



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ANCIENT TOBACCO PIPES.

Admiralty, June 22, 1835.

SIR—In looking over the Third Volume of your amusing work, I cannot help feeling that the character of an antiquary given by you at page 51, is as incorrect as it is inconsistent with the interest displayed in your Journal towards the studies of antiquities generally, and towards those of Ireland in particular. But I merely refer to this article for the purpose of assuring you, that in attempting "to cure a small botch in an old author," from whom you have quoted, I am not "as proud of it as if I had got the philosopher's-stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind."

At page 151 of the Third Volume of the Dublin Penny Journal there is a paragraph, which commences—"In 1784, an ancient tobacco-pipe was found sticking between the teeth of a human skull, at Brannockstown in the county of Kildare." It then proceeds to state, that numerous human bones, and also some rude stone coffins were discovered in an entrenchment of a field near the banks of the Liffey, and the paragraph concludes with the following sentence—"A battle was fought here between the Irish and Danes in the tenth century."

What connexion exists between an old tobacco pipe found in 1784, in the County of Kildare, and some bones turned up from an entrenchment near the banks of the river Liffey, the presumed scene of a battle between the Danes and Irish, does not appear from this statement. But on referring to the *Anthologia Hibernica*, for May, 1793, (Vol. I. p. 352,) from whence it is evident the paragraph in question has been imperfectly copied, it seems, that among the human bones in the entrenchment near the Liffey, "a number of these pipes were found." See the engraving in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, which, to save you the trouble of reference, I have accurately copied, and marked No. 1.

The deduction from these two discoveries (at Brannockstown and on the banks of the Liffey) is, that the Danes smoked tobacco at a very early period—long before its supposed introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh; and Herodotus, lib. 1, sec. 56, Strabo, lib. vii. 296, Pomp. Mela, 2, and Solinus, c. 15, are referred to in support of the argument, that "all the German and northern nations, who are the descendants of the Scythæ, were early acquainted with, and cultivated tobacco; which they smoked through wooden and earthen tubes." It is added, that "Pipes, similar to those now under consideration, are frequently dug up in England, and there universally attributed to the Danes."

In addition to these authorities, I remember, Mr. Editor, to have seen, I think in the *Northern Antiquities* of Bartholinus, a representation of an old carved stone, whereon appears, from the mouth of Odin, a pipe precisely similar in shape to that found at Brannockstown "sticking between the teeth of a human skull." And as it is only fair to put you in possession of all that I know in favour of the remote antiquity of tobacco pipes, I will further add from the authority of a German periodical of December, 1815, that in digging a new sluiceway at the upper end of the Fairwater at Dantzic, an ancient ship was discovered nearly twenty feet under the surface of the ground, laden with blocks of stone prepared for building, some of which were highly polished. Many human bones were found in the hold of this vessel, both fore and aft, and a box of tobacco pipes, all whole, with the heads about the size of a thimble and stalks from four to six inches in length.

Now, Sir, notwithstanding what I have stated, I feel satisfied that the ancient tobacco pipes hitherto discovered in England and Ireland, belong not to the tenth, but to the seventeenth century, and that they were used by Englishmen, and not by Danes. For myself, however, I am free to confess, that I entertain, from early associations, as great a respect for these little old tobacco pipes, as if they were of far higher antiquity; and I can trace this feeling to the supernatural tales which I have heard from my nurse respecting that artful sprite, the Cluricaune, whom she invariably represented as having "a pipe stuck in his *ould* jaw." She was herself a determined smoker, as well as a devout believer in "the good people;" and

among my earliest recollections, is her giving me for a plaything one of these old pipes, like that represented in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, with the comment, that "such a bit of a pipe could never have held tobacco enough for any decent Christian to smoke, and therefore that it could only have belonged to a Cluricaune." What became of this fairy pipe, how destroyed, or how lost, I know not; but this I perfectly remember, that it was valued by me above all my other childish toys, and that I looked upon it with a profound feeling of veneration, as the relic of a race of beings whose strange freaks and grotesque proceedings filled my infant mind with inexpressible wonder and delight.

When I was about seven or eight years old, my regard for a Cluricaune's tobacco pipe became changed into curiosity, at seeing one in the cabinet of an old lady, who on my exclaiming—"Oh, there's a fairy pipe!"—took me seriously to task about fairies, and concluded her lecture, by assuring me that there never were any such beings as fairies. This scepticism in the existence of Cluricaunes was more than I was prepared for; and I boldly rejoined, that fairies there must have been, for who else than fairies would have used so small a tobacco pipe? and I concluded with an air of triumph, "You see, it has been smoked."

"My dear boy," replied the good old lady, "this pipe (No. 2; it was given to me after her death, and is accurately copied) was found by my nephew (the present Lieutenant Colonel J.—) in the old castle of Dundaniel, between Innishannon and Bandon, and I have no doubt belonged to a soldier of Cromwell's time, when that Castle was taken and re-taken more than once by the contending parties.*"

I forget what followed, nor is it of any consequence; but having a high respect for the old lady just mentioned, I determined to investigate whether she or my nurse most correctly appropriated these old pipes; and I now venture, Sir, to communicate to you the result of five and twenty years' inquiry on this subject, during which time I have collected no less than thirty specimens in England and Ireland; and I send you, herewith, drawings of the most remarkable varieties, all of which are made the size of the original.

No. 3. was taken out of the bed of the river Thames, near Hampton Court. It is the smallest pipe that I have met with, is manufactured of superior clay, and seems as if enamelled on the outside.

No. 4. and a quantity of similar pipes, were found incrustated together with various burnt ruins in an old chalk and Kentish-rag foundation of a house, near Crooked-lane, London, which foundation was evidently constructed before the great fire, (1666,) and is supposed to have been that of a tavern. I have also an unsmoked pipe, with a stem seven inches and a half long, the bowl resembling No. 5 in shape. It was found with some sack glasses in a vault under the famous Boar's Head tavern in "merry East-cheap, that ancient region of wit and wassail," when the scene of Falstaff's revelry was pulled down

* The following particulars of an attack upon Dundaniel Castle are copied from a rare tract, ordered to be printed by the English House of Commons the 26th April, 1642. The communication is from Master Tristram Whitecombe, Major (I presume, Mayor) of Kinsale, to his brother, a merchant in London.

The parliamentary garrison of Bandon, enraged at the barbarous murder of two or three children, who were taking care of some cows near that town, "set upon a castle called Dondaniel, where sometime the iron-work stood; it was so full of men and provisions, that they had made linnies withoutside, against the walls of the castle, which they filled with hatches of corn and household-stuffe, which they had taken from the English. Our men placed musketiers round about them, in such manner, as none of them within durst appear upon the battlement, nor peep out their nose at the loop-holes; sent in five or six men that were skillfull in myning, under the said linnies, who laboured so lustily, that in three or four hours they had made a hole thorow the wall; where they put in furze and straw, which did set the lower rooms of the castle on fire, so that the rebells, and the provision that were within, were burnt together; of what was in the linnies they saved about two hundred horse load, and carried it by degrees to the town of Bandon."

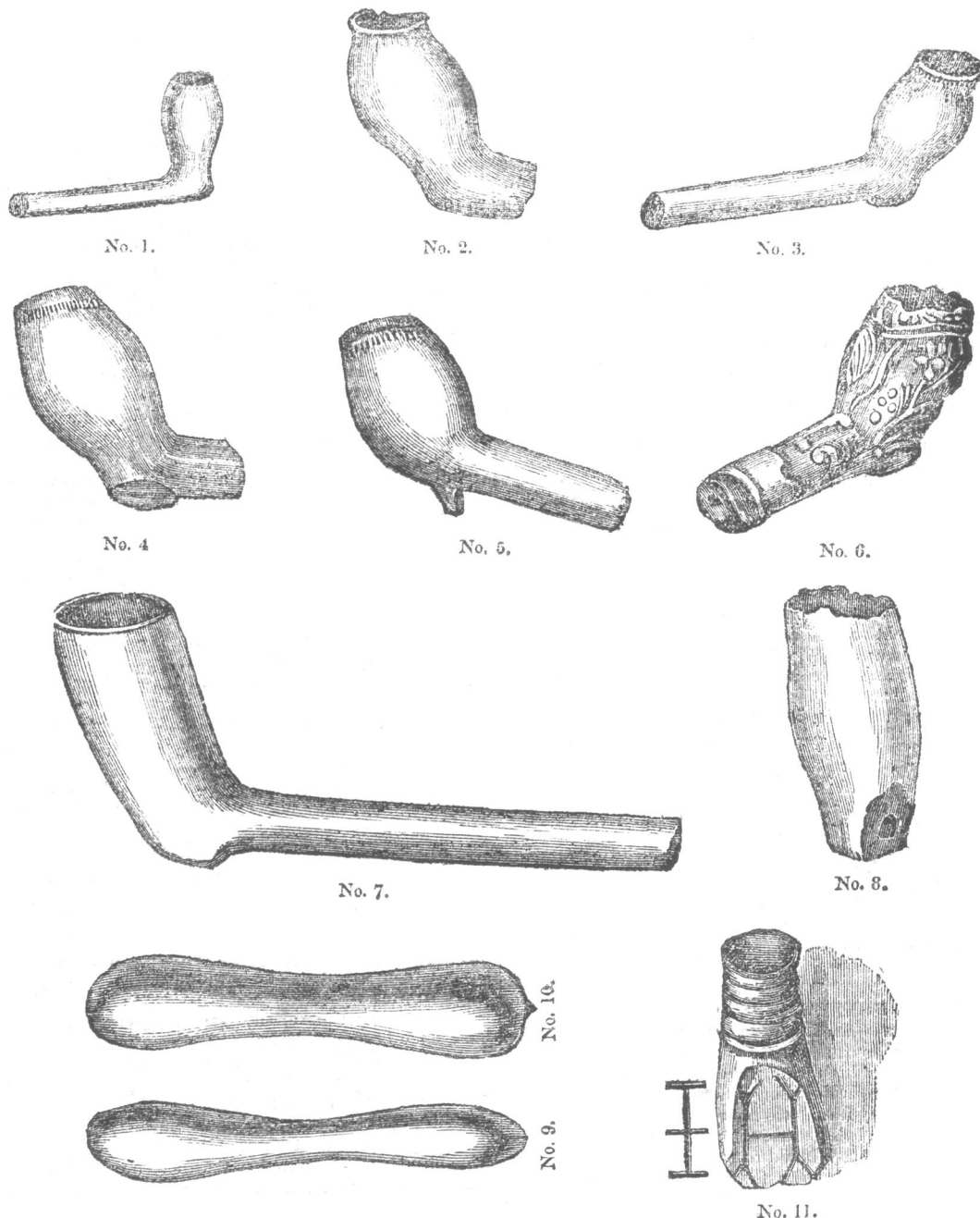
to make way for the approach to New London Bridge. This vault was believed to have remained unopened since the great fire.

No. 5, with many similar pipes. I have four of them, were dug up among numerous human bones in 1825, by the workmen employed in making a sewer at Battle bridge near Petonville, where it is traditionally said that the persons who died of the plague in 1665 were buried, and it is supposed that those engaged in disposing of the dead smoked almost constantly as a preventive against the infection, and threw their pipes into the grave as they closed it up.

No. 6, which I am inclined to consider a pipe of foreign manufacture, was dug up about twenty years ago from a considerable depth, near Thomond-gate Bridge, Limerick.

It is the only ancient ornamented one I have ever seen; but as Limerick was garrisoned by troops of various nations, and sustained more than one siege, it is difficult to come to any conclusion respecting the precise date of this pipe.

I should observe, that I have several pipes like numbers 4 and 5, one of which was found at Carrigrohan Castle, near Cork; three more were turned up at Claremont, near Dublin, with the clay pipe-stoppers, evidently appendages to pipes with small bowls, and numbered 9, 10, and 11, the latter marked with the letters I. H. which happen, oddly enough, to be the initials of my worthy friend Mr. Joseph Humphreys, the Head Master of the Deaf and Dumb Institution there, to whom I am indebted for these contributions to my collection.



No. 7 was dug up in an earthen mound, known as Henry the Eighth's Mount, in Richmond Park, and was given to me by Mr. Jesse. It is the tradition, that Henry stood on this mound to watch a rocket which was sent up as a signal of the decapitation of one of his wives having taken place; and that he had caused the mound to be made for

the purpose. This part of the tradition, however, I am satisfied is not correct, the mound having every appearance of an ancient British barrow, of which three or four are evident along the brow of the hill in the Park, between the Richmond and the Kingston gates. But this is wandering from my subject.

No. 8 is the bowl of a pipe which I picked up in 1812, near Kilcrea Castle, in the County of Cork. What satisfies me that numbers 7 and 8 belong to the reign of William the Third, is my having received from Mr. Jesse two pipes with large bowls of the same fashion, which were taken out of the ponds at Hampton Court when recently cleared, and these ponds are known not to have been cleared out since 1770.

Among the old tobacco pipes in my possession is one found in 1808 in removing the ruins of the printing office of Mr. Nichols, in Red Lion Passage, Fleet-street, London, after its destruction by fire, and given to me by that gentleman; from whom I have recently received another old pipe, which has been turned up in his garden at "The Chancellor's," Hammersmith: and Mr. Nichols, Jun. has likewise just increased my collection, by presenting me with an ancient pipe, dug up at the foot of Bobs Mound, Reading, in 1792.

The conclusion I have arrived at, from a careful comparison of the shapes of all the old tobacco pipes I have got together, and the consideration of the situations in which they were found, is, that the Danes had about as much concern in smoking with them as the fairies. That the smaller the bowl, the more ancient the pipe, and for this there is a reason in the rarity and value of tobacco on its first introduction. I therefore venture to assign No. 3 to the reign of Elizabeth; No. 2, which is somewhat larger, to that of James I. or Charles I.; Nos. 4 and 5 to the Commonwealth and Charles II.'s reign, for which appropriation I think there is satisfactory proof in the discoveries made at Battle-bridge, in Crooked-lane, and in the vault under the Boar's Head Tavern; as well as in this shape being the one most commonly found—nineteen out of my thirty pipes belonging to this class—and thus corroborating the popularity of the practice of smoking tobacco about the middle of the seventeenth century, whereof an old ballad-maker sings,

"Though many men crack,
Some of ale, some of sack,
And think they have reason to do it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o'er
The honour they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick, and the healthy."

The change from the egg or barrel-shaped bowl of the tobacco pipes of Charles II.'s reign to the larger and more graceful form of William III.'s period, is illustrated by numbers 8 and 7, from whence the transition into the shape at present used is obvious.

I have to apologise for the length to which this communication upon so trifling a subject has extended, and trusting to your indulgence, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,
T. CROFTON CROKER.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

PADDY DOYLE'S FIRST TRIP TO CORK.

MR. EDITOR.—As I saw in an old number of the Dublin Penny Journal, a letter from Darby Doyle, giving an account of his thrip to Quebec;—an' as Darby was my own blood relation, being my first cousin jarmín, by the father's side, I said to myself, if this Dublin jantleman printed Darby's letter, about his voyage to America, why shouldn't I make bould to trouble him with an account of my trip to Cork; for I'm sure an' sartin, if it was written out fairly by the schoolmaster above, an' if you, yourself, would take the thubble of correcting it, it would be just as amusing as my cousin Darby's.

Ather Jilian Murphy, the mother o' my little grawls, went from us, I was forced to give up the sod of ground for want o' help. Jilian an' I wor tied for nine years, an' we had, in that time, as many little girls; for she was very fond, aither a way she had of having twins, poor

dear woman, an' in all that time, "ill you did it," wasn't between us. I left the ground, as I was saying, an' took a cabin on the road side, an' kept a bit of a baste at work on the new line that was thin carrying on by Mr. Griffith, (I suppose Sir, you hard tell of him,) an' a little dhrop o' whiskey to sell to the masons an' boys that worked on the road. In the course o' time, I picked up my crums so well entirely, that I put a stone facing to the mud wall of my cabin, struck a bit of a pavement from the dure to the road, to make my place cumfortable for travellers; got a settle-bed in the kitchen, an' if the little girls didn't garnish the new dhresser with all kinds an' sizes of crockery-ware, 'tisn't day yet! an' instead o' buying my little gallon of christened whiskey, at John Sullivan's, in Mill-street, I used to sind for it to Mr. Punch, the spirit seller, at Malla-lane, an' thin to another in Cork: an' at last, as I got stronger, nothing would plaze me, but to hoist off my sails to the beautiful city itself, for a full cask, from the fountain head, at Murphy's still. So getting Shanne into the ould car, an' putting a few good yellow boys into the heel of an ould stocking, I commenced my journey.

On arriving in Cork, I put up my horse at a frind's house, an' turned down Goulasporra, towards the ould jail, that is, where the ould jail was, for they took it out to the country some time ago, to give the pris'ners a taste of fresh air, I suppose. As I turned Goulasporra, as I was saying, who should I meet, but my gossip, Jim Connor.

"Well met, Jim," sis I, "I'm going a bit beyant here, to dhrop a letter from Father Foley, (which was thure for me, at a sartin house,) an' thin we'll take the wetting of our lips together." Jim pushed on with me, an' on our return, ather laving the letter, we passed through a fine shreet, where all the shops were crowded with rumps o' beef, an' legs o' mutton, an' beautiful fish; but the sight o' the roast beef, an' delightful parfume, knocked me up entirely."

"Jim, avic," sis I, "that's a grand sight, I wondher what soart o' people ates all that mate."

"Thure for ye Pad," sis he, "I suppose they must be people that have teeth an' stummucks like ourselves."

"O, more sorra to ye," sis I, Jim Connor, "for Eagan O'Rahilly wouldn't bate you at a joke,—but I wondher would they let two *cabogues* (vulgar persons) like us, taste it at-all, at-all."

Jist as the words left my mouth, an' I standin' in the street, a fine shahool lady came to the dure.

"Walk in Pad," sis she, "and take a bit o' dinner,—you must have an appetite ather your journey."

"Long life, an' a thousand thanks to yer ladyship," sis I, taking off my hat, an' making a ginteel scrape with my leg, that sent the gutther five yards beyant me, an' a bow a little below my knees. "Your ladyship must be from Duhallow, to know my name,—do ye belong, madam, to the O'Driscolls, or the grate Kelihers of that county?"

"O! I hard tell o' thim," sis she, "an' many's the Duhallow man, besides you, troubles me here."

"Walk in an' make much o' yourself, Jim," sis I, "for what do ye stand grinnin' there like a Kerry goat, sure you know a man can take a stocach (an attendant) with him any where he's invited,—be bowld man."

In we wint.

"What'll ye choose, sir," says the lady, "would ye have some beef an' cabbage, a nice bit o' mutton an' colic-flower, (cauliflower,) or a porcupine o' vale, or —"

"Go no further, madam a-chree," sis I, "as to the porcupine, the sorra a wan I ever saw cooked, let alone ate—we'll pass that—the colicflour must be good for the stummuck—and by the same token, I had a spice o' the gripe all day;—so we'll thry that an' the mutton, with your lave, ather we taste a thrifle o' the beef an' cabbage."

"Molly," sis she, "shew the gintlemen up stairs, into the small room."

Molly was a good-looking girl, with a mighty roguish bit of an eye, an' a smile that id coax a wild plover.

"Molly," sis I, ma colleen bawn, (she had fair hair, beautifully curled,) "I wish I had you in the sporting bareny o' Duhallow, where I have a snug somewhat