

guarantee that Bob Berkeley never sat down to a finer dinner than you had to-day. Such a ham, such a turkey, such a pudding!"

Mrs. Manley modestly confessed that the pudding was a success, and remarked that she had put away a piece of it for me.

"Cold pudding for supper!" cried the Colonel.

"By no means," replied the lady, with spirit. "I had it kept warm, and the turkey too. If the gentleman has missed his dinner, it will probably not be amiss at supper."

I must have appeared very silly meanwhile; for instead of taking part in the conversation, I only rubbed my eyes and stared at the lovely vision.

The frolicsome curls were tucked up daintily, and the riding-habit exchanged for a simple gown of black silk. Dimpled smiles played amidst the roses in her cheeks as she spoke.

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

"Ellen—" I stammered. "Pardon me—Miss—Miss—"

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

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

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

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "if you are fond of rambling over the country, either on foot or on horseback, this young lady will be your companion. It is her delight."

Mrs. Manley took this opportunity to express a hope that her daughter would lay aside certain wild, rustic ways she had acquired, and deport herself with a dignity and gravity befitting the occasion and company.

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

We are to ride to-morrow morning. Good-night, and pleasant dreams!

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

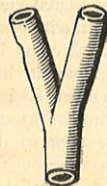
"WHEN all things were made, none was made better than this," said that stout old seaman, Salvation Yeo, handing a roll of brown leaf to the good knight Sir Amyas Leigh, "to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's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

Tobacco, this "precious stinke," as his vindictive majesty, King James, called it in his "Counterblast," first became known to Europeans shortly after the discovery of the American Continent. All its present popular uses were known to the natives of North and South America probably ages before Columbus was born, or Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his silver pipe as he sat to see his friend Essex put to death. When the Spaniards landed in Paraguay, in 1503, the natives came forth to oppose them, "beating drums, throwing water, and chewing tobacco and spirting the juice from their mouths upon the invaders—the last a means of offense and defense which must have painfully surprised the Spanish, if the Indians had at all acquired the skill of aim which is said to have been attained within this century by some of our Western friends. Columbus, on his second voyage, noticed that the natives of Tobago reduced their leaf to a powder, which "they take through a cane half a cubit long, one end of which they place in the nose, and the other upon the powder, and so draw it up, which purges them very much."

And Oviedo speaks of *smoking tobacco* as one of the "evil customs" of the Hispaniolans of that day—"very pernicious, and used to produce insensibility." They set fire to the dried leaves, placed upon the ground, and inhaled the smoke through a hollow forked stick, of which the forks were placed in the nostrils, and the other end held over the burning mass. Thus the smoke was drawn into the lungs, and it is not surprising that, as Oviedo says, "they presently became stupefied." But our old friend, Salvation Yeo, as also Mr. Lionel Wafer, surgeon to Dampier, gives another account, according to which the Indians, "when they will deliberate upon war or policy, sit round in the hut of the chief; where being placed, enter to them a small boy with a cigarro of the bigness of a rolling-pin, and puffs the smoke thereof into the face of each warrior, from the eldest to the youngest; while they, putting their hands funnel-wise round their mouths, draw into the sinuosities of the brain that more than Delphic vapor of prophecy; which boy presently falls down in a swoon, and being dragged out by the heels and laid by to sober, enter another to puff at the sacred cigarro, till he is dragged out likewise; and so on till the tobacco is finished, and the seed of wisdom has sprouted in every soul into the tree of meditation, bearing the flowers of eloquence, and in due time the fruit of valiant action." Even pipes were known to the Brazilians; and of the Mexicans it is related by the chaplain of Cortéz that King Montezuma had his pipe brought to



THE HISPANIOLIAN CIGARRO.



THE FIRST PIPE.



BRAZILIANS SMOKING.

ain, notwithstanding a tax of seventeen cents per pound, amounted in 1851 to over one pound per head for the whole population!

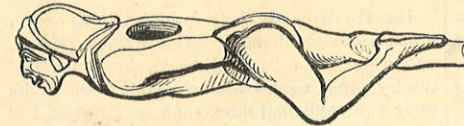
Raleigh's tobacco-box is yet preserved in the Leeds Museum. It is thirteen inches high, and seven across, and will hold a pound of tobacco. It has the initials W. R. within the lid. But



him, with much ceremony, when he had dined and washed his mouth with scented water. One of the rhymsters of those days says of Cortéz and his troop:

"They, in the palace of great Montezume,
Were entertained with this celestial fume."

The Indians were so fond of the intoxication of smoking, and so constant in their devotion, that they even reckoned time by the pipeful, and were accustomed to say, "I was one pipe" (of time) "about it." It is to be supposed that their futs were in smell not very savory, and probably old Giralamo Benzoni exaggerates but little



ANCIENT MEXICAN PIPE.

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

Various attempts have been made to prove that the ancients had a knowledge of the tobacco plant, and a tradition of the Greek Church even has it that Noah was overcome by tobacco, and not wine, on his deliverance from the ark; but it is proved conclusively that to our own America is the Old World indebted for this invaluable weed; of which it may not be amiss here to state that upward of 2,000,000 tons are now grown and consumed annually in the world, which, at the low rate of five cents per pound, equals in value the entire wheat crop of the United States; while, though the plant has been known to the civilized world not yet three centuries, the duties on its importation into Great Britain bring that Government in no less a sum than \$28,000,000 per annum, France deriving even a greater revenue from the same source. The city of Vienna alone consumes annually no less than 52,000,000 cigars, and the consumption of Great Brit-

before pipes and tobacco-boxes were invented in England cigars were smoked by those few who indulged themselves in the fragrant weed. They talked in those days of "drinking" tobacco—a term which was used for nearly a century, probably because smoking took place generally in public houses. Aubrey relates that in the early days of pipes the gentry had theirs made of silver, which material is still used in Japan, while the common people "made use of a walnut-shell and a strawe," which primitive utensil was handed from man to man round the table. At that time tobacco was an expensive luxury. It sold for its weight in silver; and when the farmers went to town to lay in their stock for smoking, they "culled their newest and biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco," while many of the gentry smoked away one-third of their income.

Not only was it long the fashion to swallow the tobacco, and then expel it through the nose—a pitch of enjoyment now only attained by old soldiers and sailors and the Portuguese nation generally—but there were various exquisite ways of puffing, and the hangers-on of society and captains of the Bobadil sort made a profession of the art of smoking, and publicly inducted country gentlemen into the mysteries of the "Cuban ebullition, Euripus, the whiffle," etc.



TOBACCO-DRINKERS.

1860
#2132

"If there be any such generous spirit that is truly enamored of these good faculties, may it please him but by a note of his hand to specify the place where he uses to eat and to lie, and the most sweet attendance with tobacco and pipes of the best sort shall be ministered."

"I warrant you make chimneys of your faces!" exclaims an irate lady in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; and a gentleman observes, sneeringly, "S'heart! he can not put the smoke through his nose!" The bucks of those days sallied out to court their sweet-hearts attended by a pipe and a boy to trim it, and said their fine speeches between the whiffs.

Like coffee and tea, tobacco was no sooner introduced than the faculty seized upon it as a valuable addition to their pharmacopœia. Spenser speaks of the curative powers of "divine tobacco;" Lilly, the Euphuist, writes,

"Gather me balme and cooling violets,
And of our holy herb *nicotian*,"

to cure a wounded hand; Henry Butler, in a curious little volume, called "Dyets Dry Dinner," treats of its great virtues as a digestive power:

"Fruit, herbs, flesh, fish, white-meats, spice, sauce, and all,
Concoct are by tobacco's cordial."

"It cureth any griefe, dolour, imposthume, or obstruction, proceeding of colde or winde, especially in the head or breast. The fume taken in a pipe is good against rumes, catarrhs, hoarseness, ache in the head, stomake, lungs, breast; also in want of meate, drinke, sleepe, or reste."

"What is a more noble medicine, or more readie at hand, than tobacco?" asks Edmund Gardiner, in his "Triall of Tobacco" (1610);



SIR WALTER RALEIGH SMOKED THUS.



EARLY TOBACCO SYMPOSIUM.

and in a broadside published 1670, entitled "*Nicotiana Encomium*, or the Golden Leaf Tobacco displayed in its sovereignty and singular vertues," the author chants its praises more loudly yet:

"If the grand bugbear toad, the plague, ye fear,
Lo! under God your antidote is here.
Ye hot, ye cold, ye rheumatic, draw nigh;
In this rich leafe a sovereign dose doth lie.
We'll cure ye all: physick ye need not want,
Here 'tis, i' th' gummy entralls of a plant."

But the *herbe sacrée* (holy herb), *herbe propre à tous maux* (herb fit for all diseases), *panacée antarctique* (southern all-heel), by which and sundry other names tobacco was known in its early and medicinal days, soon gave way to less eulogistic epithets, applied by those who thought its influences pernicious. The battle, which began nearly two centuries ago, rages still, and many "eminent hands" may be found on either side. Spenser declaims about "divine tobacco;" but Stowe speaks of "the weed so much abused to God's dishonor." One old poetaster sings:

"Much victuals serves for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed that with a leaf can dine,
And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe."

To which another replies:

"In a tobacco shop (resembling Hell,
Fire, stink, and smoke must be where devils dwell)
He sits, you can not see his face for vapor,
Offering to Pluto with a tallow taper."

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

"Nature's idea, Physicke's rare perfection,
Cold rheumes expeller, and the wit's direction;
O had the gods known thy immortal smack,
The heavens ere this time had been colored black."

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

Charles II. forbade the members of the University of Cambridge to "wear perrivigs, smoke tobacco, and read the sermons they delivered." Peter Campbell, a Derbyshire gentleman, in 1616, bequeathing his goods to his son Roger, willed that if at any time his brothers or sisters "fynd him takeing of tobacco," he shall forfeit all "or their full valew." As poor Roger had five brothers and three sisters he must have had a hard time with his pipe. Aubrey, writing in 1680, says: "Within these thirty-five years it was considered scandalous for a divine to take tobacco;" but Lilly, the astrologer, speaks of William Brendon, vicar of Thornton in 1633, as a profound divine, but so given over to tobacco that when he had none he would cut the bell-ropes of his church and smoke them.

Cromwell believed, with James I., that growing tobacco in England was "thereby to misuse and misemploy the soil of the kingdom," and



LADY SMOKING.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

sent his troopers to trample down the growing crops wherever they found them. But the soldiers smoked at the Lord Protector's magnificent funeral, and thus wreaked a poetic vengeance on him who had deprived them of a loved pleasure. M. de Rochefort, who traveled in England in 1672, relates that "it was then the custom, when the children went to school, to carry in their satchels, with their books, a pipe of tobacco, which the mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health." To this extreme, at any rate, we have not yet come.

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

"Shun these pipe-pageants; for there seldome come Tobacco-factors to Elysium!"

exclaims an ardent tobacco-hater. And another:

"Tobacco's an outlandish weed,
Doth in the land strange wonders breed;
It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
It brings a man into a maze,
And makes him sit for others' gaze."

Sylvester, the translator of *Du Bartas*, and a favorite poet of James I., sought to gratify that royal tobacco-hater by a poem which has the strange title: "*Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered* (about their ears that idely idolize so base and barbarous a weed; or, at leaste wise overlove so loathsome a vanitie) by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon;" in which he thus condemns all smokers to Tophet:



OLD PRINT OF A TOBACCONIST'S INTERIOR.

"For hell hath smoke
 Impenitent Tobacconists to choake,
 Though never dead; there shall they have their fill.
 In heaven is none, but light and glory still."

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

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

"The earthen pipe, so lily white,
 Shows that thou art a mortal wight;
 Even such—and gone with a small touch:
 Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Think on the worldly vanity
 Of worldly stuff—'tis gone with a puff:
 Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the pipe is foul within,
 Think how the soul's defiled with sin—
 To purge with fire it doth require:
 Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"Lastly, the ashes left behind
 May daily shew, to move the mind,
 That to ashes and dust return we must:
 Thus think, and drink tobacco."

But the smoker's enemies did not content themselves with vituperation. Ingenious and arithmetical minds entered into elaborate calculations of the waste of money by tobacco; thus one Lawrence Spooner reckoned that the tobacco used by a thousand families cost per annum no less than \$4500. This, he says, "if improved thriftily, in twenty years would amount to more than \$600,000" to divide among the smokers and their heirs. We remember to have seen some years ago an equally elaborate and interesting computation of the yearly waste accruing from the wearing of useless buttons on the backs of gentlemen's coats.

Persecutions followed. First came

"A gentleman called King James,
 In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
 Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches."

He imposed the first tax on tobacco; in Russia smoking was punished by amputation of the nose; in the Swiss Canton of Berne the offense

ranked next to adultery, and even so late as the middle of the last century a special court tried delinquent puffers; Amurath IV. of Turkey, and the great Gehan-Geer joined in the crusade; and finally, Innocent XII., in 1690, solemnly excommunicated all who should take snuff or tobacco in church. Meantime, conscious of their innocence and their rights, the smokers placidly kept their pipes alight, and at intervals came forth with some such piece of quaint morality as this, supposed to be from the pen of Dr. Henry Aldrich:



A SNUFF-TAKER OF 1720.

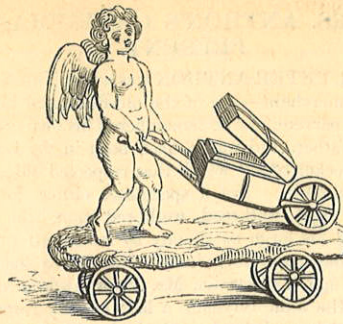
"Sweet smoking pipe; bright glowing stove,
 Companion still of my retreat,
 Thou dost my gloomy thoughts remove,
 And purge my brain with gentle heat.

"Tobacco, charmer of my mind,
 When, like the meteor's transient gleam,
 Thy substance gone to air, I find,
 I think, alas, my life's the same!

"What else but lighted dust am I?
 Thou show'st me what my fate will be;
 And when thy sinking ashes die,
 I learn that I must end like thee."

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

But many great names are cited on the side of tobacco. Pope and Swift took snuff; Addison, Congreve, Prior, Steele, smoked, and were none the worse. Hobbes of Malmesbury kept his pipe alight to the age of ninety-two; Doctor Parr smoked immoderately—often twenty pipes in the course of an evening—but remained a smoker till the ripe age of seventy-eight; Sir Isaac Newton was a desperate lover of his pipe, and lost his sweet-heart through absently using her finger as a tobacco stopper; and Frederick the Great was a royal lover of the weed, in which taste, by-the-way, Mr. Carlyle, his latest and ablest biographer, emulates him! Of literary men



FRENCH SNUFF-BOX FOR THE TABLE.

some have refrained. Goethe, Heine, and Balzac abominated smoke; their subtle spirits could not bear its gross influences. Dumas, who does almost every thing else, if we may believe his own accounts, does not use tobacco. On the other side, however, are found Sir Walter Scott, at one time an immoderate smoker, and always a lover of his cigar; Campbell, Moore, Byron; and of living celebrities, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Bulwer, have all chanted the praises of the Indian weed. Lamb loved his pipe, and was not particular as to the quality of his tobacco. Puffing once the coarsest weed from a long clay pipe in company with Doctor Parr, who used only the finest, the Doctor asked in astonishment how he acquired this "prodigious power?" "By toiling after it," replied Elia, "as some men toil after virtue." The filthy habit of chewing tobacco numbers fewer great men among its devotees, and we shall mention only—as an early chewer—General Monk, in whose time it was customary for gentlemen who chewed to



AN EARLY CHEWER.

carry about with them a small silver hand-spit-toon, used as shown in our illustration—taken from a contemporary print.

The early tobacco-sellers set off their wares with many quaint conceits and riddles, which, doubtless, amused the tranquil mind of their customers. On one side of the wrapper of a tobacco parcel was printed:

"What though I have a nauseous breath,
 Yet many a one will me commend;
 I am beloved after death,
 And serviceable unto my friend."

Which inscrutable riddle is duly explained on the reverse side:

"This is tobacco, after being cut and dry'd, being dead, becometh serviceable."

Another and more ingenious conceit was thus unfolded:

"To three-fourths of a cross, add a circle complete;
 Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet;
 Next add a triangle that stands on two feet;
 Then two semicircles, and a circle complete."

To elucidate which it requires that the name of the herb be written down in Roman capitals.

A man named Farr had a tobacco-shop on Fish-Hill, London, and attracted custom from his older rival opposite by this tempting sign:

"THE BEST TOBACCO BY FARR."

The sailors who patronized that region, and were then, as now, a credulous folk, went over in a body; but were reclaimed by a new sign over the old shop:

"FAR BETTER TOBACCO THAN THE BEST TOBACCO BY FARR."

In 1748 a Spanish vessel was captured and brought into New York. Part of her cargo consisted of fine paper copies of recent Papal bulls, and this paper was bought by an enterprising Yankee, who, not having the fear of the Pope before his eyes, printed on the backs "Choisee Pennsylvania tobacco," and used the bulls as wrappers, advertising his willingness to sell "at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the French and Spanish priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same advantage to the possessors."

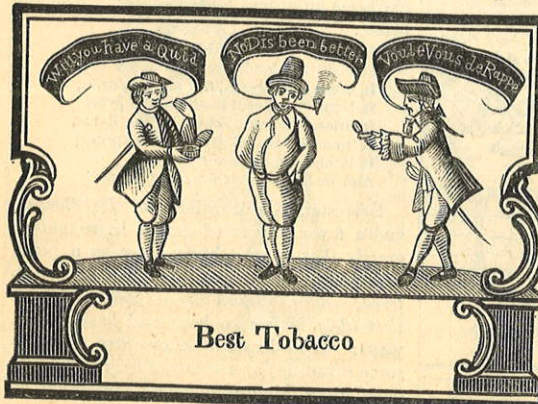
And here is an old American tobacconist's conundrum:

"O and P ran a race; Q backed O, knowing that P would win. Why was this like going into a shop and asking for *shag*, and getting *short-cut*? Answer: Because it was wrong to back O."

But the prettiest conceit for a smoker's pipe is the following, which will please even non-smokers:

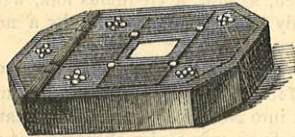
"Tub, I love thee as my life;
 By thee I mean to chuse a wife.
 Tub, thy color let me find,
 In her skin, and in her mind.
 Let her have a shape as fine;
 Let her breath be sweet as thine:
 Let her, when her lips I kiss,
 Burn like thee, to give me bliss.
 Let her in some smoke or other
 All my failings kindly smother.
 Often when my thoughts are low,
 Send them where they ought to go.
 When to study I incline,
 Let her aid be such as thine;
 Such as thine her charming pow'r
 In the vacant social hour.
 Let her live to give delight,
 Ever warm and ever bright:
 Let her deeds, when'er she dies,
 Mount as incense to the skies."

The coloring of meerschaums, which is the present "amiable weakness" of Young America, is an old story among the Turks and the Germans, who devoted time, patience, and tobacco to this noble object quite a century ago. We have inherited the "coloring mania" from our English cousins, among whom this valuable talent has been developed to an extraordinary degree. It is related that a young English Guards officer determined not long since to obtain, by a



TOBACCONIST'S LABEL OF 1730.

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



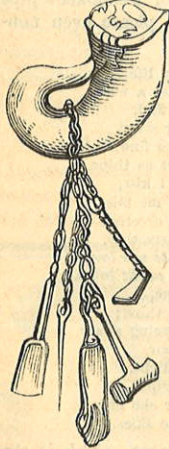
BURNS'S SNUFF-BOX.

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



BOX, FROM SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY.

Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Addison, and many other great men, were addicted to snuff. Gibbon was a confirmed snuff-taker.



SCOTCH MULL.

Frederick the Great loved snuff so entirely that he carried it in his vest pockets, made very large for the purpose, and in moments of excitement threw it up his nose by small handfuls. In Spain and Italy snuffs were medicated, and even infused with a subtle poison, so that by the offer of a friendly pinch a man sometimes sent his enemy out of the world. But the most complete and luxurious paraphernalia for snuff-takers is undoubtedly the Scotch "sneeshing mull," with its little hammer to hit the side of the mull should the snuff adhere; bodkin, to pierce and separate it should it

stick together by damp; rake, to collect it into the little shovel; and hare's foot to brush loose particles from the nose!

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

MRS. ANTHON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

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

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

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

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