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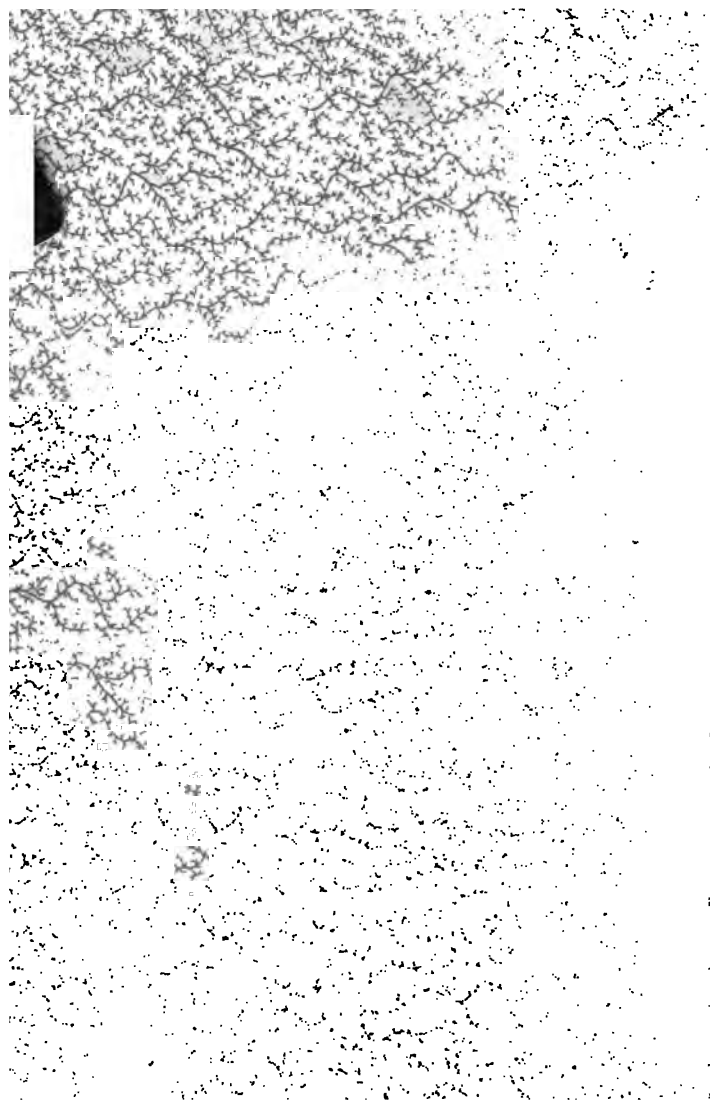
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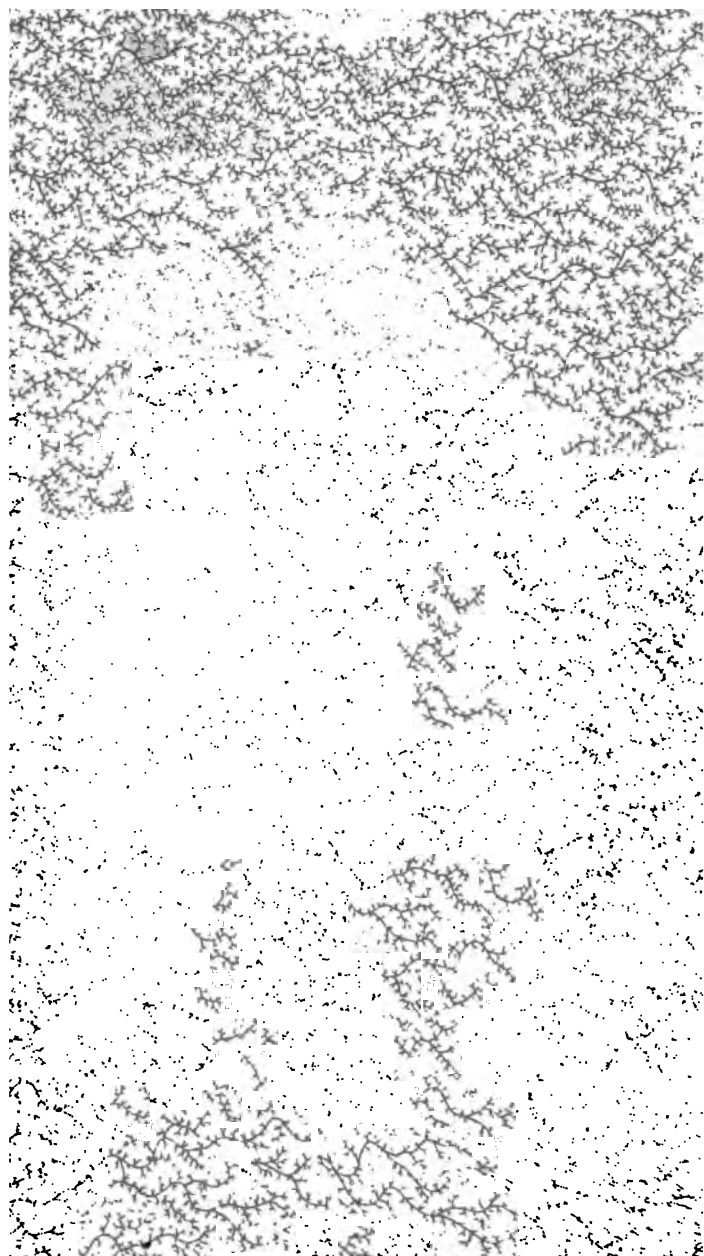
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1917
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THE
SOCIAL PIPE.

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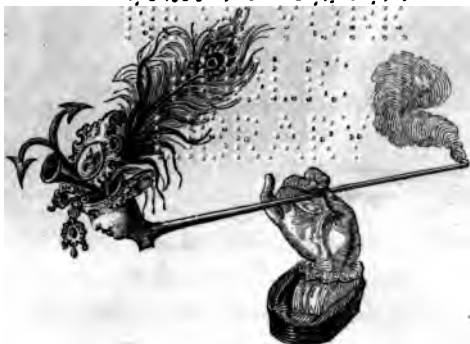
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THE
SOCIAL PIPE;
OR,
GENTLEMAN'S RECREATION.

A POEM.

"Of cheering Bowls I mean to sing the praise,
And of the Herb that can the Poet's fancy raise;
Aid me, O! father Phœbus, I invoke,
Fill me a Pipe (boy) of that fragrant smoke,
That I may drink the God into my brain,
And so enabled, write a noble strain;
For nothing great or high can come from thence,
Where that blest plant denies its influence."

Raphael Thorio.

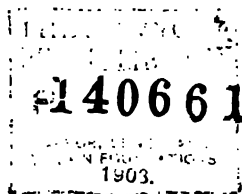


LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS GOSDEN,
SPORTSMAN'S REPOSITORY,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCXXVI.

G. G. H.



NOY WAM
JLBN
VYAGRU

Dedicated to the Lovers

OF

THE COLUMBIAN WEED.

THE subsequent little Poem is respectfully Inscribed to the Admirers of the Virginian Leaf: Let it be moulded into whatever form the fancy may dictate, whether to evaporate from the Social Tube, to appear as the fragrant Cigar, or pulverized for the golden box that occupies the pocket of the Peer: whether shaped into the Seaman's savory Quid, or drawn through the many windings of the Tube attached to the East-Indian Hookah: it is a weed that has for its salutary virtues been the delight of millions, the solace of the solitary, the promoter of social intercourse, the concomitant of mirth, and the kind offering of friendship.

That the essence of the Social Weed has its enemies, is without a doubt; but of what description of beings are they composed? the advocates for false delicacy, the half-formed fribble, and the gaudy beau. Let it be remembered, that he

who first introduced smoking Tobacco into this Country, was one of the most finished gentlemen of that, or any other age; and it may be truly asserted, that in the present day Tobacco smoking is in no respect incompatible with the most elegant pursuits of the *Man of Fashion*, as well as the refreshment of the Merchant after his fatigues of mercantile studies: therefore, whenever I hear a charge of its impotency, it is only to exclaim,

To me their censure seems the notes of praise,
And yet myself at ease, my points to raise.

In all ages, since the discovery of this immense source of national treasure, the inhabitants of the civilised world have made the smoking Tobacco their desiderata, and the wisest and the best informed of mankind, have shewn themselves among its advocates.

The learned Doctor Raphaele Thorius, in his Poem, entitled *HYMNUS TOBACI*, sings divinely in praise of this salutary importation, as does his translator, Ludovico à Kincshot, and many others of equal celebrity; but let us come nearer home—and attend to the commendations

bestowed by our own writers, men of the most exalted genius, and of character as elevated in life. Sir Richard Steele, in his description of the Smoking Club, of which he was a Member, has spoken in its praise, and Doctor Garth in describing the Association at Barn-Elms, when Jacob Tonson accommodated the nobility and gentry at his *Kit-Kat-Club* with Pipes and Tobacco; and then let us turn to the delectable Mr. Addison, who, in his *Spectator*, details a pretty story of his smoking friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. All these will prove that smoking has been held both salutary and amusing, by Law! Physic! and Divinity! Nor are these celebrated characters without their imitators or emulators; at the present day, gentlemen who stand as pre-eminently grand in the schools of learning and virtue as did any of their predecessors, before, or since the last century, and of whom a number of pleasing anecdotes are at this moment in circulation; among others, the following are related of Doctor Aldrich, and of Doctor Parr.

Doctor Aldrich's excessive love for smoking

was well known to his associates, but a young student of his College finding some difficulty to bring a fellow Collegian into the belief of it, laid him a wager, that the Dean Aldrich was smoking at that time, (about ten o'clock in the morning), away, therefore, went the student to the Deanery, when being admitted to the Dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. To which the Dean replied, in perfect good humour, "You see, Sir, your friend has lost his wager, for I am not now smoking, but only filling my Pipe!"

Doctor Parr was to the full as strongly attached to the Social Tube as Doctor Aldrich, and wherever he went to dine was indulged with his favourite whiff. The Doctor was once invited by a gentleman, whose wife, a fine lady, had an intense aversion to smoking, and the following little Drama was the result.

HUSBAND. My dear, whom do you think I met in the street just now? and invited to dinner to-morrow.

WIFE. I cannot say my love, unless you tell me.

HUSBAND. Doctor Parr.

WIFE. Very well love, you know I am always happy to see your friends at our table.

HUSBAND. You are very kind, my dear wife, but I must mention one thing, the Doctor, wherever he goes, is indulged with a Pipe!

WIFE. Indeed, my dear! then I have only this to say, he shall not have that indulgence here! no gentleman shall smoke a Pipe in my Drawing-room.

The husband perceiving the case to be lost, like a wise man, gave up the subject. On the morrow the Doctor came, and a select party met him. After a sumptuous dinner, they retired to the Drawing-room, when the Doctor began to feel certain cravings for the stimulating fumes of his beloved Pipe; he tried to catch the eye of his host, but that was constantly averted, the lady of the house was on the *qui vite*, she watched both her husband and the Doctor; at length the reverend gentleman grew impatient, he addressed himself in a half whisper to his friend, the word Pipe caught the ear of madam, who immediately took upon herself to answer for her husband.

WIFE. Doctor Parr, I hope you will excuse what I am going to say, but I cannot permit smoking in my Drawing-room.

DOCTOR. And why not, madam? I have smoked a Pipe with my King, and it surely can be no offence or disgrace to a subject to permit me the like indulgence.

WIFE. Notwithstanding that, Sir, I never will allow my Drawing-room to be defiled with the nauseous smoke of Tobacco. I have ordered a room below to be prepared for any gentlemen who wish to indulge in that disagreeable habit.

DOCTOR. Madam!

WIFE. Sir!

DOCTOR. Madam, you are—

WIFE. I hope you will not express any rudeness, Sir.

DOCTOR. (Raising his voice) *Madam, you are the greatest Tobacco Stopper in all England.*

This sally caused a loud laugh, and though the Doctor had not the pleasure of his Pipe, he enjoyed the effects of his wit on the now thoroughly disconcerted and offended lady.

When such men as Dr. Thorius, Sir Richard Steel, Mr. Addison, Dr. Aldrich, and Dr. Parr, could think a Pipe of Tobacco one of the greatest luxuries that could be enjoyed, surely he must be a Cynic who would debar any one from the gratification of such a harmless pleasure. It is not to such, but to their opponents, I respectfully conclude this Dedication, at the same time, give this advise to my brother Smokers,

Let clamorous dames the weed with wrath pursue,
In quiet rest, nor heed the noisy shrew ;
Ignite your Pipe, and spread the fragrant blast,
The storm that's loudest must subside at last.

THE AUTHOR,

T. N.

THE SOCIAL PIPE,

A POEM.



INVOCATION.

PROLIFIC Bard,* who sang of Cyder strong,
And thou,† who of the Hop dealt tuneful lays,
Infuse thy spirit, nor disdain my song,
Of fair Columbia's weed, and Raleigh's praise.

A STORM.

SHUT!‡ shut! the doors, make all the windows fast,
Or soon my Brussel carpets will be spoil'd;
The smokers come to blow the fœtid blast,
And all my costly hangings will be soil'd.

* Phillips, Author of Cyder, a Poem.

† Christopher Smart, Author of the Hop Garden, a Poem.

‡ In this my lady was mistaken; had her ladyship ordered
all the doors and windows to have been thrown open, a free

Could they no pot-house choose, or lowly crib,
That tottering stands beside the common way,
Where rests the tinker and his smutty rib,
After their labours at the close of day?

Curse on their pipes, they make my spirits faint,
O! that this filthy custom was no more!
Thus sang my lady, spread with sickly paint,
And foul Cosmetic's from the Gallic shore.

Thus sang my lady prim'd with Ratafie,
Casting around a most unpleasant breath,
From which no medicine shall set her free,
But that which quiets all, the dose of death.

circulation of air had driven the vapours and their effects away; but it is no uncommon thing for persons who suffer themselves to be governed by prejudice, to begin their work at the wrong end.

A CONSOLATION.

Well, let her rave, we smokers know thy worth,
Our classic wits have sung Tobacco's praise,
And giv'n to many a sheet of wisdom birth,
Beneath thine argent clouds and ruby rays.

For all her slander thou'rt an harmless toy,
By fops, and fribbles, only thought offence;
But what are these? still destin'd to annoy
The modest maiden, and the man of sense.

Full many a charm, my Pipe, I've found in thee,
Thou healing balm! thou Mithridatic weed!
From foul aspersion not to set thee free,
Had been a low ingratitude, indeed!

At wint'ry morn* when frozen fades the vale,
While to his upland task, the rustic sped;
I've follow'd cheerful, as he mixt the gale,
With fragrance, rich Arcadia never shed.

For thee I've spurn'd the perfumes of the East,
The Rosy Otto, and the Ceylon Mace;
The breathing Clove, so potent in the feast,
That blends the festive cup, and cheers his grace.

For thee, but needless 'twere new proof to bring,
To pass with Momus sons the jocund hours,
I've left the balmy blossoms of the spring,
And all the fresh'ning sweets of summer flow'rs.

* Let the Traveller who has followed the smoking Clowp
up the Hill on a frosty morning decide on this.

Health bids me prize thee, Tube of polish'd clay,
To keep afar pollution from my lips,
To raise my spirits at the close of day,
When brighter mounts the cup, that friendship
sips.

ALL NATIONS HONOR THEE.

'Tis not for me to sing thy praise alone,
Where e'er the merchant spreads his wind
bleach'd sails;
Wherever social intercourse is known,
There to thy credit, still the theme prevails.

The bearded Turk, majestically grand,
In high Divan upholds the jointed reeds;
And clearer reasons on the case in hand,
Till opposition to his lore concedes.

Thy potent charms delight the Nabob's taste,
Fix't on his elephant, (half reasoning beast!)
He twines the gaudy Hookah round his waist,
And puffs thine incense to the breezy East.

The grave Batavian 'midst his half-year's frost,
Delights to keep thy ruby fires awake,
And as in traffic's maze his fancy's tost,
Light skims the icy surface of the lake.

The Indian Sachem at his wigwam-gate,
By chiefs surrounded, when the warfare ends,
Seated in all the pomps of savage state,
Circles the Calumet to cheer his friends.

The Frenchman loves thee in a another way,
He grinds thy leaves to make him scented snuff,
Boasts of improvements, and presumes to say,
France still the polish gives, and we the rough.

Still let him boast, nor put John Bull to shame,
His gascoign tales shall Englishmen divert;
France for her trifles has been *dear* to fame,
From her the ruffle sprang, from us the shirt.

'The lib'ral Spaniard and the Portuguese,
Spread richest dainties brought from realms afar,
Nor think their festive efforts form'd to please,
Unless redundant breathes the sweet Cigar.

The love-sick Switzer from his frozen lake,
Lights thee to cheer him thro' the upland way;
To her who sighs impatient for his sake,
And thinks a moment loiter'd, is a moon's delay.

The hardy Scot amidst his mountain snow,
When icy fetters bind the dreary vale,
Draws from his mull the never failing glow,
That bids defiance to the rushing gale.

The honest Cambrians round their cyder-cask
In friendship met, the moments to solace,
Tell all thy worth as circles round the flask,
And cheerly sing of "Shenkin's noble Race."

The hardy Tar in foamy billows hid,
While fiery flashes all around deform,
Clings to the yard, and takes his fav'rite *quid*,
Smiles at the danger, and defies the storm.

And when the foe with daring force appears,
Re-current to the sav'ry pouch once more,
New vigour takes, and three for George he cheers,
As vict'ry smiles, and still the cannons roar.

The soldier loves thee on the weary march,
And when in battle dreadful armies join,
'Tis thou forbids his sulphur'd lips should parch,
And gives new strength to charge along the line

Thy acrid flavour to new toil invites,
The ploughman drooping 'neath the noonday-
beam,
Inspir'd by thee, bethinks of love's delights,
And down the furrow whistles to his team.

Thus all admire thee, search around the globe,
The rich, the poor, the volatile, the grave;
Save the *sweet* fop, who fears to taint his robe,
The smock fac'd fribble, and the henpeck'd
slave.

Thus all esteem thee, and to this agree,
Thou art the drug prefer'd in ev'ry clime,
To clear the head, and set the senses free,
And lengthen life beyond the wonted time.

WALTON AND COTTON.

Our Sires of old esteem'd this healing leaf,
Sacred to Bacchus and his rosy train;
And many a Country 'squire and martial chief,
Have sung its virtues 'midst a long campaign.

"Methinks I see Charles Cotton and his friend,
The modest Walton from Augusta's Town,
Enter the Fishing House, an hour to spend,
And by the marble* table set them down.

Boy! bring me in the jug of Darby Ale,
My best Tobacco, and my Smoking Tray;
The boy obedient brings the rich regale,
And each assumes his pipe of polish'd clay.

* See Walton's Complete Angler. Charles Cotton, of Berresford Hall, his little Fishing House.

Thus sang young Cotton, and his will obey'd,
And snug the friends are seated at their ease;
They light their Tubes without the least parade,
And give the fragrance to the playful breeze.

Now cloud on cloud pervades the Fisher's room,
The Moreland Ale rich sparkles to the sight,
They draw fresh wisdom from the circling gloom,
And deal a converse pregnant with delight.

So when our Druids inspiration sought,
They burnt the miseltoe to fume around:
Th' inspiring vapours gave a strength to thought:
They deal out lore impressive and profound.

Methinks I see them with the mental eye,
I hear their lessons with attention's ear;
Of early fishing with the Summer fly,
And many a pleasing tale to Angler's dear.

The while they draw from the inspiring weed,
They boast a charm the Smoker owns supreme;
And now diverted with the polish'd reed,
Forego the little Fish House by the stream."

Tho' this be fancy, still it serves to show
That wisdom's sons have lov'd Columbia's pride,
And shall, while waters round our Island's flow,
Tho' fools and fops its healing breath deride.

Mem'ry still hold me in her high esteem,
For lonely setting when the days decline;
Visions sublime, before my fancy gleam,
And rich ideas from her stores combine.

THE VISION OF RALEIGH.*

I † see great Raleigh hoist his daring sail,
 I see his bark return before the wind,
 And hear ten thousand grateful voices hail,
 The friend of commerce, learning, and mankind.

* He raised himself to honor while living, and has secured endless reputation after death, by a service of noble, and general achievements, he acted in very different capacities and excelled in all. He distinguished himself as a soldier, by his courage, by his conduct, a bold commander, a brave seaman, and a friend to all beneath his care, and yet no admiral maintained better discipline, a wise statesman, a profound scholar, a learned and withal a practical philosopher. In private life a beneficent master, a kind husband, an affectionate father, and in respect of the world, a warm friend, a pleasant companion, a fine gentleman. In a word, he may be truly stiled the English Xenophon, for no man of his age did things more worthy of being recorded, and no man was more proper to record them than himself, insomuch that we may say of him as Scaliger did of Cæsar, "he fought and wrote with the same inimitable spirit."

After this great man had been imprisoned near fifteen years, except the space of time spent in his attempt to discover the mines of Guajàna, King James beheaded him according to the partial judgment pronounced against him at Winchester. Thus fell this skilful navigator to whom the nations of Europe and America are more indebted than to all the Kings of the universe.

† With the mind's eye, as Shakespeare has it.

I see him hold the healing plant to view,
And hear him call it "Fortune's fairest gift,"
And as he draws the Tube a wond'ring crew,
Crowd to behold how drives the fuming drift.

Through fancy's opticks thus thy vapours fly,
While waves the wand in her creative hand;
A thousand forms the wide expanse supply,
Recurrent to their Queen's supreme command.

And now, alone, I view the studious knight,
Pondering the tome to aid some lib'ral plan,
While from his toy of reeds, fleecy and light,
Wreath the white clouds the Zephyr's love to fan.

AFFECTION WITH SIMPLICITY.

I see his witless 'squire in haste return,
With cooling water from the limpid spring,
He who had never seen Tobacco burn,
And stand in terror at the novel scene.

He thinks his master's brain is all on fire,
And taking silently a ready aim,
Casts forth the liquid* with a warm desire,
To save his master, and put out the flame.

* Tradition informs us that Sir Walter being at his house near Dartmouth, sent his servant to fetch him a pitcher of spring water, while the man was gone the Knight filled a Pipe and began to smoke Tobacco, the artless fellow on his return, having never seen the like before, concluded his master's brain to be on fire, and that the smoke proceeded from thence, when with the best intention the simpleton cast the contents of the pitcher in his master's face, exclaiming "that he would put out the fire, &c." See Frontispiece.

I see the Knight before the Virgin Queen,
 And hear him tell of toils, of dangers past;
 Of lands* discover'd, clad in fadeless green
 For England's profit, while the world shall last.

Visions still changing entertain my mind,
 While round thy slender waist my fingers cling,
 But, ah! to shew how fortune was unkind,
 One fatal scene the sylphs of fancy bring.

* Upon discovering the land, Sir Walter approached it between two Capes, his band of musicians playing the while, which greatly surprised the native savages, and encouraged them to come off with their presents, &c. Resolved to take possession of the country for his mistress, he named it Virginia, in honour of Elizabeth, who had the reputation of being a Virgin Queen.

To this great man Great Britain owes,
 The Plant and Country, where it grows;
 And that rare food which millions share,
 The poor man's meal, the Pom-de-terre.

Since the loss of America, we must relinquish the first couplet, but gratitude obliges us to retain the last.

I see Eliza sink into the tomb,
I see her knight abandon'd to the knife!
Curs'd be the ingrate tongue that spoke his doom,
I see her vile successors take his life.

Thus wrought my fancy, and shall ought amuse
The peaceful breast like fancy's sportful train?
Let minds more gross, the charms of thought abuse,
And plodding traders dream of hills of gain.

THOU ART A CHARM FOR WINTER.

Nor here to pause, I own thy potent pow'r,
When chilling blasts assail our frigid clime,
While flies the hail, or rudely beats the show'r,
Or sad impatience chides the wings of time.

Come, then, my pipe, and let thy savory cloud,
Now wisdom seldom shews her rev'rend mein,
Spread around my head a bland and shelt'ring
shroud,
When riot mingles mischief with the scene.

Shield me at evening from the selfish fool,
The wretch who never feels for human woes,
And while my conduct's fram'd by virtue's rule,
Let only peace and honor interpose.

Shield me by day from hatred's threat'ning frown,
Still let thine aromatic curtains spread,
When bold presumption mounts to put me down,
And hurls his maledictions round my head.

Do this my pipe, and till my sands' run out,
I'll sing thy praise among the sons of wealth,
Blest weed! that bids the glutton loose his gout,
And gains respect among the drugs of health.

No shrew shall harm thee, no mundungus foul
 Shall stain thy lining, as the ermine white:
 My choicest friends shall revel o'er thy bowl,
 And charm away the terrors of the night.

From ample hoards I'll bring thee fragrant spoils,
 The richest herb from Kenebeques shores,
 That grateful weed, that props the British Isles,*
 And Sussex, † England's Royal Duke, adores.

* The annual revenue of Tobacco, seldom amounts to less than Two Million sterling.

† Independent of His Royal Highness's attachment to the Columbian weed, the Duke has a repository where are to be seen in curious arrangement, all the Smoking Tubes in use by the civilized inhabitants of the world, from the slender pipe used by the Hollander to the magnificent Hookah, used by the Indian Prince in his Court, or on the back of his Elephant; and so attentive is the Prince to this healthful amusement that even in his travelling carriage a receptical is formed for the PIPE, the TINDER, the FLINT, and the STEEL.

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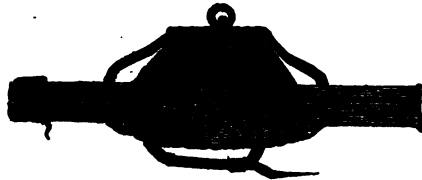
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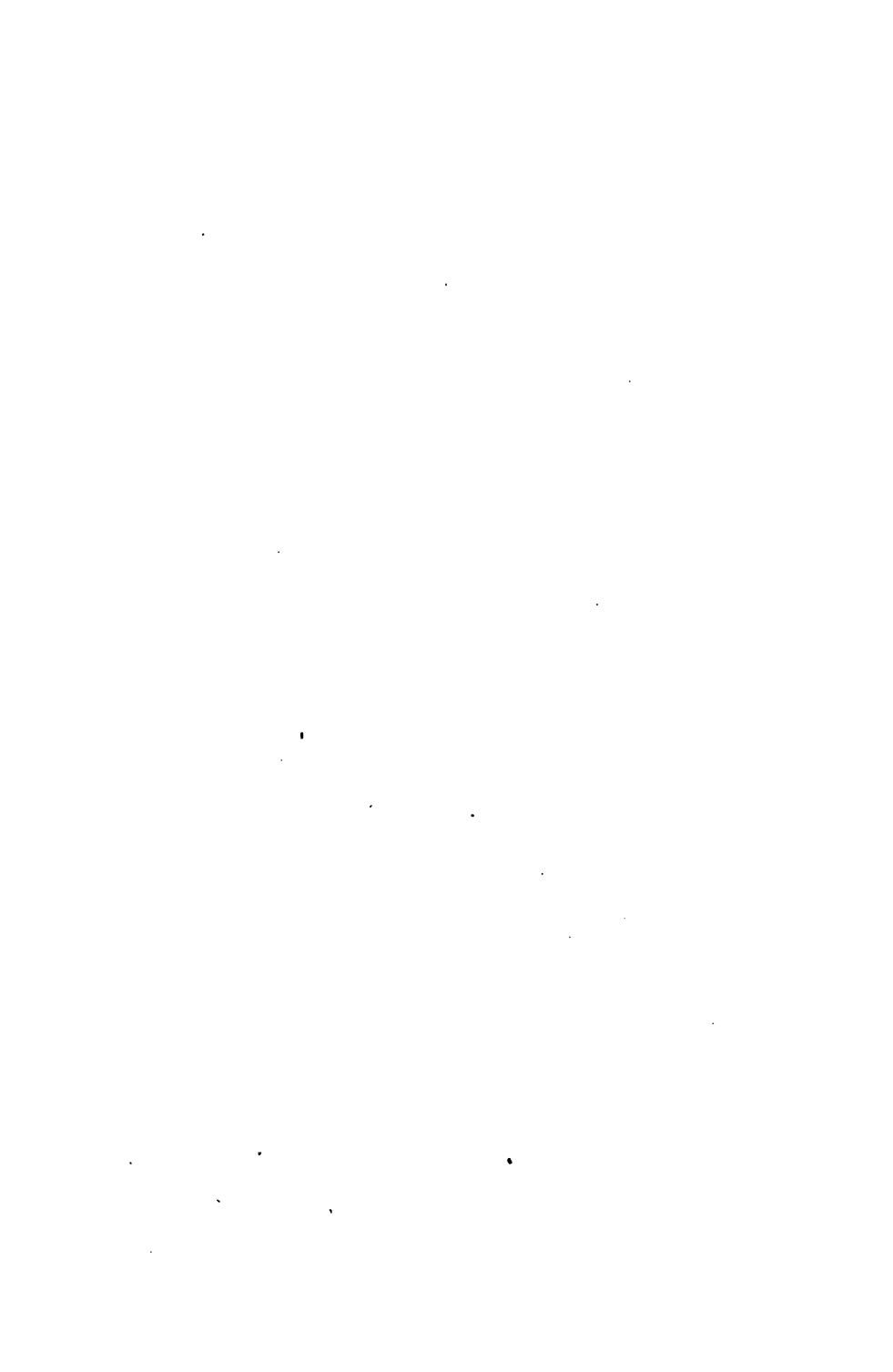
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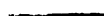


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