A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

WHEN all things were made, none was made better than this, said that stern old seaman, Salvation Yeo, handing a roll of brown leaf to the good knight Sir Amyas Leigh, "to be a base man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. Sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and setting of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven." To the truth of which catalogue of good qualities many a mariner of the present day would, without hesitation, make oath.

"Old pudding for supper!" cried the Colonel.

"By no means," replied the lady, with spirit.

"I had it kept warm, and the turkey too. If the gentleman had his dinner, it will probably not be amiss at supper.

I must have appeared very silly meanwhile; for instead of taking part in the conversation, I only blinked my eyes and stared at the lovely vision. The frilled sleeves were tucked up daintily, and the large white fan exchanged for a simple gauze of black silk. Dimpled smiles played amidst the roses in her cheeks as she spoke.

"I think I passed you in the wood this evening, Sir?"

"Eh?" stammered. "Pardon me—Miss-Miss—"

"Alice," she suggested, with a pretty blush.

Mrs. Manley spoke up:

"Mr. Berkeley forgets that his old flame, Ellen, is a fine motherly woman of thirty-five, with a son who expects to go to West Point next year."

This was the bucket of water that brought me to my senses. We laughed, and went in to supper. I then related the adventures of the day, not forgetting a description of my dinner, which caused a deal of merriment.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "if you are fond of rumbling over hills, either on foot or on horseback, this young lady will be your companion. It is her delight." Mrs. Manley took this opportunity to express a hope that her daughter would lay aside certain wild, rustic ways she had acquired, and deport herself with a dignity and gravity befitting the occasion and company.

The good lady! does she think I am a beagler to frighten the girls? I'll take good care that Miss Alice shall not find my society a restraint.

We are to ride to-morrow morning.

Good-night, and pleasant dreams!"

"The HISPANICAN CEDARINO.

THE FIRST TYPE.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

When he relates: "I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, and immediately perceived the sharp, pungent smell of this truly diaphanous and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste."

Various attempts have been made to prove that the ancients had a knowledge of the tobacco plant, and a tradition of the Greek Church even has it that Noah was overcome by tobacco, and not wine, on his deliverance from the ark; but it is proved conclusively that to our own America is the Old World indebted for this invaluable weed; of which it may not be amiss here to state that upward of 2,000,000 tons are now grown and consumed annually in the world, which, at the low rate of five cents per pound, equals in value the entire wheat crop of the United States; while, though the plant has been known to the civilized world for not yet three centuries, the duties on its importation into Great Britain bring that Government in no less a sum than $29,000,000 per annum. France deriving even a greater revenue from the same source. The city of Vienna alone consumes annually not less than $2,000,000 cigars, and the consumption of Great Britain before pipes and tobacco-boxes were invented in England cigars were smoked by those few who indulged themselves in the fragrant weed. They talked in those days of drinking tobacco—a term which was used for nearly a century, probably because smoking took place generally in public houses. Aubrey relates that in the early days of pipes the gentry had theirs made of silver, which material is still used in Japan, while the common people made use of a walnutshell and a straw, which primitive utensil was handed from man to man round the table. At that time tobacco was an expensive luxury. It sold for its weight in silver; and when the farmers went to town to lay in their stock for smoking, they called their nearest and biggest neighbors to lay in the scales against the tobacco, while many of the gentry smoked away one-third of their income. Not only was it the fashion to swallow the smoke, and then expel it through the nose—a patch of enjoyment now only attained by old soldiers and sailors and the Portuguese nation generally—but there were various exquisite ways of puffing, and the hangman's noose and captains of the Bohemian sort made a profession of the art of smoking, and publicly indulged country gentlemen into the mysteries of the "Cuban cinnabar, Euphor, the whife," etc.
EARLY TOBACCO SYMPHONY.

and in a broadside published 1670, entitled
"Aconitum Ecosystem, or the Golden Leaf Tobacco displayed in its sovereignty and singular virtues," the author claims its praises more loudly yet:

"If the grand herb head, the plagues, ye fear, Lot, under God your matches in your, Ye hot, ye cold, ye rheumatsm, dese sick; In this tis lead a sovereign dose both to. With your eel; you physic; ye must not want, Here 'the', the pummy enemies of a plant."

But the kerce scroce (holy herb), kerce propria una mansa (herb fit for all diseases), parasites interreteque (southern all-head), by which and sundry other names tobacco was known in its early and medicinal days, soon gave way to less collogiastic epithets, applied by those who thought its influences pernicious. The battle, which began nearly two centuries ago, rages still, and many "enchanting handle" may be found on either side. Spencer declaims about "divine tobacco;" but Stowe speaks of "the weed so much abused to God's disfavor." One old poetaster sings:

"Much virtue serves for gluttony, to fatten men like swine, But he's a floger man indeed that with a lean can dine. And needs no napkin for his hands his finger ends to wipe, But keeps his kitchen in a box, and meat must in a pipe."

To which another replies:

"In a tobacco shop consisting fast, Fire, stink, and smoke must be where devils dwell He soon, you can not see his face for vapors, Offering to Flavo with a tallow taper."

Bishop Earle says, sarcastically: "The tobacco seller is the only man who finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and clothes to him. His shop is the rendezvous of spitting, where men converse with their noses, and their communication is smoke. Against which one of the worst apostrophized the weed:

"Nature's idea, Physicke's rare perfection, Cold flames out spryder, and the wise directing. O had the gods known thy medicinal smoke, The heavens at that time had been colored black."

William Penn strongly disliked tobacco, and loudly expressed his annoyance when in company where it was used. Stopping at Burlington once to see some old friends, they chanced to be smoking when he was announced, and hastily concealed their pipes. Perceiving the smoke as he entered the room, and also that the pipes had been hid, he said, pleasantly, "Well, friends, I am glad that you are at least ashamed of your old practices." "Not entirely," replied Samuel Jennings, a Quaker wit; "but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother."

Charles II forbade the members of the University of Cambridge to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco, and read the sermons they delivered. Peter Campbell, a Derbyshire gentleman, in 1616, bequeathing his goods to his son Roger, willed that if at any time his brothers or sisters "find him taking of tobacco," he shall forfeit all "or their full value." As poor Roger had five brothers and three sisters he must have had a hard time with his pipe. Aubrey, writing in 1680, says: "Within these thirty-five years it was considered scandalous for a divine to take tobacco;" but Lilly, the astrologer, speaks of William Bynum, Archivist of Thornton in 1638, as a profound divine, but so given over to tobacco that when he had none he must have had the bell ropes of his church and smoked them. Cromwell believed, with James I, that growing tobacco in England was "forby to misuses and misemploy the soill of the kingdom," and sent his troopers to trample down the growing crops wherever they found them. But the soldiers smoked at the Lord Protector's magnificent funeral, and thus wrecked a poetic vengeance on him who had deprived them of a loved pleasure.

M. de Rochefort, who traveled in England in 1672, relates that "it was then the custom, when the children went to school, to carry in their satchels, with their books, a pipe of tobacco, which the mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health." To this extreme, at any rate, we have not yet come.

We do not propose to take sides in the tobacco controversy; but can not refrain from the remark that, while the anti-tobaccoists have been in general violent and often unmeasured in their denunciations, as is indeed shown in our quotations, the smokers have replied in temperate language, which contrasts favorably with their opponents.

"When these pipes are taken, for three centuries done Tobacco scares to Ephesus!"

EXCLAIMS AN ARDENT TOBACCO-LATER. And another:

"A pipe! an estival weed, Both in the soul stranges wonder bred: It stains the breath, the blood it dries, It burns the head, it blinda the eyes; It dries the lungs, consumeth the lights, It makes the soul, it kills the spirit; It brings a man into a maze, And makes him sit for ever gone."

Sylvestor, the translator of Du Bartas, and a favorite poet of James I., sought to gratify that royal tobacco-later by a poem which has the strange title, "Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered (about their ears that tilyd abisse so base and barbarous a weed; or, at least wise overlords so faithsome a vanity)" by a valley of holy shrub thrashed from Mount Helicon;" in which he thus condemns all smokers to Tophet:

"..."
For hot bath smoke
Besp敬请 Tobaccoes to drink,
Though never dear; there shall they have their fill,
In heaven is meant, but light and glory still.

But brave old George Withers wrote, in the face of
King James's "Counterblast"

"Why should we so much despise
So good and wholesome an exercise
As early and late, to meditate:
Thus thinke, and drink tobacco?
Then think, and drink tobacco.

The melancholy, so pity wise,
Showes that thus set a moral weight,
Seven such, and gone with a small touch:
Thus thinke, and drink tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think on the world's vanity
Of worldly grief, its gone, with a puff:
Thus thinke, and drink tobacco.

And when the pipe is fast within,
Think of the sinfull, with sin:
To purge with fire, it doth require:
Thus thinke, and drink tobacco.

Lastly, the ashes left behind
May daily show, to move the mind,
That a breath and dust return we must:
Thus thinke, and drink tobacco.

But the smoker's enemies did not content
Themselves with vituperation. Ignorant and
Arithmetical minds entered into elaborate
calculations of the waste of money by tobacco:
thus one Lawrence Spence reckoned that the tobacco
used by a thousand families cost per annum no
less than £4,500. This, he says, "if improved
thriftily, in twenty years would amount to
more than £60,000" to divide among the smokers
and their heirs. We remember to have seen
some years ago an equally elaborate and interesting
computation of the yearly waste accruing from
the wearing of useless buttons on the backs of
gentlemen's coats.

Persecutions followed. First came
A gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in all seriousness and wittis.

He imposed the first tax on tobacco; in Russia
smoking was punished by a computation of the
nose; in the Swiss Canton of Berne the office
ranked next to subdu-
tory, and even so late
as the middle of the
last century a special
court tried delin-
quent puffers; Ame-
rath IV. of Turkey,
and the great Géran
Gozl joined in the
bristling;
and finally,
Innocent XII.,
in 1690, solemnly
excommunicated all
who should take snuff
or tobacco in church.
Mournful, conscious
of their innocence
and their rights, the
smokers placidly kept
their pipe alight, and
at intervals came
forth with some such
piece of quiant mo-
nality as this, supposed to be from the pen of
Dr. Henry Alldrich:

"Sweet smoking pipe; bright glowing embers,
Companion still of my repose,
Then dost my gloomy thoughts remove,
And purge my fancies with gentle heat.

"Tobacco, charmour of my mind,
When, like the morning's transient glisten,
Thy substance giveth to a bud,
I find, alas, my life's not so soon!

What else but lighted dust am I?
Then shouldest me what my life's be will be;
And when thy shining alleluias
I learn that I must end like thee.

Dean Alldrich was a great smoker, and it is
related of him that a student of Oxford, knowing
his devotion to tobacco, gave him a box that
however early or at whatever time the Doctor
was visited in his sanctum, he would be found
smoking. The box was taken, the visit made at
a very unseasonable hour, and his cause finally
announced. "Your friend has lost," said
the Dean, good-naturedly; "I am not smoking
—only filling my pipe.

But many great names are cited
on the side of tobacco. Pope and
Swift took snuff; Addison, Congre-
vo, Prior, Steele, Smollett, and
were none the worse. Hobbes of
Malmesbury kept his pipe alight
to the age of ninety-two; Doctor Parce
smoke, impatiently often twenty
pipes in the course of an evening—but remained a smoker till the ripe
age of seventy-eight; Sir Isaac New-
ton was a desperate lover of his pipe,
and lost his sweet heart through ab-
solutely using her finger as a tobacco
stopper; and Frederick the Great
was a royal lover of the weed, in
which taste, by-the-way, Mr. Car-
lyle, his latest and ablest biogra-
hist, emulates him! Of literary men

A Pipe of Tobacco.

Some have refrained, Goehe, Heine, and Bal-
gner abominated smoke; their subtle bodies
could not bear its gross influences. Dumas, who
does almost everything else, if we may believe
his own accounts, does not use tobacco.
On the other side, however, are found Sir Walter
Scott, at one time an inordinate smoker, and
always a lover of his cigar; Campbell, Moore,
Byron; and of living celebrities, Tennyson,
Thackeray, and Balzac, have all the virtues of
the Italian weed. Lamb loved his pipe,
and was not particular as to the quality
of his tobacco. Pulling once the earnest
weed from a long clay pipe in company with
Doctor Parr, who used only the
finest, the Doctor asked in astonishment, how
he acquired this prodigious power? "By to-
ing after it," replied Elia, "as some men toll
after virtues." The filthy habit of chewing tobacco
numbers many great men among its devotees,
and we shall mention only—as an early cheewer—
General Monck, in whose
vivus.

The filthy habit of chewing tobacco
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The early tobacco-sellers set off their wares
with many quaint conceits and riddles, which,
delusive, amused the tranqul mind of their em-
treepers. On one side of the wrapper of a tobacco
parcel was printed:

"What though I have a nauseous breath,
Yet many a one will use me, and
I am believed after death,
And servilely unto my friend."

Which inscrutable riddle is duly explained on
the reverse side:

"This is tobacco; after being cut and dry'd, being dead,
becomes serviceable."
device worthy the grave importance of the subject, the very ideal of a colored meerschaum. To do this he knew that the pipe, once lighted, must never be permitted to go out. Accordingly he arranged that it should be passed from mouth to mouth of the entire regiment, he agreeing to pay the tobacco bill. After seven months of arduous smoking and patient waiting, the fortunate fellow received a pipe the splendor and perfection of whose colors exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. With it a bill for tobacco used, to the modest tune of nine hundred and seventy-five dollars!

But if such pipes are costly, the old snuff-boxes of the days when to be a gentleman was to take snuff elegantly were yet more precious.

Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Addison, and many other great men, were addicted to snuff. Gibbon was a confirmed snuff-taker. Frederick the Great loved his snuff so entirely that he carried it in his vest pockets, made very large for the purpose, and in moments of excitement threw it up his nose by small handfuls. In Spain and Italy snuffs were medicated, and even infused with a subtle poxion, so that by the offer of a friendly pinch a man sometimes sent his enemy out of the world. But the most complete and luxurious paraphernalia for snuff-takers is undoubtedly the Scotch “sneezing mull,” with its little hammer to hit the side of the mull should the snuff adhere; bodkin, to pierce and separate it should it stick together by damp; rako, to collect it into the little shovel; and hare’s foot to brush loose particles from the nose!

It remains to be said that no less than forty different species of tobacco are described by botanists, all of which the leaves are now smoked, chewed, or snuffed in different parts of the world, smokers consuming by far the greater part.

MRS. ANTHON’S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Mr. Peter Anthon was a rich New York merchant—one of the old-fashioned kind. Not a parvenu, for he remembered his own great-grandfather, and was himself born in the house in Bleeker Street which that respected old gentleman built. Not a speculator either, but a sober, rigid, well-read, well-bred man, who increased his large patrimony by steady attention to business, and never invested in railway shares. At an age of discretion Mr. Peter Anthon married Miss Jane Saydum, a lady equally respectable, rich, well-bred, and rigid with himself; and in course of time Mrs. Anthon enlivened the mansion in Tenth Street by introducing to its quiet and orderly splendors a very small boy, who was christened Peter, after his papa, and was fully expected to do honor to his parentage.

Mrs. Anthon was a quiet, reserved woman naturally, and the strictest style of education had only added new force to the bent of her nature. She had no younger sisters. She knew nothing of children; and though all that was tender and feminine in her repressed heart awoke at little Peter’s advent, she did not know how to express it in any sweet, motherly ways, but always talked to her child in the most correct English, and sighed over its total depravity as that Presbyterian trait developed, day by day, to Mrs. Anthon’s orthodox horror.

For Peter was even a baby like other babies. He paid no regard at all to the fact that he was an Anthon. He was not in the least respectable or proper. He kicked, and cried, and laughed, and made faces just when and where he pleased, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. He would laugh and play peep with Hannah, the old family nurse, till she declared he was a perfect angel; and one minute after would just as strenuously rub his eyes, wrinkle up his nose, kick and scream at the Rev. Doctor Supas, till that upright man retreated in disgust from the attempt at cultivating his acquaintance.

Peter was a very pretty baby, and his mother was extremely fond of him; but it was not to be denied that he preferred old Hannah to his mamma—that, like most babies, and perhaps a few undignified grown people, he liked better to be kissed, and fondled, and rubbed, and cooed over, than to be laid straight out on two knees, or stuck bolt upright on a rectangular arm and addressed grammatically. For, say what you will, my dear brother, babies do like baby-talk, and know its professors with a “knowledge that is love,” as Mr. Kingsley says. Just let you and I go down on our knees together before that cherub in white cumbrie on the sofa there. You enter into conversation with it as you speak to any body else, and I assail it with those honeyed elisions, and tenderest nonsenses, shorn of lulus and dunned of harsh consonants, made fluent and gracious with the indescribable loving sounds that Sir Thomas Browne meant when