

Kirk, late Procter, cigar and snuff warehouse : 101, Fleet Street, London / [William Kirk].

Contributors

Kirk, W.

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
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KIRK, LATE PROCTER,
CIGAR AND SNUFF WAREHOUSE,



101, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

Procter's
OLD FOREIGN
SNUFF AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
101, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

"I will present you to Mr. Procter. Procter! thou art the prince of Tobacconists! I could be lavish in encomiums on the precious treasures contained in the cellars of this house. With due deference to all other competitors in the trade, I must pronounce Mr. Procter the most scientific, and the best purveyor of the day. His snuffs are of the first order as regards age, flavour, and variety."—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, No. 225, *Article Snuff and Snuff-Takers*.

"For Cigars and Snuff no one beats Mr. Procter, 101, Fleet Street."—*Lt. Col. Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, 9th edit. 1844.

THE
GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851
AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

WE unquestionably live in an age of Exhibitions. Every class of society has its own kind;—from the butcher boy who gazes gratis on the “Happy Family” hard by the Royal Academy (a precious Exhibition of itself, by the way), up to the aristocratic connoisseur of Art, who, on the strength of his season ticket, daily lounges away his hour or two among the wonders of the Crystal Palace—all ranks of the Public have their own attraction—their peculiar Exhibition.

Now it will hardly be denied, that among the various classes of social existence the Smoking class holds a very prominent position, not only in point of numbers, but also of importance. The votaries of the Fragrant Weed not only employ in their service a numerous fleet of ships, but the storehouse which the paternal care of the British Government has provided for their especial use in the port of London is a building covering six acres of

ground, and covering with one roof thousands of tons of Tobacco alone! The Smokers of Great Britain moreover contribute largely to the Revenue (about one-twelfth of the whole), but they never dare hope for Free Trade being extended in their favour—at least, so says every Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are, therefore, the more remarkable as objects of taxation, who have never called a meeting, filled a platform, or organised a League for the Abolition of the Duty on Tobacco! Does not such a fact speak volumes (and not of smoke, but of sense) in their favour? Does it not shew how close must be the connection between Havannahs and Happiness, Cheroots and Cheerfulness, and Tobacco and Tranquillity? Do not such uncomplaining Patriots deserve observation? Do they not deserve an eulogium? Nay more, to go with the age, do they not deserve an Exhibition of their own? We unhesitatingly answer, "They do; and they shall have it!"

WILLIAM KIRK, of 101, **FLEET STREET**, his Sons, his Shopman, his Errand-boy, in short, every one in his business, have determined to accomplish this great feat. They have installed themselves as an intellectual conglomeration of Paxton, Fox and Henderson, the Executive Committee, Commissioners, Juries, and—Money Takers, to carry out "The Great Smokers' Exhibition." So now it only remains to turn to the next page, and open—

ground, and covering with one roof thousands of tons of Tobacco alone! The Smokers of Great Britain moreover contribute largely to the Revenue (about one-twelfth of the whole), but they never dare hope for Free Trade being extended in their favour—at least, so says every Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are, therefore, the more remarkable as objects of taxation, who have never called a meeting, filled a platform, or organised a League.

GREAT SMOKERS' EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We have all heard of King James's Counterblast to Tobacco, with which he hoped to put out the pipes of all his subjects. Other worthies have written to the same end; but smoking still goes on; and the use of Tobacco, though it may sometimes assume the form of Short Cut, has never been cut short yet. Why should it be? It does not follow that because some respectable people dislike it, therefore no respectable people are to like it. We are not to suppose that because some little men abuse it, therefore no great men ever used it. Far from it. And to make this matter quite certain, the principal feature of our Exhibition will be a recital of a goodly list of great names appertaining to Smokers, and a collection of extracts in praise of the fragrant weed.

None can doubt that the gallant Raleigh puffed in more ways than one the delicacy of his own introduction. Next to him in matter of practice comes the Bard of Avon, Master Will Shakespeare; none will cavil at his example. Bacon and Locke were celebrated for their devotion to the soothing and stimulating

powers of a pipe; and in tribute to the memory of the former we always breakfast on Smoked Bacon. Hobbes, a profound thinker, used to enter his study and smoke, meditate, and write for hours together. Hobbes in a chimney corner was necessarily at home. Addison and Steele were pen-fellows and pipe-fellows as well. Newton's attachment to Tobacco is well known, though the story of the young Lady's finger does not say much for his care about Tobacco Stoppers. Pope strung together his harmonious couplets, and then recreated himself with the Virginian Weed. "No pipe no Parr" has become a proverb, and tells its own tale and moral. "Hardham's No. 37" acquired its celebrity from the patronage of the great David Garrick; and the list of Snuff-takers and Smokers of that great and glorious age of English Art and Literature might be swelled to the size of another Exhibition Catalogue.

To come to days more near our own; Napoleon in all his toils and cares declared that his greatest relief arose from a bath, a cup of coffee, and—a Cigar; and at the last great battle of his imperial existence, when his all was trembling in the scale of Fortune, an English prisoner who was near him remarked that he took Snuff from his waistcoat pocket. Byron sang "Sublime Tobacco," and "Give me a Cigar!" If such a habit or feeling had any hand in the creation of "Childe Harold," or the "Giaour," who shall say aught against it? Scott, *the* Scott of Abbotsford, speaks in his Diary of his evening recreation, after a hard days work of composition, as happily consisting of "a glass of whiskey and water and a Cigar, or, by'r Ladye, it may be two." Ramsay, in his "Gentle Shepherd," describing social enjoyment, exclaims, "Give me a pipe!" The eloquent Hall said,

"I cannot leave off smoking." But as we were obliged to curtail our list of Smokers of olden days, so our space warns us that we must defer further quotation of modern examples, though they rise thick and fast upon our memory. We have done enough, we hope, to shew that Smoking has been patronised by great men, whose minds and energies were for all that productive of no little good in their generation, and of equal—if not greater—benefit to those that come after. Thousands now-a-days enjoy a quiet Cigar, thousands more smoke and think with Erskine in our subjoined extract; and as the world wags on, and men become more wise in their generation, the kindly influence of a social pipe will, doubtless, become even more extended and more widely felt by those who preserve the golden medium of indulgence, and desire to try if their cares and troubles may not be made to "end in smoke."

INVOCATION TO TOBACCO.

Weed of the strange pow'r,
 Weed of the earth,
 Killer of dullness—
 Parent of mirth;
 Come in the sad hour,
 Come in the gay,
 Appear in the night,
 Or in the day:
 Still thou art welcome
 As June's blooming rose,
 Joy of the palate,
 Delight of the nose!

Weed of the green field,
 Weed of the wild,
 Foster'd in freedom—
 America's child;
 Come in Virginia,
 Come in Havannah,
 Friend of the universe,
 Sweeter than manna:
 Still thou art welcome,
 Rich, fragrant, and ripe,
 Pride of the tube-case,
 Delight of the pipe!

Weed of the savage,
 Weed of each pole,
 Comforting—soothing—
 Philosophy's soul;
 Come in the Snuff-box,
 Come in Cigar,
 In Strasburg and King's,
 Come from afar :
 Still thou art welcome,
 The purest, the best,
 Joy of earth's millions,
 For ever carest !

“Quoi que puisse dire Aristote, et toute la philosophie, il n'est rien d'égal au tabac ; c'est la passion des honnêtes gens, et qui vit sans tabac, n'est pas digne de vivre. Non seulement il réjouit et purge les cerveaux humains, mais encore il instruit les ames à la vertu et l'on apprend avec lui à devenir honnête homme. Ne voyez-vous pas bien, dès qu'on en prend, de quelle manière obligeante on en use avec tout le monde, et comme on est ravi d'en donner à droit et à gauche, par tout où l'on se trouve ? On n'attend pas même que l'on en demande, et l'on court au devant du souhait des gens ; tant il est vrai, que le tabac inspire des sentimens d'honneur et de vertu à tous ceux qui en prennent.”

MOLIERE.

“Bread or Tobacco may be neglected, but reason at first recommends their trial, and custom makes them pleasant.”

LOCKE.

T O B A C C O .

Let poets rhyme of what they will,
 Youth, beauty, love, or glory, still
 My theme shall be Tobacco !
 Hail weed, eclipsing every flower !
 Of thee I fain would make my bower,
 When fortune frowns or tempests lower,
 Mild comforter of woe !
 They say, in truth, an Angel's foot
 First brought to life thy precious root,
 The source of ev'ry pleasure !
 Descending from the skies, he press'd
 With hallowed touch earth's yielding breast,
 Forth sprang the plant, and then was bless'd,
 As man's chief treasure !
 Throughout the world who knows thee not ?
 Of palace and of lowly cot
 The universal guest !
 The friend of Gentile, Turk, and Jew,
 To all a stay, to none untrue,
 The balm that can our ills subdue,
 And soothe us into rest !

With thee the poor man can abide
 Oppression, want, the scorn of pride,
 The curse of penury !
 Companion of his lowly state
 He is no longer desolate,
 And still can brave an adverse fate
 With honest worth and thee !

All honor to the patriot bold,
 Who brought, instead of promis'd gold,
 Thy leaf to Britain's shore :
 It cost him life ; but thou shalt raise
 A cloud of fragrance to his praise,
 And bards shall hail in deathless lays
 The valiant knight of yore !

Ay, Raleigh ! thou wilt live till Time
 Shall ring his last oblivion's chime,
 The fruitful theme of story !
 And man in ages hence shall tell
 How greatness, virtue, wisdom fell,
 When England sounded out thy knell,
 And dimm'd her ancient glory !
 And thou, O leaf ! shall keep his name
 Unwither'd in the scroll of fame,
 And teach us to remember ;
 He gave with thee content and peace,
 Bestowed on life a longer lease,
 And, bidding every trouble cease,
 Made Summer of December !

WILLIAM JONES.

APPROPOS OF TOBACCO.

SAM SLICK ON SMOKING.

"The moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a phelosifer, it calms the mind, smoothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. In fact it is a poor man's friend. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this uniwersal world."

"It cheers the heart and comfort gives to the studious of the day,
And calms the anxious minds of those whose locks are turning grey.
It makes men like to mellow fruit, most valued when they're ripe,
For there's nought the temper sweetens like the enjoyments of a pipe."

ALFREDUS.

"For the taking of fumes by pipes, as in Tobacco and other things, to dry and comfort."

BACON.

APROPOS OF TOBACCO.

"I do assert, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."

CAPTAIN BOBADIL, *Every Man in his Humour*.

"BLESSED BE THE MAN WHO INVENTED SLEEP!" was the pious ejaculation of our worthy and inimitable friend, Sancho Panza; and we, not denying the advantages, pleasures, and delights of slumber, change the subject matter and exclaim, "Blessed be the man who discovered Tobacco." Yes! blessed be the man who first rescued this precious weed from obscurity, and brought it into general estimation. For what has been more useful to mankind—what more beneficial? Its virtues are manifold; their name is legion. Truly the Indians proved their wisdom by making the pipe the symbol of peace: for what more soothing, what more consolatory? To all men it proves of service, from royalty to the bone-picker. The philosopher over his pipe and coffee (excellent berry! rare weed!) reasons and speculates with a freshness and vigour which encourage him in his labours; and if inventions consist, as Condillac will have it, in combining in a new manner ideas received through the senses, when are they received with such force, clearness, and energy, as when under the inspiration of the Virginian weed? The historian, whose province it is to study facts, events, manners, the spirits of epochs, can certainly not do justice to his subject if he be not an adept in "blowing a cloud." The romancist, who differs only from the

historian in that he embodies brief spaces and not centuries, families and not races, he too must love his meerschaum or his cheroot. Leaning back leisurely upon his sofa, (if he have one), and puffing his amber mouth-piece, ideas, thoughts, feelings, rush in rapid succession upon the mind prepared for kindly and soothing emotions. In the curling wreaths of vapour which ambiently play around him, he discovers lovely and exquisite images; amid the shadowy pulsations which throb in the atmosphere, he sees the fair and exquisite countenance of woman, faint, perhaps, as the shade cast by the Aphrodisian star, but yet visible to his eye. The aromatic leaf is the *materiel* of his incantations. Yes, there is magic in the Cigar! Then, to the sailor on the wide and tossing ocean, what consolation is there save in his old pipe? While smoking his inch-and-a-half of clay, black and polished, his Susan or his Mary becomes manifest before him; he sees her, holds converse with her spirit. In the red glare from the ebony bowl, as he walks the deck at night or squats on the windlass, are reflected the bright sparkling eyes of his sweetheart. Its association of ideas is the principal tie to him, save and except the tie of his wig. It reminds him of the delights of Paddy's Goose and Wapping; it brings him to the end of his voyage, when the perils of the sea are to be forgotten in taking the size of pots of ale. But there is no end to the list of those to whom Tobacco is a charmed thing. The Irish fruit woman, the Jarvie without a fare, the policeman on a quiet beat, the soldier at ease, all bow to the mystic power of Tobacco; and none more so than myself. What it is they know not, nor do they care. It may be cabbage leaves, for aught they concern themselves. They do not

reflect upon the millions which the luxury keeps employed in producing, rearing, preparing, transporting, and vending. It may come from the moon just as well as from Tobago or Virginia.

TO MY CIGAR.

When cares oppress the drooping mind,

And fickle friends are most unkind,

Who constant still remains behind?

My true Cigar!

Oh! where's the friend who'd cheerfully,

To soothe one pensive hour for me,

Resign his latest breath like thee—

My kind Cigar?

Thy spirit's gone, poor fragile thing!

But still thine ashes, mouldering,

To me a valued lesson bring,—

My pale Cigar!

Like man's, how soon thy vital spark,

Expiring, leaves no other mark,

But mouldering ashes, drear and dark—

My dead Cigar!

MY WIFE, MY FRIEND, AND PITCHER.

The SORDID fool, with gold in store,
Is always anxious to grow richer;
Give me but these—I ask no more—
A charming wife, a pipe, and pitcher.

A friend so rare,
A wife so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
A charming wife, a friend, and pitcher!

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my pipe and pitcher.

My wife so fair,
My friend so rare,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
My charming wife, my friend, and pitcher!

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
Nor do I know what will bewitch her;
With all my heart, I can be poor,
With my sweet wife, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare,
My wife so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
My faithful friend, my pipe, and pitcher!

REAL HAVANNAH, PRECIOUS CIGAR!

Real Havannah!
 Precious Cigar!
 Gentle as manna,
 Bright as a star—
 Pleasant at fireside,
 Cheery on road;
 Best of all perfumes
 At home or abroad.

Real Havannah!
 Puff away care—
 Blow my misfortunes
 Into thin air.

AINSWORTH.

A PIPE.

Little tube of mighty power,
 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 braced,
 And thy pretty swelling crest
 With my little stopper pressed,
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses:

Happy thrice and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who when again the night returns,
 When again the taper burns,
 When again the crickets gay
 (Little crickets full of play),
 Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant Indian weed ;
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the god of wine—
 Happy thrice and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.

The labour of the day being past, Giles now bent his way homewards to his neat cottage, where cleanliness and order reigned. There he was welcomed by his daughter, who had prepared for him his evening meal of simple homely fare. After partaking of which, Giles drew his chair close to the fire,—he looked at his daughter, and his mind was troubled at the thought of the stormy scenes which she must encounter as she journeyed through life. “God will not desert her,” ejaculated Giles—he sighed unconsciously and said—“Fill my pipe, love—it is the only comfort the poor man

can command in his troubles." Ellen reached the black clay pipe from the corner, and filled it out of the old-fashioned tobacco box—the very same which his grandfather had used before him—and Giles took the first few whiffs in silence. He grew calmer as he smoked—his spirits seemed to settle down into a quiet state of resignation, and when he again spoke, it was to say, "God does all things for the best!"

Let those abuse that cheap luxury, a pipe of Tobacco, who never knew the enjoyment it. We would not quarrel with any man on this matter, although we are avowed worshippers of the "soothing weed." Dear old pipe! what happy hours hast thou and I spent together—in the still midnight, when the busy world slept, have we kept watch and close communion. We hatched no treason—we did injury to no one; we rested lip on lip with sincere affection, and our loves but grew stronger through this renewal. Thou art a fond mistress, that causes me no jealousy—thy look and welcome are ever the same. I parade not thy beauty before the world, and thou complainest not if I abandon thee for a time. I have ever found thee faithful. Thou hast been my comforter in sorrow; and, when elated with joy, thy old familiar whisperings have soon made me thoughtful. Thou art my wisest and best adviser. There is something venerable in thy brown and dim looks: the thoughts of long years are imprinted on thee; the musings of many a midnight are chronicled on thy huge bowl. The faces of dear old friends have passed in long array before us, when we were alone; we have mingled sighs and smiles together, which the world can never know of. Thou hast endured much for me, my dear old pipe!—thou hast passed through fire and water for my

sake. Thy voice is ever low, and I love to hear it, and I can regulate it at my will; at times it seems measured and solemn, as it keeps pace with my thoughts; and when the brain runs riot, it comes laughing from thy lips in quick succession, and thy ebony end curls up its volumes in silent delight, and we mingle our breath together, and waste our efforts upon the empty air, while we make "ambrosial clouds." What shapes have I seen spring from thee!—forms of beauty ascending with their scarfs blown into arches as they rose with their floating drapery, then dwindled into air. Mountains crowned with blue mist, with winding paths that seemed to lead into the clouds; valleys deep and purple; ocean depths, which no eye but our own looked down into, where the huge sea-snake curled and moved in its watery cave, and looked as if its blue folds would girdle a world. What hours have we sat dreaming together with half-shut eyes, giving wink for wink, as something new rose before us, and whispering in "whiffs," lest our speaking aloud should break the spell! How our forefathers passed their long winter nights without such a companion as thou art, we know not. All great discoveries came to light with thee. Our steam ships and railways are but pipes set in motion; we pass over half the globe smoking. Let no man, then, despise a pipe. Even the great Homer sent his heroes to battle with it; and Achilles "*smoked* along the plain." And now thou art out, I will rear thee gently on end, for I would not have those who love thee not grow weary at hearing me praise thee, my dear, dreamy old friend!—*From Gideon Giles the Roper.* By THOMAS MILLER.

WINTER MORNING WALK IN THE COUNTRY WITH A PIPE.

AS DESCRIBED BY COWPER IN THE FIFTH BOOK
OF "THE TASK."

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear—
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him close behind his heel;
Now creeps he slow, and now, with many a frisk,
Wide scampering snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.

Heedless of all his pranks the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark, nor stops for aught
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

By THOMAS MILNER.

BYRON ON TOBACCO.

Sublime Tobacco! which from east to west
 Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a Cigar!

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

This Indian weed, now wither'd quite,
 Though green at noon, cut down at night,
 Shews thy decay—
 All flesh is hay:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco!

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
 Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,—

Thou art even such,

Gone with a touch:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco!

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity

Of worldly stuff—

Gone with a puff:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco!

And when the pipe grows foul within,

Think on thy soul defiled with sin;

For then the fire

It does require:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco!

And seest the ashes cast away,

Then to thyself thou mayest say,—

That to the dust

Return thou must:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco!

From GOSPEL SONNETS, by the late Rev. Ralph Erskine.

I'm an English pipe!

Strong Labour got up, with his pipe in his mouth,

He stoutly strode over the dale,

He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south,

On his back hung his wallet and flail.

Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,

Where never physician had lifted the latch.

SMART.

Of Snuff many have been the eulogies. One from the "Anthology" published by Southey at Bristol in 1800 :—

SNUFF.

A delicate pinch! Oh! how it tingles up
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
And breast. In one comfortable sneeze
The full collected pleasure bursts at last.
Why, but for thee, the uses of the nose
Were half unknown.

MY LAST CIGAR.

The mighty Thebes, and Babylon the Great,
Imperial Rome, in turn have bowed to fate,
So this great world, and each particular star,
Must all burn out like you, my last Cigar ;—
A puff, a transient fire that ends in smoke,
And all that's given to man—that bitter joke—
Youth, Hope, and Love,—three sniffs of passing zest,—
Then comes the ashes, and the long, long rest.

NICOTIANA, *by H. J. Meller, Esq.*



