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TOBACCO TALK

BY

AN OLD SMOKER

GIVING

THE SCIENCE OF TOBACCO:
ITS BOTANY, CHEMISTRY, USES, PLEASURES, HYGIENE,
ETIQUETTE, HISTORY AND ETHNOLOGY

Philadelphia
The Nicot Publishing Company
1894

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VI. ETHNOLOGY OF TOBACCO.
“Tobacco’s but an Indian weed.” It is not! It is the most misrepresented, slandered, honest, respectable domestic plant ever cultivated by man. Everybody, even smokers, persist in speaking of Tobacco as “a weed.” Now, Webster distinctly designates this application of the word as “slang.” A weed, properly speaking, and men should speak properly, is, according to the same indisputable authority, “any plant growing in cultivated ground to the injury of the crop or desired vegetation, or to the disfigurement of the place; an unsightly, useless, or injurious plant.” Farmers would be thankful, indeed, if all their weeds were Tobacco. Far from unsightly, it is admitted by all to be a rather stately, handsome, symmetrical plant. It is useless only to those that do not use it, and injurious only to those that abuse it. In the name of justice and good language, let us give up calling it “a weed.”
lovers after its own death and embalming. Its stem, cylindrical, simple, unbranched, shooting up to the height of from three to seven feet, clearly hints to the pipe, its future sacrificial pyre. The leaves, clasping the stem in a close embrace; alternate, oblong, simple, varying in length from one to three feet, and covered with a close growth of minute hairs, which give forth to the touch a sticky humor of pungent odor, indicate the strong, affectionate hold of the smoking habit upon its devotees, and are a promise of the fragrance they will breathe forth when chastened and refined by "curing." The flowers, small, numerous, rising in a panicle on the summit of the stem, and rejoicing in a pretty pink or rosy color, whisper to the smoker's heart of the airy, hope-inspiring dreams that will ascend with the clouds out of the pipe or the cigar. The pod or berry-like fruit, which may contain in a single plant about forty thousand minute seeds, is a symbol of the innumerable pleasures and uses the cornucopia of Tobacco holds out to mankind.

In its habits Tobacco is a hardy, annual plant, requiring rich, moist soil, which it exhausts to a remarkable extent. Its cultivation, therefore, necessitates constant and abundant fertilization, great care being needed in the choice of the manure, as the plant is wonderfully impressionable, and has a cosmopolitan adaptability to its surrounding cir-
circumstances. This quality, also, it transfers to its human subjects, the smoker being, generally, a hardy individual, a great digester, who thrives best when fertilized by good, full meals, and under the gentle irrigation of beer or wine. And he, too, possesses a wide, cosmopolitan mind, which feels at home in any corner of the world where Tobacco breathes its philadelphic influences.

But we will leave the parallel and confine ourselves, for a while, to the cold, hard facts of tobaccanalian science. Tobacco, in its many varieties, cannot be called the native of any one particular country, but appears to have been simultaneously created in various parts of the globe. Evolutionists may take exception to this expression, but the “missing link” between Tobacco and the Potato has not yet been found. In habits it is both latitudinarian and longitudinalian. It adapts itself, without a murmur, equally to the soil of Syria and of America. It grows alike in Canada and in Australia, but flourishes best in regions having a mean, that is to say, average temperature of not less than 40 degrees, where early autumn frosts do not nip its aspirations in the bud. Its most highly appreciated qualities are, however, developed under the burning sun of the tropics, as in Cuba and Sumatra.

The Etymology of its name is, like everything else, a subject of dispute among the learned, but
is most generally supposed to be of Carribean origin. The ignorant natives of San Domingo are said to have given the name Tobago to the primitive pipe through which they inhaled the fumes of the leaf, but the Spanish discoverers, in their superior wisdom, gave that name to the plant itself. Imagine us saying "a Tobacco of pipe," instead of "a pipe of Tobacco." We may be thankful for the discernment of the gentle Spaniards. The Latin or botanical name, *Nicotiana*, is derived from Jean Nicot, who first introduced the plant into France. But, like the rose, its fragrance is just as sweet under any appellation.

Botany has included more than forty varieties of the plant under the general name of *Nicotiana*, but as only three of these are of any use to smokers, we will confine our attention to these latter. The first and most well known, which is the one we endeavored to describe above, is known, scientifically, as *Nicotiana Tabacum*, and, in common speech, as Virginian or American Tobacco, having been found, originally, in America, and afterward cultivated most extensively in the old colony of Virginia, where the first white settlers bought their wives with bales of Tobacco and paid their ministers in the same staple commodity. It is native also in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands.

The second variety, *Nicotiana Rustica*, is so called possibly because it does not grow on the
streets of New York, but is cultivated, mostly, in the rural districts of Turkey and Syria. It boasts of many different names, such as Indian, English, Syrian or Green Tobacco, and differs from American Tobacco in its branched stem, in its stalked, more rounded leaves, and in the pale greenish color of its flowers. It is milder in flavor than our American variety, and makes excellent cigarettes, but burns too quickly and hotly for our short-stemmed Western pipes. The Orientals, however, with their cooling water-pipes and long winding stems, manage to draw ecstatic pleasure out of it.

**Nicotiana Persica**, or Persian Tobacco, is the third general variety. It differs from the two preceding ones in the shape of the leaves, and in the white color of the flower. It makes a very delicate smoke in a "Hookah" or water-pipe, but does not burn well enough to be used in the form of cigars. It is, moreover, very scarce. The best kind, which is grown at Shiraz, in Persia, is set apart exclusively for the Shah himself and his court.

**Tobacco** belongs to a highly connected family in the vegetable kingdom, which is known as the Solanaceae and contains such distinguished, useful or ornamental members as the Tomato, the Cayenne Pepper, the Petunia, the Matrimony-vine, the Egg-plant, and the Potato. 'Tis true, anti-tobacconists point with glee to some "bad
eggs” in this same family, such as the Deadly Nightshade and the Hen-bane, but similar sad freaks will occur in some of the best regulated families of the genus *homo*. Should we be made to suffer for the sins of our cousins and second cousins? 'Twould be a manifest injustice.

"Of all known vegetable products," writes an enthusiastic smoker, "Tobacco is constituted and composed of the richest, strongest, most delicious, and delightful ingredients. The alcohol or spirit, the oil and opium, the sugar, the acids and nitre, with many other of the volatile salts, all harmoniously combined, constitute this the richest and most delicious compound ever engendered and generated in any one plant."

A more accurate chemical analysis has discovered in Tobacco the following component substances:

*Albuminoids*—nourishing matters, such as constitute the white of the egg or the serum of the blood,—about twenty-five per cent.

*Alcohol*—developed in the Tobacco by fermentation during the process of curing.

*Ammonia*—imparting pungency to the flavor.

*Cellulose*—a starchy substance.

*Citric acid*—such as is found in lemons or citrons,—about five per cent.

*Creosote*—a burning, smoky oil, such as that of wood-tar, developed during the burning of the
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"products," writes an
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Tobacco.

Nicotine—the most active principle of Tobacco;
a transparent, colorless, volatile oil, of acrid odor and taste, and highly poisonous in its elemental state. According to the amount of its presence Tobacco is said to be "strong" or "mild." In the product of Turkey, Greece, and Hungary there is scarcely a trace of the poison. In that of Brazil, Havana, and Paraguay the amount is 2%; Maryland Tobacco contains 2.24%; Kentucky, 6%; Virginia, 6.87%; French Tobacco, 7.30%.

The Analysis gives the further ingredients:
Nicotianine or "Tobacco Camphor," a white, waxy substance, hot and bitter in taste; important in flavoring the Tobacco, but present in an exceedingly small quantity.
Nitrogenous substances, especially Saltpeter, give the Tobacco its burning qualities; they vary in percentage.

Oxalic acid, such as is found especially in the common Wood-sorrel.

Pectic acid, existing in the "Pectin" or "vegetable jelly," which is found in ripe, fleshy fruits,—five per cent.

Resinous substances—gummy, balsamic, inflammable,—from four to six per cent.

The cultivation of Tobacco is not a sinecure to the planter. It requires the best land, rich manuring, and constant attention. The seeds are sown in seed-beds in March or the beginning of April, and the young plants remain there until May or June, when a warm, rainy day is chosen for transplanting them into the fields. Careful weeding is necessary and frequent attention to the insect enemies to the plant such as the "Hornworm" or "Tobacco-worm." When from five to nine leaves have developed, the plants are "topped"—i. e., the top is nipped off to prevent too quick growth into flowers and seeds, and to insure a greater development of the all-important leaves. All side-shoots and suckers are also removed. The harvesting takes place in September, before the autumnal frost sets in. The stem is cut near the base, and the whole plant laid on the ground to wilt. In Germany the leaves only are
cut off and placed on the ground about the stems, where they remain until they have become limp and wilted.

THE "CURING" is the next proceeding in the reformation of the green plant into the commercial article. It consists of two successive processes: the "drying" and the "fermenting." In Europe the drying is done by fixing the leaves separately on long rods, which are hung in a shed or barn where the air can freely circulate. They remain here from six to eight weeks, when they are ready for the next step. In the United States the whole plant is dried by artificial heat in specially constructed houses, the temperature being kept at about 170 degrees. By this means the leaves are completely dried in from four to five days. They are now brittle and impossible to work, but are made soft and pliable by exposure to moist atmosphere. After this, they are stripped off the stems, sorted into "firsts," "seconds," and "lugs" (the lower leaves), and made up into "hands" or bundles of from twenty to twenty-five leaves.

"FERMENTATION" is the next process. The leaves, whether separate or in bundles, are piled up on a barn floor in solid stacks to the height of five or six feet. A fermenting process quickly sets in within these stacks, the inner temperature rising steadily until it reaches about 130 degrees. To prevent over-heating and to secure uniform fer-
mentation of the whole mass of Tobacco, the piles are from time to time taken down and rebuilt, the outer leaves being placed in the middle of the new stacks. In from three to five weeks, when the leaves have assumed a uniformly brown color, the fermentation is completed, and the Tobacco is packed and stored to mature. In about two years it is ready for the manufacturer. It is to be observed that the crops of Tobacco, like vintages, often vary in richness and delicacy of flavor. In certain years the crop is of much greater value than in others. The question of the locality of the growth is also of the utmost importance.

The Adulteration of Tobacco is probably not as common as may be generally supposed, especially in those countries where the plant grows in abundance. But where the cultivation is forbidden, and the import duties high, the artificial creations of Tobacco are carried on with great ingenuity and success. The following list includes the most common substances used in the adulteration or "doctoring" of the genuine article: Alum, Beach-leaves, Burdock, Chicory, Cabbage, Dyes of various kinds, Lamp-black, Licorice, Lime, Lettuce, Oak-leaves, Peat-earth, Potato-starch, Rhubarb, Salt, Saltpeter, Sawdust, Sugar, Tar-oil, Urine—an inviting medley, truly! Even the worst cigars, however, are generally
made of real Tobacco, but of an inferior, second growth of leaves, which in warm autumns shoot out from the stumps on the fields, and are sold by the planter at a nominal price. Cabbage leaves are not used in the adulteration as often as may be imagined, as Tobacco may be grown at even less cost than that esculent vegetable.
II.

FORMS OF USING TOBACCO.

There is a porcine, anti-tobacco proverb to the effect that "one who smokes smells like a hog, one who snuffs looks like a hog, and one who chews is a hog." Without in the least admitting the fitness of this filthy accusation, it must be conceded that smoking is the most decent, as it is the most wholesome method of using Tobacco. Both snuffing and chewing may have their great uses and delights to those accustomed to these habits, but the former is nowadays indulged in but little, at least in this country, and the latter is outside of the experience of the present writer. Again and again we have tried the "plug," but have ever met with a repulse. We may, therefore, be excused from dwelling upon this phase of our subject, and will proceed to the consideration of smoking alone, in its three universal forms—the Cigar, the Cigarette, and the Pipe.

The Cigar is obviously the simplest instrument of smoking. Tobacco is here its own unassisted medium of communication with man. It seems to have been used in this form from time immemorial in the West Indies, the very name,
"Cigarro," being of Cuban origin, and meaning simply "Tobacco." The Spaniards quickly adopted its use, but cigar-smoking did not become general in Central and Northern Europe until the close of the last century; the first cigar-factory was established in Hamburg, in the year 1796. At first the habit was looked upon as a dandyish and expensive way of taking Tobacco, but it soon spread throughout the world.

Cigars are, or should be, made of the finest, most delicately flavored leaves, carefully selected and especially prepared by the manufacturer. Like everything perfect, it consists of three parts—a longitudinal core or central mass of "fillers," which are enveloped in an inner covering of "binders," and an outer robe of "wrappers." The binder is generally of the same quality of Tobacco as the fillers, but the wrapper is made of the finest, silkiest, selected leaf. The Tobacco intended for the binders and wrappers is moistened in clear water until it becomes flexible. After twenty-four hours the leaves are given to the "strippers"—generally women—who strip the fine texture from the midrib or "stem," smooth the halves, and lay them out one upon the other. The fillers are worked in a dry state. The mechanic takes a small quantity into his hand, forms them into the shape desired for the cigar, and breaks them into the proper length.
They are then rolled successively into the binder and the wrapper; one end of the cylinder is twisted into a tapering point, and the other cut off evenly. The cigar is now ready to be bundled with its fellows in packages of fifty, which are turned over to the "packer," who arranges them in their boxes. The cigars are then seasoned by a process of drying, and are ready for the consumer in about a week.

A good cigar must have three essential virtues. It must have a delicate flavor, it must have an easy, comfortable draught, and it must burn well and evenly. We know of no method by which to judge of these qualities before you have smoked the cigar, except by relying upon the general intuition with which a practiced smoker is endowed. If the cigar lacks any or all of these essentials, it should immediately be consigned to oblivion. The flavor depends upon the brand you use. Lack of draught is owing to the fillers having been packed too tightly or in a moist state. The combustion is a matter of study for the manufacturer. Sometimes a cigar burns fiercely in the centre, leaving on the outside an ugly, black palisade or fence. At other times a cigar develops luxurious, but quite unseemly "side-burns," as it were, leaving the centre hard and black, like a chimney in a smoking ruin. Both of these cases are owing to an inharmonious selection of the va-
The cigars are now ready to be packed, and the other essential virtues the brand vou use. The cigars are drying, and are in a week.

Many smokers judge of the quality of a cigar by the whiteness and consistency of the ashes, but this is unsafe as a general rule. The fact is that too much snowiness of the ashes indicates only too great a presence of saltpeter, which has been added artificially. To the same presence is due the sizzling and little explosions occurring in some fiercely burning cigars. The only legitimate color of the ashes is a clear, pearly gray. Nor is the great consistency of the ashes an unerring indication of good quality. It is sometimes produced artificially by means of gum arabic. Some of the best cigars do not hold the ashes well.

The varieties of Tobacco used for the manufacture of cigars depend upon the localities of their growth. Some Tobaccos are used for every part of the cigar, others are good only for one or two of the constituent parts. German Tobacco is used for all purposes; it is exceedingly mild, but is inferior to the American varieties. The Tobacco raised in the Philippine Islands is of a very delicate and distinctive aroma, and is manufactured into "Manilla" cheroots. Immense quantities of Tobacco are raised in Java and Sumatra, the latter making one of the most highly appreciated kind of wrappers, being of fine texture and color,
and rich in the pale yellowish spots now so much sought for. Many efforts have been made to produce these spots artificially, and many theories have been entertained as to their origin. They are now understood to have been formed by a local burning of the leaf, through the concentration of tropical sun-rays upon the transparent globules of dewdrops, in which particles of flying sand may have lodged.

Good Cigar-Tobacco is now being grown in Brazil, and especially in the province of Bahia, whence great quantities are exported to Germany and Austria. Mexican and Central American Tobacco is becoming better known, but is raised mostly for the great local consumption. The production of the United States is too well known to require detailed description. Connecticut takes the lead with the most excellent quality, good for all purposes, but especially for the manufacture of binders and wrappers. Pennsylvania Tobacco is also of high grade, and useful for all parts of the cigar. New York and Ohio Tobaccos are used mostly for fillers. Wisconsin contributes a good quality for binders. Florida grows a Tobacco, beautiful in color, resembling the product of Sumatra, but somewhat deficient in burning quality.

Cuba justly glories in her “Habana,” without question the most famous cigar-tobacco in the
The Tobacco, like the cigarette and the pipe, has its own distinctive poetry and philosophy. Its most distinguished bard is, perhaps, Lord Byron, who sings thus in its praise:

"Sublime Tobacco, which from East to West
Cheers the tar's labours, or the Turkoman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides!
Magnificent in Stambul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in Hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped 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!"

("The Island." Canto II.)

Julian Hawthorne, writing in The Galaxy for 1875, though a pipe-smoker par preference, still recognizes "the eternal fitness of things" in this world. The very finest kind has for many years been raised in the northwestern part of the island, especially in the districts of Vuelta Abajo, Partidas, and Vuelta Arriba. It is said that this product has deteriorated somewhat in quality of late years, owing to the exhaustion of the soil by the constant cultivation, and the detrimental influence of the guano used in modern fertilization. The Tobacco raised in the south of Cuba has, in consequence, lately come into greater prominence.
acknowledgment to the other forms of smoking:

"There are times and places tolerant only of the cigarette, tenderly white and sweetly fragrant; a grimy pipe is no fit sight for the dark-eyed daughters of warm Castile. And have we dined with delicate sumptuousness; has each successive viand, from pearly oyster to perfumed Stilton, at once cunningly relieved the palate from what went before, and subtly stimulated it for what was to come; in short, has the repast been an epicurean song of finest harmony—hardly may we play the epilogue upon a pipe. More fitting there will be the refined Habana."

But the same profound philosopher of smoking speaks thus in derogation of the cigar, as compared with the pipe: "The cigar is a mere stranger—a passing acquaintance; though much of the fine gentleman in be in him, he is dry and formal. Beginning the conversation with airy words of captivating savor, his language gradually grows stronger, till at the end he sinks into rank and bitter repinings; now he is gone forever and forgotten. No romantic associations can cling to him; his history is comprised in a single event. Picturesque he is not; an attaché of the fashionable world, it is beneath his dignity to consort with such people as Teniers drew; nor will he enroll himself among the familiar spirits of poets and philosophers."
We fear this is the language of one prejudiced. Notwithstanding all that may be said against it, the cigar remains the proud monarch of the world of smoking. Though his individual reign be brief, yet the family is numerous, and the continued succession to the throne secured forever. Like other monarchs of the world, he can, indeed, be shockingly bad; yet, on the whole, he rules by his intrinsic merits, as well as by popular consent. "Twofer," "stogey," "cheroot," or "regalia," in palace or in cottage he is ever gentlemanly, dignified, and thoughtful. As to his mental influence, hark to the following "confession" of an ancient cigar-smoker:

"I owe to smoking, more or less,
Through life the whole of my success;
With my cigar I'm sage and wise—
Without, I'm dull as cloudy skies.
When smoking, all my ideas soar,
When not, they sink upon the floor.
The greatest men have all been smokers,
And so were all the greatest jokers.
Then ye, who'd bid adieu to care,
Come here and smoke it into air."

We have yet to consider one feature of cigar-smoking—one that is not very popular, it is feared, yet much to be recommended—the cigar-holder. Though some fiery lovers of the cigar may think that smoking through a tube may be compared to kissing your sweetheart through a telephone, yet
we would urge upon every smoker the use of the holder. It is economical, enabling you to consume the cigar to the "bitter end," which, to many, is an especially desirable "tit bit." Then it is of convenience, keeping the cigar at a respectful distance from the lips and eyes, and, finally, it is wholesome, enabling the condensed tobacco-oil to settle in the tube, instead of being drawn into the mouth. Cigar-holders may be made of meerschaum, amber, wood, and what-not, but the longest and the cheapest are the best.

"The cigarette," according to Hawthorne, "is the female cigar. She is the beguilement of an indolent moment, the diversion of a mind unoccupied—not a trusty friend in weariness and trouble, a solid resource in winter and rough weather. She is unworthy the understanding and strength of the developed man, and, like a book of jests, should only be taken up occasionally." This definition requires a certain qualification. The cigarette may, indeed, belong to "the weaker vessels" of Tobacco smoking, but to the honor of the sex be it said that all are not mere flirts and summer-girls, such as she. Sweet, airy, fascinating is this pretty little creature in the fairy garb, delightful to play with now and then, but dangerous as a constant companion. 'Tis whispered by some that she uses drugs for her complexion. Others say that her kisses are perilous from the moisture
of her composition, whereby the Nicotine becomes more solvent and absorbable. Like other coquettes, the cigarette is said to afflict her too-devoted admirers with heart-trouble.

The pipe is, after all, the solid groundwork and basis of all forms of smoking. We quote again from Hawthorne, whose philosophy has established the *rationale* of pipe smoking: "The pipe, if brought to trial, can find a sounder plea than mere disparagement of rivals. He takes his stand upon his intrinsic virtues—they are undeniable, and not few. To begin with, he has permanent existence; again and again does he serve your turn, and still is ready for a fresh bout; nay, he gains in mellowness and beauty with each successive charge. Clear, but his throat occasionally—anon stuff that ever-open mouth with a pinch of fresh hay, and he will commune sweetly with you all day long. Your companion by night and by day, in merriment and in distress, he has watched your growth, seen your opinions change, glowed with your hopes, burned incense for your success, mourned in ashes for your disappointment. What other friend has been so finely sympathetic, so unobtrusively consoling, so seldom unwelcome?"

Differing from the philosopher, quoted above, there have been poets who have looked upon the pipe as of the feminine rather than the masculine
gender. A poet of the last century thus sings to his "clay":

"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 braced;
And thy lovely swelling crest,
With my bended stopper pressed.
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses;
Happy thrice, and thrice again—
Happiest he of happy men!
He, who when the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the crickets play,
Little crickets, ever gay;
Can afford his tube to feed,
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine!
Happy thrice, and thrice again—
Happiest he of happy men!"

No less enthusiastic was a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1857, who proposed to choose a wife by the standard of his pipe.

"Tube, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy color let me find,
In her skin and in her mind."
Let her 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.
Often 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, when'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies."

The manufacture of Tobacco for the pipe is
an art in itself, the secrets of which we will not
betray by any description in this hasty sketch.
The varieties of this Tobacco are numbered in
myriads, and are constantly receiving new names
or new additions. Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky,
and Ohio supply most of the American varieties
for the pipe. Venezuela boasts the production
of the "Kanaster," so highly beloved on the Conti-
ment of Europe. The Orientals point with pardon-
able pride to the superb quality of Turkish
Tobacco, and especially to the varieties produced
in Salonica, in Roumelia, and Latakia, the ancient
Laodicea, in Northern Syria.

Pipes are made of all sorts of materials and in
all shapes and forms. There is no general rule for judging as to their relative excellence, unless it be their quality of absorbing the empyreumatic oil which is produced by the burning of the Tobacco. According to this standard the materials most commonly used may be classified as follows: 1. The corn-cob; 2. Soft earthen pipes; 3. Meerschaum; 4. Hard earthen pipes; 5. Wooden pipes; 6. Porcelain pipes; 7. Metallic pipes.

The corn-cob, the "American pipe," which has been immortalized as the favorite of General Jackson, takes the lead as the most wholesome of all pipes, on account of its dryness and sponginess, which immediately absorb the oil. It is true, it soon becomes foul, but then, it is inexpensive, and may be easily replaced by a new one. The democratic, plain and simple clay-pipe, or "cutty," comes next to it in absorbing quality. It is the historical pipe, its antiquity gaining it the first place in the veneration of smokers. It is still the pipe of the millions, and can never be replaced in the point of cheapness, popularity, and general utility.

The meerschaum forms the aristocracy among pipes. It is soft and light as a fleeting dream, creamy, delicate and sweet as the complexion of young maidenhood. It is the "apple of the eye" of the refined smoker, and though its care may give him endless anxiety, yet there is no other pipe that can give him equal pleasure. The
name' meerschaum," which means literally "sea-foam," may have its origin in the fact that pieces of the mineral, washed out of the sea-beach, are occasionally found floating on the Black Sea. Or it may be a German corruption of the word myrsén, which is the native name for this substance in its Asiatic home. It is, in its original state, an earthy mineral, composed chiefly of silica, magnesium, carbonic acid, and water. It is soft, smooth, and porous, and so light that it floats in water. The greatest quantity of the mineral is found in various parts of Asia Minor, where it is mined out of the plains by means of pits and galleries. The centres of the Meerschaum-pipe industry are, at present, Vienna, and Ruhla in Thuringia. The pipe, after being carved or turned into its proper shape, is rubbed with glass-paper, boiled in wax, spermaceti, or stearine, and polished with bone-ashes or chalk.

For "solid comfort," constant wear and tear, durability, and general respectability, we know of no pipe equal to the "Briar," which, after all, is no "Briar" at all, but made from the root of the Tree-heath (Erica arborea) or the Smilax laurifolia, which grow in the south of Europe. Leghorn, in Italy, is the centre of the industry of briar-pipes. The roots, taken out of their native ground, are here shaped into little blocks of various sizes, which are allowed to simmer for twelve hours in
a liquid of special preparation, until they acquire a fine yellowish-brown color. The blocks are then exported to Nuremberg in Bavaria, or to St. Claude, in the Jura region of France, where they are bored, finished, and distributed as "French Briars." This English name is a corruption of the French word "bruyère," which means, simply, heather or furze.

The German porcelain pipe, though its material is non-absorbent, makes up, hygienically, by its lower receptacle for collecting the oil, and by the great length of the stem, through which the smoke reaches the mouth, cool and free of impurities. Metallic pipes, made of silver, brass, or iron, are now going out of fashion, but are of national use in Thibet. They are entirely impracticable, being easily heated, non-absorbent, and conveying the smoke hot enough to burn the tongue.

The study of pipes, in their various forms, is an interesting branch of the Social sciences, such as History and Ethnology. Instructive collections have been made by many persons; the largest ever formed—consisting of no less than seven thousand specimens—was owned by Mr. William Bragge, of Birmingham. It included every imaginable variety, except one, which is unique in kind, and known as "her British Majesty's own tobacco pipe." Lest we give too great a shock to the fair readers—if these pages
they acquire blocks are then or to St. Claude, where they are bored. "French Briars." This is the French word heather or furze.

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various forms, is tical sciences, such instructive collection any persons; the of no less than is owned by Mr. m. It included at one, which is as "her British Lest we give too s—if these pages

should be honored by any such—we will hasten to explain that this term is popularly applied in England to a large cylindrical kiln, in which damaged Tobacco is burnt by the custom-house authorities.

Yet a few words about some of the paraphernalia of smoking—the Tobacco-jar and the pipe-stopper. In this country handsome and convenient Tobacco-boxes or bags are generally supplied by the manufacturers of the Tobacco. But in Europe, where the Tobacco is more often bought in paper packages, or loose, by the pound, much attention is given to the ornamentation of the home receptacles of the Tobacco. In Germany, especially, a handsome Tobacco-pouch is a "joy forever," and ladies spend much time and labor in embroidering Tobacco-bags as presents to their smoking admirers. The old Tobacco-box, of the Elizabethan and the subsequent eras, was generally oblong, and contained all the requirements of the smoker, including the pipe, the Tobacco, the stopper, and the materials for lighting the pipe. The boxes were made of silver, porcelain, horn, glass, or tin. Wealthy or enthusiastic smokers often had their boxes furnished with mottoes or inscriptions. As a sample of these latter we reproduce the following:

"Three hundred years ago or soe
One worthy knight and gentlemanne
Did bring me here to charm and chere
Ye physical and mental manne.
God rest his soule who filled ye bowl
And may our blessings finde him,
That he not misse some share of blisse
Who left so much behinde him.”

Tobacco-stoppers also were formerly much in use, and were made in diverse forms and of various materials, such as wood, bone, ivory, mother-of-pearl, or silver. Hawthorne, our oft-quoted philosopher of smoking, in describing, step by step, the whole process of smoking a peaceful pipe, treats of this particular subject in an exceedingly practical manner. “But we must use our Tobacco-stopper! The heated embers have started up so high as to be insecure, and require repression. And what shall our Tobacco-stopper be? I believe such things are made of malice prepense, for the especial purpose; but I fancy only fine-weather smokers use them—dilettanti, who would not scruple to puncture the end of their cigar with a pin instead of biting it off in an honest and manly way. The name of our Tobacco-stopper is legion; a pencil, a knife-handle, a twist of paper, the ferrule of a cane, the cork out of the ink-bottle, and, most favorite of all, an old silver seal on a cornelian shaft. Of all, however, not one happens to be within reach; we will not wrong ourselves by getting up from our chair to search but will e’en use the top of our middle finger, which, to tell truth, has
done the business innumerable times before, and will most likely be the chief operator in the future. We feel the fine prick of the heat as we stamp down the ashes, and our finger-tip is ash-coated when we withdraw it. But we are not disturbed; the smoker is by nature a philosopher, and will not much repine even should he find a little brown-edged hole or two on the knee of his broadcloth pantaloons—traces of the burning tears of affection which pipes occasionally shed."

Simple as nature itself is this sort of a Tobaccostopper; yet there are fingers not adapted for this purpose. Isaac Newton, another famous philosopher, found this out to his cost. It is recorded of him, that on one memorable occasion, when smoking absorbedly at the side of the intended Mrs. Newton, and affectionately holding her hand in his, he mistook her forefinger for his own, in using it to stamp down the ashes in his pipe. The effect of this excusable slip was quite surprising. The young lady took such exception to the act and to the smoker himself, that the engagement was broken. The moral lesson of this story is obvious.

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THE USES AND PLEASURES OF TOBACCO.

The uses, pleasures, and benefits of Tobacco, when taken in the moderation that common sense alone can prescribe, are many in number, degree, and quality: positive and negative, mental and physical. As a narcotic it absorbs and removes all sorts of natural obstructions and malignities that trouble man, and as a stimulant it is of use and delight in calling forth new forces of life and activity. Even the ashes of the plant can be made of use. Mingled with camphorated chalk, they offer an excellent tooth-powder. Ground with poppy oil, they give the painter a varied series of delicate grays.

Beginning with the most humble of its services to man, we find Tobacco the great friend of gardeners and plant-lovers, by whom it is employed as the best-known exterminator of plant-vermin. Gardeners sprinkle their crops with Tobacco-water, to the destruction of grubs and various other insects. Florists fumigate their hot-houses by burning Tobacco-stalks, and, presto, the lice disappear. It is on the same principle that smokers are less troubled by the attacks of fleas, bed-bugs,
BENEFITS OF TOBACCO.

The benefits of Tobacco, that common sense in number, degree, negative, mental and sorbs and removes malignities it is of use forces of life a plant can be made a plant, it is supposed to "cure any gripe, dole, imposture, or obstruction proceeding from cold or wind, especially in the head or breast. The fume taken in a pipe is good against rume, catarrhs, hoarseness, ache in the head, stomache, lungs, breast: also in want of meat, drink, sleep, or rest." It is still regarded as an important remedy in both the new and the old schools of medicine.

Every smoker knows the benefit of Tobacco as an aid to the digestion. What magic power is there in a cigar or a pipe, which, after a hearty dinner, instantly dissipates every feeling of heaviness and
discomfort, that clears the brain, and sends a gentle wave of ease and thorough comfort through every limb? Physicians tell us that, in taking a post-prandial smoke, “in the first place we stimulate or increase the normal activity of the sympathetic system of nerves, which is immediately affected by Tobacco. By so doing we slightly increase the secretion of saliva, and of the gastric, pancreatic, and intestinal juices. We accomplish these all-important secretory actions with a smaller discharge of nerve force; we economize nerve force in digestion, and by this we mean to say that we perform the work of digesting food just as well as before, and still have more of the co-ordinating and controlling nerve-power left, with which to perform the other functions of life. Thus at the outset Tobacco exhibits itself as an economizer of life.” (Fiske.)

“THERE are four ways,” says the authority quoted just above, “in which Tobacco may exhibit its effects upon the nutrition of the body.

“1. In stimulant doses, by improving nutrition, it may increase the normal weight.

“2. In stimulant doses, by improving nutrition, it may cause a diminution of weight abnormally produced.

“3. In narcotic doses, by impairing nutrition, it may cause emaciation.

“4. In narcotic doses, by impairing nutrition,
sends a general comfort through the system that, in taking a first place we stimulate the activity of the sympathetic nervous system immediately and of the gastric, visceral nerves. We accomplish stimulations with a smaller quantity of Tobacco than we mean to say that we reduce food just as well as the co-ordinating and distributing power with which to perform these. Thus at the outset Tobacco is an *economizer of life*.

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WHAT Tobacco is to a sailor may be seen from the following letter, written by an English “tar:"

"Dear Brother Tom:

"This comes hopein to find you in good health, as it leaves me safe anchord here yistday, arter a pleasant voyage tolrable short and a few squalls.—Dear Tom—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortenly not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, Captain’s boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black boy in 7 diles, where go acks for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts ony took 2 whereof one is quite wored out and tuther most, but don’t forget the pig-tail, as I aint had a quid to chor never since Thurs-day. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I likes um long—get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, acks for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain’s boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or there-abouts. Not so particler for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but dont forget the pigtail without fail, so am your loving brother,

"P. S.—Don’t forget the pig-tail."

"J. P.

Of all the benefits of Tobacco to the human system, the brain, and thus the mind, receives probably the largest share. The little papillae of the tongue and the ramifications of the olfactory nerves in the nostrils open their tiny mouths
and drink in eagerly the finest essences of the stimulant, which are, post-haste, sent directly to "headquarters," where, if the brain be dull and weary, they act as fresh fuel to a smoldering fire, or if it be unduly excited, they bring tranquillity, as oil upon troubled waters. "The bowl that cheereth, but inebrieth not" has been fitly interpreted as meaning the pipe-bowl.

Thus sings a poet of former days:

"Blest be his shade, may laurels ever bloom,
And breathing sweets exhale around his tomb,
Whose penetrating nostrils taught mankind
First how by snuff to rouse the sleeping mind."

(Arbuckle.)

Nor do snuffers alone monopolize this benefit of Tobacco. Here is the experience of a solitary smoker:

"But if you are a bachelor, like me,
And spurn all chains, even though made of roses,
I'd recommend cigars—there is a free
And happy spirit that, unseen, reposes
On the dim, shadowy clouds that hover o'er you,
When smoking quietly, with a warm fire before you."

(Halleck.)

And Bulwer adds this contribution to the philosophy of smoking:

"He who doth not smoke hath either known
So great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest
consolation next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that. Jupiter, hang out thy balance and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed."

Wise is the woman who looks not upon a pipe as the rival to her husband's love, but regards it rather as her friend and ally in keeping her worse half good-natured and in her subjection. Why grudge him his after-dinner smoke? Then is the time a diplomatic wife will find him most interested in the proposed new bonnet, most lenient with the latest bargains, and other little feminine failings. Depend upon it, Tobacco is the great soother of domestic differences; the pipe the magic wand that in a whiff disperses the host of petty cares and irritations.

A PHILосOPHIC German poet, Friedrich Marc, gives the following happy tribute to the grief-dispersing, comfort-bearing virtue of the cigar:
Which comes from man? whispers woman teases as half the sorrows soothe. Woman are young and ugly, woman lole, then, woman Jupiter, hang out and if thou all I can say is, see, O Jupiter, try

is not upon a pipe love, but regards it keeping her worse subjection. Why smoke? Then is the him most inter-kenet, most lenient rather little feminine tobacco is the great lines; the pipe the sperses the host of

Friedrich Marc, in a tribute to the griev- of the cigar:

"The warmth of thy glow, 
Well-lighted cigar, 
Makes happy thoughts flow, 
And drives sorrow afar.

"The stronger the wind blows, 
The brighter thou burnest! 
The dreariest of life's woes 
Less gloomy thou turnest.

"As I feel on my lip 
Thy unselfish kiss; 
Like thy flame-coloured tip, 
All is rosy-hued bliss.

"No longer does sorrow 
Lay weight on my heart; 
And all fears of the morrow 
In joy-dreams depart.

"Sweet cheerer of sadness! 
Soft beckoning star! 
I greet thee with gladness, 
My friendly cigar."

"THE GREAT Peace-maker" is, perhaps, the proudest of Tobacco's many titles. Its benificent influence upon belligerent mankind has been, and is most wonderful. Over the pipe of peace the savage bands of our native forests settled their bloody disputes. Over a friendly, sociable cigar modern diplomats arbitrate international complications. Who knows but that many a war may have been averted of late years, and millions of human lives saved by the timely introduction of
the cigar-box. Lord Clarendon, the famous English statesman, held, that "Tobacco is the key to diplomacy." "Diplomacy is entirely a question of the weed. I can always settle a quarrel if I know beforehand whether the plenipotentiary smokes Cavendish, Latakia, or Shag." Prince Bismarck believes in the same policy, which, in the common affairs of life, is confirmed by the daily experience of every business man.

A sociable smoke opens the flow of soul where frozen dullness reigned before. It makes men take larger, loftier views of principles and persons. It induces patience and mutual forbearance, generosity and general good feeling. Yet two more of its benefits: it develops and nourishes the sense of humor, and, perhaps the greatest of its blessings, it makes men more silent, compels them to do less mischief with their tongues, and renders them, instead, more thoughtful and deliberate.

The angler is a noble specimen of what smoking does for a man. Angling without smoking is unthinkable. The smoking fisherman is wide-awake yet patient, eager yet quiet. Talking is a nuisance to him. It disturbs the fish and endangers the light of the pipe. Good old Izaak Walton himself was a capital smoker, as appears from his immortal book, The Complete Angler. His followers have kept up the custom with pleasure and profit. In no situation is a smoker more content than
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when sitting with his pipe and rod under the

shade of a tree upon the cool bank of a pleasant

stream, contemplating the float and the ever-vary-

ing life of man, far away alike from mosquitoes

and “from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife.”

SMOKING, no less than angling, is well termed

“the contemplative man’s recreation.” Most

smokers are thoughtful men, and the greatest

thinkers have also been smokers. Smoking, as it

were, liberates the mind from the gross material

body, and as the airy clouds and ringlets ascend

on high, the thoughts unbound by space and time
take a similar upward flight. Well has old Sir

Robert Ayton expressed this process in a sonnet:

“Forsaken of all comforts but these two,

My faggot and my pipe, I sit to muse

On all my crosses, and almost excuse

The Heavens for dealing with me as they do.

When Hope steps in, and with a smiling brow,

Such cheerful expectations doth infuse

As make me think ere long I cannot choose

But be some grandee, whatso’er I’m now.

But having spent my pipe, I then perceive

That hopes and dreams are cousins—both deceive.

Then mark I this conclusion in my mind,

It’s all one thing—both tend into one scope—

To live upon Tobacco and on Hope,

The one’s but smoke, the other is but wind.”

No less instructive is the following analogy be-

tween Tobacco and the life of man:
"Tobacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
It shows our decay, we are but clay:
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

"The pipe that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—man's life is such:
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

"The pipe that is so foul within,
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin,
And then the fire it doth require:
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

"The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us a"! in mind,
That unto dust return we must:
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

"The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shows us man's life must have an end;
The vapor's gone—man's life is done:
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco."

—From "Pills to purge Melancholy," edited by D'Urfey, in 1719.

But, aside of all these benefits and uses of Tobacco, what use is greater than the pleasure itself which it gives to mankind? "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There is a positive, a most important use in every innocent pleasure that man is able to enjoy. What is life without delight but a dreary waste or a lifeless mechanism? And every smoker who has not, by sheer excess,
ruined his ability to enjoy Tobacco in an innocent manner, knows that there are few, if any, physical pleasures that are more constant, more inexpensive, more delightful, and more generally helpful to mind and body than the pleasure of smoking. “Tobacco, coffea, opium, and wine,” says an epicurean proverb of the Turks, “are the four elements of the world of enjoyment, the four pillows of the couch of pleasure.” We would reduce these to the two simple substances, Wine and Tobacco, twin monarchs of the world of harmless enjoyment, when used in the manner in which they were intended.

The all-embracing pleasures of smoking have been summed up thus:

“A pipe of the Nicotian leaf
Is true nepenthe balm for every grief,
While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstatic pleasure.

“You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl,
Hear the soft murmuring of the burning coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew,
Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies, up-floating to their home.”

(John Brougham.)
IV.

THE HYGIENE AND ETIQUETTE OF TOBACCO.

From the time of "sainted" King James I until the present day the controversy on the "Tobacco question" has raged continuously. Monarchs have legislated against the use of the stimulant; doctors have held it up as the cause of nearly all diseases that have afflicted humanity; reformers and "cranks" of all descriptions have proved it to their own satisfaction the greatest of all spiritual, moral, and social evils. But oppression, theorizing, ridicule, and denunciations have made Tobacco only the more popular. Undisturbed by the tempest on the surface, the silent substrata of the smoking world have continued quietly but persistently to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of the great soothing and comforting equalizer of human existence.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" And never was there such a disagreement amongst them as on the subject of Tobacco. In such a case, what can the simple-hearted smoker do but to accept the situation such as it is, think according to his own judgment, and do his own sweet
pleasure, unruffled by the outcries of well-meaning but misguided zealots who would offer him toothpicks and soda-water for the pipe and the flagon.

"Slowly, but surely," they tell us, "Tobacco is undermining the physical and mental vitality of the race, shortening the life of the individual, ruin- ing the nervous system, vitiating the blood, poisoning the brain, inducing loss of memory, insanity," etc., etc. Without entering, here, upon the rationale of the question, we would merely venture to ask for an explanation of the fact that the human race is still in existence, after centuries of continuous and universal indulgence in the "deadly" Tobacco habit; how it is that the average length of human life is as great now as it ever was; that men—of whom nine out of ten are smokers—are not less vigorous, healthy, and long-lived than their female counterparts, who as a rule abstain from the use of Tobacco? Stubborn facts these, which the theorists, in lack of more palpable materials, may put into their pipe and smoke to aid their mental digestion.

If Tobacco shortens the life, how is it that we hear almost daily of men who have lived to the age of eighty or ninety years, or even longer, in daily intercourse with their pipe or quid? Instances such as these may not prove that men must smoke, but are of at least equal weight in the argument with those shining examples of long-
lived non-smokers which the reformers hold up before a sinful world.

"When a man begins to smoke he immediately becomes a hog!" We must believe this profound axiom on no less an authority than Horace Greeley. Alas for dear old Horace! With even more reason might he have been answered: "When a man begins to vapor thus he immediately becomes an ass!" It reminds us of a clergyman who said to another in the same office: "Brother, is it possible you smoke Tobacco? Pray, give up the unseemly practice. Even a pig would not smoke so vile a weed." "My dear brother," was the mild reply, "do you smoke?" "Indeed not!" (with virtuous horror). "Then, dear brother, who is more like the pig—you or I?"

"But smoking makes men selfish, and oblivious to the comfort of others." We have known of a few individuals of the human race who were selfish even before they began the practice, and occasionally a non-smoker is met with who would not be ready to give up everything for his neighbor. On the other hand, history tells of some smokers who have been brave patriots, loving husbands and fathers, steadfast friends, refined and gallant gentlemen. Was this in spite of smoking, or on account of smoking, or quite independently of smoking? "Well, but smoking certainly leads to drinking." Yes! in the same way that drinking leads to eating.
The social glass does seem incomplete without the cigar, and the pleasure of smoking is enhanced by wine. We confess this awful heresy without a blush on our brow. Both wine and Tobacco were given by a bountiful Providence for the right use and enjoyment of man. Like two good friends they balance each other, and, as it were, rub off each other's corners by mutual solution and absorption. But, pray, distinguish between drinking and drunkenness. Some nations, such as the English and German, are free drinkers and great smokers, but then our Teutonic and Saxon ancestors drank even more in the barbarous times, when smoking was unknown. Consider, on the other hand, the romantic nations—Italians, Spaniards, South Americans. They smoke as freely as other people, yet drunkenness is practically unknown amongst them. Let our zealous world-menders spend their energies in the all-absorbing occupation of "minding their own affairs," in combating the real evils, of which our and their own nature have a common share. But this may be less attractive than to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The real question at issue is not the one of use or no use, but of use or abuse. While Nicotine, in its essential, extracted state is admitted to be a poison—a drop of it being enough to kill a cat
instantly—this does not make Tobacco a poison any more than a leg of mutton is poison, even though there is enough salt of potash in it to kill anybody who would be foolish enough to extract it from the meat and eat it. There is poison in almost anything you can think of, if it be chemically separated from its harmonious combination with other substances, even as a certain amount of self-love enters into almost every thought, affection, or act of the man of this world. But this should not prevent us from enjoying the good things of the world or from accepting unsuspectingly the kind offices of our fellow-men. It is not wine that makes the drunkard or gold that makes the thief. It is the blind ignorance, or the false persuasions, or the willfully evil intentions that substitute abuse for legitimate use.

"But even a moderate use of Tobacco is, at the very outset, repugnant and immediately harmful to human nature. Every smoker can and must acknowledge this out of his own experience." Even so can the sailor or the traveler bear witness to the unpleasant effects of his first sea-voyage. The second smoke and the second voyage is generally attended by less inconveniences. Almost every acquired taste or habit is at first unpleasant. Pickled olives, raw oysters, or tomatoes, and many other things, are, in most cases, at first utterly repulsive, even sickening, to the foreigner. Yet
how soon does he not become accustomed to these good things? Every acquaintance is more or less strange on the first introduction. Against some we may even conceive a violent dislike and prejudice at first sight, yet in the end they may prove themselves trustworthy and life-long friends.

The moral of our philosophy is this simple one, that men may smoke, but should not over-smoke. The effects of the abuse of Tobacco are many and serious. We cannot enter, here, upon an enumeration of all the symptoms thus produced, but may state in general that, though even raw excess has never been known to originate a specific disease, still it reduces the system to a low condition, making it unfit to fight against ailments brought on by other causes. Children and young people, whose systems have not yet reached maturity, and whose minds have not yet developed the rationality which can discern between use and abuse, should be withheld, in toto, from indulgence in Tobacco; they have vitality enough without the stimulant, and the premature irritation of the tender nerves may induce permanent injury. But probably the greatest harm of Tobacco to the immature is that its use, like that of spirituous liquors, introduces them prematurely into the state of manhood. The ill effects are thus more mental than physical, but are, in consequence, the more to be avoided.
MEMBERS and friends of the "Anti-Tobacco League" are freely offered whatever comfort they may be able to derive from the following report of a speech by Professor Huxley, delivered at a meeting of the "British Association," when the subject of smoking was under debate. "For forty years of my life," said this great scientist, "Tobacco has been a deadly foe to me." (Loud cheers from the anti-tobacconists.) "In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain! At every fresh attempt my insidious foe stretched me prostrate on the floor." (Repeated cheers.) "I entered the navy; again I tried to smoke, and again met with a defeat. I hated Tobacco. I could almost have lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of Tobacco smokers to death." (Vociferous applause.) "A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke. They looked very unhappy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar." (Murmurs.) "I did so." (Great expectations.) "I smoked that cigar. It was delicious." (Groans.) "From that moment I was a changed man; and I now feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practise, and is productive of good." (Dismay and confusion of the anti-tobacconists. Roars of laughter from the smokers.) "There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by
drinking too much green tea, and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part, I would consider that Tobacco, in moderation, is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper.” (Total rout of the anti-tobacconists, and complete triumph of the smokers.)

The controversy has been well epitomized in the following “Ode to Tobacco,” which our asceticbrethren may hymn to the tune of “The skeleton in armor:”

“Thou who, when fears attack,  
Bids them a vaunt; and black  
Care, at the horseman’s back  
Perching, unseasteat;  
Sweet when the morn is gray;  
Sweet, when they’ve cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,  
Not to thy credit;  
How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost—  
Useless, except to roast—  
Doctors have said it.

“How they who use fusees  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards;”
Go mad, and beat their wives
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

“Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbors;
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J—)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labors.

“Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by Tobacco-juice;
Still, why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
‘Cranks’ be forsaken!”

(C. S. Calverley).

We may now be permitted to offer our fellow-sinners the following practical hints as to the Hygiene and Etiquette of smoking—the results, not of our own unaided wisdom, but of the collective experience of many generations.

First and last, be moderate in your use of Tobacco as in your use of anything else. Don't ask anybody else how much you should smoke. You are your own and only judge. To some men one single cigar or pipe may be excess. To others half
Every man of common sense can soon tell how much is good for him on any particular occasion. When you feel the least inconvenience it is the right time to stop. If, by excess, you have entirely lost your self-control, you had better "swear off" altogether for a time. Rest is very useful after a hard run. But don't blame the Tobacco for your condition. Blame yourself alone. Freedom is the most precious thing of human life. Don't permit yourself to become a slave to Tobacco, or, to speak more correctly, to your own blind and greedy appetite. Be a man!

When you smoke, smoke good Tobacco, so as not to give unnecessary offense to "the weaker brethren." Be intelligent in your pleasures as you are in your business. Make a study of Tobacco in its various forms and qualities and brands, and find that which best suits your system and your tastes. Treat your smoking materials with care and consideration as you would your friends. Be careful to keep your Tobacco dry and fresh. (Do not keep your friends dry, however.) In smoking dry Tobacco, the Nicotine almost entirely evaporates into the air, as it becomes volatile at the temper of combustion. But if the Tobacco be moist, the Nicotine is dissolved in the humidity, and enters with it into the system of the smoker. For the same reason, don't
smoke a cigar to the last end, and don't chew the stump!

The questions of "where" and "when" are also of importance to the scientific and considerate smoker. Following the depraved instincts of human nature, many veteran smokers prefer a small close den in offering their incense to the genius of Nicotiana. Yet the fact remains that smoking is most wholesome in the open air (when the wind is not too high), or in a large, well-ventilated room. Again, and as a general rule, don't smoke on an empty stomach just before a meal. The absorption of the Nicotine, under such conditions, takes place more rapidly, as the absorbing vessels on your tongue then open wide their hungry little mouths. The secretion of saliva, also, which is so necessary to the proper digestion of food, is then unduly excited, and brings on an equally undue stimulation of the gastric glands, which, in consequence, pour their juice into the empty stomach, and produce a feeling of nausea and constriction. Smoking before the meal, therefore, causes a sheer waste of the alimentary forces. But after dinner! Then the profit and pleasure of smoking become fully demonstrated.

How to smoke? The golden rule of moderation involves the "festina lente," "hasten slowly." The more slowly you smoke, the more gradual is
Don't chew the coffee-beans, cloves, peppermint, or scented pellets to neutralize the stale odor of the Tobacco. A simple gargle of water, especially when it is heated, will do more to propitiate your wife or sweetheart than any spices or perfumes.

The absorption of the Nicotine, and the more prolonged is the pleasure of smoking. Be composed, and ever under perfect self-control. Greed is at all times unworthy of true manhood. And don't indulge in the habit of swallowing or inhaling the smoke. While it never actually enters the lungs, as is supposed by many, yet it is apt to produce irritation of the tender organs in the back of the mouth and the respiratory channels. This is a frequent cause of the disease known as "the smoker's sore throat." Be cleanly in your smoking. Keep your pipe clean and sweet. A dirty pipe is one of the most offensive things under the sun, and one of the most unwholesome. The oftener you clean it—or, better still, replace it for a new one—the less Nicotine will be absorbed into your system. And if you clean your pipe frequently, why not then also your mouth which is the continuation of your pipe? The creosote, which is developed in the burning of the Tobacco, settles on your teeth and mouth, and is really more injurious than the small amount of Nicotine which you may absorb. Remove it, and sweeten your breath at the same time, by the application of water. Don't chew coffee-beans, cloves, peppermint, or scented pellets to neutralize the stale odor of the Tobacco. A simple gargle of water, especially when it is heated, will do more to propitiate your wife or sweetheart than any spices or perfumes.
By all that is wholesome, dear smoker, don't indulge in the habit of spitting. You are wasting one of the best and most necessary assistants to your digestion. "Habitual spitting," says Fiske, "incites the salivary glands to excessive secretion, thereby weakening the system to a surprising extent, and probably lowering nutrition. Many temperate smokers, who think themselves hurt by Tobacco, are probably hurt only because, though in all other respects gentlemen, they will persist in the filthy habit of spitting. There is no excuse for the habit, for with very little practice the desire to get rid of the saliva entirely ceases, and is never felt again."

In conclusion, do not let the pleasure of smoking interfere with your quality as a gentleman, as a charitable man, and above all, as a lover and husband. Consider that there are many to whom the smell of your cigar or pipe is unpleasant and even sickening. Do not insist upon smoking in the presence of such unfortunates, even though they should give a half-forced permission. Would you be less charitable than they? Life is long, and there will be other opportunities for your enjoyment. And above all, be gallant and considerate to the gentle sex. The company of ladies is, or ought to be, a pleasure and benefit greater even than that of smoking. Your sweetheart or wife is after all your best, most intimate, most dear and
your smoker, don't 
You are wasting 
mary assistants to 
thing," says Fiske, 
cessive secretion, 
a surprising ex-
. Many tem-
ives hurt by To-
cause, though in 
ny will persist in 
ere is no excuse 
practice the de-
ly ceases, and is 

pleasure of smok-
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Life is long, and 
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any of ladies is, or 
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etheart or wife is 
te, most dear and 

valuable friend. If she cannot overcome her dis-
like to the smell of Tobacco upon your lips—and 
remember that women cannot and ought not to 
be forced—then, well, remember that water is 
plentiful, and will, in most cases, remove the 
obstacle that may hinder the sweet meeting of 
her lips with yours.
V.

THE HISTORY OF TOBACCO.

Risking the probability of being denounced on all hands as "unscientific," we venture to ascribe to Tobacco-smoking an antiquity far greater than is generally conceded. Its origin can be distinctly traced to Olympus itself. Is it to be supposed that Jupiter was so un inventive as not to have known how to find peace of mind in the comfort of a pipe, after his many domestic difficulties? Was not the goddess of love and beauty and pleasure born out of the foam of the sea? Do we not here see the origin of "Meerschaum"? Pan, the merry reveller of the woods, invented the first pipe, as we are told. Necessity, the mother of inventions, drove him to discover the original instrument of smoking.

The monuments of Ancient Egypt clearly support our theory. Here we find depicted merry parties of smokers, puffing over a fire through enormous tubes. Soulless scientists claim, indeed, that these were nothing but glass-blowers, but this proves nothing. Do not glass-blowers even now smoke pipes?
STUDENTS of the Classics are well acquainted with the famous stanza of old father Homer:

"Ολὸς Κόλε ἕας ἀμέρρει ἄλος ἄλος
καὶ ἕας ἀμέρρει ἄλος ἄλος ἄλος ἄλος

"Πε κάλλεδ φορ ἔς Πίπε, ἔς ἕε κάλλεδ φορ ἓς ὥλος,
καὶ ἕε κάλλεδ φορ ἓς φιδλερς ὁρεί.""

Translated, literally, this verse reads:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

What clearer proofs can be given to show that pipe-smoking was well known both to the Greeks and the ancient Britons?

Then we have the "Fairy pipes," or "Celtic pipes," which have been found in close proximity to certain remains from the Roman occupation of Ireland. One of these pipes was found in Kildare, in 1784, still sticking in the mouth of a skull of unquestioned antiquity. Again skeptical scientists came forth to prove that the pipe was a common clay from the Elizabethan period, which some practical joker had stuck between the teeth of the venerable skeleton. "Science" will next prove that a moon is a green cheese!

Thus much for prehistoric smoking. Coming down to cold "facts," we learn that the custom of
Tobacco-smoking first became known to Europeans in the first week of November, of the memorable year 1492. The discoverers of this universal blessing to mankind were two simple sailors whom Columbus had sent to explore Cuba. Returning to the ships, they reported that the natives had a strange habit of carrying with them lighted firebrands, and puffing out smoke from their mouths and nostrils. Upon further investigation they found that the "firebrands" consisted of the dried leaves of a certain plant which were rolled up in the leaves of the Indian corn.

In other islands the voyagers discovered another method of inhaling the smoke. The Caribbees would scatter the dried leaves of the mysterious plant upon glowing embers and receive the smoke through a hollow instrument made in the shape of the letter Y. The upper tubes they would thrust into their nostrils and the lower one into the smoke. The plant was called Kohiba, and the instrument Tobago. The Spaniards, afterward, came to call the plant itself Tobacco.

The first exact description of the plant and the methods of using it was published in 1526 by Don Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo, viceroy of San Domingo. He is said to have introduced the plant into Spain, where it was cultivated for ornamental purposes in gardens. Other authorities state that a Spanish physician, Francesco Her-
of the plant and published in 1526 by Viede, viceroy of Guatemala, introduced the plant which were cultivated for ornamental purposes. Other authorities have Francesco Herandez, about the year 1560, first brought the plant to Spain, as a present to his "Most Catholic" Majesty, Philip the Second. Would that this surly tyrant had adopted the habit of smoking as a sweetener of his temper!

In the year 1561, Tobacco was introduced into France by Jean Nicot, Lord of Villermain, "Master of Requests of the French King's household." He had been sent to Lisbon in 1559 as an ambassador to the Portuguese Court, and while there he accidentally discovered the medicinal values of the plant. Upon his return to Paris he presented the Queen, Catharine de Medicis, with some specimens of the wonderful herb, which, in her honor, he named *Herbe de la Reine*. The Queen being deservedly unpopular, this name soon fell into disuse, and was replaced by the name *Nicotiana*, in honor of the original importer. Under this designation the plant became known to scientists in many parts of Europe, and the name still survives in that of *Nicotine*, or the essential spirit of Tobacco.

Various dates have been given for the time of the introduction of Tobacco into England. Some authorities give the year 1565, others 1577, and others again 1586, but we may safely say that its introduction took place at the period of England's rise to the position of a first-class power. May not this political development have been a result...
of the new inspiration which Tobacco brought into the island? 

**Quien sabe!**

**THE EARLIEST** detailed account of Tobacco in the English language appeared in a volume translated from the Spanish and published at London, in the year 1577, under the happy title, "**Joyfull newes oute of the newe founde worlde.**" The best authorities state that the plant itself was not brought to England before the year 1586, and that the original English smoker was Mr. Ralph Lane, whom Sir Walter Raleigh had sent out as Governor of Virginia. Sir Walter himself, however, is the hero to whom English smokers point with pride as the one who made smoking popular. Like every benefactor of humanity, he at first had to meet discouragement from the ignorant. Tradition has it that his servant, on entering the room where Raleigh was enjoying his newly-found pipe, threw a bowlful of beer over his master to quench the "fire" in his smoking nose.

**Sir Walter** was a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth, who—unprejudiced woman that she was—permitted him to smoke his pipe in her presence. It is even said that she went as far as to take an occasional puff herself out of a pipe constructed of a walnut-shell and a straw. Once she made a wager with her favorite that he could not tell the exact quantity of smoke that there
was in a pound of Tobacco. It is said that Raleigh won the wager by burning the pound of Tobacco and then weighing the ashes, the difference in the weight proving the weight of the smoke. The Queen promptly paid her wager, remarking that though she had known many who had turned gold into smoke, he was the first she had found who could turn smoke into gold.

After the death of this liberal-minded queen, Sir Walter Raleigh, as well as his Tobacco, fell into great disfavor with her successor, the stupid, pedantic tyrant, James I. But Sir Walter remained faithful to his pipe through all his adversities, and took his last smoke just before going to his execution. A contemporary historian, Aubrey, relates that "he tooke a pipe of Tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some female persons were scandalized at; but I think 'twas well and properly done to settle his spirits."

Ten years after its first introduction, the habit of smoking or "drinking" Tobacco, as it then was termed, was thoroughly rooted in England. Physicians everywhere extolled its many healing properties, and the gallants of the court, who quickly recognized its social virtues, led the whole people into the fashion of smoking. The manners of that day are well described by a contemporary writer, Dekker, in The Gull's Horn-book (1602): "Before the meat came smoking to the board, our gallant
must draw out his Tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostrils, the tongs and priming-iron; all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it. Then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, etc., for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect."

This was the golden age of Tobacco in England, when poets sung of it and authors wrote of it, when the clergy recommended it and doctors prescribed it. The literature of the period is full of allusions to the all-prevailing custom. The doughty knight of the pen, Ben Jonson, delivered himself thus on the subject through "Captain Bobadil" in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1598): "I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, that Tobacco is the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." Noble sentiments, these, which the author took good care not to repeat a few years later, when a "Counterblast to Tobacco" blew from the English throne.

Samuel Rowlands, a poet of the Elizabethan era, has enriched the literature of Tobacco by the following quaint effusion in its praise:

"Who durst dispraise Tobacco whilst the smoke is in my nose,
Or say but, Fah! my pipe doth smell? I would I knew but those
Durst offer such indignity to that which I prefer,
For all the brood of blackamoors will swear I do not err.
In taking this same worthy whiff with valiant cavalier,
But that will make his nostrils smoke, at cupps of wine
or beer.
When as my purse cannot afford my stomach flesh or fish,
I sup with smoke, and feed as well and fat as one can wish.
Come into any company though not a pence you have,
Yet offer them Tobacco, and their liquor you shall have.
They say old hospitalitie kept chimnies smoking still;
Now what your chimnies want of that, our smoking noses will.
'Much victuals serve for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
'But he's a frugal man, indeed, that with a leaf can dine,
'And needs no napkin for his hands his finger's end to wipe,
'But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe.'
'This is the way to help down years, a meal a day's enough;
Take out Tobacco for the rest by pipe or else by snuff,
And you shall find it physical; a corpulent, fat man,
Within a year shall shrink so small that one his guts shall span.
It's full of physic's rare effects, it worketh sundry ways,
The leaf, green, dried, steet, burnt to dust, have each
their several praise.
It makes some sober that are drunk, some drunk of sober sense,
And all the moisture hurts the brain it fetches smoking thence.
All the four elements unite when you Tobacco take,
For earth and water, air and fire, do a conjunction make.
The pipe is earth, the fire's therein, the air the breathing smoke;
Good liquor must be present, too, for fear I chance to choke.
Here, gentlemen, a health to all, 'tis passing good and strong.
I would speak more, but for the pipe I cannot stay so long."

The four lines enclosed within inverted commas have been often quoted as a vindication of smoking.

It is a curious fact that Shakespeare, throughout his many plays, is entirely silent upon the fashion of smoking. Enthusiasts think they have found an illusion to it in the metaphor of Romeo,

"Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in the lover's eyes,"

but this is rather far-fetched. And yet he must have been quite familiar with the custom, as every gentleman of fashion smoked like a chimney during the performance of his plays. His silence upon this subject appears intentional. Perhaps he was opposed to the habit, but did not wish to offend his audience by any adverse criticism. Or perhaps—and more likely, as he was a man of good taste and strong common sense—he approved of it, but was too prudent to offend "the powers that be," by speaking in its favor.
Having enjoyed a "golden age" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a period of trial and tribulation now began for Tobacco and its smokers, as well in England as throughout the world. In England there reigned now—

"A gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence Tobacco and witches."

No sooner had he ascended the throne than he "commanded or compelled" some unknown author to write a furious tirade against Tobacco, which was published under the suggestive title: *Work for Chimney Sweepers*. This brochure was answered at once by *A Defence of Tobacco*, which caused the royal zealot to take up the cudgel himself, and to send forth, in 1604, his famous, not to say notorious, *Counterblast to Tobacco*, by which he hoped to drive from his kingdom the fume that cheered and ascended from every home.

We quote the following as a specimen puff of his violent tornado: "Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soyling and infecting with an unctuous and oyly kind of soote as hath been found in some great Tobacco takers, that after death were opened. A custom loathsome to the eye, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black,
stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

The "LITERATI" of the court now attuned their harps in harmony with the royal pitch. Ben Jonson, in a play that was acted three times before the king, wished his majesty's nose protected especially

"From Tobacco, with the type
Of the devil's glyster pipe."

Joshua Sylvester, a court poet, gratified "the Scottish Solomon" by a lengthy poem with the bombastic title: "Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered (about their eares that idely Idolize so base and barbarous a weed; or at leastwise overlove so louthesome a vanitie) by a volley of holy shot, thun-dered from Mount Helicon." We will not weary the reader by quoting from this stupid production more than the following invective against Tobacco:

"That Indian tyrant, England's only [!] shame.
Thousands of ours he here hath captive taken,
Of all degrees, kept under slavish yoak,
Their God, their good, king, country, friends forsaken,
To follow Follie, and to feed on smoake."

The initiative of James seems to have been followed by a wave of cruel persecutions against smokers in every land. Pope Urban VIII, with all the awful pomp of the Vatican, solemnly excommunicated every soul who in any shape or form
brought the awful thing, Tobacco, into a church, and Pope Innocent XII issued a further "bull" against it. In Switzerland the act of smoking was legally declared an offense, ranging in the table of crimes next to that of adultery. In Russia smokers were publicly knouted for the first offense and put to death for the second. Snuffers were treated more mildly—they only had their nostrils slit open. Sultan Amurath IV, surnamed "the Terrible," forbade the use of Tobacco in Turkey, where it had been introduced by the Dutch in 1605. The Mufti (the priests) joined in the persecution, declaring that the Koran contained a distinct prophecy against Tobacco! Some of the votaries of the plant were strangled, others were conducted in ridicule through the streets of Constantinople, seated backwards on an ass and with a pipe thrust through the nose. A popular insurrection, in which the troops, the janizaries, and even the officers of the seraglio took part, soon put an end to the persecution, and the Turks could henceforth freely abandon themselves to the luxury of the pipe. In Persia, where Tobacco had been introduced previous to 1590, Shah Abbas the Great forbade his army the use of Tobacco, under the penalty of having the nostrils slit and the lips cut off. The offenders, however, became so numerous that the edict had to be annulled, and the Shah himself finally succumbed to the blandishment of the narcotic.
Tobacco soon proved itself mightier than pope, king, czar, sultan, or shah. James I, "the wisest fool in Christendom," forbade the cultivation of Tobacco in England, and raised its import duty to the monstrous sum of six shillings and ten pence per pound, but he took good care not to prohibit the use of the plant which brought his treasury such a royal income. Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II entertained a similar dislike to the article and a similar affection for the revenue. The popularity of Tobacco increased greatly during the great plague that visited London in 1765, when it was everywhere reported that no tobacconists or their households were afflicted with the scourge. Physicians on their visits to the sick used it freely as a preservative, and the men who went about with the dead-carts had their pipes continually alight. The outcry against Tobacco gradually ceased, and the taxes were to some degree lightened. Finally, during the reign of the Dutchman, William III, the patronage of Tobacco became almost universal, and all England henceforth smoked in security and peace. On the continent of Europe Tobacco had, in the meanwhile, achieved a gradual but complete victory. Governmental resistance to its conquests proved futile everywhere.
VI.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF TOBACCO.

The universal extension of the smoking habit over the face of the globe is one of the most surprising features in the history of our race. From the highest pinnacles of civilization to the lowest depth of savage barbarism there is not a nation or a tribe independent of that delightful bond which unites all humanity into one vast brotherhood of smokers. How swift the triumphal progress of the all-conquering weed! A few centuries since its dominion was confined to a few savage or half-civilized tribes in an unknown region of the world. Now its empire encircles the globe! Where find a parallel to such victories?

Statistics present the following figures of the average consumption of Tobacco by each inhabitant—male or female—of the principal nations of the civilized world:

Holland, ............... 7.0 pounds.
United States, ............ 4.5 "
Austria, ................. 3.8 "
Denmark, ................. 3.7 "
Switzerland, ............. 3.3 "
Belgium, ................. 3.2 "

73
Germany, 3.0 pounds.
Norway, 2.3 "
France, 2.1 "
Sweden, 2.0 "
Spain, 1.7 "
Great Britain, 1.34 "
Italy, 1.25 "
Russia, 1.2 "

Taking a still more general average, it has been computed that throughout the whole of Europe each smoker is responsible for the consumption of ten ounces per month, and each inhabitant, whether man, woman, or child, for three ounces of Tobacco per month, or two and one-half pounds per year.

These figures represent the weight of the Tobacco consumed, but do not represent the actual amount of smoking done in the various nations. Holland and the United States, for instance, consume the greatest amount of cigars, while Germany and England are confined more to the pipe, which in the bulk of the Tobacco consumed and in the volume of smoke produced makes up for the greater weight of the cigar.

The original smoker is to be found, unquestionably, among the American Indians, or among their ancestors or predecessors, the Mound builders, who in their graves along the Ohio Valley have left numerous and unmistakable evidences
or their addiction to the fragrant leaf. While no cigar-stumps have been discovered among their remains, yet the art of pipe-making, and, of course, pipe-smoking was developed among them to an astonishing degree of variety and perfection. Their pipes were carved with great skill into images of men and animals of every species and in all sorts of positions, solemn as well as ludicrous. Even the elephant—or mastodon—long since extinct on this continent, has been found carved upon their pipes of stone.

From the mound builders the Indians, properly so-called, inherited the precious treasures of the pipe and the Tobacco. A boon, indeed, did it become to them. "There is no custom," says Catlin, "more uniformly in constant use among the poor Indians than that of smoking, nor any more highly valued. His pipe is his constant companion through life—his messenger of peace; he pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl, and when its care-drowning fumes cease to flow, it takes a place with him in his solitary grave with his tomahawk and war-club, companions to his long-fancied 'mild and beautiful hunting-grounds.'"

"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 honor with the chivalry of the forest which was seldom violated."

Tobacco was considered by them a gift from the Great Spirit for their special enjoyment—one that he himself delighted in, whose great and ever-smoking pipes were the volcanoes of the Andes and Cordilleras. Hence the pipe was not only a plaything, but a sacred object, and smoking not only a pleasant pastime, but a solemn act of worship. May it not have had the same symbolic, representative origin as the altar of incense among other nations?

Numerous are the evidences of the use of Tobacco as a religious emblem among the original Americans. At first its use was, perhaps, confined to the priest, the medicine man, or sorcerer, as a means of communication between savage man and the unseen, over-ruling world of spirits. Thus, among the ancient Peruvians, Tobacco-smoking was used as a means of oracle. The priest would inhale the smoke in a peculiar manner, so as to produce a trance-like state of insensibility, and upon awakening deliver enigmatical
answers from the gods to questions addressed to them. Does not this call to mind the famous oracle of Delphi, and the Pythia inhaling the smoke that issued out of a fissure in the earth?

Among many of the tribes, Tobacco was and is still used as a sacrifice and offering to the spirits above them. The Dakotas, in making their buffalo-medicine, were accustomed to burn Tobacco as a means of bringing the coveted herds. The Cohuilla Indians of California, when they are troubled by insomnia, burn incense of Tobacco to a class of evil spirits called Sespes, who are supposed to withhold sleep. This use of smoking is not, however, confined to "the heathen" alone. Many a good Christian has propitiated Morpheus by a midnight pipe.

The following sacrificial prayer was in use among the Iroquois as late as 1882: "Bless thy grandchildren. Protect and strengthen them. By this Tobacco we give thee a sweet-smelling sacrifice, and ask thy care to keep us from sickness and famine."

Some of the tribes had a curious custom of entertaining the pardon of a bear whom they had killed. They would place a lighted pipe of peace in the mouth of the late bruin and blow the smoke down its throat, at the same time asking its spirit not to take revenge for its murder.
The Pipe of Peace, or calumet, so called by the Spaniards, from the Latin *calamus*, a reed, is the inseparable, hereditary altar of every Indian tribe. It is richly ornamented with the quills of the war-eagle, and never allowed to be used on any other occasion than that of peace-making, when the chief brings it into treaty. When the terms have been agreed upon, the sacred stem is passed to every chief, who draws through it one single breath of smoke. The pipe is then again carefully folded in its covering of wild-cat’s skin and stowed away in the chief’s lodge until a similar occasion calls it forth. Among the Pawnees, if a stoppage occurs during the smoking of this pipe, the bearer was apt to lose his life. To prevent such a calamity the perforation of the stem was made quite large.

The war pipe, which is passed around between allied chiefs when war is to be declared, is a true tomahawk. The Tobacco is placed in a small receptacle above the hatchet, which is perforated so as to allow the smoke to be drawn through the hollow reed handle. All other Indian pipes have their bowl made out of a solid stone, which is shaped into form with nothing but a knife. The hole is made by drilling with a hard stick together with some sharp sand and water. Who but the original smoker would have such patience?

The use of Tobacco seems to have been known throughout the American continent at the time
of its discovery. Columbus, as we have seen, found it among the natives of Cuba and the West Indies. The followers of Cortez tell us of smoking as an established custom in ancient Mexico. Montezuma, it is said, had his pipe brought to him with much ceremony by the chief ladies of his court, when, after dining, he had washed his mouth with scented water. The "exquisites" of his court had their clay tobacco-pipes molded into various fanciful forms, and ornamented with precious stones. Cabral, in 1515, observed the practice of chewing Tobacco, in Brazil, and found a great abundance of small stone mortars, which were used to grind the leaves into snuff. When Paraguay was discovered by the Spaniards in 1503 the natives tried to drive them away by spitting Tobacco-juice at them. *Sancta simplicitas!*

*From "Greenland's icy mountains" to Terra del Fuego's snows, America is still the proud home of Tobacco and its lovers. Most radical among all its American devotees are the Esquimaux of Greenland, who supplement smoking and chewing with the habit of drinking the juice of the pipe. It is said, in fact, that the Greenlander smokes principally to enjoy afterwards that residuum which to people of other zones is bitter death. Arctic travelers, it is said, have gained the favor of many a native by permitting him to clean his pipe and devour its empyreumatic oil!*
Of the position of the United States in the world of Tobacco, modesty forbids us to speak much. Enough that our country produces the best and largest Tobacco-crop in the world, as well as the noblest, most aristocratic crop of smokers. Leaving the palm of pipe-smoking to other, poorer nations, our citizens take the prize as smokers of the proud, self-sufficient, sovereign cigar. The rollicking, time-saving "quid" is also characteristic of our cheery but busy compatriots. Time was when stuffing or "plugging" Tobacco into the nostrils disfigured the manly features of our ancestors, but we have outgrown this habit, and have also left snuffing to the "effete" civilizations of the old world. The beak of the American eagle is too refined for such coarse manners. The pipe, however, is still cherished by the side of the cigar, and justly so. We can even claim a national pipe. Let Austria boast her meerschaum, France her briar, and Holland her clay! Where could the sweet, absorbent, inexpensive corn-cob have been invented but in practical, ingenious America?

Going further South, to Mexico and Spanish America, we find smoking even more universal. Here everybody smokes at all times, the proud senior, the dark-eyed senorita, the children even, before their 'teens. Swinging lazily in their hammocks under the shade of the banana tree which gives them their daily bread, what have the de-
scendants of Castilian and Aztec ancestors to do out to dream their life away in the fragrance of their *cigarros* and *papelotos*, which they so deftly roll? 'Tis true, revolutions form an important element of their daily life, and the introduction of the quieting pipe might give more stability to their political institutions, but imagine the anarchy there would be if this fiery people had *no* Tobacco!

"In Paraguay," writes Lieutenant Page, "the hospitality of Tobacco is offered in every house, however humble its pretensions in other respects, and all men, women, and children—delicate refined girls and young masters who would not with us be promoted to the dignity of pantaloons—smoke with a gravity and *gusto* that is irresistibly ludicrous to a foreigner. My son sometimes accompanied me in these visits, and was always greatly embarrassed by the pressing offer of cigars. I made his excuse by saying 'smoking is a practice we consider injurious to children.' 'Si Señor,' the Paraguayan would reply, 'with all other Tobacco, but not with that of Paraguay.'"

Passing over to Europe, we find our nearest neighbors, the Irish, as devoted to the delightful leaf as we ourselves. From the poorest bog-trotter to the priests and members of Parliament, all smoke the pipe. Who can imagine the typical Irishman without the short-stemmed, black "dud-
been" in loving contact with his lips or stuck in the band of his hat? It has become almost as much of a national emblem as the Shamrock and the Shillalah. Consider the benefit of the pipe upon the Irish character! It alone has made him the quiet, meditative creature that he is. What a consolation it has been to him during these centuries of misery and oppression!

In England the noble art of smoking has reached a high degree of development, in spite of long ages of governmental restrictions upon the growing and importing of Tobacco. The enormous consumption of Tobacco in England, in spite of the outrageous taxation, is evident from the revenue, which in 1891 amounted to close upon ten million pounds sterling, or nearly one-half of the whole revenue of the customs department. The true Englishman is as wedded to his pipe as to his beefsteak and his ale, and is a sturdy, persistent, courageous smoker, to whom high prices and possible adulterations present small terrors. Yet, in view of these legal discouragements, who can blame the English for emigrating to other regions of the earth, where they may spread the blessings of civilization, and at the same time gain greater liberties for their fumiferous proclivities?

The Scandinavians are good, steady servants of "our lady Nicotine," sacrificing upon her
altars every form of Tobacco without any special fears or favors. Smoking has cooled their hot Viking blood and reduced them to quiet, orderly citizens, who have enriched the whole smoking world by the invention of their safety-matches. They are a cosmopolitan people, easily absorbing all foreign uses of the leaf, but they have not developed any national characteristics in this particular field.

THE DUTCH! Ah, now we have come to the very focus and capital of the tobacconing community of nations. This is, par excellence, the land of smoke. “The pipe is never from the mouth of the true-born Netherlander. It is his occupation in solitude, the relaxation of his gayer hours—his counsellor, his consoler, his joy, his pride; in a word, he seems to think and breathe through his pipe.” Thus Washington Irving.

Tobacco, in Holland, is cheaper and more used than bread. It is raised, mostly, in Java, Borneo, and Sumatra, and is light in color, mild in flavor, and harmless in quality. Hence the Dutch can smoke enormous quantities with impunity. Every male smokes, from the tottering grayhead to the lisping infant of five or six, who, with a pipe as long as himself, comes gravely up to you and asks for a light. In their schools, a temporary injunction from smoking is
a common form of punishment of naughty little Dutch boys!

*Why have* the Dutch taken so kindly to smoking? What "long-felt want" was there for it in the national character? Were they not placid enough before they knew it? Or was it a case of pure affinity, such as the fish has for the water? Who knows? It is certain that the Dutchman was not a complete creation until he was provided with his long-stemmed, clean-looking, cool and comfortable pipe of snowy clay, white as his wife's apron-strings, sweet as the brow of the Dutch maiden. Then, behold our friend in the breeches of ample proportions, viewing placidly through the smoke the mad onward rush of the modern world. He does not seem to have its wings; and yet he "gets there" all the same. His motto is "hasten slowly," and "keep your pipe lit."

What a contrast to him is not his southern neighbor, our fussy, frivolous friend, the Frenchman. His method of smoking is said to be fast and furious. Though the pipe is *quite à la mode* among the *bourgeoisie*, yet the cigarette seems to reach his heart the quicker. He is conventionally supposed to smoke not for rest and comfort, but for excitement and inspiration. But perhaps we are yielding to popular prejudices, and doing our worthy friends of Gaul an injustice. How much do we not owe to Tobacco, as consumed in the
way that suits them best, for the beautiful, elegant and pleasant things which their art and taste provide for the rest of a duller, even if more sober world?

GERMANY! Here we strike *terra firma*. No foolishness or frivolity clings to Teutonic smoking. The German pipe is the beacon-light of civilization. It breathes forth science, philosophy, and culture in one whiff. What if it is “almost the only medium through which a German introduces the external air into his breathing-apparatus!” What though an English poet has vaporized his shallow wit about

“A certain Count Herman,
A highly respectable man as a German,
Who smoked like a chimney and drank like a mer-
man!”

German *Taback*, German *Bier*, German learning and solidity go hand in hand, conquering where their swords cannot reach. Let the French keep to their absinthe and cigarette. A German sings lustily:

“*Ein starkes Bier, ein beizender Taback,*
*Und eine Magd in Putz, nun das ist mein Geschmack.*”

The German pipe is a thing by itself, worthy of profound study and diligent researches. We intend visiting all the German universities to
gather materials for an exhaustive work in thirteen volumes, with several appendices, treating of this subject alone. In the meantime let it be known that a German pipe consists of four parts: (1) The Kopf, or bowl, to hold about a pound of the leaf; (2) the Abguss, or lower receptacle, to catch the pernicious oil, which is afterward collected by religious societies and exported to the benighted heathen in Greenland; (3) the Rohr, or stem, which is also used for educational purposes by German parents, and (4) the Mundstück, or mouthpiece, which is removed from the lips on rare occasions and when eating and drinking.

Passing Russia, where cigarette-smoking is universal, and the other European nations, we come to the territory of the terrible Turks. This is the Sybaris of smokers, where the art has reached its highest, most luxurious development. Nobody but a true Moslem knows how to smoke. The "infidels" of the rest of the world are mere puffers in comparison with the followers of the horse-tail and the half-moon. Cigars, cigarettes, meerschaums—all sink into insignificance before that one and only sublime instrument of pleasure called the "Hookah" or "hubble-bubble."

What is this wonderful imparter of bliss paradisiacal? It is a water-pipe, consisting of a cup for the Tobacco, with a stem passing perpendicularly into a closed vessel, half-full of water, having
a flexible tube attached. By drawing the air above the water through this tube a vacuum is created in the vessel, which is replenished through the pipe with its lighted Tobacco. In this manner the smoke must needs pass through the water, which cools it, and, besides, absorbs the solvent Nicotine. A more delicious as well as harmless smoke cannot be imagined. The nectar and ambrosia of Olympus are coarse beside it. It is like ice to champagne. It is the acme, the culmination-point of Tobacco-smoking.

"Ah, well," some disappointed Western amateur may exclaim, "I have tried it, too, and the first few smokes were certainly beyond description, but the blessed thing within a short time began to have a most disgusting odor." My friend, you should, like the Turkish connoisseur, have a troop of slaves, devoted to the single use of attending to the Hookah, to keep the tube and pipe scrupulously clean, to fill the water-bowl with scented, alcoholic water, to guard the dryness and freshness of the Tobacco. Unfortunate puffer, the Hookah is not for thy infidel soul, but for the Sultan or the Pascha alone. Thou cans't command neither lululi (the fillers of the bowl), or the tutungi (the servants of the Tobacco), or the tchibüği (the guardians of the pipe). What wouldst thou do without all these?

What does not Europe owe to the invention of
the Hookah'. Had it not been introduced in the nick of time, the Turks would certainly have overrun the continent, and we ourselves might now have been followers of the false prophet. Thanks to the quieting influences of the "Hubble-bubble" the Turks have sunk into luxurious even if inglorious inactivity and ease, preferring the loss of provinces to the loss of time for smoking.

Let it not be imagined that smoking among the Moslem is confined to the Turks alone. Exactly suited to the dreamy, contemplative Oriental mind, Tobacco reigns throughout the Mohammedan world. The prophet himself, it is true, was not a smoker, being born, unfortunately for himself, in a pre-Tobacco age. But from the coast of Morocco to the mountains of Persia, there is no worshiper of Allah who swears not by his beard, his horse, his scimitar, and his pipe. In the solitude of Sahara, by the hoary banks of the Nile, in the tent of the Bedouin or the palace of the Shah or the Rajah, the pipe is equally indispensable, the cheering, ever-burning star of Oriental life.

The Hookah was originally invented in Persia, and spread thence throughout the Mohammedan world. It is made of glass or earthenware or precious metals, and is always richly gilded and decorated. Some of the Maharajahs of India have State-Hookahs, made of solid silver, and reaching the height of three feet or more. The smoking-
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tubes are made of leather, covered with velvet and
entwined with gold or silver wire. The length
varies from five to ten yards. All water-pipes are
called "Hookahs," when they have a flat bottom.
When they have a rounded bottom and cannot
stand erect, but must be carried in the hand, they
are called "Narghiléh," which means "cocoa-nut,"
the shell of this fruit, richly mounted in silver,
being often employed as the water-bowl of
the pipe. The "Tchibouk" is the pipe of the com-
mon people. It consists of an ordinary pipe-bowl,
'made of terra-cotta, with a very long stem.

THROUGH the Arab traders, probably, the pipe
has become known to the most benighted tribes
of "darkest Africa." Some peculiar forms of
smoking have been developed here. Thus the
Bechuanas, of South Africa, have reduced the art
to its simplest formula. They bury a limber twig
in the mud of mother earth, then pound the mass
vigorously, draw out the twig, put some Tobacco
and a glowing coal at one end of the underground
tube thus made, and suck at the other end. It is
simplicity itself. The Hottentots are so fond of
Tobacco that they will barter their wives for it—
especially such, we suppose, as raise a rumpus
about smoking in the parlor—but when the real
article cannot be obtained even by this means,
they content themselves with a substitute made
out of the dried excrements of the elephant or
the rhinoceros. Some "civilized" forms of adulterating Tobacco are scarcely less inviting.

**The smoking luxuries of the Kaffirs** have been described as follows: "A party of warriors, seated cross-legged in their tents, ceremoniously smoked the *daghapipe*, a kind of Hookah, made of bullock's horn, its downward point filled with water, and a reed stem let into its side, surmounted by a rough bowl of stone, which is filled with the *dagha*, a species of hemp. Each individual receives it in turn, opening his jaws to their full extent, and placing his lips to the wide mouth of the horn, takes a few pulls and passes it on. Retaining the last draught of smoke in his mouth, which he fills with a decoction of bark and water, he squirts it on the ground by his side through a long ornamented tube in his left hand, complacently regarding the soap-like bubbles, the joint production of himself and neighbor. It appeared to be a sign of special friendliness to squirt into the same hole." A most original, as well as simple pipe is the one in use among the "Areweni" and "Ituri," the savage dwarf dwellers whom Stanley met in the equatorial forests of "Darkest Africa." Surgeon Parke reports that this curious people make their pipe-stems by pushing a reed down the thick, cellular midrib of the banana leaf. This stem they insert into a piece of banana leaf rolled up into a cone, like a grocer's paper.
The Chinese, who claim to have invented Tobacco-smoking in the thirteenth century, even as they claim the invention of everything else, are veteran smokers, not only of the soul-destroying opium, but also of the harmless Tobacco, the latter being especially in favor among the fair, small-footed sex. No lady’s dress is considered perfect without a pocket in which to carry the pipe, and ladies, as well as gentlemen, wear at the girdles brilliantly embroidered silken pouches for the Tobacco. Some of the Chinese pipes resemble those used in Turkey. One species has a long straight bamboo stem, highly ornamented with silken tassels. Another kind is constructed on the principle of the “Hookah.” In all cases the bowl is very small; the Tobacco is cut into fine shreds, and only a few whiffs are taken at a time. Have you ever tried Chinese Tobacco, dear reader? A daring friend of ours once made the experiment, but is not communicative on the subject. Perhaps he made use of his ordinary, Western pipe.

We may yet add a few fragments to this brief ethnological study. The inhabitants of the highlands of Himalaya secure a cool smoke by making a tube in the compact, never-melting snow, placing Tobacco and a lighted coal at one end, and smoking through the other. The Burmese are said to be brought up to smoking as
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)
soon as they are weaned from the mother's milk. The Kookie tribe in Manipur construct their pipes with a reservoir for collecting the oil, which is afterward drank by them, as by the Greenlanders, as a special delicacy. Among the Caribs of the West Indies one must learn to drink Tobacco-juice before he can become a priest. The Negritos of Luzon, one of the Philippine islands, scarcely ever stop smoking their home-made cigars, which they puff with the lighted end in the mouth! But space forbids further pursuit of this subject. Enough has been said to show that the sun never sets over the empire of Tobacco.
APPENDIX.

For the use of students and other lovers of a combination of smoke with music, we publish the following smoking-songs, which, though not very new, yet are but little known.

THE GLAMOUR OF SMOKING.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

"Floating away like the fountain's spray
On the snow-white plume on a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies,
With a blissful fragrance laden.

Chorus.

"Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow;
For a gleaming cigar like a shield will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

"The leaf burns bright like gems of light
That flash from the braids of beauty;
It nerves each heart for a hero's part
On the battle-field of duty.—Chorus.

"In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room
Sits a child of song and story,
But his heart is light, for his pipe burns bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.—Chorus.

"In the forest grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict ended,
The pipe of peace brought sweet release
From toils and terrors blended.—Chorus.

"The dark eyed train of the maids of Spain
'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly,
While a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly."

—Chorus.
Tabaks-Lied.

1. Ihr Leutchen seid mir all willkommen und seht euch um den

Tisch herum, und trinkt mit mir ein gut Glas Bier und raucht dazu Tab-

bat, Tabak, bat, bat, Tabak, bat, bat, und raucht dazu Tab-

bat—Tabak, bat, bat, Tabak, bat, bat, und raucht dazu Tabak.
2. Der Student kann eher ohn' Latein
Als ohne lange Pfeife sein;
Ranon' und Klaus seh'n nobel aus
Bei einer Pfeife Tabak.

3. Der Ackermann mit tohmem Muth
Stecht sich sein Pfeife an den Hut
Und hüpft sich schön, wenn die Dörfler sehn,
Eine frische Pfeife Tabak.

4. Der Soldat im Bivouak
Raucht auch sein Pfeiffen mit Geschmack,
Ist der Tabak nicht theuer, kauft er 'nen Dreier
Bom edlen Rauchtabak.

5. Aus irbner Pfeife raucht Mynheer,
Der wohlgenährte Holländer,
Raucht Maryland aus erster Hand,
Den edelsten Tabak.

6. Ihr seht auch rauchen den Französ,
Er dampft ein klein Cigarr'chen bloß;
Er hat ganz recht, es wird ihm schlecht
Bei einer Pfeife Tabak.

7. Und wer im Rauchen recht erfahr'n
Der rauche Havanna-Cigarr'n,
Hat am Tabak dann doppelt Geschmack,
Er kauft und raucht Tabak.