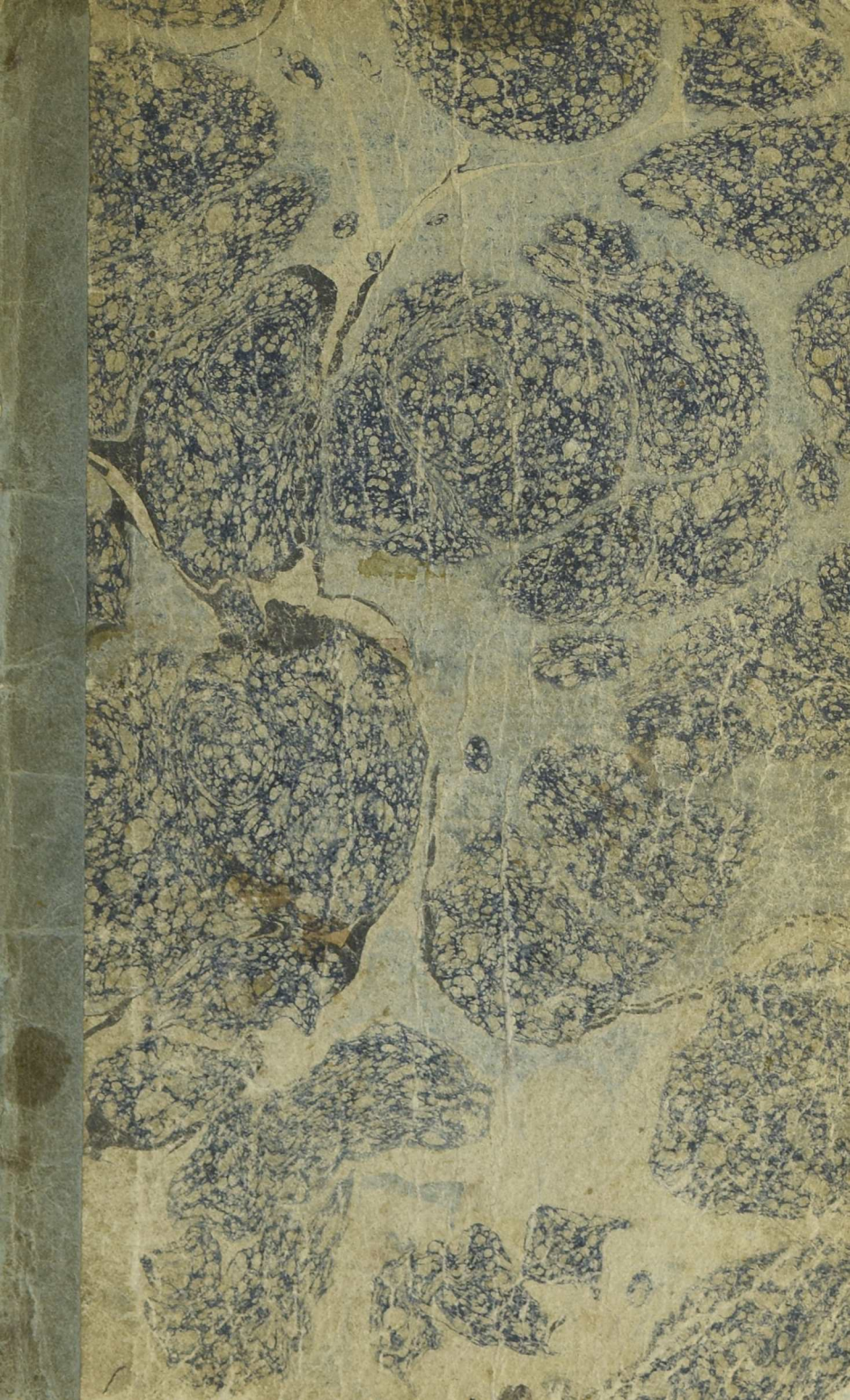
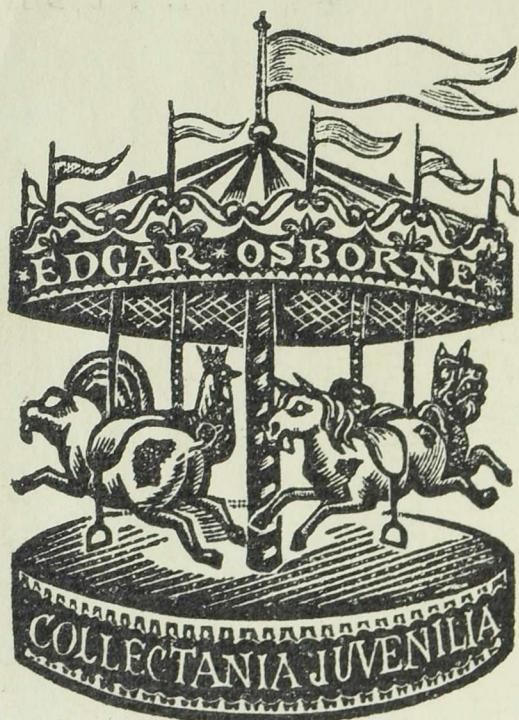
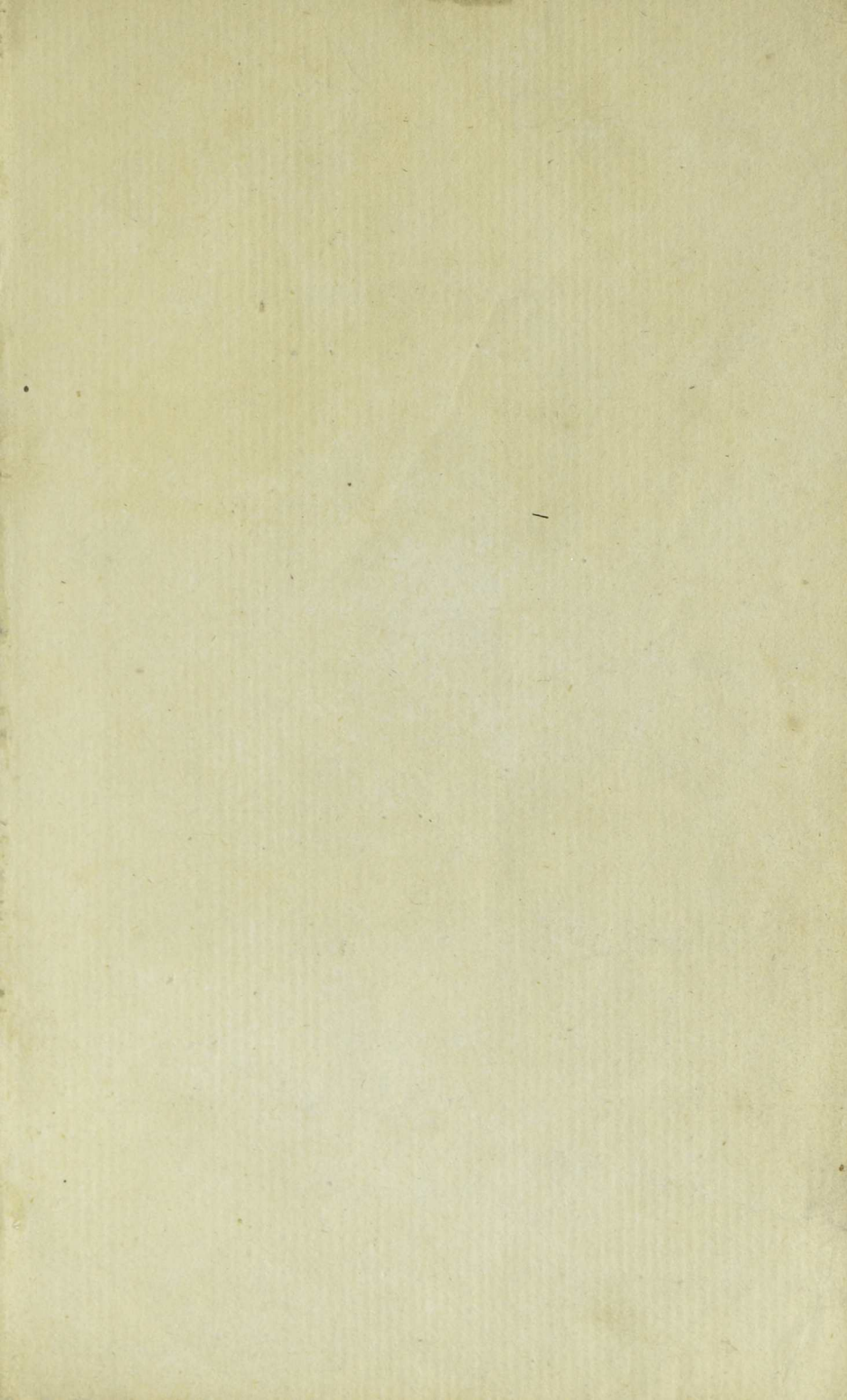
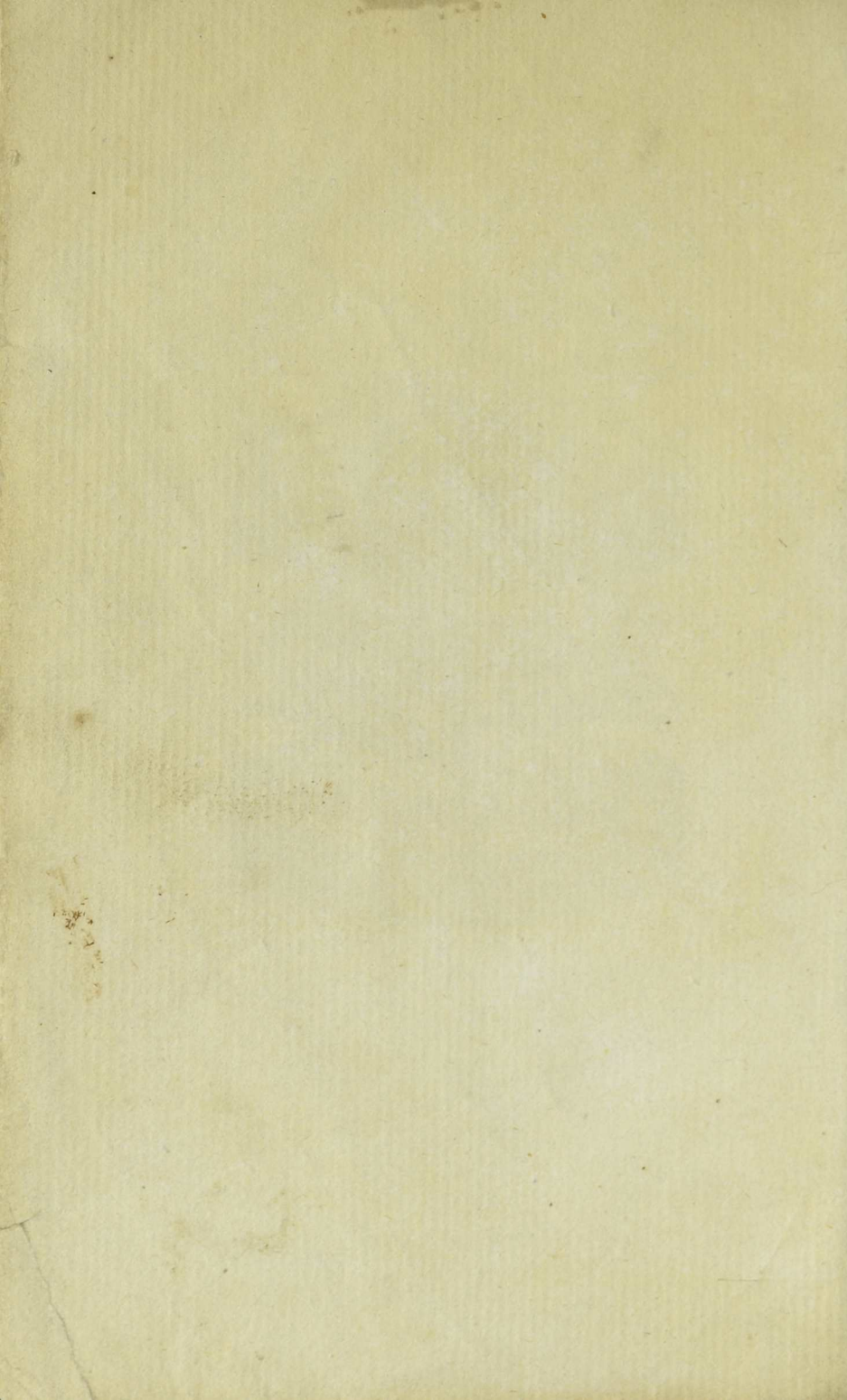






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THE NEW
CRIES OF LONDON,

WITH
CHARACTERISTIC ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1804.



THE
BELLMAN'S ORATION.

O Yes! O Yes!

RING-A-DING! ring-a-ding!
I've a new song to sing;
Little girls, little boys, 'tis for you;
To those who read well,
My new story I'll tell,
'Tis a song, and a story, and true.

Not a call, or a cry,
That you hear passing by,
 But here in my book you may find;
From tinkering Jack,
With his tools on his back,
 To the man who cries " Sciffars to grind."

Here's the Milkmaid so fair,
With her bonny black hair;
 Old Levi comes next with his bags;
If farther you go,
You shall hear the " Dust, ho!"
 And the Chimney-sweep, cover'd with rags.

Then each little friend,
Who has money to spend,
 And wishes some knowledge to gain, &
Come read it I pray,
And I think you will say,
 You've not spent your labour in vain.

MILK BELOW.

With cheerful step across the vale,
The ruddy Milkmaid goes;
And catches in her brimming pail,
The Milk, as warm it flows.

Alike, in summer and in snow,
Her daily walk she takes,
Ere little Miss is seen below,
Or little Master wakes.

MILK, which comes from the cow, is useful to us in a variety of ways; for, besides drinking it for breakfast, as many children do, and making use of it for puddings and other dishes, it supplies us both with cheese and butter.

Proud as we are apt to be, we could not exist without the assistance of others, and while they are employed in our service, it would be highly ungrateful to treat them with scorn. Nay, we should behave with kindness even to the brutes; since we are indebted to them either for clothing, food, or labour.



ANY OLD CLOTHES?

When boys and girls are sleeping sound,
Old Levi takes his early round;
From street to street he wanders wide,
Well stor'd with clothes on either side.

Now, maids, produce your tatter'd store,
And sell them quickly at the door;
Then go, contented with your gains,
And thank old Levi for his pains.

It is the custom in London for Jews to go about crying old clothes, which they purchase of poor people who want money, and sell to others who cannot afford to buy new ones.

Some foolish children delight in making sport of them, only because they are Jews; but it is a very cruel and idle practice. We should think it very hard, if we were to go to any foreign country, to be laughed at because we were Englishmen. Some Jews, indeed, are very wicked and dishonest; but then we should pity, not laugh at them: we should especially pity them for being so unhappy as to refuse and disbelieve that wise and good religion, from which every good action proceeds. Let us remember too, that if it had pleased God, we might have been born among those poor people; and that now, if he were to leave us to our own wicked inclinations, we should be just as bad as any of them.



NEW MACKAREL.

Fresh from its native waters drawn,
The Mackarel behold,
Whose back outvies the verdant lawn,
Whose scales are edg'd with gold.

Grateful alike to sight and taste,
This truly charming fish,
Presents us with a rich repast,
And forms a handsome dish.

IF elegance of form, brilliancy of colour, and sweetness of flavour may entitle a fish to admiration, we must, of necessity, bestow it upon the Mackarel; as this is certainly one of the most charming species with which Providence has stored the seas. When first taken from its native element and exposed to the reflection of the sun, its scales seem to vie with the glorious colours of the rainbow; and, as an article of food, it is almost universally esteemed.

Mackarel are sometimes brought to London in prodigious quantities, and offered to the public at a very cheap rate.

Before we dismiss this subject, we must caution our young readers against eating greedily either of this or any other fish; as, in this case, it will sometimes occasion disorders: and very serious danger has been often incurred by accidentally swallowing one of the little bones.



DUST HO!

From street to street the Dustmen go,
And ring, and cry—"Dust ho! dust ho!"
With hands and face as black as ink,
Content to live in dirt and stink.

Yet, tho' they seem so vile and low,
Their merry face will always show,
There can exist a cheerful heart,
E'en tho' beside a dustman's cart.

THE

THE dust, which is the remnant ashes of coal after being burnt, as well as all other kinds of rubbish, is taken by men from every house, and carried into the fields near London, where it is sifted. The fine ashes are mixed with clay for the making of bricks; and the cinders are saved to burn in furnaces where a great heat is required. Even the bones are carefully picked out, and burnt, for the sake of the oil they contain. The pieces of woollen and linen rags are likewise preserved, and afterwards converted into the coarser kinds of paper; and the decayed vegetables and other refuse are good manure for land, and contribute greatly to its fertility.

How wonderful is the invention of man! he not only takes advantage of the more obvious opportunities of advancing his happiness and comfort, which a kind Providence sets before him, but searches out the most remote and unsuspected for that end:—even the vilest refuse he employs to the greatest advantage, after it has served its more common purposes.



CHAIRS TO MEND.

Poor Robin and his aged bride,
Forlook by ev'ry friend,
Can still for nature's wants provide
By crying, "Chairs to mend."

IT is certainly an interesting spectacle to see an old couple, bending under the weight of years, and oppressed by sorrow, applying themselves so sedulously to earn an honest penny. Their industry surely should be rewarded.

BUY



BUY MY WATER-CRESSES.

When Sol his flaming car ascends,
And gilds the leafy grove,
Where ev'ry downy throat distends
With melody and love.

To cull fresh Cresses from the springs
Poor aged Martha strays;
But oft she sighs, or fault'ring sings,
The scenes of happier days.

WATER-CRESSES are said to possess several wholesome properties, and they may be eaten with pleasure at every meal; for they are generally esteemed at the breakfast table, and at dinner they make an agreeable addition to a sallad. It is, however, indispensably necessary that they be carefully washed, as they are frequently covered with dirt, and sometimes defiled with noxious spawn.

In a summer's morning, when Nature's face is literally drest in smiles, and every feathered chorister pours forth his humble praise to the all-merciful Creator, we are pleased with the industry of the venerable matron, who bends over the crystal stream in quest of these salubrious vegetables; but when stern winter has despoiled the trees of their verdure, silenced the harmonious birds, and transformed the dimpled lake to a mass of ice, humanity shrinks at the idea of her hard fate, and charity impels us to alleviate her distress.

SWEEP!



SWEEP! SWEEP!

Victim of folly! how debas'd,
How wretched is thy fate;
Torn from thy parent and disgrac'd,
To this distracting state.

Ye artless youths, the tale attend
Here offer'd to your view,
Lest ye, Like George, should lose each friend,
And sink in ruin too.

GEORGE THOUGHTLESS was the son of a respectable tradesman, who had acquired a decent competence by application to his business, and who was extremely desirous of giving his son a good education; but, notwithstanding the advice of his father, the remonstrances of his mother, and the persuasions of the most amiable of his school-fellows, George obstinately refused to attend to his studies, and took every opportunity of playing truant, which he afterwards excused by the most heinous crime of telling a wilful falsity.

After he had gone on in this manner for some time, and his poor father had frequently lamented the stubbornness of his disposition, he one day strolled into a lonely field, where he amused himself by watching some bird catchers, and when they retired with their twittering captives, he sunk into a sound sleep. However, he had not slept long before a stern, ill-looking fellow seized him by the arm, and, having dragged him under an adjacent hedge, stripped him of all
his

his clothes. Poor George was greatly terrified at this usage, and filled the air with shrieks and lamentations; but the robber soon silenced him by tying a handkerchief over his mouth, and threatening to inflict a much severer chastisement. He then dressed him in a chimney-sweeper's habit, and dragged him to his wretched hovel, where he repeated his menaces, and assured him of the impracticability of ever effecting his escape.

The severity of his subsequent treatment, and the hardships of his filthy business, induced the wretched sufferer to make some attempts for the recovery of his freedom; but, instead of succeeding, he brought upon himself the utmost vengeance of his inhuman master, and the remainder of his youth was groaned away in bitterness, while his fond father, unable to account for his sudden disappearance, fell a victim to a broken heart.

Such were the dreadful effects produced by a contempt of learning, and a love of unlawful pastime.



GROUND-IVY.

Blithe as a lark, poor artless Jane
O'er hill and valley sings,
And daily from th' embroider'd plain,
Her fresh Ground-ivy brings.

Impell'd by filial love she goes
Through ev'ry well-known part;
Anxious to soothe a mother's woes,
And cheer her aged heart.

GROUND-

GROUND-IVY is known to possess many medicinal virtues, and is frequently used as a substitute for tea, by persons who are particularly attentive to the preservation of their health; for, while the leaves of the Asiatic shrub are often found to relax the nerves and prey upon the spirits, this salutary herb produces very opposite effects, and is, consequently, entitled to our admiration.

The poor girl who cheerfully trips to town, and, at an early hour salutes us with the musical cry of "Come buy my Ground-Ivy," is certainly a deserving object of charity; for instead of murmuring at her hard destiny, consuming her days in indolence, or even appealing to our compassion in the manner and language of a mendicant, she industriously culls the produce of the mead for our benefit, lays out her little basket to excite our attention, and, with the utmost modesty, solicits custom, till she obtains a sufficient supply for the daily subsistence of herself, and, perhaps, her helpless parent.



GREEN HASTINGS.

Though sharp distress he sometimes meets,
Old Robin rarely sighs;
But cheerful through the noisy streets;
His rare Green Hastings cries.

Fresh gather'd, sweet, and yielding well,
He warrants them to please:
Come pretty maids, your money tell,
And buy a peck of Peas.

AMONG

AMONG the numerous vegetables which Providence has caused to spring up for the use of mankind, peas hold a distinguished place. When raised and cultivated with due attention, they form a striking embellishment to our gardens; and, at table, they are generally admired for the elegance of their appearance and the sweetness of their flavour. Nor is it only in their green state that they are worthy our attention, but when properly dried they make excellent soups and puddings, and may be applied to many other purposes. Their shells, also, are eaten with avidity by various animals, and even their straw is found to be useful.

Raw peas, however, are very unwholesome, and many children, who, in opposition to the injunction of their parents, have either plucked them while growing, or eaten plentifully of them whilst they were shelling, have been afflicted with pains in their bowels, and other disorders, which, by a different mode of conduct would have been avoided.



GINGERBREAD NUTS.

When winter 'midst our isle appears,
And winds tremendous blow,
His spicy nuts old Edward bears
Through show'rs of drifting snow.

But from his gambling board refrain,
And of his arts beware;
For oft they cause most serious pain,
And fill the breast with the care.

GINGER-

GINGERBREAD NUTS are so called from the circumstance of ginger being mixed with the flour and treacle of which they are made; and, when eaten in moderation, they are allowed to be very wholesome. But we think it an indispensable duty to warn our juvenile readers against those persons who carry a circular painted board about with them, and invite their customers to turn the brass hand which points to the figures, promising to give as many Nuts as that moveable hand shall direct.

By this means many a thoughtless youth is robbed of all his halfpence, without gaining the expected prize; and if they prove more successful, they are insensibly drawn into a love of gaming, which is extremely injurious to their morals and reputation, and which has brought hundreds to an untimely end. If, therefore, children are desirous of purchasing Gingerbread Nuts, let them first solicit the permission of their parents, and then apply at the gingerbread baker's, or at the pastry-cook's, where they will escape the danger of imposition.



KNIVES TO GRIND.

The Grinder cheerful turns his wheel,
And doth his stone prepare,
To give fresh keenness to the steel
Entrusted to his care.

THE poor men who rove about London with their grinding apparatus, offer to put a fine edge upon a knife for the moderate sum of one penny: but many of them are unequal to their business, and spoil what they attempt to render excellent.

MILTON



MILTON OYSTERS.

When the wind blows, and drifting fleet
On every structure falls,
This woman through each well-known street,
Her "Milton Oysters" bawls.

Hard is her fate who thus with toil
Procures her daily bread;
And travels many a weary mile,
With Oysters on her head.

THIS

THIS curious shell-fish, when in season, is accounted extremely wholesome, and is frequently prescribed to be taken in a morning by sick persons. To those who admire its flavour it affords an agreeable repast, either raw, stewed, fried, ragooed, or scalloped. It also makes excellent sauce for fish, or beef-steaks; and is sometimes eaten in little loaves, which are designated by the name of Oyster Loaves.

The native Milton Oyster is generally admired, on account of its plumpness, sweetness, and delicacy; but those of Colchester, Milford, and Pysfleet are truly excellent in their respective kinds, and are often preferred even to Milton.

Oysters are known to be alive and vigorous, by the circumstance of their closing fast upon the knife, and opening as soon as they are wounded.



SCARLET STRAWBERRIES.

Where Flora's and Pomona's stores,
With equal skill are spread;
Where hautboys sweet, and bursting flow'rs,
Adorn each beauteous bed—

© how delightful 'tis to rove,
And to our Maker raise,
Professions of unfeigned love,
Or notes of grateful praise.

THIS

THIS fruit grows near the surface of the earth, and is frequently concealed from view by its spreading foliage; but its hue is extremely beautiful, and its flavour remarkably odoriferous. It is served at the tables of the great, in pies, ices, creams, and a variety of other forms; and even in its utmost simplicity it forms an excellent dessert.

There are several varieties of this fruit; the Scarlet strawberry, the Alpine strawberry, the Chili, and the Hautboy are most remarkable. These are always planted in gardens, upon beds of about four feet wide; but we sometimes meet with a smaller species in the woods or by the sides of hedges.

Strawberries may, perhaps, be reckoned among the most wholesome fruits that are exposed to sale in the British metropolis, and their abundant produce often renders them exceedingly cheap; but youths should be cautious of eating them to an excess, as, in that case, they may produce very unpleasant consequences.



GOLDEN PIPPINS.

Here's fine golden pippins, who'll buy, them who'll
buy,

Nobody in London sells better than I;

Here's three for a penny, I ask you no more:—

Such nice golden pippins you ne'er had before.

Oh see how delightful they look on the stall!

If you'd only taste one you would long for them all;

Come children, you'll like them I'm sure, if you try,

My fine golden pippins, who'll buy them, who'll
buy.

GOLDEN

GOLDEN PIPPINS are certainly very nice and wholesome, and boys and girls do well now and then to eat them; but I am afraid some children spend too much of their money in buying them and other nice things. Those who are always at the pastry cook's, have but little money to spare for poor people, who not only can never indulge themselves with such luxuries, but can seldom procure enough of the plainest food to satisfy their hunger. There are also many pretty and useful books for children, which those who save up their money may buy. The pleasure of eating good things is over as soon as they are swallowed; but a book is a continual source of instruction and amusement, and those who pay proper attention to it, may be better for it as long as they live. A good child will take more pleasure in relieving a poor beggar, or reading an instructive book, than in eating a Golden Pippin.



PRIMROSES.

Daughters and sons of sloth arise,
Attend the sky-lark's strains;
Serene and cloudless are the skies,
And gay th' enamell'd plains.

Sweet scented herbs perfume the gale,
Soft flow the gurgling rills;
Gay Cowslips deck each fertile vale,
And crown the lofty hills.

Or

Or by the hedge the Primrose view,
As modestly retir'd;
Yet from its sweet and pleasing hue,
It's sought and is admir'd.

Sweetness of temper in a child,
The love of all attends:
The pliant, affable, and mild,
Are sure of gaining friends.

Amid the cool refreshing shower,
It leads the infant spring;
Do you then first, like this sweet flower,
Some good examples bring.

A Primrose, like our youthful prime,
Shews ev'ry op'ning grace;
It blows—but soon decays with time:
So falls the human race.

By this melodious cry we are reminded
that reviving spring has visited our happy
island, and began to deck the meads with
her innumerable beauties. The loud storms
of winter are now succeeded by soft and bal-
samie zephyrs; the trees and shrubs, which
lately

lately were covered with snow, put forth their tender buds; the young corn shoots up to meet the genial beams of a morning sun; and the limpid streams, no longer curbed by frost, murmur responsive to the dulcet notes of the black-bird.

The Primrose, simple but elegant flower, peeps from the bank or hawthorn hedge, and claims the attention of every contemplative passenger; but, while we admire the delicacy of its hue, the texture of its leaves, and the humility of its station, let each juvenile spectator pray that his heart may be as unspotted and his deportment as unassuming; for he may then assure himself of happiness, and it is highly probable that he may rise from obscurity to preferment, as the Primrose is sometimes removed from the field to the garden, and planted by the side of the beautiful polyanthus.



PAST TEN O'CLOCK.

'Tis past ten o'clock and a fine star-light night,
Cries John, as he wanders about with his light;
And his great clumsy stick to defend him from harm,
And rattle, if wanted, to sound an alarm.

And just as his little snug watch-box he leaves,
He holds up his lanthorn to look for the thieves;
Examines your shutters to see if all's right,
Crying, 'Past ten o'clock, and a fine starlight night.'

WHEN

WHEN we are awoke in the night by the cry of the watchman, we turn round and go to sleep again very comfortably, and seldom stop to consider what a blessing it is to be thus safely guarded, while we sleep, from the cruelty of bad men, many of whom go about in the night, breaking into houses and plundering wherever they can find opportunity. While other people, tired with the business of the day, are glad to retire to rest, these poor men are obliged to leave their warm and comfortable houses, and go forth into the streets, there to wander all night, however cold or stormy it may be. It is a great pity that the wickedness of men renders it necessary for our streets to be thus guarded: if there were no bad men we should never need a watchman. It is wonderful that any one can prefer so wicked, cruel, and disgraceful a practice, to maintaining themselves by some honest trade. But we generally find that idleness leads to dishonesty, and almost every vice. Those who will not work themselves find it necessary to plunder the property of others.

How

How much happier than such is our honest watchman, who, though exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and obliged to traverse the cold streets while others are enjoying the comforts of a warm bed and refreshing sleep, still has the pleasure of maintaining himself by an honest employment. The bread that he eats is sweet, far sweeter than the greatest dainties, to those who procure them with the wages of dishonesty.



HOT-CROSS-BUNS.

Good people come and buy
My piping Hot-Cross-Buns;
Not all the rest who cry,
Have such delicious ones.

With tea or coffee sweet,
As from the urn it runs,
Kind people buy and eat
My piping Hot-Cross-Buns.

ON the day distinguished in the Calendar by the appellation of *Good Friday*, we are saluted at an early hour, with loud and repeated cries of "Hot-Cross-Buns;" and, though the buns themselves are no better than at any other time, and only differ from other buns in being marked with a cross, most young people express a particular wish to be indulged with them upon that annual occasion.

It must certainly be acknowledged, that this noisy and singular cry is very inconsistent with the solemnity of a day, which is kept in commemoration of our Saviour's crucifixion: indeed, many thinking people are of opinion, that the keeping in mind the death of Christ, by any particular kind of food, is very ridiculous.



ANY WORK FOR THE TINKER.

Thus Jack earns a penny to buy him some bread,
And beguiles his black work with a song:
Around him his saucepans and kettles are spread,
While he hammers, nicknock and dingdong.

To no honest toil, occupation, or trade,
Contempt or derision belong;
Jack knows very well man for labour was made,
While he hammers, nicknock and dingdong.

WHILE

WHILE numbers prefer beggary to employment, it is pleasing to see others prefer employment to beggary; nor should we think the lowest station contemptible: whatever is necessary, or useful, is also respectable; and while we admire industry in the lowest mechanic, we despise indolence, even in the highest, the richest, and the most noble. Man was made to labour;—it strengthens his body, and keeps his mind from many evils.

I have even known some, who had every pleasure they could desire, and were made miserable only by the want of regular employment; while others, who seem to enjoy none of the comforts of life, are truly happy, in the cheerfulness, independence, and health which industrious labour bestows. Our honest Tinker is better than an idle lord.

CHERRIES,



CHERRIES, THREEPENCE A POUND.

How sweetly sounds the tinkling bell,
Which lures the flock to rest,
Whilst sportive kids bound o'er the dell,
And songsters seek their nest.

'Tis then the lab'ring swain prepares
To climb the cherry tree,
To banish all his children's cares,
And fill their hearts with glee.

THERE

THERE are no fewer than sixteen* varieties of this fruit, which are both ornamental to the table and gratifying to the palate; and, whether we contemplate them as hanging on their respective trees, displayed in the green-grocer's window, or more tastefully laid out by the confectioner, we must of necessity acknowledge them to rank high among the beauteous gifts of Nature, and to excuse, by their tempting appearance, the anxiety which young people usually express for them. In tarts and pies, cherries are accounted delicious; and, if properly managed, they make excellent wine; but when eaten with the stones, or in large quantities, they are apt to injure the stomach, and sometimes produce very ill effects.

* These are the early May cherries, May duke, Arch duke, Harrison's duke, white heart, bleeding heart, Adam's crown heart, ox heart, amber, Turkey, Kentish, Morella, Corsican, wild black, wild red, and Portugal.

SWEET



SWEET CHINA ORANGES.

Though gather'd in a distant land,
See the rich Orange lie,
On cunning Levi's outstretch'd hand,
Who teases you to buy.

If friends permit, and money suit,
The tempting purchase make;
But, first, examine well the fruit,
And then the change you take.

ORANGES

ORANGES, though frequently offered for sale at the rate of two for a penny, are brought from very distant parts of the world: the China oranges are accounted the best. These do not actually come from China, but are called by that name because the plants on which they grow were originally brought from that country into Spain and Portugal, where the climate has proved so favourable to their production, that we are supplied with them as plentifully as if they were the produce of our own country.

The St. Michael's oranges, which are brought from the Azores, or Western Islands belonging to the Portuguese, are a superior kind of China oranges. The pot oranges are the first produce of the young plants, while they are in pots: they are afterwards transplanted into the open ground.

This delicious fruit is gathered when quite green; and though each is separately surrounded with paper, and they are carefully packed in boxes, great quantities decay before they reach this country.

The

The Orange groves which embellish Asia, Africa, and some parts of Europe are extremely beautiful, and impregnate the passing breezes with extraordinary fragrance; but the small trees that are kept in English hot-houses are merely raised for ornament and curiosity.

This fruit is exceedingly fine, either in its natural state, or when it has passed through the hands of a confectioner. It makes charming wine and marmalade, and gives a delicious flavour to cakes, tarts, custards, creams, and jellies; and its rind, when candied, is truly excellent.

Persons who purchase Oranges in the street, should carefully examine whether they are sound, as many of them are the mere refuse of an orange-merchant's shop. It is also advisable to try the weight of them by the hand, as their value may be nearly ascertained by that method.



FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDENS.

Old Colin cries, from street,
His vegetable wares;
And many a plant, of odour sweet
And colour bright, he bears.

And not the silks and satins fine,
The skilful artist weaves,
With half such brilliant beauties shine,
As one of nature's leaves.

How

How many and beautiful are the works and favours of God! in the woods, we behold the lasting oak, the lofty elm, and the slender fir; the fields are covered with harvests as bright as gold; the kitchen garden contains an amazing number of vegetables, wholesome for food or refreshing to the taste; while the flower-bed presents us with a thousand beautiful colours and charming smells, with which we may innocently, and even laudably, amuse ourselves; for in them are displayed the rich bounty, and the most delicate workmanship of God.

The rose is not needful for food, nor the lily for clothing; but they delight the eye, afford a healthy employment to rear and cultivate them, and inspire the mind with admiration of the Creator; for "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."



GREEN CUCUMBERS.

Though fair and tempting to our view
The cucumber appears,
It oft has caus'd most serious pain,
And many bitter tears.

CUCUMBERS, though generally esteemed by the people of this city, are certainly very dangerous to some constitutions; and although many children and grown up persons have eaten them freely and with impunity, others have experienced the most alarming effects from their insalubrious quality.

THE END.

