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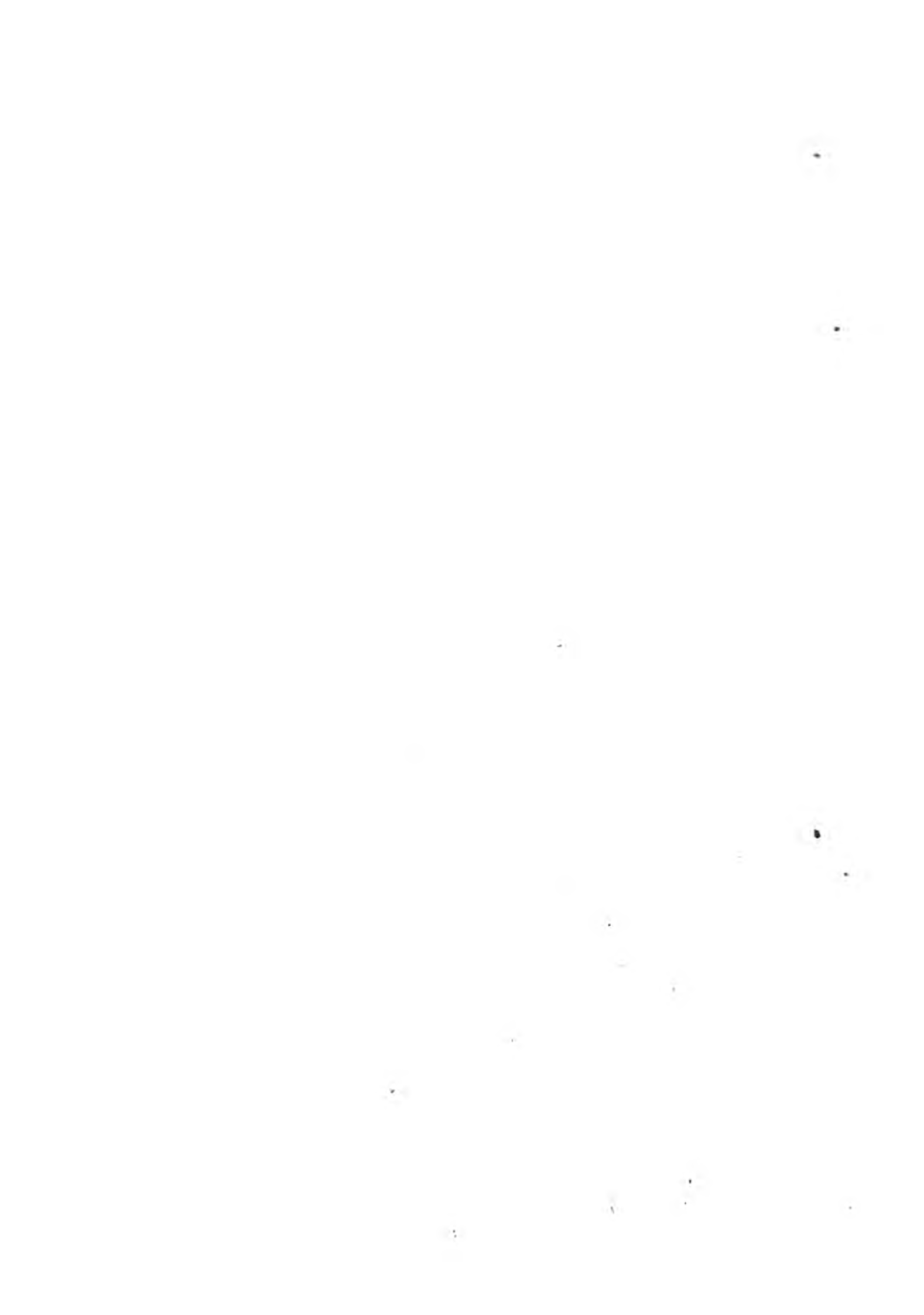
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“I usually sat up in bed, took a book, smoked away, and thus prepared sermons and speeches, or at least conceived the outline.”—See PAGE 40.

What
Put My Pipe Out



LONDON:

S.W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

WHAT PUT MY PIPE OUT;

OR, INCIDENTS IN

The Life of a Clergyman.

"My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. . . For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh."—PROV. iv. 20, 22.

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WHAT PUT MY PIPE OUT;

OR, INCIDENTS IN

THE LIFE OF A CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARKING FROM AMERICA—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE—
CURIOUS POETRY—HOW TOBACCO CAME INTO EUROPE
—A MONKEY'S TRICK.

I EMBARKED from America, the land of my childhood, just as the sun was going down on the 23rd of June, 18—. The recollections of the past and anticipations of the future were producing their usually saddening influence on my mind as I found myself, at the age of twenty, fairly under weigh for the European seats of learning. Being destined for the Christian ministry, and having availed myself of the collegiate training of my native land, it was

deemed advisable that I should spend two or three years in Germany and England.

It is very well to talk of a first voyage across the Atlantic after it is all over ; but I can tell the young landsman that, however laughable it may be to listen to the description of seasickness and some of its attendant circumstances, I found the actual thing, after a week's painful experience, anything but a joke. Still, on this inconvenience, as well as every other trial and pleasure of life, the motto might have been inscribed—"passing away." I do not say I was uninterruptedly ill the whole of that week :—no ; there were intervals when I felt I could take some interest in the grand spectacle of nothing but blue above, and nothing but blue beneath. Oh ! there is something unutterably sublime in the solitude of such a scene ; when the mighty ocean has no more swell than the bosom of a sleeping babe ; when the king of day seems pillowing his head on the distant margin of the waters ; when star after star noiselessly takes its stand like the silent sentinel of some martial camp ; and when you feel your peace of mind depends on your faith in the judgment of him who guides

the helm, steering the vessel where no roads nor finger-posts mark the way through the briny element.

Among the passengers there was a surgeon, with whom I resolved to make friends as soon as I could. His benevolent, studious, and gentlemanly appearance acted as a magnet; and I confess I adopted a variety of little artifices to commence our acquaintanceship. There was some difference in our professions: he for the body, and I for the soul. There was also some difference in our persons: he being tall and thin, while I was short and stout; but in one thing we both agreed—neither he nor I smoked.

“I fear,” said I to this surgeon, whose name was Flight, “these sailors, who seem good-hearted fellows, must injure themselves by their constant use of tobacco.”

“Not only these sailors, sir, but thousands who spend their life on terra-firma are, in my judgment, constantly suffering a heavy penalty for the use of this weed.”

“Did you never smoke?” said I.

“Once I made an attempt; but fortunately my nature rebelled against the invasion of its

rights, and made such a stir within, producing such nausea, trembling, queer feelings in my brain, and clammy cold perspiration through every pore of my skin, that I determined never to touch a cigar again."

"Some medical men are not opposed to the use of tobacco," I suggested.

"In these cases," observed Mr. Flight, "such physicians have not really considered the subject at all, or perhaps themselves are addicted to the habit ; and so, being unwilling to sail against wind and tide, they tolerate or recommend the quid, snuff-box, or pipe, as they do, on the same principle, ale, wine, or brandy. In Boston, at our last medical meeting, we had a valuable paper read on the injurious effects of tobacco when even used moderately. The discussion that followed was first-rate."

"I should like to have been with you," said I ; "a good argument, in good temper, is worth something. Not that I could have taken any part in it ; for the fact is, although I have no inclination to smoking, I am perfectly ignorant about the history, nature, and effects of an herb whose popularity seems universal."

“I remember taking large notes of our discussion ; and if I can lay my hands on them, and you feel interested in the subject, they may serve to pass away a tedious half-hour or so.”

Tedious and long the voyage was. The captain and men, however, did all they could to make things agreeable, and some of the passengers were pleasant enough in their various ways. A runaway slave, acting as cook on board, gave us an occasional sketch of a tobacco plantation, of the difficulty in its production, and of the joys and sorrows of slave life. Negro courtship, negro marriages, negro children, and negro auctions, all diversified the daily routine of ship-board, while Mr. Flight frequently interested me with some little information about the history of tobacco.

“I think,” said he, as one morning we were pacing the deck, after having observed the flying fish, “you’re rather fond of poetry: now if you have not seen this before, I am sure you will be amused, if not charmed. I do not say it is equal in language to any of our present poets, nor do I suppose any would now believe all the writer affirms ; but it shows the opinions

entertained when tobacco was first brought into Europe."

I took it, and read as follows :—

"The herb which borrows Santa Crocé's name
Sore eyes relieves and healeth wounds ; the same
Discusses the king's evil, and removes
Cancers and boils ; a remedy it proves
For burns and scalds, repels the nauseous itch,
And straight recovers from convulsion fits.
It cleanses, dries, binds up, and maketh warm ;
The headache, toothache, cholic, like a charm
It ceaseth soon ; an ancient cough relieves,
And to the veins, and milk, and stomach gives
Quick riddance from the pains which each endures.
Next, the dire wounds of poisoned arrows cures,
All bruises heals ; and when the gums are sore,
It makes them sound and healthy as before.
Sleep it procures, our anxious sorrows lays,
And with new flesh the naked bone arrays.
No herb hath greater power to rectify
All the disorders that in the breast do lie,
Or in the lungs. Herb of immortal fame !
Which hither first by Santa Crocé came,
When he (his time of nunciature expired)
Back from the court of Portugal retired ;
Even as his predecessors, great and good,
Brought home the Cross, whose consecrated wood
All Christendom now with its presence blesses ;
And still the illustrious family possesses
The name of Santa Crocé, rightly given,
Since they in all respects resemble Heaven,
Procure as much as mortal man can do—
The welfare of our souls and bodies too."

"You smile," said my medical friend, as I returned him the paper: "I fancy you think it sounds very much like some extravagant puff of a modern quack medicine."

"With this exception," I replied: "in modern puffs religion is omitted, but in this about tobacco she gives her help. The wood of the Cross, which Santa Crocé's predecessors brought home, I know very well was so venerated by the superstitious papists, that it was considered capable of procuring any blessing: to compare, then, tobacco with this Cross, is to pass on it the highest compliment possible. But who was this Santa Crocé? and how did he get hold of the tobacco at first?"

"You must know," said Mr. Flight, "that tobacco was first taken into Spain from St. Domingo, by Hernandez de Toledo, in 1559. By him some of the plants and seeds were presented to Jean Nicot, ambassador from Francis II. to the Court of Portugal. On his arrival at Lisbon that gentleman gave some of the plant to the grand prior, by whom it was called 'Herbe de grand Prieure.' On his return to Paris, Nicot presented some of the seeds and plant to the Queen Catherine de Medicis, who

gave it the name of 'Herbe de la Reine,' or Queen's herb. With scientific men, however, it has ever retained the name of 'Nicotiana,' after John Nicot; and 'Tobacco,' from the place where it was first discovered by the Spaniards. It was about this time that Cardinal Santa Crocé, who was the Pope's Nuncio in Portugal, returned to Italy, and took some of it with him; and from him it obtained the name of 'Herba Sancta Crucis,' or 'Holy Cross Herb.' "

Our conversation was now interrupted by a sudden burst of laughter from all on the deck, which was occasioned by a monkey, whose tricks on board were most absurd. We had among the passengers a good-natured elderly German merchant going to Hamburg, who was hardly ever seen without his cigar or his pipe. Somehow or other the monkey managed to get hold of this German's cigar case; and taking one out, he climbed the rigging just behind where the merchant was puffing his clouds of smoke, and putting it in his mouth, was mimicking the smoker in the most ludicrous manner possible.

CHAPTER II.

A PRACTICAL JOKE—SIR WALTER RALEIGH AT ISLINGTON—POPULARITY OF TOBACCO—SINGULAR LAWS MADE BY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES ABOUT IT—THE EARLY METHODISTS.

WE had not had one storm since leaving America; and the captain was superstitious enough to think it was because we set sail on Sunday instead of Friday, as was at first proposed.

"The better the day, the better the deed," he would observe; "and I'd as soon have a dog howl at midnight as to make Friday the starting point for anything of importance."

A few days more, and we hoped to get sight of land. Whether this hope made us unusually wakeful I cannot say; but it was a matter of fact that the German merchant, Mr. Flight, with myself, saw the glorious spectacle every morning from this time of the rising of the sun from behind the waters. I do not deny that there is beauty in the "rosy morn with dewy fingers opening the golden gates of day," and waking all the feathery race to make the

groves vocal, while mists and darkness flee away, leaving the hills and dales bathed in a flood of liquid light: but to the soul that loves to revel in sublimity, there is perhaps nothing comparable to that emblem of eternity, the ever-restless ocean, as the light of this world undergoes its daily resurrection from the grave at night, and spreads millions of golden rays on every heaving wave.

The sailors were now busy throwing buckets of water to wash the deck.

"To the larboard!" shouted one sailor to our smoking friend, as splash went the water out of the bucket. But our friend was too much like the Dutchman who thought "the glory of the world is smoke," to heed the warning cry.

"To the larboard!" shouted a second, with less ceremony than the former, at the same time throwing the water with a little more energy nearer the merchant, whose back was toward him; while a third, with a roguish eye, was preparing to throw his bucketful much nearer than even the two former.

"Herr Schubann!" cried Mr. Flight, seeing a practical joke was about to be played on him.

The German was aroused; his usually good-

natured smile lighted up his face; and in a moment he was by our side.

"By all that is polite in good breeding," exclaimed the German, "I ought to treat you two gentlemen as if you were ladies."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, seeing you have as great an antipathy to this smoke as many of the fair sex, I suppose I ought in your presence to put it out; but I can assure you, gentlemen, although I will do it if you wish it, you must esteem the act as the highest compliment I can pay you."

"No! no!" replied Mr. Flight, "don't do as I do until you think as I think!"

"I am afraid," said the old smoker, laughingly, "I should be as dull a scholar in that direction as wolves would be were you to read them an essay on the impropriety of sheep-stealing."

"Our medical antagonist to tobacco did not disturb you to give you a lesson on the advantages of total abstinence from pipes, but to save you from a shower bath."

"Thank you," said the German, whose quick eye now saw, by the employment of the sailors, his recent danger.

“Your position reminded me of the story about Sir Walter Raleigh,” observed Mr. Flight: “you have heard it, I suppose?”

“Sir Walter who?” asked the German.

“Raleigh.”

“I am sorry to say,” replied Herr Schubann, “I am not so well acquainted with your English history as with that of my own country. Pray, sir, in what did I resemble Sir Walter?”

“The knight was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and by her permission he made several conquests in America. He gave the name of Virginia to some part of the conquered land, in honour of our virgin queen. But whether at this time he saw the natives smoking tobacco in clay pipes, and imported the habit to England, or whether one Ralph Lane, who returned with Sir Francis Drake, has the honour of teaching Englishmen this use of the herb, there has been a good deal of controversy among our literati; but it is admitted that if Sir Walter Raleigh was not the introducer of tobacco, he was certainly one of its greatest patrons and earliest smokers. There is yet standing at Islington, one of the suburbs north

of London, a public house called the 'Pied Bull,' in which this distinguished knight lived. While he was at one time enjoying quietly in his room his favourite pipe, a servant entering saw his master surrounded by volumes of smoke. Ignorant of the cause, and alarmed at seeing him, as he supposed, on fire, he rushed from the room, and soon returned with buckets of water, with which he completely drenched the distinguished lover of smoke."

"By my faith," said Herr Schubann, "I hope the English knight, for the sake of the servant, was less irritable than a German merchant, else it would have gone ill with the well-meaning fellow. I have heard many strange stories about the way you English used tobacco at first: perhaps we ought not to believe all we hear."

"The strangest thing about the history of tobacco is this,—that a little insignificant herb, smoked by barbarians on an obscure island of the new world, should have been eagerly embraced by rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young; and should have usurped a dominion over the human family, more extensive than that exercised by a Nebu-

chadnezzar, a Cyrus, an Alexander, a Cæsar, or any of the pretended successors of St. Peter filling the papal chair at Rome. I am astonished when I think that this tobacco is cultivated by the Arab in his desert ; is prized by the Laplander amid his snows ; is eagerly sought by the Esquimaux in his wanderings ; is deemed necessary to the seaman amidst raging storms ; is thought indispensable to the soldier in his work of death ; and is the magical spell within whose circle poet and painter, prince and peasant, merchant and mechanic, and divine and profligate, are confined."

"By all that is excellent in Germany," said Herr Schubann, taking two or three strong whiffs of the pipe he was smoking, "I should say, sir, this must have been a part of your last speech on some American platform ; and the earnestness of your oratory inclines me to think that if you had the making of our laws this magical herb would be soon banished from civilised society."

"I am not sure," said Mr. Flight, "what legislators ought to do."

"They have done something in different countries, have they not ?" I inquired.

“Yes; at Moscow a tribunal was instituted in 1634, called the ‘Chamber of Tobacco,’ which prohibited the use of that herb on pain of the knout for the first offence, and death for the second. In Persia, also, smoking was made a capital offence by Shah Abbas; but such was the infatuation of the people, that thousands abandoned their houses, and fled to the mountains, where they could practise it with impunity. In Turkey, the ferocious despot Amurath IV. ordered persons found smoking to be led through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe stuck through their noses for the first offence; the second was punished by decapitation. At Rome, Pope Urban VIII. issued a hempen bull, in 1624, against taking snuff in churches, some of the priests having been seen to practise it whilst performing mass. This bull was confirmed by Innocent XII., and continued in force until 1724, when Pope Benedict XIV. revoked it, he being a snuff-taker himself. At Appenzel, in Switzerland, in 1653, smokers were summoned before the Council, and punished by fine or imprisonment. The puritans of Massachusetts enacted a law which inflicted a fine

upon any person found smoking within twenty poles of a dwelling-house. Smoking of opium and tobacco are both made criminal by a law of the leader of the Chinese Insurgents. In England, James I. imposed a duty of 7s. per pound on tobacco, in the hope that it would prove a prohibitory one. The Methodist Conference, at the instigation of its venerable founder, prohibited its use to the preachers in their Connexion, and agreed to admit no smoker or snuff-taker into their communion."

"I tell you what it is, sir," remarked the German, half in jest, and half in earnest, "the less you and I are together the better: for were I to hear much of this sort of thing it would spoil the taste of my pipe. I think what every one does can't be far wrong; and as smoking is universal I have always considered it right. But if tobacco has been so seriously objected to as you state, I'm afraid I shall not be able to indulge in it so comfortably. I suppose, by the by, your facts and dates are all true?"

"It might be well if you would examine the subject a little," observed Mr. Flight: "you would meet with a few curiosities."

“I think,” said I, “I have heard that the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, placed the prohibition of smoking among the ten commandments.”

“I hope,” replied Herr Schubann, drily, “the priests had the power of absolution.”

Breakfast put an end to a conversation which, if it did no more, started an inquiry in the mind of the German, whether or not the present practice of smoking, chewing, and snuffing is a good or an evil.

CHAPTER III.

NEARING LAND — SINGULAR EXTRACT FROM KING
JAMES — GUNS AND TOBACCO — FLIGHT'S CHAFING
ABOUT EMILIE — SOME MORE RARE POETRY.

I KNOW not why I should have felt such an eager desire as I did to get the first sight of land, for to me that land was neither the home of my fathers' sepulchres, nor the dwelling of those I knew and loved. Besides, I had begun to get used to the swell of the ocean, the movement of the ship, to the tricks of the monkey, to the talk of the black cook, to the slang of the sailors, to the dissertations on tobacco by Mr. Flight, to the smoking of the German merchant, and to the broken English of the German's daughter Emilie, a young lady just leaving her teens, with a sufficiency of natural instinct to dislike the smell of her father's cigar, and to wish, for the comfort of her sex, that all tobacco could have a sailor's burial in the depths of the sea. Still I did

wish for shore ; and this wish, like every other, made the interval between me and its enjoyment, a dark valley leading to the bright and the beautiful.

I was alone ; that is, I was strolling about the deck amidst bustle and confusion, about which I took no notice, while listening to the many voices of memory and reflection within.

"Our waking dreams are fatal," said my friend Flight, who disturbed me from my reverie by his quotation from Young.

"Fatal or not," I replied, "I was gone."

"I think you were, indeed ; for I've been staring at you for the last five minutes, just to see what power was necessary to break the magical spell."

"No spell particularly," I answered ; "but I get a little abstracted sometimes. A habit of thought with me."

"Perhaps, a state of feeling as well as thought?" said Flight, jestingly, insinuating, as I thought, I had a sneaking regard for the young German lady, about whom he had more than once chafed me.

"No ; I do not know exactly what charmed my fancy : but it is true," I said, "among the

thoughts that came and went unbidden as the summer cloud, recollections of some of your observations about tobacco were certainly present. I do not say what other thoughts were there.

“No,” replied Flight, “you had better not ; for I’m neither your father confessor, nor should I be much disposed, perhaps, to inflict a very heavy penance. I think she is an amiable, sensible, and Christian girl ; and you might do worse than feel interested in her society. But, however, turning from the poetry of the heart to a piece of royal prose, I’ve just found the quotation which I mentioned yesterday, from a work by James I, entitled, ‘*Counterblaste of Tobacco.*’”

“Read it,” said I ; “I like to hear the emphasis which your hatred of ‘*the weed,*’ makes you put on certain little words in these quaint authors, elevating them on a pedestal which, whether the author meant them to occupy or not, serves to spread amusement, if not to increase the light.” He read as follows, while I was all attention.

“Tobacco,” saith King James, “is the lively image and pattern of hell ; for it hath, by allu-

sion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained: to wit, first it is a smoke,—so are all the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them that take it,—so do all the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head,—so do all the vanities of this world; men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him,—even so the pleasures of the world make men loth to leave them, for they are for the most part enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it; for it is a stinking, loathsome thing, and so is hell. And finally, were I to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes; first, a pig; second, a poll and ling of mustard; and third, a pipe of tobacco for digesture. Have you not reason to forbear the filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof, sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and vanities upon you; by the custom thereof, making yourselves to be

wondered at by all foreign nations, and by all strangers that come among you to be scorned and contemned. It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

"That is a literary curiosity," I exclaimed.

"But possessing a great deal of good sense."

"The king I see can use strong language."

"The habit is strong he seeks to destroy," replied Flight; "but apart from all his quaintness, the argument is not bad, is it?"

"Not at all; but what are those other papers you have there?"

"Only a few more precious relics of antiquity. Here's one; it is from Joshua Sylvester. Did you ever hear of the old poet?"

"That's good!" exclaimed Herr Schubann, who, emerging from the cabin, joined us at that moment. "I'm glad to find you two gentlemen with the poets; I expected to find you sentimentalizing over the poor slave in the tobacco plantation; or discussing the probable

consequences to pocket and health of chewing or smoking."

"And you are right in your expectations," I replied, "for we are in the very midst of the smoke, I can tell you; and as your German blood keeps pretty cool while listening to some hard speeches against your favourite employment, I am glad you are come to make acquaintance with the old poet."

"But you don't mean to say," said the German, elevating his eyebrows a little, and playing with his massive chain, "there is any connection between poetry and tobacco? I should as soon expect to see a union between good temper and soap suds."

"Listen," said Flight, "did you ever hear such a curious title as this, 'Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or, at leastwise, over-love so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon!'"

"That's plain enough," said our smoker, pleasantly; "I think I ought to have been clad in armour; but fire away, sir, and let's see what his volley of shot can do."

“Sylvester,” said Flight, “regarded the invention of guns and tobacco pipes both of satanic origin, and foretold in the Apocalypse. These are his lines :—

“Two smoky engines, in this latter age
(Satan’s short circuit the more sharp his rage,)
Have been invented by too wanton wit,
Or, rather vented from the infernal pit :
Guns and tobacco pipes, with fire and smoke,
At least a third part of mankind to choke ;
(Which happily the Apocalypse foretold ;)
Yet of the two we may, I think, be bold,
In some respects to think the last the worst,
However, both in effects accursed ;
For guns shoot fromward to their foes,
Tobacco pipes homeward to their own,
When for the touch-hole firing the wrong end,
Into ourselves the poison’s force we send.”

The idea that pipes differed from guns in the particular, that with guns we shoot balls into our enemies, but with pipes we shoot poison into ourselves, with the statement that the touch-hole was at the wrong end, seemed so thoroughly original, that our good German laughed irrepressibly ; nor were my risible faculties motionless.

“I never thought before,” remarked Herr Schubann, “that I belonged either to the

army or navy. I have always called myself a member of the peace society ; and to be candid, I always gave myself the credit of taking care of number one. But, if the poet is right, I must say every whiff I take, ‘there goes another shot into me!’”

“Such a commentary,” said I, “is at least ingenious on that part of the book of the Revelations ; but after all, if the smoker does really inhale poison, the subject is worthy of our consideration.”

“I shall beg, Mr. Flight,” said the German “a copy of those lines for the amusement of Emilie my daughter, whose opinions of tobacco would make her a good disciple of old Sylvester.”

“With a great deal of pleasure ;” and handing the paper to me, Flight added, “I am sure you will have much gratification in copying this for the young lady.”

I felt confused, I knew not why at the time, but of course I undertook the task, and added by Flight’s request, the following lines of the same author :

“Of all the plants that Tellus’ bosom yields,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields,

None so pernicious to man's life is known,
As is tobacco, saving *hemp* alone.
If there be any herb in any place,
Most opposite to God's good herb of grace,
'Tis doubtless this ; and this doth plainly prove it,
That for the most part graceless men do love it,
Or, rather dote most on this withered weed,
Themselves as withered in all gracious deed.

If then tobacco be good, how is't,
That lewdest, loosest, basest, foolishhest,
The most unthrifty, most intemperate,
Most vicious, most debauched, most desperate
Pursue it most ; the wisest and the best
Abhor it, shun it, flee it as the pest !"

CHAPTER IV.

A SHOWER BATH ON DECK—A TERRIBLE NIGHT—THE
CAUSE DISCOVERED—A DISCUSSION WITHOUT ILL-
TEMPER—RELIGIOUS SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Two days more, and we expected to reach Plymouth. The morning after the conversation in the last chapter, as Flight and I were enjoying the freshness of early morn, we were surprised to find at the other end of the ship, a sailor pouring a bucket of water over the head of our old friend the German, who looked miserably pale and wretched. Hurrying to the spot, the sailor told us he had acted by the request of Herr Schubann, who said he was very ill. Flight felt his pulse, which was as feeble as an infant's. We talked to him, but found his ideas incoherent. In a short time, however, the water produced beneficial effects; and returning healthy activity of the brain was apparent.

“My dear sir,” said Flight, “what have you

been doing to yourself? If I did not know you to be a moderate drinker, I should have concluded you had been making too free with the bottle."

"What have I been doing with myself? Is that what you ask? By my faith you ought to inquire, 'what I've been done with?' for something last night played old gooseberry with me."

"Perhaps your change of berth didn't agree with you; or, it may be, you and your supper had a fall out."

"I don't know, but it was one of the strangest nights I ever passed."

"How?" I demanded.

"Well," said Herr Schubann, "you know in consequence of the accident that happened in my dormitory yesterday, the captain last night took me into another cabin. On going to bed, I felt a heavy suffocation, and soon after I was harassed by wild and frightful dreams, and suddenly awoke about midnight, bathed in cold dew, and totally unable to speak or move. However, I knew perfectly well where I was, and recollected everything that had occurred during the day; but I could not make

any bodily effort whatever, and tried in vain to get up, or even change my position. The watch on deck struck two bells, and I counted them, though I did not hear the beats, but received the vibrations through my body. About this time, a seaman came into the cabin with a light, and carried away an hour-glass that hung upon the wall, without observing me, though I made several efforts to attract his attention. Shortly after a pane of glass was broken by accident in the skylight, and I saw the fragments drop on the floor. I had no pain or uneasiness, but I felt as if the principle of life had departed from my frame. I suppose I must have been insensible for some time after this ; but awoke, as from sleep, by the rolling of the vessel, when I managed to crawl upon deck, where I asked that sailor there to give me a bath."

"You were dreaming," said I.

"Dreaming or waking," replied the German, "it was a fearful time."

"Did you say," inquired Flight, "you saw a sailor take an hour-glass away?"

"Yes."

"Then we can soon settle the point. All

we have to do is to inquire whether it was actually done."

"I can answer that," said the man, who still stood by, bucket in hand, rivetted to the spot by the strange account. "'Tis all right about the hour-glass ; I took it."

"Strange !" exclaimed Flight ; "let's have a look at your cabin."

We all descended. There was a singular smell about the place ; but nothing to excite suspicion, excepting several bales which were part of the cargo. On speaking to the captain, we ascertained they contained tobacco ; and it was from these bales the poisonous effluvia arose.

"I hope," said Flight to the German, "the past night will convince you better than my arguments, that the weed you are so constantly smoking, is most injurious to health."

"I know what I smelt last night was not beneficial ; but how is it that smoking never produces any such effect on me ?"

"Habit, sir," said Flight.

"Then being habituated to it, smoking will do me no harm, will it ?"

"Yes ; for although habit may deaden our

feelings of uneasiness for the present, the constant use of any poison must tell on the constitution at last."

"But the question is, *Is* it a poison? If so I think it must be rather a slow one, sir; for I began smoking when four years old, and have never left it off since, excepting in illness."

"In the Sandwich Islands infants are taught to smoke before they can speak. In this respect they must carry off the palm; although I don't think you will feel complimented at being beaten by the babes of the Sandwich Islands! And as to its being a poison, its botanical classification merely, will afford a strong proof."

"How?"

"Why, according to Dr. Waterhouse, Linnæus has placed in his natural arrangement, tobacco in the class *luridæ*, which signifies pale, ghastly, livid, dismal, and fatal. There, sir, think of that definition! would you like your own face to be pale, your wife's ghastly, your son's livid, and your daughter's dismal? Besides, the same naturalist classes tobacco with foxglove, henbane, deadly night-

shade, lobelia, and other poisonous plants bearing the tremendous name "Atropa," one of the furies. Look at that, sir ; one of the furies pressing your lips, disturbing your heart, deranging digestion, untwisting your nerves, and torturing your brains. Don't say 'what's in a name.' There's many a girl called Sarah who is no princess ; but names given by science, like names given by God, express qualities, and if naturalists call tobacco by such terrible names, it is because they have discovered its terrible properties."

"Hear, hear !" said the German ; "that speech deserves a larger audience. I suppose I may take a little time to think about all these hard words, before I treat my pipe as I should be disposed to treat a fury."

"Our friend Flight," I observed, "gets always warm on tobacco."

"And I do so because I am sure that Herr Schubann will one day wish he had taken warning by his experience of the past night, and cast off smoking for ever."

"Ah well, doctor ! as you don't charge a guinea for your prescription, I must at least think you are sincere ; and perhaps some day,

day, I may give the subject a little more attention than I have."

"You may scarcely believe it, but soldiers have not unfrequently disabled themselves from duty by applying a moistened tobacco leaf to the armpit, which causes great prostration and vomiting, and violent sickness after eating. I have also known great prostration and nausea have been caused by placing only a part of the hand in strong infusion of tobacco; and I was once called to visit a patient whom I found suffering from fainting and giddiness, occasioned merely by the application of the tea of tobacco to the stomach."

This I believe was the last discussion we had on the subject on board.

Passing over the excitement of getting the first sight of land, packing up a few of our loose articles used on the voyage, and all the bustle of landing, I have only to observe that after receiving the thanks of Miss Schubann for the poetical lines of Sylvester, and promising the good-natured German when I came to Hamburg I would accept his invitation to spend a short time with him, I took leave of my friend Flight, and made the best of my way

by train to London. On arriving there, I was received very cordially by an old friend of my father's, the Rev. T. Jameson, about whom, as he was a thoroughly unsectarian man, it is unnecessary to say whether he belonged to the Church of England or of Scotland, to the Independents or Wesleyans. My first impression of him was most favourable. His benevolent forehead, intellectual eye, and agreeable smile, led one instinctively to feel he was no ordinary man. I had heard of his unbounded popularity, and now, being in his presence, I thought I had a glimpse of some of those traits in his character which made him a power in the land. He seemed to me a little over fifty years of age ; and after spending about half an hour with him in his well-stocked library, we were summoned to supper. Besides ourselves, the party consisted of Mrs. Jameson, her two sons, and another preacher of the gospel. To one who had been born and brought up in America, there were of course a few customs and certain modes of thought and expression in London, which at least interested me by their freshness. Conversation was both intelligent and religious ; the gay was mixed with

the grave ; hospitality was blended with courtesy ; and the whole presented a good specimen of the happy homes of old England. I soon saw, however, that none had signed the temperance pledge ; but I must in justice state that all drank very moderately—still they drank. I cannot exactly remember how long after supper it was before Mrs. Jameson retired ; but, on her leaving, cigars and brandy and water made their appearance.

“ My wife,” said Mr. Jameson to me, “ has an unconquerable aversion to be in the room where there is smoking, although she has been accustomed to the smell of tobacco for more than twenty years. This is the reason why she leaves us alone in our glory. My brother minister here has no need of this explanation ; and I hope you will remain here long enough to get naturalised among us.”

I thanked him for his kindness, and thought, “ Poor Flight ! if he were only one of our company, what would he say ? ”

CHAPTER V.

NO SMOKING, NO SERMON—COMING UNDER NEW INFLUENCES—NATURE'S WARNING ON BREAKING HER LAWS—THE ROOTS OF A VINE—MY FIRST CIGAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

"HELP yourself to a cigar," said Mr. Jameson to me. "You smoke, of course?"

"Thank you," I replied; "but I cannot number smoking among my attainments."

"How did you get your B.A., then, at your age, if you never clarify your brain with tobacco? By the bye, I understand some of your best scholars chew. To us that seems a very depraved taste. Still liberty, civil, religious, and domestic, is my motto; and if your genius feeds best on the quid, I beg you will make yourself quite at home."

"You're very kind; but, by your permission, my pleasure shall consist in seeing you happy."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Jameson's friend, who had by this time lighted his cigar, and mixed his brandy and water, "our young friend has

enlisted under the banner of the cold-water army; and I think in America they have sworn eternal hate to strong drink and tobacco, just as Hannibal did to the seven-hilled city of old Rome."

"No, sir; I have taken no pledge. But I suppose I am rather weak in the upper stories, for I think were I to take a cigar I should be in cloud-land very soon."

This conversation produced a variety of conflicting thoughts. It is true I abstained; but the reason for doing so was neither clear nor satisfactory to myself. The arguments against tobacco, thrown out by Flight on board ship, and the recollection of Emilie Schubann's antipathy to the weed, seemed to whisper, Ought not smoking to be declined on principle? I had not done so. I now found I had no principle about it. I knew I had no taste for either chewing, smoking, or snuffing; and I abstained simply as a man at the dinner table might decline taking pickles, because he didn't like them. It is true I heard what my friend Flight often said; but then, I was now conscious, I had not thoroughly gone into the subject, or rather the subject had not thoroughly

gone into me. Nor was I quite sure that I was free from a feeling of shame at not being able to do what was presented to me by Mr. Jameson, as an appendage of a great intellect. Besides, the two young men, as they took their meerschams in imitation of their respected parent, looked so surprised, that I fancied they were saying to themselves, "What a milksop!" In a few moments, however, all regained perfect ease; and as they were all puffing away, for the life of me could I help thinking of old Sylvester and the tobacco cannon with the touch-hole at the wrong end!

"Does your Professor of Divinity, in your college, smoke?"

"No, sir: he chews. The students admire him much."

"There is something in habit no doubt," replied Mr. Jameson; "but I don't think I could make a sermon without my pipe."

"I'm sure I couldn't," responded the other divine from behind a cloud of smoke, "unless I could be content to huddle together a mass of commonplaces."

"The other day," observed Mr. Jameson, "I was visiting a friend who hated tobacco. I

had to preach for him on the next Sabbath ; but being unprepared, I devoted Saturday morning to study. Well, there was a splendid library ; so I pulled down one book after another, but I was as stupid as an ass. Not a thought, sir, would come—all power of concentration gone—imagination's airy car was like a broad-wheeled waggon. I tried to link facts together to make a chain of argument, but you never saw such a mess in all your life. A score of times I pulled out my cigar-case and lucifer box, and exclaimed, 'I don't care whether they like it or not : I *will* smoke ;' and then I thought again it was hardly courtesy to do so, knowing my friend's antipathy to it. I can tell you there was a terrible fight within, laughable as it may seem ; for the noble Spartan Leonidas never fought against Xerxes with more courage, than my courtesy fought my desire for a smoke."

"But Leonidas fell," laughingly exclaimed the other minister : "and the Persians passed the straits of Thermopylæ after all. Is this the allusion ?"

"Ah, it was ; for courtesy fell, and tobacco prevailed. I took the precaution, however, to

smoke out of window as much as I could ; and my anti-tobacco friend told me on the following Monday, "If it had not been for the excellency of my sermon he would never have granted me absolution !"

"When I was a young man," observed Mr. Jameson's friend, "I used to smoke in bed. Generally I would wake up about three or four o'clock. A burning lamp, with cigars, always lay on a shelf within reach ; so having no wife then to make such a serious objection to the act as to oblige one to desist, I usually sat up in bed, took a book, smoked away, and thus prepared sermons and speeches, or at least conceived the outline."

"Whether tobacco is really injurious to one's nervous system as some affirm," remarked Mr. Jameson, "I don't know : but I remember a man of high reputation once said to me, before I commenced the habit, 'Sir, you will never be a popular preacher if you don't smoke.'"

I remained in Mr. Jameson's house nearly six months ; and if the society of men of genius, the hospitality of a generous nature, the fatherly advice of a man of experience, the

practical suggestions of a close observer of human nature, the corrections of a wise and loving spirit, and an unpatronising method of advancing one's earthly interest, are advantages to a young man whose future must be the harvest of the seeds his actions sow at so critical a period, such advantages were mine. Looking back, however, to that bright and sunny time in my history, from my present stand-point, I think I see that, as in the natural world, the brilliant African sun produces venomous reptiles and poisonous plants, as well as the luxurious vegetation which thrives near its rivers; so in the moral world, evils may be created by the very excellency of our position, which, but for those favourable circumstances, would have had no existence. I entered Mr. Jameson's family with at least my native instincts against tobacco unbiassed by any opinion whatever. The moral beauty which shone brilliantly in that family soon elicited intense admiration; and in this glory, which encircled my young imagination at that time, I was prepared to give Mr. Jameson that implicit faith demanded by the Church of Rome of all her members.

“Does Mr. Jameson,” thought I, “believe that smoking is conducive to intellectual power and religious usefulness? Does he think that one displays an unsociability of nature by declining to take an occasional cigar? A man so excellent cannot surely be very wrong in these conclusions.” Opinions of this kind silently grew up within; and although I was proof against the insinuations of the young men, that a cigar in the mouth showed brains in the head, I was completely overcome by the fact that my model preacher and man would think better of me if I smoked. In spite, therefore, of ship-board recollections, I resolved to try. This resolution was made after I had been with Mr. Jameson about four months. For some time previous to this he had ceased inviting me to join with him in a friendly pipe; but shortly after, some friends visiting him, he again pressed me, and I consented. I understood at that time very little of those laws whose rewards and penalties are associated with the constitution of man. With a few facts I was of course acquainted. I knew that fire would destroy our organic being; and I saw the pain which the child feels on burning its finger, is

God's voice of warning, crying, Away ! I was aware that if any dust entered the nostrils, and was forcing its way into our brain, a sensation of dissatisfaction was created ; and nature, by one of her laws, took a summary way of expelling the intruder by sneezing ; and I also was conscious that the unpleasant state of our olfactory nerves, which we call a bad smell, is the voice of our very constitution bidding us beware of some pestilential effluvia which may terminate our lives by malignant fever. Besides this I knew a curious fact—the instinct of plants. A gentleman had just told me about his vine, whose roots he had been observing for some time. It appeared that these roots, not finding sufficient moisture, struck out under a wide gravel path : but finding nothing but flint-stones there, and instinctively passing by what could yield them no nutriment, they pushed on to the other side of the path. There they met with an old bone ; and instantly they commenced sending into every pore thousands of small fibres, by which they extracted what was adapted to the growth of the vine. Still these facts were but loose fragments of truth floating in my memory ; and I had no power

of seeing the analogy between the aversion which the root of the vine evinced towards the innutritious flint-stone, and the natural aversion I had toward smoking. I could not then perceive that this aversion, and the consequences that usually follow the first attempt, were the warnings of our Creator's voice, crying, Beware—beware—stand off!

Of course a cheek white as death, a palpitating heart, a trembling over my whole frame, a mist over my eyes, a sensation of faintness, and a cold clammy perspiration, made their appearance before I had half finished the cigar, and elicited (what I suppose is the usual sympathy on such occasions) peals of laughter from all present, coupled with the exclamation, “Why, my dear fellow, you look as sea-sick as if you were crossing the Atlantic!”

CHAPTER VI.

A WRONG CONCLUSION—A VISIT TO HERR SCHUBANN—
A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EMILIE—GERMAN PROFES-
SORS AND STUDENTS—A PICKLE PERSECUTION—THE
CASTLE STORMED AND TAKEN.

THE inconvenience I experienced from my first attempt at smoking produced a conviction that tobacco did not agree with *me*. I saw nothing more than this in the pain it had caused me; and I was not aware that I ought to have taken my experience as a proof that the human constitution is better without it. I still thought Mr. Jameson was right, and that tobacco was beneficial to him, and, consequently, might be so to many others; but for me, my course was clear, to decline smoking on the ground that "it didn't suit me."

On leaving England for Germany I determined on accepting Herr Schubann's invitation to visit him. The reader may attribute this determination to any motive he pleases: he may say it was either for study or pleasure; for

the father's sake, or the daughter's ; but if he is not already wearied with the details of my history in connection with tobacco, he will perhaps discover that the house of Herr Schubann was destined by Providence materially to influence my future life. As I expected, the old German gave me a hearty welcome ; and I thought Emilie did not appear displeased on hearing my intention to pass a fortnight with them before going to Dresden.

The merchant lived in good style ; kept good society, was a genuine wit, had a good flow of animal spirits, and always endeavoured to place religion as the principal thing. Of course our theological views did not always harmonise, but I think there was very little discord between our general sentiments. While with him, I remarked he smoked even more freely than on board ship ; and I observed, on rising in the morning, his hand trembled painfully.

"Emilie," said he, referring to this fact, "will have it that I must thank my pipe for these shakings. The composure my nerves receive from a good smoke still inclines me to believe that if tobacco is injurious to others, it

is good to me, on the principle that what is one man's meat is another man's poison."

Having as yet not arrived at the conclusion that tobacco, in any of its forms, is a poison, and should only be used with great medical prudence, and being unwilling to appear antagonistic to Emilie, I was happy in finding that an expression of opinion on my part was rendered unnecessary by the entrance of the servant calling the merchant away. It does not form any part of my scheme to tell anything more that transpired, either at Hamburg or elsewhere, than directly concerns the main object of this book. It may, however, be right to state that, on leaving Hamburg, which I did with considerable regret, Herr Schubann gave me permission to write to Emilie, assuring me at the same time I had his entire confidence and respect.

During the next few months no student read harder than I did. To the love of literary and theological research, I had another motive to industry—the thought of Emilie. I had certain attainments to make before entering on the great work of the ministry; but the sooner this was accomplished, the sooner I should be in a position to think seriously of married life.

It is true Emilie had not declared her affection to me ; but I thought I had not misinterpreted her actions : and her father had decidedly expressed his approbation, provided his daughter felt as we both thought she did.

Of the professors and students in Germany, I must only say here, like most of the inhabitants, smoking seemed as essential to their existence as bread. There was smoking everywhere. In the streets, lanes, courts, squares, gardens, promenades, fields, and steamboats ; one was constantly meeting with the fumes of the popular herb.

I remember Frederika Bremer describing a supper table in South America. “ ‘ You are asked,’ she observes, ‘ Will you have pickles ?’

“ ‘ No, I thank you.’

“ A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody on your left discovers that you have no pickles ; and pickles come to you from the left. ‘ May I help you to pickles ?’

“ ‘ No, I thank you.’ ”

“ After a few minutes more somebody on your right sees that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. ‘ Will you not take pickles ?’

“ ‘ No, I thank you.’

“ You then begin an interesting conversation with your next neighbour ; and just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite you observes that you are not eating pickles ; and the pickle bottle comes to you across the table, and you are called upon to say once more, in self-justification—

“ ‘ No, I thank you ; not any,’ and continue your conversation.

“ But again, at the moment you are waiting for some reply interesting to you, in comes the servant, perhaps the very best daddy in the whole black world, and shoots the pickle-bottle in between you and your conversable neighbour, and with horror you again behold pickles ready to be put upon your plate ; so that, in the end, you find yourself quite overcome by the pickle persecution.”

It was thus that I had to endure in Germany, not a pickle persecution, but a cigar one.

“ Won’t you smoke ?” said one friend.

“ Pray take a cigar,” said another.

“ Don’t be unsociable,” exclaimed a third.

“ Why, you’re not half a man,” added a fourth.

“ ’Twill stir up drowsy powers,” said another.

It was in vain I repeated my unpleasant sensations at my first smoking. Still they urged.

“ All feel like that at first,” remarked my fellow-students. “ You did too much at first. Children can’t run before they walk. The habit is worth acquiring. Apart from the pleasure of the thing itself, *everybody smokes* ; and a fellow looks so odd not to be able to smoke a cigar, at least occasionally. Besides, you should smoke for self-defence. If you avoid smoking you can’t avoid smokers ; and the only remedy you have against the annoyance of tobacco fumes from others, is to smoke yourself.” With importunity like this my resolution gave way. Again I tried the popular accomplishment ; and by smoking a very little each night, and gradually increasing the dose, I became at length competent to finish a cigar without being conscious of any injury inflicted. If it be remembered that, up to this point, my knowledge of tobacco merely led me to the conclusion, that it might be good for some persons, although I thought it did not suit me, it will afford no surprise that a castle with such

weak defences should be taken by such a storming party as my smoking companions. If it be asked why in America I never contracted a habit which I was persuaded to form in a foreign land, when my own country consumes more tobacco than any other, my reply is, I was then under the home influence, where, for some cause or another, tobacco was no favourite; and besides this, the college with which I was associated was one of those which discountenances the practice, although I think it would have been well if the students had been taught the reasons for believing in the injurious effects of this narcotic.

Whether the excitement of novelty arising from my altered circumstances rendered my mind more susceptible to persuasion, or whether any physical cause, unknown to me, combined in making me yield in Germany to that which I had resisted in America, I cannot say; this I know that, as the pickle persecution overcame Frederika Bremer, so the tobacco persecution overcame me.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNHAPPY END OF OSMOND RIVERS—THE LESSON
THE TRAGEDY OUGHT TO HAVE TAUGHT—HERR SCHU-
BANN'S REMOVAL TO LONDON—THE MEETING AT THE
RAILWAY—EMILIE'S MYSTERIOUS WORDS.

AMONG our students here we had one of the most extraordinary genius the college had possessed. Handsome in person, polite in manners, generous in disposition, vigorous in intellect, laborious in study, and conscientious in everything; his attainments, even by the professors, were considered prodigious. In the region of poetry there was every prospect of his one day shining as a star of the first magnitude. His abilities and honours might have excited envy; but every feeling of this kind withered in his presence. So unconscious of his greatness, and so thoroughly affable to all, he was a universal favourite; and the evening party in literary circles was incomplete without Osmond Rivers.

The session was over—the vacation had

commenced, and I was preparing to obey a hasty summons to London. The students had on the past evening met for social enjoyment before separating; but I had been prevented from being present. I was regretting the affair, and wondering how the evening had passed off, when I received a message from Osmond Rivers, to whom I was much attached, begging me to come and see him immediately. I did so: and shall I ever forget the spectacle which I then saw? Poor fellow! There he lay on his bed in the agonies of an unnatural death. On the afternoon of the previous day I had seen him in the glow of health; but now what a change! What could it mean? What wildness in the eye! what convulsive twitches of the recently beautiful countenance! And now the cold sweat bedewed his broad white forehead.

"I am dying, Leon," said he to me, as he grasped my hand; "but the author of my death I can freely forgive."

"Be calm, Osmond!" I replied: "while there's life there's hope."

"True," he added, fixing his earnest eyes on mine with a gaze never to be effaced from

memory ; “ but there is no hope when poison is within, and nothing can remove it.”

“ Poison !” I exclaimed ; while the thought, “ What foul envy might do,” swept over my bewildered brain.

“ Yes,” he remarked, assuming his ordinary composure : “ I am poisoned, but not intentionally.”

A paroxysm of pain prevented further conversation. The doctor entered ; but his looks revealed no hope. At that time death-bed scenes were new to me. I have seen many since, and some accompanied by unusual suffering ; but never did I see the human frame so distorted as I then beheld in young Osmond Rivers. Life was strong ; but the poison was stronger. Fearful was the struggle between the two principles ; but amidst suppressed groans and the writhing of his body in very agony, death prevailed ; and he, so full of life and joy, with talent so unrivalled, and prospects so unbounded, lay motionless before me. Silent and sad there we stood for some minutes ; after which I learnt from the medical man that, at the party last night, one of the students, by way of a practical joke, emptied a snuff box in

Osmond Rivers' glass; and, as the tobacco from which the snuff is made is a rank poison, its terrible effect was before us. "If," added he, "I had known about the snuff when I was first sent for last night, I might at least have relieved him; but there it is—the tragedy is over."

I will not say that distressing event taught me no lesson: it did—it taught me to entertain a stronger detestation of all such tricks as may afford sport to us, but death to others; and also that as "in the midst of life we are in death," we always ought to be ready. But I must own it never entered my mind at that time to inquire, whether a poison so virulent as tobacco in the form of snuff, when taken into the stomach, might not be productive of baneful consequences to the human constitution when used in the ordinary methods of chewing, snuffing, and smoking. This was the lesson it should have taught me; but it did not.

During the time I had been in Germany a change had taken place in the affairs of Herr Schubann. The firm with which he was connected had three places of business: one in New York, another at Hamburg, and the third

in London. One of the three principal partners usually resided in each of these places to manage their mercantile proceedings. Now it so happened that the gentleman who had for some years undertaken the London business found it necessary to change places with Herr Schubann : so that from this time my German friend, with his daughter Emilie, became located in the English capital. Herr Schubann had hinted to me, when last with him, that this change was probable, so that I was of course prepared for the intelligence ; nor can I say that the alteration did not afford me much gratification : for as my acquaintance with Mr. Jameson made it tolerably certain that my lot would be cast in London, the fact that Emilie would be so near, afforded me an opportunity more easily of consummating my wishes. The reader must not expect that I intend diverging from my present inquiry about tobacco into a detail of the secrets of the heart, important as these secrets must be, both in relation to ourselves and to God : no, not love, but tobacco, is the subject in hand ; yet in order to a clear understanding of my subsequent history, it may be proper to state here that, although

I was conscious that Emilie Schubann occupied a place in my highest esteem and purest affection that no other being ever did, and although I was sure that my feelings were thoroughly reciprocated by the German's daughter, still, in all her letters she had avoided expressing herself in as strong language on this point as I thought I had a reason to hope. There was no doubt however, that, as her father had assured me in a recent letter, if Emilie did not really love me, then there was no other being that she did really love.

My visit to London was, as I remarked, to Mr. Jameson's ; but Herr Schubann, living not far from the railway terminus, arranged to meet me, that I might spend the first day with him. By this time I had set up a cigar case of my own ; and from smoking occasionally with others, I sometimes smoked by myself. It was so during this journey, some parts of which were rather tedious. On arriving at the station the old German was there ; and, as usual, his lighted cigar, too. A more friendly greeting it was impossible to receive ; and letting it slip out in conversation that, occasionally, I smoked a little, he was delighted,

and insisted on my lighting a cigar to keep him company, which I did. The quarter of an hour's walk which we had to his house, and which I preferred to riding, having sent my portmanteau on, was very agreeably filled up with pleasant chit-chat about trifles which, however uninteresting to others, were gratifying to us. I had not quite finished my cigar, when we made a stop.

"This is my chateau," said the merchant, laughingly ; "rather different from the one I've left. But it does well enough, and every situation has its advantages."

I cast my eye over the building, and at one of the windows discovered Emilie. Always considering it was most ungentlemanly to smoke in the presence of a lady, I threw away the remains of my cigar, and in a few moments we had mounted some eight or ten steps, and passed through the hall into a large and well-furnished drawing-room. Emilie was of course there. Can you imagine the bright sunshine eclipsed in a moment without preliminary signs ? Did you ever see the bird spreading its wings for a joyous flight at the very moment it receives the shot from the sports-

man's gun? 'Then you have seen something that resembled me at my meeting with Emilie. So reserved was her manner, so merely respectful her behaviour, and so mysterious the expression of her beautiful face, that it seemed to me I was plunged without warning into an abyss of darkness, and that hope's bright wings had lost their power of motion. "Perhaps," thought I, "it is nothing after all; it may be only a little awkwardness: it cannot be possible that she intended to wound me; I will think no evil of her. There must be some good reason for these appearances. I shall rest till to-morrow."

With thoughts similar to these the evening passed slowly away. Every effort to rally the buoyant spirits of Emilie was vain, and I fancied that even Herr Schubann noticed it, and seemed astounded at the fact. Sometimes she would appear so lost in thought as to be unconscious of our presence, as if some mighty thought were working in her brain. But hours moved on, and the night came—sleepless, restless, wondering. Then morning broke with all its glory: beautiful and fresh was it, and the dew glistened in the beams of the rising sun. But as for me, misty shadows

flitted before me ; ghosts of departed joys haunted me ; strange forebodings saw ill omens in all that surrounded me : nor could the consciousness of my own rectitude prevent suspicious reflections. "Have I neglected her? Have I, during our separation, been guilty of anything that, if known, could be construed by jealousy into an act of flirtation? Has some malignant breath of scandal withered her affection? What is it? where is it?"

To propose questions like these was natural : but to answer them, impossible. I was determined, however, to have them answered before I left that morning for Mr. Jameson's. And so I did get them answered.

"Emilie," said I, "have I mistaken your feelings during the past six months?"

"Probably not," she replied, with an effort to appear calm.

"Am I criminal in indulging the anticipation that you will one day be my wife?"

"Not criminal, but unwise."

"How?"

"Because it can never be."

"Never be!" I repeated ; "why not, if our affection be reciprocal?"

"The anticipation you have indulged in the past may have been right, but any future anticipation is another thing."

"Are you changed then, Emilie?"

"No."

"Am I?"

"In affection, I should think, not."

"In what then?" I eagerly inquired.

"Oh, don't press me further," she replied, with an intense effort to conceal the appearance of emotion: "against my becoming your wife there lies an impossibility. That impossibility is a vow I laid on the altar of God some time before we ever met. Do not ask what that vow is: it would be neither wise for you to hear it nor me to speak it."

Thus we parted, and for the next five years of my life the change which had so suddenly passed over the mind of Emilie Schubann, was enveloped in the deepest mystery.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST MINISTERIAL SETTLEMENT; AGREEABLE LODGINGS—THE SNAKE IN THE WOOD.

I HAD now been more than a year from the land of my birth ; and, as I expected, Mr Jameson fulfilled a previous promise to me of arranging that I should assist him for two or three years in his ministerial duties in London. This arrangement allowed me the opportunity of prosecuting my studies, as well as receiving the advantage of his experience, without the responsibility of a sole charge resting on me. My friend Flight had married about six months since, and was practising with good prospects of success in the neighbourhood of Mr. Jameson's church. In consequence of this fact, I was glad to accept his offer of becoming an inmate in his house by paying a moderate remuneration. I had thus every advantage, not merely to acquire the knowledge more

particularly connected with my profession, but also of thoroughly examining what were the true effects on organic beings of tobacco.

I had not become such a slave to the weed that I must have it at all costs, under all circumstances, and in all places; but I was so far the master of the dirty accomplishment, or rather, the habit was so far the master of me, that in the society of Mr. Jameson, or when alone, I used to smoke; and when in the presence of the anti-tobacco Mr. Flight, I could do without it. My medical friend knew this, and therefore, without rudely boring me about the subject, he never lost an opportunity of placing before me facts, believing, as he would say, that sooner or later I should arrive at proper conclusions. I think I must have been with him about three months when we arranged to spend a day in making botanical collections. Our rambles took us into the woods; and while in the thickest part, a snake showed itself. It was larger than ever I had seen any in England, and was of the venomous kind, not dissimilar to some I had seen in the woods of America. Flight had that morning been making a few experiments with the oil of

tobacco ; and having some with him, he was evidently disposed to experimentize for our mutual benefit. "You shall see," said he, "what tobacco can do," as he put some of the oil on the end of his walking stick, and touched the forked tongue of the hissing reptile which lay coiled before us.

"Stand back !" I exclaimed ; "what *is* the thing about, uncoiling itself there ?"

"Not to spring at us," replied Flight coolly. "See ; its power of harm is past."

"So soon dead ?"

"Yes ; the oil of tobacco is more potent in its effects than the poison of the serpent itself. Look at it," he added, trying to poke it with his stick ; "the skin and muscles are as rigid and dry as if it had been exposed for days to a burning sun."

"That reminds me," I remarked, "of various stories the school boys of America used to tell one another in the dim twilight about the Indians, how they dipped the points of their arrows in some oil got from tobacco leaf before shooting them, and how some of their friends had been wounded by these arrows ; and that, however slight these wounds might be, fainting



“‘You shall see,’ said he, ‘what tobacco can do,’ as he put some of the oil on the end of his walking-stick, and touched the forked tongue of the hissing reptile which lay coiled before us.”—PAGE 64.

and sickness always followed, and sometimes death itself."

"I suppose," said Flight, "you would scarcely approve of making experiments on animals to test the strength of any poison."

"I think there is a good deal of unnecessary cruelty connected with it," I replied; "but if it be absolutely necessary for the preservation of man, we must admit its propriety."

"I agree with you. Our experiments do sometimes partake of cruelty; but my object in asking was this: the medical association with which I am connected meet to-morrow evening to make some experiments of this kind; and as I have not the arrangement of the experiments, I cannot tell whether they will justly offend our benevolence or not; but if you would like to be present, and judge for yourself of the effects of the oil of tobacco on animal life, I shall be very happy to introduce you."

I saw that Flight wished to make me think as he did about smoking. I knew that these philosophical facts brought out by experiment bore directly on the question. But I was not sure that I was very anxious to see the truth;

and therefore at first declined, excusing myself on the ground of my love of animals ; but after a little reflection, finding that this was not my real motive, and thinking it was unmanly to shrink from any investigation of facts, however those facts, when proved, might tell against any favourite theory, I altered my mind and resolved to go.

The first experiment I saw performed was on a poor cat. Two or three drops of this oil of tobacco were placed on the tip of the animal's tongue, and in less than five minutes it was dead. The effect was then tried on a kitten, which was destroyed in four minutes by one drop. The next experiment was made on a squirrel, which I saw die in one minute after two drops had been placed on its tongue. A few drops were then placed on the tongue of a dog, and the same result followed. The last experiment was made on a mouse. A fine needle was dipped in the oil of tobacco, and then pierced. Death was instantaneous.

To men accustomed to this sort of thing all would be taken as a matter of course ; but, I confess, the novelty of the scene produced a different effect on me. Still, whether it was

right or wrong to sacrifice these animals to science, it was impossible for me not to be convinced that the oil of tobacco was a deadly poison, although I argued with Flight that it did not follow that smoking was injurious, because the oil of tobacco was poisonous. To all my arguments, however, Flight very provokingly replied, "Suspend judgment until you are acquainted with a few more facts."

A part of my professional duties consisted in visiting a number of poor families in the district, by which I became acquainted with the homes and habits, thoughts and doings, joys and sorrows, and struggles and victories, of the working classes, properly the sinews of our country. These dwellings were very different in their appearances. In some you could not help thinking that a pail of water, with flannel, soap, and scrubbing-brush, would be a great advantage; while in others you would instinctively use the scraper and door-mat, lest you should soil the abode of cleanliness. Some of these dwellings would not be destitute of engravings, books, and fiddles; while in others, where wages were equally good, you would scarcely find a chair on which to sit down.

The children I observed, in some of these homes, were as much under discipline as the soldiers in an army ; but there were other families where parental authority was a thing unknown. Whatever were the differences of these homes, there was one thing which seemed common to them all ; that was, the pipe.

The first case with reference to tobacco which presented itself during my visitations to these dwellings, was the following :—On the first floor of a house in the worst part of my district a very respectable mechanic, with an industrious and intelligent wife, had been in the habit of receiving my visits with a good deal of pleasure. It appeared that for some time work had been slack ; and perhaps from this cause the general state of the woman's health had been suffering. Among other symptoms that all was not right, she was subject to frequent spasms ; and being anxious to avoid a doctor's bill, she was too willing to take the prescriptions of her neighbours. Several of these had failed. At length she was recommended to try tea made of a few grains of tobacco. Unhappily she did so, and it was barely an hour after she had drunk it I

entered. I found a medical man present, who told me what she had done, and gave but very little hopes of saving her life. Her husband and two small children stood by, inconsolable; and the appearance of the poor sufferer strongly reminded me of the death scene of Osmond Rivers. On the following morning I called again. I expected the worst; but was gratified to be told by her husband, in a cheerful voice, that the danger was past, and she had fallen into a comfortable sleep.

"Another proof," thought I, as I emerged from the house, "that there is poison in tobacco; but does this prove that in smoking, etc., any of its poisonous properties enter the system?" I saw that this inquiry indicated the state of my mind. The fact was, I was not willing to be convinced; and I therefore proposed the inquiry to quiet certain uneasy sensations.

Some time after the occurrence just mentioned, Flight and I were just making ourselves comfortable, expecting as a treat a quiet half hour now the evening was pretty far advanced, when he was hurriedly called away to visit a little boy who had, up to the last month or so, attended my Sabbath school, but who had

been lately suffering with a scalded head. The messenger said the boy was dying. Of course books and slippers the surgeon soon threw aside, and I was left alone, wondering about the poor little fellow, whose regularity in the school, and good conduct, made him a favourite with his teacher. In about twenty minutes Flight returned.

"That's a serious case," said he to me, as once again he resumed his slippers.

"Is it fever?" I asked.

"No: tobacco."

"Tobacco! how?"

"They tell me the boy has had a bad head for some weeks; and in the absence of medical advice, the father took some of the juice which he pressed out of a tobacco leaf, and placed it on the part affected. On this being done, the boy, it appears, complained of giddiness and loss of sight. After a little while he became sick, and subsequently lost the use of his limbs. In this state he was placed on a bed, where I found him, and where I think he'll die. The boy is rather uneasy in his mind; he says he shall die; and he wishes you or his teacher to come and pray with him."

“It is now past nine,” I replied. “Do you think I had better go to-night or to-morrow morning?”

“To-night, if you wish to see him alive.”

I was soon by the little fellow’s bedside. His sunken face, paralysed limbs, and the cold perspiration, confirmed the fears recently awakened.

What words I thought most appropriate for the child and his afflicted parents I endeavoured to speak, with a sympathy which I shared in common with the little sufferer’s friends, whose tears fell fast. Having commended them to God in prayer, I left, and in less than ten minutes after he died.

CHAPTER IX.

A SINGULAR PATIENT—UNWILLINGNESS TO BE CONVINCED—A STORY BY DR. CLARKE—A SOOTY COMPARISON—DR. WARREN'S EXPERIENCE.

THE reader must not imagine that Flight and I never talked of anything else but tobacco, or that in my visits to the working classes nothing painful occurred but what was associated with this narcotic weed, because I here string together such conversations and such events. The truth is that, both in my ministerial visits and home engagements, I could produce many a beautiful moral flower, and many a gleam of social sunshine. Were this the place, I could tell many an incident of living poetry that I witnessed in the homes of the poor, where I have seen woman's form worn almost to a skeleton by the everlasting stitch, to procure necessities or comforts for a dying hus-

band or a drooping, fatherless child. I could tell too deeds of self-denial among the working classes in labours of love that have reproduced in living form the story of the widow's two mites, commended by the Redeemer: but this is not my object; and therefore, like all great orators, allow me to say, "But to return to our subject."

It was in the autumn of this year that a patient of Flight consulted him medically for a disease, the symptoms of which were tremulous hands and loss of memory. I happened to be at the window of an upstairs room as he came, and to my unprofessional eye he seemed in the last stage of consumption.

"That gentleman," said Flight to me, after the patient had left, "is another instance of the injurious effects of tobacco in the form of snuff."

"Oh no," I exclaimed: "it won't do to tell me that; there must be other causes to produce such a wreck as I observed in that poor fellow."

"Well, we shall see. Medical men, like all human beings, have not an infallible judgment, but that is my conviction; and being so, I

declined giving him either pills or draughts, and told him his only remedy lay in burning the snuff-box, and never taking another pinch."

"Will he do it?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he may. He's an intelligent man, and stands well in the profession of the law. I told him about Sir John Pringle, who suffered similarly, but who recovered the use of memory and hands on abandoning snuff, at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin."

For some time I watched this case with interest, and at length was compelled to admit that my friend Flight was quite correct. The patient after some weeks was perfectly restored. Still I was unwilling to believe that tobacco was so great an evil as my friend strove to convince me. This was an instance, thought I, of excess: and the excessive use of anything must be bad; but shall we, I further thought, argue against the use of a thing from its abuse? But although nothing I had yet heard or seen convinced me there was any harm in moderate smoking, yet the thought would occur to me, is not one drop of laudanum as really a poison

as one quart? Can quantity alter quality? Must it not follow that if a large amount of poison will destroy life, a small quantity cannot be beneficial, unless for medical purposes? Thoughts like these would make their appearance: but they soon vanished from my brain by the observation, "All the world smokes: it cannot be such a horribly bad thing, after all."

The reader will see facts were working on my understanding; and until these facts became sufficiently numerous, I was constantly falling short of a proper conclusion; still I did then what I wish the reader to do now; that is, I looked out for more facts.

About this time I met with some observations on snuff by Dr. Clarke, and was much impressed by the following case:—

"A person of my acquaintance, who had been an immoderate snuff-taker for upwards of forty years, was frequently afflicted with a sudden suppression of breathing, occasioned by a paralytic state of the muscles which serve for respiration. The only relief she got in such cases was from a cup of cold water poured down her throat. This became so necessary

to her that she could never venture to attend even a place of worship without having a small vessel of water with her, and a friend at hand to administer it. At last she abandoned the snuff-box ; the muscles re-acquired their proper tone ; and in a short time after, she was entirely cured of her disorder, which was occasioned solely by her attachment to her snuff-box, and to which she had nearly fallen a victim."

I have already stated I was on the look-out for more facts about tobacco ; but I am convinced I did not hold the scales with an unbiassed hand ; I did not look at these facts impartially. I, therefore, on reading Dr. Clarke's case about the snuff-taker, caught myself more than once muttering, "Perhaps she would have got well if she had kept on her snuff." I could not, however, get rid of the truth, that Dr. Clarke's opinion was worth something, although I continued my moderate use of the cigar, which I now considered indispensable to comfort.

"I suppose," said Flight to me one day, "you are still open to fresh light on the old smoky subject?"

"I hope to be open to light of all sort, ranging from chronology to chimneys."

"Some distance," remarked Flight, "between the two; but your allusion to chimneys reminds me of what an anti-tobacco man once said to a public speaker who was complaining of dryness in the throat and hoarseness."

"What was it?"

"Not very complimentary, of course; but if you will take it as I got it, it was this:—'Sir, do you smoke, and complain of hoarseness? why, your throat is like a sooty flue of a sooty chimney.' Now, to get fresh light on the subject of sooty chimneys is, in my judgment, worth having."

"And in mine, too," I observed; "but only let it be proper daylight."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself. You have heard my medical opinion often enough; but now let that go for nothing, and listen for a moment to Dr. Warren, a man of some authority with the profession. Shall I read it?"

"With all my heart," I replied, while an involuntary smile moved my lips.

"'For more than twenty years,' observed

Dr. Warren, 'I have been in the habit of inquiring of patients who came to me with cancers of the gums, tongue, and lips, whether they used tobacco, and if so, whether by smoking or chewing. If they have answered in the negative as to the last question, I can truly say that to the best of my belief such cases of exemption are exceptions to a general rule. When, as is usually the case, one side of the tongue is affected with ulcerated cancer, the tobacco has been habitually retained in contact with this part. The irritation from a cigar, or even a tobacco pipe, frequently precedes cancers of the lip. The lower lip is more frequently affected with cancer than the upper, in consequence of the irritation produced on this part by acrid substances from the mouth. Among such substances, what is more likely to cause a morbid irritation, terminating in disease, than the frequent application of tobacco juice?' There, see, that's the opinion of a man who ought to know something on this subject. The only question is, is he sincere?"

"I must own," replied I, "such a statement from such a man is rather serious. My only

difficulty is, I have smoked a little, and others I have known who have smoked a great deal; and yet in these cases no cancers or anything have resulted."

"All that is common enough in science, as you know," returned Flight. "What is so fatal to the African traveller as the malaria, which infests some parts of the Zambesi or other rivers? How many Europeans have fallen victims to the fever it induces! Now, it is quite possible for some of your friends to visit these places, and pass through the infected atmosphere without feeling any ill consequence; or you yourself might travel without fever: but would you be justified, therefore, in concluding that the malaria is not injurious to human health?"

I was thoughtful.

CHAPTER X.

REFLECTIONS ON A SPITTOON—A RAILWAY COMPANION—FACTS AND FIGURES—SMUGGLING.

I THINK I had been settled in London more than three years before I began to feel that change of air and rest from ministerial duties were necessary. Having been accustomed in my boyhood to the sea-coast, with all its peculiar scenery, I preferred spending my vacation in a village of Wiltshire, where rustic English life might suggest other thoughts than those with which my nervous system was getting overcharged. The morning on which I left London I rose much earlier than usual, intending to pack my small portmanteau, and be off by the first train. The servant had not been in my study before I entered ; and for the first time in my life I saw, in the freshness of a beautiful summer's morning, a spectacle that I



“Paper, pen, and ink lay on the table; I took the pen, wrote something without knowing what, as I repeated to myself the word ‘Spittoon!’”—PAGE 81.

must say disgusted my morning vision. It was the dirty spittoon I had used over night.

"Filthy!" thought I, as I looked first at it and then at the glorious sunbeams streaming in at the window I had just opened. "Why wasn't it taken away?" I angrily exclaimed. "Why was it there at all?" some spirit seemed to whisper.

Paper, pen, and ink lay on the table. Instinctively I took the pen, and dipping it in the ink, wrote something without knowing what, as I repeated to myself the word, Spittoon. Spittoon! spittoon! spittoon! some half a dozen times or more fell from my lips, as thought floated away on some dreamy cloud in search of a shadowy truth which seemed to invite and yet disappoint pursuit. Awakening from this mental abstraction, and casting my eye on the paper, I saw written, eight or more times, the word spittoon.

"How horrid the word looks in writing," I exclaimed, while, intuitively dividing the word into two syllables, I laid emphasis on the first. "Spit," said I in a tone of execration; "no, not spit, but expectorate. Yes, not spit-toon, but expectorating-toon. I do not remember that

this etymological alteration made me smile in the least. Being accustomed to twist words into all shapes, the thing went on in my imagination as a matter of course, until, from words, my reflections glanced at things.

“Spit !” thought I ; “what is it ? In politer language, saliva. Still what is it ? In philosophical language, secretions. Still what is its destiny ? Does not the saliva perform an important function in digestion ? Is there not something in its very nature which adapts it to make our food nutritious ? Is it not a most valuable article in the economy of the human constitution ? Which, then, is the proper road for it to take ? Why want a spittoon for it at all ? Why throw away, with strange prodigality, what a wise Creator has given to us for health or long life ? Does the horse, or the ass, or the dog, or the cat, voluntarily throw away so essential an element of their physical well being ? Man has reason, has he not ?” And then so far forgetting myself as to suppose I was addressing an audience, I exclaimed, with my hand falling on the table at the same time, “Who but reasonable man ever wants a spittoon ?”

Of course to those unaccustomed to public speaking, or to any whose imaginations were not quite so ungovernable as mine, it will seem strange that I could have passed so easily into the mental delusion. But so it was. The thought took hold of me, and dragged me irresistibly to the conclusion, that smoking excited a most valuable secretion, which was wasted in the offensive spittoon.

The reader, however, must not fancy I never lighted a cigar again. If he be a smoker, he will know the habit is not to be snapped asunder like a spider's thread. No, it requires more arguments than I can tell to break off old customs.

Leaving my study and all it contained, I hailed the first cab I saw, and drove off to the Paddington station. Early as was the hour, there was the usual bustle of porters and passengers, presenting a specimen of thorough earnestness. All had a purpose, and all were taking the best means to obtain it. The ride down to Chippenham station was happily not only free from accident, but agreeable from a pleasant companion. He was a man who had seen the meridian of life ; full of intelligence,

gathered from extensive travel and observation, and with more than an ordinary share of conversible powers. The weather, crops, religion, politics, and social economics of this and other countries, formed the varying topics of an interesting chit-chat, which, I must say, terminated in my receiving fresh information on the subject about which I now write. Finding my companion was a member of a statistical society, and that he was collecting facts for the preparation of a paper on tobacco, I was pleased to receive from him the following account of statements made before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1848, respecting its annual growth in Europe:—

Russia .	£21,000,000	Roman States	£1,215,000
Denmark .	225,000	Naples .	1,125,000
Holland .	5,800,000	Switzerland .	297,000
Belgium .	1,140,000	Wallachia .	1,350,000
France .	26,000,000	Poland .	3,150,000
Germany .	40,000,000		
Austrian Doms.	35,000,000		136,680,000
Sardinia .	378,000		

“What an immense tract of land,” I exclaimed, “it must take to grow all this tobacco!”

“If it were covered with corn!” suggested my companion.

“What would be its effects on the price of bread?” I inquired.

“Ah, sir, there lies an important bearing of the question on the working classes. But look for a moment at a few figures connected with America and Great Britain. Tobacco, you know, is not allowed to be cultivated in this country; and its importation, therefore, is a large source of revenue to the government. Now in America, some years since, when the population was eighteen millions, the quantity grown was two hundred and fifty million pounds. Of this, one hundred and twenty-six millions were consumed by Americans themselves, averaging seven pounds per head per annum. The remaining one hundred and twenty-four million pounds were exported to Europe, forty-two millions of which found their way into Great Britain; twenty-seven millions and a half of which were consumed in England, and the rest re-exported. In 1853 the quantity of tobacco used in England had increased to thirty-two million pounds.”

The enormous quantity of tobacco thus shown to be consumed in this country startled me; but finding my companion read his figures

from the parliamentary report, of course I was bound to believe.

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that tobacco is smuggled to any considerable extent in this country?"

"From the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, it appears that there is as much tobacco brought into England by smuggling as that on which duty is paid. So you will see at once what an enormous amount of money is drained away from better uses by this little herb."

"How is it possible for this to be done in the face of our excise regulations?" I sceptically inquired.

"By the same authority I find it stated that a house in Belfast had ships regularly plying in this contraband trade, which brought home a cargo of forty thousand pounds' weight every two months; that they had carried on this trade several years, with the loss of only three cargoes; and consequently had realized a large fortune, at a loss to the revenue of £65,000 per annum. One old smuggler assured the committee he would undertake to bring any quantity of smuggled tobacco that might be

named, to the very room where the committee sat, within twenty-four hours, without detection by the excise. It is also stated that gangs of young boys were employed by the London houses, who constantly rowed about on the Thames, under the bows of vessels from the Continent, from which they received small parcels of one or two pounds of tobacco, which they concealed in their dress, conveyed on shore to their employers, and returned for more."

"'Tis rather a serious consideration," I remarked, "that if tobacco be, as some affirm, injurious to the constitution, and an incentive to intoxicating drinks, that our government should be enriched from such a source."

"Ah, sir! governments will be pure when individuals understand self-denial."

There was something in the stranger's emphasis on the word self-denial that awakened something like self-reproach; but I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, "if tobacco be medicine, what an enormous quantity of physic the English, as well as other nations, take in the form of smoke; and yet, to look at many of

them, you would not take them to be very ill."

The train now arrived at Swindon, where my intelligent companion left me to go the next few miles alone ; and I must say that, whatever the reader may think of dry-looking figures, what I had heard so impressed me with the magnitude of the tobacco question, that I began to think an Anti-smoking Association was a grand benevolent scheme after all.

CHAPTER XI.

HEARING A LECTURE—SINGULAR FACTS—A BROTHER'S
TALE—A FARMER'S SPEECH—THE SLEEPING CHILD
—TEETH.

THE farm-house which became my temporary home for some weeks was situated on a lofty hill, surrounded by magnificent scenery. It was a real farm; complete country. The house, the doors, the windows, the food, the furniture, the talk, the habits of the people, and the noise of the poultry yard, were as entire a change from London life as could be desired by one seeking rest. If I had not resolved to say nothing but about tobacco, I should like to tell a few beautiful instances of rural simplicity and earnest cottage-life that I there saw. But to the work in hand.

After a few days' enjoyment of the pure atmosphere, I heard one morning that, in the neighbouring market-town, a gentleman intended delivering a lecture on the advantages of smoking. I resolved to attend. Reaching the room just as the lecturer commenced, I

was surprised to recognise in the speaker my railway travelling companion. I knew at once that the advantages of smoking would have to be understood ironically, and that we should have a sweeping denunciation against tobacco in all its forms. I took my seat, however, and listened. Amongst other things which I had previously heard from my friend Flight, he made the following observations :—

“To prove the injurious nature of tobacco,” he stated, “a farmer found his cow and horse both troubled with lice. A benevolent friend gave him a bottle of the juice of tobacco, as he had heard it would destroy the lice at once. The farmer poured it along the back and tail of the horse and cow, according to direction, and to his surprise they both died in a very short period. A dog-fancier, finding a favourite animal ill, gave him an emetic, by soaking a cigar for an hour in some water, which destroyed life in the poor dog within one minute.”

The lecturer thought no evil was to be dreaded from old smokers abandoning the habit suddenly. He said thousands of aged smokers are annually sent to our prisons and

houses of correction, where they are suddenly deprived of tobacco, and yet no bad consequences ensue. They return to society, after their period of confinement, improved in appearance, and evidently better in health. With respect to snuff, he observed, "It is much adulterated. Salt and powdered glass are much used, especially in the Welsh snuff. It is generally allowed that the disease which terminated the life of Napoleon Bonaparte was brought on by excessive snuffing. The strong inspirations required to take snuff have caused small particles of the noxious poison to get into the stomach, and thus produce fatal consequences." The lecturer said that many lace-makers were the subjects of distressing hysteria, mainly induced by snuff. He quoted from Dr. Rush to the effect that smoking and chewing tobacco render simple fluids insipid to the taste ; hence the desire for the strongest spirits : by this alone brandy, which formerly was rarely used, is now the most common drink of cigar-smokers. The case of a gentleman was mentioned who declined eating cake because incapable of tasting the sweetest thing. This man had smoked forty cigars in one day ; and

his habit of smoking had at length totally destroyed his taste. The lecturer also referred to the money aspect of the question. A very common smoker will expend £2 or £3 per annum. An average of three or four cigars a day amounts to £10 or £12 per annum. The amount consumed by habitual smokers varies from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week. Inveterate cigar-smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week of the lighter kind of cigars, as Manillas, Bengal cheroots, &c. There was one fact he wished to impress on his audience ; it was this :—very few smokers contracted the habit after arriving at manhood or the maturity of their reason ; and very few smoking parents particularly desired their children to acquire the habit. So hard is it, observed the speaker, to reclaim old smokers, that his hope lay with the young, whose instincts were not yet perverted. “ Still,” he observed to his auditory, “ if you are enslaved by tobacco, snap your chains at once ; do not attempt it by halves. Do not say, ‘ I’ll leave it off, and then, if I can’t do without it, I can but take it up again.’ This will never do. When the Norman invaded this island, he

destroyed his ships, and made it impossible to return. If you mean to conquer, you must make it impossible to return to the habit. The harder it is to part from your pipe, the more necessary is it to be done; for the more you crave it, the more mischief it has already done to your constitution, and is already doing."

At the close of the lecture several speakers added a few observations. Among these was a gentleman who stated that his brother, a few years since, being out of health, consulted a medical man, by whom he was advised to leave off smoking if he wished to prevent consumption. The advice of the doctor was neglected, and a severe attack of bronchitis followed. A serious hæmorrhage from the lungs alarmed him, and he abandoned tobacco altogether. After this he progressed favourably, gained flesh, and recovered his usual amount of healthy activity. Unfortunately, however, he once more took to his cigars, and he is now in his grave.

A respectable farmer then rose. He said, "The whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at

a quarter a head, or, in round numbers, at twenty millions of quarters—weighs only four and one-third millions of tons; only about twice as much as the weight of the tobacco grown for the gratification of an injurious taste. It is estimated that there is as much money spent on tobacco throughout the world as is spent on wheat eaten in Great Britain. If the money wasted to the world," continued this farmer, "could only be appropriated to religious and benevolent purposes, where would be the necessity for our charity sermons, our collections, our ladies' bazaars, our charitable balls and concerts, our benevolent public dinners, and all our various efforts to put the screw on somewhat too tightly in the apprehensions of unwilling contributors? Why, the money smoked away would provide missionaries for the heathen, schoolmasters for our villages, ragged schools and homes for the destitute; unless, indeed, the abolition of smoking were so to lessen drunkenness that the ragged and the homeless would disappear from our streets. Away with the tobacco!" he exclaimed with such tremendous energy, that I involuntarily started

to my feet. "Away with the tobacco!" he repeated, after some immense cheering had subsided. "Would not indolence brace itself to labour? Would not the white faces of our young men regain the old English rosy hue of health? Would not the working man be able to put many a comfort in his cottage? Would he not save himself many a doctor's bill? Would not the air we breathe be purer and clearer? Is it manly to smoke? Who says so? How much more manly is it to prove yourself no slave, no bondman? If you cannot break from your chains, weep at least over your slavery! Boast not of your freedom; but if there's enough of the man left in you; if moral power be not smoked to death; if Christian love be not an empty name, without influence on your character,—then away with the weed; and in its utter extirpation feel that you have a share in the honour."

Another speaker told the following anecdote:—A labouring man in the neighbourhood had an only child, a beautiful boy about four years old, of whom he was very fond. The child usually slept in the back room, but

for some reason or other the little fellow was put to sleep in the room where they sat. A friend calling in, pipes were soon in requisition. The room was filled with smoke; and after some time the mother was startled by a strange noise from the little sleeper. She rushed to the cot; the men lay down their pipes, and, to their horror, the child seemed dying. The doctor was sent for, but nothing could be done. The child died, and the doctor's belief was, the little fellow was poisoned by tobacco smoke. "I have heard," said the speaker, "some persons say that smoking is good to keep off diseases; but until we are shown on what principle of science this can be, we must believe it just as much as we should believe that stagnant water is beneficial to health. A man said, the other day," he continued, "that smoking must be good to preserve the teeth, because they smoked bacon to preserve it; but he would ask, 'Did they ever smoke the living pig to preserve it?' Instead of preserving the teeth, a dentist told him, not long ago, that tobacco was a great enemy to the gums; and that although the toothache may sometimes be eased by smoking,



"She rushed to the cot—the men laying down their pipes; and, to their sorrow, the child seemed dying. The doctor was sent for, but nothing could be done. The child died, and the doctor's belief was, the little fellow was poisoned by tobacco smoke."—PAGE 96.

yet its constant use made the gums shrink the teeth, and thus produce premature decay."

I shook hands with the lecturer, and went home that night without smoking my usual cigar.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE—MEDICAL AUTHORITIES—
HOW THEY SHOULD BE RECEIVED—AN ARCHITECT
—A LITTLE GIRL—FRIENDLY DISCUSSION.

ON the Friday following the public meeting detailed in my last chapter, my friend the lecturer, whose name I am not at liberty to tell, agreeably to a promise I had received from him, paid me a visit, to rusticate with me for a day among the bleating of sheep, the reaping of corn, and the cawing of rooks. Of course we talked about the meeting. He told me some additional facts ; among which were the following :—

“The Hawaïans,” said he, “are in the habit of swallowing the smoke of tobacco. A few whiffs are sufficient to cause almost immediate inebriation. One pipe or a single cigar used in this way is sufficient for a large company. The pipe or cigar is passed from mouth to

mouth in quick succession, till each one is made drunk with its poisonous fumes."

"I can't say," said I, "I should like to make one of such a party."

"Perhaps not; and yet there seems to me a good deal of reason in it."

"Reason!" I exclaimed; "how?"

"Why, they reach the end by a short cut, and at comparatively little expense. Now, if it be reasonable to affect the brain with tobacco at all, it seems to me that the quicker and cheaper you do it the better."

"Yes," I replied; "but, then, I apprehend ordinary smokers do not wish to produce intoxication by the cigar. But, by the by, you talked rather learnedly the other night about the effect of tobacco on our health. I'm not quite sure there wasn't a good deal of gammon about all that. I took it in pretty well at the time, but the next day I remembered you gave us very little medical authority for what you said; so I sat on this old five-barred gate and lighted my cigar."

"Well, and what then?" asked my friend, good-naturedly.

"Why, I puffed away, listened to the

whistling of the blackbird, enjoyed the delicious breeze, and thought all your arguments against tobacco were nothing but smoke."

"You want medical authorities, do you?" said he. "Here are some names on my side : —Orfila, Christison, Taylor, Marshall Hall, Ogston, Sir Charles Bell, Sir Astley Cooper, Grahl, Ginelin, Tevignot, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Eberle, and Clay."

"You seem," said I, rather flippantly, "to have got your subject pretty well up ; I suppose it's all true that you say?"

"If you visit me in London, you shall read the authorities for yourself, if you like."

"Thank you," I said, "we shall see. But it seems, by your account, that tobacco produces as many diseases as the quack doctor's one medicine cures. Do you mean to say seriously that respectable medical writers affirm that tobacco is the cause of so many disorders, as you seemed in general terms to imply the other night?"

"Let's mount the old gate here," said he, "and I'll answer your question."

In a moment we were both swinging our

legs very comfortably, in the happy consciousness we were unobserved.

"I hope you've a good stock of patience," said my friend, pulling a manuscript book out of his pocket.

"Pretty well, sometimes."

"Well, listen : I'll read you a list of diseases which proper authority states may and do flow from the use of tobacco :—Delirium tremens, epilepsy, fainting fits, cramp, nightmare, chronic wakefulness, shocks at the epigastrium, general nervous weakness, inflamed eyes, spasm of the eyelids, cataract, amaurosis, impaired hearing, total deafness, ear-ache, nasal polypus, inflamed nasal mucous membrane, coryza or chronic nasal catarrh, ozæna, inflamed frontal sinuses, discolouration of the teeth—"

"Stop, I say ; stop !"

"Oh, don't be uneasy ; just listen a moment more. Caries of the teeth, toothache, softening of the teeth, inflamed mouth, gum-boils, wasting of the gums, chronic tonsillitis, salivation, drivelling—"

"Oh, I say ! pray be at peace."

"Excuse me," he replied ; "I'm like Spring-

heeled Jack : you've set me going, and I must go on :—Deficient salivary secretion, impaired voice, inflamed throat, ulceration of the larynx, hemoptoe—”

“Positively I won't be your audience !” I exclaimed, jumping off my seat. “I haven't got the nerve.”

“Here, coward, don't run off. If you've really had enough, I'll stop.”

“But, ‘honour bright,’ as they say, are you in earnest ?”

“I assure you seriously, this list of eighty-seven diseases is carefully taken from unquestionable sources ; and if you like, I could give you the authorities to each disease.”

“No,” I replied ; “the diseases themselves make too long a catalogue for me. I don't know what I should do to be obliged to hear all the authorities too. But take insanity for example ; and now give me your medical authority for saying that tobacco produces insanity.”

“As you are an American, I suppose you will not object to your own countrymen ?”

“Certainly not.”

“My authority, then, is Dr. Woodward, of ”

Massachusetts's Lunatic Hospital. Besides this, sir, in the United States, intelligent physicians have estimated that 20,000 die annually from the use of tobacco; and in Germany, where the streets as well as the houses are literally befogged with tobacco smoke, the physicians have calculated that half the deaths which occur between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking."

"If I could be persuaded," said I, "that the cause of these effects was tobacco, I'd never smoke again: but it seems to me that it's a very easy thing to say that, when the smoker dies, smoking was the cause of his death."

"If an astronomer of good reputation tells me that the sun is so many miles from the earth," observed my friend, "I believe it, although I may be incompetent to go through those calculations by which he arrives at such a conclusion. So, if scientific men, who have examined the effect of tobacco on the human constitution, give it as their opinion that tobacco directly tends to produce these diseases, I think, until

we get more scientific light, we are bound, as reasonable beings, to act upon their information."

"Still," I added, "if the thing could be clearly proved, by being brought down to ordinary capacities, I cannot but think it would be much better."

"I don't know whether I ever told you about an old schoolfellow of my father's—an architect?"

"I think not."

"At the age of twenty this man used to smoke, and sometimes take snuff. His sight became very imperfect, and an incessant ringing noise in his head made him entirely deaf in his right ear. At the age of fifty-six he gave over tobacco, and in three months his hearing returned, and he was able to see perfectly without his glasses, which he had been obliged to use for many years. Now, can cause and effect be more united than this? I'll give you another instance, if you like ; for as your profession must have made you familiar with logic, and as you seem, at least in the case of tobacco, to have some difficulty in distinguishing between antecedents and

consequents, and cause and effect, it may be the enumeration of particular cases will lead you to a general conclusion."

"I suppose," said I, "you want me to come to the conclusion that all these evils flow from tobacco as certainly as fire produces warmth? Well, now for your instance. Don't invent anything for the occasion."

"Depend upon it, sir, we have too many facts to necessitate our having recourse to fiction. The story was told by a medical man of New Hampshire. He said, 'A few years ago he was consulted by the mother of a girl four years old, who was afflicted with a severe eruption on the face. The mother was anxious, from having heard stories of its efficacy in other cases, to make an application of tobacco. The physician, however, advised to the contrary, and left her to visit a sick neighbour. While prescribing for the latter he was called back in haste to the child, whom he found senseless on the floor. The mother informed him that, being still persuaded tobacco would be beneficial, she had, after he retired, taken some from the bowl of a pipe and rubbed it over the child's face; that the child set out to

walk across the room immediately after the application, but had not proceeded half way before it fell in the condition in which he found it. He remained an hour and a half, resorting to various means for resuscitating the child; the pulse occasionally reviving, and then dying away again, till, finally, animation was restored, though for years afterwards the child was subject to alarming nervous symptoms, and it is even now puny and feeble. The constitution of the child previous to the experiment was good, but the shock upon the nervous system was so severe that it has never wholly recovered, and probably never will.' Now, sir, what do you think of that?"

"Oh! I understand that all very well," I replied. "I am quite satisfied tobacco is a dangerous medicine in the hands of any but medical men, by whom I know it is used only in extreme cases, and then with great caution. My difficulty in subscribing to your creed against tobacco, arises from the fact that thousands smoke it without falling into fits, as this child did under its external application."

I don't believe I was quite sincere in the use of that argument at that time. I knew very well, what I had argued before, that a drop of laudanum was as really poison as a quart, and that poison could never become food. It might be used occasionally for a medicine, but never habitually with advantage, like bread. Perhaps I argued a little more in favour of tobacco than I was justified by my convictions, for the sake of eliciting a few warm sayings from my opponent, who, I am bound to say, always maintained thorough good humour, agreeably to a favourite maxim of his :—"Truth needs no anger to defend it."

CHAPTER XIII.

A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT—SUCCESSFUL EFFORT—A
TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE—A PHYSICIAN'S DILEMMA
—NOT PARALYSIS—EFFECT OF THE LETTER.

ON arriving in London to resume ministerial duties, I thought I had done with my friend the lecturer for ever ; but it turned out he had not done with me. I fancy he thought he was on the right scent ; that I was not a hopeless case ; and that I was not unwilling to hear or read anything against a habit I practised myself. Be this as it may, he sent me the following letter :—

“ Dear Sir,—Before you light your cigar with this, pray read it. To a clear head and ingenuous heart facts are the best arguments ; and believing that such a head and heart are his to whom I write, I send a few anecdotes, without note or comment. Mr. Noland was a theological student in an American college.

He appeared to have been born with a propensity for smoking. At a very early age he was a perfect master of the pipe—that is, the pipe was a perfect master of him. He was neither deficient in good sense nor a tender conscience; the result of which was some mental uneasiness at his incessant smoking from sunrise to sunset. There was one thought, however, which pacified his conscience. It was this: ‘Smoking is essential for my health.’ His best friends were of another opinion; and one of the professors, pained to see so worthy a character thus enslaved, reasoned with him on the inutility and expensiveness of the habit. The professor’s appeal to the young man’s conscience was not without effect. The pipe and tobacco were at once laid aside, and total abstinence was vowed for three months. But what a three months were those! How tediously the hours moved! But the three months came to an end; and the young man, released from his vow, plunged again into the thickest of the smoke in which he lived, notwithstanding his better judgment to the contrary.

“Mr. Althorp was in the habit for years of

using tobacco immoderately. Often when at college he would sit in his study till eleven o'clock at night, with his box of cigars at his side, and keep one lighted all the time. When pursuing his theological studies at Andover he was deeply impressed with the foolishness of his course. In this view of it, with great mental effort, he firmly resolved that he would, *at once*, and for ever, abandon the use of tobacco. Knowing, however, the inefficiency of past resolutions, he went to the throne of grace to obtain His assistance through whom Paul was able to do all things ; 'and from that moment,' said he, 'until this (a period of several years), I have had no more desire to use tobacco than I have to chew this spoon.'

"Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs, and even hogs, refuse to take tobacco unless compelled. There is a worm that lives in the plant : that will take tobacco ; and so will man, the lord of creation. Some have said the rock goat of Africa would feed on tobacco, but modern travellers deny it.

"While an agent of a Temperance Society was one day collecting funds, a gentleman said to him, on smelling he was a slave to tobacco,

‘Sir, *you* are not a fit man to advocate so good a cause.’

“ ‘Why?’ demanded the agent.

“ ‘Because you are not free yourself,’ was the reply. A friend said to this gentleman afterwards, ‘Do you know whom you re-proved?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Why, it is Colonel L—, one of the best men in the country.’ The gentleman was embarrassed; but meeting the Colonel some time after, he apologized.

“ ‘No apology is needed,’ replied the Colonel; ‘you did your duty, and your reproof had its desired effect. It led to much reflection and to new resolutions; and, as the consequence, you behold me to-day a free man, and you are my deliverer.’

“ ‘An eminent physician,’ observes Dr. Adam Clarke, ‘with whose acquaintance and friendship I am honoured, gave me lately the following account:—When I was at L— in 1789, a certain religious people, at one of their annual meetings, made a rule, or rather revived an old one which had been long made, but had fallen into disuse; that is to say, that no

minister in their connection should use snuff or tobacco unless prescribed by a physician. This rule shows at once both their prudence and good sense. Toward the conclusion of the meeting, having offered my assistance to as many as needed medical help, several of them consulted me on the subject of taking tobacco in one form or the other ; and, with very little variation, their mode of address was as follows :—“ Doctor, I am troubled (naming it). I take tobacco, and have found great benefit from it. I am sure, were I to give it up, I should feel very ill indeed, and I am certain that you are too wise and too skilful a man to desire me to discontinue a practice which has been so beneficial to me.”

“ ‘ After such an address, what could I say ? It was spoken with serious concern, and it was properly *argumentum ad hominem*. I knew well that they were sincere, but I also knew they were deceived. However, to the major part of them I ventured to speak thus : “ Gentlemen, you certainly do me honour in the confidence you repose in my skill ; but you have brought me into a dilemma, from which I cannot easily extricate myself, as I find I

must either say as you say on the subject, or else renounce all pretensions to medical skill. However, I cannot in conscience and honour prescribe to you the continual use of a thing which I know does many of you immense hurt.'

"Dr. Adam Clarke adds, 'I should be glad to know whether these ministers, after the rule passed at their meeting, and the recommendation and remonstrance of their physician, continued to indulge themselves in this disgraceful employment.'

"An eminent clergyman was seized with a disorder, which was treated by a provincial practitioner as paralysis. It affected his limbs and whole system to such a degree that he was laid aside; and not getting better under the treatment of his medical adviser, he came up to London to a physician here. Upon a rigid examination his disorder was found to be the "painter's colic"—a disease superinduced by the white lead used by painters in their business. The clergyman was a snuff-taker, and on analysing his snuff, it was found to contain a considerable portion of sugar-of-lead, which, taken into the system by constant use, had induced the disease.

“ A medical man of high celebrity writes : ‘ Tobacco not merely produces various diseases, but it greatly aggravates the symptoms of those which have their origin in other causes. It also hastens the development of those diseases to which by inheritance we are constitutionally predisposed, but which otherwise might have slumbered. And when diseases do attack the smoker, they are more likely to prove fatal in his case than in those who never use tobacco. Besides all this, the constitution habituated to the influence of the pipe, when suffering from disease, is less under the influence of medical remedies than it would have been if tobacco had not been used. Shall the smoker say, then, because he is not conscious of an instantaneous convulsion as the effect of his indulgence, that the habit is not doing him a steady and irreparable injury? Let him think ! ’ ”

On reading the above, contained in my friend’s letter, I must say very serious thoughts came over me—thoughts about my profession, my influence as a minister of Christ, my health, and my responsibility to God for time and money. “ Nothing can be trifling,” thought

I, "that involves the question of right and wrong. Is it right for me to smoke? that's the question," said I, as I closed the day. "What good do I do by my cigar? This is the question that must, that shall, be answered."

CHAPTER XIV.

PUT TO THE TEST—THE BALANCE SHEET—FURTHER
ARGUMENT—JOHN WESLEY—THE PIPE PUT OUT—
FLIGHT BRINGS ABOUT A HAPPY FINALE.

KNOWING I should not have liked any one to say to me, "Sir, you are devoid of sense, you are without reason, you do not consult your conscience, or your profession of religion is not sincere," I was resolved to put this question about tobacco-smoking to the test, by an appeal to the sense, reason, conscience, and religion I possessed. In doing this, I took pen and paper, and wrote on one piece the reasons why I should continue the habit, and on another the reasons why I should abandon it. In short, I made a debtor and creditor affair of it, and then struck the balance. On the side which contained reasons against my smoking were these:—

1st. It is a practice borrowed from savages.

2nd. It is a practice which generally begins with us in youth, when reason is not matured.

3rd. It is an offence against the natural instincts of society, especially against ladies, who have not been vitiated by its use.

4th. Disinterested medical men say it is productive of many physical and mental diseases.

5th. The growth of it uses up valuable land in its cultivation, which might be better employed for corn, &c.

6th. Our natural tastes, which are usually good judges in such cases, reject it at first, until overcome by habit.

7th. Many philanthropists say smoking leads to drinking.

8th. Tobacco costs money.

On the side of reasons for continuing smoking, I found the following :—

1st. I am not aware it does me any harm.

2nd. If I am obliged to go without it, I feel very uncomfortable.

3rd. I like it.

4th. Helps to *study*.

Each of these two lists passed under serious consideration, when, with regard to the suppo-

sition that it did me no harm, I had some such reproaches as these :—

Those miserable people in Sloper Street live in homes badly ventilated, badly lighted, badly cleaned, and with drainage most awful. Yet they tell me they are not aware that, living in such a place does them any harm ; but I know it does, though. May not I be like them with respect to smoking ?

Of course I feel uncomfortable when the habit is not gratified. Professor Oldham got the habit of playing with his button-hole while preaching ; and he says when he has tried to avoid the awkward action, he has felt so miserable, that not an idea would enter his brain. Does this prove the habit is a good one ?

And then, I like it. Well, so does the drunkard like his strong drink ; so does the burglar like carrying off his booty ; and so does the gambler like his cards. Because I like a thing, therefore, is it right ?

It is true when I smoke I *can* think better ; but then it is also true that the man who has ruined his nervous temperament by the habitual use of brandy, feels incapable of

attending to his necessary business in the morning until he has stimulated himself with a glass or two. Does this prove anything more than that an evil habit has brought his nervous system into an unnatural state? After all, the question is, Am I sure that my health would not be *as well* without it? Have I ever tried it? Now, supposing it should turn out that I should be as well without tobacco as with it, what then? why, I should save the money, shouldn't I?

Reflections like these crowded upon me, and the last thought about money most deeply affected my conscience. I had just been reading a sermon of John Wesley's, in which he states, "I get all I can; I save all I can; and I give all I can." With respect to saving all he could, that great man observed, "If I wasted a piece of writing paper merely, I should regard it as a sin;" and to prove that in his case this saving was not covetousness, all he saved he gave in works of benevolence. I felt that until I had left off tobacco, and made a fair and conscientious trial whether I could not do without it, I was not of Wesley's noble spirit, who saved what he could in

order to give the more. I knew also "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." I blushed at my own selfishness, that required so many arguments to persuade me to a small act of self-denial, which, after all, was not the gratification of a natural propensity, but of a self-acquired habit. It is true I was but a moderate smoker ; yet when I calculated how much I had probably spent on tobacco, I found it would have clothed the shivering forms of many an orphan girl whose destitution amidst the snows of winter might have been a strong temptation for their entering into the paths of vice and female ruin.

The resolution was formed, and from that day I never smoked again.

On reference to my diary I find this entry : — "Sept. 1.—The first anniversary of the abolition of slavery, when I buried the pipe, tobacco, and cigar-case down in the depths. One year's experience convinces me I am better without it, and so is a poor widow to whom I have just given the amount saved."

For some two years after this I still lived

with my friend Flight, with whom I now worked in efforts of benevolence more harmoniously than ever. I was still a bachelor, and, to my own apprehension, was likely to be so, for she who had been the only being with whom I thought I could link my destiny, had rejected me. The reader must not imagine because I have said so little about Emilie Schubann that she was forgotten by me, as a child forgets an old toy for a new one. No! though I never knew the reason of the sudden alteration of her feeling toward me, yet I did know that she had refused the hand of many a suitor since, and that, like an angel of mercy, she was endeavouring to reclaim the fallen and depraved in one of the worst neighbourhoods of London.

Flight was still the medical attendant of the old merchant, on whom at length his immoderate smoking began to tell fearfully. It was about this time he suffered a violent attack of delirium tremens. Flight was frequently there, and as frequently he met the old merchant's daughter Emilie. I will not say—perhaps I cannot—what conversations passed between Flight and Emilie; but I do know he

somehow or other gained her confidence in that time of her filial distress, and also that he never abused that confidence.

"Flight," said I, as he returned from Herr Schubann one night, and sat musingly by the fire, "you look thoughtful; is the German worse?"

"No, he'll recover. I'm thinking about Emilie."

"Emilie!" I exclaimed; "what?"

"Do you remember coming from Germany, and the old German meeting you at the train?"

"Too well," said I.

"Do you remember whether you were smoking a cigar when you came to the house?"

"I almost forget," I replied. "Emilie, I know, was at the window."

"Try and think," said Flight.

"By the by, I do remember now; Herr Schubann gave me a cigar, which I had half smoked when I reached the house."

"And you threw it away in the garden?"

"Well?"

"Well, this is the history of your rejection by Emilie. Having seen dreadful evils result-

ing from smoking and intemperance, she vowed never to marry the man who had acquired the habit. She saw you with the cigar in your mouth : her vow was irrevocable."

"And I was discarded. But why did she not tell me so?"

"For a very good reason, in my judgment," said Flight. "She thought it might be a strong temptation for you to play the hypocrite; but," he added, "I have assured her you are a free man for the sake of principle, and not for the sake of Emilie Schubann."

Need the reader hear any more? Let him guess the rest.

THE END.

MEDICAL OPINIONS ON THE USE OF TOBACCO.

"In my lengthened medical life I have often seen the worst and most intractable forms of indigestion, and the most distressing and fatal cases of stomach and liver diseases traceable to snuff and tobacco."—DR. CONQUEST.

"It is my business to point out all the various and insidious causes of general paralysis, and smoking is one of them. I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking."—MR. SOLLY.

"We must earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether."—*Lancet*.

"Smoking tobacco weakens the nervous powers; favours a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state of existence; produces indolence and incapability of manly or continued exertion."—DR. COPLAND.

"The earliest symptoms are manifested in the derangement of the nervous system. A large proportion of habitual smokers are rendered lazy and listless, indisposed to bodily and incapable of much mental exertion. Others suffer from depression of the spirits, amounting to hypochondriasis, which smoking relieves for a time, though it aggravates the evil afterwards. . . . I have known many individuals to suffer from severe nervous pains, sometimes in one, sometimes in another part of the body. Almost the worst case of neuralgia that ever came under my observation, was that of a gentleman who consulted the late Dr. Bright and myself. . . . Neither the patient himself nor his medical attendant had any doubts that the disease was to be attributed to his former habit of smoking, on the discontinuance of which he slowly and gradually recovered."—SIR B. BRODIE ('*Hints for Smokers.*')

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