SNUFF & SNUFF-TAKERS.

LONDON:

JOSEPH BAKER, CIGAR MERCHANT, AND DEALER IN MEERSCHAUMS, 110, CHEAPSIDE.

1846.

Price One Shilling.

Snuff and Snuff-takers.

SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS;

A

Pungent, Piquant, Comical, Veritable,

AND

Historical Disquisition,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A DISSERTATION ON THE POETRY OF SNEEZING.

BY

AUTHOR OF "SMOKING AND SMOKERS."

ADORNED WITH NUMEROUS WOODCUTS.

Το βακχικον δωρεμα λαβε—EURIPIDES.

"Accept this gift of Tobacco."—FREE TRANSLATION.

LONDON:

JOSEPH BAKER, CIGAR MERCHANT, DEALER IN MEERCHAUMS, ETC., 110, CHEAPSIDE.

1846.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

SOUTHWARK:—
J. W. MADDOX, BERMONDSEY.

INTRODUCTION.

MUST begin in the usual style of all Epic Poems, for this is an Epic Poem, and a great one too!— Descend!. Ye Nine! Descend to my aid. I sing Snuff and Snuff-takers. I am about to immortalize it and them. I know that I shall make many enemies — I know that I shall

have to struggle against a host who profess to hate snuff, simply because they know not its enjoyment. But nothing shall stop me in my course, for I feel that I am fulfilling a duty of the most sacred character. I will either succeed in the task I have undertaken, or I will gain the martyr's crown.

It was but the other day that I delighted the world with a mighty Disquisition on TOBACCO—I desired immortality—and I gained it. The noble and the great have sought me;—the philosopher and the savant have endeavoured to penetrate the heart of my secret. I might have been elected president of countless learned societies. Till the appearance of my mighty Poem on Tobacco, the great question for solution was,—"Who wrote the Letters of Junius?" Now it is asked,—"Who wrote SMOKING AND SMOKERS?" This, however, is a question I shall not solve. I have wrapped myself round with the mackintosh of mystery—my incognito is impenetrable.

But although I have thus attained the immortality I sought, I confess to the failings of mortality, and seek yet further fame.

"I of the spirit of conquest am possessed
Incontinently; vict'ry but serves
To whet the lust of triumph."

Shakspeare was not satisfied with having written Othello; but he gave in succession, to the delight of the world, a glorious brotherhood of Dramas, whose truth and beauty will last while the world endures. Homer did not content himself with a single Epic, nor Anacreon with a solitary song—neither can I confine myself to a single Poem.

"But, Author, my friend!" may one of the readers of this book exclaim, "before you begin this glorious work concerning Snuff, we would wish to know if you have the requisite knowledge to carry it out. What are you?—Who are you?—Tell us, that we may judge."

Friend, reader, you are exceedingly curious, and I shall not answer you. I will not enlighten you concerning the point you have raised. I will not even tell you whether I am a snuff-taker. Read on; and when you have got to the last page, ask yourself the question, and you will then be able to answer it.

Reader! a last word, before I begin my task. If I have not bared before you the secrets of my study—if I have not drawn aside for you the curtains of my own bower—if I have chosen that the mystery of my name and habitation should be preserved, do not believe that I shall be as discreet on every point. No! In order that you may be able to deny many of the hints which have been whispered about me—my name and social position—I will at once tell you, that I am not the President of the Royal Society, nor the Lord Mayor of London, nor the chairman of the Land's End and John-o-Groat's Railway, nor a member of the House of Commons, nor the Beadle of the Bank—I am not even a knight of the Garter! Are you satisfied, dear reader? Verily, you ought to be; but if you are not, I can say no more.

Still one of these days your curiosity will be satisfied; for I do not wish to carry my secret to the grave; and when my pipe shall have been finally extinguished, when my last pinch of snuff shall have been taken, and the Newspapers tell to all the world, that the historian and poet of tobacco,

"In every shape, in every mood,"

is no more,—then may you have an opportunity of shedding a tear upon my tomb. The fair sex will, I know, do so; for to them am I indeed a friend. The pipe and the snuff-box, the cigar and tobacco, in every shape, are domestic dainties—they are the Lares and Penates of an Englishman's fireside; and I know of nothing more truly delicious than a bright fire on a winter's night—a favourite author—a cigar or snuff-box,—and last, though far from least, a rosy, smiling, chatty little angel of a wife. Thus, in praising tobacco and snuff, I have praised domestic virtues, and shown the delight of domestic comforts. I am easy, therefore, on this score, and know that flowers will, by the hands of the grateful fair, be strewed upon my tomb.

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SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF SNUFF.

COLERIDGE once observed to an individual who was venting his abuse against snuff, "You abuse snuff; perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose." Whether this be, or be not, true, I will not attempt to argue; but certain it is, that long before the discovery of tobacco, aromatic powders were used in the same way as the snuff of the present day. To prove this, I need only quote the generally known passage from the glorious Bard of Avon—

"I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it came next there,
Took it in snuff."

I know that snuff has been, and still is vastly reviled. I know that hosts of petty wits have spoken, and written, and sung against it. But I would ask, What great discovery has not been subjected to scorn and contempt? and the very excellence of the custom is, I maintain, proved by its outliving all the efforts and attacks directed against it. It would scarcely be imagined, that the introduction of tea and coffee into Europe spread consternation amongst all nations, and produced the most virulent attacks. Thus, with regard to tea, Patin, a French physician, called it "*l' impertinente noveauté du siècle;*" while Hanneman, a German wiseacre, called tea-dealers—"immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives." For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption. One writer calls it—

"A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dash't with diurnals and the books of news."

And another anonymous jingler writes of it thus—

> "For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
> And he's no gentleman who drinks it not;
> That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature—
> But custom is but a remove from nature."

If, therefore, such invectives were hurled against tea and coffee, we can scarcely wonder that tobacco and snuff should share a similar fate. But to the man of sense, even though he be not a snuff-taker, I would say: Laugh not with the scorner, but rather make merry with submission. You cannot know what providential uses there are in such customs; or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. Every lover of literature must be inclined to a charitable regard to snuff-taking, out of pure love of the snuff-taking days of queen Ann and the wits of France, and out of a veneration for all great events and prevailing customs that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get such a man to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt—of the ceremoniousness of the Chinese—of the betel-nut of the Turks and Persians—nay, of the garlick of the South of Europe—and so of the tea-drinking, coffee drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking, which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if such a man there be) put that in his pipe and smoke it!

It has been argued against us, that snuff-taking is

an odd custom; and Leigh Hunt speaks thus of it—"If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder; and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life, (for, even with the most indifferent snuff-takers, there is a certain look of importance,) proceeds to thrust, and keeps thrusting it at his nose; after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. What should we say to this custom among the inhabitants of a newly-discovered island?" Now I am disposed to admit, that the custom is a curious one; but then what custom amongst civilized nations is not an odd one? Look at dancing, hunting, or a hundred other customs—they are every whit as odd, and would on a first sight strike the beholder with astonishment. But even if the virtues of snuff itself be doubted, no one, I am sure, will deny the benevolence of an offered pinch, and the gratitude of an accepted one. These are such good things, and snuff-takers have so many occasions of interchanging them. The social benefit is therefore great.

The first introduction of tobacco into the civilized world was in the form of snuff. Jean Nicot, lord of Villemaine, ambassador from France to Portugal, a very wise man, who wrote a very large and learned

French and Latin Dictionary, sent the first tobacco leaves to Catherine de Medici in the form of snuff. In England, as is well known, it did not make its appearance till 1586, and was then, as is generally believed, introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh. It soon got into great repute, and many persons were anxious to have the honour of giving their name to it; amongst these were, Catherine de Medici herself; the primate of France; Cardinals Saint Croix and Tornaboni—but all their efforts were useless, and tobacco and snuff have maintained the sway.

The instant that snuff came into repute and into general use, the most furious tirades were issued against it; nor were the efforts of its opponents, chiefly priests, physicians, and sovereign princes, confined to mere paper warfare. In 1684, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. This bull was renewed in 1690 by Pope Innocent, and a very innocent fellow he must have been to have attempted it. About twenty-nine years afterwards, the Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking and snuffing a capital offence. For a long time, snuff-taking as well as smoking, was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off; and in some parts of Switzerland, it was likewise made the subject of public prosecution; the police regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of the use of tobacco in the list of the Ten

Commandments immediately under that against adultery. I need but allude to the furious counterblaste of one of the weakest kings who ever sat upon the English throne —James the First.

But, despite all this kingly and priestly wrath, tobacco, both as snuff and for smoking, has not only maintained its ground, but has even extended its influence and sway. One of our earliest poets, in a single line, informs us how general the use of snuff had become, even though forbidden by the monarch to whom I have alluded—

"Courtiers prefer the tickling sting of snuff."

Perhaps, by the way, there was a reason for this; namely, that they were less likely to be detected. The odour left by smoking would have inevitably led to discovery.

Perhaps there is no habit which has been so general amongst literary men as snuff-taking. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, Voltaires, and Du Chatelets from their wigs and caps as from their snuff-boxes. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed, that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Johnson was a large snuff-taker. Lady Mary Wortley Montague took snuff. Madame du Bocage also—even the charming

countess of Suffolk, and my lady Harvey. Steele, speaking of his half sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue stocking, and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have her nose all over snuff in future. He, a great snuff-taker himself, was willing to allow the habit, if it were done with cleanliness. In the battle of the Rape of the Lock, Pope makes his heroine Belinda conquer one of her gallant enemies by throwing a pinch of snuff in his face; and from our not being told that she borrowed it, we are led to conclude, that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket. Indeed, with the fair in those days, snuff-taking was a common custom—

> "But this bold Lord, with manly strength endued,
> She with one finger and a thumb subdued;
> Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
> A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
> The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
> The pungent grains of titillating dust;
> Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
> And the high dome re-echoes to his nose."

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore, to a philosophical consideration of the various events of this life, grave as well gay, we can scarcely wonder at finding so many poets, philosophers, and sages having recourse to it. Nor is the practice confined to the great men of literature. Frederick of

Prussia took snuff in such large quantities, that a snuff-box was useless, and he kept it in his waistcoat pockets. Napoleon took snuff, and I presume that no one will deny that he was a great man. In fact, I might go on citing great names to the end of the volume.

CHAPTER II.

VARIETIES OF SNUFF—MANUFACTURE AND IMPORT

SNUFF is made from the leaves of tobacco alone — from the leaf mixed with stalk—or more rarely from the stalks alone; circumstances which render the whole of the imported leaf valuable. In every case a greater amount of care is required in the preparation of snuff than of tobacco. The various qualities of snuff are due to a great variety of circumstances, principally under the control of the manufacturer. In snuffs of lighter colour, as for example Scotch or Irish, there is very little of what is called "liquoring," that is to say the addition of water applied to the tobacco, as that would darken the colour of the snuff. There are many kinds of snuff, called "high dried"—such as Welsh, Irish, Lundyfoot, (the, latter being named after its maker.)

These owe their qualities chiefly to the circumstance, that they are dried so much as to acquire a slight flavour of scorching.

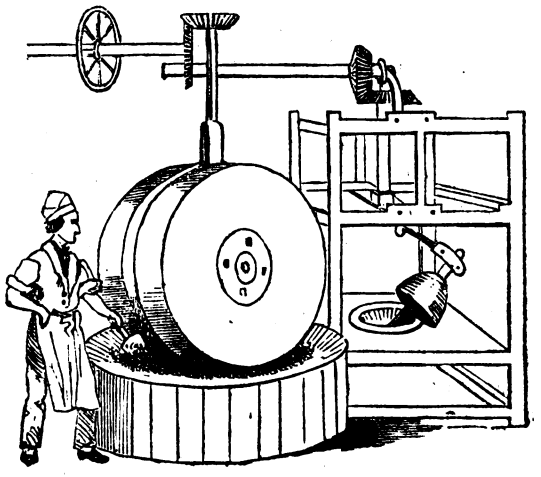
The snuffs called "rappee," of which there are two kinds, brown and black, are made chiefly from leaf to which is added the smalls or broken fibres of tobacco, which are too small to be smoked conveniently in a pipe. The dark colour is principally produced by wetting the powdered tobacco in a bin or box, and allowing it to remain for a considerable time, turned occasionally with a shovel; during which time it undergoes a slight degree of fermentation, which darkens the colour.

The original quality of the leaf of tobacco is as much attended to as the subsequent processes. Scotch snuff is made principally from the light dry leaves, whereas rappee and darker snuffs are made from the darker and ranker leaves. The process of scenting too has great influence on the flavour of the snuff, since the manufacturer can introduce any kind of scent which he thinks may please his customers. Thus, Prince's Mixture, and the interminable varieties of fancy snuffs, owe no small part of their flavour to the kinds of scent introduced; other kinds, however, such as High-dried, Welsh, and Lundyfoot, are chiefly dependent on the peculiar circumstances under which they are dried. In relation to the last-named snuff Lundyfoot, a celebrated author observes, "That it derives its peculiar flavour from having the fermentation carried to a very high pitch before the batch is turned; and it is said, that its

first discovery was owing to the neglect of the man attending upon the batches, and who by getting drunk made his master's fortune. Another story also prevails, with respect to the discovery of this snuff, so much esteemed by many snuff-takers, which attributes it to an accidental fire, which, by scorching some hogsheads of tobacco gave them a peculiar flavour when manufactured. This story is, however, evidently without foundation, as the snuff manufactured by Lundyfoot still continues to retain a peculiar flavour, which cannot be imitated by other manufacturers, a circumstance which is not likely to continue if the effect simply depended upon the degree of drying.

It is a curious circumstance, and one little suspected by snuff-takers, that almost the whole of that which is sold in the metropolis, either wholesale or retail, is ground in or near the town of Mitcham in Surrey, owing to the excellent water-power afforded by the river Wandle, which passes through the town. Many manufactories on the Wandle derive their mechanical power from water-wheels, which were almost invaluable before the use of steam became prevalent. Few manufacturers dispose of enough snuff to keep a grinding-mill constantly employed; and under such circumstances it is generally cheaper to resort to the assistance of individuals, whose premises and arrangements are devoted wholly to that occupation. This is the case in reference to the snuff-mills situated on the river Wandle to which I have alluded. Many London manufacturers send their snuffs, in a certain stage of preparation, to

these large and complete establishments. These mills are provided with two different kinds of grinding machines, such as are represented in the following illustration. In one of them, a pair of cylindrical stones, several feet in diameter, and a foot or more in thickness, are set up on edge, on a slab or bed beneath, and have then a two-fold motion given to them, resembling that of the wheel of a carriage which is going round in a small circle. By means of a horizontal axis passing through the centre of the stones, they wheel along the surface of the bed; and by giving to the axis itself a motion around another but vertical axis, the stones are carried round in a small circle. The snuff to be ground is laid on the bed or support, and the broad edge of the heavy stone passes repeatedly over it, by which the particles are reduced to powder.



In the other form of grinding-mill, the snuff is put into a kind of cell or mull, in which it is ground by a pestle moved in a singular manner. The pestle is connected with a set of jointed arms or levers, so adjusted to one another as to give to the pestle a motion best calculated to effect the grinding of the snuff. Every establishment for grinding snuff contains a considerable number of both of these machines, since some kinds of snuff are best ground by the one, and others by the other. Beyond the grinding and a preparatory drying, nothing is done to the snuff at the snuff-mills. The proprietor brings it to a certain stage of preparation before it is sent to the mill, and in most cases passes it through some finishing operations after it is brought from the mill. The high-dried snuffs, such as Lundyfoot, Welsh, Scotch, etc., are sometimes made from stalks, which before grinding are cut into fine shreds, but very often the entire stalk is dried so intensely that it may be easily ground to powder without the preparatory shredding. In such case the lightest and finest stalks are selected.

Some of the London manufacturers have small mills on their own establishments, for grinding small quantities of snuff, or for passing through any particular process the various kinds of fancy snuffs, but we are not aware that there is a single establishment in London where the main bulk of the snuff is ground.

As a matter of course, with such a variety of snuffs there must be an equal diversity of tastes among snuff-takers. Scotch snuff is the great delight of females,

who, when they do give way to this indulgence, almost invariably have recourse to Scotch snuff. With a certain class of old maids, Scotch snuff divides their time and affections with their cats and their parrots.

I would lay very heavy odds, that it was Scotch snuff which was used by Mrs. Gamp; indeed it would have been perfectly impossible for her to have had recourse to any other. And here, by the way, I may take the opportunity of reading a lesson to many of my brethren of the box, who endeavour to conceal or actually deny the habit. The conduct of Mrs. Gamp, who, when accused by her frequent pardner, Betsey Prig, of the indulgence, boldly replied, "Who deniges of it, Betsey —Betsey,—who deniges of it?" is worthy of their imitation.

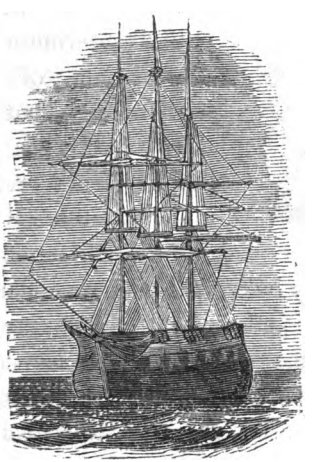
It is by the Chesterfields, the Chesters, *et hoc genus omne,* that scented snuffs are adopted—those individuals who indulge in the habit for the mere sake of ostentation, but who at heart love it not. The real snuff-taker rarely has recourse to it. As an occasional treat, or for an after-dinner pinch, scented snuffs, and more particularly some of the exquisite foreign snuffs, are a positive luxury. But then luxuries cannot be used every day. Turtle and whitebait are delicious occasionally, but a constant use of them would pall and sicken.

After all, good wholesome rappee, (the best mind, and whether brown or black, coarse or fine, is a mere matter of taste) is the proper snuff for a continuance. It is the snuff of a business man, of literati, of professionals, of all in fact who take snuff for its utility in sharpening the wits, in stimulating the brain. Such was the snuff used by Napoleon, by Frederick of Prussia, and I would warrant that such was the snuff of Johnson, Gibbon, Voltaire, and others. Rappee is the perfect manly snuff.

The regulations with regard to the export and import of snuff are the same as those relative to tobacco. The duty is six shillings per pound. It is prohibited to be imported in vessels under 120 tons, and to be exported in vessels under 70 tons; and the only places allowed for import are London, Liverpool, Bristol, and a few other principal ports.

It is difficult to make any calculation as to the quantity of tobacco used in this country, in the form of snuff. In the year 1841, it was calculated that in America there were as many as 500,000 snuff-takers. I conceive it would be utterly impossible to estimate the number in our own islands. As I have already said, the chief part of the snuff used in Great Britain is of home manufacture; the import of snuff is therefore exceedingly limited, never exceeding 150 lbs., the duty on which amounts to about £40. But the quantity of leaf tobacco imported, according to the last returns,

was 20,626,800lbs, the duty on which amounted to £3,090,782. 12*s*. 2*d*. It will perhaps be evident that a great part of this is smoked, but it must be equally evident that a large quantity is used in the form of snuff. But whether it be smoked or snuffed, all glory to tobacco, say, I.



CHAPTER III.

UTILITY AND PLEASURE OF SNUFF-TAKING.

To the real snuff-taker, it may appear quite a task of supererogation to devote a chapter to the consideration of the utility of snuff-taking; but to all my brothers of the box I can only say, that it is not every one who will allow that there is either pleasure or utility in snuff-taking. Nay, there are many individuals who have dared to level the shafts of their petty wit at the habit; and one person, and it grieves me to add, that that individual is a nobleman, has actually gone so far as to make an elaborate calculation on the time wasted by snuff-takers in delighting their olfactory nerves. It is for this reason, and this only, that I have determined to show its utility and pleasures.

A snuff-box—and in speaking of a snuff-box I of course mean its contents—is a letter of introduction; it has been the foundation of many friendships. When

you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera, or the new ministry, you can offer him your box with graceful as well as profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient. In a railway carriage, or a stage coach, with what can a conversation with a stranger be so conveniently broached? You have ventured a remark on the weather, on the rapidity of railway transit, or on any other topic, which has probably received a monosyllabic reply; but a pinch of snuff appears to open the floodgates of intelligence, to let loose the whole powers of the mind, and to dispel the taciturnity of any one but a misanthrope. A pinch of snuff is, in this respect, as all-powerful as the wand of a magician.

Snuff-takers are a reflecting race: no men know better that everything is not a trifle which appears to be such in uncleared eyes, any more than everything is grand which is of serious aspect or dimensions. A snuff-taker looks up at some mighty error, takes his pinch, and shakes the imposture like the remnant of the pinch to atoms with one "flesh quake" of head, thumb, and indifference. He also looks into some little nicety of question or creation of the intellectual or visible world, and having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his brain into proper cephalick condition, discerns it as it were microscopically, and pronounces that there is more in it than the unsnuff-taking would suppose. And his assertion is true. A mere pinch of snuff,

trifling as this may seem, enables us to consider divers worlds of mistake, in the history of man, but as so many bubbles breaking, or about to break; while the pipe out of which they were blown assumes all its real superiority in the hands of the grown smoker, the superiority of peace and quiet over war and childish dispute. An atom of good will is worth an emperor's snuff-box. I happened once to be compelled to moot a point of no very friendly sort with a stranger whom I never saw before, and of whom I knew nothing, but whose appearance in the matter I conceived to be altogether unwarrantable. At one of the most delicate of all conjectures in the question, and when he presented himself in the most equivocal light, what should he do but, with the best air in the world, take out a snuff-box and offer me a pinch. I accepted it with as serious a face as it was offered; but secretly the appeal was irresistible. It was as much as to say, "Questions may be mooted—doubts of all sorts entertained—people are thrown into strange situations in this world—but abstractedly, what is anything worth compared with a quiet moment, and a resolution to make the best of a perplexity." Ever since that time, whenever the thought of this dispute has come into my mind, the bare idea of the snuff-box has always closed my account with it; and my good will has survived, though my perplexity has remained also.

But this is only a small instance of what must have occurred thousands of times in matters of dispute. Many a fierce impulse of hostility must have been

allayed by no greater movement. Many a one has been caused by less. I remember some years back to have read some account of the causes which have given rise to duels, by which it appeared that people have challenged and killed one another for words about "geese," and "anchovies," and "a glass of wine." Nay, one person was compelled to fight about the very peace-maker, "a pinch of snuff." But if so small are the causes of deadly offence, how often must they not have been removed by the judicious intervention of the pinch itself. The geese, anchovies, glass of wine, and all, might possibly have been made harmless by a dozen grains of Havannah. The handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees, was the type of the pacifying magic of the snuff-box—

> "Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."
>
> "These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
> Give but a pinch of *snuff*, and you compose."

For giving an air of profundity and wisdom, there is nothing like a snuff-box. I know a gentleman, at the head of his profession, who is mainly indebted to this portable succedaneum for the character he enjoys of profundity; and I have been so fortunate as to procure his receipt for this extemporaneous process of manufacturing solid sayings. It is as follows,—Having slowly drawn the snuff repository (gold, if possible) from your waistcoat pocket, give it three distinct taps

and apply a portion of the contents to your nose with an artificial cough, consisting of one long pectoral a-h-o-o! Gently flap off the scattered particles from your frill with the knuckle of the right hand, take out your handkerchief with a theatrical swing, and having gradually folded down the extremities till it has assumed the form of a silken ball, draw it athwart the cartilage of your nose, bending it first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again—flap your frill, return your handkerchief with the same formalities, and by the time you have heaved another a-h-o-o, you will have been able to compose a very solemn and sententious piece of pomposity. This I take to be a most admirable operation; for your opponent's attention being occupied by the hocus-pocus and mummery, he does not perceive the lapse of time by which you enable yourself to get up your impromptu.

From what I have before said, the reader will see how much of calm philosophy may be communicated by a pinch of snuff. Life might have been a gloomier thing even than it was to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in his snuff-box. It was his last pinch, and most imperatively he pinched it, digging it and fetching it out from its intrenchment. And so it is with every snuff-taker. With his magic box in his hand he is prepared for all chances. As the Turk

takes to his pipe, the Chinese to his opium, the drunkard to his dram, and the sailor to his quid, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatever comes,—for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

All great and valuable discoveries and inventions have furnished our poets and prose writers with elegant and attractive similes, and tobacco is not an exception to this general rule. The mere smoke, to which the Indian weed is reduced in the pipe or cigar, is an apt resemblance of the folly and frivolity of all worldly pursuits; and a pinch of snuff itself, from the trifling nature of its value, may be made expressive of contempt and scorn. Thus Dean Swift makes one of his heroes express his horror of all learning by such a simile—

> "Your Noveds, and Pluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
> By Jove they don't signify this pinch of snuff."

What can be more expressive or more elegant?

But I will sum up the praise of snuff, with the following Ode of a brother bard, entitled,

PLEASURES OF SNUFF-TAKING.

Let some the joys of Bacchus praise,
The vast delights which he conveys,
And pride them in their wine;
Let others choose the nice *morceau*,
The piquant joys of feasting know,
But other gifts are mine.

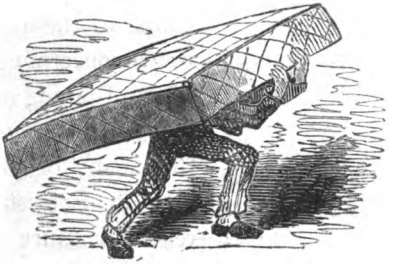
Oh where shall I for courage fly?
Or what restorative apply?
A pinch be my resource;
Perchance the French are not polite,
And with my country wish to fight,
Then I must grieve perforce.

Or if with doubt the bosom heaves,
The heart for Grecian sorrows grieves,
And pines to see them feign;
Such critics sometimes court the muse,
And I perchance the rhyme peruse,
Then heaves the breast with pain.

To soothe the mind in such an hour,
A pinch of snuff has ample power;
One pinch—all's well again!
A pinch of snuff delights again,
And makes me view with great disdain,
And soothes my patriot grief.

Thus for the list of human woes,
The pangs each mortal bosom knows,
I find in snuff relief;
It makes me feel less sense of sorrow,
When modern bards their verses borrow,
And soothes my patriot grief.

Then let me sing the praise of snuff,
Give me, ye gods, I pray, enough;
Let others boast their wine;
Let some prefer the nice morceau,
And piquant joys of feasting know,
The bliss of snuff be mine.



CHAPTER IV.

SNUFF-TAKING IN A LITERARY, ARTISTICAL, AND MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE already, in the course of these pages, said much concerning the utility of snuff-taking in a literary point of view, and shown that many of the greatest men in English and Foreign literature have been ardent and enthusiastic snuff-takers. Its utility, as an exciter of the cerebral powers, is manifest; and I am sure that but for snuff, many of the finest productions in our country's literature would never have existed. To manufacturers of romances, poetry, tragedy, comedy, farce, and philosophy, two things are absolutely indispensible if they would be successful. The first is the knowledge of smoking, and the second is the capability of snuff-

taking. Depend on it these two things are the only inspirers of—

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

To any one who may doubt this assertion, I would say; Go to the reading-room of the British Museum—that great book-manufactory of England,—and I will wager that the most successful authors or pirates are the snuff-takers.

In an artistical point of view, snuff-taking is equally necessary. Indeed, both to connoisseurs and would-be connoisseurs, a snuff-box is a *sine qua non*. For if a would-be connoisseur wishes to pass muster, and be looked up to as Sir Oracle, he must be cautious and slow in passing his opinion. There is nothing like a pinch of snuff for effect. He should choose his position so as to get at the best light, criticise with a knowing shake of the head, and as his eye wanders over every portion of the figure or landscape, he should quietly and steadily have recourse to his box. If this rule be followed out with accuracy, the effect is absolutely miraculous. No one will dare to dispute an opinion arrived at with so much pains.

But in a medical point of view, it is still more valuable. In my former great work on Smoking, I have said, that tobacco destroys contagion. And this is really the case. During the reign of the cholera, smokers and snuff-takers were almost exempt from the

disease; and it is a fact, related by the historians of the period, that when the plague raged in this country, those persons who were engaged in the large tobacco manufactories were never affected. How great then must be the utility of snuff! In a sick room it is manifest that smoking would not be altogether proper, but there is no objection could be urged against the grateful pinch of snuff. With snuff the physician defies the power of contagion; and with snuff and tobacco, the juvenile 'sawbones in training," as Sam Weller calls medical students, are preserved against the ill effects of the rotting carcases by which they are daily surrounded. In the combats which we have to sustain with those animals, in a hundred forms, with a hundred different names, which attack our bodies in a hundred different ways, which fix upon their prey and never quit it, but die surrounded by the trophies of their victories—but die in multiplying—tobacco, in any form, is a sovereign remedy. Snuff is fatal to insects.

And this reminds me of another use of snuff, to wit, as a dentrifice. Mixed with charcoal and myrrh, it is the finest tooth powder in the world. Not only does it clean the teeth, but it prevents the accumulation of that incrustation, which as the microscope has proved to us, consists in the shells of minute insects contained in the saliva, which perish, it is true, but in dying, leave the mementoes of their former existence behind them.

Perhaps the best sum up I can give of the utility of

snuff medically, is in the words of a Scotch elder, who had listened patiently to a fierce tirade against its use from his parish minister.

"Bide a wee," retorted the elder, "experience is alloed, even by your reverence, to be a mighty argument. I fin' snuff throughout a' its nomenclature to be a marvellous agent. I carena what kin, sa as it be guid—black or brown Rappee, Gillespie, Irish Blackguard, Welsh, Strasburgh, Hardham's 37, or any other name that smells as sweet—they all have amazin restorative powers."

CHAPTER V.

OF THE VARIOUS METHODS OF SNUFF-TAKING.

THERE is a vast deal of difference in the various ways adopted by divers individuals in taking snuff. Of this there can be no doubt. To the casual observer there may appear nothing particular in this—nothing which can possibly require a whole chapter to be devoted to it. But all I can say is, that the casual observer is decidedly wrong; to the philosopher—to the student of human nature—there is a vast deal more connected therewith than meets the eye. To him, the mode of taking a pinch of snuff at once depicts the man—his character—habits. Lavater's Science of Physiognomy is in one respect beaten by the science of

snuff-taking. In the former, a mistake may and often does occur; for some of the worthiest individuals have had the most unprepossessing aspects, as witness Mirabeau, Dr. Johnson, and divers others, the catalogue of whom would fill a volume. But I would defy any regular snuff-taker to deceive me in his character. It is a matter of impossibility. An old adage says, "Tell me your companions, and I'll tell you what you are;" but I say, "Let me see you take a pinch of snuff, and I'll tell you what you are." The only point in which my science fails is, that the practice of snuff-taking, not being universal, my means of judging are necessarily restricted. But so in fact are Lavater's, for the reason I have already mentioned.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people do take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get the thing over as quickly as possible. These are what Leigh Hunt calls epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points. Reader! whenever you meet with such a man as this, you need never be deceived. If your interview be on a matter of business, never attempt to beat round the bush—never have recourse to anything like chicanery. Rely on it, that such a snuff-taker is a thorough business man, and will not be imposed upon. He will go straight to the business in hand, and will knock it off with as much rapidity as he takes his pinch of snuff.

It will be a "Yes" or "No," and whatever he says he means. Of this there is no question. The best public example that I know of such a snuff-taker, is the Mr. Perker, described by Boz, in the veritable history of Mr. Pickwick.

Some snuff-takers are all urbanity and polished demeanour; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them, more out of dignity than benevolence. These men are the aristocrats of snuff-takers. A vast deal of ostentation is mingled with the act. Lord Chesterfield must have been such a snuff-taker, and Boz has ably delineated this class of persons in his Sir John Chester. However much such men may proffer their snuff-boxes to those around them, there is no benevolence in the offer; it is ostentation alone that prompts the deed. And here an anecdote occurs to me, which I have read somewhere of somebody, who, while in conversation with a stranger, had recourse to his snuff-box. His temporary companion begged a pinch, and the snuff-box was handed to him with great apparent politeness; but the moment the pinch had been taken, the owner of the box emptied its contents into the grate, rang the bell, and desired the servant who answered his summons to refill it. This man, whoever he was, belonged to the class of which I am speaking. Had he been in society, of course this would not have occurred—his pride and love of show would have prevented it; but the act sufficiently exhibited the littleness of the man's mind, polished only

and rendered apparently valuable by the cold formalities of the world. As Shakespeare says—

"Let no such man be trusted."

A jewelled snuff-box and scented snuff are almost invariably used by such men.

Some persons take snuff irritably, as though upon compulsion—some bashfully, as if they were ashamed of the habit, while others take it in a way as dry as the snuff they use. The characters of these individuals are sufficiently apparent. The first, irritable, irascible, prone to pick a quarrel; the second, bashful, timid,

weak, and wavering; the last, dry, quiet, not easily affected, and penurious, for they invariably adopt an economy in the use of the powder. There is one exception however to this rule, to be found in Scotchmen, who, although proverbially saving in their habits, are profuse snuff-takers; many of the most inveterate snuff-takers of that nation using a large mull to contain, and a spoon to exhibit the titillating dust.

Many persons take snuff with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply that announces a moister

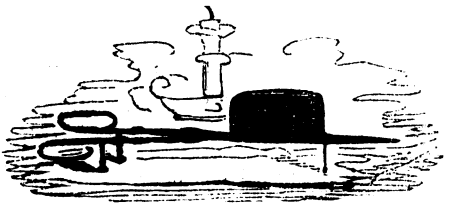
article, and sheds its superfluous honours over neck-cloth and coat. Dr. Johnson must have been a snuffer of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket instead of a box. So also did the great Frederick of Prussia, whose waistcoat pocket was lined, for the purpose of more conveniently containing it. So also did Napoleon, who was, I affirm on good authority, a capital snuff-taker, although I know that this has been denied by some historians, to whom the "petit caporal" was an idol. In the Memoires de Constant occurs the following passage, which I subjoin merely to prove my impartiality as the historian of snuff; premising, however, that the assertion contained in it is at variance with all other accounts. "It has been asserted, that His Majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff; and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the emperor never took snuff, except from a snuff-box; and though he used a good deal, he took but little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose merely to smell it; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it would frequently happen, that the spot where he was sitting or standing, would be strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. His snuff was generally very coarse Rappee, but he sometimes liked several kinds of snuff mixed together."

There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, that performs the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity; but smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side, then stretches forth his arm with pinch in hand, then brings round his hand as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted

up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a sniff, and a great "Hah." Of this man I shall say nothing—his character is sufficiently apparent. Guess it, reader! The solution of a riddle, rely on it, is a great help to the proper exercise of the intellectual faculties.

A vast number of other characteristics might be cited in reference to snuff-takers; but, I believe, I have said enough to prove my point, and so I shall leave it to the consideration and imagination of all—

SNUFFERS.



CHAPTER VI.

ON THE POETRY OF SNEEZING.

A good hearty sneeze is a most delightful thing—and every thinking man must allow it—every individual, in the course of his existence, must have felt the truth of this assertion. And if there can be said to be any consolation in catching a cold, it is in the fact, that one of its earliest concomitants is a hearty sneeze. At the same time, I do not mean to induce my readers to catch a cold for the sole purpose of enjoying a sneeze, because a pinch of snuff will always effect the same desideratum. It may be asserted, that a regular snuff-taker does not sneeze; true, but if he wish to do so, he has but to change his usual stimu-

lant. Thus, for example, if he regularly use Rappee, let him take a pinch of Scotch, and vice versa, and I will answer for the effect.

In all nations a sneeze appears to have been counted of great significance, and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you," still heard among us when people sneeze; and the "Felicità" (Good luck to you) of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, even makes Cupid sneeze at the sight of the happiness of two lovers—

> "Hoc et dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante
> Dextram sternuit approbationem."
>
> *Catullus.*

" Love, at this charming speech and sight,
Sneez'd his sanction from the right."

Among the Greeks, sneezing was reckoned a good omen. The practice of saluting the person who sneezed existed in Africa among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that upon a sneeze of the emperor of Monumotata, there passed acclamations successively through the city. The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us, that the cacique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him—stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect; while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The Romans saluted each other on sneezing. Plutarch tells us, that the genius of Socrates informed him by sneezing, when it was necessary to perform any action. The young Partheius, hurried on by her passions, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love; she sneezed in the most tender and impassioned part of her letter. This was sufficient for her; this incident supplied the place of an answer, and persuaded her that Sarpedon was her lover. In the Odyssey, we are informed that Penelope, harrassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors, begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son, Telemachus, interrupts her by a loud sneeze; she instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the

approaching return of her husband. Xenophon was harranguing his troops, when a soldier sneezed at the moment he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution. The whole army, moved by this presage, determined to pursue the object of their general. In fact, I might cite instance after instance of the religious reverence felt by the ancients for sneezing.

An Italian wit has written a poem on tobacco, in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a sneeze. I subjoin the extract, and also an English version of it by one of our best modern poets, Leigh Hunt,—

" Ma mi sento tutto mordere
E dentro e fuori
Il meato degli odori,
E la piramide
Rinocerontica;
E via più erescere
Quella prurigine,
Che non mai sazia,
Va stuzzicandomi,
Va rimordendomi,
E inuggiolendomi,
E va gridandomi
Fiuta, fiuta, annasa, annasa
Questa poca, ch' è rimasa—
Chi m' ajuta? sa, finiamola,
Che non é già questa elleboro,
Ma divina quintessenza,
Che da Bacco ha dispendenza,

Donatrice d' allegri.....
D'allegri....gri—gri—allegri.....
(Lo starnuto mel rapia)
Donotrice d'allegria.

So much for the original, and now for the English version, which is equally good—

What a moment! what a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool, get through it."
What shall help me—Oh! good heaven!
Ah!—yes!—Hardham's—thirty-seven.
Shee!—shee! Oh, 'tis most del *ishi!*
Ishi!—ishi!—most del *ishi!*
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring,)
Snuff's a most delicious thing."

If this is not poetry in a sneeze, I confess I know not what poetry is.

There is only one kind of sneeze which to my mind is unpoetical, and I have thought deeply over the matter. Fancy two lovers, in the time of Queen Anne or Louis the Fifteenth—for then ladies took snuff—each with snuff-box in hand—who have just come to an explanation, and who, in the flurry of their spirits, have unthinkingly taken a pinch of snuff just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so,—finds his honest love as frankly returned; and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature;" when a sneeze overtakes him.

Cha!—cha!—cha!—charming creature!

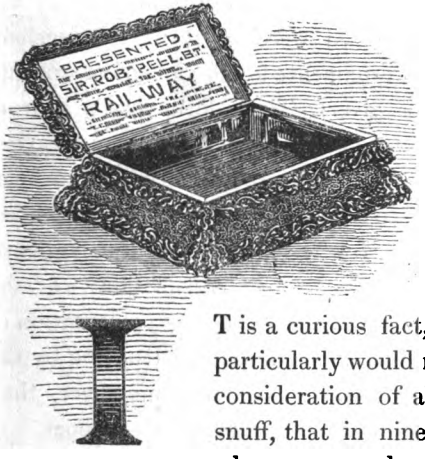
What a situation! A sneeze. Oh Venus! where is such a thing in thy list? The lady, on her side, is under the like mal-apropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches with the shock of the sneeze respondent, "Oh, Richard, Sho! Sho!—sho! Should you think ill of me for this!"

I have imagined this, and can make nothing, I allow, of it. Indeed I am free to confess, that snuff-taking and love-making are not altogether congenial; and I can never forget having once seen a gay young spark, who was a snuff-taker, horribly received by a lady whom he attempted to kiss under the misletoe at a Christmas party. All his ardour was checked, as she exclaimed—

"GET AWAY! YOU SNUFFY BEAST!!"

CHAPTER VII.

SNUFF-BOXES AND THEIR VARIETIES.



IT is a curious fact, and one which I particularly would recommend to the consideration of all the enemies of snuff, that in nine cases out of ten, when some mark of respect or esteem is to be presented, either from one individual or a body of individuals, to another, a snuff-box of gold or silver

is the implement chosen for presentation. Now it strikes me forcibly, that there must be some love of snuff inherent in the human mind, or this would never be the case. How often do we find the freedom of a town presented to any great personage—in what? in a silver or gold snuff-box. Now it must be self-evident, that a snuff-box can never be meant seriously to contain the freedom aforesaid; but it appears to me, that there is a latent meaning in the gift. It is as though the corporation would say, "Snuff is good—it clears the brain, stimulates the mental powers, and therefore take snuff—and that you may do so, there is a box to hold it."

Napoleon had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals, in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them; and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or lid fall. Next to presenting the legion of honour, nothing marked his satisfaction at the conduct of an individual more than the presentation of a snuff-box. The following anecdote, a true one by the way, will show this; and will prove, moreover, that Napoleon was what was never suspected—a poet. A Dutch Burgomaster thought it his duty to place upon a triumphal arch to the glory of the emperor—

"Il n' a pas fait une sottise
En epousant Marie Louise—"

which rendered into the vernacular, would signify, "He did not perform a foolish action in marrying Marie Louise." Napoleon, the moment he perceived this singular inscription, called the Burgomaster to him, and said, "They cultivate French poetry here." "Sire, I compose some verses." "Ah! it is you—take a pinch of snuff,"—the emperor added, presenting a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. "Yes, Sire, I am abashed." "Take, take, the box and snuff, and—

"Quand vous y prendrez une prise
Rappelez vous de Marie Louise."

"When you take a pinch from it, remember Marie Louise."

The varieties of snuff-boxes are legion. There is the good, honest, homely, wooden box, which has the

advantage of being cheap, and the loss of which consequently does not disturb that equanimity of mind which the snuff-taker should always enjoy. For it is a curious fact, and one which I believe to be founded upon the love of snuff inherent in all men, that even those *chevaliers d' industrie,* whose disregard of the essential difference in the words *meum* and *tuum* is in London so notorious, have a great liking—an itching palm as it were for snuff-boxes, particularly when constructed of silver or gold. Then there is the papier-mache box, with its, in many instances, exquisite illustrations, or painted adornements. Then we have the Scotch snuff-box, an elegant and useful article; the tortoiseshell box, and the vast variety in metal, from the round tin receptacle of the Scotch-loving old lady, the German silver or mosaic gold of the would-be exquisite, to the real silver and real gold of the aristocracy of snuff-takers.

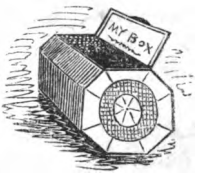
But of all snuff-boxes of the present day, those which are made of Amboyna, or, as it is also called, Lingoa wood, are the most fashionable, and are certainly extremely elegant. This is a fancy wood, very much like what bird's eye maple would be, if of a mahogany colour, being in small knotted specks and veins. It is imported from Amboyna and Ceram, and is now largely used for the manufacture of snuff-boxes.

But it may be asked of me, "What snuff-box should be selected in preference, and used continually? This

is a grave question, and one to which I have devoted much time and deep thought; the result of which is, that I would recommend all men of limited means to purchase that snuff-box which best suits their taste and means; and to those who can afford, it to possess themselves of a specimen of every sort, and then I think that they cannot avoid being satisfied.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, AIDED BY HIS MUSE, APOSTROPHISES HIS SNUFF-BOX.



Old Friend! who now, for many a year,
To me and to my nose so dear,
Hath graced my writing-table;
'Tis gratitude inspires my verse,
Thy various virtues to rehearse,
As well as I am able.

Let gay Anacreon, to his bowl,
Pour the outflowings of his soul,
And sing the praise of wine:
But drinking yields a short delight,
Soon driving reason out of sight,
And turning men to swine.

Let Tom Moore prattle of his loves,
With Venus and her turtle doves,
Still billing and still cooing;
But let him heed the sly blind boy,
Whose tempting baits of transient joy
Lead folks to their undoing.

Enjoying thee, I envy not
The youthful songster, or old sot,
Their short-liv'd treacherous pleasures;
Let fools in liquor or in love,
The joys of wine or women prove,
Give me thy sober pleasures.

Faithful companion of all hours,
Whom nothing ever frets or sours,
Whom fortune ne'er makes flinch:
Nought can thy constancy abate,
Sure still to prove, in spite of fate,
My best friend at a pinch.

When fled are both, to wit or sense
Thou helpest out my innocence,
Although both deaf and dumb;
For should my memory take a nap,
Let me but wake thee with a tap,
And words are sure to come.

Oh! how unlike Pandora's box,
When miseries flew a bout in flocks,
With demons of disease:
While lurking round thy friendly border,
I'm sure the very worst disorder
Is but a gentle sneeze.

Let others toil for wealth or fame,
To get a fortune or a name,
Of these I've got enough ;
For other gifts, old friend, I'll pray,
Grant me, unto my latest day,
Grant me A PINCH OF SNUFF ! !

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE MAN THAT DOES NOT CARRY A SNUFF-BOX.

HERE is a social monster, an incubus, who must be familiar to all snuff-takers, whom all would shun if they could,—but that he never gives them the opportunity of so doing; it is the man who takes snuff, but never carries a snuff-box. I have before observed,

that there is a freemasonry in snuff amongst those who partake of it; but it must also be remembered, that the section of snuff-takers has, in common with all social categories, its apostates and its false brethren. For as sure as you carry about with you a snuff-box, of copper, of tortoiseshell, or of horn, (the material matters absolutely nothing,) you cannot fail to meet constantly with the man who carries no snuff-box, and yet is continually taking snuff. This fellow is a perfect, a thorough nuisance—a hand-in-hand annoyance—a sort of authorized Jeremy Diddler to all snuff-takers.

Wherever you go, whether you walk the streets, or ride in an omnibus, or sit at the theatre, or are whirled along in the carriage of a railway, you are sure to meet him. Others will first ask you how you do—he does not. His first question is invariably, "Have you a pinch of snuff?" Now if it were only *one* pinch of snuff, so small a contribution would scarcely matter; but it is two—it is four—it is eight—it is all the week—the month—or year. His demands constantly increase, and like those mysterious calculations in arithmetic books concerning the nails in a horse's shoe, become ultimately enormous. The man who carries no snuff-box is a regular Claude Duval, a licensed Turpin to all he meets. He meets you on the highway, and summons you to stop, by demanding "your snuff-box."

A man can easily refuse, to his most intimate acquaintance his purse, his wife, his razor, or his horse,—nay, he may even refuse his pipe or a cigar-case to a mere acquaintance; but it is not so with his snuff-box; he

cannot with any decency refuse a pinch—a mere pinch of snuff, even to his most distant acquaintance. It is here that the evil pinches. The snuff-taker who carries no snuff-box is aware of this, and woe to the box into which his fingers gain admission, to levy the pinch his nose distrains upon. There is no man who has the trick so aptly at his fingers ends of absorbing so much in one given pinch, as the man who carries no snuff-box. The quantity he takes, proves he is not given to samples; properly speaking, he is the landlord of all the boxes in the kingdom. Those who carry snuff-boxes are only his tenants, and hold them merely by virtue of a rack-rent under him.

He is a perpetual plunderer—a petty purloiner—a pinching petitioner in formâ pauperis—a contraband dealer in snuff; but he is, at the same time, generally noted for his social qualities. He is affable, mild, harmless, insinuating, and submissive. He never fails to compliment you upon your good looks, wonders in deep interest where you buy such excellent snuff, and asserts, that he will immediately proceed in person to Cheapside, and purchase his own at BAKER's. He will agree with you, that Peel is the first statesman of the age, and will invariably assent to your remarks on the weather, on politics, or on the danger of railway bubbles. If you are a tory, he will agree that conservatism is all right; or if you are a radical, he will acknowledge that universal suffrage is the only thing that can save the nation, and affects to be astonished that he has left his box behind. He will beg to be remembered to your

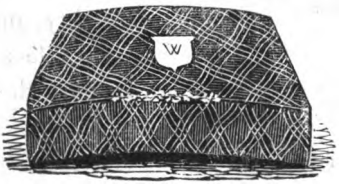
wife, and leaves hold of your button after begging for the "favour of another pinch." Where is the man whose nature would not be susceptible of a pinch, when invoked in the name of his wife?

Goldsmith recommends a pair of boots, a silver pencil case, or a horse of small value as an infallible specific for getting rid of a troublesome guest; and in later times, we have been advised to try the loan of a book, of an umbrella, or a sovereign, as a remedy in like cases,—for the reason, that the borrower will never come back to return them. But with the man that carries no snuff-box, this specific would lose its infallibility. It would be folly to lend him your snuff-box, for at this price snuff would lose all its flavour, all its perfume for him. The best box to him would be, perhaps, a box on the ear. If he were obliged to bring his own snuff, it would give him no sensation. The strongest would not make him sneeze, or wring from the sensibility of his eyes, the smallest tribute to its pungency. He would turn up his nose at it, or at the best use it as sand-dust, to dry his washerwoman's receipt with.

These feelings aside, the man who carries no snuff-box is a good member of society; that is to say, quite as good a one as the man who does carry a snuff-box. He is in general a good friend, (as long as he has the entree of your box,) a good parent, a good tenant, a good customer, a good voter, a good eater, a good talker, and especially a good judge of snuff. He knows by one touch, by one sniff, by one *coup d' œil*, the good

from the bad, the old from the new, the fragrant from the filthy, the colour which is natural from the colour which is coloured. If any one should want to lay in a stock of snuff, let him take the man who carries no snuff-box with him; his *ipse dixit* may be relied upon with every certainty. He will choose it as if he were buying it for himself, and in return will never forget to look upon it as a property he is entitled to, fully as much as you who have paid for it; for, in fact, would you have been in possession of the snuff if he had not chosen it for you?

As for his complaint, it is like hydrophobia; no remedy has as yet been invented for it; and I can, with a comfortable conscience predict, that as long as snuff is taken, and men continue to carry it about with them in snuff-boxes, which I believe will be as long as the world endures, they are sure to be subject to the importunities of the man who carries no snuff-box.



CHAPTER X.

STORIES OF SNUFF AND SNUFF-BOXES.

N my time, I have been a great reader; and I believe, that amidst all the books I have ever perused, I have never met with but one tragical story as connected with snuff or snuff-boxes. I believe my readers will give me all credit for impartiality, and to preserve so amiable a characteristic, I subjoin the story to which I refer without comment.

The younger Cathilineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame the Duchess de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suriac, M. Morriset, and M. de la

Sorremere, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau—they took refuge in a chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded it and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the chateau, they closed the gates, set a watch, and allowed no one to enter except a peasant whom they employed to show the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the nonappearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance—they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought previously to doing so, he would go over the chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels. Suddenly the officer turned towards him, "Give me a pinch of snuff, friend," said he.

"I have none," replied the man, "I never take it."

"Then who is there in the chateau that does?"

"No one that I know of—there is no one in the chateau, as you see."

"Then whence comes the snuff that I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

The man turned pale, and made no reply; the officer looked round again, examined the ground more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinised every inch, and at length saw something like

a loose board; he raised it, and then at last he beheld Cathalineau in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hands, ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate; he fired, and Cathalineau fell dead, and his companions were seized.

I regret to be compelled to throw such a heavy stone against my favourite plant, but my next two stories will probably make up for the blow. The following document will tend to show, that there are some strong-minded individuals who dare publicly to avow their predilection for snuff. It is a copy of the will of Mrs. Margaret Thomson, who died April 2nd, 1776, at her house in Boyle Street, Burlington Gardens, and affords a notable specimen of the ruling passion strong in death.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thomson, etc. being of sound mind, etc. do desire, that when my soul is departed from this wicked world, my body and effects may be disposed of in manner following:—I desire that all my handkerchiefs that I may leave unwashed at the time of my death, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially, as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of their departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that

precious powder. But I strictly charge, that no man be suffered to approach my body till the coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following:—Six men to be my bearers, who are known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-coloured beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz., etc. to bear my pall, each to wear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse, I desire the minister may be invited to walk, and to take a certain quantity of the said snuff, not to exceed one pound, to whom also I bequeath five guineas, on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute, every twenty yards, a large handful of Scotch Snuff to the ground, and to the crowd who may possibly follow me to the burial place, on which condition I bequeath her £20; and I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle Street.

She then proceeds to order the time of burial, viz. twelve at noon,—particularizes her legacies, and over and above every legacy, she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

Our last legend is a more important one than either of

the others, because it proves what I have attempted throughout these pages to show, that a snuff-box is not the insignificant thing which many persons are disposed to consider it. Upon a snuff-box, in fact, may hinge a man's fortune, as was the case with the hero of the following tale.

Mr. George Hampden was a man, who, yet in the prime of life, had seen a vast deal of the world. He was quiet, unobtrusive, good-looking, and gentlemanly in his deportment. His fund of information was prodigious; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, that no one would suspect his depth, or believe him to be other than an easy, quiet, good-humoured individual. One fine day Mr. Hampden took it into his head to make a tour of pleasure into Wales, the interesting mining operations, of which country he was desirous of investigating, to which end he took up his quarters for a season at Swansea. Here with his usual modesty he took genteel and modest lodgings, and by no means pressed himself on public notice. He pretty constantly attended the news room, where by degrees he contracted a slight and partial acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. Conversation produced invitation, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable inhabitants of the place. His unostentatious manners and universal information soon got him into general favour. One day, after dinner, at Mr. Dobbes,' he exhibited a snuff-box, upon which, as I have already hinted, hinged an event very important to his future destiny. It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a chest; it was of

the finest gold, and so richly chased, that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques, which as it were flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid a very bank of large diamonds, was surmounted by a regal crown, where sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies of almost inestimable value, alternated round the coronet, while the centre top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the Royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a torquoise of equal rarity; and below it, as if forming a part of the lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge, ran a wavy circlet of gems; and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters, "G. H." were let in and embedded more deeply in the golden matrix.

No wonder that at Swansea it was greatly admired, and that curiosity was excited as to what might be its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carelessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that in fact, it was unique. Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about with him naturally followed; but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head; that he seldom took it from its safe repository; that he had only removed it to-day, as he purposed attending the town-ball on the morrow evening; and that, after all, he prized it more as a testimony

of royal friendship than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbes for inspection; and the following inscription on the inside was read by him and all the guests at table:—

PRESENTED
BY HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS THE FIRST,
King of Bavaria,
to
GEORGE HAMPDEN, ESQUIRE,
English-Man;
In grateful consideration of his extraordinary services:—
This Token,
Together with the sum of 20,000 florins,
(the same to be paid to him annually for ever,)
Will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of
The high esteem of
His Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery
of the
Inexhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpuhl, the prosperous working of which,
Commenced, A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of
incalculable
Magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which, however, seemed to add a personal interest to the gift, the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by

his Majesty himself; and, that when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs for ever, a well secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which, indeed, might easily be paid, since the Kitzpuhl mine had, within the first three months produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanaxuato, the Real del Monte, the Bolanos, the Dolores, the Gallega, and the Zacatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the compass of a whole year. Mr. Hampden further explained, that his present tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with this momentous subject.

From this period, it is needless to state, that Mr. Hampden became an object of peculiar attention to the good people of Swansea. At the ball to which we have alluded, he danced with Miss Mary Patten, Miss Greenfield, and Miss Betty Bolthose, the three richest heiresses in the county; and the latter, in particular, being already the owner of a lion's share in the famous black tin mines of Charlestone, besides a fair slice in the copper of Knockmahon. Chance gave Mr. Hampden the happiness of handing this fair Welsh lady to the supper-room, and placed him by her side at the refection. Among other topics for chat, the snuff-box was not forgotten; and Miss Bolthose was gratified with an inspection of the gorgeous but well deserved Bavarian present. She was enchanted by its beauty, and not less pleased by observing, that its owner appeared to be mightily struck with hers.

Yet she could not be called beautiful; for though her features were tolerably regular, her complexion was rather of a coppery colour, and her dark eyes had a dullish cast, not very unlike that of Black tin. It was strange that her fortune, certainly not short of thirty thousand pounds, had not propelled her into matrimony; but the truth was, that old Bolthose, her father, was of a very miserly disposition, and had thrown cold water on all the suitors who had aspired to his daughter's person and purse. Thus she was still in single blessedness, at the age of twenty-seven, when our hero was introduced to her notice. We will not dwell on the ordinary matters which ensued, — on the morning-call after the dance, or the intimacy that speedily followed. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hampden contrived to make himself so agreeable to the lady, and to all parties concerned in her disposal, that, within three weeks after the ball, he was daily received at Tincroft House as the accepted lover of its fair mistress: in fine, they were united in the parish church of Swansea; and Miss Bolthose became Mrs. George Hampden, the wife of the wealthy discoverer of Kitzpuhl, and thus part-proprietor of the royal box, as he was of her handsome dower of thirty thousand pounds.

Fêtes and feasting attended the auspicious union, and a happier couple were never tasting honeymoon, when a trifling but unlucky accident happened to jar the harmony, and interrupt the felicity of the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, a week after their marriage,

were giving a small party to their most intimate friends the Dobbes', Pattersons, Greenfields, and a few others, (some of the females not being over-joyful at the triumph of their late companion,) and the wine and glee were contagious of good humour. Winks and nods, and wreathed smiles, played round the social board; and the box of boxes passed from hand to hand. At this moment, a rude and vulgar fellow burst abruptly into the room, and immediately behind him followed a still dirtier and more disreputable looking rascal. What was the astonishment of the company, when they saw the former march up to Mr. Hampden, and, slapping him on the shoulder, heard him exclaim—

"Aha, Master Smith! so I've nabbed you at last."

The bridegroom was almost convulsed with confusion, while the ruffian ran on—

"And my eyes! I say Jem, if there isn't the werry hidentical box too! Vell, my trump, I hope as how you can pay for it now; but in order to make sure, you vill allow me to pocket it for the meanwhile;" which saying, he grabbed the king of Bavaria's diamond crown, just as if it had been Birmingham or Sheffield. And not to keep the reader in suspense, it was so. The gold was mosaic—the stones were Bristol—the manufacture London—the inscription, "Mr. Hampden's." His mining was of the sort called undermining; his foreign travel among the kangaroos; and his present most successful pursuit was entirely the plot which made Swansea his resting-place, and the Welsh heiress of Charlestown, Knockmahon, and Tincroft House his

blooming bride. It was a bad business, but what was to be done? "Of a bad bargain," says the song, "make the best." It was an easy matter to settle with the bailiffs, as the arrest was for only eighty guineas—the price of the snuff-box to a Jew-trader in St. Mary Axe; but then came the mortification and disgrace of such a connection. Miss Patten tittered, and Miss Greenfield absolutely laughed, and poor Mrs. Hampden was obliged to be satisfied with his assurance, that her lord and master would turn honest, and behave like a gentleman.

CHAPTER XI.

STATUE TO RALEIGH.

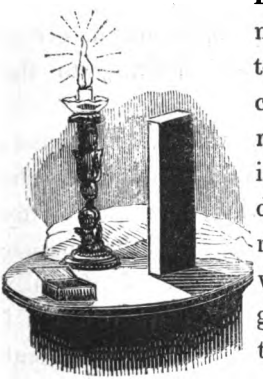
IT is but a short time since, that I projected a plan for a monument, or rather a temple, to the great man who introduced tobacco into England—Sir Walter Raleigh. I remember to have then stated, that I would retire in disgust from my country, and would renounce my title to the claim of Englishman, if something were not done to wipe away the stain of national ingratitude, as exemplified in the profound oblivion in which the venerable and venerated name of Sir Walter Raleigh remains at the present day.

Well, fortunately I am saved from such a fatality; for although the project I then formed has not yet been brought to bear, still something has been done towards it. In the heart of London—in a thoroughfare where busy swarms pass and repass from morn to dewy eve, a statue—not a mere bust, but a real statue—is erected to his honour, and here is its counterpart.

Yes, in the shrine of smoke, amidst tobacco in all shapes and forms, devised by the ingenuity of man, Sir Walter Raleigh's statue stands there the presiding genius of the scene !

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST PINCH.



T would have been impossible for me not to have written this chapter. I would willingly have escaped it, but my conscience would not allow me to do so; it is an imperative duty: and yet, never did author feel more embarrassed than the unfortunate man who now holds in his hand the goose-quill, with which he pens the words, which you, dear reader, are about to read.

Beloved reader! and, you still more beloved purchaser of this Book! our acquaintance has been a short one—it has only extended over the pages of which this work is composed; but then that acquaintance must have ripened into friendship, for it is only on congeniality of

tastes and habits that lasting friendships can be formed. Well, then, we must be friends, and what is more, we are likely to remain so; for as we are perfectly unknown to each other, our friendship is not likely to be destroyed by those jars and bickerings which so often prove its destruction. How readily then can you divine the cause of my embarrassment. It is, that we must part, and that the time has come when we must separate.

> Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
> A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell!

This is our last pinch (imagining 'tis true, but none the less pleasant on that account) together. The curtain is about to fall, and I, like Prospero, am on the eve of throwing off my magic robes, and retiring to the sovereignty——of my own study.

An author is allowed some little vanity, and I know, dear reader, that I am not free from this failing of the goosequill. My vanity is in believing, that some of my readers will also have a feeling of regret as they peruse this chapter, and know that it is the last. Well, really after all it is a very pardonable vanity, and one which I can indulge in with impunity; and it has too this great advantage, that if after perusal of the book the reader throws it away with contempt or disgust, I shall never know it, for my vanity will never let me believe that any of my readers can exhibit such a want of taste, or that my book can be anything but interesting; and so I shall still indulge in it.

But this is a digression. What, was I about to say? Oh yes! Farewell.

Well, since it must be so, dear reader, once more farewell; and in sincerity of heart, I pray that you may never know poverty or misfortune, or ever be reduced to—

A LAST PINCH!!

J. BAKER

Begs to announce, that he has also recently published, price One Shilling, affectionately dedicated to all Lovers of the Weed,

SMOKING AND SMOKERS.

An Historical, Antiquarian, Comical, Veritable, and Narcotical Disquisition, concerning Tobacco, its Uses and Efficacy, (adorned by numerous woodcuts.) And being a faithful guide to the incipient smoker, or the veteran practitioner, whether he manage a Meerschaum, choose the Clay, mount a Manilla, hanker after an Havannah, pick out a Principe, revel in a Regalia, or brandish a Bengal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"An able and witty Brochure."—*Advertiser*

"In these days, when there are but few individuals who do not enjoy the narcotie delights of the fragrant weed, in some one or other of its many forms, this little Work will, we are certain, meet with a rapid sale. It is a complete *vade-mecum* for the smoker. We heartily commend and recommend it."—*Taunton Courier.*

"Written with much fancy and humour, and entirely free from any vulgarity, either of style or expression, Mr. Baker's little volume contains a large fund of very serviceable information, referring to the judicious choice and employment of the implements and materials necessary for the now so universally-indulged-in practice of smoking. The book is also daintily enough decorated with a variety of clever designs, drawn and engraved by those skilful artists in their several lines—the Delamotte's. Altogether, it is the best hand-book for smokers we have yet seen."—*British Friend of India.*

"When the poets fabled Ixion to have been enraptured with a 'cloud,' we look upon it as a self-evident proposition, that under this mythological guise of allegory they intended to shadow forth the enthusiastic lover of Tobacco risking every danger and overcoming every obstacle in avour of his beloved weed. The greatest of these obstacles and, indeed the only one, that at all militates against the truth of the theory, is the simple circumstance of the soothing plant not having been discovered; that even up to the reign of our own "good Queen Bess," the botanical *nicotiana* slumbered in obscurity amidst its own dark forestal recesses, unknown to any but the jovial Indians of Tobago, and unconscious as yet of the important part it would have hereafter to play in the civilised world. The author of the little work we have now the pleasure of introducing to the reader's notice, has entered into this knotty history with wondrous manifestations of learning and research. He has dived deep into the lore of a three centuries' antiquity, and brought to the surface such a multitude of scattered facts appertaining to the subject, that even as a work of antiquarian curiosity it will interest all who have a natural desire to examine the archives of the past. But there is a purpose in the little tome upon our table be-

yond this. It aims at instructing the unsophisticated neophyte in all the mysteries of the art of fumigation, teaching him how to smoke, as well as what to smoke, and, morever, relating to him, in the pleasantest and most unobtrusive manner imaginable, all the many agreeable and interesting features of what may be termed the Physiology of Smoking. In the gossipy, chatty vein which we have it on good authority, your genuine Meerschaum hath the exclusive property of producing, the writer discourses most eloquently of the golden thoughts and dreamy fancies which hover round the bowl of the artistic fumist, blunting the corroding darts of care, and lending an extra feather to the wings of time, to make his flight more smooth and joyous; whilst with the nurse of Wisdom—contemplation—those heaven-born aspirations arise 'that in the various bustle of resort were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.' And then there are besides a multitude of suggestions on the selection of cigars and the management of pipes, commingled with the refreshing outpourings of the olden poets who have invoked the muse to aid the celebration of the weed, and many a rare tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, in one of which the proposal—'Shall Raleigh have a statue?'—may be regarded as likely to generate more unanimity than was produced by the Cromwell controversy on a similar question. Through the volume will be found scattered a positive luxuriance of illustration, dainty devices in wood calotyping the allusions of the text, and engrafted thereon by the able graver of Mr. F. G. Delamotte. These alone would be worth the price (one shilling) demanded for the whole book, which, it must be stated, has been got up in a style highly creditable to its well-known publisher. Altogether, we regard 'Smoking and Smokers' as a valuable addition to the bibliographical world, and heartily commend the smokotive advice it contains alike to the proficient and the novice. With a Meerschaum between their lips, and a goblet of sherbet by their elbow, our bachelor friends may lounge over their fireside with this in their hands, and thus constitute a very triad of enjoyment. They will sit down to its perusal, with as much eagerness as they will rise from it with regret."—*New London Magazine.*