



A

PIPE of TOBACCO:

In Imitation of

Six Several A U T H O R S,

I M I T A T I O N I.

A N E W - Y E A R ' S O D E.

R E C I T A T I V O.

**O**LD battle-array, big with horror is fled,  
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head.  
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;  
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

A I R.

When summer suns grow red with heat,  
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire,  
When wintry storms around us beat,  
TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.  
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,  
In thy praises jointly sing.

R E C I T.

## RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,  
 Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets;  
 Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,  
 And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

## A I R.

Happy mortal! he who knows  
 Pleasure which a PIPE bestows;  
 Curling eddies climb the room,  
 Wafting round a mild perfume.

## RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,  
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;  
 BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,  
 Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd;  
 E'en restless faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

## A I R.

Smiling years that gayly run  
 Round the zodiack with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.  
 BRITISH sons no longer now  
 Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,  
 Nor of crimson combat think,  
 But securely smoke and drink.

C H O.

## C H O R U S.

Smiling years, that gayly run  
 Round the zodiack with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.

## I M I T A T I O N II.

**L**ITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,  
 Charmer of an idle hour,  
 Object of my warm desire,  
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire :  
 And thy snowy taper waist,  
 With my finger gently brac'd ;  
 And thy pretty swelling crest,  
 With my little stopper prest,  
 And the sweetest blifs of blisses,  
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses.  
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
 Happiest he of happy men ;  
 Who when agen the night returns,  
 When agen the taper burns ;  
 When agen the cricket's gay,  
 (Little cricket, full of play)  
 Can afford his tube to feed  
 With the fragment INDIAN weed :  
 Pleasure for a nose divine,  
 Incense of the god of wine.  
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
 Happiest he, of happy men.

I M I T A-

## I M I T A T I O N III.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,  
 TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,  
 That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought  
 Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,  
 And at each puff imagination burns:  
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires  
 Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,  
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.  
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines  
 Of ductile clay, with plastick virtue form'd,  
 And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.  
 From ΠΑΤΟΤΗΚΗ with pungent pow'rs perfum'd  
 Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbib'd  
 Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illum'd,  
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,  
 Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,  
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,  
 And many-mining fires: I all the while,  
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.  
 But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,  
 In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,  
 Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.  
 Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou  
 My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,  
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,  
 Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.

I M I T A-

## I M I T A T I O N IV.

**C**RITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;  
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.  
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near  
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.  
 POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,  
 So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.  
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;  
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is — a puff:  
 Lord FOPLIN smokes not — for his teeth afraid:  
 Sir TAWDRY smokes not — for he wears brocade.  
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;  
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;  
 But courtiers hate the puffing tribe, — no matter,  
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!  
 Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he  
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?  
 The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)  
 Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him — spit.  
 CRITONIA vows it has an odious stink;  
 She will not smoke (ye gods!) — but she will drink:  
 And chaste PRUDELIA (blame her if you can)  
 Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:  
 Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,  
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:  
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,  
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke — ev'ry thing.

I M I T A -

## I M I T A T I O N V.

**B**LEST leaf! whose aromattick gales dispense  
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense :  
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA'S shrine  
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.  
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords  
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords :  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.  
 Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.  
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.  
 Nor less the critick owns thy genial aid,  
 Whiie supperless he plies the piddling trade.  
 What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,  
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

## I M I T A T I O N VI.

**B**OY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN'S best,  
 And bid the vicar be my guest :  
 Let all be plac'd in manner due,  
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,

And

And London Journal, or Free-Briton,

Of use to light a pipe, or \* \*

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This village, unmolested yet  
 By troopers shall be my retreat :  
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray ;  
 Who cannot write or vote for \* .  
 Far from the vermin of the town,  
 Here let me rather live, my own,  
 Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland  
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land ;  
 Of all which at Vienna passes,  
 As ignorant \* \* Brags is :  
 And scorning rascals to cares,  
 Extol the days of good Queen BESS,  
 When first TOBACCO blest our isle,  
 Then think of other Queens — and smite.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along  
 Midnight revelry and song ;  
 The merry catch, the madrigal,  
 That echoes sweet in City Hall ;  
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale  
 Of country justice o'er his ale.  
 I ask not what the French are doing,  
 Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin :  
 Britons, if undone, can go,  
 Where TOBACCO loves to grow.