THE DAILY EVENING TRUNCAPH -PHILADELPHYA MUNDAY, OLIVERY DAILY

THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH .- PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1866.

ALL SMOKE

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Is a general proposition, which persons who are scrupulous to the letter in their statements might choose to modify into "Nearly all people smoke." There is a small minority who retrain from smoking; but those who do not smoke are considered, by these who do, as very poor creatures indeed.

Sometimes, on contemplating the hourly indulgence in this universal habit, this cosmopolitan luxury, I ask myself how the world-that is to say, the Old World-got on before A. D. 1550, or thereabouts. We were all poor creatures then; our mouths were undecorated with cigars, our pockets ungarnished with luciters, vestas, and neat little volumes of cigarette paper. No young ladies, then, embroidered tobacco pouches, or sold them at fancy fairs for fancy prices. The tinder-box and its substitutes were confined to the kitchen, or to the baggage of serious enterprising travellers who might have to roast their dinner over dry sticks, after shooting it and preparing it themselves in the forest. The meerschaum, the yard of clay, and the brate-gueule, or short, black, muzzle burner, were equally unknown and uninvented. There

were equally unknown and uninvented. There is no smoke without bre, and there is no tobacco-smoke without tobacco; and yet the world did get on, somehow, before A. D. 1550. "All Smoke" is so slight an exaggeration, that it might be allowed to pass uncavilled at. All men smoke-as all ducks and geese swim-with exceptions, which, it they do not confirm, cer-tainly do not invalidate the rule. It may be tainly do not invalidate the rule. It may be granted, too, that the habit of smoking varies in intensity at different spots of the civilized globe. In France, smoking wears the teeth out of the workman's mouth at an early age. He cannot work without his pips; while his hands are busy, his lips must puff. He cannot walk to his meals without it; he cannot digest them afterwards without it. On a holiday, espe-cially, he cannot take his pleasure without it: he cannot go to sleep without it. Paley said that teeth were made, not to ache, but to eat with. A French artisan's or laborer's teeth were given to him to hold a pipe. That is the final cause of French dentition ever since the creation of the human race. For the last five thousand years it has been perfecting itself for that main purpose. Iron would not stand the wear and tear that many of these teeth have stood. But considering that teeth are so valuable for other purposes besides pipe-holding, I wonder that that ingenious nation has not invented some patent indestructible mouth pipe-

Then again, in Germany, do they smoke, or don't they? It cannot be denied that they do, a little. Not to insist on what the vulgar do, will merely instance in this respect the ways of a German professor, as sketched by an able contemporary. Your German professor never gets on m the world, and he smokes all the day and most of the night. It must be Your German professor allowed that no human being, not even a Turk, nor an English ensign, nor a French peasant of the Departement du Nord, can smoke any-thing like a German professor. A really practised and hardened German professor will not only smoke during every other moment of his waking hours, but he will smoke all through his dinner, taking alternately a mouthful of food and a mouthful of smoke. His spending years in proving that being and not-being are the same, or that they are not the same, and if not, why not, and how otherwise, might seem to be irrelevant to the all-smoke question; but some people might reasonably opine that it is only a natural consequence of the smoke.

In Northern Italy at least, smoking on the wing has become so general a practice, that almost as much attention seems paid to your whiff by the way as to your reaching your final destination. At the Turin station, you step out on the platform, to take your place in a departing train.

'Fumare ! Fumare !" shouts the guard, pointing to a second-class carriage.

Non Fumare; Genoa I" says a traveller who is making his first appearance on this stage. "I dou't want to go to Fumare, but to Genoa.

I don't oven remember to have seen Fumare either on the time-table or on the map. 'Non Fomare, non Fumare, se vi piace,' if you please.

rate, with a double Persian power of smoke. Scarcely had be drawn a whiff, when the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat, coming out again through his nose and eyes. As soon as he had recovered his breath, "Take it away!" he gasped, "take it away! What an infection! What a set of pigs they must be! It has turned my stomach!" He was ill for more than an hour afterwards; and he renounced forever "a pleasure whose

and be renounced forever "a pleasure whose enjoyment," he said, "was only good to fill up the time of idle people with nothing better

Nature certainly has done her best to deter us from the use of the dreamy weed; and, as hap pened long ago, men cannot resist the tempta-tion of forbidden fruit. And when I say men, I include with them women. Ladies might possibly be influenced by the same spirit of contradiction when they first thrust powdered tobacco up their pretty noses. According to the dogarel song put into the mouth of a snuff-taking lady, somebody said they should not; consequently, they would:

	A pinch of spuff? at horrid stuff ?
Su	1? No, indeed, I can't. ch, Sally, dear,
Until 1	as my idea, my husband said 'You shan't.
	ou shan't !' to me ! Idle-dee-dee !
Yo	rse I take it on the sly. u know, dear Sail,
What	r 'shan't' or 'shall,' husbands say is—all my eye!

This spirited personage deserved, in return, to addressed in the highflown language which Balzac (not the modern novelist) re-quested a pinch of a lady who flourished in the days of Louis XIV. "Madame," he said, "per-mit my digital extremittes to insinuate themselves into your tobacchic concavity, to obtain from it the subtle powder which dissipates and confounds the aquatic humors of my inundated and swampy brain."

Who, again, would ever have supposed before-hand that the faxes on so detestable an article would ever produce an important item in the State's revenue? Yet such we know to be the

case in more than one European country. Fancy, some three hundred years ago, when Jean Nicot, king's advocate and ambassador extraordinary, first sent tobacco to France from Portugal, as a present to that amiable queen, Catherine de Medicis-only fancy a bold finan-cier requesting an audience of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and addressing him to the foliowing

voluntary contributions to the State revenue. There will be taxpayers in every family throughout the land, and you will never have to seize or squeeze to collect it."

'State your project," the Cardinal might coldly reply.

"Monseigneur, it is simply this. The Government has only to reserve to itself the exclu-sive privilege of selling a certain herb, which is to be reduced to a powder sufficiently fine for people to staff it up their noses. The plant may also be left in the leaf, to be chewed, or to be burnt for the purpose of inhaling its smoke." "Your plant, then, affords a delightful per-

fume, sweeter than amber, musk, or roses?" "By no means," the speculator would reply. "Its smell is unpleasant rather than not."

"I understand. It is a panacea, a specific, endowed with marvellous healing virtues-per-

haps snatching men out of the jaws of death." "Not at all, quite the contrary. The habit of sniffing in the powdered herb weakens the memory and destroys the smell. It causes giddi-ness. There are instances of its bringing on olindness and even apoplexy. Chewed, it renders the breath offensive and puts the stomach out of order. Inhaling the smoke is a different affair. First attempts bring on pains in the chest, nausea, swimming in the head, colic, and

cold perspiration; but in the course of time and by persevering, you gradually get accustomed "How many people do you believe you will find to be fcols and idlots enough to punish themselves for your tax-gathering purposes by smoking this plant or stuffing their nostrils

with it? ""There will one day be, Monseigneur, more than twenty millions in France alone. I don't mention the millions in England, Germany, and

lsewhere, because they, Monseigneur, pay us no taxes. If the Cardinal had ordered the schemer out of doors in a huff, or got him put into a lumatic asylum, his contemporaries would have given him small blame for it. And yet, as events have proved, he would have made a great mistake in rejecting that counsel. This last bit of badinage is the whimsical view which Alphonse Karr takes of the tobaccodangers of the weed when employed with ordiangers of the weed when employed with ordi-nary precaution. Another of his countrymen, Eugene Pelletan, rivals our King James I in the violence of his counterblast against tobacco, ascribing to it a considerable share in causing what he considers the deca-dence of France. Be it noted that he holds up for the body of the sector of the period dence of France. Be it noted that he holds up for wine, landing it as the genuine national beverage, and utterly proscribing the use of alcohol. Dramdrinking is his terror and aver-sion, while beer finds little favor in his eyes. Wine, for him, is he health and sanity; can de vie and absinthe madness and ruin. The flame of brandy burds up the blood, and the race of Frenchmen is dwindling away in consequence. The standard height for soldiers is obliged to be reduced. Thanks to absinthe, thanks to the dis-ribers of beetroot—and the consumption of alcovers of beetroot-and the consumption of alconol augments every year-in another century perhaps in less, the world will really behold Frenchmen consumptive, puny, rickety, unable to handle either spade or gun, like the Frenchmen of old English caricatures. Now alcohol calls in the aid of tobacco, by the very nature of things, out of simple symmetry. One over-excites the brain, the other benumbs and stupenes it. According to Pelletan, the very introduction of tobacco could not nappen in an ordinary way. The circumstances accompanying it were necessarily startling and fantastic, like the com-pounding a charm or the completing an incantation. In the sixteenth century the monsoon watted to Manilla a vessel manned by apes of a singular species, Dressed up like men, they imitated human shape so well as to cause an illusion for the first few moments. But they ate fire-sticks, and rejected the smoke through a nasal protuberance of portentous length. These curious antmals were Spanlards, who had just learnt in America the art of smoking, and brought it piping hot to the coast of Asia. The inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. accustomed to the small noses of the Malayan race, could not behold without secret horror the cornucopious aquiline of the Castilian type. The long noses got the upper hand of the short noses, thanks to the help of the arquebuse. The

Snuff, mccssantly injected into the nasal sinus, ended by desiroging the sense of smeil. If the eighteenth century indulged in the love of flowers, it did so unconscious of their per-fume. Its nose was stopped up. Now, wheever loses the impressionability of a sense, at the same time loses a portion of native modesty. Witness the blind and deaf and dumb. The cighteenth century, through its masal deafness, became mad after game kept till it was high and tainted - after putreincilon on a silver dish. For the same reason it courted coarse amours, the gal-lantry of the lamp-post and the gutter. The Dn Barry reigned everywhere, from the highest to the lowest, in aristocratic circles. Society so fool could only be cleansed by plunging it in the wash-tub of revolution.

that he can inhale the perturne of beauty and flowers, he extinguishes another sense, that is, another perception of modesty. He takes in tobacco by the mouth, he breathes it in smoke. tobacco by the mouth, he breathes it in smoke. He converts the sanctuary of taste into a chimney. He lines and impregnates every corner of his palate with a sooty coal of nicotine. And yet that is the place where the immortal soul gives audience, the dwelling-place of speech —speech, the glorious communication of man with man, of man with woman. And when he whitness a confidence of the heart it deats from with man, of man with woman. And when he whispers a confidence of the heart, it floats from his hp infected by the pipe, like the hot puff of fulsome vapor which recks up from the window of an underground kitchen. What poetry can words of love retain when they present them-selves in such had company? A woman must sadly want to pardon the man when she goes so for as to exome the man. far as to excuse the cigar. It is in vain that Nature (who appoints senti-

this internal fumigation of our persons. In vain does she charitably warn us of the danger by does she charitably warn us of the danger of the very difficulty we have in acclimatizing our-selves to tobacco smoke. The contagion of ex-ample draws us on; the demon of the pupe has got possession of us. No doubt the novitiate is long. We suffer soa-sickness ten times a day; in shudden with oblive some file, but by dint of long. We suffer sea-sickness ten times a day; we shudder with chilly ague fits; but by dint of undergoing the penance, we acquire the right

of smelling offensively. "Tobacco has killed kissing," says Michelet. It does more; it closes the drawing-room. For It does more; it closes the drawing-room. For-merly people conversed after dinner. Men and women, assembled round the same lamp, went through a course of mutual instruction. The men initiated the women into intellectual life; the women taught the men the graceful arts of pleasing. Both parties were gainers by the pleasing. It was for even on the planet of the bareain. It was free exchange in all its splendor.

But the male portion of the French popula-tion are anxious to compete with Yarmouth red herring and Hamburg smoked beet. Whenever they are asked to dinner, as soon as they get back to the drawing room they cast melancholy glances in all directions. What does it matter to them that their hostess is handsome or witty to them that their hostess is handsome or witty and clever? Has a young man of the present day any need to toss back the ball, and answer one amusing speech by another? After dinner be is famt and ianguid; his thoughts are absent; his heart is wandering after a Havana cigar.

But, as a well-bred woman cannot convert her drawing-room into a pothouse, every creature who wears or might wear a moustache takes who wears or might wear a moustache takes his departure at the earliest occasion, and goes into female society where he can smoke at ease, lolling back with his legs on the chimaey-piece. Every evening La Jeunesse Doree takes prac-tical lessons in cynicism. Now and then an elegante moving in good society, in despair at the cigar's severing humanity in two and con-demonie host to a like to consider a solution. demning her to a life of conversational celibacy, endeavors to retain the deserters by opening a smoking-room in her mansion, and herself setting the example with a cigarette.

But tobacco has a fuller flavor in an equivocal than in a respectable house. There, at least, it can be moistened with beer and brandy. And thus a stinking West Indian plant, burning in the human gullet, banishes the wine-glass more and more. Neither the perfumed produce of Medoc nor the electric vintages of Burgundy retain their holy on the smoker's palate. The unhappy wretch plunges his lip in a bitter de-coction of hops, or swallows a glass of kirsch at gulp, which is one way as good as another of

a gaip, which is one way is good as another of firing a pistol into one's mouth. Smoking, like dram-drinking, is the conse-quence of having nothing to do, of disenchant-ment of the heart and mind. A prisoner of state alleged, "Before entering my cell, I was innocent of tobacco: but I learned to smoke where holts and heart is because the second under bolts and bars, to beguile the weariness of solitude."

to be snuffed in by the uose. And it was thut that, alter journeying by sea and by land, and traversing a portion of Europe, tobacco made its entry into France by the narrow passage of her nosurile.

The moment could not be better chosen nor more opportune. The Queen, who, as well as her son Francis II, suffered from obstinate headaches, received the remedy with the bearty welcome always given to new and far-letched specifics. Of its success nothing is recorded. All we know is that, from that date, headaches adaches

have often been the pretext for snuff-taking. The custom soon spread, with incredible rapidity, throughout all classes of society. There was a mania, a rage for snuff. Rich and poor, men and women, healthy and sick, every one, fornished with their little roll of tobacco, the grater wherewith to reduce it to powder, strove who should offer it and take it the most eagerly. Far from falling into neglect as tim wore on, as often happens with the best of things, the use of shuff was constantly on the increase; to such an extent that, during the reigns of Louis III and Louis XIV, it was almost the ctiquette to present bno's self at court, grater in hand, the shirt frill bespattered with shuff, the nose more or less stuffed with the precious powder, the checks slightly tinged with its hue, and the clothing thorongniy scented with its smell. Some few of our aged contemporaries may have seen the last relics of that memorable epoch.

But the tobacco graters (although articles of finery which rivalled the most expensive fans) could not long survive the improvements in the could not long survive the improvements in the art of reducing tobacco by machinery. They were succeeded by snuff-boxes, displaying in turn the marks of extravagant luxury. Both graters and snuff-boxes are alike responsible for the immense consumption of tobacco in France. No nation ever snuffed to such an excess; and that in spite of criticism and railery, in spite of the advice of physicians, in spite of the autho-rity of kings and popes.

the advice of physicians, in spice of the addito-rity of kings and popes. The Sultan and the Muscovite sovereign threatened death, the king of Persis amputation of the nose, Urban VIII excommunication, Christian IV of Denmark the milder punishments of fines and whippings, to persons guilty of to bacco taking. But we know what little influence both laws and reason, either singly or in combition, have in checking the spread of a foolist fashion. We need not search history for examples-we need not go back to Rome, nor even to Venice-having contemporary mstances belore our eyes. "The mode" will ever manifest its despotism by forcing society to adopt some new-tangled folly of the day.

tangled folly of the day. Nothing, indeed, proves better than the his-tory of tobacco the strange turns taken by hu-man affairs—by the ways and doings of men and women. An acrid, fetid, and repuisive plant, unused by and unknown to all except the savages of America, is brought over to Europe. One would say, before the experiment was iried, that it was sure to be despised and rejected, or at least let alone, and consigned to a corner in a druggist's shop with other nauseous and medi-cimal articles. But instead of that, prested it cinal articles. But instead of that, preste! it suddenly finds favor as if by enchantment. The habits of nations are changed in consequence; a new indulgence is created; a new want, of primary necessity, makes itself felt by the world at large. Tobacco's triumphant march in ad-vance shows the power of imitation not only on the human mind, but over the destintes of a people. Nevertheless, the French did not yet smoke, al-

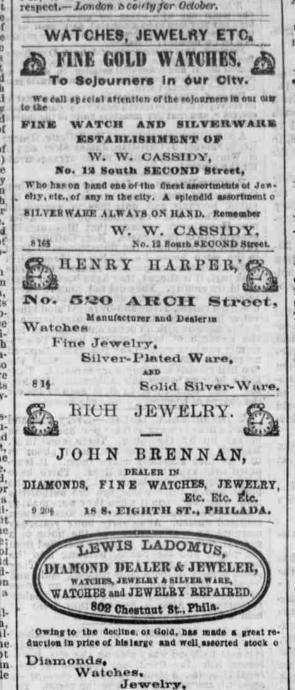
though smoking was already common in Spain, Holiand, Switzerland, and Prussia. And al-though France tolerated foreign smokers in the spirit of her habitual courtesy, she still kept exclusively to her puch of snuff, seemingly in protest against what appeared incompatible

with national manners. As to the time consumed in smoking, by way of parenthesis, I say nothing, because in many cases the amusement is adopted avowedly as a means of killing time. Snuffing, it has been calculated, is even a greater waste of time than smoking.

People can smoke and go on with what they are about; while snuffing, they do that and nothing else. Now every habitual snuffer is nothing else. Now every habitual shuffer is estimated to take a pinch six times at least per hour. Every pinch requires the employment of the handkerchief, the taking out of and re-turning it to the pocket, the opening and shat-ting of the box, and other indispensable manœuvres, taking up in all not less than a minute and a half, or nine minutes per hour, or two hours twenty-four minutes per day (of sixteen hours only not twenty-four), or thirtysixteen nours only, not twenty-lour), or thirty-six days and a halt (of twenty-four hours) per

a thing, it is of no bse advising them not to do it. Still, we cannot conceal from ourselves that England, as far as tobacco is concerned, is be-ginning to rival the social state above described. From the Continent doubtless we have imported smoking to excess, just as we have imported moustaches, beards, white table-cloths at descert, and dinners a la Kusse. The one may be as irresistible as the others; but, unfortun-

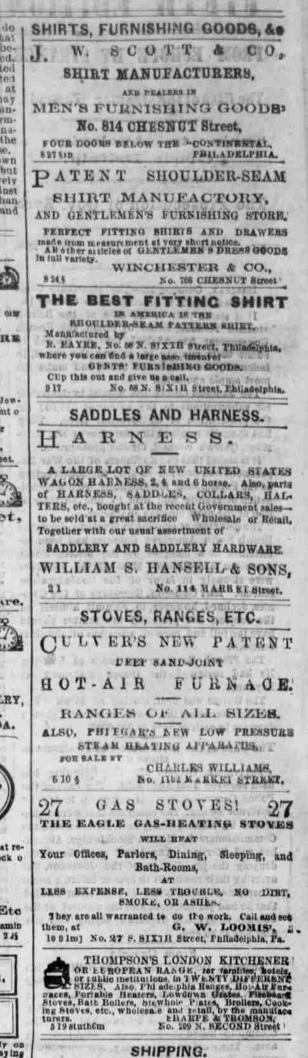
be as irresistible as the others; but, unfortun-ately, it is neither so inexpensive nor so harm-less, for it involves the whole question of na-tional bygisne, of the popular health, of the dwaring of our race and the spread of disease. Hardened smokers will go on in their own way, in spite of all they may read or hear; but beginners would do well to peruse attentively Dr. Elemardeou's able treatise "For and Against Tobacco." Although it is more Against than For, it is sufficiently impartial to command respect.—London Scouly for October.



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Non Fumare ! Non Fumare !" again shouts

the guard, pointing to a contiguous carriage. Quoth I to my puzzled fellow-traveiler, "The train is going to Genoa, sir; but 'fumare' indicates the carriages where you may smoke, 'non fumare,' where you may not." "Ab I thank you. To be sure !" he said. "My Italian has grown rusty, for want of use. I toox

Fumare for a station !" Nor may we in justice neglect American ex-ploits in the smoking line. A letter from Wis-consin mentioned the existence there of an individual named Joseph (it should have been Methuselah) Crile, who was supposed at that date (April, 1865) to be the oldest man on earth. He is, or was, a Frenchman, born in the neigh-borhood of Yvetot, in Normandy. His baptismal register assigned him, then, the re-spectable age of one hundred and thirty-mine years. He was still active, able to cleave wood, and to walk distances of several miles. His habits were regular; his consump-tion of drink was moderate; but he could not live without smoking from morning till night. If tobacco be a poison, we must either admit that it is a very slow one, or else suppose that Methuselah Crile had attained what is techni-

From the aged turn we to the juveniles. The Journal of Education, of Ohio (date unknown), informs us that in one of the schools of that State, consisting of five-and-thirty boys and girls, there are nine little boys who quid, and five little girls who smoke tobucco. The Journal seems annoyed by that statistical fact. "We say nothing about the quidding," it walls aloud; "but when we think of the smokeresses walmost fancy ourselves in the Sand wich Islands." The Journal is wrong to express surprise. In a go-ahead nation like the United States, the young idea, taught or untaught, will sometimes make extraordinary shoots. All that remains is for American mistresses of deportment to teach young ladies gracetal ways of holding a cigarette, and of making the smoke, as it escapes, invariably curl in the line of beauty.

If the novelty with which America presented If the novelty with which America presented us, only three hundred years ago, had been attractive to any of the senses, we might be less surprised at the hold it has taken of all the Old World populations. But its power is quite paradoxical. Although the plant of itself is of portly mien, prepared tobacco has nothing which pleases or invites the eye: while to the taste, the smell, the stomach, it is at the outset absolutely offensive. Who is there who does not remember the painful experiment of learning to smoke? to smoke?

to smoke? Amongst others, Napoleon I never could or never would learn. In Egypt, he pretended to smoke—as he held out his possible-conversion to Islamism—lo please the Egyptians by adopt-ing their customs. But he never could light his pipe himself. It was his Mameluke Roustan's duty to set it going. If his master let it go out again, charcoal and matches were not runnously expensive. expensive.

Afterwards, when the Persian ambassador Afterwards, when the Persian ambassador presented him with a very handsome pipe, he ordered his valet de chambre, Constant, to till and light it. The fire being applied to the month of the bowl, all that remained was to make the tobacco catch; but in the why in which his Majesty set about it, no smoke would have appeared from that time till doomsday. He simply closed and opened his lips, without drawing the least in the world. "What the deuce!" he exclaimed at last.

"There is no setting light to it." Constant diffidently ventured to observe that

the Emperor did not proceed exactly in the usual way, and showed him the right mode of usual way, and snowed him the mant mone of going to work; but the inapt scholar still re-turned to his bad imitation of the act of yawa-ing. Tired at last of his useless efforts, "Con-stant," he blurted out, "do you light the pipe; I cannot."

So said, so done .: It was returned to him with the steam well up, going at a high-pressure then to break the monotony.

noses, thinks to the help of the arquebuse. The conquerors tamed the conquered race, reducing them to slavery. Do you know how? By stupe-fying and besoting them with cigars. France offered a long resistance to the inva-sion of tobacco. The regent distributed it gratuitonsly, to excite a taste for it and create an artificial want. The tobacco tax, at that time brought in a few hundred thousand francs, at the very outside. It now produces two hun-dred millions. dred millions. But, at least, in the eighteenth century, to

bacco was taken in powder by the nose, and there was something sympathetic in that tashion there was something sympathetic in that fashion of taking it. The snuff box passed from band to hand; ingers were thrust into it. In turn. The box litsell propresented a work of art, a jewel of price, a breviary of the heart, a portrait of some beloved object. It was a mode well suited to the affected society of elleminate seigneurs, smart little abbes, giddy-brained duchesses, crumpled-up beauties, and heart-shaped mouths constant bailed with a smile. The

aboes, giddy-braned duchesses, crumpled-up beauties, and heart-shaped mouths constantly baited with a smile. The action of the thumb in administer-ing the pinch, by making the nose turn up more and more, gave it a defant air; and the suff itself, by peppering the mucous membrane, spurred the intellect, and the wittleism ex-pleded. Heaven knows what sort of wittleism ex-pleded. Heaven knows what sort of wittleism ex-But the eighteenth century thought of little else than love-making, with an epigram now and

The increasing consumption of tobacco is frightful. Children ten years of age already smoke. But it is time to think of a remedy. Tobacco is a poison—a slow one, if you will— but certainly a poison; for it benumbs the brain, extinguishes the memory, brings on giddiness, and anally engenders those horrible diseases cancer in the mouth and softening of the spinal marrow. When it does not kill totally, it kills partially. It concert with its comrade alcohol it ravages the organism and dwarfs the species Tobacco injures the human race not only phy-sically, but morally. It strikes thought with strophy, and paralyses action. With every With every or a virtue. Germany smokes and dreams; Spain smokes and sleeps. Turkey, who has been smoking these last three hundred years, has no smoking these last three hundred years, has no longer strength to stand on her legs. Re-clining on a divan, she dreams all day long. But Toussenel somewhere says, "A ver-tical nation will always conquer a hori-zontal nation." Take care of yourselves. O Gallic youth! Unless you throw your cigar away. France may possibly vanish in smoke. Such is the conclusion of M. Pelletan's invective. Another French author, M. Jolly, member of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, is indignant that smoking should be openly permitted in a Government school. "As if," he says, "learning the pipe-and-cigar exercise were a necessary preparation for serious studies; as if such a novitiate were the best introduction to a career of science, arms, and letters." Worse still; a physician, whose name he suppresses out of physician, whose name he suppresses out of respect for the rest of his colleagues, had the singular idea of proposing the use of tobacco smoke as a salutary regulation for French Lyceums !

Tobacco did not find its way into the different countries of Europe either through the same channel, or exactly at the same date. Its employment as an excitant and a supperer is pro-bably as old as the aboriginal populations of the New World itself. But its first introduction to the Old World cannot have occurred carlier than the sixteenth century. We owe it to a Spanish missionary named Fray Romano Pane, who had been taken to America by Christopher Columbus, to convert the natives to Christianity. The worthy friar having remarked, in the priests of the god Kiwassa, the fanatic excitement pro-duced by the vapor of tobacco leaves in fer-mentation or combustion, took if into his head to send seeds of the plant to Charles V, in all probability little suspecting that he was transmitting to his sovereign the serms of a revolu-tion destined one day to overrun the world.

Such at least appears to be the origin of the culture of tobacco by Europeans. Spain had it first. This occurred in 1518, an epoch equally fruitful in superstitious frivolities and historical events. Cuba was the first spot selected, on account of the superiority of its produce. Por tugal soon followed Spain's example, by growing tobacco in several districts of Brazil. Portnaal, also, observing how its sale increased, was the first to draw a revenue from a tax on tobacco. About that time, Cardinal Della Santa Groce, then the Pope's nuncio in Portugal, imported tobacco into Italy, At the instigation of Admiral Drake, the Anglo-Americans had already broken up portions of wilderness in Virginia and Marviand for the special culture of tobacco. All this im-

innum, or exactly four whole years during hie of foriy years—just the tithe, in short, of a person's existence. Somebody asked Abernethy whether the moderate use of snuff would injure his bran. "No, sir," replied the irritable doctor; "for

nobody with an ounce of brains in his head

would ever think of taking snuff. Louis XIV did not smoke, but at least he tole rated smokers. Jean Bart was one of the first personages who introduced the pipe to court, whither he had been sent for by the king. As it was not yet daylight when he presented him-self, he had to wait in the antechamber before admission to the presence. Knowing noboly at Versailles, he found the time long; so he took out his pipe, struck a light with flint and steel, and set to smoking in right good carnest. Such conduct was naturally considered ex-tremely improper—the height of impudence. Nobody had ever before smoked in the king's apartment. The courtiers were shocked; the guards wanted to turn him out.

He coolly replied, puffing away, 'I have con-tracted this habit in the king my master's ser-vice, and it has become a necessity. I believe him to be too just a monarch to be angry at my satisfying it.

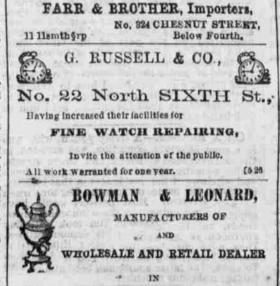
As he had never appeared at court, there was only the Comte de Forbin who knew him; and he, fearing the consequences of the freak, dared not acknowledge him as his friend. So somebody went and told the king that a strange fellow had presumed to smoke, and refused to quit

low had presumed to smoke, and refused to quit the antechamber. "Let him do as he likes," said the king, with a laugh; "I bet anything that it is Jean Bart." Adding soon atterwards, "Let him come in." On entering, his Majesty received him cor-dially, remarking:--"You, Jean Bart, are the only person allowed to smoke here."

only person allowed to smcke here." The name of Jean Bart and the king's graclous reception made a strange alteration in the courtiers' manners. When he left the king they thronged about him, asking how he managed to get out of Dunkerque with his little squad-ron, in spite of the fleet blockading the port. Ranging them close together in a line before him, he pushed his way through, elbowing right and left, and pommelling them with his firsts. Then, turning round, he said:--"That is the way I managed it." Sailors elsewhere had already indulged them-

selves both with the pipe and the quid, and so distinguished themselves from the rest of the service. But examples like these spread quickly, if not for the gratification of curiosity as hap-peared even to the daughters of the Grand Monarque. One day, when they were indulg ing in the novelty, without asking their gov-erness' permission, they were surprised by the

entrance of their royal father, who was struck all of a heap at the sight. Copying the navy, the army soon smoked, be-ginning with the officers and not ending with the common soldiers; for now all France ginning with the officers and not ending with the common soldiers; for now all France smokes like one man, with a single mouth, keeping millions upon millions of ofpes alight. The pastimo is not confined to the bivousc, but is practised everywhere, at all times, in all weathers, in all ranks of society, from the im-perial throne to the meanest hovel. Princes and ministers, masters and value, rich and portions of wilderness in Virginia and Marviand for the special culture of tobacco. All this im-plies a certain demand, which, though partial and limited at first, must have been steadily on the increase. Tobacco, therefore, was not only grown by, when Jean Nicol. Freuch Envoy at Lisbon, why had cultivated it in his garden, and had experi-oure for headache, offered it, in 1660, to Queen against that complaint. Hitherto tobacco had only been employed as a have undergone sundry mudifications before reaching the state in which we see them at pre-sent. But this time it was no longer a question of inhaling the smoke of the plant; its powder had



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