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**MOCK HEROICS,**  
ON  
**SNUFF, TOBACCO, AND GIN;**  
AND  
A RHAPSODY  
ON AN INKSTAND;  
WITH FOUR APPROPRIATE COLOURED CARICATURE  
ENGRAVINGS, BY CRUICKSHANK.

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**BY J. ELAGNITIN.**

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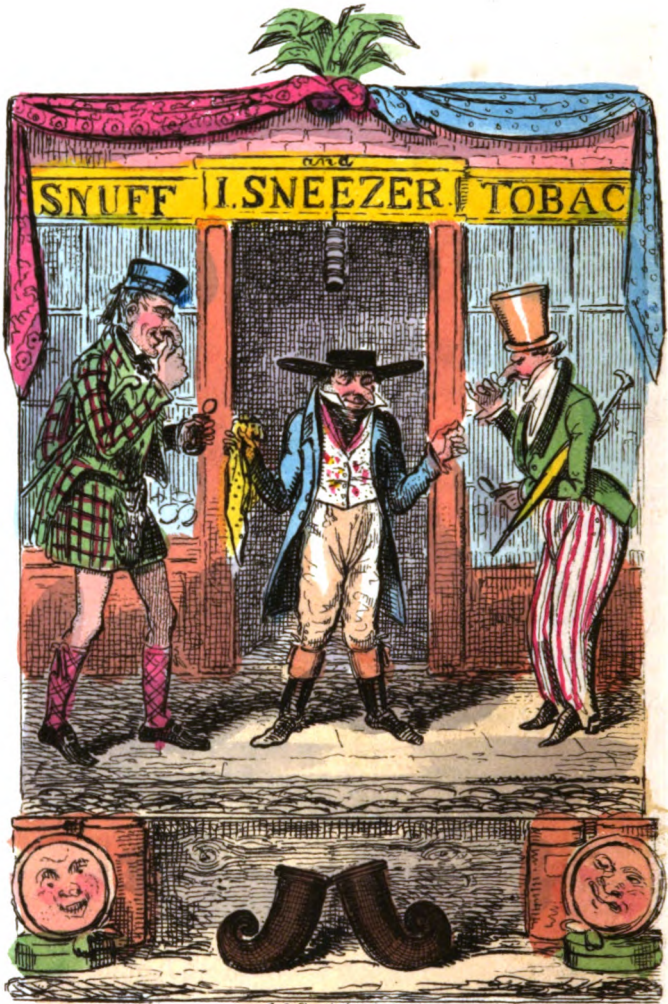


**London:**

PRINTED BY AND FOR HODGSON AND CO,  
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No. 10, NEWGATE-STREET.

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1822.



J. R. Cruikshank fecit.

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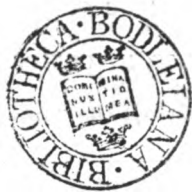
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## SNUFF.

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### I.

Hail, pungent monarch of th' olfactory sense !  
Lord of the nasal territory ! Hail !  
However varied are thy hues and scents,  
Alike o'er Kings and Beggars they prevail !

### II.

Or *Irish blackguard*, *Scotch*, or *Lundy foot*,  
Or *Prince's Mixture*, *Brown*, or *Black Rappee*,  
*Mix'd* or *unmix'd*, *scented* or *scented* not,  
So thou art *Snuff*, 'tis all the same to me.

### III.

Yes ; there are times of want and deep despair,  
When round, and round, my empty box, in vain,  
(Eying each crevice with most anxious care)  
My finger I have twisted for a grain.

### IV.

Oh ! those, indeed, are moments of distress,  
Known only by enthusiastic takers,  
Who, reckless of a bronzy nose, or dress,  
Would, for a pinch of *Snuff*, run over acres !

## v.

I've felt them oft, and oft have sigh'd for Hoare, \*  
 For Hardham, Wilson, † Skinner, ‡ Pymmer, § Nickson, ||  
 Aye, and for many famous snuff-men more,  
 Which, had I room, my snuffy muse might fix on.

## vi.

And I have seen a votary of *Balsora*,  
 Go raving mad—and roll his eyes--and clench  
 His trembling fist—and then the madman swore a  
 Tremendous oath—and all for one small pinch.

## vii.

Oh! 'tis a precious treat—when, harsh and dry  
 Is grown the passage 'twixt the mouth and nose,  
 To have the dingy atoms in one's eye,—  
 More tempting to the smell than any rose!

## viii.

Perkins avaunt! thy Tractors call'd metallic,  
 Possess not half the virtues of my *Snuff*;  
 There's nothing in thy rusty steel *cephalic*:---  
 In short, 'tis like the sinking fund, mere stuff.

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\* Hoare, Ludgate Hill, the successor of the celebrated Hardham.

† Wilson, Newgate Street.

‡ Skinner, Holborn Hill.

§ Pymmer, Newgate Street.

|| Nickson, Goswell Street.

## IX.

*Snuff* yields relief, when man is low and gloomy ;  
 Oppress'd with care, and thoughts of deep concern ;  
 And when the head and eyes are thick and rheumy,  
 It gives the mucous, quite a different turn.

## X.

*Snuff* is the handmaid of the Painter's art,  
 When high his fond imagination soars ;  
 And rich designs affect the eye and heart,  
 As on the glossy lid his soul he pours.

## XI.

Besides, there's something social in the Box ;—  
 Something that's friendly, neighbourly and pleasing :  
 See, with what grace the little finger cocks !  
 And then, Oh then! the extacy of sneezing !

## XII.

And if the well known apophthegm is true,  
 Wisdom itself is made of this rich stuff ;  
 For teach a man what he before ne'er knew,  
 And then we always say "*he's up to Snuff.*"\*

## XIII.

*Snuff!* *Snuff!* Imperial, diplomatic dust !  
 Boxes to hold thee, rais'd by hard taxation,  
 Millions in worth, our mighty men in trust,  
 Have given to kings of every christian nation.

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\* Vide "Modern Flash Dictionary," *in loc.*



## XIV.

Then call not taking Snuff a dirty thing—  
 A nasty habit, since it makes men merry:—  
 'Twas taken by old NORFOLK and the KING,  
 And once 'twas given away by LONDONDERRY !

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**TOBACCO.**

## I.

Nay; talk no more of *Etna's* burning base ;  
 Its blazing crater, or its boiling lava ;  
 Or of *Vesuvius'*, or *Stromboli's* face.  
 More dangerous than the *Upas Tree* of *Java*.

## II.

When these send forth their volumes of black smoke,  
 Surrounding Nature trembles with dismay ;  
 And people, thinking it "above a joke,"  
 "Pack up their awls," and try to run away !

## III.

Not so when odoriferous clouds arise,  
 Through pipes well lighted, from protuberant lips ;  
 Mounting in circling gusts towards the skies,  
 Enough to swell the sails of fifty ships.



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## IV.

Pray, call not this a whimsical farrago  
 Of figures from volcanoes and the seas ;  
 But rather bless the Island of *Tobago*,  
 Happiest and best of all the *Carribeas*.

## V.

From thence TOBACCO came!—that best of plants,—  
 --'Twas brought to England by Sir Francis Drake, \*  
 And now it oft supplies the poor man's wants:  
 That is, when he has nothing else to take.

## VI.

Follow this poor man, on a frosty morn,  
 Smoking his pipe to windward as he goes,  
 Then say, if ever since that you was born,  
 More cheering gales saluted your cold nose.

## VII.

Smoking assists the man of studious mind:—  
 Sucking his pipe, he cogitates with ease ;  
 It gives a richer current to the wind ;  
 And through the convex mist more clear he sees.

## VIII.

The reason's plain, to every man of sense—  
 At least, to those with optics well acquainted :

---

\* Some have said Sir Walter Raleigh ; but Bailey, says, Drake ; and I prefer his authority, because it suits my rhyme better.

Objects, when look'd at through a medium dense,  
Larger appear;—and sometimes as if painted.

## IX.

Would you escape the frightful plague's contagion :—  
The Typhus, or the Scarlet fever, dire,—  
Breathe, uncontaminated in a region  
Of smoke produced from aromatic fire.

## X.

And, would you sleep, forgetting all your cares,  
Despise not this most excellent exotic ;  
But smoke your pipe—undress—and say your prayers,  
Lie down ; and trust to Heaven and his narcotic.

## XI.

See, with what care the experienc'd smoker eyes  
The pipe's bent tube, and if 'tis sound and hollow ;  
Then, if approv'd in goodness and in size,  
He rubs the end with sealing-wax or tallow.

## XII.

This makes it smooth, and slippery, and sleek ;—  
Takes off the dryness of the hard burnt clay ;  
Much less corrosive to the lips and cheek,  
By taking all its cancerous powers away. \*

---

\* Cancers have been known to be produced on the lips, by having come in contact with a new tobacco pipe, not previously wetted, or prepared as above.

## XIII.

Now the *Carribbean* fire intensely glows ;  
 The pliant cheeks collapse, and now extend ;  
 The saliva in copious streamlets flows ;  
 And whiff meets whiff from every social friend.

## XIV.

And now *Cannaster*, and old *Oronooko*,  
 Smoke, spout, and spit, to benefit the nation ;  
 And, ere their pipes are out, wont overlook a  
 Single commodity of vile taxation.

## XV.

What, if they differ on some minor point,  
 As whether we should go to war or not,  
 They both agree that things are out of joint,  
 And that corruption's working, like dry rot.

## XVI.

Who sings of this rich aromatic herb,  
 Invokes, as fit he should, a liberal muse ;  
 To dictate scorns, or, in the least, to curb  
 The man that smokes it or the man that chews.

## XVII.

Nature provides variety for all ;  
 Who choose the quid, or who prefer the flame ;  
*Short-cut*, and *Shag*, and some, which chewers call  
*The Ladies' Twist*--or *Pig-Tail*:---all the same.

## XVIII.

But, Oh! degrade not this exalted art,  
 Smoking belongs but to the manly joys ;  
 'Tis not the tender, modest virgin's part,  
 Nor fit for raw, unshaven, 'prentice boys.

## XIX.

Oh! WESLEY ! how could'st thou be such a fool,  
 (Considering fallen man's forlorn condition,)  
 As to forbid Tobacco by a rule, \*  
 Unless prescrib'd by some old sage physician?

## XX.

No: whilst the pipe-light, and the taper burns ;  
 Or I have got within the *bowl* a spark ;  
 Or I can raise one ounce of *sweet Returns*,  
 I'll smoke, in spite of thee or Dr. CLARKE. †

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\* The late excellent John Wesley, founder of the sect of *Methodists*, actually prohibited by an express law, (still in force, but, like many other of that good man's regulations, seldom attended to) the use of Tobacco, unless prescribed by a *physician*.

† Dr. Adam Clarke has published an ingenious pamphlet "on the use and abuse of Tobacco."







*London, Pub<sup>d</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 19, 1822, by Hodgson & C<sup>o</sup>, 70, Newgate Street.*

## GIN.

" Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ;  
 Drank mix'd at night, or in the morning dram'd ;  
 Whether by sober mortals thou art us'd ;  
 Or by unthinking drunkards art abus'd ;  
 Whate'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy name :—  
 Sipp'd by the virgin—swallow'd by the dame—  
 " I'll speak to thee," for thou hast spoke to many ;  
 And of thy virtues sing, if thou hast any ;  
 And that thou hast all London cries aloud,  
 Through every company and every crowd,  
 From the *Grand Junction Works*, to *Limehouse Hole* ;  
 From *Peckham Rye*, due North, to *Shackelwell* ;  
 Yes ; yes ; from East to West ; from North to South,  
 All have thy numerous virtues in their mouth ;  
 Though some, more cautious, modest, or more shy,  
 Call thee foul names ; yet drink thee—" on the sly ;"  
 And some, who seldom worship at thy shrine,  
 Admit thy power in Brandy, Rum, or Wine :  
**One way or other, all mankind inherit,**  
**Some more, some less, a love for ardent spirit :**  
**Let them disguise the matter as they will,—**  
**Do what they can, Alcohol is Alcohol still ;**

Glowing in Peppermint, in Hollands frisky,  
Lurking in Noyeau, or stark mad in Whiskey.

Hail, mightier than the mightiest of all kings,  
Most powerful of all powerful earthly things,  
Thousands at thy command, in deep prostration,  
Yield to the potency of distillation !

Behold! as through the market stoutly goes,  
Loaded with ribs of beef and pettytoes,  
Yon aged basket-women, 'neath a weight,  
Which Hercules himself might not deem light!  
Ask her by what unseen, mysterious power  
She carries such a load from hour to hour :  
“ Lord love your heart !” she'll say, “ I claim no merit,  
“ I'm but a poor weak woman, without spirit ;  
“ But when I calls, and takes a glass of GIN,  
“ It gives me strength, and comforts me within ;  
“ And when I feels myself get low and cracky,  
“ I always takes a little *drop a Jacky.*”

The “ Ladies of the British Fish'ries,”\* too,  
Were't not for Gin, what could they say, or do ?  
Such monstrous dead—weights carry, or contrive, oh !  
To cry so lustily, “ Alive ! Alive, O !”

Some persons, nice, fastidious, or splenetic,  
Affect to scorn this noble diuretic ;

---

\* So Addison denominates the Fish-women of Billingsgate.

Swear it has been of many the undoing,  
 And call it "*Lightning*,"—" *Hell's delight*"—" *Blue  
 Ruin!*"

Say 'tis the bane of all domestic quiet,  
 Breeding confusion, poverty, and riot;  
 All which, the honest poet must confess,  
 Is true enough, if taken in excess;  
 But not of GIN, when us'd in proper season,  
 Distill'd by NICHOLSONS, and drank in reason;  
 And he, as FALSTAFF says, is "a sous'd gurnet,"  
 Who says a word against Sir Robert Burnet,  
 Currie, or Hodges, Langdale, Booth, or any  
 Of all that worthy class, well known to many,  
 By the familiar epithet "Gin spinners,"  
 Who honestly provide for their own dinners,  
 By *rectifying*; not by making sinners.

But yet there is a *spirit* here below,  
 Wand'ring continually to and fro,  
 Seeking unthinking mortals to devour,  
 And o'er each sex exerting its dread power.  
 This imp in cellars and in vaults is seen,  
 Or lurks in vessels painted red and green,  
 From whence, through devious pipes, it quickly runs,  
 Then sparkles in a glass, like distant suns.  
 Hot as the Hell to which it slowly leads,  
 It burns the victim upon which it feeds;

Rewarded by the demon whom it serves,  
 It lives on human blood, and human nerves;  
 On these it fastens its voracious jaws,  
 And its deluded victim's entrails gnaws,  
 Who, all the time—such are the monster's wiles,  
 Thinks himself bless'd; and on his murderer smiles;  
 Until, at length—the work of death complete—  
 Pale cheeks, and trembling hands, and tottering feet;  
 And, worse than all, a sense of deep pollution,  
 Announce a frightful, early dissolution!  
 And now the cause of all this condemnation—  
 The ante-meridian, firey, libation:—  
 Too much bad Gin, drank, raw before your dinner,  
 Is what the muse contemplates in this sinner.  
 Oh! then avoid the poisonous draught with care;  
 But blame not GIN itself;—for that's not fair;  
 Nor let us basely rail against the use  
 Of ardent spirits from their oft abuse;  
 Since such false reasoning would as well apply,  
 To every blessing sent us from on high:  
 Enjoy the gifts of Heaven in moderation,  
 And then, nor SNUFF, TOBACCO, GIN, nor recreation,  
 Will in the least, endanger your salvation.





S.R. Cruikshank fecit.

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## A RHAPSODY

**ON AN INKSTAND.**

Vessel of wisdom! Vehicle divine!  
 Whose sable streams for ages long have flow'd,  
 And still, as from high *Helicon*, in rills,  
 Soft, gently running o'er the whiten'd plain,  
 Meand'ring wide, and leaving fair behind  
 Th' intelligent impression, to convey,  
 To distant ages, what our sires have thought  
 To thee, unsung before, I pour the lay.

Quiescent still—or on the homely board,  
 At which the weeping child of genius sits,  
 Sighing himself, that others may rejoice;  
 Or whether in graceful attitude thou join'st,  
 On desk mahogany, with pencils, rules,  
 And other apparatus, clean and neat,  
 In gaudy shew, compact and fair to grace  
 The counting-house of some industrious Cit.

At rest thyself, a powerful aid art thou  
 To calm or agitate a thronging world.  
 Kings, Princes, Prelates, Emperors, and Popes,  
 (The bane or blessing of the human race)  
 Draw from thy dark recess the powerful means  
 Of War or Peace, of Life or Death, and thence,  
 In thundering Bulls, and Manifestoes dire;  
 Or peaceful mandates o'er th' expectant world,  
 Spread devastation horrible; or heal  
 The bleeding wounds of suffering mankind.

But, when, by thee assisted, fair Astronomy  
 Records the wonders of celestial worlds;



Re-treads the Milky-way, and chaunts sublime,  
 Responsive to "the music of the spheres,"  
 Her votaries, well-pleas'd, adore thy power,  
 And, wond'ring, bless thy fascinating charms.

Nor less thy usefulness—the bliss no less—  
 Aided by thee, to traverse earth's domain,  
 Search out her hidden stores, and joy to see  
 A well-spread table in the wilderness;—  
 Grass for the lowing herds; for feeble man,  
 The herb medicinal: obedient still  
 To all the calls of luxury and need.

But if the bard, in ecstasy divine,  
 Demands thy aid to paint the varied forms  
 Of all prolific fancy--Heaven's high arch—  
 Hell's thickest gloom; and Earth's remotest shades,  
 Are all expos'd, and, to the busy eye  
 Of fond imagination wide display  
 All that is great, magnificent and grand!  
 Nay more: the fervent breathings of the heart,  
 And all the sympathies of love, are seen.

But thy perfection's most when call'd to aid  
 Man's highest interest—Virtue's sacred cause--  
 And thy possessor, with seraphic fire,  
 Lit at "the living coal which touch'd the prophet's,  
 Hallow'd lips," burns to paint immortal scenes,  
 Struggling himself for Immortality!