

The smoker's garland.

Contributors

Cope's (Firm)

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THE SMOKER'S GARLAND



Part II.

ENT. STA. HALL.

Printed and Published
at the Office of
"CORE'S TOBACCO PLANT,"
Lord Nelson Street,
Liverpool. 1889



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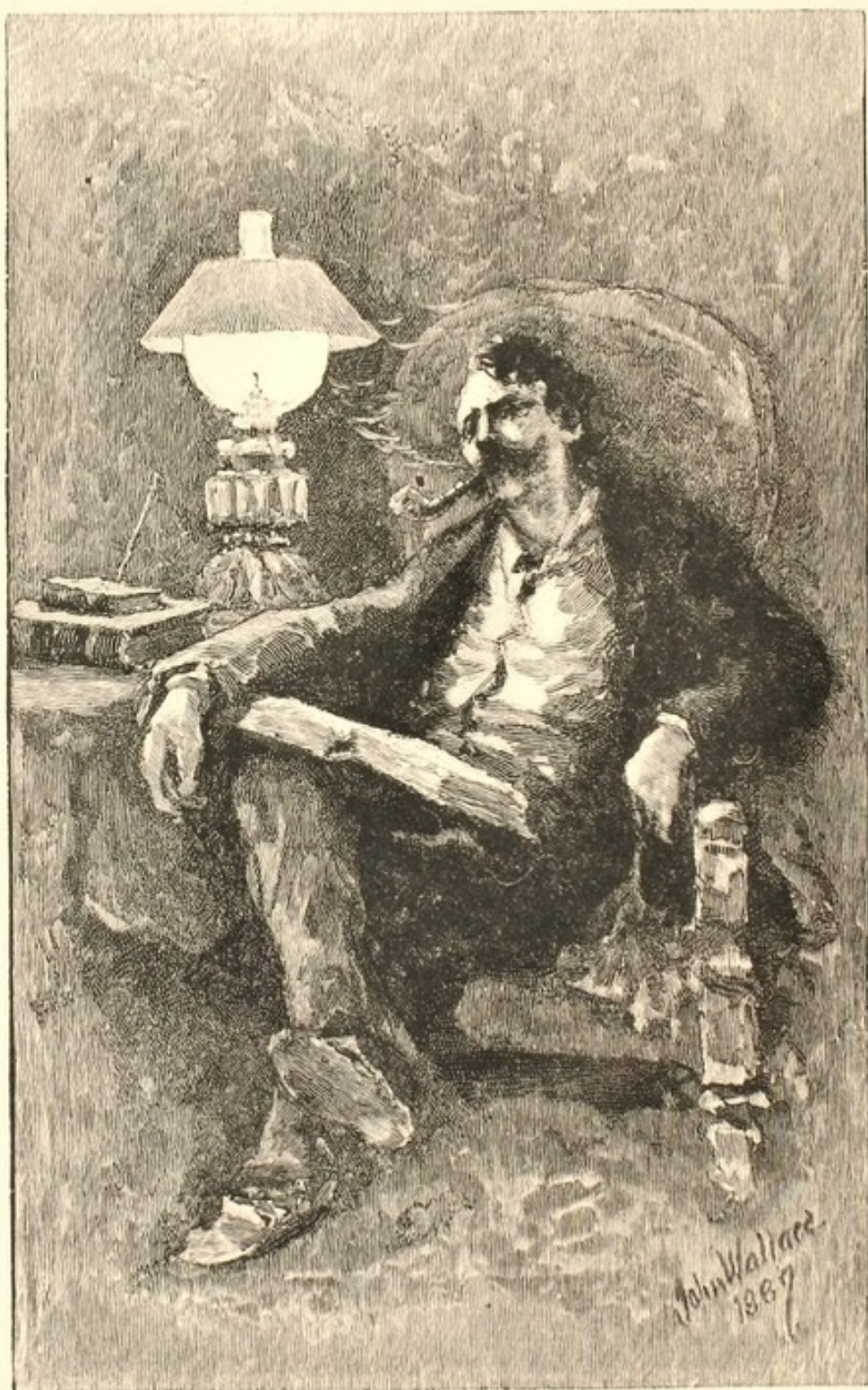
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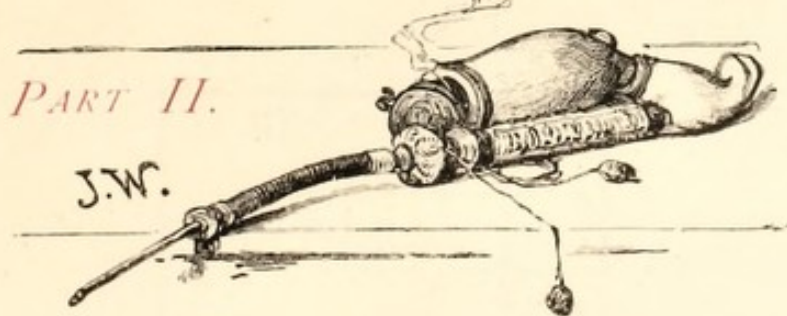
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LEAVES
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PART II.

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WITH PIPE AND BOOK.

WITH Pipe and Book at close of day,
 O! what is sweeter, mortal, say!
 It matters not what book on knee,
 Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
 It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray,
 And lips forget to sue or sway,
 It is "enough to merely Be,"
 With Pipe and Book.

What though our modern skies be grey,
 As bards aver, I will not pray
 For "soothing Death" to succour me,
 But ask thus much, O! Fate, of thee,
 A little longer yet to stay
 With Pipe and Book.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, from *Volumes in Folio*.
 (By special permission.)

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO.

HE was sixfoot one this son of a gun,
 And mahogany brown was his nature;
 With a rum-bloom nose of the tint of a rose,
 And a log of some forty-eight year,

On the Western pier he cried, "What cheer!"
As your humble servant he followed,
And he clapt a paw to the side of his jaw
While with might and main he halloed—

"Ahoy! a sail! I'll tell you a tale
O' the roaring, raging sea!
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickhoree;
And me and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom and Ike and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

"We sailed away on a summer's day
Aboard o' the Gal-a-tee,
For as long a cruise as the Cap. should choose
His instructions being free;
And we made the shore first off Singypore,
At Pekin spent some days, oh;
We called on the Pope at the Cape o' Good Hope,
And we visited at Wollop-a-rayso.

"It was off Japan as our woes began,
For we met with a hurricane,
And the poor old frigate began to jig it
And groan as if full of pain.
And Capen Brown took the big chart down,
As in dooty bound for to study,
With a pipe in his mouth, sou'west by south,
In the forrard part of the cuddy.

"Now, the Galatee was agoing free,
When she struck on the rocks that day,
On the larboard tack, and she broke her back,
And the devil and all to pay.

Some took to the boats with some biscuits and groats
As she went down in fathom five;
And eight was the boats with the biscuits and groats,
And ninety the seamen alive.

“First cutter went west, and she did her best
To leave all her mates behind,
The barge went east, with the waves like yeast,
And lay well up in the wind;
The jolly-boat kept herself afloat,
While the pinnace was always baling;
And the Capen's gig and the dingy big
Went off to the south'ard sailing.

“The poor old launch to a rock said *craunch*
And drove a hole in her bottom;
But they made a plug o' the purser's rug,
And the jackets o' them as had got 'em.
Then lay on their oars—just twice two fours—
As they kep' us astarn and nigh by,
Till a big wave came as if for a game
And recked them all off to bye-bye.

“So there we ten o' the best o' men
All lay alone on the sea;
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickhoree;
And me, and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

“We set a sail in the teeth of the gale,
And away to the north did go;
Then we tugged at the oar for a fortnit more—
When the wind refused for to blow;

But we made no port, and the grub run short,
And the water was likewise failing ;
And the Skipper and Luff says, "the sitation's rough,"
As they poured the last half-pint a pail in.

"Then Capen Brown who had hungry grown
Unravelled a worsted stocking ;
Made a hook of a pin, and he did begin
To fish, but his luck was shocking.
So our hunger to flummox, and stay all our stomachs,
Which was going it hard on the rack, oh !
He sat on the pail, and told us this tale,
About what we'd got none of—that's bacco :—

"There were three jolly sailors bold,
As sailed across the sea ;
They'd braved the storm, and stood the gale,
And got to Virgin-nee.
'Twas in the days of good Queen Bess—
Or p'raps a bit before—
And now these here three sailors bold
Went cruising on the shore.

"A lurch to starboard—one to port—
Now forrard, boys, go we :
With a haul and a ho ! and a yo heave ho !
To find out Tobac-kee.

"Says Jack, "This here's a rummy land ;"
Says Tom, "Well, shiver me,
The sun shines out as precious hot
As ever I did see."
Says Dick, "Messmates, since here we be"—
And give his eye a wink—
"We've come to find out Tobac-kee :
Which means a drop to drink."

“ ‘ Says Jack, says he, “ The Injins thinks——”

Says Tom, “ I’ll swear as they
Don’t think at all.” Says Dick, “ You’re right ;
It arn’t their nat’ral way.
But I want to find out, my lads,
This stuff of which they tell ;
For, if as it arn’t meant to drink,
Why, it must be to smell.”

“ ‘ Says Tom, says he, “ To drink, or smell,
I don’t think this here’s meant.”

Says Jack, says he, “ Blame my old eyes,
If I’ll believe it’s scent ! ”
“ Well then,” says Dick, “ if that arn’t square,
It must be meant for meat ;
So come along my jovial mates,
To find what’s good to eat.”

“ ‘ They comed across a great green plant
A growing tall and true ;
Says Jack, says he, “ I’m precious dry ! ”
And picked a leaf to chew ;
While Tom takes up a sun-dried bit,
A-lying by the trees :
He rubs it in his hands to dust ;
And then begins to sneeze.

“ ‘ Another leaf picks messmate Dick,
And holds it in the sun ;
Then rolls it up all neat and tight—
“ My lads,” says he, in fun,
“ I mean to cook this precious weed.”
And then from out his poke,
With burning glass he lights the end,
And quick blows up the smoke.

“ ‘Says Jack, says he, “Of Paradise
I’ve heerd some people tell.”
Says Tom, says he, “This stuff will do,
Let’s have another smell.”
Says Dick, his face all pleasant smiles,
As from a cloud he roared,
“It strikes me here’s the Capen bold,
To fetch us all aboard.”

“ ‘Up comes brave Hawkins from the beach—
“Shiver my hull!” he cries;
“What’s these here games, my merry men?”
And then—“Why, blame my eyes!
Here’s one as chaws, and one as snuffs,
And t’other of the three
Is smoking like a chimbley pot—
They’ve found out Tobac-kee!”

“ ‘So if ever you should hear
Of Raleigh, and them lies
About his sarvant and his pipe,
And him as ‘Fire!’ cries—
You say as ’twas three marineers,
As sailed to Virgin-nee,
In brave old Hawkins’ gallant ship,
Who found out Tobac-kee.

“ ‘A lurch to starboard—one to port—
Now forrard, boys, go we:
With a haul, and a ho! and a yo heave ho!
To find out Tobac-kee.”

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

SMOKE NOT.

AIR—"Love Not."

SMOKE not, smoke not your weeds nor pipes of
clay!

Cigars they are made from leaves of cauli-
flowers;

Things that are doom'd no duty e'er to pay—

Grown, made, and smoked in a few short hours.

Smoke not, smoke not!

Smoke not, smoke not! the weed you smoke may
change

The healthfulness of your stomachic tone;

Things to the eye grow queer and passing strange;

All thoughts seem undefined—save one, to be
alone!

Smoke not, smoke not!

Smoke not! the tradesman whose weeds you smoke
may die!

May perish from cabbage-bearing earth;

The sordid *dun* unto your chambers hie,

Sent by the trustees in their tinless dearth.

Smoke not, smoke not!

Smoke not, smoke not! O, warning vainly said,

Cane and cap-paper since we first did try!

Smoke flings a halo round the smoker's head,

And all in vain do anxious mothers cry,

"Smoke not, smoke not!"

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

TO SEE HER PIPE AWRY.

BETTY BOUNCER kept a stall
 At the corner of a street,
 And she had a smile for all ;
 Many were the friends she'd greet
 With kindly nod on passing by,
 Who, smiling, saw her pipe awry.

Poor old lass ! she loved her pipe,
 A constant friend it seemed to be ;
 As she sold her apples ripe,
 With an elbow on each knee,
 How she'd make the smoke-wreaths fly,
 As I've watched her pipe awry !

Seasons came and seasons went,
 Only changing Betty's store ;
 Youngsters with her always spent
 Their little all, and wished they'd more :
 Timidly, with upturned eye,
 Staring at her pipe awry.

Bet was always at her post,
 Early morn or even late ;
 Ginger beer, or chesnuts roast,
 Served she as she sat in state,
 On two bushel baskets high ;
 You should have seen her pipe awry !

Little care old Betty had,
 She quietly jogged on her way ;
 Never did her face look sad,
 Although she fumed the live-long day.
 Guiltless seemed she of a sigh—
 I never saw her pipe her eye !

C. F.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A SHEPHERD loitered beside a bank,
 With never a thought of wrong ;
 Said Z 21, "That's burglary rank—
 He's breaking into a song !

"His practice is double base. Should we sing—
 Yon young demsel, and I, and he, oh !
 His performances likely will end in a cord,
 If Jack Ketch should catch him in a trio !"

As the light-hearted shepherd sported his notes,
 Our bobby exclaimed—"The knave !
 He's got through the first three bars ; so now
 I'll give him a bit of my stave."

"Hold !" cried romantic Dorothy Fay ;
 "Officer, don't be so rude !"
 He bowed to the lady, and went on his way,
 By simplicity quite subdued.

"O ! gentle shepherd," the lady cried,
 "Thy hours should trip along
 As once in the sweet Arcadian vales—
 All music and mirth, and song.

"See thy skipping lambs ! Where—where is thy
 pipe ?"
 With emotion answered he—
 "This is the harticle—short black clay ;
 But I'se got no bacca, ye see !"

R. C.

A FRAUD.

HE was an old imposter ;
 But I've no right to foster
 Spite and anger, though he cost a
 Crown to me ;
 Being innocent and pure,
 In my life and looks demure,
 I was open to a "doer"
 Such as he.

He'd a pipe for sale or barter
 (The hour was ten or arter),
 He suggested I should start a
 Cloud at once ;
 But I hesitated greatly,
 For the truth was, until lately
 I'd been living as sedately
 As a dunce.

Then he took me to a corner,
 And he told a tale forlorn
 Than could Niobe, the scorner
 Of the gods :
 How he'd been himself disgracing
 With a passion for horse-racing,
 And his fortune been misplacing
 On the "odds."

How his money went like winking,
And his wife had died through drinking,
While his daughters took to rinking
And the stage.

How his sons gave way to riot
And to most expensive diet,
Depriving him of quiet
In old age.

Then this lamentative croaker
Told me how the heartless broker
Seizéd, right down to the poker,
All he had ;
And how he swift was going,
Nothing paying, plenty owing,
Reaping what he had been sowing,
To the bad.

“ Won't you help a poor old sinner,”
Said he, “ to another dinner ?
Every day I'm growing thinner
And more weak.
What's the money ? But a dollar.
On the pipe's a silver collar,
Solid, sir ; it isn't ' holler.'
Truth I speak.

“ This meerschaum, my temptation,
Led me into dissipation,
And to bitter degradation,
And to woe.
The only relic this is
Of my late lamented ‘ missis ;’
She gave it me with kisses,
Years ago.

“ Why, sir, it's worth a guinea ;
And a man must be a ninny,
With a soul half starved and skinny,
Not to see.
I never was so cut up,
The pawnshops are all shut up,
And I've nowhere to put up ;
Woe is me ! ”

At his story agonising,
It was not at all surprising
That I felt my pity rising
To my eyes.
This he saw, and said, “ I knew it ;
I felt sure that you would do it.
Buy it, sir ; you'll never rue it,
’Tis a prize.”

Then I paid the money weakly,
And I took the bargain meekly,
Though I thought it did feel treacley
To my hand.
And the old man with the rhino
Walked away. The pipe was mine, O,
With its amber mouthpiece fine, O,
All so grand.

Next morn I stormed and stuttered,
And the syllables I uttered
Were not sugared, no, nor buttered ;
Yea, I swore !
For that lachrymose old sinner,
Wanting just another dinner,
Was a shark, a thief, a skinner,
And a fraud !

The collar he had stated
Solid silver, was but plated,
And the glass mouthpiece it mated
 With the rest.
While his dismal long narration
Was a wicked fabrication,
Served with sobbing hesitation
 From his breast.

The pipe was some vile putty,
Not so wholesome as a cutty,
With its inside made all smutty,
 Plain to see.
The colour and the flavour
Had been baked in by the shaver,
Who prepared the thing to have a
 Fool like me.

H. L.

A SOLDIER'S LEGACY.

WE were friends, Max and I, and we tilled the
 rich meadows,
 Thanked God for good harvests, and tended
 our kine ;
But the sunshine of joy was obscured by dire shadows
Of war, that hung louringly over the Rhine.

We laid down our sickles one night, and the morrow
Saw arms in our hands ; then I kissed my poor
 wife :
King and Fatherland claimed me—we parted in
 sorrow,
And Max and I, comrades, marched forth to the
 strife.

We shouldered our needle-guns : laughing and singing,
But cast longing looks behind, oft and again ;
Trying hard to seem gay, although sorrow was wringing
Our hearts, for the loved ones we parted from then.

Our sweet Saxon valley and streams as we quitted,
We marked low clouds droop, and the red sunset
burn ;
Then a rain-torrent fell, as if kind heaven pitied
And wept over some who might never return.

At Wöerth we fought, and in many a battle,
For war's awful avalanche swept along fast,
And the volleying mitrailleuse poured its death-rattle,
That shrieked to destroy us, yet harmlessly passed.

Max and I in each action stood shoulder to shoulder ;
We chatted and smoked by the watch-fire at night,
For the other's companionship each still the bolder,
We sentinel'd oft the dark field of the fight.

One morn whispered Max—" I love Gretchen, thy
thy sister ;
"Yon trumpet's voice tells me, that's calling 'To
arms !'
"That now I shall die ; for the last time I've kissed
her."
My blood chilled, the while that I mocked his alarms.

" Ask her not to forget her young soldier departed,
Nor too much to sorrow for what might not be.
One last grip of thy hand, friend and comrade true-
hearted,
And keep thou this pipe in remembrance of me."

„Forward!” rang through the ranks, and our line
went dashing,
Like wild waves of ocean, upon the grim foe;
The Chassepôts’ fire through our thinned ranks came
crashing,
When, shot through the heart, poor friend Max was
laid low!

I returned to the place when the battle was over,
And wept, as I had not thought my tears could run;
Then I dug him a grave, where the green mountain
clover
Is kissed by the earliest rays of the sun.

On a slope of the Ardennes a white cross is shining;
An eminence verdant, and seen from afar;
Around that poor monument sweet blooms are twining,
Where lately surged onward the red tide of war.

I selected that spot, since it faces our meadows,
Though no eye can pierce the long, war-blighted
track;
To where Gretchen and Marguerite, ’neath linden
shadows,
Are waiting to welcome their young soldiers back.

By the bivouac fire I am smoking and sitting;
Dost thou smile on me, Max! from yon star-studded
dome?

In these embers that fall, and pale smoke-wreaths, are
flitting
Blest visions of all whom I love, and my home.

Should I never return, gallant comrade and neighbour!
This ring’s for my wife. This curl—golden, like
flax—

Take to Gretchen. My pouch for thine loving labour!
This pipe’s for the sire of our old comrade, Max.

ROBERT CROMPTON.

THAT ANCIENT MAN,

BY A PHILOSOPHIC LUNATIC.

I WANDERED on the wintry wold—
 The wind was blowing keen and cold;
 I met a man of ancient mien—
 A grey-haired man he was I ween.

With aimless, faltering step he went,
 His eyes upon the the ground were bent;
 "Old man," I said, "it seems to me
 You ought not here alone to be.

"The memory of some deed unblest
 Must rankle in that aged breast."
 Says he, "I will my tale unfold"—
 Says I, "Please, don't! it's awful cold."

Says he, "Young man, I prithee list!"
 Says I, "Well, if you *do* insist"—
 Immediately he button-holed me;
 This is the story that he told me:—

"I sat me down upon the wold,"
 Says he, "the wind was blowing cold;"
 Says I, "Go on, my bones are freezing"—
 No more could I remark for sneezing.

"I sat," says he, "upon the wold"—
 Says I, "If I may make so bold,
 You've made that statement once before;
 Perhaps you do not *mean* to bore."

Again that grey-haired wanderer spoke—
“ I sat me down to have a smoke,
I laid my clay-pipe down beside me—
I've been and lost it—woe betide me ! ”

Says I, “ You wretched, ancient man !
I really don't know how you *can* !
Your conduct could not be absurder ;
I thought, at least, you'd done a murder.

“ Begone ! ” I said, “ and set me free ;
What is your horrid pipe to me ?
Release your hold upon my garment,
You most preposterous old varmint ! ”

left that old man on the wold,
Where wintry winds were sweeping cold ;
I really did not care a jot
Whether he found his pipe or not.

City Jackdaw.

THE CASUAL'S LAST PIPE.

“ **B**UT little they know, and less they care,
These crowds that pass in the glitter and
glare,
So proud of their high position,
What it is to be housed in the parish fold,
And fed on hunger, and clothed with cold,
With the last crust gone, and the last rag sold,
And the soul on the edge of perdition.

“ I could preach 'em a sermon, but need my breath,
To blow my one comfort 'twixt this and death
From a bowl that's black as my heart is ;
Yes, yes, old pipe, thou art black and foul,
Just fit to be stuck in my ugly jowl ;
Your one eye glows like the eye of an owl,
Unfit for respectable parties.

“ 'Tis hard to spare a penny to find
The weed, with starvation before and behind,
And yet it is harder without it ;
For nothing can give me comfort but this :
For a moment it bringeth forgetfulness,
'Tis the only thing on earth that I bless—
Put yourselves in my place, ye who doubt it.

“ And as to starvation : well, I can say
I've lived upon that for many a day,
Till my skin is too big for its scaffold.
There'll be the less to bury, no doubt,
When they cover me in, and carry me out ;
There isn't a worm but'll turn up his snout,
At finding himself so baffled.

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! 'twas not always so ;
The heavens were bright as the earth below,
And life was all pleasant sailing ;
With my own dear Emma, and babes as well,
This earth was heaven, and now it is hell ;
For right from the top of my pride I fell
To a place of most doleful wailing.

“ It was the bank, the bank that broke :
Thousands went down at that curst stroke,
As I went down to my ruin.
The bland directors with simper and bow,
I cursed them then, and I curse them now :
Each heart and soul and placid brow
I curse, for it was their doing.

“ They were sorry to say that things weren't right,
And so I am sitting here to-night ;

Who wonders my feelings are hateful ?
Emma died first for the food she ought
To have had was lost in the prime old port
The directors swallowed to help them discuss
The surest means to satisfy us,
For which we were very grateful.

“ My children three, who were weak and small,
Held up for awhile, but death had them all :

They followed their mother to heaven.
Better, ah, better, yes, every way,
That they should lie under the foul black clay,
And soundly sleep till the judgment day,
Than strive as I have striven.

“ Better be laid in a nameless grave
Than live to see their old father a knave—

A knave of the worst condition ;
Which means a pauper, for knavery drest
In costly clothing is fit for the best,
Ay, fit for to be the lauded guest
Of men in the highest position.

“ And that's how I'm sitting here to-night,
A starving old wretch, with my pipe alight,

A warning to all generations :
Ready to cringe, or grovel, or thrust
My nose in the dust for a mouldy crust,
Or beg, or steal, or borrow on trust
For poverty's rotten rations.

“ The directors were shaken a bit, but somehow
They righted themselves and are pretty well now,

That little affair is forgotten ;
And the widow's wail and the orphan's cries
Are blown to the winds, and the sun in the skies
Looks down from above and shows no surprise
That society's heart is so rotten.

"Gone out, my old pipe? Well, I need not wait,
For I hear them unbarring the dingy gate;
I wish 'twould close on me for ever.
Lie safe in my bosom till morning comes,
To find you again in my toothless gums,
While I seek for refuse in filthy slums,
And warm my old bones with a shiver."

Now, what the pauper dreamed in his dreams
I cannot tell, nor you; but it seems
That his sleep was sound and lasting.
When the summons came to go breaking stones,
They found just a bundle of senseless bones;
And the coroner said, in plainest tones,
"The cause of death was fasting."

One hand was grasping his pipe full fast,
As fighting death for that till the last,
His cheapest and dearest treasure.
However, they bundled him into a shell,
And hurried him off to his grave pell-mell;
And all the tears that over him fell
Might be kept in a bottomless measure.

But when the directors came to die,
They died in the best of company,
And felt quite encouraged to do it:
The parson came with his sacrament,
And they in a hurry to heaven were sent,
Lest the devil got wind of their coming demise,
And came to claim his lawful prize,
But the parsons pulled them through it.

H. LLOYD.

TO A LIZARD IN AMBER.

[In the interesting cabinet of Mrs. S. H. Smith, of Jersey City, is a five-legged lizard petrified in amber.]

O BRIGHT-EYED swimmer from Silurian seas,
 Thou little cousin of the megalosaurus—
 'What mocking sylph, beneath the cypress trees,
 Discarding flies and fleas and bugs and bees,
 Embalmed thee for us?

When thou wert darting through a fiery path,
 Millions of years ago, with a sinuous motion,
 Old Earth lay boiling in a Turkish bath
 And all things wallowed in a sea of wrath—
 A sulphurous ocean.

Dwelt thou with man primeval in his lair
 On hills Carpathian or desert Lybian?
 Or didst thou with the gods Olympus share,
 'Mid such high state living unnoticed there,
 Thou small amphibian?

Wert with young Jason sailing from the sun,
 Into the North, with Argonauts imperial,
 When he imported wool to win a throne?
 And was this the first tariff laid upon
 The raw material?

Say ! Didst thou rest on Agamemnon's grave,
When Troy's renowned unpleasantness was over?
Or did glad Neptune fling thee from his cave,
When sweet Calypso kissed beside the wave
Her Spartan lover?

How different from the death thou livest here
Amid the gay and sombre, wise and witty,
With dulcet music melting on the ear,
And phonograph discoursing quaint and queer,
In Jersey City !

Thy lucent coffin had a splendid nook ;
Above, with saucer eyes and claws retractile,
An owl sits gazing with an anxious look ;
Around are gems ; beneath, that limestone spook,
The pterodactyl.

Who pinioned thy grotesque and uncouth frame
Within the sunshine of this golden chamber?
Is this the fountain whence the nectar came ?
Or is it star-born—this undying flame
Which men call amber?

Or is this jewel formed of sweet tears shed
By fair Heliades—Apollo's daughters—
When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters?

Splay-footed sprawler from Silurian seas ;
O, tawny cousin of the megalosaurus—
What sportive sister of Hesperides,
In the ambrosia of celestial trees,
Embalmed thee for us !

W. A. CROFFUT, in *New York Graphic*.

CLOUDS.

MORTALS say their heart is light
 When the clouds around disperse ;
 Clouds to gather, thick as night,
 Is the smoker's universe.

From the German of BAUERNFELD.

TWO EPITAPHS.

I.

HIS pipe is out ; he's smoked enough,
 He's ta'en his final earthly puff ;
 Upon his tomb we carve no lies ;
 We say his friends all *pipéd* their eyes.

II.

UNDER this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
 Who blew the bellows of our church organ ;
 Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling ;
 Yet, never so pleased as when pipes he was filling ;
 No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
 Tho' he gave our old organist many a blast.
 No puffer was he,
 Tho' a capital blower ;
 He could fill double G,
 And now lies a note lower.

GEORDIE TO HIS TOBACCO-PIPE.

I.

GOOD pipe—old friend—old black and coloured
 friend,
 Whom I have smoked these fourteen years
 and more—
 My best companion, faithful to the end—
 Faithful to death, through all thy fiery core!

How shall I sing thy praises, or proclaim
 The generous virtues which I've found in thee?
 I know thou carest not a whit for fame;
 And hast no thought but how to comfort me,

And serve my needs, and humour every mood;
 But love and friendship do my heart constrain
 To give thee all I can for much of good,
 Which thou hast rendered me in joy and pain.

Say, then, old honest meerschaum! shall I weave
 Thy history together with my own?
 Of late I never see thee but I grieve
 For him whose gift thou wert—for ever gone!

Gone to his grave amidst the vines of France:
 He, all so good, so beautiful and wise!
 And this dear giver doth thyself enhance,
 And makes thee doubly precious in mine eyes.

For he was one of Nature's rarest men,
Poet and preacher, lover of his kind ;
True-hearted man of God ! whose like again
In this world's journey I may never find !

I know not if the shadow of his soul,
Or the divine effulgence of his heart,
Has through thy veins in mystic silence stole ;
But thou to me dost seem of him a part.

His hands hath touched thee ; and his lips have
drawn,
As mine, full many an inspiring cloud
From thy great burning heart, at night and morn ;
And thou art here, whilst he lies in his shroud !

And here am I, his friend and thine, old pipe !
And he has often sat my chair beside,
As he was wont to sit in living type—
Of many companies the flower and pride !

Sat by my side, and talked to me the while,
Invisible to every eye, save mine ;
And smiled upon me as he used to smile,
When we three sat o'er our good cups of wine.

Ah ! happy days, when the old Chapel House,
Of the old Forest Chapel, rang with mirth,
And the great joy of our divine carouse,
As we hob-nobbed it by the blazing hearth !

We never more, old pipe, shall see those days,
Whose memories lie like pictures in my mind ;
But thou and I will go the self-same ways,
E'en though we leave all other friends behind.

And for thy sake, and for my own, and his,
We will be one, as we have ever been ;
Thou dear old friend, with thy most honest phiz :
And no new faces come our loves between !

II.

Thou hast thy separate virtues, honest pipe !
Apart from all the memory of friends ;
For thou art mellow, old and black and ripe ;
And the good weed that in its smoke ascends

From thy rare bowl, doth scent the liberal air
With incense richer than the woods of Ind.
E'en to the barren palate of despair—
(Inhaled through cedar-tubes from glorious
Scinde !)

It hath a charm would quicken into life,
And make the heart gush out in streams of love,
And the earth, dead before, with beauty rife,
And full of flowers as heaven of stars above.

It is thy virtue and peculiar gift,
Thou sooty wizzard of the potent weed :
No other pipe can thus the soul uplift,
Or such rare fancies and high musings breed.

I've tried full many of thy kith and kind,
Dug from thy native Asiatic clay,
Fashioned by cunning hand, and curious mind,
Unto all shapes and features, grave and gay.

Black niggers' heads, with their white-livered eyes,
Glaring in fiery horror through the smoke ;
And monstrous dragons, stained with bloody dyes,
And comlier forms ; but all save thee I broke !

For though, like thee, each pipe was black and old,
They were not wiser for their many years ;
Nor knew thy sorcery, though set in gold,
Nor had thy tropic taste—these proud compeers !

Like great John Paul, who would have loved thee
well,
Thou art the “ only one ” of all thy race ;
Nor shall another comrade near thee dwell,
Old king of pipes ! my study's pride and grace !

III.

Thus have I made “ assurance doubly sure,”
And sealed it twice—that thou shalt reign alone !
And, as the dainty bee doth search for pure
Sweet honey, till his laden thighs do groan

With their sweet burden, tasting nothing foul,
So thou of best tobacco shalt be filled ;
And when the starry midnight wakes the owl,
And the lorn nightingale her song has trilled,

I, with my lamp and books, as is my wont,
Will give thee of the choicest of all climes—
Black Cavendish, full-flavoured, full of juice ;
Pale Turkish, famed through all the Osman times ;

Dark Latakia, Syrian, Persia's pride,
And sweet Virginian, sweeter than them all !
O, rich bouquet of plants ! fit for a bride,
Who, blushing, waits the happy bridegroom's call.

And these shall be thy food, thy dainty food,
And we together will their lux'ry share ;
Voluptuous tumults stealing through the blood—
Voluptuous visions filling all the air !

I will not thee profane with impious Shag,
Nor poison thee with Niggerhead and Twist,
Nor with Kentucky, though the planters brag
That it hath virtues all the rest have missed.

These are for porters, loafers, and the scum
Who have no sense for the diviner weeds ;
Who drink their muddy beer, and muddier rum,
Insatiate, like dogs, in all their greeds.

But not for thee, nor me, these things obscene ;
We have a higher pleasure, purer taste.
My draughts have been with thee of hyprocene,
And our delights intelligent and chaste.

IV.

Intelligent and chaste since we have held
Commune together on the world's highway ;
No Falstaff failings have my mind impelled
To do misdeeds of sack by night or day ;

But we have ever erred on virtue's side—
At least we should have done—but, woe is me !
I fear in this my statement I have lied ;
For ghosts, like moonlight shadows on the sea,

Crowd thick around me from the shadowy past,
Ghosts of old memories reeling drunk with wine !
And boon companions, Lysius-like and vast
In their proportions as the god divine.

I do confess my sins, and here implore
The aid of " Rare Old Ben " and other ghosts,
That I may sin again but rarely more,
Responsive only unto royal toasts.

For, save these sins, I am a saintly man,
And live like other saints on prayer and praise ;
My long face longer, if life be a span,
Than any two lives in these saintly days.

So let me smoke, and drink, and do good deeds,
And boast the doing like a Pharisee ;
Am I not holy if I love the creeds,
Even though my drinking sins choke up the sea ?

From The Gypsies of the Danes' Dike,
by GEORGE S. PHILLIPS (January Searle).

ODE TO MY PIPE.

OH, blessed pipe,
That now I clutch within my gripe,
What joy is in thy smooth round bowl,
As black as coal !

So sweetly wed,
To thy blanched gradual thread,
Like Desdemona to the Moor,
Thou pleasure's core.

What woman's lip
Could ever give, like thy red tip,
Such unremitting store of bliss,
Or such a kiss !

Oh, let me toy
(Ixion-like with cloudy joy),
Thy stem with a most gentle slant,
I eye askant ?

Unseen, unheard,
Thy dreamy nectar is transferred,
The while serenity astride
Thy neck doth ride.

A burly cloud
Doth now thy outward beauties shroud ;
And now a film doth upwards creep,
Cuddling the cheek.

And now a ring,
A mimic silver quoit, takes wing ;
Another, and another, mount on high,
Then spread and die.

They say in story,
That good men have a crown of glory ;
Oh, beautiful and good, behold
The crowns unfold !

How did they live ?
What pleasure could the old world give,
That ancient, miserable lot,
When thou wert not ?

Oh, woe betide,
My oldest, dearest friend hath died !
Died in my hand quite unaware—
Oh, Baccy rare !

Odds and Ends from an Old Drawer,
by ANDREW WYNTER (1853).

ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.

[*"Anthology,"* vol. i. *Bristol : Southey, 1799.*]

IT lay before me on the close-grazed grass,
Beside my path, an old Tobacco-quid :
And shall I by the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought ? now heaven forbid !

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there—
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire,
One who for wife and children takes no care,
But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.

Ah ! luckless was the day he learnt to chew !
Embryo of ills the quid that pleased him first !
Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,
Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise—
The forest oak was once an acorn-seed—
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh !
Suspect some ambush in the parsley hid ;
From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly !
Ye youths, avoid the first Tobacco-quid !

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran chaw !
And better thoughts my musings should engage :
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffered Fortune's hardest knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
Yet has a friend in his Tobacco-box,
And, while he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Even so it is with human happiness—
Each seeks his own according to his whim ;
One toils for wealth, one Fame alone can bless,
One asks a quid—a quid is all to him ;

O, veteran chaw ! thy fibres savoury, strong,
While aught remained to chew, thy master chew'd,
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was gone,
Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude !

O, happy man ! O, cast-off quid ! is he
 Who, like as thou, has comforted the poor.
 Happy his age who knows himself, like thee,
 Thou didst thy duty—man can do no more.

THEODERIT.

GERMAN SONG.

[The following translation of a popular German song was published originally in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. *Tait's* will be remembered as the great Liberal magazine, which numbered amongst its regular contributors William Howitt, Ebenezer Elliott, and De Quincey. *The Autobiography of an English Opium Eater* was first published in *Tait's*. The chapter on "Literary Connections and Acquaintances," which contained some allusions to the Liverpool Literary Society, caused considerable excitement amongst the then existing members of that body. Had De Quincey lived to the present day this chapter might have been continued with advantage, somewhat after the fashion of the famous essay on "The Snakes of Iceland ;"—there are none.]

O F croaking fools that whine profanely
 At life's disasters, there's a pack :
 Me grief assails and pinches vainly,
 Blest with a pipeful of taback.
 But just to-day quite changed the case is—
 To-day my wonted taste is slack ;
 And gladly for a maiden's graces,
 I'd pledge my pipe of best taback !

The soldier 'gainst his will a-fasting,
 The sailor that his grog must lack,
 Beguiles the vain desire of tasting,
 With help of pipe and mild taback.
 But comes some pearl of pretty wenches—
 At once his heart begins, tick-tack !
 The joy within him even quenches
 His smoking pipeful of taback.

For me, I hold the doctrine stoutly,
Maintained by famous Major Crack;
Because, like him, I prize devoutly
Both comely maidens and taback.
By war's outrageous din unshaken,
He still kept safe in haversack,
A picture from his mistress taken,
And his dear pipe, to puff taback.

THE REVEREND SNUFF-TAKER'S
DILEMMA.

[These verses are founded upon an anecdote, related as follows in Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. Edinburgh: Edmonston, Douglas.—“The inveterate snuff-taker, like the dram-drinker, felt severely the being deprived of his accustomed stimulant, as in the following instance:—A severe snow-storm in the Highlands, which lasted for several weeks, having stopped all communication between neighbouring hamlets, the snuff-boxes were soon reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbours within their reach were first resorted to, but when these failed, all were alike reduced to the longing which unwillingly-abstinent snuff-takers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense that study was out of the question, and he became quite restless. As a last resort, the beadle was despatched, through the snow, to a neighbouring glen, in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. ‘What’s to be dune, John?’ was the minister’s pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, ‘Hae!’ The minister too eager to be scrutinising, took a long, deep pinch, and then said, ‘Whaur did you get it?’ ‘I soupit (swept) the poupit,’ was John’s expressive reply. The minister’s accumulated superfluous Sabbath snuff now came into good use.”]

NEAR the Highlands,
Where the dry lands
Are divided into islands,
And distinguish'd from the mainland
As the Western Hebrides,
Stormy weather
Those who stay there,
Often times for weeks together,
Keeps asunder from their neighbours,
Hemm'd about by angry seas.

For, storm-batter'd,
Boats are shatter'd,
And their precious cargoes scatter'd
In the boist'rous Sound of Jura,
Or thy passage, Colonsay ;
While the seamen,
Like true freemen,
Battle bravely with the Demon
Of the storm, who strives to keep them
From their harbour in the bay.

For this reason
One *bad* season
(If to say so be not treason),
In an island town the people
Were reduced to great distress.
Though on mainland
They would fain land,
They were storm-bound in their *ain* land
Where each luxury was little,
And grew "beautifully less."

But whose sorrow,
That sad morrow,
When no man could beg or borrow
From a friend's repository,
Equall'd theirs who craved for snuff?

But, most sadden'd,
Nearly madden'd
For the lack of that which gladden'd
His proboscis, was the parson,
Hight the Rev'rend Neil Macduff.

If a snuffer,
Though no puffer,
You may guess what pangs he'd suffer
In his journey through a snow-drift,
Visiting a neighb'ring town ;
From his wishing
For some sneishing ;
But his chasing and his fishing
Could procure no Taddy's Mixture,
Moist Rappee, or Kendal Brown.

In his trouble—
Now made double,
Since his last hope proved a bubble—
To his aid came beadle Johnnie,
In his parish right-hand man,
With a packet,
Saying "Tak it,
It's as clean as I can mak' it,
If ye'd save yer snuff on Sabbath
A toom box ye needna scan."

Being lusty
(Though 'twas musty)
To his nose the snuff so dusty
Put the minister, too much in want
The gift to scrutinise.

In idea
He could see a
Blessing in this panacea ;
So he took such hearty pinches as brought
Tears into his eyes :

Then to Johnnie,
 His old cronie,
 Cried—"I feared I'd ne'er get ony."
 "Weel, I'll tell ye," said the beadle,
 "Whaur I got the stock of snuff.
 In the poupit
 Low I stoupit,
 An' the snuff and stour I soupit,
 Then I brocht ye here a handfu'
 For ye need it sair enough."

A. A. SHARP.

SONG OF THE SMOKE-WREATHS.

SUNG TO THE SMOKERS.

NOT like clouds that cap the mountains,
 Not like mists that mask the sea,
 Not like vapours round the fountains—
 Soft and clear and warm are we.

Hear the tempest, how its minions
 Tear the clouds and heap the snows;
 No storm rage is in our pinions,
 Who knows us, 'tis peace he knows.

Soaring from the burning censers,
 Stealing forth through all the air,
 Hovering as the mild dispensers
 Over you of blisses rare,

Softly float we, softly blend we,
 Tinted from the deep blue sky,
 Scented from the myrrh-lands, bend we
 Downward to you ere we die.

Ease we bring and airy fancies,
Sober thoughts with visions gay,
Peace profound, with daring glances
Through the clouds to endless day.

Not like clouds that cap the mountains,
Not like mists that mask the sea,
Not like vapours round the fountains—
Soft and clear and warm are we.

L.T.A. in *London Society*.

MY THREE LOVES.

WHEN Life was all a summer day,
And I was under twenty,
Three loves were scattered in my way—
And three at once are plenty.
Three hearts, if offered with a grace,
One thinks not of refusing.
The task in this especial case
Was only that of choosing.
I knew not which to make my pet—
My pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

To cheer my night or glad my day
My pipe was ever willing;
The meerschaum or the lowly clay
Alike repaid the filling.
Grown men delight in blowing clouds,
As boys in blowing bubbles,
Our cares to puff away in crowds,
And banish all our troubles.

My pipe I nearly made my pet,
Above cigar or cigarette.

A tiny paper, tightly rolled
About some Latakia,
Contains within its magic fold
A mighty *panacea*.
Some thought of sorrow or of strife
At ev'ry whiff will vanish ;
And all the scenery of life
Turn picturesquely Spanish.

But still I could not quite forget
Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

To yield an after-dinner puff
O'er *demi-tasse* and brandy,
No cigarettes are strong enough ;
No pipes are ever handy.
However fine may be the feed,
It only moves my laughter
Unless a dry delicious weed
Appears a little after.

A prime cigar I firmly set
Above a pipe or cigarette.

But, after all, I try in vain
To fetter my opinion ;
Since each upon my giddy brain
Has boasted a dominion.
Comparisons I'll not provoke,
Lest *all* should be offended.
Let this discussion end in smoke,
As many more have ended.

And each I'll make a special pet ;—
My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

HENRY S. LEIGH,
in the *London Magazine*, November (1875).

THE ANCIENT DRIVELLER; OR,
 "WHO KILLED THE CAT?"

["One gentleman at a lecture took a fine cat from under a table, and poured a small quantity of liquid upon the cat's tongue, through a glass tube, and the cat was dead instantaneously. But what was it that had poisoned it? It was the juice from the stem of a meerschaum pipe, which some of our young men delight so much in smoking."—*Extract from Report of Anti-Tobacco Society's Meeting.*

"This had been proved by experiments upon cats, dogs, and pigeons, he (the hard-working, underpaid lecturer of the Anti-Tobacco Society) having seen a strong healthy Tom cat, an entire cat, die in one minute and fifty-eight seconds, from the effects of the washings of a meerschaum pipe being poured down his throat."—*Vide Proceedings of the Anti-Tobacco Society.*]

IT is an Ancient Driveller,
 Less welcome, far, than free,
 And he stoppeth a youth with a weed in his mouth,
 And croaketh:—"List to me."

A pottering, meddlesome, imbecile wight,
 And a bit of a quack beside;
 Quoth he:—"I'm an Anti-Tobaccoite,
 And smoking can't abide."

He is button-holed by a skinny hand;
 Sees a gooseberry-optic's gleam;
 List'ning, eftsoons the smoker swoons
 In a hideous night-mare dream.

“ There was a pipe ”—quoth the driveller,
And he cackled his foolish fill ;
Telling how the pipe's bowl would enslave man's soul,
And a poison dire distil.

The smoker eyeth his weed askance,
Gazing hard on the imbecile leer ;
On the unkempt hair, and the large, soil'd hands,
Of the grotesque figure that 'fore him stands—
The Ancient Driveller.

“ I concocted ‘ facts ; ’ I scribbled tracts ;
I lectured, again and again,
But my words were mist—few listen'd, I wist,
Since the fog-smoke fill'd my brain.

“ What might I do to astonish my kind,
Unkind as they are to me !
Shall I *ever* waste words on the barren wind,
And orate to a generation blind,
From Tobacco their souls to free !

“ Pipe smoke was here ; pipe smoke was there ;
Pipe smoke rose most profound :
It squirl'd and twirl'd, and curl'd and whirl'd,
Eftsoons my head span round.

“ I gather'd the essence of many pipes ;
I scraped each foul tube clean :
From meerschaum, briar-root, Broseley clay,
And strong old cutty, I drew, each day,
The poison—Nicotine !

“ Through the fog came an old Tcm Cat :
At length the hour was ripe !
Cats ought to die, that men might spy
The poison that's in a pipe.

" I coax'd and lured the Cat with milk :
Laying out three-halfpence a-week ;
But I count not lost the money it cost,
Since I made that mouser squeak."

" Now, save thee, Ancient Driveller,
From the fiends that plague thee thus :
Thy pangs are keen." " With Nicotine
" I hocuss'd that luckless puss ! "

.

" I had done a brutal, unlawful thing ;
And the victim of my wiles
Should no more, now, with shrill ' Moll-row,'
Make music on the tiles.

" Yet, the poison had scarce half done its work :
In a stupefied trance puss lay.
So, could I discover a deadlier dose,
It were his on an early day.

" I went to meetings, as of yore ;
I still concocted ' facts ;'
For ' five thousand pounds ' I ceased not to bore :
Nor to scribble unreadable tracts ; "

" Yet like my choker all dingy white,
With many a spot and speck,
I felt that the half-defunct Tom Cat
Was hanging about my neck.

" Wherever I stay'd or wander'd—
Grammercy ! in every place—
There the mouser spat ; 'twas a Cheshire Cat ;
Sat, grinn'd, and sneezed in my face.

" I had written most awful diluted rhyme
Of Tobacco-users' woes ;
I had cook'd statistics, a page at a time ;
I had maunder'd through dismal prose ;

“ But my muse 'gan quite deserting me,
Since the Tom Cat's 'mews' I'd still'd :
I saw him, dimly, by day and night—
A gruesome, broad-grinning, ugly sprite !—
And my heart with fear was fill'd.

“ Fear of the Bobby, who'd growl his charge
Of 'cruelty' in my ear :
The Recorder, I fear'd, would give six months
To this Ancient Driveller.

“ The Cat's dim form around my neck—
Thence he would never go !—
Hung, staring like a painted cat
Outside a wild-beast show.

“ I closed my eyes, and kept them closed,
But his eyes wink'd in my brain,
And the feline fiend to purr began—
Had I known how to fight as a Lancashire man,
I would have 'purr'd' again.

“ His bristling hair and whiskers rare
Emitted a glimmer pale :
Electric flashes sprang from his back
And most distended tail.

“ Like phosphorescent green-cheese moons,
Or long-dead whittings, or aiks,
His goggling optics' elfish light
Fell round in hoary flakes.

“ How could I finish my half-done deed,
And shake his hold me from ?
Teetotaller never yet nursed such hate
As I did, for Old Tom.

“ From poppy and mandragora
I a drowsy ink did make,
I drawl'd and scrawl'd what none might read
Or speak, and keep awake.

“ No ‘witty scribblers’ write for us :
All sprightliness we forbid.
Only ponderous double-leaded yarns,
Ungrammatical rot, and lies, I wot,
May share our ‘five thousand quid.’

“ I deliver'd a lecture that dismal night,
In a long monotonous drawl :
A dreary, droning, and drowsy whine.
The recipe's not exclusively mine :
Our lecturers have it, all.

“ My little audience slumber'd soon :
They were nodding and snoring, each.
There's never an opiate can compare
With an Anti-Tobaccoite speech !

“ The Tom Cat now had a feebler hold,
And, as somnolent words I read,
With drowsy tone as a beetle's drone,
He relax'd his grip, and from me did slip
Like an extra weight of lead.

“ I talk'd for another hour or so,
And he quite succumb'd to that :
Eureka ! The means were found, I ween :
I was more narcotic than Nicotine !
I had poison'd the old Tom Cat !

“ Now, when the mousers see me anigh,
They quicken, each, their pace ;
Beyond the sound of my voice to bound,
They yell, and hotly chase ;
Taking sights at me and my Nicotine—
They bemock me, to my face.

“ My deeds all know, and wherever I go
I'm saluted by every brat :
'Yah! Yah!' they cry: 'Wot a wicked old guy!'
And they yell—'Who killed the Cat?' ”

The smoker hath finish'd his mild cigar :
His snores would a beadle thrill.
He slumbers sound as a three-years child :
The Driveller hath his will.

THE LAST QUID.

HE seized the quid—'twas hard and dry,
The last one in its nook ;
The beggar'd sailor heaved a sigh—
Despair was in his look.
“ And have I fought and bled in vain ?
Are all my comforts o'er ?
When shall I see thy like again,
Thou last one of my store ? ”

“ High and dry I've kept thee here,
In hopes of getting aid ;
My cruise, alas ! is lost, I fear—
Oh ! why was 'Baccy made ?
I've borne all weathers, wind and rain,
And patiently I bore—
When shall I see thy like again,
Thou last one of my store ? ”

His gaze was on the muddy ground,
And mis'ry in his eye ;
Sudden he sprang with eager bound
On something glitt'ring nigh :

"A sovereign's aid, 'tis very plain ;
Thank heaven, I ask no more ;
Soon shall I see thy like again,
Thou last one of my store."

H. J. MELLER in *Nicotiana* (1833).

LE MISERABLE.

DAWK was the night, and not a star
Its kindly glimmer lent,
As I—from home and friends afar—
My weary footsteps bent,
O'er craggy peak and barren plain,
Through mountain pass and glen ;
With jaded heart and aching brain—
Most wretched I, of men.

'Twas not because my love was false,
Or relatives unkind ;
Nor that I'd missed a fav'rite valse,
Nor had a troubled mind.
Nor was't through any frantic deed,
That thus I homeward flew ;
But, oh ! I'd neither pipe nor weed,
Nor means to raise a *chew* !

E.H.S.

SEASONABLE SWEETS.

"Don't be flowery*, Jacob."—*Charles Dickens.*

WHEN the year is young, what sweets are flung
By the violets, hiding, dim,
And the lilac, that sways her censers high,
Whilst the skylark chants a hymn !

How sweet is the scent of the daffodil bloom,
When blithe spring decks each spray,
And the flowering thorn sheds rare perfume
Through the beautiful month of May !
What a dainty pet is the mignonette,
Whose sweets wide-scattered are !
But sweeter to me than all these yet,
Is the scent of a prime cigar !

Delicious airs waft the fields of June,
When the beans are all in flower ;
The woodruff is fragrant in the hedge,
And the woodbine in the bower.
Sweet eglantine doth her garlands twine
For the blithe hours as they run,
And balmily sighs the meadow sweet,
That is all in love with the sun ;
Whilst new-mown hay o'er the hedgerows gay
Flings odorous airs afar ;
Yet, sweeter than these on the passing breeze,
Is the scent of a prime cigar.

When all the beauties of Flora's court
Smile on the gay parterre,
What glorious colour, what exquisite form,
And dainty scents are there !
They bask in the beam, and bend by the stream,
Like beautiful nymphs at play,
Holding dew-pearls up in each nectar cup,
To the glorious God of Day,
Oh ! their lives are sweet, but all too brief,
And death doth their sweetness mar ;
But fragrance fine is for ever thine,
My well-beloved cigar !

THE PIPE AND THE QUID.

I FLUNG a pipe into the air,
 And it fell down, I knew not where ;
 For many folks were near to me,
 And so I did not stay to see.

I spun a quid up in the air,
 And that fell down, I knew not where ;
 For 'twould require the strongest sight
 To follow a quid in its juicy flight.

Shortly I found my pipe again,
 On the head of my uncle broke in twain ;
 And the quid I had not seen descend,
 I found in the eye of my dearest friend.

WRONGFELLOW.

THE THREE GIPSIES.

THREE gipsies I saw on a common lie,
 As through the heath, so sandy and rough,
 With struggling wheels' lazy, weary sigh,
 My carriage toil'd on in its journey tough.

One of the gipsies held in his hand
 A fiddle, and play'd for himself alone—
 While in the eve's sun his face flash'd like a brand—
 A song of the wildest and fieriest tone.

The second gipsy his pipe caress'd,
And watch'd the smoke as it upward curl'd,
As if for his exulting breast
His loved Tobacco were all the world.

The third was plunged in the gladdest sleep,
Above him his cymbal hung on a tree ;
The cymbal was stirr'd by the wind's bold leap—
The gipsy's dreams were as bold and as free.

The gipsies all three wore a strange attire,
The hues were many, and many the holes ;
But all three they had their whole heart's desire,
And laugh'd at earth's troubles with reckless souls.

The gipsies taught me in threefold mode
How, when gloom gathers around our life,
With sleep, fiddling, Tobacco, we lighten the load,
And despise the world's care, folly, and strife.

While my carriage crawl'd on with groan and with
 creak,
I turn'd, and I turn'd, and I turn'd again,
To gaze at the brown and glowing cheek
And the lawless black hair of the happy men.

From the German of LENAU.
(Translated for the *Tobacco Plant*.)



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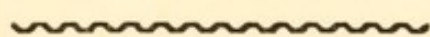
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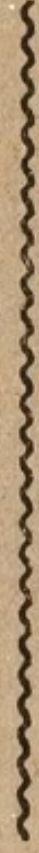
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