does not bore people to death and usurp all the time for talking, in a company,—he keeps his pipe in; and when he speaks, he does not tell all he knows, and exhaust all his wit, so as to have none left for the next holiday,—he keeps his pipe in.

And how healthful are the private meditations of the true smoker! His plans are properly matured and sagaciously practical,—he keeps his pipe in: yet he does not elaborate them, and dawdle with them, till all the fire is gone out of him for putting them into action,—he keeps his pipe in. Nor are his thoughts all of the earth, earthy. The floating upward of that light wreath of vapour often reminds him of the ethereal aspirations and play of genius, or of the flight of a soul to its celestial home; and then that peculiar whirling circle—such as just now issues from the bowl of my pipe—does it illustrate some great questions, I wonder, such as the nature of the nebulæ, or of Saturn's rings? But, behold, it breaks; and now it forms phantasmal graces that have been likened by no pencil, unless it was Flaxman's, when he created the outlines to Dante!

Do not tell me, super-delicate brother, that I am doting. I would that Raleigh had left us a record of his grand imaginings over the pipe, and that he had bethought him to do it before the royal poltroon who wrote the farcial "Counterblast" sent his precious head to the block. Or Shakspeare—who can prove that he did not learn to take the pipe from Raleigh? While so many are trying their hands at making new lives of him, deducing his habits from stray passages in his dramas, could not I deduce the positive fact that he smoked, and kept his pipe in, from some score of his finer flights of thought? Or Milton had told us how the pipe—though his dear eyes could no longer see the smoke—suggested some of the most transcendent idealities in the "Paradise Lost." Or Newton had informed us how his smoking assisted

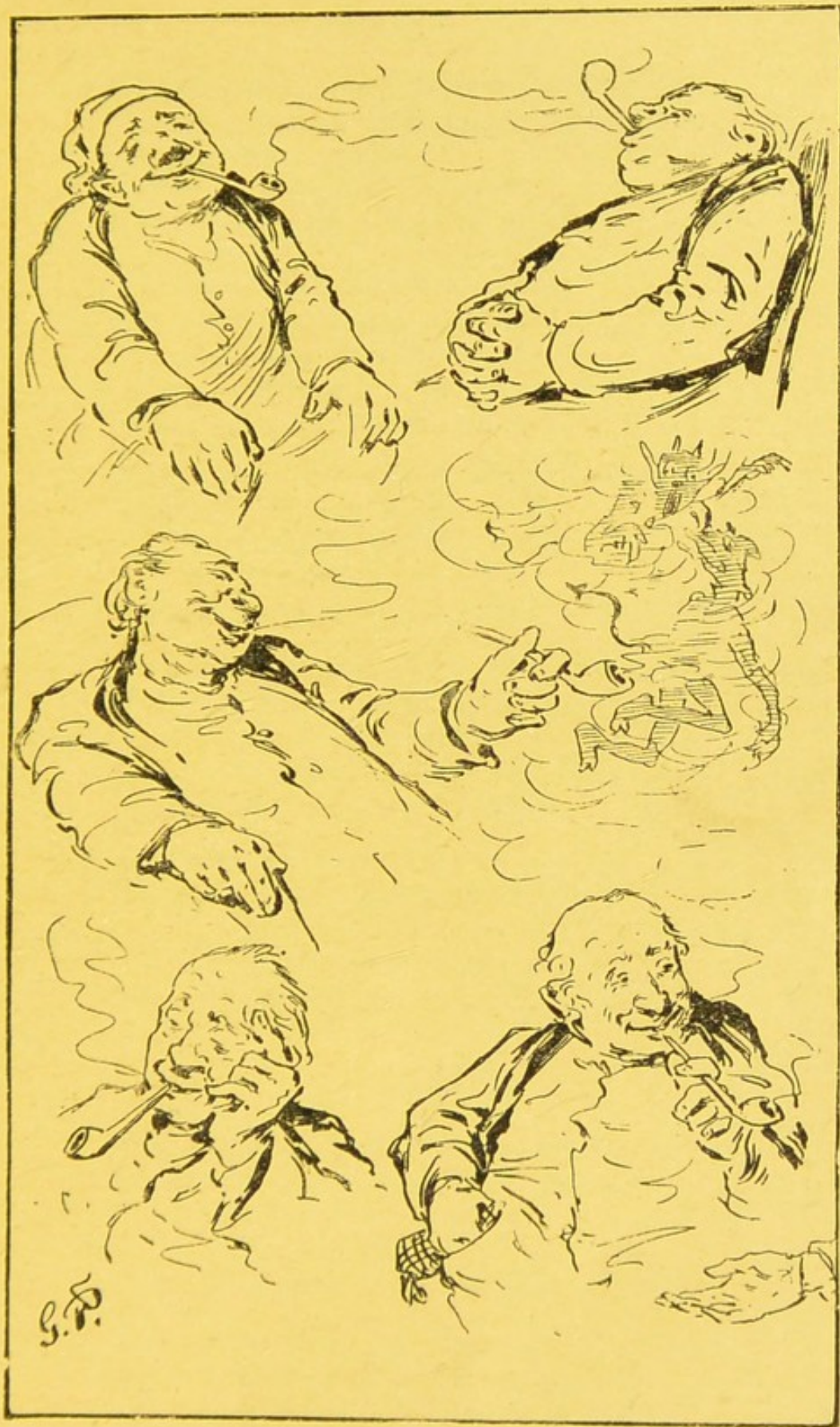
his profound comprehension of the celestial mechanism. Or Robert Hall—ah! you should have heard him preach after a pipe thrice filled, to have known what pulpit eloquence was! Or Campbell—who ever equalled him for the true fire of a lyric? The secret of it was—he smoked, and kept his pipe in. Or Tennyson—do not all our living poets pale their smaller fires before him? What wonder? he smokes, and keeps his pipe in. Or Carlyle—by whose electric words your brain is stirred, your prejudices are shattered, your heart is fired with indignation against idle shams, and your resolution is girt up to work and be no sham; and why?—he smokes, and keeps his pipe in.

Q. E. D. It is all as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky at a July noon: and the whole host of ye, abstainers of every degree, must be as blind as moles, bats, or owls, if you cannot see it. Do not bother Adam Hornbook with any more of your abstinences—unless they have more sense to recommend them than any you have hitherto recommended—for Adam's mind is made up. While he is able, he will smoke and keep his pipe in.—*Thomas Cooper's "Family Feud."*

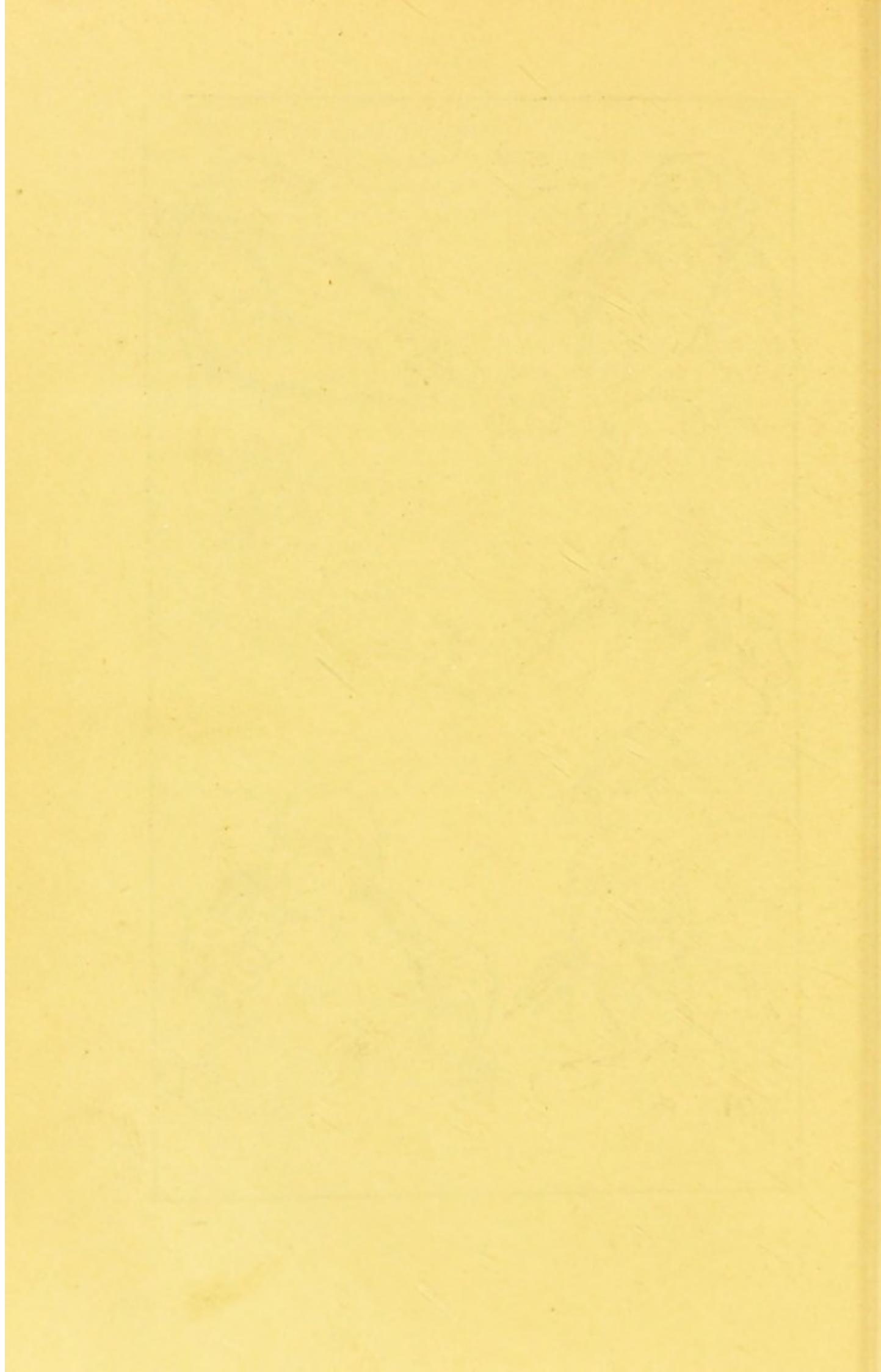
A PIPE! it is a great comforter, a pleasant soother! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain, it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan.—*Bulwer's "Night and Morning."*

### SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

[The following old poem was long ascribed, on apparently sufficient grounds to the Rev. Ralph Erskine, or, as he designated himself, "Ralph Erskine, V.D.M." The peasantry throughout the North of England always called it "Erskine Song;" and not only is his name given as the author in numerous chap-books, but in his own volume of "Gospel Sonnets," from an early copy of which our version is transcribed. The discovery, however, by Mr. Collier, of the First Part in a MS. temp. Jac. I., with the initials G. W. affixed to it, has disposed of Erskine's name to the honour of the entire authorship. G. W. is supposed to be George Wither; but this is purely conjectural, and it is not at all improbable that G. W. really stands for W. G., as it was a common practice amongst anonymous writers to reverse their initials. The history, then, of the poem seems to be this: that the First Part, as it is now printed, originally constituted the whole production, being complete in itself: that the Second Part was afterwards added by the Rev. Ralph Erskine, and that both parts came subsequently to be ascribed to him, as his was the only name published in connexion with the song.—See "Ballads of the Peasantry." Bell's edition.]







## PART I.

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

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

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

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

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

## PART II.

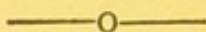
Was this small plant for thee cut down?  
 So was the Plant of Great Renown,  
     Which mercy sends  
     For nobler ends :  
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Does juice medicinal proceed  
 From such a naughty foreign weed?  
     Then what's the power  
     Of Jesse's Flower?  
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,  
 And by the mouth of faith conveys  
     What virtue flows  
     From Sharon's Rose :  
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow ;  
 Your pains in outward means are so,  
     Till heavenly fire  
     Your heart inspire :  
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers ;  
 So should a praying heart of yours,  
     With ardent cries,  
     Surmount the skies :  
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.



## MEAT AND DRINK.

THEY had gone ten miles or more : the day began to draw in, and the western wind to sweep more cold and cheerless every moment, when Amyas, knowing that there was not an inn hard by around for many a mile ahead, took a pull at a certain bottle which Lady Grenville had put into his holster, and then offered Yeo a pull also.

He declined : he had meat and drink too about him, Heaven be praised !

“Meat and drink ? fall to, then man, and don't stand on manners.”

Whereon Yeo, seeing an old decayed willow by a brook, went to it and took therefrom some touchwood, to which he set a-light with his knife and a stone, while Amyas watched, a little puzzled and startled, as Yeo's fiery reputation came into his mind. Was he really a Salamander-Sprite, and going to warm his inside by a meal of burning tinder ? But now Yeo, in his solemn methodical way, pulled out of his bosom a brown leaf, and began rolling a piece of it up neatly to the size of his little finger ; and then putting the one end into his

mouth, and the other on the tinder, sucked at it till it was a-light, and drinking down the smoke, began puffing it out again at his nostrils with a grunt of deepest satisfaction, and resumed his dog-trot by Amyas's side, as if he had been a walking chimney.

On which Amyas burst into a loud laugh, and cried, "Why, no wonder they said you breathed fire! Is not that the Indian's tobacco?"

"Yea, verily, Heaven be praised! but did you never see it before?"

"Never, though we heard talk of it along the coast; but we took it for one more Spanish lie. Humph—well, live and learn!"

"Ah, Sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating: and therefore, Sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties; and no wonder; for when all things were made none were made better than this: to be

A LONE MAN'S COMPANION,

A BACHELOR'S FRIEND,

A HUNGRY MAN'S FOOD,

A SAD MAN'S CORDIAL,

A WAKEFUL MAN'S SLEEP,

AND

A CHILLY MAN'S FIRE;

while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven."—*C. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"*

—:O:—

THE TRUE CONSOLER.

HE who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What, softer than

woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teazes as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome: when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that; Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter! try the weed.—*Bulwer's "What will he do with it?"*

—————:O:—————

### A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

SCENT to match thy sweet perfume  
 Chemic art did ne'er presume  
 Through her quaint alembic strain,  
 None so sov'reign to the brain.  
 Nature, that did in thee excel,  
 Framed again no second smell.  
 Roses, violets, but toys  
 For the smaller sort of boys,  
 Or for the greener damsels meant—  
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,  
 Africa, that brags her foison,  
 Breeds no such prodigious poison,  
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
 Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,  
 Plant divine of rarest virtue;  
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.  
 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;  
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,  
 Such as perplex'd lovers use,  
 At a need, when, in despair  
 To paint forth their fairest fair,  
 Or in part but to express  
 That exceeding comeliness

Which their fancies doth so strike,  
 They borrow language of dislike ;  
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,  
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,  
 And those forms of old admiring,  
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,  
 Basalisk, and all that's evil,  
 Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,  
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,  
 Monkey, ape, and twenty more :  
 Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—  
 Not that she is truly so,  
 But no other way they know  
 A contentment to express,  
 Borders so upon excess,  
 That they do not rightly wot  
 Whether it be pain or not.

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

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

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

CHARLES LAMB.

—:O:—

### THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

MODERN lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Diocletian persecutions their predecessors passed through in adhering to their faith in, and transmitting to their descendants, the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned, and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mahomedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. The world was roused like a famishing lion from its lair, and gloated on them. James I. of England, foaming with rage, sent forth his "Counterblast." The half savage ruler of the Moscovites followed suite. The King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, the Emperor Jehan-Geer, and others, all joined the crusade. In Russia it was punished with amputation of the nose; and in the Swiss Canton of Berne it ranked in the table of offences next to adultery; even so late as the middle of the last century, a particular court was held there for trying delinquents. Arming themselves with scourges, halters, knives, and bearing gibbets on their banners, they denounced death to all found inhaling fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet of it under their tongues. Such as used it as a sternutative only were dealt with

more gently—they were merely to be deprived of their organs of smelling—of nostrils and nose. To perfect the miseries of the pitiable delinquents, Urban VIII. went in awful pomp to the Vatican, where, tremulous with holy anger, he shook his garments to intimate that the blood of the offenders would be on their own heads, and then thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing, in any shape, into a church!

Was ever destruction of body and spirit threatened so unjustly? Mutilation for taking a pinch! Loss of life for lighting a pipe! Exclusion from heaven for perhaps harmlessly reviving attention to a wearisome sermon in chapel or church! Merciful heavens! what comminations these to emanate from Christian kings and Christ's successor! Present and eternal death, tortures here, and endless torments hereafter, for a whiff or quid of tobacco! Our sympathies are naturally excited for the sufferers. One wonders how they managed to preserve their integrity, or pass through the fires unscathed, or even escape annihilation. Yet most of them did escape, and they did more—they converted the Nebuchadnezzars who sought to consume them. Conscious of their innocence and of their rights, they mildly persisted in maintaining them. Of retiring habits, they avoided agitation and debate, declaring that the properties of the proscribed herb made such efforts uncongenial, while it strengthened them in passive resistance, composed their spirits, and rendered them in a great measure indifferent to abuse, and often insensible to pain. Hence they smoked, and chewed, and sneezed at home, until their hottest enemies became their warmest friends, and greater sinners than themselves had ever been.—“*New York Literary World.*”

---



THE TRYUMPH OF TOBACCO OVER  
SACK AND ALE.

---

NAY, soft, by your leaves !  
Tobacco bereaves  
You both of the garland : forbear it :  
You are two to one,  
Yet tobacco alone  
Is like both to win it and weare it.

Though many men crack,  
Some of ale, some of sack,  
And think they have reason to do it,  
Tobacco hath more  
That will never give o'er  
The honour they do unto it.

Tobacco engages  
Both sexes, all ages,  
The poor as well as the wealthy ;  
From the court to the cottage,  
From childhood to dotage,  
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

It plainly appears  
That in a few years  
Tobacco more custom hath gained,  
Then sack, or then ale  
Though they double the tale  
Of the times wherein they have reigned.

And worthily to  
For what they undoe  
Tobacco doth help to regaine ;  
On fairer conditions,  
Than many physitians,  
Puts an end to much griefe and paine.

It helpeth digestion,  
 Of that there's no question,  
 The gout and the tooth-ache it easeth ;  
 Be it early or late  
 'Tis never out of date,  
 He may safely take it that pleaseth.

Tobacco prevents  
 Infection, by scents  
 That hurt the brain, and are heady.  
 An antidote is,  
 Before you're amisse,  
 As well as an after remedy.

The cold it doth heate,  
 Cools them that do sweat,  
 And them that are fat maketh lean ;  
 The hungry doth feed,  
 And, if there be need,  
 Spent spirits restoreth again.

The poets of old,  
 Many fables have told,  
 Of the gods and their symposia ;  
 But tobacco alone,  
 Had they known it, had gone  
 For their nectar and ambrosia.

It is not the smack  
 Of ale or of sack,  
 That can with tobacco compare ;  
 For taste and for smell,  
 It bears away the bell  
 From them both, wherever they are.

For all their bravado,  
 It is Trinidado  
 That both their noses will wipe  
 Of the praises they desire,  
 Unless they conspire  
 To sing to the tune of his pipe.

## THE PIPE OF PEACE.

THE use of tobacco was known to nearly all the American nations, and the pipe was their grand diplomatist. In making war and in concluding peace it performed an important part. Their deliberations, domestic as well as public, were conducted under its influences, and no treaty was ever made unsignalized by the passage of the calumet. The transfer of the pipe from the lips of one individual to those of another was the token of amity and friendship, a gage of honour with the chivalry of the forest which was seldom violated. In their religious ceremonies it was also introduced with various degrees of solemnity.

In the Old World most of the ideas connected with the tobacco-pipe are homely and prosaic enough; and though we associate the chibouk with the poetical reveries of the Oriental day-dreamer, and the hookah with the pleasant fancies of the Anglo-Indian reposing in the shade of his bungalow, nevertheless, its seductive antique mystery, and all its symbolic significance, pertain alone to the New World. The tobacco-pipe, indeed, constitutes the peculiar and most characteristic symbol of America, intimately interwoven with the rites and superstitions, and with the relics of ancient customs and historical traditions of its aborigines. If Europe borrowed from it the first knowledge of its prized narcotic, the gift was received unaccompanied by any of the sacred or peculiar virtues which the Red Indian still attaches to it as the symbol of hospitality and amicable intercourse; and Longfellow, accordingly, with no less poetic vigour than fitness, opens his "Song of Hiawatha" with the institution of "the peace-pipe" by the Great Spirit. The Master of Life descends on the mountains of the prairie, breaks a fragment from the red stone of the quarry, and, fashioning it with curious art into a figured pipe-head, he fills it with the bark of the red willow, chafes the forest into flame with the tempest of his breath and kindling it, smokes the calumet, as a signal to the nations, and the tribes of the ancient aborigines gathering from river, lake, and prairie, assemble at the divine summons, listen to the warnings and promises with which the Great Spirit seeks

to guide them; and this done, and the warriors having buried their war-clubs, they smoke their first peace-pipe, and depart,—

“While the Master of Life ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The pukwana of the peace-pipe!”

The tradition of the institution of the peace-pipe varies among the different tribes, but its general form is that which Longfellow has embodied in his Indian epic. It is thus narrated by the Sioux of the Mississippi: “Many ages after the red men were made, when all the different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit called them altogether at the Red Rocks. He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red nations were assembled in infinite numbers on the plain below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone, and made a large pipe. He smoked it over them all; told them that it was part of their flesh; that though they were at war, they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all; that they must make their calumets from it, and smoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him or get his goodwill. The smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in its cloud. At the last whiff of his pipe a blaze of fire rolled over the rocks and melted their surface. At that moment two Indian maidens passed in a flame under the two medicine rocks, where they remain to this day. The voices of Tsomecostee and Tsomecostewondee, as they are named, are heard at times in answer to the invocations of the suppliants, and they must be propitiated before the pipe-stone is taken away.”

From among the many Indian traditions connected with the red pipe-stone quarry, the Coteau des Prairies, one of them, which seems to perpetuate the idea of a general deluge, may best illustrate its most ancient associations. It was narrated to Catlin, by a distinguished Knisteneaux on the Upper Missouri, on the occasion of presenting to him a handsome red-stone pipe. “In the time of a great freshet, which took place many centuries

ago, and destroyed all the nations of the earth, all the tribes of the red men assembled on the Coteau des Prairies, to get out of the way of the waters. After they had all gathered here from every part, the water continued to rise, until at length it covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted in'to red pipe-stone. Therefore, it has always been considered neutral ground: it belongs to all tribes alike, and all were allowed to get it and smoke it together. While they were all drowning in a mass, a young woman, Kwaptahw, a virgin, caught hold of the foot of a very large bird that was flying over, and was carried to the top of a high cliff not far off, that was above the water. Here she had twins, and their father was the war-eagle, and her children have since peopled the earth." The idea that the red pipe-stone is the flesh of their ancestors is a favourite one among different and independent tribes. When Catlin and his party attempted to penetrate to the sacred locality, they were stopped by the Sioux, and one of them addressing him, said "This red pipe was given to the red men by the Great Spirit. It is a part of our flesh, and therefore is great medicine. We know that the whites are like a great cloud that rises in the east, and will cover the whole country. We know that they will have all our lands: but if ever they get our red pipe quarry they will have to pay very dear for it." Thus is it that even in the farthest West the Indian feels the fatal touch of that white hand; and to the intrigues of interested white traders is ascribed the encroachment of the Sioux on the sacred neutral ground, where, within memory of living men, every tribe on the Missouri had smoked with their enemies, while the Great Spirit kept the peace among his red children on that spot consecrated by the tradition of ages.

WILSON'S "Prehistoric Man."

---

CHOOSING A WIFE BY A PIPE OF  
TOBACCO.

---

TUBE, I love thee as my life ;  
 By thee I mean to chuse a wife.  
 Tube, thy colour let me find,  
 In her skin, and in her mind.  
 Let me have a shape as fine ;  
 Let her breath be sweet as thine ;  
 Let her, when her lips I kiss,  
 Burn, like thee, to give me bliss ;  
 Let her in some smoke or other  
 All my failings kindly smother.  
 Oïten when my thoughts are low,  
 Send them where they ought to go.  
 When to study I incline,  
 Let her aid be such as thine :  
 Such as thine her charming power  
 In the vacant social hour.  
 Let her live to give delight,  
 Ever warm and ever bright ;  
 Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,  
 Mount as incense to the skies.

"Gentleman's Mag.," Feb., 1757.

---

TO A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

---

COME, lovely tube, by friendship blest,  
 Belov'd and honour'd by the wise ;  
 Come, filled with honest "Weekly's best,"  
 And kindled from the lofty skies.  
 While round me clouds of incense roll,  
 With guiltless joys you charm the sense,  
 And nobler pleasure to the soul,  
 In hints of moral truth, dispense.  
 Soon as you feel th' enlivening ray,  
 To dust you hasten to return ;  
 And teach me that my earliest day  
 Began to give me to the urn.  
 But tho' thy grosser substance sink  
 To dust, thy purer part aspires ;

This when I see, I joy to think  
 That earth but half of me requires.  
 Like thee, myself am born to die,  
 Made half to rise and half to fall ;  
 O could I, while my moments fly,  
 The bliss you give me, give to all.

"Gentleman's Mag.," July, 1745.

—:O:—

LEARN to smoke slow. The other grace is,  
 To keep your smoke from people's faces.

"Punch."

### WOMAN'S RIVAL.

POWERFUL as may be the objection made by the "softer sex" to smoking, backed by some few of that other sex "softer" still, who so vapidly denounce what they cannot enjoy, one of the ablest of modern humorists jocularly says, ladies cannot expect to succeed in conquering the practice. He asks, "What is this smoking, that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. The fact is, that the cigar is a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror too. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for three-score years. France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Pshaw! Look at his progress. Ask the club-houses. I, for my part, do not despair to see a Bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat."

THACKERAY'S "Fitz-Boodle Papers."

### ANODYNE OF POVERTY.

A PHILOSOPHIC and charitable view of the minor indulgences of life, would lead us to look with no frowning eye on the simple pleasures of the poor; and tobacco has been called "the anodyne of poverty." He would be harsh indeed who would deprive the poor man of the hard-earned solace his pipe presents; the small recompense awarded a long life of toil. There must be

some charm which he in his narrow philosophy cannot comprehend; which even can recompense in the pipe the toil and privation endured by the labourer, the discomfort of the sailor on the stormy deck, or the soldier in the trenches. As a comfort to the poor, as a luxury to the rich, tobacco unites all classes in a common pleasure; and there is much deep philosophy as well as sound sense, in the emblematic design by the German artist Rethel, in which the hand of Death holds up the balance, and enforces the lesson that the pleasures of the king's crown, and the poor man's pipe, are equal.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

---

### SMOKING NOT A BAD HABIT.

---

HALF an hour's quiet smoking is better for soul and body than would be double the amount of time spent in a lecture-room or spouting club. Not that these places are altogether bad—by no means. Some they keep from drunkenness and what is worse: others they do in some degree instruct; but the smoker has the advantage,—not, it may be, in knowledge, in the mere parrot-power of repeating a few scientific terms,—but in the incomparably superior power of reflection, in the ability to examine and judge. Need we say that Sir Isaac Newton smoked,—that Locke implies that tobacco is as essential as bread,—that old Hobbes, of Malmesbury, the first and clearest of English philosophers, regularly had his twelve pipes a day, and kept it up till he was almost as old as Old Parr? That man must be in the most melancholy condition imaginable who is ignorant of these plain facts. Smoking is a bad habit, a waste of time, do you say? My dear sir, allow me, as a friend of the family, for be your name Jenkins or Jones, Smith or Brown, to the human family do you, unworthy though you may be, undoubtedly belong,—allow me to observe, that for a candid man, as most unquestionably you are, you have made a most singularly erroneous remark. Did the venerable, the learned, and most excellent Bishop Burnet, who so constantly smoked that he had a hole for his pipe cut through the broad brim of his hat,—did he waste his time, who wrote more on ecclesiastical and general history and



theology than you have ever read? Did Dr. Parr, who had more Greek in his little finger than you have, my dear sir, in your whole trunk, did he waste his time, and did not he smoke

“From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve?”

Turn to his works, take down his life, and you will there find the fact admitted, and not merely admitted, but defended. His biographer, a medical man, says the effect of smoking on Dr. Parr was as follows:—“It calmed his agitated spirits, it assisted his private ruminations, it was his companion in anxiety, it was his helpmeet in composition.” What think you of that, sir? Could a Turk wish for testimony in favour of tobacco more satisfactory and clear? Somewhat similar is the testimony of that erudite German, the late William Taylor, of Norwich. In a letter to Southey he says, “I once fancied myself in a pulmonary consumption,—indeed I spat the blood-sprent suspended mucus,—and I have always willingly ascribed my recovery to the practice of smoking tobacco, which may act,—1, by callosifying lungs too sieve-like; 2, by phlogisticating a too pure atmosphere of respiration; 3, by alkalinising a hyper-oxygenated mass of blood; 4, by permanently stimulating a too irritable system. Dr. Beddoes himself must allow that some one of these theories will do, and might, I think, advise you to take a cigar in Portugal—a cigar, the friend of silent reminiscence, the peculiar incense for the shrines of Hippocrates and Mnemosyne. But we need not stop here; we can summon a cloud of witnesses. Did not Coleridge through life, look back to the glorious evenings he spent with Lamb, with his pipe, in that old-fashioned public-house whose name the admirers of his genius will never forget? Did not Robert Hall, the most eloquent of English preachers, and John Foster, the most original of English essayists, smoke? If they did not, may we never put pen to paper again! Did not Campbell and Byron constantly patronise the “weed?” And with these facts, my good friend, staring you in the face, can you call smoking a waste of time or a bad habit? Can you not, even though you be a Teetotaller, or a member of the Peace Society, understand that the mind as well as the body requires rest? that human value cannot be gauged by the amount of physical work done, or yellow cash

secured? that the self-meditation of the Brahmin is not altogether a folly? Everything depends upon the meaning we attach to the terms we employ; if reflection be a bad habit, a waste of time, we readily admit smoking to be so, and confess that the illustrious names we have taken at random to prop our cause, were but sorry fellows after all.

One fallacy, with regard to smoking, is too monstrous to be altogether passed over with the contempt it merits, viz.: that smoking leads to drinking. Good heavens! that we should have to write thus, in the present highly enlightened and philosophic age. The bare mention of the charge makes us drop our pen, and sit bolt upright, "erectis auribus," and with bristled head. The pipe, that all divines have rejoiced in,—a provocative to drinking, a pander to the public-house, the bottle's jackal, as it were! The charge is as ridiculous as it is false. One may as well

"Believe a woman or an epitaph."

The first time our reader walks down Regent Street, after seven in the evening, let him drop into Campbell's, in Beak Street, or wherever else he chooses, and let him see who gets to his fifth glass of grog soonest,—the smoker, or the man who does not: Who soonest, with a voice increasingly husky and indistinct, indulges in a promiscuous style of conversation, more amusing than convincing? Certainly not the smoker. Not that no smoker is ever overcome in a moment of temporary weakness,—the best of us, alas, are but men! To err is human. We ourselves have risen from our bed with a slight sensation of headache, and a conviction, by no means slight, that we had made fools of ourselves the previous night. But it stands to reason that you, with a cigar in your mouth, should drink slower than the man who has nothing else to do but drink. You cannot drink equal. While you have lit your cigar, and drawn half a dozen whiffs, and drank the health, temporal and eternal, of your divine Adele, or dearly beloved Ellen, your friend who does not smoke has left nothing in his glass but a silver spoon. This is not random assertion—what a gent might term chaff. We have tried the experiment, over and over again, and are quite ready to repeat it, my dear sir, at your expense.—*A Modern Epicurean.*

[T is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton, that on one occasion he used the finger of the lady he was courting for a stopper, as he sat and smoked in philosophic abstraction beside her.

————:O:————

## A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

In imitation of six several Authors. By ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq.  
Born, 1705; Died, 1760.

COLLEY CIBBER'S (Poet Laureate) style imitated.

### RECITATIVE.

OLD Battle array, big with horror is fled,  
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.  
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of Peace!  
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

### AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,  
Tobacco temper's Phœbus' ire;  
When wintry storms around us beat,  
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire:  
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,  
In thy praises jointly sing.

### RECITATIVE.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,  
Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets;  
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's pow'r,  
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

### AIR.

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

### RECITATIVE.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,  
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;  
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,

Enjoys a pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd :  
 E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

## AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run  
 Round the zodiack with the sun.  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.  
 Britain's sons no longer now  
 Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,  
 Nor of crimson combat think,  
 But securely smoke and drink.

## CHORUS.

Smiling years that gaily run  
 Round the zodiack with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.

—o—

## MR. THOMSON'S STYLE IMITATED.

O THOU, matured by glad Hesperian suns,  
 Tobacco ! fountain pure of limpid truth,  
 That look'st the very soul ; whence pouring thought  
 Swarm all the mind, absorb'd is yellow care,  
 And at each puff imagination burns,  
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires  
 Touch the mysterious lip that chants 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 glaz'd magnific o'er. I grasp, I fill,  
 From Pætoheka, with pungent powers perfum'd,  
 Itself one tortoise all, where lives imbib'd  
 Each parent ray, then rudely ram'd illume  
 With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheet.  
 Marked with Gibsonian lore, forth issue clouds,  
 Thought thrilling, thirst inviting clouds, around,  
 And many mining fires : I, all the while,  
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm,  
 But chief when Bacchus, wont with thee to join

In genial strife, and orthodoxal ale  
 Stream life and joy into the muse's bowl.  
 Oh! be thou still my great inspirer, thou  
 My muse: oh! fan me with thy zephyr's boon,  
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,  
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

---

MR. PHILLIPS'S STYLE IMITATED.

PRETTY tube of mighty power!  
 Charmer of an idle hour;  
 Object of my hot desire,  
 Lip of wax and eye of fire:  
 And thy snowy taper waist,  
 With my fingers gently brac'd;  
 And thy lovely swelling crest,  
 With my bended stopper prest;  
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses,  
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses;  
 Happy thrice and thrice agen—  
 Happy he of happy men!  
 Who, when again the night returns,  
 When again the taper burns;  
 When again the crickets gay,  
 Little crickets full of play,  
 Can afford his tube to feed,  
 With the fragrant Indian weed;  
 Pleasures for a nose divine,  
 Incense to the god of wine:  
 Happy thrice and thrice agen—  
 Happiest he of happy men!

---

DR. YOUNG'S STYLE IMITATED.

CRITICKS, 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 the scorching sphere.  
 Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,  
 So shall the muse from smoke elicit fire.  
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling stink of snuff,  
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.

Lord Topling smokes not, for his teeth affraid ;  
 Sir Taudry 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 loved the breath that cannot flatter.  
 The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)  
 Rails at tobacco, though it makes him spit.  
 Citrona 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 ;  
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame.  
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,  
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke, ev'ry thing.

---

MR. POPE'S STYLE IMITATED.

BLEST leaf whose aromatic gales dispense  
 To Templars modesty, to parsons sense  
 (So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's shrine,  
 Drink inspiration from the steam divine) ;  
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords  
 Content more solid than the smile of lords ;  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good.  
 Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.  
 By thee protected, and thy sister beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near ;  
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,  
 While supperless he piles the piddling trade.  
 What though to love and soft delight a foe,  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau ;  
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

## DEAN SWIFT'S STYLE IMITATED.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."—Hor.

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,  
 And bid the vicar be my guest;  
 Let all be placed in order due,  
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,  
 And "London Journal" and "Free Briton,"  
 Of use to light a pipe, or . . .

. . . . .  
 This village, unmolested yet  
 By troopers, shall be my retreat;  
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;  
 Who cannot write or vote for — .

Far from the vermin of the town,  
 Here let me rather live, my own;  
 Dose o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland  
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land;  
 Of all which at Vienna passes,  
 As ignorant as . . . Brass is;  
 And scorning rascals to caress,  
 Extol the days of good Queen Bess,  
 When first tobacco blest our isle,  
 Then think of other queens—and smile.

Come, jovial pipe, and bring along  
 Midnight revelry and song:  
 The merry catch, the Madrigal,  
 That echoes sweet in City Hall;  
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale  
 Of country justice o'er his ale.  
 I ask not what the French are doing,  
 Or Spain, to compass Briton's ruin.

Britons, if undone, can go  
 Where tobacco loves to grow.

---



---

 WEIGHING SMOKE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S pipe often furnished him with an opening for displaying his ready wit to the Queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb. "I can assure your Majesty,"

said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt." A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient of the original weight he gave as the result. "Your Majesty," said he, "cannot deny that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." "Truly, I cannot," answered the Queen. Then, turning to those around her, who had been amused by Raleigh's calculations, she continued, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, "Many labourers in the fire have I heard of who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

---

### SMOKING NOT EXPENSIVE.

---

PEOPLE who don't smoke—especially ladies—are exceedingly unfair and unjust to those who do. The reader has, I dare say, amongst his acquaintance, ladies, who, on hearing any habitual cigar-smoker spoken of, are always ready to exclaim against the enormity of such an expensive and useless indulgence, and the cost of tobacco smoking is generally cited by its enemies as one of the strongest reasons for its general discontinuance. One would imagine, to hear these people talk, that smoking was the only selfish indulgence in the world. When people argue in this strain, I immediately assume the offensive. I roll back the tide of war right into the enemy's entrenched camp of comfortable customs: I attack the expensive and unnecessary indulgences of ladies and gentlemen who do not smoke. I take cigar-smoking as an expense of, say half-a-crown a day, and pipe-smoking at threepence. I then compare the cost of these indulgences with the cost of other indulgences not a whit more necessary, which no one ever questions a man's right to if he can pay for them. There is luxurious eating, for instance. A woman who has got the habit of delicate eating, will easily consume dainties to the amount



of half-a-crown a day, which cannot possibly do her any good beyond the mere gratification of the palate. And there is the luxury of carriage-keeping, in many instances very detrimental to the health of women, by entirely depriving them of the use of their legs. Now, you cannot keep a carriage a-going quite as cheaply as a pipe. Many a fine meerschaum keeps up its cheerful fire on a shilling a-week. I am not advocating a sumptuary law to put down carriages and cookery; I desire only to say that people who indulge in these expensive and wholly superfluous luxuries have no right to be so very hard on smokers for their indulgence. Then there is wine. Nearly every gentleman who drinks good wine at all, will drink the value of half-a-crown a day. The ladies do not blame him for this. Half-a-dozen glasses of good wine are not thought an extravagance in any man of fair means; but women exclaim when a man spends the same amount in smoking cigars. The French habit of coffee-drinking and the English habit of tea-drinking are also cases in point. They are quite as expensive as ordinary tobacco-smoking, and, like it, defensible only on the ground of the pleasurable sensation they communicate to the nervous system. But these habits are so universal, that no one thinks of attacking them, unless now and then some persecuted smoker in self-defence. Tea and tobacco are alike seductive, delicious, and—deleterious. The two indulgences will, perhaps, become equally necessary to the English world. It is high treason to the English national feeling to say a word against tea, which is now so universally recognised as a national beverage that people forget that it comes from China, and is both alien and heathen. Still, I mean no offence when I put tea in the same category with tobacco. Now, who thinks of lecturing us on the costliness of tea? And yet it is a mere superfluity. The habit of taking it as we do is unknown across the Channel, and was quite unknown amongst ourselves a very little time ago, when English people were no less proud of themselves and their customs than they are now, and perhaps with equally good reason.

A friend of mine tells me that he smokes every day at a cost of about sixpence a week. Now, I should like to know in what other way so much enjoyment is to be bought for sixpence. Fancy the satisfaction of spending

sixpence a week in wine! It is well enough to preach about the selfishness of this expenditure; but we all spend money selfishly, and we all love pleasure, and I should very much like to see that cynic whose pleasures cost less than sixpence a week. It is needless to allude to field sports and luxurious dress, whose enormous cost bears no proper proportion to the cost of smoking than Chateau Margaux to small beer, or turtle soup to Scotch broth.

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

HAMERTON'S "Painter's Camp."

"Coffee without tobacco is meat without salt."

Persian Proverb.

### SUBLIME TOBACCO.

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

BYRON'S "Island."

### INSPIRATION.

THE pungent, nose-refreshing weed,  
 Which, whether pulverised it gain  
 A speedy passage to the brain;  
 Or, whether touched with fire, it rise  
 In circling eddies to the skies,  
 Does thought more quicken and refine  
 Than all the breath of all the Nine.

COWPER.

|                            |       |       |
|----------------------------|-------|-------|
| TOB                        | ACH   | A.    |
| Bonus                      | fumus | ejus. |
| Good is the smoke thereof. |       |       |

---

The North American Indians measure time by smoking, using such phrases as "I was a pipe (of time) about it."

---

## "THE SOVERANE WEEDE."

SPENSER.

### ITS HISTORY.

THE Oriental use of tobacco may be carried back to an era old enough to satisfy the keenest stickler for the antiquity of the practice, if he is not too nice as to his authorities. Dr. Yates, in his "Travels in Egypt," describes a painting which he saw on one of the tombs at Thebes, containing the representation of a smoking party. But this is modern compared with a record said to exist in the works of the early fathers, and, at any rate, preserved as an old tradition of the Greek Church, which ascribes the inebriation of the patriarch Noah to the temptation of the Devil by means of tobacco; so that King James was not, after all, without authority for the black Stygian parentage he assigns to its fumes!

We have tolerably good ground for believing that smoking was practised by the Romans, as numerous pipes of a primitive form have been found on Roman sites alongside other genuine Roman remains. Dr. Bruce, the learned author of "The History of the Roman Wall," referring to these discoveries, asks: "Shall we enumerate smoking-pipes among the articles belonging to the Roman period? Some of them, indeed, have a mediæval aspect; but the fact of their being frequently found in Roman stations, along with the pottery and other remains undoubtedly Roman, ought not to be overlooked."

And though the Anglo-Roman Antiquary has since partially renounced the pleasant fancy, which accorded to his mural legionary the luxury of a pipe to beguile his dreary outlook from the bleak Northumberland outpost of Imperial civilization, the converts to his earlier opinion

are loath to abandon an idea that seemed to evoke a new bond of sympathy between that ancient classic world and our own. The Abbe Cochet, in his work on Subterranean Normandy, mentions the discovery of the same class of miniature clay pipes in the Roman necropolis near Dieppe. He at first considered them to belong to the seventeenth century, or perhaps to the time of Henry III. and Henry IV. The Abbe, however, changed his opinions on reading the earlier remarks of Dr. Bruce in his "Roman Wall;" and the Baron de Bonstetten, who has since taken up the subject in the "Recueil des Antiquites Suisses," publishes drawings of two objects in clay, which he regards as specimens of European smoking-pipes in use before the days of Columbus, if not, indeed, before those of Julius Cæsar!

It was the first week of November, 1492, that Europeans first noted the Indian custom of tobacco-smoking. The two sailors sent by Columbus to explore Cuba returned to the ships of their great commander, and told this among other things new and strange. They found the natives carried with them a light firebrand and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses; this their European notions led them to conclude was some mode of perfuming themselves. A more intimate acquaintance with the natives taught them that it was certain leaves of a herb rolled up in the dried leaves of the maize or Indian corn that they thus burned and inhaled the smoke. It was a novelty to the Spaniards, but it was an ancient and familiar custom with the natives. The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan Court.

In 1559, Jean Nicot, envoy from France at the court of Portugal, first transmitted thence to Paris, to Queen Catherine de Medicis, seeds of the tobacco plant. And from this circumstance it acquired the name of "Nicotiana." When tobacco began to be used in France it was called "Herbe du Grand Prieur," from the then Grand Prieur, of the House of Lorraine, who was very fond of it. It was likewise once known by the name of "Herbe de St. Croix," after Cardinal Prosper de St. Croix, who, on his return from Portugal, where he had been

nuncio from the Pope, introduced into Italy the custom of using tobacco.

Sir Walter Raleigh is the popular hero English tradition has chosen as the originator of smoking among ourselves. He certainly made it fashionable, sanctioned it by his custom, and gave it "a good standing in society;" but it seems to have been introduced by Mr. Ralph Lane, who was sent out by Raleigh as governor of Virginia, returning to England in 1586. The historian of the voyage, Mr. Thomas Harriot, and the learned Camden, who both lived at the period, unhesitatingly affirm that Lane has the honour of being the original English smoker. The tobacco-plant seems, however, to have been known in England earlier. Stow, in his "Annals," declares that "tobacco came into England about the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth" (1577), but Taylor the Water-poet assigns an earlier date: he says, "Tobacco was first brought into England in 1565, by Sir John Hawkins." Lobelius, in his "Novum Stirpium Adversaria" (Antwerp, 1576), declares that "within these few years" the West Indian tobacco had become "an inmate of England." Raleigh was certainly the first devoted adherent of smoking in England, and, in spite of his courtiership when a queen ruled, ostentatiously enjoyed his pipe. Aubrey has noted, "He was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In our part of North Wilts—*e.g.*, Malmsbury Hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz parke at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte it till he had donne;" this was after the accident recorded as happening to him when "he took a private pipe," and occasioned his servant to cast the ale over him as the smoke induced him to fear his master was on fire. If there be little credit attached to his memory for thus "digusting the ladies," there is still less for having indulged in a pipe as he sat to see his friend Essex perish on the scaffold. He was "faithful to the end" in his love of tobacco, for Aubrey relates, that he smoked a short time before his own execution, and thus defends the action: "He tooke

a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some female persons were scandalised at ; but I think 'twas well and properly donne to settle his spirits."

A veracious chronicler, writing seemingly in the palmy days of good Queen Anne, and "not having before his eyes the fear of that misocapnic Solomon, James I., or of any other lying Stuart," affirms, that "not to South Devon, but to North ; not to Sir Walter Raleigh, but to Sir Amyas Leigh ; not to the banks of Dart, but to the banks of Torridge, does Europe owe the day-spring of the latter age, that age of smoke which shall endure and thrive, when the age of brass shall have vanished like those of iron and of gold ; for whereas Mr. Lane is said to have brought home that divine weed (as Spenser well names it) from Virginia in the year 1586, it is hereby indisputable that full four years earlier, by the bridge of Putford in the Torridge moors (which all true smokers shall hereafter visit as a hallowed spot and point of pilgrimage), first twinkled that fiery beacon and beneficent lodestar of Bidefordian commerce, to spread hereafter from port to port, and peak to peak, like the watchfires which proclaimed the coming of the Armada, or the fall of Troy, even to the shores of the Bosphorus, the peaks of the Caucasus, and the furthest Isles of the Malayan sea ; while Bideford, metropolis of tobacco, saw her Pool choked with Virginian traders, and the pavement of her Bridgeland Street groaning beneath the savoury bales of roll Trinidado, leaf, and pudding ; and her grave burghers, bolstered and blocked out of their own houses by the scarce less savoury stock-fish casks, which filled cellar, parlour, and attic, were fain to sit outside the door, a silver pipe in every strong right hand, and each left hand chinking cheerfully the doubloons deep lodged in the auriferous caverns of their trunkhose ; while in those fairy-rings of fragrant mist which circled round their contemplative brows flitted most pleasant visions of Wiltshire farmers jogging into Sherborne fair, their heaviest shillings in their pockets, to buy (unless old Aubrey lies) the lotus leaf of Torridge for its weight in silver, and draw from thence, after the example of the Caciques of Dariena, supplies of inspiration much needed, then as now, in those Gothamite regions. And yet did these improve, as Englishmen, upon the method of those heathen savages ;

for the latter, when they will deliberate of war or policy, sit round in the hut of the chief; where being placed, enters to them a small boy with a cigarro of the bigness of a rolling-pin, and puffs the smoke thereof into the face of each warrior, from the eldest to the youngest; while they, putting their hand funnel-wise round their mouths, draw into the sinuositie of the brain that more than Delphic vapour of prophecy; which boy presently falls down in a swoon, and being dragged out by the heels and laid by to sober, enters another to puff at the sacred cigarro, till he is dragged out likewise; and so on till the tobacco is finished, and the seed of wisdom has sprouted in every soul into the tree of meditations, bearing the flowers of eloquence, and in due time the fruit of valiant action."

Steadily and quietly the art of smoking made its way in England, until about ten years after its introduction the satirists began to complain of the prevalence of this habit; but it was too firmly fixed then for their invectives to have any effect; and to take tobacco "with a grace" was looked upon as the necessary qualification of a gentleman.

In 1604, James the First of England endeavoured, by means of heavy imposts, to abolish the use of tobacco, which he held to be a noxious weed.

In 1610, the smoking of tobacco was known at Constantinople. To render the custom ridiculous, a Turk, who had been found smoking, was conducted about the streets with a pipe transfixed through his nose. For a long time after the Turks purchased tobacco, and that the refuse, from the English. It was late before they learned to cultivate the plant themselves.

In 1616, they began to cultivate tobacco in Virginia: the seeds had probably been carried thither from Tobago.

In 1619, King James the First wrote his "Misocapno" against the use of tobacco; and ordered that no planter in Virginia should cultivate more than 100 lbs.

In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who should take snuff in the church, because then already some Spanish ecclesiastics used it during the celebration of mass.

In 1631, smoking of tobacco was first introduced into Misina by the Swedish troops

In 1634, smoking was forbidden in Russia, under the pain of having the nose cut off: a penalty more applicable to snuff-taking now than smoking.

In 1653, they began to smoke tobacco in the canton of Apenzell, in Switzerland. At first the children ran after those who smoked in the streets. The Council likewise cited the smokers before them, and punished them; and ordered the inn-keepers to inform against such as should smoke in their houses.

In 1661, the Police Regulation of Berne was made, which was divided according to the Ten Commandments. In it the prohibition to smoke tobacco stands under the rubric "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The prohibition was renewed in 1675; and the tribunal particularly instituted to put it into execution—"Chambre du Tobac"—continued till the middle of the eighteenth century.

In 1689, Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, invented the tubes for tobacco pipes, which have capsules for containing bits of sponge; however, about the year 1670, already pipes were used with glass globules appended to them, to collect the oily moisture exuding from the tobacco.

In England, during the reign of William the Third, tobacco met with a patronage almost universal. Pipes grew larger then; and, ruled by a Dutchman, all England smoked in peace. From that time to this the world at large has become thoroughly familiarised with the habit. In vain have stern moralists consigned its devotees to hopeless perdition, and likened its gentle aroma to the "blackening fumes of hell;" in vain have clerical dignitaries in our own day shown themselves thoroughly up to the spirit of the regal Misocapno by politely describing tobacco as a "gorging fiend;" its use continues to increase, and it already enjoys a world-wide popularity. Next to salt, it is supposed to be the article most extensively consumed by man. In Europe, from the plains of sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, and from the Ural to Iceland, the pipe, the cigar, and the snuff-box are a common solace among all ranks and conditions of men. In Turkey, the pipe is perpetually in the mouth. In India, all classes and both sexes smoke. The Siamese chew moderately, but smoke perpetually. The Burmese of all ranks, of both sexes and of all ages, down even to



infants of three years old, smoke cigars. In China, the practice is so universal, that every female, from the age of eight or nine, wears, as an appendage to her dress, a small silken pocket to hold tobacco and a pipe.

The enormous extent to which its use has increased in our own country, may be judged of from the fact, that while in 1689 the total importation was only 120,000 lbs. of Virginian tobacco, part of which was re-exported, the consumption in the United Kingdom is at present above 30,000,000 lbs.

The average consumption of tobacco by the whole human race has been estimated to be 1,000 millions at 70 ounces a-head; and the total produce and consumption of this favourite narcotic at two millions of tons, or 4,480 millions of pounds. At 800 lbs. an acre, this would require upwards of five-and-a-half millions of acres of rich land kept constantly under tobacco cultivation. The comparative magnitude of this quantity will probably strike the reader more forcibly when it is stated that the whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at a quarter a head, or, in round numbers, at twenty millions of quarters—weighs only four-and-three-quarter millions of tons. The tobacco, therefore, yearly raised, weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value of wheat, or twopence and a fraction per pound, it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in Great Britain.

### ITS CULTIVATION.

Mr. Fairholt, in his "Tobacco: its History and Associations," describes the tobacco plant as a hardy flowering perennial, growing freely in a rich moist soil, which is very necessary to its healthy development; but which it is said to exhaust in a remarkable degree. It varies in height according to species and locality; in some instances growing to an altitude of fifteen feet, in others not reaching more than three feet from the ground.

The tobacco plant would grow freely in Great Britain, if Government would allow its cultivation: it is now the policy to prohibit it, for the benefit of our colonies, whose trade with the mother country would be seriously dam-

aged but for these restrictions. It was at one time extensively cultivated in the North-Riding of Yorkshire; but in the early part of the reign of George III., penalties were inflicted on the growers to the amount of £30,000, and the tobacco publicly burned. In Scotland it was also grown when our colonial trade was interrupted by the American war. About Kelso and Jedburgh a considerable tract of land was devoted to this purpose, the Act of Charles II., which made the growth illegal in England, of course not affecting Scotland; to meet which emergency the Act of the 19th of George III. was passed, which prohibits the cultivation of more than will occupy half a rood of ground, and which is to be used for medicinal purposes, or the destruction of insects. In Ireland it was successfully grown, particularly in the county of Wexford, some years after the restrictive law just named was passed for England, and which, curiously enough, repealed the similar laws for Ireland. Tobacco could therefore be grown at home with us, as with other European nations, if it were our legal policy to admit it. Holland, which is in our latitude, but colder and damper in its soil, carries on a large trade in its growth. France cultivates it also; but the larger quantity is grown in Germany. The time of harvesting the leaves is an interesting period for a stranger to visit the villages, which put on a new aspect, as every house and barn is hung all over with the drying leaves. The European tobacco is less powerful in flavour than the American; and the native tobacco of Germany may be smoked to a continuous extent, which would be dangerous or disagreeable if the New World tobacco were used. Temperate climates, with a deep rich soil ranging from forty to fifty degrees of latitude, are said to be the most favourable for its free development. It is grown from seed; but frost is particularly injurious to young plants; the lower leaves are sometimes gathered as they ripen or begin to change colour, an operation performed at intervals till all are removed; or the growth of the plant is arrested by cutting off the top, to prevent the formation of flowers and seed, and enlarge the growth of leaves; or the plant is cut down entire, dried in the sun, and the leaves separated afterwards.

The principal places from which tobacco finds its way into the English market, and the peculiar uses to which each kind is devoted, are thus enumerated :—

EUROPE.—Germany, Holland, and Salonica in European Turkey.

ASIA.—China, East Indies, Latakia, and other parts of Asiatic Turkey : Shiraz, in Persia : Manilla, in Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands.

NORTH AMERICA.—Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland.

The Islands of Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Varinas, Brazil, Columbia, and Cumana.

Cuba, Havannah, and Columbian leaf tobaccos.—Columbia, Varinas, and Cumana are the most esteemed for cigars. The leaves are marked with light yellow spots.

The Virginian, Kentucky, and Maryland tobaccos are more frequently used for cut and spun tobaccos. Turkey, Latakia, or Syrian tobacco, and the Persian, or Shiraz tobacco, are among the mildest and most delicately flavoured for the pipe.

The Dutch tobaccos are mild and deficient in flavour. The darker kind is the strongest, and much esteemed for moist snuffs, the weaker kinds being employed in the commonest cigars and cheroots.

Manilla tobacco is much esteemed for cheroots.

How very much the mercantile values of the tobacco of different countries differ from each other may be judged of by the price they bear as they are brought to the English market. These are given by Professor Johnson, as follows :—

|                       |     |      |          |
|-----------------------|-----|------|----------|
| Canada . . . . .      | os. | 4d.  | a pound. |
| Kentucky . . . . .    | os. | 6d.  | „        |
| Virginian . . . . .   | os. | 7d.  | „        |
| Maryland . . . . .    | os. | 9d.  | „        |
| St. Domingo . . . . . | os. | 8d.  | „        |
| Turkey . . . . .      | os. | 9d.  | „        |
| Columbian . . . . .   | os. | 10d. | „        |
| Cuba . . . . .        | 1s. | 6d.  | „        |
| Havannah . . . . .    | 3s. | 6d.  | „        |

## ITS ADULTERATIONS.

Mr. Prescott, author of "Tobacco, and its Adulterations," notes: "Among the adulterations which have from time to time been discovered in manufactured tobacco, the following substances may be named:—leaves of rhubarb, dock, burdock, coltsfoot, beech, plantain, oak, and elm, peat-earth, bran, sawdust, malt-rootlets, barley-meal, oatmeal, pea-meal, bean-meal, potato-starch, and chickory leaves steeped in tar-oil." To which may be added the leaves of the cabbage and lettuce in the manufacture of cheap cigars.

A parliamentary return was made between the years 1852-54, of persons who had rendered themselves liable to prosecutions for infringement of the tobacco laws, from which it appeared that cases of adulteration were numerous, and the materials used named therein add a few more to the above list; they consisted of sugar, alum, lime, flour of meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpetre, fullers'-earth, starch, malt commings, chromate of lead, peat-moss, treacle, common burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lamp-black, gum, red dye, and black dye, composed of vegetable red, iron, and liquorice.

## ITS EFFECTS.

In presenting our readers with a few facts and opinions on the effects of tobacco, we must be understood to speak of the real weed itself, and not of the villanous adulterations just enumerated. It is no argument against tobacco to prove that the filthy compounds sold under its name are deleterious to the smoker, and productive of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. "Nor is it," as the writer of a very sensible article in the "Cornhill Magazine" (Nov. 1862) observes, "from the effects of tobacco on novices that we can fairly test its ordinary effect upon the system. For the latter pupose we must study such examples as our own steady-going grandfathers, who, having got accustomed to the use of their implement, smoked regularly their two or three pipes a day, and never exceeded that quantity. The effects produced by such a manner of smoking as this are, I venture to say, not narcotic chiefly, if at all, but stimulant; and the kind of

stimulation thus produced is capable of reproduction, any number of times, by exactly the same dose in each twenty-four hours; nor is it followed by any depressive reaction.

“There was no dreaminess, no excuse for inaction, in the short silver pipes of the old sea-dogs of the Elizabethan period; nor does one think of Sir Walter Raleigh, the arch-fumigator himself, as a particularly listless or inactive individual. Still less would one be inclined to speak of an agricultural labourer of the present day, engaged in tossing hay up into a stack, or loading a manure cart, as enjoying a dreamy repose; and yet it is during the severest exertions of this kind that I have noticed clodhoppers smoking most vigorously.” In fact, the theory that tobacco is, in all doses, a merely stupefying and depressing agent, is contradicted by the most commonplace facts.

“There are thousands of moderate smokers who consume, from year’s end to year’s end, only the same moderate daily allowance of tobacco, and never increase the quantity. It is quite as absurd to charge these persons with being the subjects of a ‘slavery’ which inevitably tends to become progressively more degraded, as to speak of all moderate drinkers as incipient drunkards: the practical rule rests in each case upon the basis of the same physiological truth.

“It is true that moderate smokers, also, are sensible of discomfort if their regular pipe or cigar be cut off, but not in a greater degree than they would be affected by the sudden withdrawal of any article of daily food to which, although it was not a necessary to life, they had become regularly accustomed; and how unpleasant such a withdrawal is often found to be, may be illustrated by the discomfort which the potato famine, some years ago, occasioned in many families.

“It is constantly asserted that the use of tobacco, and more particularly the practice of smoking, leads to excessive drinking. I have no hesitation in saying that this statement is entirely incorrect; indeed, in some respects, it is the exact opposite of the truth.

“To persons whose nervous systems are harrassed by that most fatal of all combinations of evil influences, the concurrence of great anxiety, excessive labour, and defi-

cient food, tobacco may be truly said to act as nourishment; for though it doubtless does not help at all to build up new tissues, it most certainly is capable of prolonging life and vigour, when these would otherwise rapidly fall under the stress of fatigues and miseries disproportionate to the natural power of resistance. And even where there is not the added misery of semi-starvation, we see whole classes of men in a position in which anxiety and hard work accumulate on them so fast that energy and life itself might well give way; and to such persons, I have no doubt, tobacco is extremely valuable. It does not act in such cases as a narcotic,—it does not send people so using it into a dreamy state of meditateness; on the contrary, it keeps them fresh and vigorous, and apt for work; it enables them to fight off that worst kind of fatigue which is the mere physical expression of an anxious mind. For the apparent excitement which is the result of anxiety is an index of a nervous system below and not above par, and the remarkable effect which tobacco certainly has in mitigating it must be due to a stimulating, not to a depressing, influence.”

In the “*Examiner*” of January 17th, 1852, the whole matter is thus admirably summed up:—

“Some physicians have been pleased to ascribe pernicious effects to the use of tobacco, upon about as good evidence as a gipsy tells fortunes by counting the furrows on the palm of a country girl’s hand. A correspondent favours us with an extract from a paper read before the British Association at Southampton, in which a truly horrid train of evils is traced to ‘the continuous use of this poisonous substance.’ The poison, it would seem, ‘pervades the digestive and respiratory system,’ ‘the circulating system and the nervous system,’ ‘diminishing the moral and intellectual powers.’ Instead of all this detail, and much more of the same sort, why did not the learned essayist say at once that the baneful drug pervaded ‘soul and body?’ With ‘death in the pot’ by one set of philosophers, and ‘death in the pipe’ by another, the wonder only is how we come to be alive at all; and the greater still, how we come to live longer than our ancestors of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who never saw and never heard of a tobacco plant. Three hundred years ago a few American savages only consumed tobacco, and

now it is consumed by all mankind, being the only commodity common to the consumption of all races and all social conditions. Are our lives shorter, our morals worse, or our intellects weaker, that for the better part of three centuries 'the poisonous drug,' according to this hypothesis, has been circulating through the veins of ourselves and our forefathers?

"Men of every race and of every climate have been using stimulants of one sort or another from the days of Noah, and probably will continue to do so for the next four thousand years, in spite of chair or pulpit. The question to decide is, Which stimulant is most innocuous? and, after tea and coffee, we have no hesitation in ranking tobacco; for we are not to be frightened out of our wits by Dr. Laycock's awful array of terrors, attested though they be 'by experiments demonstrating the physiological action of the drug on animals,'—that is, experiments to shew that what may be injurious to a dog that dies of old age at sixteen, and to a rabbit which breeds seven times a year, and hardly lives five, must be equally so to a creature that lives seventy or eighty years, and whose ingenuity has altered the very face of the planet he dwells on."

—o—

### ACROSTIC.

— — —

TO thee, blest weed, whose sovereign wiles,  
 O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles,  
 Best gift of Jove to mortals given!  
 At once the bud and bliss of Heaven!  
 Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee:  
 Content the serf in thy sweet liberty:  
 O charm of life! O foe to misery!

J. H.

# ADVERTISEMENTS

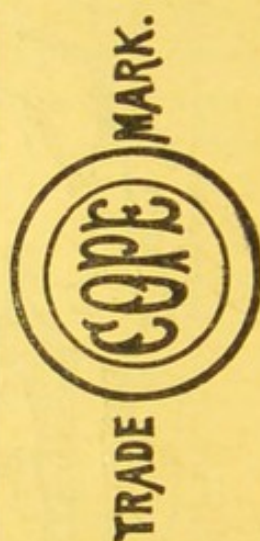




The first Smoking Mixture  
introduced to the Public.

---

**COPE'S**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**



**THE PRAIRIE FLOWER**

---

**A** real old fashioned  
Smoke. Familiar  
in their Mouths as House-  
hold Words. "Worth much  
and Cost little."

# COPE'S MIXTURE.

Sold in Packets Only  
By all Tobacconists.

|       |   |                         |
|-------|---|-------------------------|
| 1 OZ. | } | Always<br>Alike.        |
| 2 OZ. |   | Always<br>In Condition. |
| 4 OZ. |   | Always<br>Refreshing.   |

When you ask for it see that  
you get it. Note the Trade  
Mark on opposite page.

**The first Smoking Mixture  
introduced to the Public.**

---

TOBACCO WORKS—10, Lord Nelson Street, LIVERPOOL.

BRANCH FACTORY—89, Great Eastern Street, LONDON, E.O.

---

*Price Lists and Terms supplied to the Trade only.*


---

## *Home Made Cigarettes.*

---

### “OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

---

 For smokers who prefer making their own Cigarettes, “Our Mutual Friend” will be found very useful. In each one ounce packet of this Tobacco, there is enclosed a small book of fine Spanish Cigarette paper.

“Our Mutual Friend” is mild and sweet flavoured. It is like your first love—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the Cravings of your soul.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

---

Wholesale:—10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool;  
89, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.

---

Price Lists and Terms supplied to the Trade only.

# COPE'S TOBACCOS

*For "All sorts and conditions of men."*

## COPE'S MIXTURE

ALWAYS ALIKE.

ALWAYS IN CONDITION.

ALWAYS REFRESHING.

In One Ounce Packets.

## GOLDEN CLOUD

THE VERY BEST TOBACCO

UNDER THE SUN.

In One Ounce Packets.

## COPE'S CUT CAVENDISH

MADE FOR A FRAGRANT

FULL-FLAVOURED SMOKE.

In One Ounce Packets.

## COPE'S BRISTOL BIRD'S EYE

COOL AND REFRESHING.

In One Ounce Packets.

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

FOR PIPES OR CIGARETTES.

MILD SMOKING.

SWEET FLAVOUR.

In One Ounce Packets.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

# COPE'S SNUFFS.

---

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and  
WELSH.

Scented S. P.

Plain S. P.

Black Rappee.

Brown Rappee.

Gillespie.

High Toast.

Welsh Toast.

Prince's Mixture.

Morton's Mixture.

Kendal Brown.

---

Price Lists supplied to the Trade only.

---

TOBACCO WORKS—10, Lord Nelson Street, LIVERPOOL.  
Branch Tobacco Factory—89, Great Eastern Street, London, E.O.



COPE'S OLD CROW TOBACCO

POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA, 1607

W. H. H. 1880



# RIFLE CAKE.

## ROSE BUD:

*Mild Flavour.*

*In 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.*

## MAY FLOWER:

*Full Flavour.*

*In 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.*

A cut Tobacco, made up in Cakes, ready for the Pipe, admirably adapted for carrying in the vest pocket.

The Tobaccos used in the Manufacture of Rifle Cake are Special Growths, Imported direct from the Farms in Old Virginny.

SOLD by all Tobacconists in 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.

**TWO SHILLINGS REWARD.—MISSING**, an old gentleman; was last seen at a Tea Meeting, with a collecting box; said box has also disappeared. Height five feet two inches; bald-head, no hair; whiskers thin; marked on the nose with gin cold. Will be known by his likeness to Ally Sloper, Esq., and his confirmed habit of trying to beg a pipe full of "Cope's Mixture." Please communicate to Bluebottle and Doorkey, Lincoln's Inn.

---

**TESTIMONIAL.—**

"KE-CHO, COCHIN CHINA.

Dear Sir,—I was dying of yellow-fever, blue-devils, mosquito-bites, and general and special debility, when I heard of your 'Mixture.' Merely hearing of it cured me. Send me a ton by Parcel Post. Make what use you like of this.

Cope Brothers & Co."

---

**WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—**See Whatshisname's Pills; worth a Guinea an ounce; see "Cope's Mixture."

---

**ASK FOR STENFIELD'S GARCH.—**And see that you get "Cope's Mixture."

---

**STARTLING NEWS.—**As Mother Sniggle was walking out one day discovering things, she met one of her old patients looking better than ever. "Ah, ah," said the old lady smiling, "still take my mixture, I suppose?" "No!" said he, with a wink, "I take Cope's now."

---

**X to Z.** with the spindle eye. Flying tooth, as before. The Baby is Better. Wooden barrow legs will not be there. The Baby's aunt wants to see the Tooting Terrifier. Bring some more of the "Mixture," you know, "Cope's."

---

**PROPERTY** of a gentleman going abroad for the benefit of his neighbours.—To be disposed of, a few shattered hopes, 2½ carat; some morbid inclination, brand uncertain; and a complete set of the "Anti-Tobacco Journal." Will take a keg of "Cope's Mixture" in exchange.

---

**NEXT OF KIN.—**£77,000,000,000 in Chancery. All persons whose names commence with any letter of the alphabet, from A to Z, living either in England or the Colonies, or anywhere else, between the ages of 21 and 150, are earnestly requested to get a packet of "Cope's Mixture." It is far before all Patent Medicines, and will cure anything from a creaking boot to a kicking horse.

---

**G. O. M.—NEW READING.—**The Axe-Premier entirely out of the hunt.

"What's G. O. M.?" she softly sighed,

"The mystery makes me pine and mope."

He kissed her thrice, and lightly cried,—

"The Grand Old Mixture, made by Cope."





COPE'S  
NAVY CUT.

*In 4 Oz. Boxes.*

*In 2 Oz. Boxes.*

*In 1 Oz. Paper  
Packets.*

Supplied to

“THE QUEEN'S NAVY,”

COPE'S NAVY CUT

Is The Most { Honest, Popular,  
Uniform, Refreshing,  
Thoroughly Enjoyable  
Tobacco ever offered to Smokers.

SOLD by all Tobacconists.

89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

10, LORD NELSON STREET, LIVERPOOL.

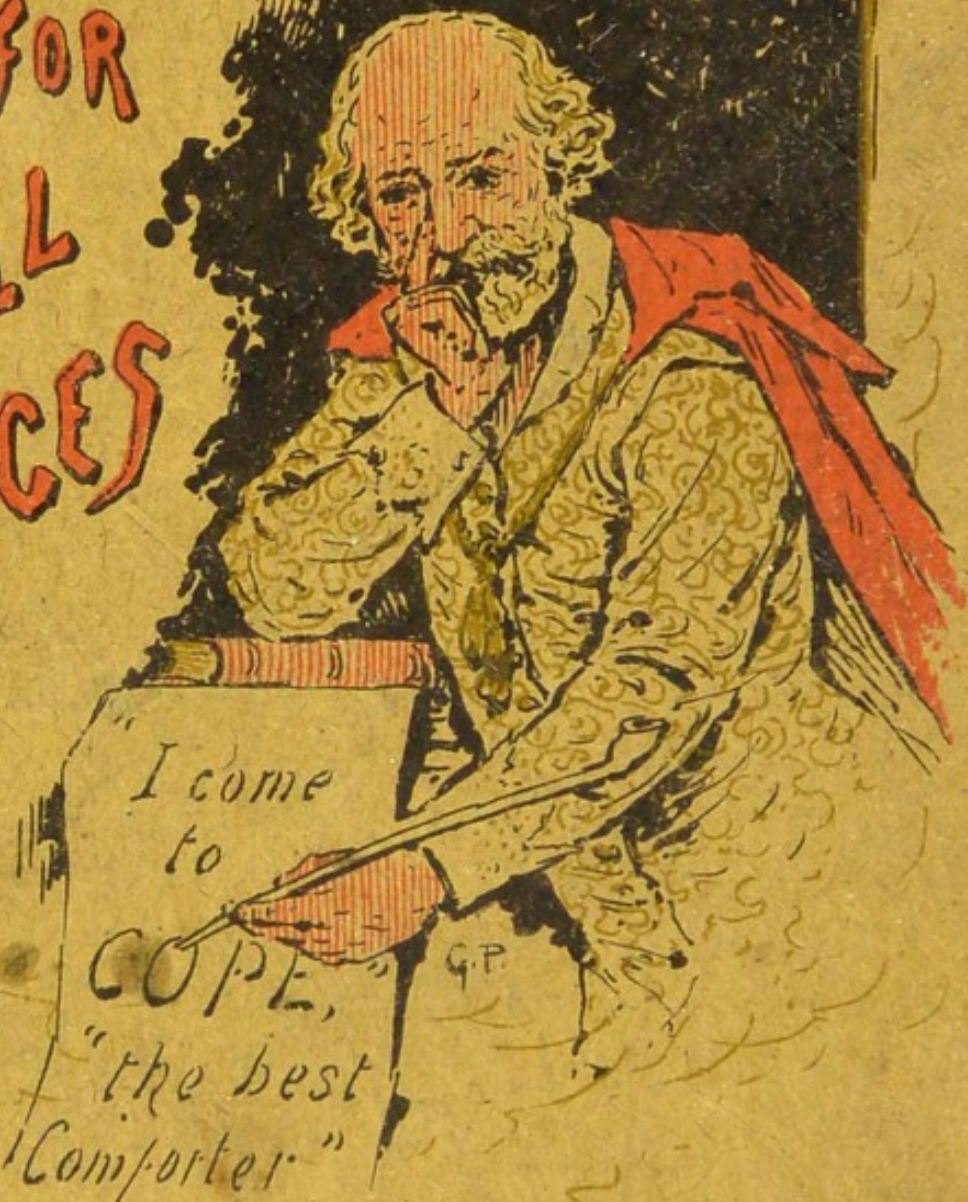
Tobacconists not finding what they  
require in the Advertisements are requested  
to send for Price Lists to COPE'S TOBACCO  
WORKS, 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool,  
OR, COPE'S BRANCH TOBACCO FACTORY, 39,  
Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.



TELEGRAMS:— Cope, Liverpool. or, Golden Cloud, London.

# COPE'S SMOKES

FOR  
ALL  
AGES



I come  
to  
COPE,  
"the best  
Comforter."

William Shakespeare

Factories  
Liverpool  
& London.

Ent.  
Stationers'  
Hall.

# THE SMOKER'S CARLAND



Printed and Published  
at the Office of  
"CURE'S TOBACCO PLANT,"

Lord Nelson Street,  
Liverpool. 1889

ENT. STA. HALL.

Tobacconists not finding what they  
require in the Advertisements are requested  
to send for Price Lists to COPE'S TOBACCO  
WORKS, 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.  
OR, COPE'S BRANCH TOBACCO FACTORY, 89,  
Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.

.....  
TELEGRAMS:— Cope, Liverpool or, Golden Cloud, London.



New Edition of Shakespere Card now ready for distribution to our Customers. Size of Card, 24 x 19 inches. Owing to the expense attending separate packing and postage, the Shakespere Cards are sent out with Goods only.

The first Smoking Mixture  
introduced to the Public.

**COPE'S**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**



**THE PRAIRIE FLOWER**

**A** real old-fashioned  
Smoke. Familiar  
in their Mouths as House-  
hold Words. "Worth much  
and Cost little."

# COPE'S MIXTURE.

Sold in Packets only, by  
all Tobacconists.

|       |   |                         |
|-------|---|-------------------------|
| 1 OZ. | } | Always<br>Alike.        |
| 2 OZ. |   | Always<br>In Condition. |
| 4 OZ. |   | Always<br>Refreshing.   |

When you ask for it, see that  
you get it. Note the Trade  
Mark on opposite page.

**The first Smoking Mixture  
introduced to the Public.**

---

TOBACCO WORKS—10, Lord Nelson Street, LIVERPOOL.

BRANCH FACTORY—89, Great Eastern Street, LONDON, E.O.

---

*Price Lists and Terms supplied to the Trade only.*

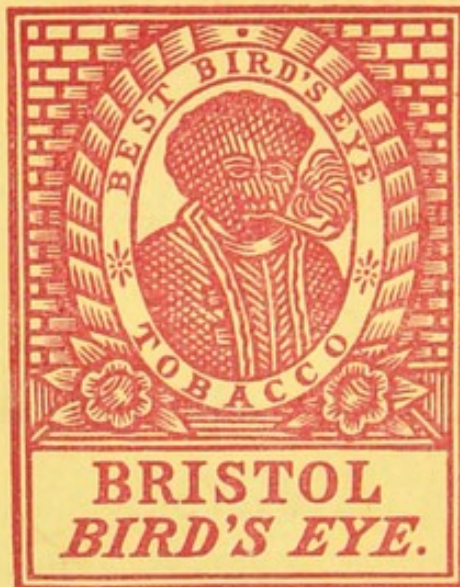
---



# COPE'S BRISTOL BIRD'S EYE.

SOLD IN PACKETS ONLY.

FAC-SIMILE OF LABEL.



PLEASE EXAMINE OUR SIGNATURE

*Cope, Brothers & Co*

& THE TRADE MARK

FAC-SIMILE OF LABEL.

TO MAKE A RICH FLAVORED SMOKING MIXTURE WITH  
2oz OF BIRD'S EYE USE 1oz OF COPE'S C. C. CAVENDISH

When you ask for it,  
See that you get it.  
*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

LONDON ADDRESS: 89, Gt. Eastern St., E.C.  
LIVERPOOL ADDRESS: 10, Lord Nelson St.

Made in a Model English Factory.

**COPE'S CIGARETTES.**

BIRD'S EYE... .. 3d. per packet of 12  
JULIANA... .. 3d. per packet of 10  
WHIFFS ... .. 4d. per packet of 10  
OUR MUTUAL  
FRIEND ... 4d. per packet of 10  
SOLACE ... .. 6d. per packet of 10

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

**COPE'S CIGARETTES.**

GOLDEN CLOUD—6d per box of 12,  
made with and without tubes.

FAIRY—A Cigar-shaped Cigarette, leaf  
cover, 9d. per bundle of 10.

HAVANA—A full-flavoured leaf-covered  
Cigarette, 1/- per box of 13.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

**COPE'S CIGARETTES.**

DUBEC—Finest Turkish—

9d per box of 10.

1/- per box of 20.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

Cope's Cigarettes are made by English Girls.

Not made in the Slums of Cairo or Constantinople.

Not made in Continental Prisons.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

# GOLDEN CLOUD.

CLASS 45. No. 5604.

FAC-SIMILE OF LABEL.

Registered Trade Mark.

FINE CUT  
BRIGHT CAVENDISH



TRADE **(COPE)** MARK

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—

**COPE BROTHERS & CO., LIMITED.**

*WHEN YOU ASK FOR IT,  
SEE THAT YOU GET IT.*

Smokers not getting it are requested to write to the Head Office, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, for a list of Tobacconists in their locality who sell GOLDEN CLOUD.

LONDON ADDRESS: 89, Great Eastern Street, E.C.

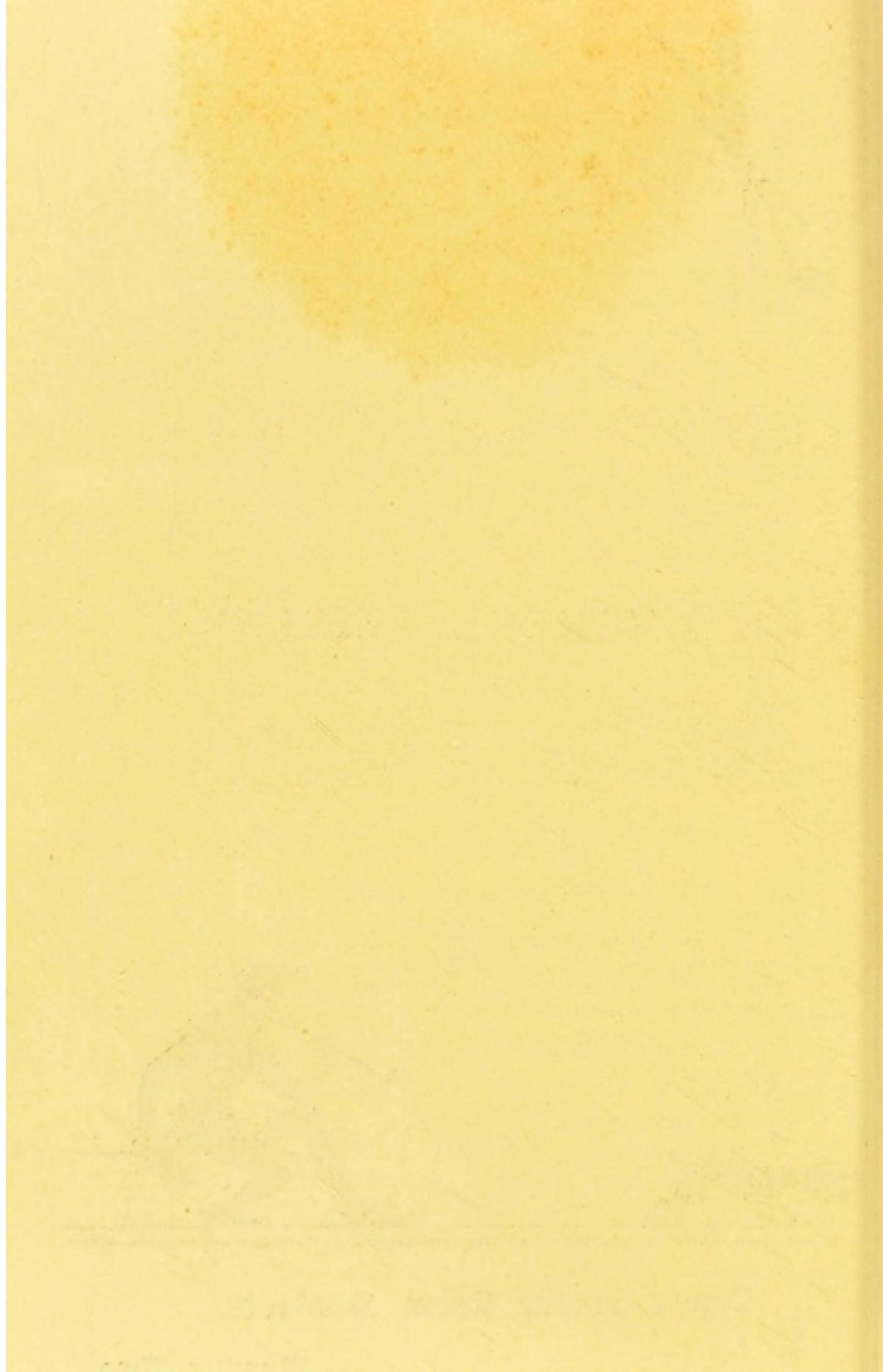


THE SMOKER'S GARLAND.



Cope's Smoke Room Booklets.

Number Two.

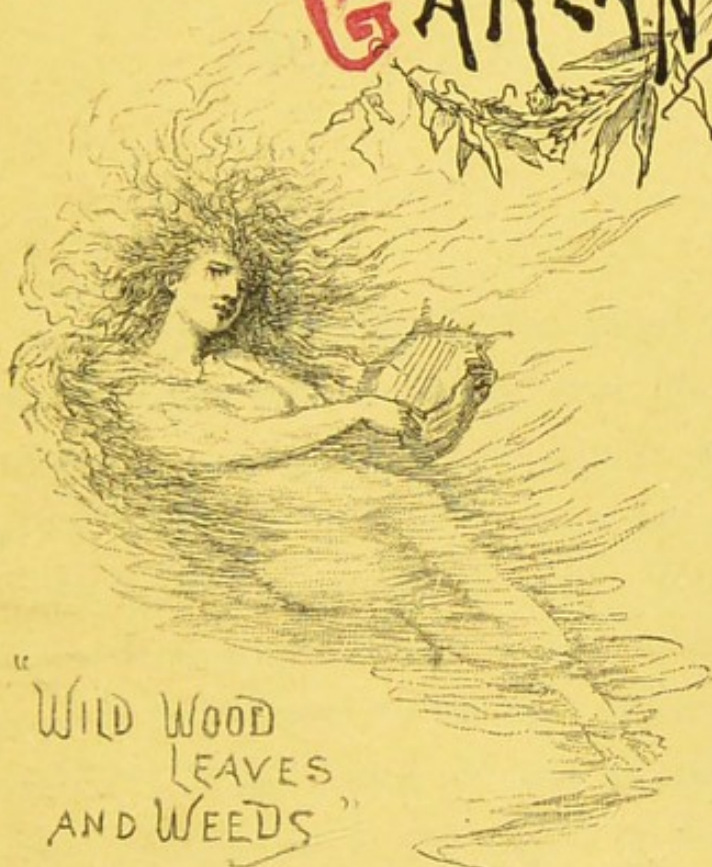






"THE TRIUMPH OF TOBACCO."

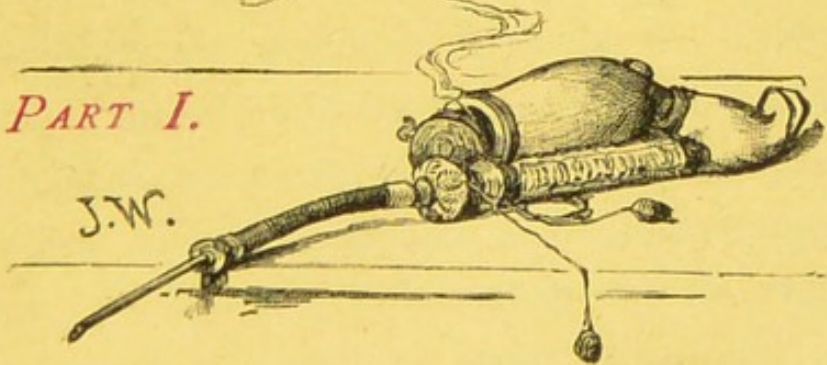
THE  
SMOKER'S  
GARLAND



"WILD WOOD  
LEAVES  
AND WEEDS"

*PART I.*

J.W.

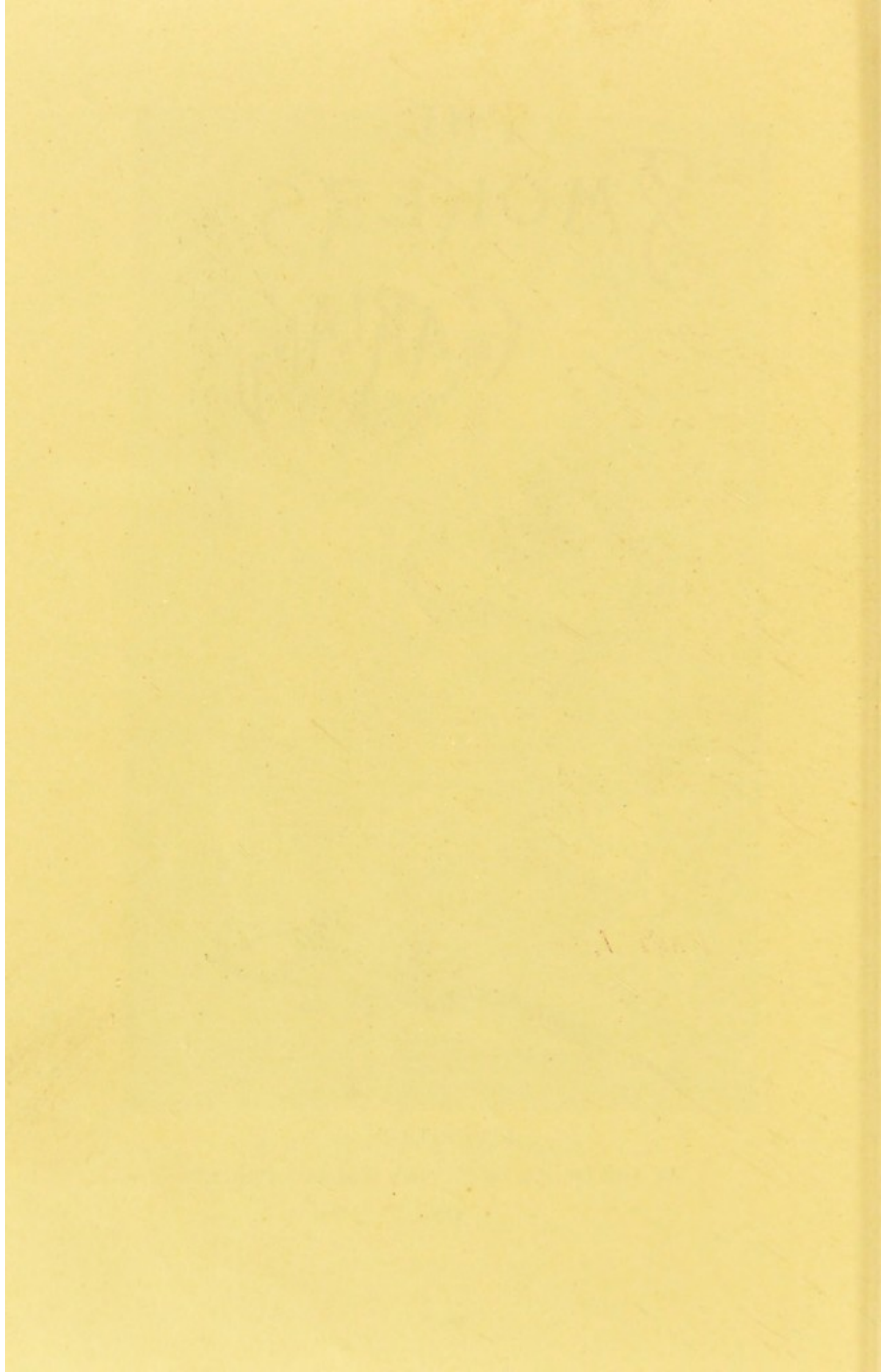


LIVERPOOL:

AT THE OFFICE OF "COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT."

1889.





## PREFACE.

---

A DISTINGUISHED writer, in the pages of the *Tobacco Plant*, propounded a theory that the Elizabethans represent an Age of Tobacco, Queen Anne's men an Age of Coffee, George III.'s men an Age of Revolutions, and the Victorians an Age of Cant. Even in this Age of Cant, as he considered it, he was ready to admit that there may still survive "a few men of Genius inspired by Tobacco." The reader of the following pages will perforce confess that in the region of Verse at any rate, the writer just quoted undervalued the inspiring power which Tobacco still exercises. For most of the pieces here given belong to our own day and generation or at farthest to the generation immediately preceding our own. "Cant" notwithstanding, (if we really are so permeated with cant as some people say,) our poets know better even than the Elizabethans themselves knew, how to sound the praises of Tobacco; and if it be

## PREFACE.

urged that the praise of Tobacco in song is as nothing to the practical form of praise which consists in virtuously using it, then assuredly the claim of this Age to supremacy is complete. For in these days the incense from the burning weed is vastly more in quantity (and better in quality too) than it was in the great days of Sir Walter Raleigh. The modern poets' hymns to Saint Nicotine are no cant: they are upheld and justified by the fact that 55,000,000 lbs. of Tobacco are consumed to his glory in this country in a single year; proof enough and to spare that the Age of Tobacco is now.

Excepting where the contrary is indicated, the pieces which constitute this GARLAND were created by the poets whose names or initials are attached, expressly to adorn the *Tobacco Plant*. The selected pieces, with two or three exceptions, also appeared in the same place; the translations being made for the *Tobacco Plant* by the late Mr. William Maccall. The conductors of that journal, possessing a keen sense of the beautiful, were accustomed, in the interest of their readers, to cull gems from many sources. In these instances the names of the books, magazines and newspapers levied upon are duly stated, that honour may be given where it is due.

*August 17, 1889.*

# CONTENTS.

## PART I.

|                                                           | PAGE. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Tobacco ... .. WM. JONES ... ..                           | 1     |
| Orinoco ... .. SINBURN ... ..                             | 2     |
| After Hood ... .. H. L. ... ..                            | 5     |
| My First Pipe ... .. E. H. S. ... ..                      | 6     |
| My First Cigar ... .. <i>Burlington Hawkeye</i> ... ..    | 7     |
| Nicotiana ... .. <i>Judy</i> ... ..                       | 8     |
| Domestic Greeting .. .. <i>Boston Transcript</i> ... ..   | 9     |
| Antony to Cleopatra ... .. R. K. MUNKITTRICK ... ..       | 10    |
| A Symphony in Smoke... .. <i>Judy</i> ... ..              | 11    |
| My Mother-in-Law ... .. <i>The Tobacco Leaf</i> ... ..    | 12    |
| My Valentine ... .. H. L. ... ..                          | 13    |
| A Sergeant's Mess Song ... .. SIGVAT ... ..               | 14    |
| Another Match ... .. SINBURN... ..                        | 15    |
| My Cigarette ... .. <i>Harvard College Crimson</i> ... .. | 16    |
| The Victim ... .. R. C. ... ..                            | 17    |
| Bouquet de Cigare ... .. <i>Harper's Weekly</i> ... ..    | 19    |
| My Lost Love ... .. T. R. ... ..                          | 20    |
| Smoke-Room Thoughts... .. <i>Fun</i> ... ..               | 21    |
| A Song in Praise of Tobacco ... .. H. LLOYD ... ..        | 22    |
| The Meerschaum ... .. <i>Harper's Magazine</i> ... ..     | 24    |

CONTENTS

|                                               | PAGE.                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Nicotina ... ..                               | ... T. REMMINGTON ... 24              |
| To the Rev. William Bull ...                  | ... WILLIAM COWPER ... 25             |
| Snuff and Friendship ...                      | ... T. .... ... 27                    |
| Io ! Bacche ... ..                            | ... ROBERT CROMPTON ... 28            |
| My Old Dhudeen ... ..                         | ... H. L. ... .. 28                   |
| Hammockuity ... ..                            | ... J. ASHBY-STERRY ... 29            |
| A Sneeze... ..                                | ... LEIGH HUNT ... .. 31              |
| The Last Pipe ... ..                          | ... <i>Fun</i> ... .. 31              |
| The Last Cigar ... ..                         | ... <i>The Bailie</i> ... .. 32       |
| Last Cigar ... ..                             | ... <i>Songs of Yale</i> ... .. 34    |
| Smoke and Sentiment ...                       | ... <i>Punch</i> ... .. 35            |
| Inconsolable ... ..                           | ... E. H. S. .... ... 36              |
| A Smoker's Complaint ...                      | ... <i>The Figaro</i> ... .. 36       |
| The Last Weed ... ..                          | ... <i>Hints to Freshmen</i> ... 37   |
| Love Me, Love My Pipe ...                     | ... <i>The Figaro</i> ... .. 38       |
| The Quiet Pipe. (I.) ...                      | ... DANIEL G. PORTER ... 39           |
| The Quiet Pipe. (II.) ...                     | ... E. H. S. .... ... 40              |
| There's Nothing Like a Smoke... W. C. BENNETT | ... 41                                |
| An Attic Philosopher ...                      | ... <i>Puck</i> ... .. 42             |
| My Pipe ... ..                                | ... ARTHUR HOSTAGE ... 44             |
| The Nicotian Lotos-Eater                      | <i>From the German of</i> LEISTNER 45 |
| To My Pipe ... ..                             | ... A. C. ... .. 47                   |
| A Mild Cigar ... ..                           | ... J. REGINALD OWEN ... 48           |
| Breitmann's Rauch-Lied ...                    | ... C. G. LELAND... .. 49             |
| The Philosophy of Smoke ...                   | ... <i>Punch</i> ... .. 51            |
| The Wisdom of Smoking                         | <i>From the German of</i> BLUMAUER 52 |
| To a Pipe of Tobacco ...                      | ... <i>Scot's Magazine</i> ... .. 54  |
| Modern Morals ... ..                          | ... <i>The Shadow</i> ... .. 55       |
| A Warning Disregarded...                      | ... .. 56                             |

## TOBACCO.

LET poets rhyme of what they will,  
 Youth, beauty, love, or glory, still  
     *My* theme shall be Tobacco!  
 Hail, weed, eclipsing every flow'r!  
 Of thee I fain would make my bow'r  
 When fortune frowns, or tempests low'r,  
     Mild comforter of woe!

They say in truth an angel's foot  
 First brought to light thy precious root,  
     The source of ev'ry pleasure!  
 Decending from the skies, he press'd  
 With hallow'd touch Earth's yielding breast,  
 Forth sprang the plant, and then was bless'd  
     As man's chief treasure!

Throughout the world who knows thee not?  
 Of palace, and of lowly cot  
     The universal guest!  
 The friend of Gentile, Turk, and Jew,  
 To all a stay—to none untrue,  
 The balm that can our ills subdue,  
     And soothe us into rest.

With thee—the poor man can abide  
 Oppression, want, the scorn of pride,  
     The curse of penury!  
 Companion of his lonely state,  
 He is no longer desolate,  
 And still can brave an adverse fate,  
     With honest worth and thee!

All honour to the patriot bold,  
 Who brought, instead of promised gold,  
     Thy leaf to Britain's shore.  
 It cost him life ; but thou shalt raise  
 A cloud of fragrance to his praise,  
 And bards shall hail in deathless lays  
     The valiant knight of yore.

Ay, Raleigh ! thou wilt live till Time  
 Shall ring his last oblivion's chime,  
     The fruitful theme of story.  
 And man in ages hence shall tell,  
 How greatness, virtue, wisdom fell,  
 When England sounded out thy knell,  
     And dimm'd her ancient glory.

And thou, O, plant ! shall keep his name  
 Unwither'd in the scroll of fame,  
     And teach us to remember :  
 He gave with thee, content and peace,  
 Bestow'd on life a longer lease,  
 And bidding ev'ry trouble cease,  
     Made Summer of December !

WM. JONES, *in Bentley's Miscellany* (1845):

---

### ORINOCO.

WE can't indulge in laughter,  
     We've scarcely dried our tears ;  
     Our backs will ache long after,  
 And red are both our ears.  
 Too well do we re-measure  
     The vertebrated pain  
 That came to spoil our pleasure,  
     The pleasure of us twain.

We twain late smoked like thunder,  
What won't the mad boys do?  
Where is the one, I wonder,  
Who cannot smoke or chew?  
The old guy in November  
Smoked—why, I see him yet!—  
We burnt him to an ember,  
A feat that made us sweat.

Dad found us both a-smoking,  
And whacked away our breath;  
We saw he wasn't joking,  
He swore he'd be our death.  
He drained our beer at leisure,  
And left us none to drain:  
To him a pot of pleasure,  
To us a pot of pain.

Dream of a Scotchman losing  
By anything he buys;  
Dream of a Templar boozing,  
Say that M.P.'s are wise;  
Dream of a company cheating,  
Or that the Turks' bond pays;  
But dream not that one beating  
Will alter evil ways.

We've crawled in hidden places,  
Among the toads and frogs;  
We've scratched our hands and faces,  
Hiding among old logs;  
We've dropped in ditches stagnant—  
All unawares, of course—  
For Orinoco fragrant,  
And then gone home quite hoarse.



Dad knocked us both clean over,  
And out of tune and time ;  
Of what he was a lover,  
The love in us was crime.  
But, whether it's December,  
Or July hot and ripe,  
Sweet Orinoco's ember  
Shall glow within our pipe.

The strange stomachic wobbling,  
Uneasily we've known ;  
With gastric juice o'erbubbling,  
We've laid us down to moan.  
E'en summer's sweetest leaving—  
Our famous strawberry jam—  
Would stir to fresher heaving  
Each stricken diaphragm.

We've done with these old feelings,  
And smoke for pleasure's sake,  
Despite our dad's harsh dealings,  
And blows that bruises make.  
"Say, Tom, do you remember  
I've Orinoco hid,  
And a pipe of scented timber,  
Behind the copper lid."

We broke our pipes in flying,  
Fell o'er a withered root ;  
The accident was trying,  
I cut both foot and boot.  
And now without our suppers  
We've come upstairs in pain,  
Thinking o'er damaged uppers,  
Till day comes round again.

Now, gently—mind the ashes !  
Mark how the flame doth leap ;  
Stuff up the window sashes,  
For dad is fast asleep.  
Don't waste this precious "topper,"  
And listen at the door ;  
Oh ! my ! now ain't it proper ?  
Where shall we get some more ?

SINBURN.

---

AFTER HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The pipe that first I drew ;  
With red waxed end and snowy bowl,  
It perfect was, and new.  
It measured just three inches long,  
'Twas made of porous clay ;  
I found, when I began to smoke,  
It took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,  
In fear I struck a light ;  
And when I smoked a little time,  
I felt my cheeks grow white ;  
My nervous system mutinied,  
My diaphragm uprose,  
And I was very, very ill—  
In a way you may suppose.

I remember, I remember  
The very rod he got,  
When father, who discovered me,  
Made me exceeding hot.

He scattered all my feathers then,  
 While, face down, I reclined ;  
 I sat upon a cold hearthstone,  
 I was so warm behind.

I remember, I remember,  
 I viewed the rod with dread,  
 And silent, sad, and supperless,  
 I bundled off to bed.  
 It was a childish punishment,  
 And now 'tis little joy  
 To know that, for the self-same crime,  
 I wallop my own boy !

H. L.

---

MY FIRST PIPE.

AH, me ! how well I recollect  
 That inauspicious day,  
 When, lest my sisters might suspect,  
 My purpose, and betray,  
 I said I'd seek my aunt's abode,  
 And cheer the worthy soul ;  
 But took a *very* different road,  
 And lit the brimming bowl !

The aroma of that stolen whiff  
 Comes back upon my mind  
 E'en now, as vividly as if  
 'Twere borne upon the wind !  
 Another ! and expressions fail—  
 'Twere better not to try ;  
 For, turning hot by turns and pale,  
 Methought that I should die !  
 . . . . .

Although I suffer'd for my sin,  
I gloried in the pain ;  
And struggled on through thick and thin,  
To conquer in the main.  
But, though 'tis to my pipe I owe  
The sweetest of my joys,  
The moral of my tale, you know.  
Is—*not* for little boys !

E. H. S.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

I WAS just behind the woodshed,  
One glorious summer day,  
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun  
Pursued its westward way.

And in my one seclusion,  
Safely removed afar  
From all of earth's confusion,  
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the boyish fancies  
Wrapped in the wreaths of blue ;  
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,  
The woodshed round me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,  
Rayless without a star,  
Grim death, I thought, had found me,  
And spoiled my first cigar.

I heard my father's smothered laugh,  
It seemed so strange and far ;  
I knew he knew, I knew he knew  
I'd smoked my first cigar.

*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## NICOTIANA,

BY A BEGINNER.

O ! INDIAN weed, Tobacco hight  
 (But stay ! first let me get a light,)  
 The choicest gift the world e'er saw—  
 (Confound this pipe ! why don't it draw ?)

Thou art of plants the noblest gem,  
 (There's something sticking in the stem,)  
 Thy healing properties none doubt ;  
 (That knitting-needle's got it out.)

Virginian leaf ! thou wert the cause  
 Of Raleigh's genius (now it draws),  
 Thou didst inspire his tuneful song,  
 (Dear me ! this Birds-Eye's very strong.)

Tobacco ! whilst I thee adore,  
 (I don't think I shall smoke much more,)  
 With awe, almost, thy praise I sing.  
 (This giddiness is not the thing.)

Of human pleasures thou the crown !  
 (I shall be better lying down),  
 Oh ! anodyne of mental pain.  
 (You don't catch me at this again !)

*July (1867).*

## DOMESTIC GREETING.

AS homeward comes the married man,  
 He's met by wife at door,  
 With fond embrace and loving kiss  
 And—"Baby's throat is sore!"

"And did you think to stop at Brown's  
 And get that marabout  
 I ordered yesterday?—and, dear,  
 Fred's boots are all worn out!"

"I'm glad you are so early, John,  
 So much I miss you, dear—  
 I've a letter from mamma:  
 She's coming to live here."

"How very glad you look, dear John,  
 I knew that you would be—  
 The flour's out, the butter, and  
 You must send home some tea."

"That plumber has been here again;  
 If you don't pay, he'll sue;  
 And Mr. Pendergast called  
 To say your rent was due."

“ Fred’s trousers are half cotton, John,  
 You thought they were all wool—  
 Oh ! that reminds me that your son  
 Was whipped to-day at school.

“ The roof has leaked, and spoiled the rugs  
 Upon the upper hall ;  
 And Jane must go, the careless thing !  
 She let the mirror fall

“ To-day, as she was moving it  
 (The largest one, dear John),  
 Of course it broke ; it also broke  
 The lamp it fell upon.

“ What makes you look so grave my love ?  
 Take off your things, and wipe  
 Your feet—and, only think, to-day  
 Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.

“ Oh, John ! that horrid ! horrid word !  
 You do not love me, dear ;  
 I wish that I—boo-hoo—were dead—  
 You’re cross as any bear.”

*Boston Transcript.*

---

#### ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

“ I AM dying Egypt, dying,”  
 Softly fell upon her ear ;  
 And she then commenced a-sighing—  
 Gemmed her cheek a crystal tear.

“I am dying Egypt, dying—”  
And she listened, grief-opprest,  
While his flaxen curls were lying  
Pillowed on her heaving breast.

“I am dying, Egypt, dying,”—  
From her dream of grief she woke,  
When he whispered he was dying,  
Simply dying for—a smoke!

R. K. MUNKIRTRICK,  
*In U.S. Tobacco Journal (1880).*

---

### A SYMPHONY IN SMOKE.

A PRETTY, piquant, pouting pet,  
Who likes to muse and take her ease;  
She loves to smoke a cigarette.

To dream in silken hammockette,  
And sing and swing beneath the trees—  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet!

Her Christian name is Violet,  
Her eyes are blue as summer seas,  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!

As calm as babe in bassinette,  
She swingeth in the summer breeze,  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet.

She ponders o'er a novelette—  
Her parasol is Japanese—  
She loves to smoke a cigarette.



She loves a fume without a fret—  
 Her frills are white, her frock *cerise*—  
 A pretty, pouting, piquant pet

She almost goes to sleep, and yet,  
 Half lulled by booming honey-bees,  
 She loves to smoke a cigarette !

A winsome, clever, cool coquette—  
 Who flouts all Grundian decrees—  
 A pretty, pouting, piquant pet,  
 Who loves to smoke a cigarette !

*Judy (1880).*

### MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

**I** MARRIED a woman of sweetness and truth,  
 And beauty without any flaw ;  
 But over my head hung, like Damocles's sword,  
 That horror, a mother-in-law !

So upright and downright in person and looks,  
 She embodied the dismal old saw  
 Of a scolding and pushing and worrying and bothering  
 Old bore of a mother-in-law !

She decided to live with us. Chaos and wreck  
 Would be the result, I foresaw ;  
 So I gave my cigars and my meerschaum, with groans,  
 To a friend with no mother-in-law.

One night, as we sat by a blazing wood fire,  
 When the days had grown chilly and raw,  
 "How cozy and nice you would look with a pipe !  
 Don't you smoke?" said my mother-in-law.

Did my ears hear aright? Yes, bless her dear heart!  
"Don't you smoke?" was the first happy straw  
To "show how the wind blew," and clear up the clouds  
'Twixt me and my mother-in-law.

And, oh, she's the kindest and dearest and best  
Old darling that ever I saw!  
My mother I love, and my wife I adore,  
But I worship my mother-in-law!

*The Tobacco Leaf* (1877).

---

MY VALENTINE.

TWO maidens I love; both are pretty,  
And each is bewitchingly fond:  
There's Minnie, the dark-eyed and witty,  
And Alice, the beautiful blonde.  
I feel that my fate is to marry.  
But which of the two I can't say;  
It worries me sadly to tarry,  
I long for that jubilant day.

I would that some good-natured fairy  
Would help me the riddle to read;  
I'd not act for a moment contrary,  
But hurry to hasten the deed.  
I'd forgotten—'tis Valentine's morning!  
St. Valentine, list to my prayer;  
Nor spurn a poor mortal with scorning,  
Who's just on the verge of despair.

The postman! I'm shaking! How stupid!  
Two packets are handed me now;  
I know this handwriting, by Cupid!  
'Tis from my sweet Minnie, I vow.

What's this that the darling has sent me?  
 Some gloves and some perfume; how nice.  
 Sure nothing will ever content me  
 But to go and propose in a trice.

A moment I'll tarry with pleasure,  
 To see what the other has brought.  
 From Alice, by Jove! What a treasure:  
 A pipe of luxurious sort!  
 Ah, Alice, I own you have bought me;  
 St. Valentine has heard my prayer.  
 With my pipe and the darling who's caught me,  
 I'll love, smoke, and laugh away care.

H. L.

---

A SERGEANT'S MESS SONG.

WITH our arms round the waists of the charming  
 girls,  
 Through the galop-sweeps and the swift waltz-  
 whirls,  
 While our beards are brushed by their dancing curls,  
 Dance, boys, dance!

With the old black pipe and the steaming glass,  
 And a toast to the health of each sonsie lass,  
 And a right jolly set the toast to pass,  
 Drink, boys, drink!

For we have our hold of the world to-day,  
 And must snatch our share of it while we may,  
 Before they bury us out of the way:  
 Dance, boys, dance!

So we'll smoke our pipe, and we'll drink our glass,  
And we'll play our game, and we'll hug our lass;  
And as for the rest—why, the devil's an ass:  
Drink, boys, drink!

SIGVAT.

---

ANOTHER MATCH.

IF love were dhudeen olden,  
And I were like the weed,  
Oh! we would live together,  
And love the jolly weather,  
And bask in sunshine golden,  
Rare pals of choicest breed;  
If love were dhudeen olden,  
And I were like the weed.

If I were what cigars are,  
And love were like the case,  
In double rows, or single,  
Our varied scents we'd mingle,  
Both brown as Persian shahs are—  
(You recollect *his* face);  
If I were what cigars are,  
And love were like the case.

If you were snuff, my darling,  
And I, your love, the box,  
We'd live and sneeze together,  
Shut out from all the weather,  
And anti-snuffers snarling,  
In neckties orthodox;  
If you were snuff, my darling,  
And I, your love, the box.

If you were oil essential,  
 And I were nicotine,  
 We'd hatch up wicked treason,  
 And spoil each smoker's reason,  
 Till he grew penitential,  
 And turned a bilious green ;  
 If you were oil essential,  
 And I were nicotine.

If you were Shag of dark hue,  
 And I were mild Bird's Eye,  
 We'd scent the passing hours,  
 And fumigate the flowers :  
 And in the midnight, hark you,  
 The Norfolk Howards should die ;  
 If you were Shag of dark hue,  
 And I were mild Bird's Eye.

If you were the aroma,  
 And I were simply smoke,  
 We'd skyward fly together,  
 As light as any feather ;  
 And, flying high as Homer,  
 His grey old ghost we'd choke ;  
 If you were the aroma,  
 And I were simply smoke.

SINBURN.

## MY CIGARETTE.

**M**Y cigarette! The amulet  
 That charms afar unrest and sorrow;  
 The magic wand that, far beyond  
 To-day can conjure up to-morrow—  
 Like love's desire, thy crown of fire  
 So softly with the twilight blending,  
 And, ah! meseems a poet's dreams  
 Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget  
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,  
Sat in the shade the elm trees made,  
And rolled the fragrant weed together?  
I, at her side, beatified  
To hold and guide her fingers willing;  
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,  
Putting my heart in with the filling!

My cigarette! I see her yet—  
The white smoke from her red lips curling,  
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,  
Her gentle sighs, and laughter purling!  
Ah! dainty roll, whose parting soul  
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,  
I, too, would burn, if I might earn  
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow.

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette  
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,  
And you and I unthinking by  
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.  
The darkness gathers fast without,  
A raindrop on my window plashes;  
My cigarette and heart are out,  
And nought is left me but their ashes!

*Harvard College Crimson.*

### THE VICTIM.

AN 'orrible tale I 'ave to tell,  
Of a howdacious houtrage that me befell,  
As I come by hexpress from Heuston Square,  
And I'll sing you hall about it to a well-known hair.

I'm a Hanti-Tobaccoite, reg'lar stric';  
For the smell of "the weed" alus makes me sick;  
And as I travelled four hours to-day,  
'Ive bin smoked like a 'am, or red 'erring, all the way.

I was honly just in time my ticket to get,  
 And to scuttle to the carriage in a hawful sweat,  
 W'en the bell was rung, and the whistle was blow'd,  
 And we went like a harrow down the hiron road.

Now, Tobacco is just the pernicioussest weed  
 As hever was grow'd from sliver or seed ;  
 Then, judge of my hindignant suprise,  
 W'en I see a gent a smoking before my very heyes !

"You must put that hout," says I—I did—

"By the laws and regulations, that's forbid.

"I shall 'ave you fined, most certinglee !"

"Why, this is a smoking carriage, sir," says he.

And so it was ! On the winder pane  
 Was "Smoking Carriage" wrote up, quite plain ;  
 Wich I did not see when I took my seat ;  
 But, says I, "Your 'Bacca is a noosiance, complete !"

Then the gent as was smoking, at once pulls hout  
 His cigar-case, and 'ands it to hall about ;  
 And w'en I begins for to cough and choke,  
 They seems for to think it was a werry stunning joke.

They was soon all a-smoking, and they sniggered  
 and larfed,

But I durstn't lower the winder, for fear of the drafft.  
 And as I kep' on a-preaching 'gainst their 'abit so vile,  
 Them gents kep' on a-smoking like wolcanoes, all the  
 while.

Then I hopens the winder, and pulls very 'ard  
 At the rope as commoonicates with the g'ard ;  
 But them signals never hact, and it didn't hact then ;  
 So I sits down resigned, and gets hawful smoked again.

Now, if railway companies will reco'nise  
 These 'ere smoking 'abits, I surmise  
 As they haught to require as hevery bloke  
 As uses Tobacco should consume his own smoke.

R. C.

## BOUQUET DE CIGARE.

“MY favourite perfume,” dear Jennie?  
 Had you asked me an hour ago,  
 I am sure I’d have lazily answered,  
 “My darling, I really don’t know.”

For I’ve flirted with many a fragrance,  
 And never been constant to one,  
 But welcomed the roses of summer  
 When the dainty spring blossoms were gone.

I find it quite hard to be partial;  
 Most delicious the whole of them are;  
 So I’ll leave you the sweet-smelling flowers—  
 My choice is “bouquet de cigare.”

That note that was brought me this morning  
 (How it made my heart flutter and thrill!)—  
 Well, the scent of the weed he’d been smoking  
 As he wrote it was clinging there still.

And as I read on, dear, it mingled  
 With words, oh! so welcome to me:  
 He loves me, he loves me! and, Jennie,  
 Next summer a bridemaid you’ll be.



How you stare!—your blue eyes full of wonder;  
 Yet it may be the day isn't far  
 When for you, too, the perfume of perfumes  
 Will be, dear, "bouquet de cigare!"

*Harper's Weekly.*

---

MY LOST LOVE.

I LOVED her, and her gentle heart  
 Beat warm, responsive to my own.  
 She swore that nought on earth should part  
 Her from the one she loved alone.

But soon dear Nellie changed her mind  
 And all my hopes of joy she broke.  
 She to all other faults was blind,  
 But could not bear Tobacco smoke.

And I—alas! I loved the maid;  
 Yet still I loved Tobacco more;  
 And when indignantly she bade  
 Me cease to smoke, or seek the door,

I chose the latter. Nought I spoke,  
 But mutely waved a last adieu:  
 Tears in my eyes—it was the smoke:  
 And from the house I madly flew.

I did not rush to drown my grief,  
 Nor yet myself—away I broke,  
 Seeking a pleasanter relief,  
 And found it in—another smoke!

T.R.

## SMOKE-ROOM THOUGHTS.

I THINK I'll have another weed,  
 'Tis not so very late :  
 I think it's hardly six, indeed ;  
 And dinner's not till eight.  
 I think I feel a little dry—  
 There's lots of time to dress—  
 I think—" No, George, it wasn't I,  
 But bring a B. and S."

I think I'll ask her at the dance,  
 She said she would be there—  
 I think that I must trust to chance  
 As to the how and where.  
 I think there cannot be a doubt  
 But that 'twill be all right—  
 I think—" Why, my cigar is out !  
 Here, waiter, please, a light.

I think I'll get it over soon—  
 And I must show some *nous*,  
 To make quite sure the honeymoon  
 Does not affect the grouse !  
 I think how jolly it will be  
 To smoke upon the shore,  
 And think I'm thinking by the sea !  
 "No, Thomas, nothing more."

I think she isn't a coquette  
 Who with my love will play.  
 I think, I'll take a cigarette  
 And then I must away.  
 I think I've made my mind up, quite—  
 This day she shall be mine!  
 I think that—"Thanks, I can't to-night,  
 I'm going out to dine."

*Fun (1875).*

---

A SONG IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

SING I of the weed  
 Sent by Heaven to mortals ;  
 In man's sorest need  
 Opening Eden's portals.  
 Sure the sweetest kiss  
 Is but sorry joking  
 To the steadfast bliss  
 Found alone in smoking.

CHORUS.—Gloomy care and fear  
 Vanish from our track, oh !  
 Fade and disappear—  
 Banish'd by Tobacco.

Not one flower in bloom,  
 Even counting roses,  
 Bears such sweet perfume  
 Unto wise men's noses.  
 On the stormy seas,  
 In our market-places ;  
 Where blue icebergs freeze,  
 See it brighten faces.

CHORUS.

Sweeter than hot fame,  
With its restless blisses ;  
Sweeter than love's flame,  
With its burning kisses ;  
Sweeter far than gold,  
With its care and trouble ;  
Let your bliss be told,  
This shall make it double.

CHORUS.

Emblem of sweet peace  
To the savage "blacky,"  
Other blows all cease  
When he blows his 'Baccy.  
Alexander, Great,  
Had he smoked Tobacco,  
Had not wept in state  
For other worlds to whack, oh !

CHORUS.

Jilted have you been  
By one of Eve's fair daughters ?  
Sorrow have you seen ?  
Drunk of Marah's waters ?  
Wine may light again  
Eyes so dark and sunken ;  
'Tis to-morrow's pain  
If to-night you're drunken.

CHORUS.

All our weary days,  
What are we pursuing ?  
Whether love or praise,  
Peace is what we're wooing.

Coy she is, and shy,  
 Hard to catch and bind her ;  
 Yet both you and I  
 In the weed can find her.

CHORUS.—Gloomy care and fear  
 Vanish from our track, oh !  
 Fade and disappear—  
 Banis'd by Tobacco !

H. LLOYD.

### THE MEERSCHAUM,

**S**CORN not the meerschaum. Housewives, you  
 have croaked  
 In ignorance of its charms. Through this  
 small reed  
 Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed ;  
 The poet Tennyson hath oft invoked  
 The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackery joked  
 And wrote and sang in nicotinian mood ;  
 Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude ;  
 A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked ;  
 Full oft hath Aldrich, Taylor, Stoddard, Cranch,  
 And many more whose verses float about,  
 Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf ;  
 And when the poet's or the artist's branch  
 Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pout  
 Consolatory whiffs—alas ! too brief !

*Harper's Magazine.*

### NICOTINA.

**I**PRESS my lips unto her mouth,  
 And suck the incense of her breath,  
 My sunny darling of the South !  
 Life without thee would be as death.

No pale-faced love of Northern climes ;  
But warm-hued as the dusky maids,  
Who sing beneath the spreading limes,  
In fair Hispania's am'rous glades.

Her love was never false nor frail,  
Her smiles come ever at my call ;  
And though all other joys grow stale,  
Her scented breath can never pall.

T. REMMINGTON.

“TO THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.

“*June 22, 1782.*”

“*My dear Friend,*

“**I**F reading verse be your delight,  
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write ;  
But what we would, so weak is man,  
Lies oft remote from what we can.  
For instance, at this very time,  
I feel a wish, by cheerful rhyme,  
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,  
To cheat him of an anxious hour ;  
Not meaning (for, I must confess,  
It were but folly to suppress)  
His pleasure or his good alone,  
But squinting partly at my own.  
But though the sun is flaming high  
In the centre of your arch, the sky,  
And he had once (and who but he ?)  
The name of setting genius free ;  
Yet whether poets of past days  
Yielded him undeserved praise,  
And he by no uncommon lot  
Was famed for virtue's he had not ;  
Or whether, which is like enough,  
His Highness may have taken huff ;

So seldom sought with invocation,  
 Since it has been the reigning fashion  
 To disregard his inspiration,  
 I seem no brighter in my wits  
 For all the radiance he emits,  
 Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,  
 The glimmering of a farthing taper.  
 Oh! for a succedaneum, then,  
 To accelerate a creeping pen!  
 Oh! for a ready succedaneum,  
*Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium*  
*Pondere liberet exoso,*  
*Et morbo jam caliginoso!*  
 'Tis here; this oval box well fill'd  
 With best Tobacco, finely mill'd,  
 Beats all Anticyra's pretences  
 To disengage the encumbered senses.  
 "Oh! nymph of Transatlantic fame,  
 Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name,  
 Whether reposing on the side  
 Of Oroonquo's spacious tide,  
 Or listening with delight not small  
 To Niagara's distant fall,  
 'Tis thine to cherish and to feed  
 The pungent nose-refreshing weed,  
 Which whether, pulverised, it gain  
 A speedy passage to the brain,  
 Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise  
 In circling eddies to the skies,  
 Does thought more quicken and refine  
 Than all the breath of all the Nine.  
 Forgive the bard, if bard he be,  
 Who once too wantonly made free  
 To touch with a satiric wipe  
 That symbol of thy power—the pipe;  
 So may no blight invest thy plains,  
 And no unseasonable rains;  
 And so may smiling peace once more

Visit America's shore ;  
And thou, secure from all alarms  
Of thundering guns and glittering arms,  
Rove unconfined beneath the shade  
Thy wide-expanded leaves have made ;  
So may thy victories increase,  
And fumigation never cease.  
May Newton, with renew'd delights,  
Perform thy odoriferous rites,  
While clouds of incense half divine  
Involve thy disappearing shrine ;  
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull  
Be always filling, never full."

WILLIAM COWPER

---

SNUFF AND FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP imparts to life a zest,  
And smooths his passage rough,  
Then care for him who gives this test,  
At least a pinch of snuff.

A snuff-box and a friend unite  
In semblance to an inch ;  
For both our vacant hours delight,  
And serve us *at a pinch*.

Both close or open as we will,  
Both yield us what we're pleased at,  
And both, if taken with due skill,  
Are gifts *not to be sneezed at*.

T.



## IO! BACCHE.

“IO! Bacche” rang the chorus,  
 As ’mongst purple grapes they trod,  
 Through the loaded vineyards reeling,  
 Dancing on the verdant sod;  
 Votaries sang round his altars—  
 “Io! Bacche, rosy god!”

“Heigho! Baccy,” I sat sighing,  
 O’er my first smoke, when a boy.  
 “Heigho! Baccy.” Fancy crying  
 O’er a pipe, my newest toy!  
 Yet I murmur “Io Baccy:”  
 Baccy is my chiefest joy.

I owe Baccy grateful tribute.  
 Hence, all silly youthful pranks.  
 Baccy’s oft for me defeated  
 Cares and pains in serried ranks.  
 Still my song is “Io! Baccy:”  
 I owe Baccy heartfelt thanks.

R. CROMPTON.

## MY OLD DHUDEEN.

AIR.—“*Love’s Young Dream.*”

O H, the days are gone when lollypops  
 My heart could move;  
 When sugar-sticks and almond rock  
 Were my first love:  
 Inventions sweet  
 And succulent,

Made childhood all serene ;  
Now there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As my old Dhudeen ;  
Yes, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As my old Dhudeen.

For the youth will tire at last of sweets  
When "down" appears,  
And he wears a collar in the streets  
That hides his ears :  
The vile "Pickwick"  
May make him sick,  
And turn his face quite green,  
Yet there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As his old Dhudeen ;  
Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As his old Dhudeen.

Oh ! the first sly smoke I'll ne'er forget—  
It made me queer ;  
And when I my stern parent met,  
He pull'd my ear ;  
But now I'm old,  
And weak and cold,  
And on my stick do lean,  
There is nothing half so sweet in life  
As my old Dhudeen ;  
Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As my old Dhudeen.

H.L.

---

### HAMMOCKUITY.

"Hammockuity—A peculiar phase of content acquired by those who dream in hammocks beneath the trees in hot weather."  
—*The Swinging Philosopher.*

ALL through the lazy afternoon,  
Beneath the sycamore,  
I listen to the distant Lune,  
Or slumber to its roar ;

'Tis sweet to muse, to sleep or sing,  
When talk is superfluity ;  
'Tis sweet beneath the trees to swing,  
And practice hammockuity.

Forgotten I, I would forget  
The destiny fate weaves,  
The while I smoke a cigarette  
To music of the leaves ;  
I wish my present lazy life  
A lengthy continuity ;  
Away from trouble, care, and strife,  
In happy hammockuity !

Tho' life is short my heart is long—  
When blue are summer skies—  
I love sweet Warbler's syren song,  
And Pussy's tender eyes !  
I'd give up thought of future fame,  
And purchase an annuity ;  
I'd forfeit riches, power, name—  
For dreamy hammockuity !

Too hot to work, too hot to play,  
Too hot to laugh or weep ;  
I watch the smoke-rings curl away,  
And almost fall asleep.  
I would I could, beneath the trees,  
Repose in perpetuity,  
And swing, and sing, and take mine ease  
In lasting hammockuity !

J. ASHBY-STERRY in *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (1876).

## A SNEEZE.

**W**HAT a moment! what a doubt,  
 All my nose, inside and out,  
 All my thrilling, tickling, caustic  
 Pyramid rhinocerosic,  
 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.  
*Shce!*—*shze!* Oh, 'tis most del *ishi!*  
*Ishi!*—*ishi!*—most del *ishi!*  
 (Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)  
 "Snuff's a most delicious thing."

*Translated from the Italian, by LEIGH HUNT.*

## THE LAST PIPE.

*Tu calamos inflare leves, ego discere versus.*

**T**WAS the voice of the doctor, I heard him declare,  
 "You've been smoking too much, of tobacco  
 beware!"

To be candid and plain, you'll find it no joke,  
 For you'll become ashes yourself if you smoke."

So I've filled my last pipe as I sit by the fire,  
 And gaze at the cloud rising higher and higher,  
 And languidly watching each up-curling ring,  
 A mournful adieu to tobacco I sing.

Farewell, good cigars, I will e'en call you dear!  
 Yet your price was no object so you were still here.  
 Good bye! Latakia, Mild Turkey, good bye!  
 Virginia, Cavendish, Bristol Bird's-eye.

Returns, and Kanaster, and Russian, the pet  
 Of those who rejoice in the light cigarette:  
 And last, but not least, I take leave of thee too,  
 My gentle, my fragrant, my soft Honeydew!

And my pipe! my sweet pipe, with thy cool amber tip;  
 No more shall that amber caress my fond lip.  
 Oh! friend of my youth! must you really go—  
 My partner in joy, and my solace in woe?

'Tis too true; nought avail me these heart-broken sighs  
 And, alas! thou art out. There are tears in my eyes  
 As I lay thee down gently. I will not complain,  
 But I feel I shall never be happy again.

*Fun.*

---

### THE LAST CIGAR.

“For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
 Would do anything but die.”

CHARLES LAMB.

**M**Y doctor's dismal prohibition  
 Declares that I must smoke no more.  
 'Tis hard; but fate and grim physicians  
 Were made for men to bow before.  
 I yield me to the cruel canon;  
 But, spite of warning word and bar—  
 For even *this* he laid his ban on—  
 I *can't* resist one last cigar.

So one I pick from some two dozen,  
That lurk within their cedar nest—  
I'll give the rest to Tom, my cousin,  
For *he* can smoke them, mortal blest!  
Ah! here is one, a noble fellow—  
The brand "Superbo," with a star—  
Old, dry, and fragrant—plump and mellow,  
A very model last cigar.

And, as one cloud another chases  
In steel-blue rings about my head,  
I muse on dear old friends and faces—  
How few are left, how many dead.  
How Bob is bankrupt, Mabel married,  
And Jim a judge at Junglahar;  
Whose schemes have prospered, whose miscarried,  
Between my first and last cigar.

Kind weed, scarce one old friend is left me,  
Yet all come round me at thy call;  
Now fate of thee, too hath bereft me,  
And losing thee I lose them all.  
The ghosts of many a buried passion!—  
One whiff will bring them, near or far—  
Sit round me in familiar fashion,  
And watch me smoke my last cigar.

Alas! 'tis settled, we must sever,  
Dear comrade of each lonely hour;  
This day I must resign for ever  
The magic of thy subtle power.  
But, pshaw! if I grow much more tender,  
My resolution I may mar.  
Enough! there goes across the fender  
The fag-end of my last cigar.

*The Bailie (1873).*

“LAST CIGAR.

“ ’T WAS off the blue Canary Isles,  
 A glorious summer day,  
 I sat upon the quarter deck  
 And whiffed my cares away ;  
 And as the volumed smoke arose  
 Like incense in the air,  
 I breath’d a sigh to think, in sooth,  
 It was my last cigar.

It was my last cigar ;  
 It was my last cigar,  
 I breath’d a sigh to think, in sooth,  
 It was my last cigar.

“ I leaned upon the quarter rail  
 And looked down in the sea,  
 E’en there the purple wreath of smoke  
 Was curling gracefully.  
 Oh ! what had I at such a time  
 To do with wasting care,  
 Alas ! the trembling tear proclaimed  
 It was my last cigar.

It was my last cigar,  
 It was my last cigar ;  
 I breath’d a sigh to think, in sooth,  
 It was my last cigar.

“ I watched the ashes as it came  
Fast drawing toward the end,  
I watched it as a friend would watch  
Beside a dying friend.  
But still the flame crept slowly on,  
It vanished into the air,  
I threw it from me, spare the tale,  
It was my last cigar.

It was my last cigar,  
It was my last cigar ;  
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,  
It was my last cigar.

“ I've seen the land of all I love  
Fade in the distant dim,  
I've watched above the blighted heart  
Where once proud hope hath been,  
But I've never known a sorrow  
That could with that compare,  
When off the blue Canaries  
I smoked my last cigar.

It was my last cigar,  
It was my last cigar ;  
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,  
It was my last cigar.”

*Songs of Yale.*

---

### SMOKE AND SENTIMENT.

**I** NEVER smoked a cherished Pipe,  
Which pleased me with its choice, quaint make,  
But when it had grown nearly ripe  
In colouring, it was sure to break.

*Punch (1871).*



## INCONSOLABLE.

**W**HY, tell me why that dauntless breast  
 Is heaving to and fro?  
 I tell you, Charles, I *cannot* rest,  
 Without you let me know!  
 It's worse than useless to conceal  
 The anguish of my mind;  
 You little know how sad I feel—  
 You'd never be unkind!

Nay, ask me not! I dare not tell  
 The secret of my grief;  
 And yet, perhaps, 'twould be as well,  
 And furnish some relief.  
 Then listen, dear, while thou art told—  
 In vain my tears you'll wipe:  
 The omnibus—I lost my hold,  
 And—smashed my meerschaum pipe!

E.H.S.

## A SMOKER'S COMPLAINT.

**T**HOUGH above the sun is shining,  
 And the birds sing in the trees,  
 While the clouds with silvery lining  
 Scud before a pleasant breeze.

Though on every side are flowers,  
Bright with variegated hues,  
Watered by the summer showers,  
And the early morning dews.

Though kind Nature apreads her beauties  
With rich bounty 'neath my eyes.  
Though I'm free from worldly duties,  
Yet I utter frequent sighs.

Why then, am I not enjoying  
All these beauties as I roam?  
True, the cause is most annoying,  
For I've left my *pipe* at home.

*The Figaro* (1873).

---

### THE LAST WEED.

AIR—" *The Last Rose of Summer.*"

'TIS the last weed of Hudson's,  
Left lying alone ;  
All his dark-brown Regalias  
Are vanished and gone.  
No cigar of its colour,  
No "Lopez" is mine,  
To delight with its perfume  
And fragrance divine.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !  
I'll ring for a light ;  
Thy companions are ashes—  
I'll smoke Thee to-night.  
Thy halo and incense  
Shall rise o'er my head,  
As I sigh for the beauties  
All scentless and dead.

And soon may I follow  
 Those loved ones' decay ;  
 Since from each tempting bundle  
 They've faded away.  
 When Regalias are smoked out,  
 And " ' Lopez ' " are blown,  
 Oh ! who would still linger,  
 Cigarless, alone ?

*Hints to Freshmen in the University of Oxford (1847).*

LOVE ME, LOVE MY PIPE.

I N this fair land I've heard it oft confessed,  
 By ladies, poets, and the oldest sages,  
 Although I fear 'tis but by some professed,  
 From having been a well-known fact for ages,  
 That when with love or toothache you've been raving,  
 Or some grand passion keeps you from your rest,  
 Or, may be, p'raps you've cut yourself while shaving,  
 " Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

And tho' I'll own how much I love to hear  
 The wind-swept strings of an Æolian harp,  
 " The song and the oar of Adria's gondolier,"  
 The violin, whose notes are sweet, though sharp,  
 I think I know a " soothing syrup " well,  
 To which the " Winslow " isn't on a par,  
 Though no advertisements its praises swell,  
 And some folks hate it—" Give me a cigar."

For while around it sheds its " spicy breezes,"  
 Which, Heber says, " blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."  
 Unlike some songs we hear, it always pleases,  
 And many a lonely hour it doth beguile.

Then it possesses, too, another blessing :  
Though as your mistress you may own its sway,  
If ever you should tire of its caressing,  
You only need to pitch it straight away.

Oh, sweet Tobacco ! though you made me ill  
When first a short clay pipe I took to using,  
And let me in for many a nasty pill,  
And some delight in always you abusing,  
Yet must I own, when troubles have assailed,  
Or with some wicked fancy I've been ripe,  
When music, love, and other refuge failed,  
I've drawn sweet consolation thro' a pipe !

*The Figaro (1874).*

---

THE QUIET PIPE. (I.)

WHO would not praise the quiet pipe,  
To peaceful thought devoted ?  
Who would not live to years full ripe,  
By peaceful thought promoted ?  
Why should one heed, if people say  
That smoking is injurious—  
Who merely point to those whose way  
Of smoking is so furious ?

“ Then let us sing the quiet pipe  
To peaceful thought devoted ;  
Who would not live to years full ripe,  
By peaceful thought promoted ?

“Why should we fear the weed’s dispraise,  
Whose love was never cruel ;  
Whose cue of passion none could raise  
Though Iago found the fuel ;  
Who, to ourselves and others kind,  
Avoided love’s extremes ;  
And in soft curling smoke could find  
The salt of gentler themes ?

“ Then let us sing,” etc.

DANIEL G. PORTER.

---

### THE QUIET PIPE. (II.)

WHEN all the busy cares of day  
Are over ; then at night  
I hasten home, as best I may,  
With longing and delight.  
And there, remote from grief and care,  
And for enjoyment ripe,  
I settle down within a chair  
And smoke a quiet pipe !

Let others prate of rarer joys,  
Such as the stage affords ;  
I care not for such gorgeous toys,  
But quieter rewards.  
And where of such can e’er be found  
A more appropriate type  
(There’s comfort in the very sound !)  
Than in a quiet pipe ?

Enhancer of our joy and peace,  
And soother of our pain,  
Beneath thy spell life's sorrows cease,  
And irritate in vain !  
Promoter of the grandest thought,  
Behold this famous Cuyp !  
Such works beneath thy power are wrought—  
Born from a quiet pipe !

E.H S.

---

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SMOKE.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

THERE'S nothing like a smoke,  
To that I'll firmly stick ;  
Give me a pipe for comfort,  
Whether, lads, I'm well or sick.  
Take anything away you like  
But that, 'twill be a joke,  
But leave me still my blessed pipe—  
Oh, there's nothing like a smoke.

One's fancy, it knows change,  
In friendship and in love,  
But to 'Bacca are constant,  
For it's love and friends above.  
'Take my lass or take my glass,  
Their loss will be a joke,  
While you leave me still my blessed pipe—  
Oh, there's nothing like a smoke.

Whatever is the weather,  
 In calm or breeze or storm ;  
 Wherever you may sail or walk,  
 Let your clime be cold or warm ;  
 Whether you be crossed or happy,  
 You can treat all as a joke,  
 While in your lips you hold a pipe ;  
 Oh, there's nothing like a smoke.

They say some whey-faced landsmen  
 At 'Bacca make a fuss,  
 It may hurt such as they are,  
 But its meat and drink to us.  
 Weak stomachs may kick at it.  
 But that's to us a joke,  
 We leave all that to landsmen ;  
 Oh, there's nothing like a smoke.

W. C. BENNETT *in Once a Week.*

### AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

**H**ERE in my kingdom up four pair of stairs,  
 Above all the city's confusion and noise—  
 I laugh at my sorrows, and throw off my cares,  
 Though I own I can't boast of a great many joys.

Still the air here is pure, and the prospect is fine :  
 I've a glimpse of the sea on a clear summer day ;  
 When the smoke's not too thick I can almost divine  
 The shape of the chimney-pots over the way.

You'd laugh at the room. There's a rickety bed,  
A table, an easel, a cosey arm-chair ;  
And there by the window that wonderful head  
Of the Cenci still smiles in its frozen despair.

I'm not lodged like an emperor here, as you see—  
But, believe it or not, I've often fared worse.  
This bit of Bohemia is home-like to me—  
And besides it just matches my lean little purse.

When I sit by the hearth at the falling of night,  
And the wreaths from my pipe make a cloud round  
my head,  
From the embers old faces appear to my sight,  
And my thoughts hasten back to the years that are  
fled.

I'm wrinkled, and battered, and care-worn, and old—  
And, worse than all that, I confess I am poor,  
But I look on the past as a tale that is told—  
'Tis the future alone of which one is not sure.

I regret not the past—'tis too late to regret,  
I sigh not for beauty, fame, fortune, or friend,  
I live in the present and strive to forget  
That this, like all else here, must come to an end.

I've tried love and friendship—they fade like the  
leaves ;  
I'd a short dream of fame—like a dream it has  
flown ;  
So the fresh Summer morns, and the cool Autumn  
eves,  
Find me here in my garret—content and alone !

A. D. in *Puck* (1880).



## MY PIPE.

**W**ITH heavy heart, and spirits low,  
 And dark a face, and stern a brow  
 As any friar,  
 I seek my room, my easy chair,  
 My slippers, (ah! no fancy pair  
 Of wool-work, wrought by fingers fair,)  
 My humble briar.

I cannot find my pipe, and—well,  
 I mutter words one mustn't spell—  
 It's too bad, this is.  
 Ah! found at last—a light, a whiff,  
 And that has saved me from a tiff  
 With Miss or Missis.

I watch the fleecy cloud, and soon  
 Am off to Spain, or in the moon,  
 Ah! reader, what age  
 Are you? Young? Then I'll confess  
 My dream is one of happiness,  
 And in a cottage!

A rustic cot embowered 'mid elms,  
 And bright with flowers as are the realms  
 Of fairy story;  
 A summer runlet trickles by,  
 We wander there, the One and I,  
 And watch the grand old painter die  
 In crimson glory.

She murmurs, "You must make a Name."  
I seek the Bar, and rise to Fame,  
    Become Chief Justice!  
I feel the coming man has come;  
I think how true the axiom,  
    "What must be, must," is.

I wake my lyre to noblest themes,  
I weave a poet's perfect dreams,  
    The nations listen;  
I sing of Love, and Sorrow dies,  
Of Grief, and many a pair of eyes  
    With tear-drops glisten.

Among the elected few with pride  
I sit: the leader of a side  
Attacks me, and is glad to hide  
    His head diminished;  
I—ah! my dreams dissolve in air,  
And I am back to facts and care—  
    My pipe is finished!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE *in Puck* (1879).

---

### THE NICOTIAN LOTOS-EATER.

I CARE not for companions,  
    Who know my nature not;  
    Who praise me when I'm present—  
Me absent mock and blot.

I seek not pretty children,  
    Who tender to me cling;  
But cling not less to blockheads  
    That presents to them fling.

Why should I love the gabble  
At coffee and at tea ?  
The talking makes me weary,  
The drinking poisons me.

Forth march I to the forest,  
Stroll on where no one goes ;  
The lonely tavern enter,  
Which bright on green hills glows.

The host is old and surly,  
Half deaf and gladly dumb ;  
To goers and to comers  
He equally is glum ;

To drink no soul inviteth,  
Asks no one to remain ;  
But at a sign the slightest  
The noblest wine we gain.

Enthroned in cosy corner,  
I drink, and drink, and gaze ;  
Watch with a glance of rapture,  
The Neckar's silver maze ;

Behold above dark pine trees,  
The birch's lighter green ;  
Behold cliffs fierce and awful,  
Behold the meadow's sheen.

All is so still and holy,  
As lay earth in a dream ;  
My visions and my musings  
Part of that slumber seem.

Scarce hear I when the sparrows  
Come near me shy and sly ;  
Half bold they hop and twitter,  
Half dread my drowsy eye.

And there I sit, all joyous,  
No other pastime need  
Than smoking, drinking, smoking,  
And thoughts that fancies breed.

Is finished flask the second,  
Is flask the third near done ,  
And of cigars, my treasure,  
Remaineth only one.

Then shoots through my enjoyment  
The one sharp drop of gall :  
The host—the cur, the heathen—  
On 'Baccy singeth small.

Not one cigar makes fragrant  
His cupboards or his chests ;  
Then as an idiot curse him,  
Divine Nicotian breasts !

I gulp the last sweet mouthful,  
I light my last cigar ;  
I ramble home contented,  
And laugh at peace and war.

*From the German of Leistner by W. MACCALL.*

---

TO MY PIPE.

**T**O Bacchus' gifts some tune their lays ;  
The glowing vine some poets praise ;  
While others think that love belongs  
More fitly to the theme of songs ;

And oft they tell of Cupid's arts,  
 To storm the citadels of hearts.  
 Not so my muse, whom I employ  
 To tell the real cause of joy,  
 Which neither love nor wine can give,  
 How long soever mortals live.  
 Then come, my Pipe, thy praises now  
 I'll celebrate—if I know how.  
 How often when, with mind opprest,  
 I sought in vain for placid rest,  
 Thy fragrance soothed all my woes,  
 And lull'd me to a soft repose !  
 Companion of my leisure hour,  
 'Tis thou alone who hast the power  
 To drive all gloomy thoughts away,  
 And fiercest passions to allay.  
 Come, then, my loved and only friend.  
 And from all troubles me defend.

A.C.

---

### A MILD CIGAR.

**H**OW sweet to me is the breath of the sea,  
 And the seaman's cheerful song !  
 How soothing is sleep, on the mighty deep,  
 When the ship glides gladly along !  
 But sweeter to me, and more soothing far,  
 Is the fragrant breath of my mild cigar !

In the dim twilight of an autumn night,  
 A walk in the country lane,  
 When Nature fair wafts her censer there,  
 Refreshes the soul again ;  
 But all my peace and delight 'twould mar  
 To walk there minus a mild cigar !

I love to go thro' the frost and snow,  
 When the air is crisp and clear,  
 To the Serpentine, with a flask of wine,  
 To skate with my Katie dear ;  
 But, tho' dear to me these pleasures are,  
 The dearest still is the mild cigar !

J. REGINALD OWEN.

### BREITMANN'S RAUCH-LIED.

[NOTE BY HERR FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER, SECRETARY  
 OF HERR COPTAIN BREITMANN, UHLAN FREE LANCERS.]

VONCE oopon a dimes I vas find in a Fräntsch shendleman's  
 libriotheek, or book-room, a liddle Latin book, "de Braise of  
 Tobacco," by de crate Thorius. Dis I put indo mine bocket,  
 und in de efenin I vas read it by de bivouack camp-fire to  
 Coptain Breitmann, und struck before him dat he vas ought to  
 dranslate id into de Breitmann language. He vas only reply  
 to dis mit a drementous oudpurst of silence, und ven dis vas  
 ofer he kep so shdill ash afery dinks, und smoke mit himself  
 apout tree hours, und denn say nodings to nopodies. Boot de  
 nexter morgen he press into mein hand dis vollowin boem,  
 vitch is urspringly originell, alone mit himself gedicktered mit  
 de outname of de last verse in Latin, vitch sounds goot deal  
 ash if id ver gesholden from Gualterus de Mapes or some of  
 dem vellers. Vhen I ashk der Herr Coptain Breitmann  
 "How pout dis?" he rebly mit massive und Olympic shkorn  
 of shiant gondempt, dad id vas a shdupendous parodie, und  
 dat ven a tam liddle rifer rooned indo de ocean id vas all  
 become ocean *in secula seculorum*.

OF all de dings dat mordal man,  
 Ish fabrikate for gelt,  
 Of all de goots dat sailen ships  
 Ish carry troo de welt,  
 Peneat de Fräntsche tri-colour,  
 De English Union Shack,  
 Or Yankeelandish stripes und stars,  
 De pest ish good Taback.

When heafenly smoke is round mine nose,  
 I veels all Gott-resigned :  
 Mit goot cigars in lofely rows,  
 No care ish on my mind.  
 Id drills mein heart to finger dem  
 Vhatefer pe deir brand—  
 Where'er I finds some smoke-work—dere  
 Ish Piper's Vaterland.

Vot sort of vellers can dey be,  
 I dinks deir hets ish crack !  
 Who shbeaks me of de *pad* cigars  
 Und good for nix Tabac ?  
 Dere's *some* Tabak more betterer  
 As oder can pe found,  
 Boot *pad* Tabak I nefer saw  
 On all Gott's garten ground.

Vot say der crate Winstruphius ?  
 Der Danish bard sooblime :  
 Dat "Bacchus und Tobaccus oft  
 Trown oud, dry oop, your time."  
 If rollin' vapour ofer het,  
 De face of heaven shrouds,  
 Vhy shouldt not mordal life trife on,  
 In wild Tobacco clouds ?

Ich lieb' den Wein, ich lieb das Bier :  
 Das ist ganz wohl bekannt.  
 I trinks mein liddle brandywein,  
 Vhen mornings oop I stand ;  
 Boot wein I'd lose und bier resign,  
 Ja—branntewein I'd lack,  
 Ere in dis world I'd smokeless go,  
 Mitout mine rauch Tabak.

Si tyrannus jubeat  
" Vinum dato !"—darem.  
" Non amato virgines !"  
Hegre non amarem,  
" Meerschaum da, seu morere !"  
Pertinax negarem  
" Frange meerschaum—abjice !"  
Fumans expirarem.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

*London, March 16, 1871.*

---

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKE.

*" E fumo dare lucem."*

THE Meerschaum white, or the brown briar-root—  
How many phases of life they suit !  
Good luck or bad luck, glory or gloom,  
All tone to one colour—take one perfume.  
If you've just "struck oil," and with pride run mad,  
If you haven't a sou, and are bound to the bad—  
Good luck may vanish, or bad luck mend :  
Put each in your pipe and smoke it, friend !

If you love a Lady, fair to view,  
And she turns with a cold contempt from you,  
While at your rival a smile she darts—  
Walking in pride on a pathway of hearts,  
Wrapt in her softness, dainty and nice,  
Fire in her eyes, at her bosom ice—  
In search of returns precious time why spend !  
Put your love in your pipe and smoke it, friend !



If you climb the ladder of politics, where  
 Whoso ascends breathes difficult air ;  
 And, being highest of men of the time,  
 Are slightly elate with your seat sublime,  
 A little apt at yourself to wonder,  
 And mistake your own bray for real thunder ;  
 Think how rockets rise and how sticks descend—  
 Put success in your pipe and smoke it, friend.

If Fame be your foot-ball, any day  
 A stronger player may kick it away.  
 Round *you* to-day Lion-hunters smother ;  
 Next week the Lion's skin goes to another.  
 From Popularity's box-seat hurled,  
 Lie still and see your successor purred.  
 A nine-days' wonder nine days will spend :  
 So, put "vogue" in your pipe and smoke it, friend

*Punch* (1876).

### THE WISDOM OF SMOKING.

**T**O the noble smoking guild,  
 North and south, and east and west,  
 I inscribe a poem fill'd  
 With instructions wisest best :  
 Let from me the smoker learn  
 How Tobacco he should burn.

To be silent is an art—  
 None but smokers know it well ;  
 Do not into fury start  
 In your ears when blockheads yell :  
 Silent smile, and silent smoke,  
 Turn the wrangle to a joke.

When you fiercely are assail'd  
By a host of devils blue,  
With Tobacco's cloudlets veil'd,  
Banish bold the dismal crew;  
In the chimney-corner puff,  
Soon the devils have enough.

If the bonny maid you love  
Haughty, faithless, you forsakes,  
Do not play the mourning dove—  
Foolish is the heart that breaks :  
Spills make with her parting note,  
Smoking sing with joyous throat.

If the maid you love coquettes  
With admirers by the score,  
Catches in her witching nets  
Here a booby, there a bore :  
Do not sullen, snappish, grow,  
But say, simply, "fumigo."

If you are a married man,  
And your wife disturbs the peace,  
Do not tease her all you can,  
That the brawl may never cease :  
Smoke the faster—scolds she fast,  
Briefer than the storm will last.

If the favour of the great  
Tempts you, smoke—reflect—then see  
That their words have little weight—  
Must a worthless bubble be :  
You make vapour, so do they—  
Hollow lips are pipes of clay.

When the pedant would you vex  
 With his tiresome fopperies,  
 When the sophist would perplex  
 You with fatal, smiling lies :  
 Make your pipe a weapon keen—  
 Pedant, sophist, leave the scene.

When dull, sluggish is your brain,  
 When your fancy folds its wing—  
 Droops in weariness and pain :  
 Smoke and smoke—bright visions spring  
 From your roused and raptured mind,  
 And you marvel why you pined.

When you have an old man grown,  
 And, like Solomon the Wise,  
 You are forced by grief to own  
 Earth hath little you can prize :  
 Still confess a pipe is good—  
 Puts you in a pleasant mood.

*From the German of BLUMAUER.*

---

TO A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

COME, lovely tube, by friendship blest,  
 Belov'd and honour'd by the wise,  
 Come, fill'd with honest Weekly's best,  
 And kindled from the lofty skies.

While round me clouds of incense roll,  
 With guiltless joys you charm the sense,  
 And nobler pleasure to the soul,  
 In hints of moral truth dispense.

Soon as you feel th' enliv'ning ray,  
To dust you hasten to return ;  
And teach me that my earliest day  
Began to 'give me to the urn.

But, tho' thy grosser substance sink  
To dust, thy purer part aspires ;  
This, when I see, I joy to think  
That earth but half of me requires.

Like thee, myself am born to die,  
Made half to rise and half to fall.  
O ! could I, while my moments fly,  
The bliss you give me give to all !

*Scot's Magazine (1745.)*

---

MODERN MORALS.

OH ! ain't I just a moral chap !  
I guess I rather am ;  
I never smoke the fragrant weed,  
Cigar, nor yet meerschaum.  
But let me whisper in your ear  
The reason why I'm rash,  
And scorn what is to others dear—  
'Tis 'cause I 'ain't the cash !

I'm never found with flowing bowl  
Where jolly fellows are,  
I never flirt with pretty girls  
Behind a public bar.  
'Tis not that I dislike the fun,  
Or fear eternal smash ;  
Oh ! no, my friend, 'tis something else—  
'Tis 'cause I 'ain't the cash !

I never at the theatre  
Turn out an awful swell,  
Or try that winning smile of mine,  
Which would be sure to tell.  
I never on the tapis vert,  
With canons cut a dash ;  
'Tis not that I'm unable to—  
'Tis 'cause I 'ain't the cash!

But still, my life may take a turn—  
Some rich old cove may die,  
And leave to me of yellow boys  
A bountiful supply.  
Oh ! I will smoke, and gaily drink,  
And come it mighty flash ;  
I'll flirt with all the pretty girls  
When I have got the cash.

*The Shadow* (1874.)

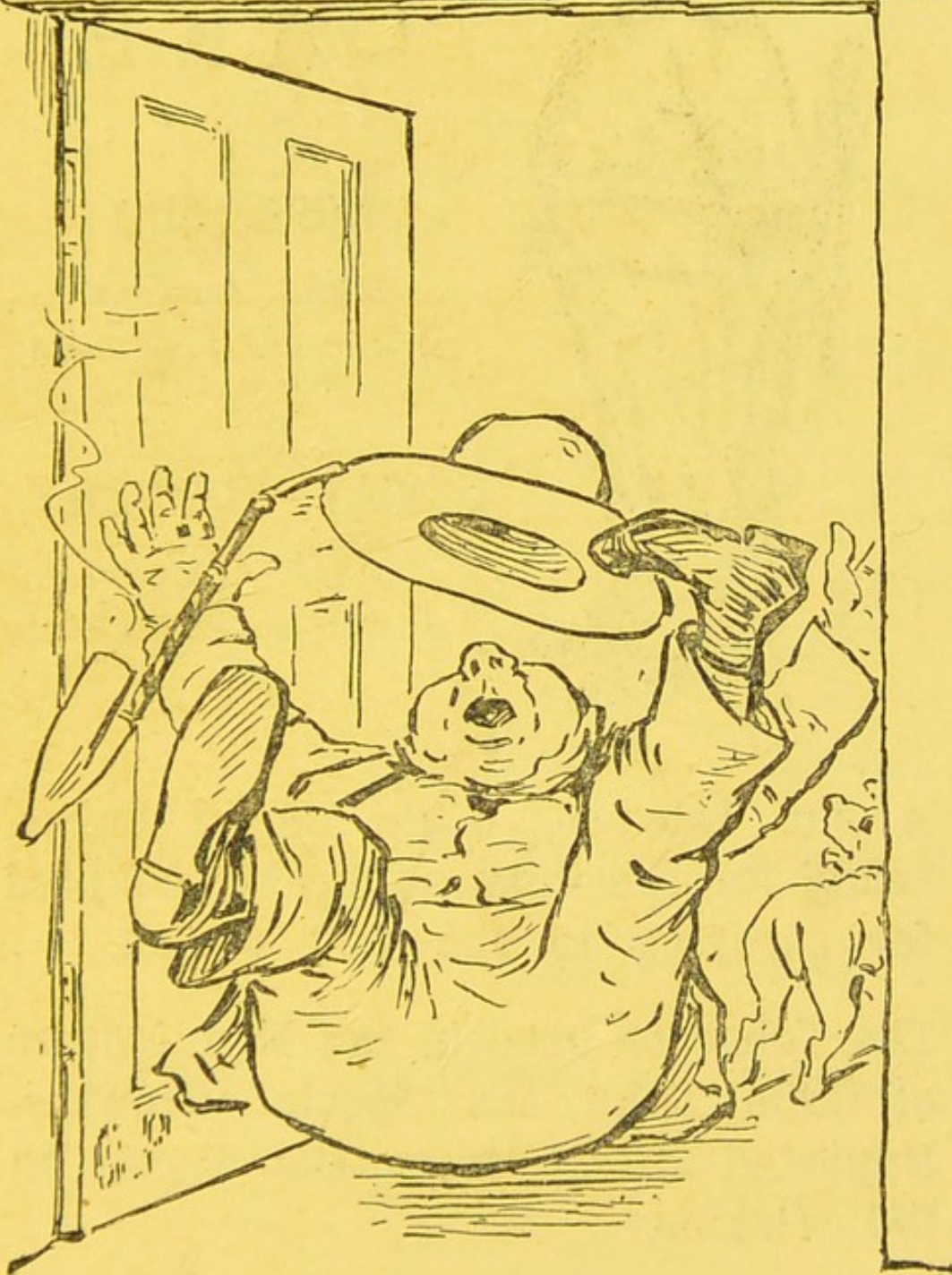
---

A WARNING DISREGARDED.

**L**OO, a Jew, whom I knew at Corfu,  
Tobacco would snuff, smoke, and chew,  
Said I—" You will die  
If you use the weed. Fie !"  
And he died—at one hundred and two !



# ADVERTISEMENTS





# RIFLE CAKE.

## ROSE BUD:

*Mild Flavour.*

*In 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.*

## MAY FLOWER:

*Full Flavour.*

*In 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.*

A cut Tobacco, made up in Cakes, ready for the Pipe, admirably adapted for carrying in the vest pocket.

The Tobaccos used in the Manufacture of Rifle Cake are Special Growths, Imported direct from the Farms in Old Virginny.

SOLD by all Tobacconists in 1, 2, and 4 oz. Cakes.



COPE'S  
NAVY CUT.

*In 4 Oz. Boxes.*

*In 2 Oz. Boxes.*

*In 1 Oz. Paper  
Packets.*

Supplied to

“THE QUEEN'S NAVY,”  
COPE'S NAVY CUT

Is The Most { Honest, Popular,  
Uniform, Refreshing,  
Thoroughly Enjoyable  
Tobacco ever offered to Smokers.

SOLD by all Tobacconists.

89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

10, LORD NELSON STREET, LIVERPOOL.




## *Home Made Cigarettes.*

---

### “OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

---

 For smokers who prefer making their own Cigarettes, “Our Mutual Friend” will be found very useful. In each one ounce packet of this Tobacco, there is enclosed a small book of fine Spanish Cigarette paper.

“Our Mutual Friend” is mild and sweet flavoured. It is like your first love—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the Cravings of your soul.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

---

Wholesale:—10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool;  
89, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.

---

Price Lists and Terms supplied to the Trade only.

# COPE'S TOBACCOS

*For "All sorts and conditions of men."*

## COPE'S MIXTURE

ALWAYS ALIKE.

ALWAYS IN CONDITION.

ALWAYS REFRESHING.

In One Ounce Packets.

## GOLDEN CLOUD

THE VERY BEST TOBACCO

UNDER THE SUN.

In One Ounce Packets.

## COPE'S CUT CAVENDISH

MADE FOR A FRAGRANT

FULL-FLAVOURED SMOKE.

In One Ounce Packets.

## COPE'S BRISTOL BIRD'S EYE

COOL AND REFRESHING.

In One Ounce Packets.

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

FOR PIPES OR CIGARETTES.

MILD SMOKING.

SWEET FLAVOUR.

In One Ounce Packets.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

Made in a Model English Factory.

Cope's Cigarettes are made by English Girls.

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

BIRD'S EYE... .. 3d. per packet of 12

JULIANA... .. 3d. per packet of 10

WHIFFS ... .. 4d. per packet of 10

OUR MUTUAL

FRIEND ... 4d. per packet of 10

SOLACE ... .. 6d. per packet of 10

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

GOLDEN CLOUD—6d per box of 12,  
made with and without tubes.

FAIRY—A Cigar-shaped Cigarette, leaf  
cover, 9d. per bundle of 10.

HAVANA—A full-flavoured leaf-covered  
Cigarette, 1/- per box of 13.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

### COPE'S CIGARETTES.

DUBEC—Finest Turkish—

9d per box of 10.

1/- per box of 20.

*Sold by all Tobacconists.*

Not made in the Slums of Cairo or Constantinople.

Not made in Continental Prisons.

# COPE'S

English Made Cigars.

Cope's Courts, 1d. Smoke.

England's Best, 2d. Cigar.

Prairie, 2d. Cigar.

Burgomaster, 3d. Cigar.

St. George, 4d. Cigar.

---

Cope's Shilling Bundles.

A packet of Six Cigars  
to retail at One Shilling.

*SOLD By all Tobacconists.*

---

Price List of the various Brands of Cigars  
in Stock, upwards of one Hundred varieties,  
Supplied to the Trade only.

---

TOBACCO WORKS—10, Lord Nelson Street, LIVERPOOL.  
BRANCH TOBACCO FACTORY—89, Great Eastern St. LONDON, E.C.

# ADVERTISEMENTS



*NOTICE to Shippers and Exporters.*

---

Special Lists of Cope's Manufactures, Cigars,  
Cigarettes, Snuffs, Tobaccos, Pressed Spun  
and Cut, suitable for Exportation, forwarded on  
receipt of Business Card.

~~~~~  
For London, TELEGRAMS:— Golden Cloud, London.

For Liverpool, TELEGRAMS:— Cope, Liverpool.

"Whose smoke
like incense
doth perfume
the sky"



G.F.

COPE'S MIXTURE



Factories,
LIVERPOOL & LONDON.



MIXTURE
COPES

FACTORY
LONDON & LONDON









