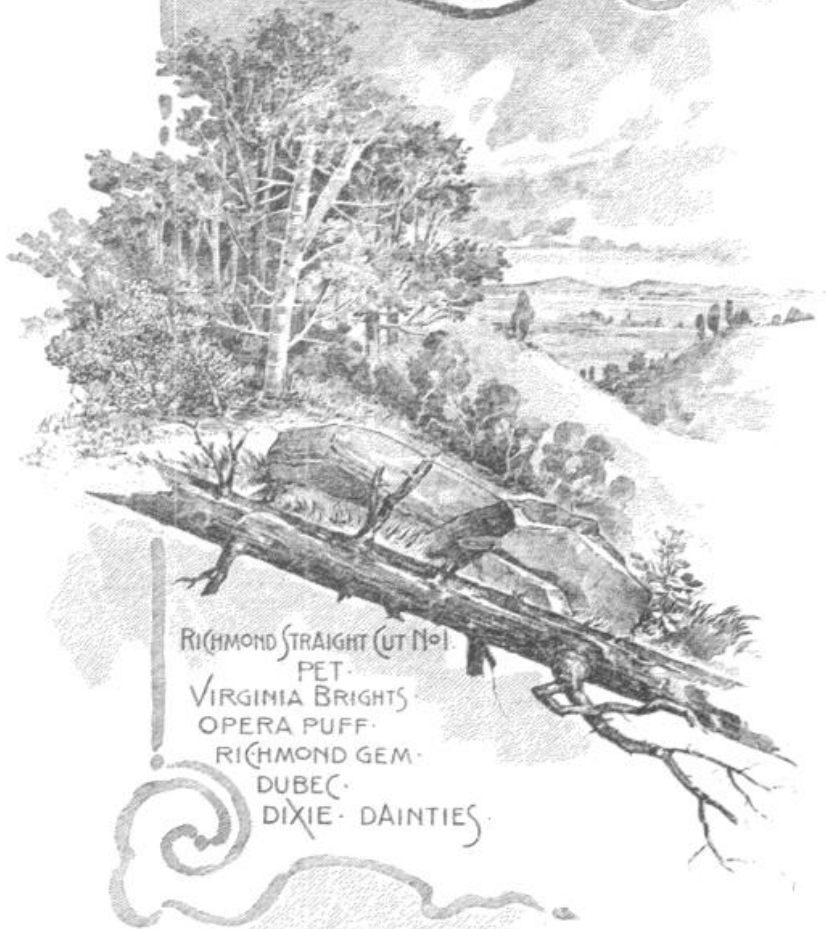




WITH THE POETS  
IN SMOKELAND.



LINDNER, EDDY & CLAUS, LITH. N. Y.



RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1.  
PET.  
VIRGINIA BRIGHTS.  
OPERA PUFF.  
RICHMOND GEM.  
DUBEC.  
DIXIE - DAINTIES.

## INTRODUCTORY.

**I**N all climes and among all races of men the language of Tobacco is the same. It is the universal symbol of peace, of good feeling, of meditation. The American Indian ratified his treaties with the pipe; a pinch of snuff, with a Kaffir, makes you his guest, and he is bound to protect you by all the laws of savage hospitality. Among more civilized nations tobacco smoke scents the weightiest documents of the statesman, it pervades with its subtle odor the clergyman's sermon and the lawyer's brief; its perfume clings to the manuscript of the novelist and in its blue wreaths are twined the most graceful fancies of the poet. It is universal, whether it be in the pipe of the student or the cigarette of the man of leisure; fully nine-tenths of the human race, in some form, burn incense to the gracious Goddess Nicotiana.

Byron penned one of his noblest sonnets to "Divine Tobacco," and our own Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes only recently testified his regard for "Tobacco, a soothing drug, which in its various forms is a great solace to many old men and to some old women—Carlyle and his mother used to smoke their pipes together, you remember."

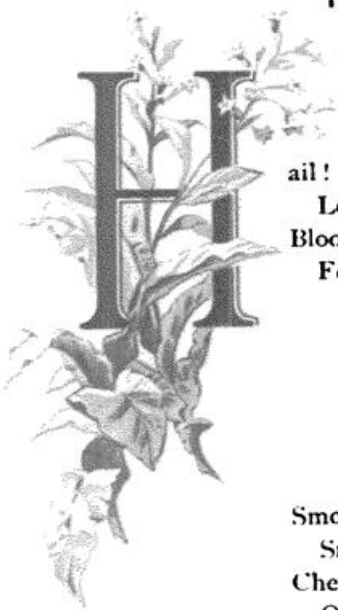
It is with a view of collecting in a permanent form some of the most notable of these tributes, that this little book is issued. It does not contain a tithe of the material at hand; to accomplish that would require a volume bulkier than the dictionary. A few of the curious verses of the Elizabethan age and some of the daintier productions of our own time have been all that space would admit. As an accompaniment to a soothing and meditative pipe, or a delicate and fragrant cigarette, they may not come amiss to

THE GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF SMOKERS  
to whom this little volume is fraternally dedicated.

—ALLAN FORMAN.

## HAIL TO THE PLANT.

(A PARODY ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.)



Hail! to the plant which we owe to brave Raleigh,  
Long may it flourish on Virginia's fair shore,  
Bloom on the mountain, and spread in the valley,  
Fertile, and fragrant, and fresh evermore!  
Bright sunshine nourish it,  
Gentle deeds cherish it,  
Life giving breezes around it still flow;  
Moisture and warmth give aid,  
That it may never fade;  
Tabak, St. Nicotine, ho, iero!



Smoke, brother, smoke of the pride of Virginia,  
Snuff, brother, snuff if you'd clear up your brain;  
Chew, brother, chew, and I'll bet you a guinea,  
Once fairly started, you'll do it again.  
Oh! would our Northern air  
Nurture this plant so rare!  
Never aught else in my garden I'd grow;  
All my flowers plucked should be  
Fruit trees give place to thee  
Tabak, St. Nicotine, ho, iero!



## WITH PIPE AND BOOK.



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

And though our eyes will dream astray,  
And lips forget to sue or sway,  
It is "enough to merely be"  
With pipe and book.

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

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

*From Volumes in Folio.*

The Spaniards have a proverb to this effect, "A cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating."

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

—Punch.

# \*MYCIGARETTE\*

**M**

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



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

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

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

C. F. LUMNIS,  
Harvard Crimson.

“ Friend of my youth, companion of my later days,  
What need my Muse to sing thy various praise ?  
In country or in town, on land or sea,  
The weed is still delightful company.  
In joy or sorrow, grief or racking pain,  
We fly to thee for solace once again.  
Delicious plant by all the world consumed,  
'Tis pity thou, like man, to ashes too art doom'd.”





## ODE TO TOBACCO.

Thou who, when fears attack,  
Bidst them avaunt, and Black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest ;  
Sweet when the morn is grey ;  
Sweet, when they've clear'd 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 fuses  
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 !  
Here's to thee, Bacon !

C. S. CALVERLEY.

## (AFTER HOOD.)

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

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

I remember, I remember,  
The very rod he got,  
When father who discovered me,  
Made me exceeding hot.  
He scattered all my feathers then,  
While face down I reclined ;  
I sat upon a cold hearthstone,  
I was so warm behind.

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

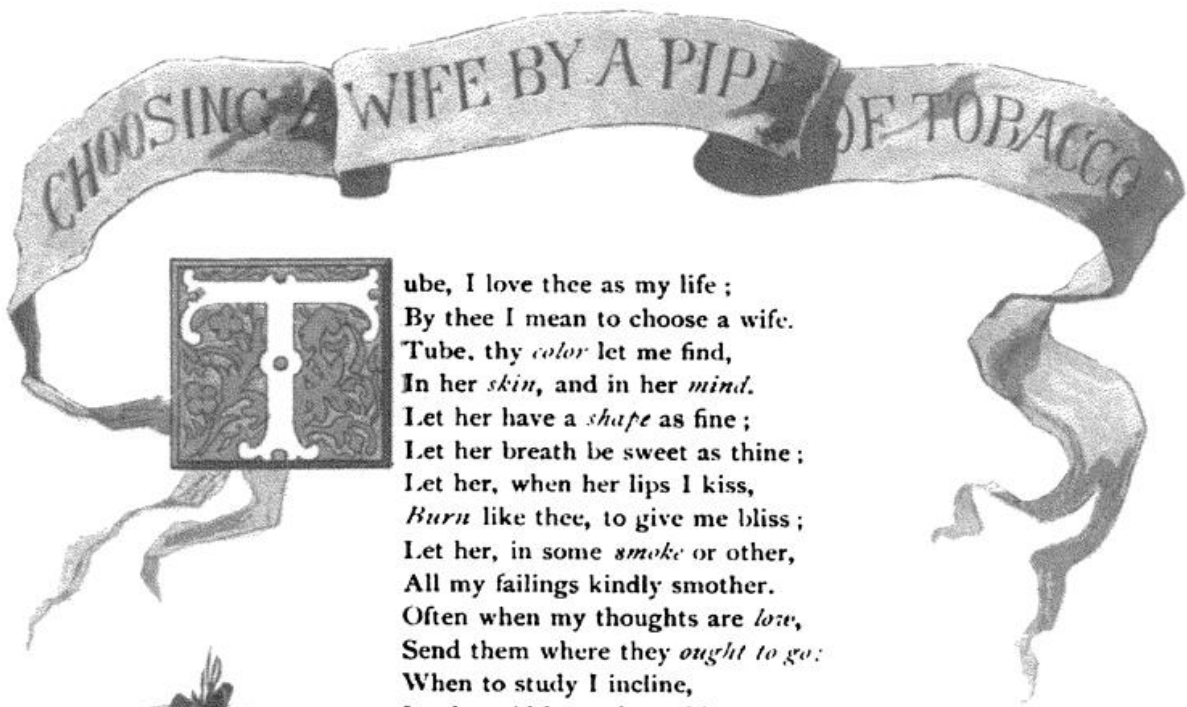
—From *Cope's Tobacco Plant*.





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**T**ube, 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 the charming pow'r  
 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.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*



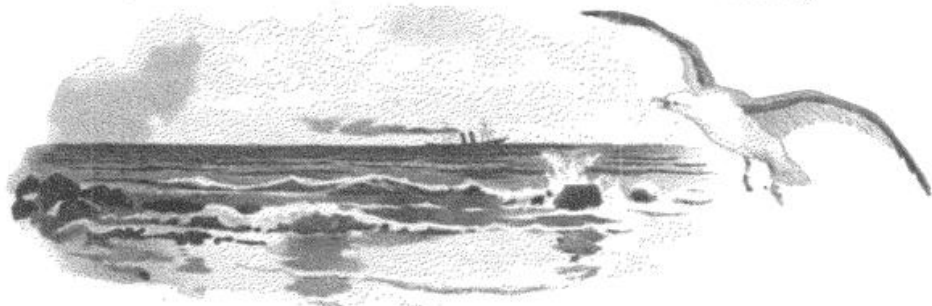
The Poets of old  
 Many fables have told  
 Of the gods and their symposia,  
 But tobacco alone,  
 Had it known it, had gone  
 For their nectar and ambrosia.

—*From "Iv'd's Recreations," 1640.*

"The first taste of new smoke is like your first love"—"it fills up the cravings of your soul, and the light-blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart's life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in."

"It suggests quiet thoughts and makes a man meditative, and gives a current to his habit of contemplation."

IKE MARVEL.





# TOBACCO

The Indian weed, withered quite,  
Green at noon, cut down at night,  
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay,  
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the smoake ascends on high,  
Thinke thou beholdst the vanity  
Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe,  
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white  
Shows thee to be a mortal wight;  
And even such, gone with a touch.  
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Thinke on thy soule, defil'd with sin,  
And then the fire it doth require.  
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,  
May serve to put thee still in mind,  
That unto dust return thou must.  
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

GEORGE WITHER.—1620.



## THE LOST LOTOS.

'Tis said that in the sun-embroidered East  
There dwelt a race whose softly-flying hours  
Passed like the vision of a royal feast  
By Nero given in the Baian bowers;  
Thanks to the lotos-blossom's spell,  
Their lives were one long miracle.

In after years, the passing sons of men  
Looked for those lotos-blossoms all in vain  
Through every hill-side, glade and glen,  
And e'en the isles of many a main;  
Yet through the centuries some doom  
Forbade them see the lotos bloom.

The Old World wearied of the long pursuit,  
And called the sacred leaf a poet's theme,  
When lo! the new world, rich in flower and fruit,  
Revealed the lotos, lovelier than a dream  
Of joy and banishing regrets,  
In the **RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.**

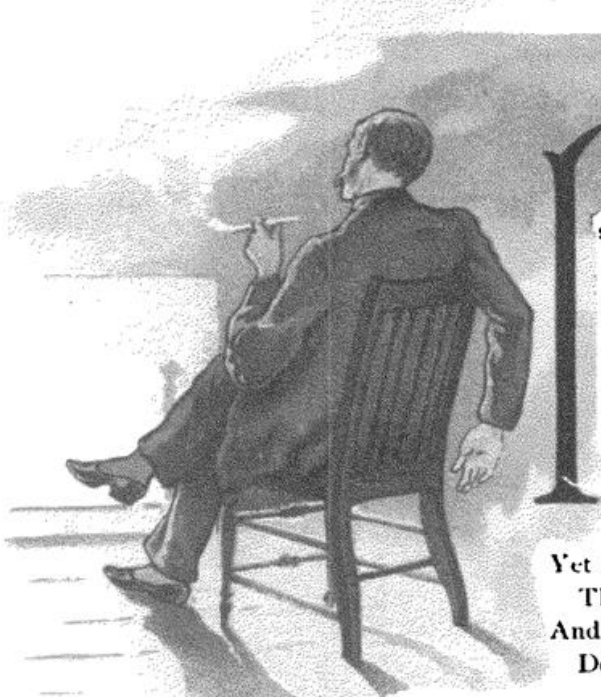
"A weed you call it, but you'll own  
No rose was e'er more fully blown."

"For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."

CHARLES LAMB.

Farewell to Tobacco.

## A BACHELOR'S PIPE.

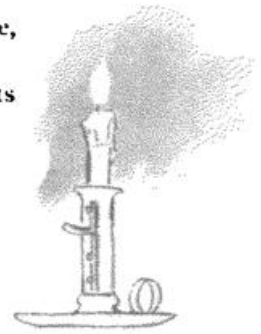


I sit all alone with my pipe by the fire,  
I ne'er knew the Benedict's yoke ;  
I worship a fairy-like, fanciful form,  
That goes up the chimney in smoke.

I sit in my dressing-gowned slipperful ease,  
With no wife nor kids to provoke,  
And puff at my pipe, while my hopes and my fears  
All go up the chimney in smoke.

Yet sometimes I think that a bachelor's life,  
Tho' it's jolly, is but a poor joke ;  
And I envy the man whose good wife and brains  
Don't go up the chimney in smoke.

I sit with my pipe, and my heart's lonesome care,  
I try, but all vainly, to choke,  
Ah, me ! but I find that the flame that love lights  
Won't go up the chimney in smoke.—*Anon.*



## PIPE OF MY SOUL.



Pipe of my soul, our perfumed reverie,  
A mild-eyed and mysterious ecstasy,  
In purple whorls and delicate spires ascending,  
Like hope materialized, inquiringly  
Towards the unknown Infinite is wending.

The master-secret of mortality,  
The viewless line this visible life subtending,  
Whilom so dim, grows almost plain to me,  
Pipe of my soul !

And as the angels come the demons flee,  
Thy artist-influence beautifully blending  
The light that is, the dark that may not be  
The great Perhaps above all things impending  
Melts large and luminous into thine and thee,  
Pipe of my soul.—*Anon.*

“Just as the world would be a tame and insipid institution were all men's tastes alike, so the world of smokers would lose much of its romance were all the lovers of the weed of temperament too robust to love a cigarette.”—*The Tobacco Plant.*

## MY CIGARETTE.



Some say that Life's true Elixir  
In the wine-cup only lies ;  
And when Liber fires the fancy  
Human nature grief defies.  
Perhaps they're right—perhaps wrong—but yet  
Give to me my cigarette.

Laughing Lesbia swears she loves me,  
*Pour mes beaux yeux* the world would brave ;  
Well! there comes a richer rival—  
Wealth prospective digs Love's grave.  
Perhaps she's right—perhaps wrong—but yet  
Still I'll smoke my cigarette.

Business troubles come upon us—  
Losses, gains, in stocks and shares ;  
Faithless friends, and foes by hundreds—  
All life's various ills and cares.  
Perhaps I'm right—perhaps wrong—but yet  
Let me have a cigarette.

Life's all smoke—at first a flicker,  
Then we burn our little day,  
Some burn slowly, others quicker,  
Death comes, and we're thrown away.  
Perhaps I'm right—perhaps wrong—but yet  
What's life but a cigarette?

—Judy.



The Fiend was in a mighty passion,  
His power and craft alike defied,  
For in most arbitrary fashion  
The compact had been set aside.  
Fair angel hands from Heaven reaching  
Had come between him and his prey,  
Ah, well, the ages bring their teaching,  
And in our favored present day  
We know that Faust had quick besought him  
This moment fair—Ah, speed not yet !  
If Mephistofeles had brought him  
The Richmond Straight-Cut Cigarette.



“Smoking is clean and sweet, and a most pleasant soother of disturbed feelings ; and a capital companion ; and a comforter.”

— *Ike Marvel.*



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## THE LATEST CONVERT.

*"F. mollit mores nec sinit esse feros."*—OVID.



I've been in love some scores of times  
With Amy, Nellie, Katie, Mary—  
To name them all would stretch my rhymes  
From here as far as Dremerary.

But each has wed some other man—  
Girls always do, I find, in real life—  
And I am left alone to scan  
The horizon of my own ideal life.

I still survive ; I was, I think,  
Not born to run in double harness ;  
I did not shirk my food and drink  
When Nellie married Harry Carnice.

But I am wedded to my pipe !  
That faithful friend ; nought can provoke it,  
Should it grow cold, I gently wipe  
Its mouth ; then fill it, light, and smoke it.

But it is sweet to kiss ; and I  
Should love to kiss a wife and pet her—  
She scolds ? Straight to my pipe I fly ;  
Her scowls through fragrant smoke look better.

There's merry Maud—with her I'd dare  
To brave the matrimonial ocean ;  
*She* would not pout and fret, but wear  
A constant smile of sweet devotion.

How know I that she will not change ;  
My wishes at defiance set ? Oh !  
(Pray this in smallest type arrange),  
She smokes—at times—a cigareto.

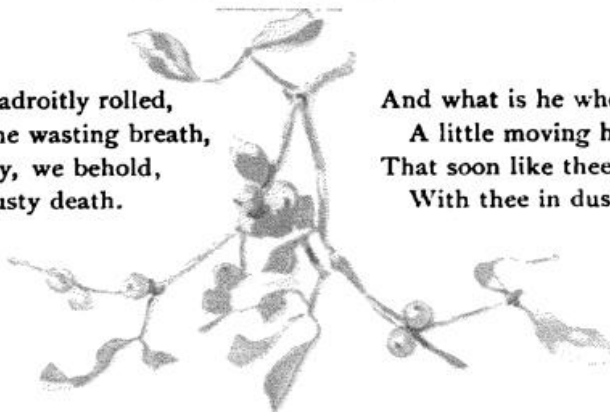
F. W. LITTLETON HAY.



## TO A CIGARETTE.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And Time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

And what is he who smokes thee now ?  
A little moving heap  
That soon like thee, to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.



## THE BALLADE OF TOBACCO.



When verdant youth sees life afar,  
And first sets out wild oats to sow,  
He puffs a stiff and stark cigar,  
And quaffs champagne of Mumm & Co.  
He likes not smoking yet : but though  
Tobacco makes him sick indeed,  
Cigars and wine he can't forego :  
A slave is each man to the weed.

In time his tastes more dainty are,  
And delicate. Become a beau,  
From out the country of the Czar  
He brings his cigarettes, and lo !  
He sips the vintage of Bordeaux,  
Thus keener relish shall succeed  
The baser liking we outgrow :  
A slave is each man to the weed.

When age and his own lucky star,  
To him perfected wisdom show,  
The schooner glides across the bar,  
And beer for him shall freely flow.  
A pipe with genial warmth shall glow :  
To which he turns in direst need,  
To seek in smoke surcease of woe :  
A slave is each man to the weed.

### ENVOI.

Smokers ! who doubt or *con* or *pro*,  
And ye who dare to drink, take heed !  
And see in smoke a friendly foe :  
A slave is each man to the weed.

—BRANDER MATTHEWS.



## MY PIPE.

*Tenus fugit ceu fumus in auras.*  
—Virg.

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

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







he pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent and unaffected."—*Thackeray*.

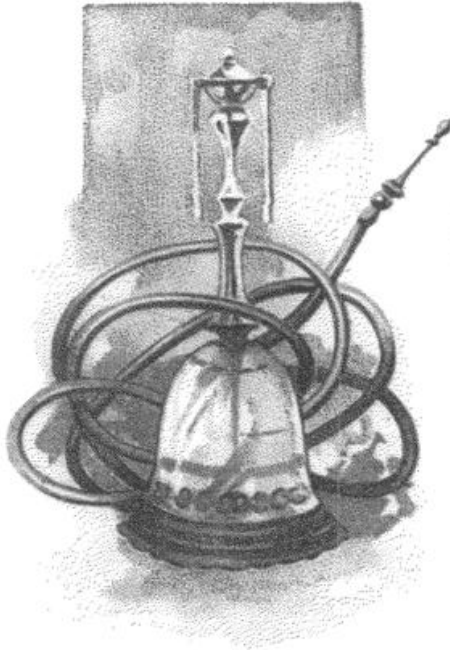


"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from Heaven."—*Bulwer Lytton*.

"I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men."—*Thackeray*.



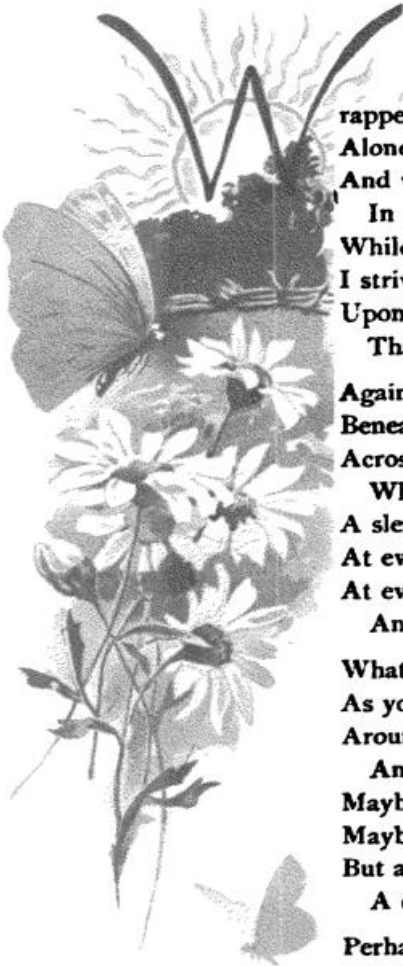
Thackeray says that while smoking "Sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner—it harmonizes the society and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses."



"On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that—Jupiter hang out thy balance and weigh them both; and if you give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed."—*Bulwer Lytton*.

"May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure."—*Thackeray*.

## ASHES.



rapped in a sadly tattered gown,  
Alone I puff my briar brown,  
And watch the ashes settle down  
In lambent flashes ;  
While thro' the blue, thick, curling haze,  
I strive with feeble eyes to gaze,  
Upon the half-forgotten days  
That left but ashes.

Again we wander through the lane,  
Beneath the elms and out again,  
Across the rippling fields of grain,  
Where softly plashes  
A slender brook 'mid banks of fern,  
At every sigh my pulses burn,  
At every thought I slowly turn  
And find but ashes.

What made my fingers tremble so,  
As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow,  
Around them, now with movements slow  
And now with dashes?  
Maybe 'tis smoke that blinds my eyes,  
Maybe a tear within them lies ;  
But as I puff my pipe there flies  
A cloud of ashes.

Perhaps you did not understand,  
How lightly flames of love were fanned.  
Ah, every thought and wish I've planned  
With something clashes !  
And yet within my lonely den  
Over a pipe, away from men,  
I love to throw aside my pen  
And stir the ashes.

DE WITT STERRY.



Lord Tennyson is a heavy smoker, and so was Thomas Carlyle. The story of Tennyson calling on Carlyle one evening, and sitting in solemn silence smoking for hours is well known. "Man Alfred," said Carlyle as he showed the Poet Laureate out, "We have ha'en a graund nicht. Come back again soon !"

James Payn, the novelist, cannot remember the time when he did not smoke. Mark Twain, at the age of thirty, used to smoke 300 cigars per month. Mr. George Augustus Sala has been a constant smoker for forty years, and bears emphatic testimony in favor of smoking. "The allegation," he says, "as to smoking stupifying a man's faculties or blunting his energy, I take to be mainly nonsense."

Carlyle, like Tennyson, did not care for a cigar, but kept a pipe in his mouth most of his waking hours, and Thackeray, like Burns, loved to get away by himself and enjoy the flavor of a rank tobacco pipe.





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## A SONG, AFTER SHERIDAN.



Here's to the hookah, with snake of five feet,  
Or the "portable" fix'd to one's "topper;"  
Here's to the meerschaum, more naughty than neat,  
And here's to all pipes that are proper.

Fill them up tight,  
Give 'em a light,

I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

Here's to the Warden's twelve inches of stalk,  
Here's to Jack Tar's clay, with one, sir;  
To the pipes now with mountings, so rich that  
they "walk,"

And here's to most pipes which have none, sir.  
Fill them up tight, &c.

Here's to the Milo just out of the shop,  
With mouthpiece as dry as pale sherry;  
Here's to your veteran, wet as a mop,  
Black as a sloe or a cherry.

Fill them up tight, &c.

Let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,  
Light or heavy, I care not a feather;  
So fill them with 'Baccy right up to the rim,  
And let us all smoke them together.

Fill them up tight,  
Give 'em a light,

I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

*—From Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

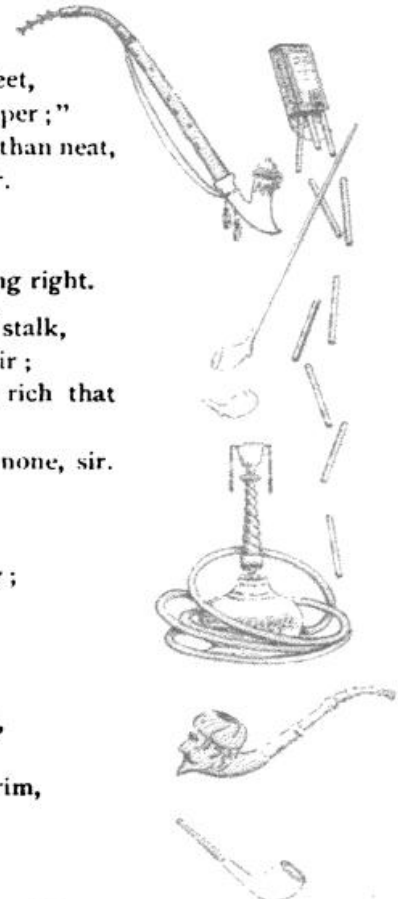
## IN WREATHS OF SMOKE.

In wreaths of smoke, blown waywardwise,  
Faces of olden days uprise,  
And in his dreamery revery  
They haunt the smoker's brain, and he  
Breathes for the past regretful sighs.

Mem'ries of maids with azure eyes,  
In dewy dells, 'neath June's soft skies,  
Faces that more he'll only see  
In wreaths of smoke.

Eheu, eheu! how fast Time flies—  
How youthtime passion droops and dies,  
And all the countless visions flee!  
How worn would all those faces be,  
Were they not swathed in soft disguise  
In wreaths of smoke?

*—Frank Newton Holman.*



## ~ ANOTHER MATCH ~

AFTER A. C. SWINBURNE.

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

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

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

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

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

### WEETER THAN ROSES.

Sweet is the Summer wind that blows  
From tangled beds of mignonette ;  
But sweeter far the air that flows  
O'er new-mown hay with rain-drops wet.  
And sweet from petals of the rose,  
The attar that the Turk distils ;  
And sweetest that a mortal knows  
The wild rose of the Summer hills.  
Yet there's a richer rare perfume,  
Ah who that's known it, can forget,  
Of perfect bliss, the bud and bloom,  
A RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTE.

Of Dixie with its hearts of oak  
It forms to-day the crowning fame.  
Who gives us this ideal smoke ?  
Allen & Ginter is their name.

"I can quite believe the Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginia Tobacco, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air."—*Thomas Hood*.

"Up the Rhine."

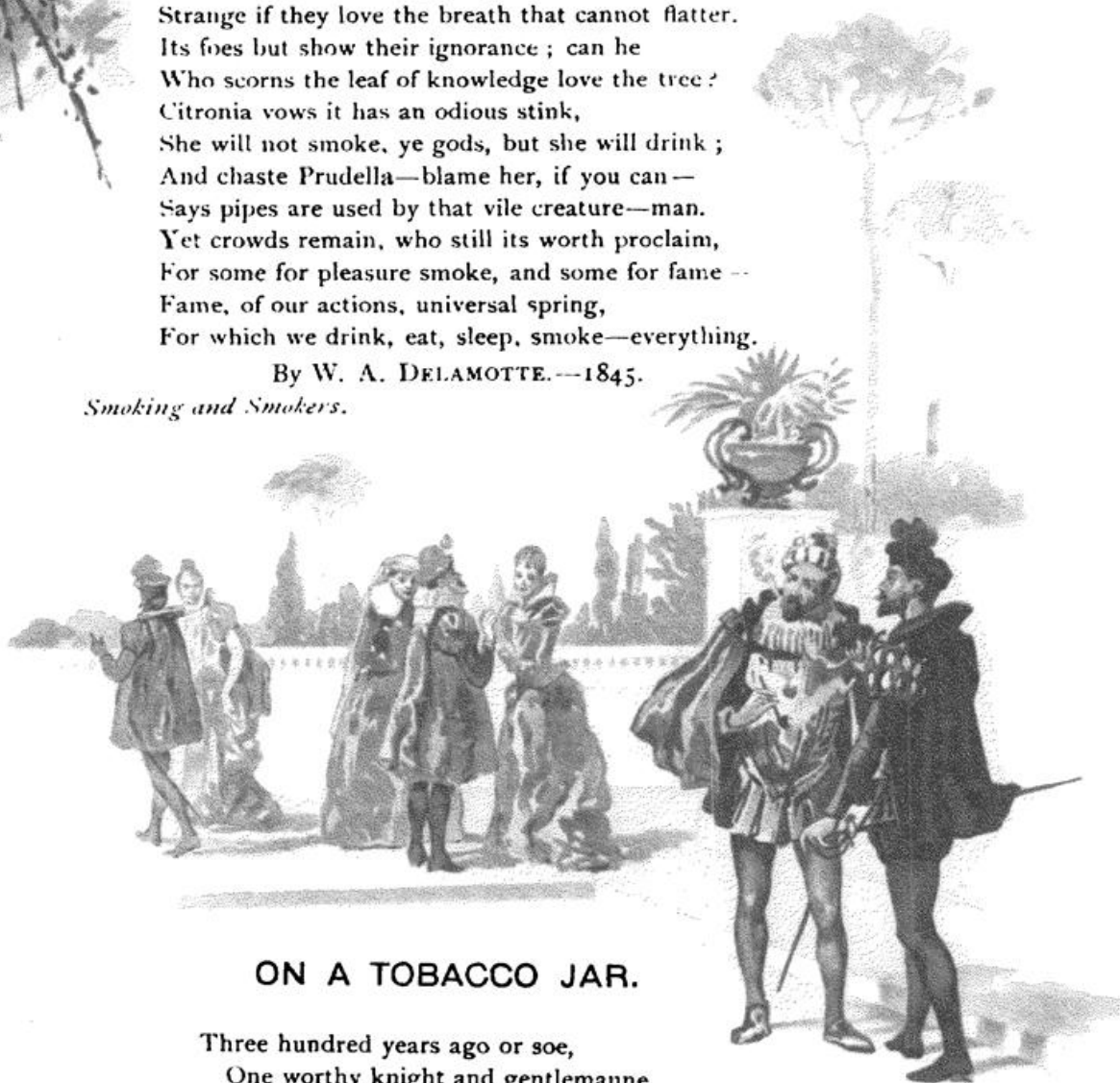


## AN ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

**C**ritics avaunt—Tobacco is my theme ;  
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam ,  
And you, court insects, flutter not too near  
As flight, nor buzz within its scorching sphere.  
Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,  
So shall the Muse, with smoke, elicit fire ;  
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff,  
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.  
Lord Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid ;  
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.  
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon ;  
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town.  
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,  
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter.  
Its foes but show their ignorance ; can he  
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge love the tree ?  
Citronia vows it has an odious stink,  
She will not smoke, ye gods, but she will drink ;  
And chaste Prudella—blame her, if you can—  
Says pipes are used by that vile creature—man.  
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,  
For some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame --  
Fame, of our actions, universal spring,  
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—everything.

By W. A. DELAMOTTE.—1845.

*Smoking and Smokers.*



## ON A TOBACCO JAR.

Three hundred years ago or soe,  
One worthy knight and gentlewomanne  
Did bring me here, to charm and chere,  
To physical and mental manne.  
God bless his soule who filled ye bowle,  
And may our blessings find him ;  
That he not miss *some* share of blisse  
Who left soe much behind him.

BERNARD BARKER.

“There is a butterfly-beauty about the cigarette to which the cigar and the pipe can lay no claim—a summer charm to stir the dreaming rapture of a poet, and to excite the Lotus-eating philosopher even to analogy.”



s, circling upward through the air,  
 The hazy cloudlet softly swings,  
 A glad young girl, with golden hair,  
 Laughs lightly from the fleeting wings.  
 We wandered once through woodland ways,  
 We whispered vows of truth and love :  
 The happy unforgotten days  
 Are mirrored in the clouds above.  
 Old loves, old faiths, I dream of yet,  
 Although she broke my heart for sport ;  
 Our bliss was like a cigarette,—  
 The time it lasted sweet and short.

—*Nat. Fossith in London Magazine.*



## A SYMPHONY IN SMOKE.

A pretty, piquant pouting pet,  
 Who likes to muse and take her ease :  
 She loves to smoke a cigarette.  
 To dream in silken hammockette,  
 And sing and swing beneath the trees—  
 A pretty, piquant, pouting pet.  
 Her Christian name is Violet ;  
 Her eyes are blue as summer seas ;  
 She loves to smoke a cigarette.  
 As calm as babe in bassinette,  
 She swingeth in the summer breeze—  
 A pretty, piquant, pouting pet.

She ponders o'er a novelette—  
 Her parasol is Japanese—  
 She loves to smoke a cigarette.  
 She loves a fume without a frct—  
 Her frills are white, her frock *cerise*  
 A pretty, pouting, piquant pet.  
 She almost goes to sleep, and yet,  
 Half lulled by booming honey-bees,  
 She loves to smoke a cigarette.  
 A winsome, clever, cool coquette,  
 Who flouts all Grundian decrees—  
 A pretty, pouting, piquant pet,  
 That loves to smoke a cigarette.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*







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# My Three Loves

W

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

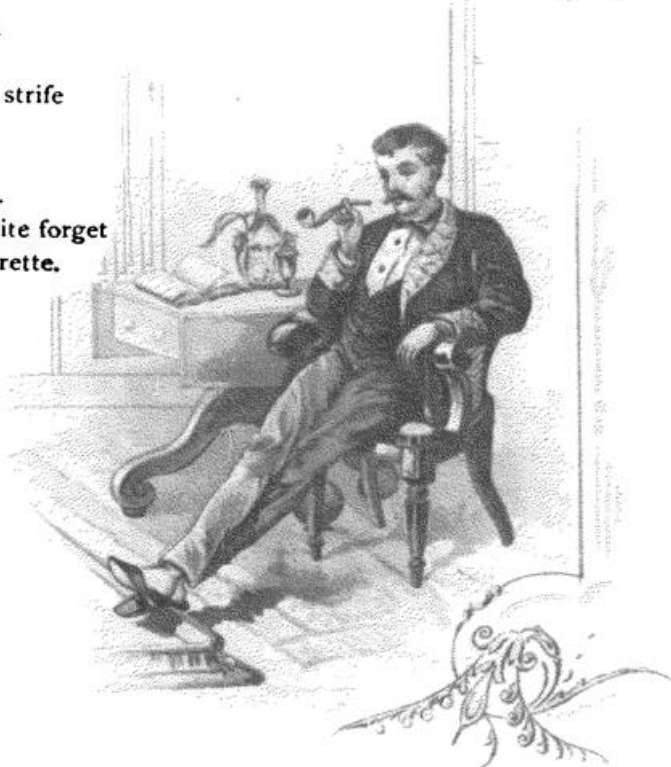
To cheer my night or glad my day  
My pipe was ever willing ;  
The meerschaum or the lovely clay  
Alike repaid the filling.  
Grown men delight in blowing clouds  
As boys in blowing bubbles,  
Our cares to puff away in crowds,  
And banish all our troubles.  
My pipe I nearly made my pet,  
Above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

A tiny paper tightly rolled  
About some Latakia,  
Contains within its magic fold  
A mighty *p.macea*.  
Some thought of sorrow or of strife  
At ev'ry whiff will vanish ;  
And all the scenery of life  
Turn picturesquely Spanish.  
But still I could not quite forget  
Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

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

A prime cigar I firmly set  
Above a pipe or cigarette.  
But after all, I try in vain  
To fetter my opinion ;  
Since each upon my giddy brain  
Has boasted a dominion.  
Comparisons I'll not provoke,  
Lest *all* should be offended,  
Let this discussion end in smoke,  
As many more have ended,  
And each I'll make a special pet—  
My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

HENRY S. LEIGH,  
London Magazine.



## THE PATRIOTIC SMOKER'S LAMENT.



**T**ell me, shade of Walter Raleigh,  
Briton of the truest type,  
When that too devoted valet  
Quenched your first-recorded pipe,  
Were you pondering the opinion,  
As you watched the airy coil,  
That the virtue of Virginia  
Might be bred in British soil?

You transplanted the potato,  
'Twas a more enduring gift  
Than the wisdom of a Plato  
To our poverty and thrift.  
That respected root has flourished  
Nobly for a nation's need,  
But our brightest dreams are nourished  
Ever on a foreign weed.

For the deepest meditation  
Of the philosophic scribe,  
For the poet's inspiration,  
For the Cynic's polished gibe.  
We invoke narcotic nurses  
In their jargon from afar,  
I indite these modest verses  
On a polyglot cigar.

Leaf that lulls a Turkish Aga  
May a scholar's soul renew,  
Fancy spring from Larranaga,  
History from honeydew.  
When the teacher and the tyro  
Spirit-manna fondly seek,  
'Tis the cigarette from Cairo  
Or a compound from the Greek.

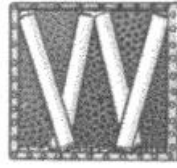
But no British-born aroma  
Is fit incense to the Queen,  
Nature gives her best diploma  
To the alien nicotine.  
We are doomed to her ill-favor,  
For the plant that's native grown,  
Has a patriotic flavor  
Too exclusively our own.

O my country, could your smoker  
Boast your "shag," or even "twist,"  
Every man were mediocre  
Save the blest tobacconist!  
He will point immortal morals,  
Make all common praises mute,  
Who shall win our grateful laurels  
With a national cheroot.

—*The St. James Gazette.*



TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME  
A MEERSCHAUM.



ell was it named *écume de mer*  
The gracious earth so light and fair ;  
Mysterious cross of foam and clay,  
From both it stole the best away ;  
If clay, 'tis such as sense might doubt of,  
The same Jove made the Naiads out of,  
If foam, then such as crowns the glow  
Of beakers brimmed with Veuve Cliquot,  
And here combined they sure must be  
The birth of some enchanted sea,  
Shaped to immortal form, the type  
And very Venus of a pipe !



For fancy that : but since they say  
We Yankees think it wrong to play,  
And love a moral bench to squirm on  
Harder than flint, I add a sermon  
Whene'er I fill it with the weed  
From Lethe wharf, whose potent seed  
Nicotia, child of Bacchus's age,  
Heir of his cheer but not his rage.  
In misty Indian summer bore  
From Dreamland to Virginia's shore  
I'll think ; so fill the costliest bowl,  
And strange alembic of the soul,  
With herbs far-sought that shall distill  
Not fumes to slacken thought and will,  
But gracious essences that nerve  
To wait, to dare, to strive, to serve.  
While curls the smoke in eddies soft,  
Wreathing fantastic shapes aloft,  
That give and take, though chance-designed,  
The impress of the dreamer's mind,  
And in a mild enchantment blends  
The fireside thoughts of musing friends,



I'll think ; so let the vapors bred  
By passion in the heart or head,  
Pass off and upward into space,  
With bright farewells of tender grace,  
Remembered in some happier time  
To blend the beauty with my rhyme.  
While slowly through its candid grain  
The color deepens, as the brain  
That burns in mortals leaves its trace  
Of bales or blessings in the face,  
I'll think ; so let the virtue rare  
Of life consuming make me fair,  
So may its temperate fires imbue  
My soul and sense with riper hue,  
So 'gainst our earthly ills profuse  
Steep me in some nepenthe-juice ;  
And if my years must part with all  
That whiteness which men greenness call,

And the gods wisdom, if I must  
Doubt where I grandly took on trust,  
Grant me, Experience, this alone,  
Turn me to Meerschaum, not to stone ;  
Smoothe, grim Medusa, half thy frown,  
Making me gently, slowly brown !  
And while the ardor shrinks away  
To hide itself in ashes grey ;  
When Eld's Ash Wednesday comes about  
To strew my head from fires burnt out ;  
I'll think, as inward Life retreats,  
And careful spares his wasting beats,  
While one spark stays to light the eye  
With a last flash of memory,  
So may it be, till wholly gone,  
But deeper in my heart withdrawn,  
With kindling touch to make it glow  
For the kind friend of long ago !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*The Spirit of the Fair.*



## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse  
Straight confound my stammering verse,  
If I can a passage see  
In this word—perplexity,  
Or a fit expression find  
Or a language to my mind  
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)  
To take leave of thee Great Plant!  
Or in any terms relate  
Half my love or half my hate,  
For I hate yet love thee so  
That whichever thing I show,  
The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrain'd hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More from a mistress than a weed.

\* \* \* \* \*

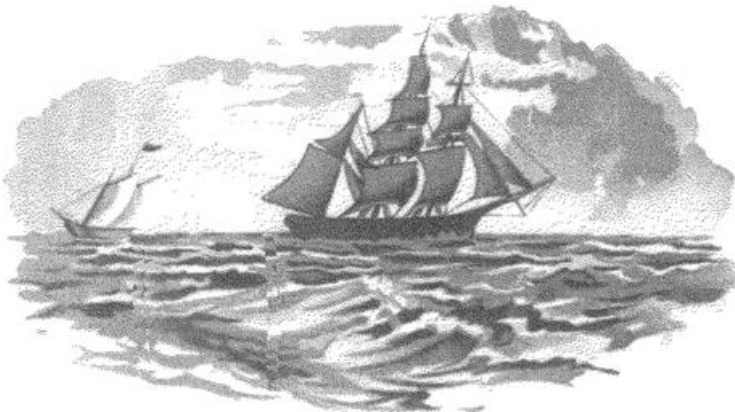
Brother of Bacchus, later born,  
The old world was sure forlorn  
Wanting thee, that aidest more  
The god's victories than before  
All the panthers and the brawls  
Of his piping Bacchannals,  
These, as stale, we disallow,  
Or judge of *thee* meanly: only thou  
His true Indian conquest art;  
And, for ivy round his dart  
The reformed god now weaves  
A finer thyssus of thy leaves,  
Scent to match thy rich perfume  
Through her quaint alembic strain,  
None so sovereign to the brain.  
Nature that did in thee excel  
Framed again no second smell.

Roses, violets, but toys,  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant,  
Thou art the only manly scent.

\* \* \* \* \*

For I must nor let it grieve thee,  
Friendliest of plants, that I must leave thee,  
For thy sake, Tobacco, I,  
Would do anything but die,  
And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.  
But as she who once hath been  
A Knight's consort, is a queen  
Ever after, nor will bate  
Any title of her state,  
Though a widow or divorced,  
So I, from thy converse forced,  
The old name and style retain,  
A right Katherine of Spain;  
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
Of the blest Tobacco Boys.  
Where, though I by sour physician  
Am debarred the full fruition  
Of thy favors, I may catch  
Some collateral sweets and snatch  
Sidelong odors, that give life  
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;  
And still live in the by-places  
And the suburbs of thy graces;  
And in thy borders take delight  
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.





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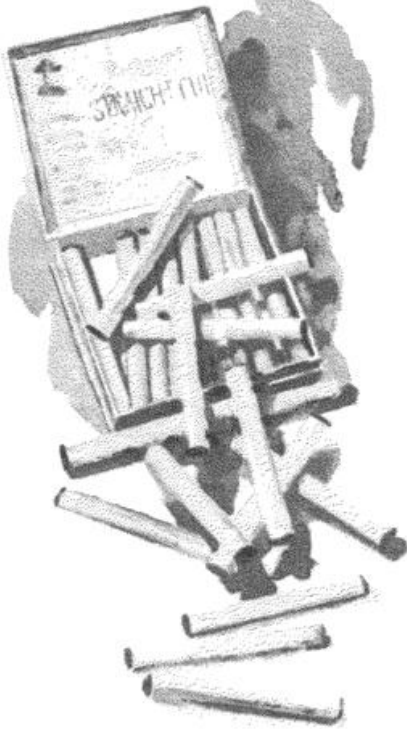


## THE ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

As I was walking out one day,  
Sir Cupid by the way I met,  
Who held a flickering heart, wherefrom  
He strove to light—a cigarette!

And as I passed I heard him say,  
"Deuce take this heart of a coquette;  
The flame's too fickle, I declare,  
To even light a cigarette!"

—*Life.*



## HE RESPONDETH.

SHE.

You still persist in using,  
I observe with great regret,  
The needlessly expensive  
Cigarette.

HE.

You should set a good example,  
But you seem to quite forget  
That you use a thirty dollar  
Vinaigrette.

—*Life.*

## THE MEERSCHAUM.

The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor, born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mars* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the great vegetable has sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm, are diffused through its thirsting pores.

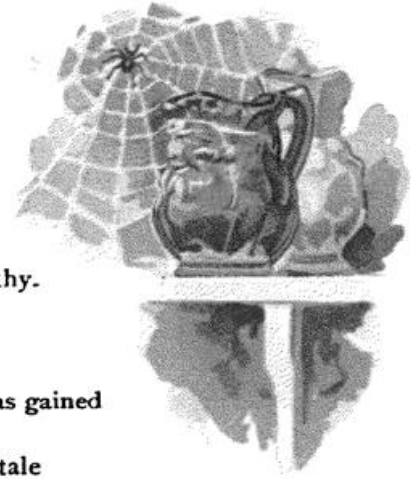
First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature, true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! He who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## TRIUMPH OF TOBACCO OVER SACK AND ALE.



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



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

And worthily too,  
For what they undo,  
Tobacco doth help to regain,  
On fairer conditions  
Than many physicians,  
Puts an end to much grief and pain.

It helpeth digestion,  
Of that there's no question ;  
The gout and the toothache it eases,  
Be it early or late,  
'Tis ne'er out of date,  
He may safely take it that pleases.

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

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

“Great men need no pompous marble  
To perpetuate their name ;  
Household gear and common trinkets  
Best remind us of their fame.

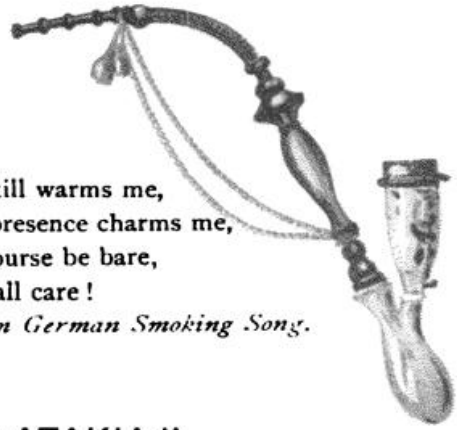
Raleigh's glory rests immortal  
On ten thousand thousand urns,  
Every jar is *in memoriam*,  
Every fragrant pipe that burns.”





When love grows cool, thy fire still warms me,  
When friends are fled, thy presence charms me,  
If thou art full, though purse be bare,  
I smoke and cast away all care!

—From *German Smoking Song*.



### “LATAKIA.”

When all the panes are hung with frost,  
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,  
I draw my sofa on the rug  
Before the ancient chimney-place.

Upon the painted tiles are mosques  
And minarets, and here and there  
A blind muezzin lifts his hands  
And calls the faithful unto prayer.

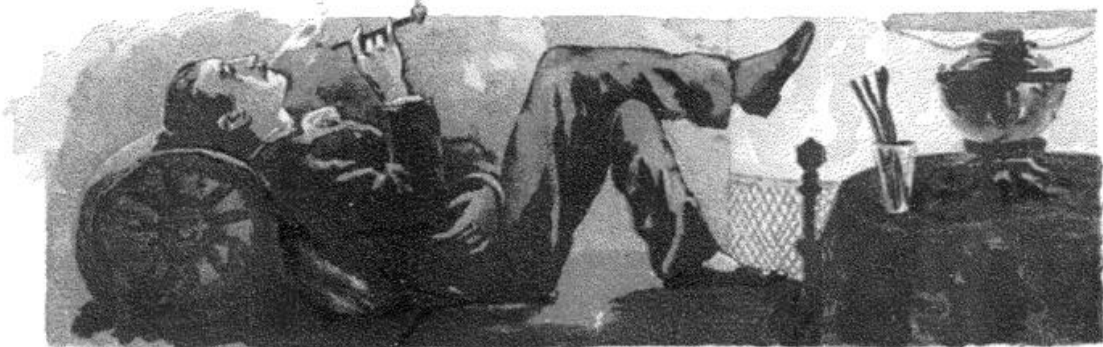
Folded in idle, twilight dreams,  
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing,  
As if within its ruddy core,  
It held the happy heart of Spring.

Ferdousi never sang like that,  
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay;  
I lounge, and blow white wings of smoke,  
And watch them rise and float away.

The curling wreaths like turbans seem  
Of silent slaves that come and go—  
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,  
Whom I behead from time to time,  
With pipe-stem at a single blow.

And now and then a lingering cloud,  
Takes gracious form at my desire,  
And at my side my lady stands,  
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—  
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

—T. B. Aldrich.



## IN NUBIBUS.

### RONDEAU.

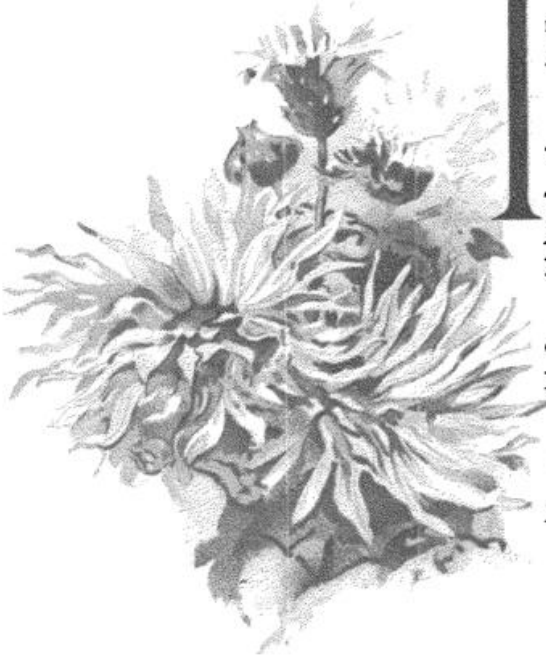
**I**n fragrant smoke my thoughts ascend  
And fleeting fancies with them blend ;  
I do not mind my swelling debts ;  
No carking care my humor frets ;  
Through *chateaux en Espagne* I wend.

The novels I have never penned  
And plays that untold crowds attend,  
My sanguine vision now begets  
In fragrant smoke.

Croesus' fair daughter I defend  
From bandits who would ransom rend.

And, while love's dream ambition whets  
From RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT CIGAR-  
ETTES,

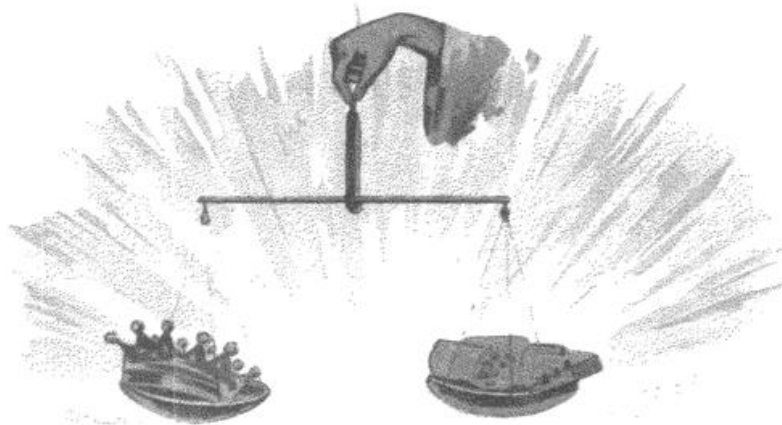
I feel that I have one true friend  
In fragrant smoke !



“ Learn to smoke slowly.” Cultivate “ Calm and intermittent puffs.”

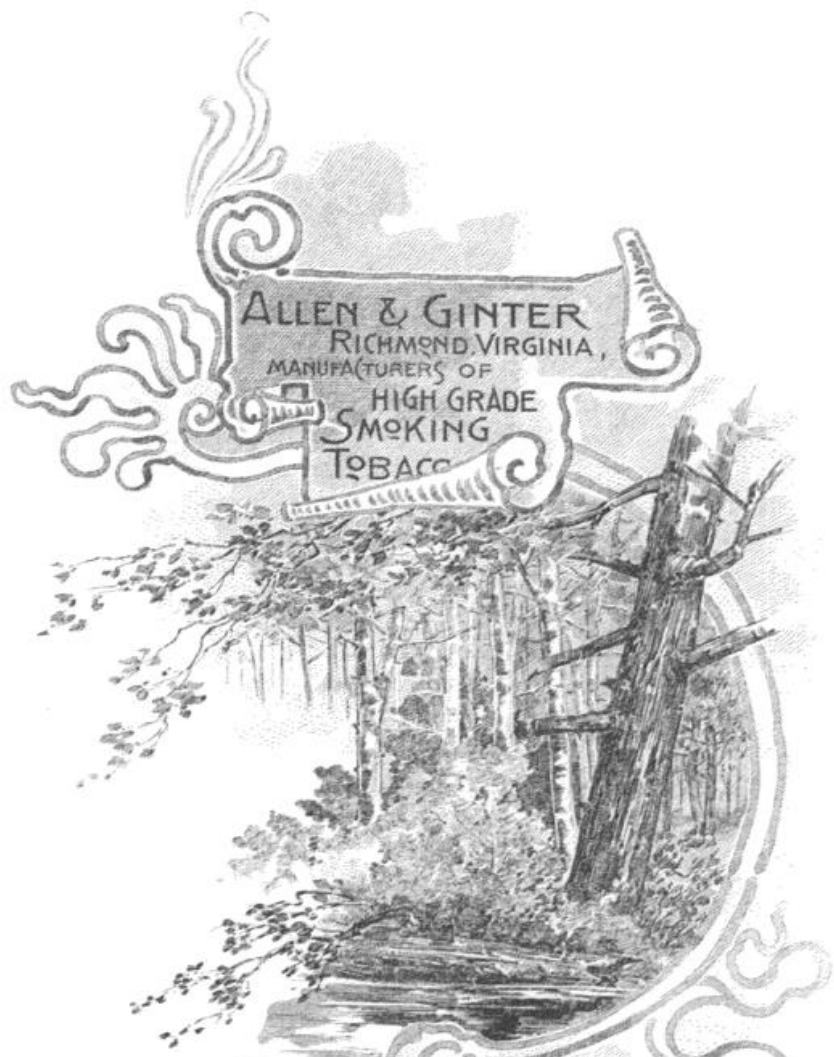
WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Spurgeon, whose name is honored throughout the borders of England, and far beyond them, is a stout upholder of smoking. On a certain occasion an American divine had the questionable taste of talking in the Tabernacle about the sin of smoking a cigar ! After he sat down Mr. Spurgeon rose and said : “ Notwithstanding what Brother Pentecost has said, I intend to smoke a good cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed to-night. If anybody can show me in the Bible the command, ‘ Thou shalt not smoke,’ I am ready to keep it ; but I haven’t found it yet. At the same time, what a man believes to be a sin, becomes a sin to him, and he must give it up. Why, a man may think it a sin to have his boots blacked. Well, then, let him give it up, and have them whitewashed.”





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ALLEN & GINTER  
 RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 HIGH GRADE  
 SMOKING  
 TOBACCO

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1.  
 RICHMOND GEM, Curly Cut.  
 IMPERIAL BIRD'S EYE.  
 DIXIE, Chop Cut.  
 OLD RIP, Long Cut.  
 LOUISIANA PERIQUE.  
 RICHMOND CAVENDISH.

TURKISH PERIQUE AND RICHMOND  
 SMOKING MIXTURES.  
 ALLEN & GINTER'S IMPERIAL GRANULATED  
 SMOKING MIXTURE.

THE PET

Cigarette Tobacco.

