

A
PIPE of TOBACCO.
I N
IMITATION
O F
SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

The THIRD EDITION, with NOTES.



L O N D O N:

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T H E
P U B L I S H E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



Friend of mine having sent me some Observations on the *Latin* MOTTOS at the Head of these very ingenious IMITATIONS, I thought it would not be unacceptable to the *English* Readers to have them inserted by way of Notes.





A

PIPE of TOBACCO.

IMITATION I.

* *Laudes egregii Cæsaris* —
Culpa deterere ingeni — HOR.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVO.



LD Battlé-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.

* This is a Sneer on one who thought it his peculiar, distinguish'd Province, to celebrate the great Praises of a very extraordinary and most illustrious Monarch: Yet shamefully sneaks and debases them, by a most deplorable Defect of Wit and Dulness of Genius.

A I R.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat
 TOBACCO tempers *Phæbus'* Ire ;
 When Wintry Storms around us beat,
 TOBACCO cheers with gentle Fire.
 Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
 In thy Praises jointly sing.

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 Zodiac 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-

CHORUS.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun;
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.





IMITATION II.

*——*Tenuēs fugit ceu Fumus in auras.*

VIRG.



Little 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 swelling ashey Crest,
With my little Stopper prest ;

A

And

* This is spoken by *Virgil*, of the sudden vanishing of *Anchises's* Form, which had appear'd to *Aeneas*. The Imitation seems, by this Motto, to satirise that low, trifling way of Writing, which, having no Solidity in it, vanishes, and is gone as soon as Smoak that mixes itself and is lost in the great thin Air.

And the sweetest Blifs of Bliffes,
Breathing from thy balmy Kiffes.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieft 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 fragrant *Indian* Weed :
Pleasure for a Nofe divine,
Incense of the God of Wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieft he of happy Men.





I M I T A T I O N III.

§ ——— *prorumpit ad Æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo* ———

VIRG.



Thou, matur'd by glad *Hesperian Suns*,
TOBACCO, Fountain pure of * *lim-*
pid 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.

B 2

Behold

§ This is spoken of Mount *Ætna* sending up black, smoaking, pitchy Clouds into the Skies; and is here apply'd to the turgid obscure Writer.

* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 12,

† Ibid. Ver. 16.

Behold an Engine, wrought from tauny Mines,
 Of ductile Clay, with * *plastic Virtue* form'd,
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.

From || *Pætotheke* with pungent Pow'rs per-
 fum'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 Muses Bowl.*

Oh

* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 104.

|| A Poetical Word for a Tobacco-box.

† Ibid. Ver. 243, 245. ‡ Ibid. Ver. 247.

§ Poem on Liberty, Ver. 309. ||| Ibid. Ver. 171.

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 mystic Song.



IMITA-



IMITATION IV.

* ——— *bullatis mihi nugis*
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea Fumo.
PERS.



CRITICS 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.

Cox-

* *Perseus* says,
Non equidem Studio bullatis, &c.

It is not my Intention, or Desire, to write in such swelling ridiculous Manner, as is fit for nothing else but to add Heaviness to Smoke and Darkness. The Author of these Imitations applies his Motto so as to reverse the Meaning of *Perseus*, and makes the Writer, he is here imitating, express a Fondness for that Sort of Style which *Perseus* protests against.

Coxcombs prefer the tickling Stink 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*.
Citronia vows it has an odious Stink;
 She will not smoke (ye Gods!) but she will
 drink:

And chaste *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
 Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature *Man*:

Yet

Yet Crowds remain, who still its Worth pro-
claim,

While some for Pleasure smoke, and some for
Fame :

Fame, of our Actions univerfal Spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke, —
ev'ry Thing.



IMITA-



IMITATION V.

* *Vanescit Solis ad ortus
Fumus,*

LUCAN.



LEST Leaf! whose aromatic Gales
dispense

To Templers 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:

C

Rest

* This is intended as a great Compliment to the Poet imitated, who is here represented as the Sun, at whose Rising the Smoke, or Fog, is immediately dispers'd; his Writing being so fine and pure, that it suffers no Obscurity to attend it.

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 Critic owns thy genial Aid,
 While 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.





IMITATION VI.

* ——— *Ex Fumo dare lucem :*

HOR.



OY! bring an Ounce of *Weekley'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 *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*,

Of Use to light a Pipe, or * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* This represents a Writer who does not throw Obscurity on shining and great Subjects, but strikes Light out of the dullest and the most trifling.

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 as *** *Brass* 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 smile.

*Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
 Midnight Revelry and Song ;
 The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
 That ecchoes sweet in City Hall ;*

The

*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.*

The E N D.



