

The Young Bluenose.

A PAPER FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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NO. 1.

For the YOUNG BLUENOSE.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

BY EBEN S. FRYE.

Life without definite aim,
Is drear as early morn,
Like a ship without a rudder
Drifting, hither and yon.

Life without definite aim,
Is a lonely life to lead;
It ne'er will bring prosperity,
Which, surely, we do need.

Let life's aim be high,
Despising all things low:
"An aimless life" is worthless,
If we but rightly know.

From the EASTERN SUNBEAM.

TOBACCO.

By Winslow.

AS Adam took his first chew, he was heard to remark to Eve, —but, pardon, tobacco was discovered some months later. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed between the first pair, and they exist between the best of pairs, tobacco seems not to have been a bone of contention. Never was the first man guilty of squirting tobacco juice over the floor just scoured by the first woman. And, verily, in those days there was peace.

But in the latter days, evil befell the land, for Columbus sighted America and found tobacco. It is not for me to say that Columbus was dying for a "chew," and this made him restless to quit Spain, for I hesitate to question the motives of any man, but I have seen men who wanted a chew, act in just that uneasy way.

Foreign tourists often remark that America does not favorably compare with the old countries in such vanities as worthless ruins, romantic monasteries and long histories. The long-whiskered, frock-coated gentry of England, glide up the Hudson on our floating palaces, gaze upon the sublimest natural scenery of a world, and then have the folly and brass to say,

"Ha-hem-yes-ah-but-the-pic-yes picturesque-you know-ha-little castles-ah-yes-you know." Of course we know it. We have not had time to perch a half-dozen grim, ungainly piles of stone upon certain of these mountain peaks, it is all our enterprising drummers can do in the way of romance, to label conspicuous rocks with sweet intelligence, to wit, "Buy Norton's Plasters," or, "Herrick's Pills are good for children," or texts from the "Sozodont" literature, but in a few matters we boast the "Congest histories." We glory in our tobacco record, and when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Tobacco was first known in America. Rejoice every time-hearted patriot, who sincerely loves father-land. Before Roman, or Persian, or Greek, or Celt ever dreamed of "fine-cut" or "Havana," the untutored savage of this continent knew all the brands.

When Columbus in 1492 landed at Cuba, he first saw smoke, then a five-cent stubb cigar, and then an Indian, smiling as complacent as a book-agent or Ninguta hack-driver. Cortes likewise moved through clouds of tobacco smoke, and soon learnt to manufacture "clouds" himself. It is wonderful how they took to baptizing Indians, stealing gold and smoking tobacco.

In hunting up facts on the subject, we find John Nienhoff, a Brazilian resident of two hundred summers ago,—he is dead now,—talking in his usual pleasant way,—dear soul, we can just imagine how he used to talk, talk everlastingly,—about the enormous stone pipes used by the tribes of the Tapoyes. "The bowls of their pipes are so big that they contain a whole hand-ful (what size glove?) of tobacco at a time. By swallowing the smoke, the sorcerers of the Brazilian tribes raised themselves to

ecstasy in their convulsive orgies, and saw spirits." This sounds just like John, and is decidedly a good story. We can believe it though, and the only trouble we find is in getting any one else to believe it. For instance, the story is discredited by Teddie Griffin, whose experience in smoking his first cigar was surprisingly different. He claims, and we have no reason to doubt his word, for he was a strict Sunday School boy (about picnic time), that he began to feel restless all over but the focus of trouble seemed to settle in his stomach, right among his undigested breakfast. For some unknown reason, the hash of that particular morning's meal had a little misunderstanding with the stomach. An insurrection took birth. War was declared. The first "heat" was decided in favor of the stomach. The hash was driven from its stronghold. It rose. This too, in direct opposition of the laws of gravity, to say nothing of Teddie's feelings on the subject, who saw no prospect of obtaining a second breakfast. But, though he could not see two breakfasts, he saw the first one twice. Then his head began strange antics: countersaults, jigs, trapeze-performances, parallel-bar tumbings and other diversions. Teddie sat down to think. He thought he fell over, he was right about it, he did. The next thing he felt was a tumult in another quarter. Right again, for when he awoke it was not all a dream. His mother was there, and also a nice, thin, elastic, enterprising, business, go-ahead shingle. The old lady was dusting the seat of Teddie's trousers. It was fun to see the dust fly at every harpoon. I mean it was fun to an outsider; Teddie was however inside (the trousers). Some little circumstance like that oft makes a difference about one's appreciation of a joke.

But we could never afterwards