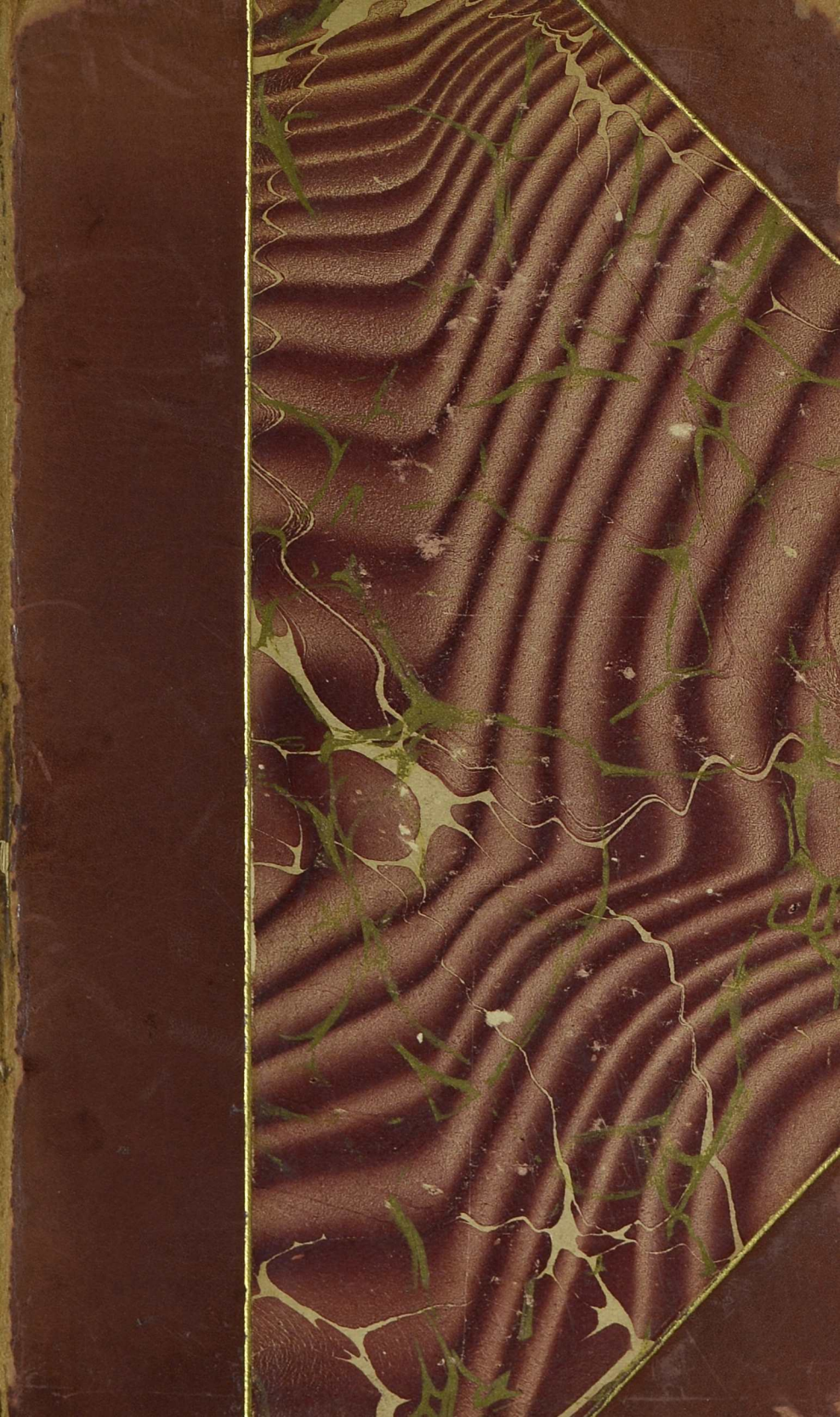
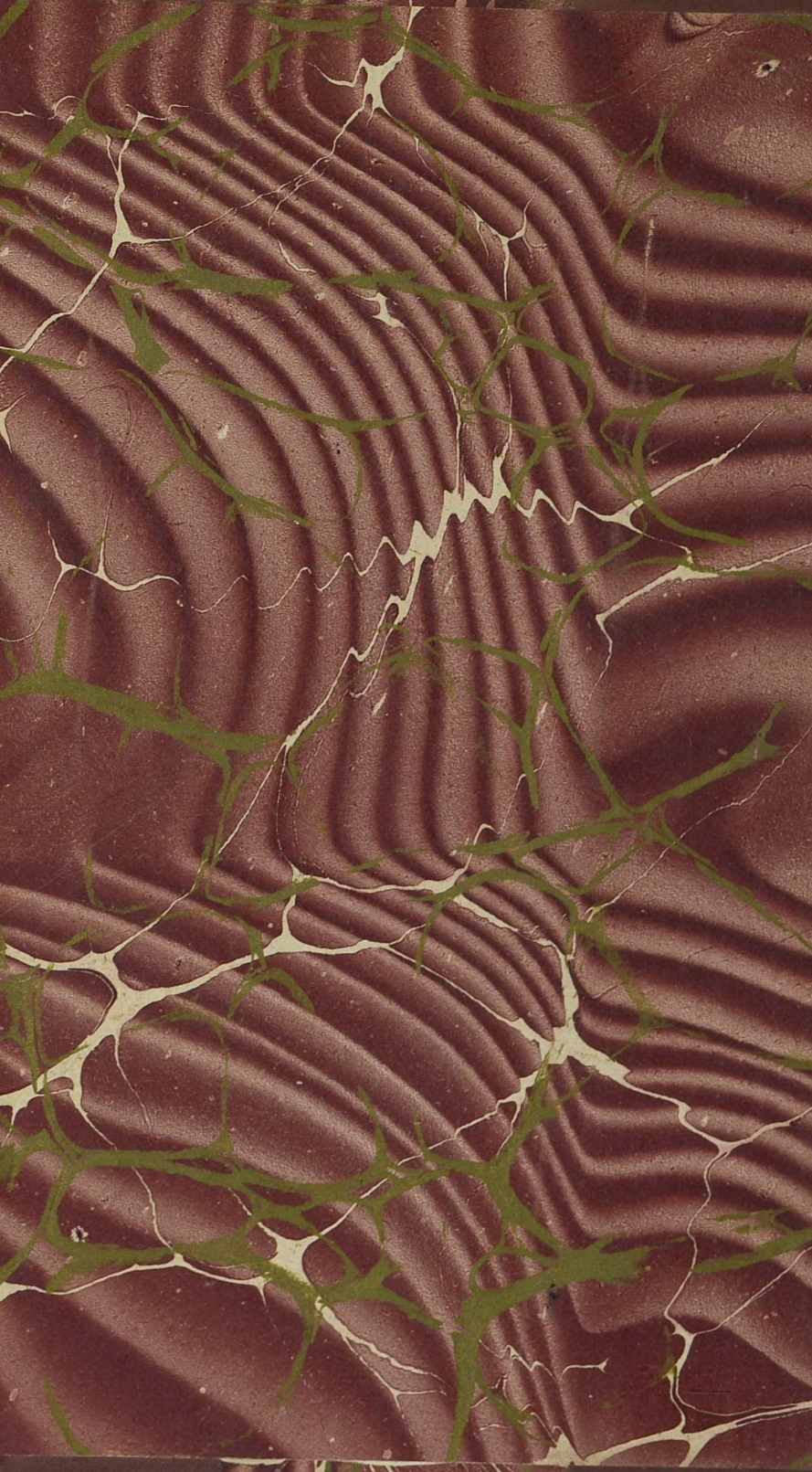
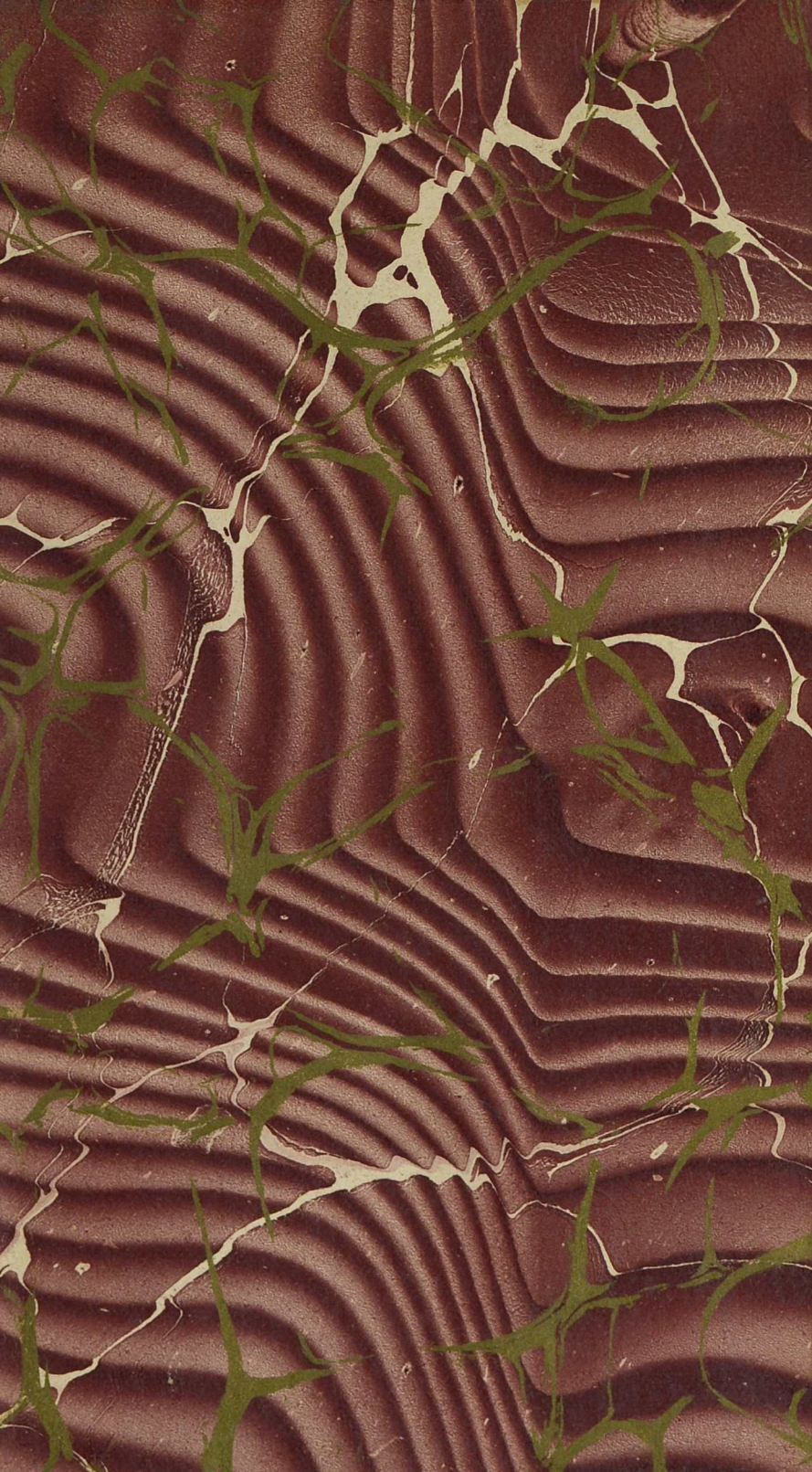
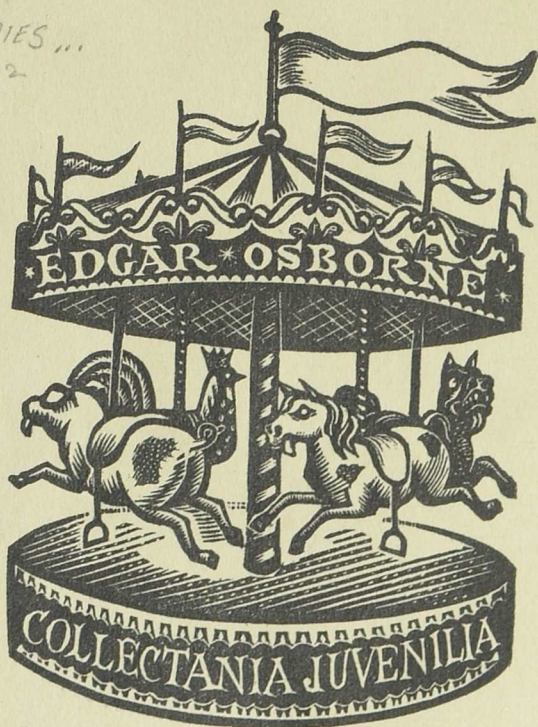








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LONDON
MELODIES;
OR,
CRIES OF THE
Seasons.



PART I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM DARTON, JUN. 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

(Price One Shilling.)

PREFACE.

IT is not the intention of the Writer to introduce the CRIES OF LONDON as a novelty, most young people being already pretty well acquainted with them; but hitherto they seem to have been considered as a vehicle for prints and amusement, rather than a source of information.

The Writer presumes the two might be blended, and that, while the eye traced terms familiar to the ear, from daily observation, the mind might gather a portion of instruction; though, from so simple a source: accustomed as children are, and correctly as they may mimic the cries of "Water Cresses,"—"Hot Cross Buns," and "Earthen Ware," they are not aware, perhaps, of the toil endured by the gatherer of the first, the nature of the event which gave rise to the second,

This fish makes it appearance on our shores early in the Spring, and is considered in its prime from March until June; but although after that period they are no longer esteemed delicate, they are still wholesome food, and many hundreds feed upon them even until July.

They are brought in boats to Billingsgate, and there disposed of by the hundred, chiefly to those who afterwards vend them in the public streets. On first coming in, they are often bought at the exorbitant price of two shillings each; but as the season advances, and they become common, they may be purchased at the trifling rate of from four to eight for the shilling.

Cheap as this may appear, they might be sold still cheaper, were it not for the selfish conduct of those who own the Mackerel boats, who, when favourable gales furnish our shores most plentifully, order them to be thrown into the river, rather than reduce their price, as they ought to do. This truth is a shocking one, and shews how pernicious avaricious habits may become to society in general, when indulged, even by individuals.

So much for this article, let us see what comes next.



*Great News! Glorious News for Old Eng-
land; Extraordinary Gazette.*

Hark! the horn of the Newsman, and see in his hat,
A paper, confirming the news;
He says it is glorious, but for all that,
Folks see it in different views.

In the friends of the soldier, it must create fear,
Though the nation may hail it as great;
For the widow and orphan must blend the sad tear,
As they read of the sufferers fate.

Still if warefare must be, and we have not a choice,
It is best we should conquer the foe;
Nor can we but join in the general voice,
Our love for the country to shew.

If Wellington could but contrive a new plan,
To sieze Buonaparte in his pranks,
And to England forward the little great man,
We will make him a Duke, and with thanks.

Here is one who never keeps us in ignorance of what is going forward on the Continent; often indeed, exceeding the truth, but just now indeed he can scarcely say too much of England's successes, for her brave soldiers are conquering the enemy wherever they find them.

Warfare is a shocking system, and it is dreadful to reflect on the numerous lives so often sacrificed, for a single victory over our fellow-creatures too.—How much better would it be to live in peace with all nations, rather than fight for plunder, and the pleasure of killing our foes.—Savages can do no more, yet custom reconciles the most polished nations to the horrible consequences of war!

The tyrant Buonaparte, now Emperor of the French Empire, has involved Europe by his perverse nature, and set them against each other, for the purpose of effecting his own ambitious schemes, but his wicked intention is, in a great measure defeated. It is true he has taken the King of Spain prisoner, but the royal family of Portugal have escaped his plans, and our brave countrymen, are fighting their cause to the discomfiture of the tyrant. Lord Wellington is a great man, we wish him to take a great tyrant, and set Europe at peace. This would be a real blessing to mankind.—And gratitude should illumine our hearts, rather than candles our windows, for the blessing would be general, and our sense of it unanimous.



*Come buy my Water Cresses, my nice young
Water Cresses.*

Through marsh and mire this woman goes,
Bare legged, and often without shoes;
Her Water Cresses to procure,
The which she hawks from door to door.
She is not young as you may see,
But has sustained much poverty;
Yet does she bear these hardships well,
In hopes her little stock to sell.
You cannot do a better thing,
Than eat her Cresses in the Spring;
They purify and cleanse the blood,
And are besides, a pleasant food.
At breakfast, if you would but take
A bunch to eat, with buttered cake,
Not only would you serve the trade,
But seldom need the doctor's aid.

This wholesome and pleasant water herb, grows in damp and marshy places, as may be supposed from its being called a water herb—through these the poor gatherer is obliged to wade, before he can procure enough to answer his purpose, which is a maintenance. One industrious man, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, collects and sells them nearly the year round: and may be heard from day-light until ten o'clock at night.

The cheerless manner in which they are procured, would alone render the employment an ardeous one; but when to this is added the daily fatigue they undergo in disposing of them, few will envy the Water Cress gatherer.

Water Cresses are a great purifier of the blood, and particularly wholesome at the Spring and fall of the year; they are likewise agreeable in sallad, although rather sharp to the tongue.

Let me caution young people against seeking for herbs, when unattended by some intelligent companion; for, unless acquainted with their different natures, the consequences may be fatal. The productions of nature are so various, that it requires much study to attain a knowledge of one third.

The *little* herbalist is therefore liable to mistake some poisonous weed for a pleasant herb, and not discover the error until too late to retrieve it: this has been proved more than once.

It were better to leave our own judgment out of the question, and be content to purchase Water Cresses from the street vender, who, from long experience, cannot fail to be right.



*Hastings, green and young Hastings ; Here's
young Peas, Ten-pence a Peck, Marrow-
fat Peas.*

Of all that in the garden grows,
Few gives us more delight,
To watch them creeping up in rows,
Would give one appetite.

With bacon, ham, or dainty tongue,
How sweet and nice they eat ;
And even when no longer young,
They make good soup with meat.

A duck and peas, I need not say,
Are reckoned very fine ;
I only wish, we always may,
Have such, on which to dine.

Come buy a peck for trial sake,
Marrow-fats every one;
This peck alone, my stock will break,
And then my labours done.

This good man need not fear to sell his peas, for they are so generally liked, that no sooner is the welcome cry heard, than most people are desirous to lighten his stock. They are certainly a very nice article, and as he observes, eat particularly well with bacon, ham, or tongue. As to ducks, however dainty they may taste, it is not so easy to procure them, as peas.

Ten-pence the peck is not an unreasonable price; those who can afford to give more, may, if they please; but it is shameful indulgence of the appetite to give a guinea for one quart, and this is done repeatedly for the tables of the rich, before peas attain their natural growth! What makes it worse, is, they are forced, by artificial heat, even to bring them to this state of forwardness; so that the extravagant sum is paid for tasteless peas, and not the sweet juicy ones we obtain, by waiting a few months longer. If their patience and temperance allowed them to wait, they might enjoy them in perfection, and apply their money to better uses.

Peas grow in pods, or shells, on a long and slender stalk; their blossom is white, but not so fragrant as that of the bean, which is quite a nosegay. It is generally the month of June, before they are much seen in the market; at first very dear, but their price falls rapidly as they become plentiful. Dried and split, they give an agreeable flavour to soup, and make a nice pudding to eat with salt pork, &c.



Buy a Mop, Brush, or a Hair Broom.

Without the aid of Brush or Broom,
 What would the housewife do,
 How scour her floor, or sweep her room,
 From dust and gathering flue?

When thaw succeeds a frosty day,
 Leaving loose mud behind;
 When from the dirt we turn away,
 Some cleaner place to find,

The nice swept crossing meets our eye,
 And shews a passage free,
 But who can pass the sweeper by,
 Without a trifling fee?

The well worn broom his labour shews,
And some reward deserves ;
His timely sweep our Sunday clothes
From wet and dirt preserves.

Here is an article so necessary to the comfort of all classes, that it were almost needless to enter into a description of their uses; and to the credit of the English character, they are not spared in this country. Mops alone form a branch of trade.

The brooms used for cleaning carpets are made of a sort of reed, or rush, and the best sort comes from Russia. The late war has prevented their importation, and consequently they have been scarce, and their price extravagantly high; but now we are again at peace with that country, we may hope to see our old friends again.

Within the last two or three years, there has been an ingenious invention of whalebone, split fine, but it does not answer the intention, at least to the extent supposed. Common brooms, such as are used to clean stone yards, and sweep the crossings, &c. are made of birch, or heath, and do very well for such purposes; but they would spoil a handsome carpet, if not wear it out. In the streets of our great city, we are much accommodated through their means, and it would be almost ungrateful, as well as ungenerous, to pass the poor sweeper without some little mark of the sense we entertain of his industry, especially if he or she be lame or old, and alas! it is but too often the case.

Think of this, my young friends, when next you save your nice garments, or new shoes, by the timely preparation of the humble sweeper. A Penny thus bestowed, would do credit to your humanity, and make you none the poorer.



*Buy my Matches, good Lady.—Any good
Matches to day Ma'am.*

What trade more common than my own,
And none more badly paid ;
Yet to the world, as well is known,
It lends most useful aid.

Though tinder, flint, and steel be there,
They answer not the end,
Unless the house-maid have a care
To keep another friend.

I sell that friend, you soon will guess,
To catch the kindling spark ;
And by my aid, you must confess,
Throw light, on what is dark.

Small as my profit is, on me,
Two helpless babes depend ;
Our only means of life, you see
In what I make and vend.

And now you know my wretched state,
One bunch of matches buy ;
Just think how different is your fate,
And spare the widow's sigh.

Matches are indeed useful articles, though the selling of them be but a poor trade, if we consider how many bunches must be sold, before the seller gain enough to purchase a loaf.—We frequently see a poor woman and several young children, toiling through the city streets, who have no other support than the sale of Matches.

They are made of light wood, cut pointing at each end, and dipped into hot brimstone, sufficient of which adheres to the wood, to produce instant light, when applied to tinder, which every one knows is burnt linen.

Near Clare-Market, sits a poor blind woman, who, notwithstanding her calamity, cuts and forms the matches very dexterously ; a severe reproof to those, who enjoy the blessings of all their senses, without applying either to any good purpose.

It is very convenient to have Matches near at hand, in case of wanting a light in a hurry ; but children should not venture to try experiments, with any species of fire, for it is far easier kindled than extinguished ; and brimstone is of a nature to give excruciating pain. In the reign of William the Conqueror, no person was allowed fire, or candle in their house, after eight o'clock in the evening.



*Clothes sell, Clothes! Hare Skins, Rabbit
Skins, Shoes, or any old Hats to sell?*

With the dawn, active Moses commences his trade,
And to clear out your wardrobe will offer his aid;
Who would throw away clothes, be they ever so old,
When they learn e'en the worst they possess may be
sold.

But beware of a bargain, though tempting the bait,
Or perchance you may learn to repent when too late;
For if we may credit what's said of the Jew,
He understands bargains much better than you.
However, we should not give ear to report,
Or make our friend Moses a subject of sport;
Like us, he endeavours to gain what he can,
And remember, the Jew, as the Christian, is Man.

The custom of buying Old Clothes is more prevalent in London than any other place, although it may be heard in various parts of England.

The articles purchased from the rich, are again disposed of to the middling class, and the apparel of the latter to the lower orders. By these means many make a decent appearance who could not do so otherwise, it being much more convenient to produce second-hand articles than new ones.

Jews are the chief monopolizers of the trade; nevertheless, many of our own people follow the same; but custom having confirmed the former at the head, all dealers in this way are apt to be classed with the Jews.

They are likewise supposed to be the most expert in making a bargain (to their own advantage), and sometimes cheating the seller; but prejudice, no doubt, exceeds truth in this instance, as in most others, and it is most probable we should not meet with more honesty in the Protestant, than is often to be found in the censured Jew.

No person should be despised for their religion, and it is only weak minds who give into such cruelty.

Near the Tower of London is a market for all kinds of cast-off wearing apparel. Here the needy resort, and for a trifling sum may procure a complete suit of clothes. It is known by the denomination of Rag-Fair, and presents a curious though not very agreeable scene to the eye of the stranger.



*Buy my Baskets, a Work, Fruit, or a
Bread Basket.*

Of willow, my Baskets are made,
And for various uses designed,
In their workmanship, skill is displayed,
And their forms are of different kinds.

These round ones will keep your work clean,
And hold both your needles and thread;
There are baskets for fruit, made of green,
And these are intended for bread.

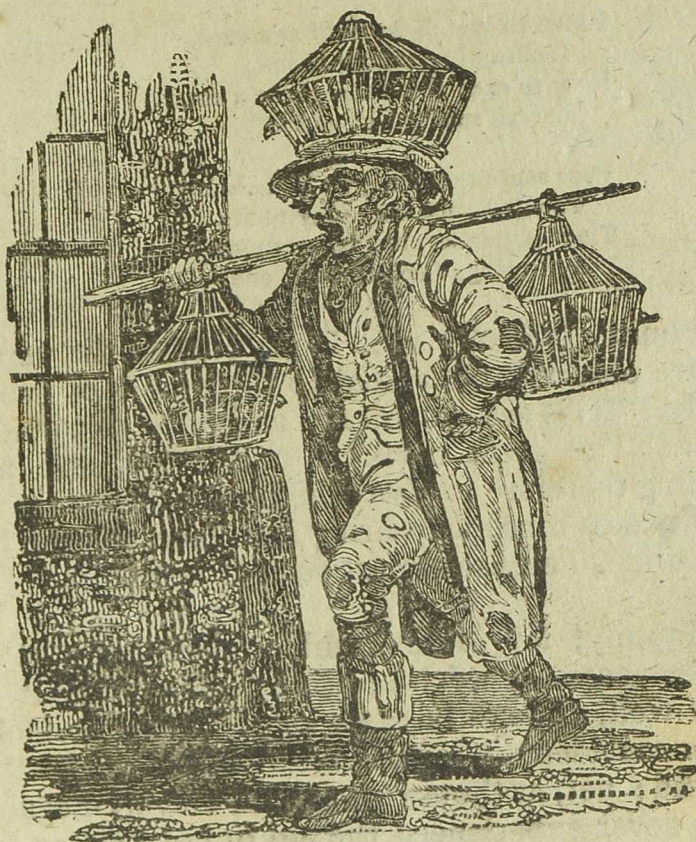
Their price, from a groat to a crown,
And if you examine them nigh,
You will own, not a vender in Town,
Would sell them, so cheaply as I.

From day-break I wander the street,
And often return full of care;
But I hope better fortune to find,
If you help to get rid of my ware.

This article, though it appears so simple, evinces much ingenuity in the construction; the woman tells us, her baskets are made of willow, but some are made of straw, and most curiously contrived. The French are particularly clever this way, and many beautiful specimens may be seen in the different prisons of England, where they are confined during the war between their country and ours. They make complete cabinets, with drawers, writing-desk, looking-glass, &c. The straw is of various colours, and arranged with much taste; these articles are of course expensive to the purchaser.—I imagine many young folks would be satisfied with such as this good woman offers: the small ones at a groat, might carry a little fruit, or any trifling thing. And I would advise all females to procure one of those with a lid, to preserve their work in good order; for nothing is more disgraceful and slovenly, as to see a young Lady throw her working materials about promiscuously.

Order is easily acquired, and promotes real comfort, the want of it, often leads to poverty and misery.

Insignificant as this trade seems, a similar one once led to the happiest consequences, as my readers will find, if they peruse the old story of the basket maker. Adding another proof to the advantages of employment, and the dangers of idleness.



*Chickens, a nice fat Chicken—Chicken, or a
young Fowl.*

The Chicken young, and Fowl well fed,
No doubt are reckoned nice;
But those who work for daily bread,
Cannot afford their price.

The rich, such nicities may buy,
Without them we can do;
For many hear the fowl-man's cry,
But purchasers are few.

Much rather would I see the hen,
And chickens in her train;
Than eat the harmless creatures, when
For me, they have suffered pain.

I love to watch the mother's care,
Tending her callow brood;
How to each chick she gives a share,
Though scanty be her food.

Poor senseless hen, you little know,
To what such care may tend;
Their plumpness but creates your woe,
And brings them to their end.

Poultry is a very nice food, but, as the verses above observe, not suited to the purses of every body. It is seldom cheap, and often extremely dear. The great think it a delicacy, and are willing therefore to give a high price to obtain it: this makes those who bring it to market keep up the price, because almost sure of selling it.

Happily, for more humble individuals, it is not a necessary of life; we can live without it very well, though in cases of sickness, a chicken is considered mild and nourishing food for the invalid; yet, as thousands get ill, and well again, who never experienced the aid of chicken or fat fowl, it may naturally be concluded, inclination, is stronger than necessity.

Christmas is the season, during which the public mostly indulge themselves with this luxury, but unless they can well afford it, they had much better make merry with their friends upon roast beef, with whose good qualities all are acquainted.

Chickens are bred in large quantities round London. Norfolk, produces the best turkeys; Suffolk, and Yorkshire geese.

It is very interesting to observe the watchful care of the hen, when her chickens are young:

how regularly she feeds them; puts herself forward to encounter any danger that threatens their safety, and gathers them under her maternal wing for further protection: in short, she is a pattern for mothers in general.

Her eggs are a public treasure, while she gives us those, we may surely spare her chickens, and be content with the nice puddings and custards, she enables us to make. On Shrove Tuesday, I think, we should miss her bounty, for though pancakes may be made without eggs, they are certainly much nicer with them.

A vile custom prevails among the lower order of society, on the above day; a poor harmless Cock is fastened to a stake, and become a mark for the dexterity of the populace, who inhumanly amuse themselves with throwing sticks, oranges, or other things at the poor victim, whose limbs are broken and mutilated before he is released by his owners; or, perhaps death; the latter, indeed, is his best friend, for little kindness can be expected from the being, who would expose a living creature to the wanton barbarity of the wicked, and that too for the sake of money, for each person pays a trifle, ere he is allowed to join in the cruel sport.

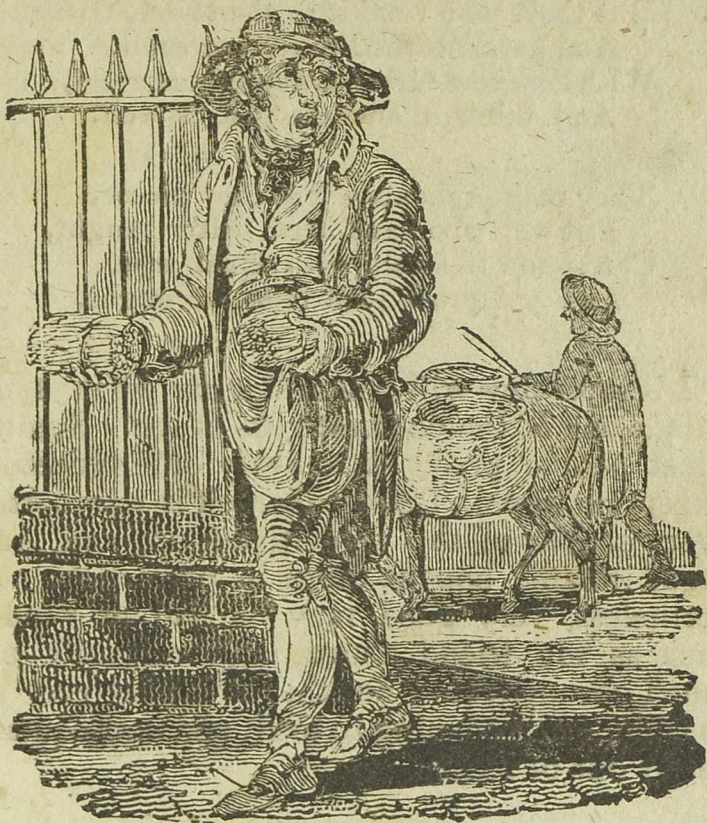
A few years since, as some boys were thus wantonly employed (in a town of Somersetshire), one of them, having approached the sufferer to view its deplorable state, received the blow his playmate intended for the Cock, a sharp-pointed stick struck him in the eye, and he was instantly deprived of sight; a proper punishment for his cruelty, and a constant mark of disgrace.

Turkies, are naturally irritable, of which they show evident proofs when offended or teased; from this, arises the saying of "as red as a turkey cock," when applied to a passionate person.

"As silly as a goose," is another saying of the kind, from the noisy cackling of this bird upon every trifling occasion; but all such comparisons are rude, if not vulgar, and well-bred children will ever avoid using them.

We should not imbibe prejudices from trifling causes. What can be more disagreeable than the quacking of a duck, yet what fowl is nicer to the palate. Dorking, in Surrey, breeds the best ducks.





*Ripe Asparagus, Three Shillings a Hundred.
Buy a Bundle, good and cheap.*

When lamb is young, and chickens small,
Asparagus is in its prime;
But 'tis a thing which does not fall
To all our lot, for certain time.

For who so great a sum would pay,
Although the article be nice,
When, if they wait a future day,
Plenty, perhaps, may lower the price.

But those who vend it in the street,
And never learned to read or spell,
With Sparrow Grass the strangers greet,
And think it answers just as well.

They may pronounce it as they please,
But we, who have been better taught,
Can sound the word with equal ease,
And yet pronounce it as we ought.

I believe few will contradict me when I say, this is one of the choicest gifts of early Summer. Most people prefer it to every other vegetable, excepting peas. Covent Garden is the mart for every article of the vegetative kind, and Asparagus is to be bought there in perfection. Nevertheless, very good may be had of venders, such as my friend above, and certainly at a much cheaper rate; not that it is ever very reasonable, until running to seed, and consequently nearly out of season.

The common method of selling it is by the hundred, or half hundred; the former will sell for seven or eight shillings, in prime season, of course it is only the wealthy or extravagant who procure it at such time. However, as the Epicure tires of it, and the grass gets large, the humble housekeeper may purchase a bundle as low as twenty-pence.

There is a smaller kind, called Sprue, but it is far inferior in taste, and not much sought after when Asparagus is brought to market.

The men and women who solicit your custom at the door seldom give it a correct pronuncia-

tion, Sparrow Grass being their usual cry, but certainly Asparagus is most proper, and it is quite as easy to pronounce right as wrong.

Those who cultivate it in their gardens should check their inclination the first year, and let it run to seed, by which means they will secure a plentiful supply for years to come.

Asparagus was first brought to England in 1608.

Cauliflowers were introduced, a few years previous; artichokes were planted in England as early as 1487.

The Count Tallard, a French prisoner, introduced celery to the English table, in the year 1709.

Thus all our luxuries did not come to us at once; and it is probable, when we possessed but a few, they afforded us more real enjoyment than the superfluities now within our reach.

Much as we may approve of peas and asparagus, and other delicate vegetables, neither can equal the potatoe, in wholesomeness, or usefulness.

Potatoes are the only substitute for bread, and in times of scarcity, almost answers its purpose.

The poor, know their value well, and they have reason to do so, for potatoes are but too often, their support.

A pleasant story is told of a shrewd Scotchman, who, when eating asparagus for the first time, began chewing it at the wrong end; the company perceived his mistake, and diverted themselves at his expence: one of them at length hinted to him, the blunder he was committing, and of course expected to witness his confusion; but the quick discerning Caledonian, replied, " he always perferred the end he was eating, to the other, though he confessed his taste was singular." Thus parrying the ridicule of his companions, at the expence of his own convenience; for it is certain, the thick end of asparagus has nothing agreeable in its flavour, or tempting in its appearance. No such mistake could happen with potatoes, which were first introduced into England, from America, in 1563.





Lilies of the Valley, sweet Lilies of the Valley.

Who can inspect this lovely flower,
And not experience delight,
Its clear white bells that bear the shower,
And weather many a frosty night.

'Tis true the smooth broad leaf behind,
Forms, as it were, a kind of shield,
Were it not so, the chilling wind
Would soon compel its form to yield.

We like to hear this simple cry,
It seems the messenger of bloom,
And tells a milder season nigh,
When finer flowers and sweets will come.

Few flowers have been more admired than the humble Lily of the Valley; not indeed for its striking form or colour, for both are of the simplest kind; but the elegance of its drooping white bells, and the contrast of the large green leaf which shelters them, cannot be overlooked by the real lovers of nature, who love to trace her in her simplest works.

This flower blooms in Spring, and requires little attention from the gardener, growing in full perfection, though wild.

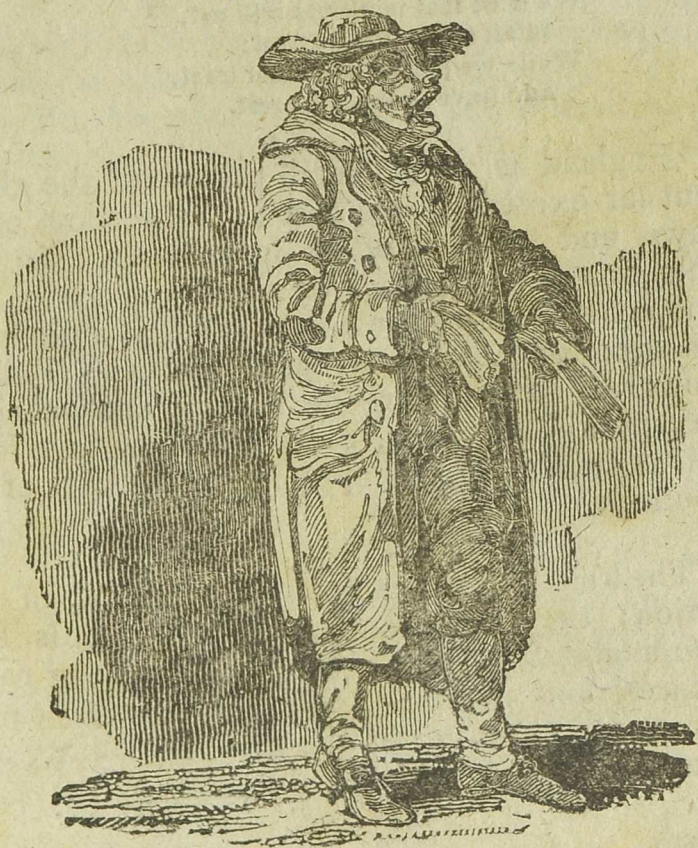
Delicate as it appears, it yet survives many a chilling spring gale and frosty air.

Covent Garden usually exhibits the first of them, and there the flower-women make their purchase, to distribute to their casual customers.

It forms of itself a beautiful nosegay, and many ladies will cheerfully pay a high price for such a one before they get common.

The Lily of the Valley is an inhabitant of the vale, and is therefore so called. Pure minded and innocent females are often compared to this flower, and not without reason, for it is modest in appearance as retired in its natural situation.

After what I have said on the subject, my young friends will not object to lay out a penny in the purchase of them, and it is to be hoped, through life, they may never have cause to shrink from the comparison here alluded to.



*The King's Speech, the King's Speech to both
Houses of Parliament.*

Come buy the Speech, if but to know,
The order of the day;
As how much money the nation owe,
And what the means to pay.

The Lords and Commons both agree,
We flourish much just now;
Though some (who every evil see,)
Declare they know not how.

No matter, so the tale be true,
Which way the tale is told;
They say we have no taxes new,
But still must bear the old.

We trust that ministers will act,
In all things for the best;
While we pursue our usual tract,
And leave to them the rest.

England is a very small portion of the globe, but far exceeds the largest in the wisdom of its laws, and freedom of its inhabitants. In former times, when kings were more despotic, the subject had very little power, and, if injured by his superiors, had no means of redress. Things, however, have undergone a total change since that period, and now, every man may help himself in such cases, by applying to the laws of his country.

The king and parliament are the head of the nation; the parliament consists of Lords and Commons, the former composed of the royal princes, and the chief nobility who are called peers, and the latter of the inferior nobility and gentry.

When they assemble to consult the good of the nation, the King's wishes are communicated to the Lords in a written speech by the Lord Chancellor, and by the House of Lords communicated to the Commons; after which it is printed and distributed to the public by means as above. The first parliament ever assembled in this country, was in the year 1116.

It is not improbable, that some of my present readers, may become members of parliament, and plead the cause of their country, like other great men. It is certainly a very honourable situation, but it is to be hoped, should such really be the case, they will, (as our verse

says,) act for the best, and do every thing to promote the welfare of their fellow subjects. But, pray Mr. Member, do not bring forward any new taxes—we find the old ones quite sufficient.

Formerly, kings delivered their own speeches, though, perhaps, not always their own sentiments; for few sovereigns act entirely for themselves, and free from partiality. However, we should not complain, for England is undoubtedly the best monarchy in the world; our kings may be independent, but have not the power to be despotic.

No usurper will ever succeed in this country. Oliver Cromwell, with all his art, never attained the height of his ambition;—for though he boasted of his love for liberty, his aim was evidently to gain a crown.—Freedom and England are synonymous.





*All round and sound, full weight, Three-
pence a Pound, my Ripe Kentish Cher-
ries, Three-pence a Pound, Cherries.*

Hark! list, to that sound,
Cherries three-pence the pound,
Ripe, juicy, and give you full weight;
Ah! should there be any,
Who own not a penny,
How very perverse is their fate.

Who such Cherries could see
And not tempted be,
To wish, he possessed a small share;
But observe, I say small,
For those who want all,
Deserve not to taste of such fare.

But the girl, or the boy,
Who can only enjoy
Their Cherries, by sharing with friends;
May wish a few more,
For they gather their store,
Not from selfish, but generous ends.

What a joyful sound to the youthful ear! Cherries three-pence a pound—this is undoubtedly very cheap, if they are good, and this woman is not accustomed to tell an untruth. Three-half-pence will purchase half a pound, a quantity quite sufficient for two moderate children; and I hope, the generality of my readers are of this description.

There are various kinds of Cherries, such as the white heart, the black heart, the Kentish, Morel, &c. the two first are sweet and pleasant, but the Kentish is considered the best, and the most wholesome; it takes its name from the County of Kent, where they grow in great abundance, and numbers gain a living by cultivating and bringing them to market. The Morel Cherry, is not so agreeable to the taste as any other, and it usually preserved, or put into liquor.

Although London has no fruit of its own growth, no place is better, or indeed so well supplied with the choicest kinds. The produce of every county may be purchased here, in perfection. Children, however, should be careful not to indulge too much in gratifying their appetites; a little fruit is wholesome and nutritious, but when eaten to excess, may occasion sickness, and in some cases, death. Instances have been

known, wherein children died, in consequence of swallowing cherry-stones, none but the greedy would be guilty of such conduct of course; sour fruit is likewise pernicious; and so are plums, even when ripe, so that we must be upon our guard, when such tempting objects presents themselves to our view.

Cherries are usually ripe in June, and continue until the month of August.

If Cherries might be allowed to boast of ancestry, few fruits can exhibit a nobler origin.

They were brought from Pontus to Rome, by Lucullus, in 70; were first planted in Britain 100 years before Christ, and brought from Flanders to Kent, where they succeeded so well, that an orchard of 32 acres, produced, in one year, 1,000 pounds of them, this was in the year 1540.

Thus Kent seems to have the first claim to Cherry honours.

Apricots came from Epirus; Peaches from Persia; Pears and Figs from Greece and Egypt; Citron from Medes; Pomgranates from Carthage; and Plums, from Damascus and America, about 114 years before Christ.



*Hot Mutton Dumplings—Nice Dumplings,
all Hot.*

Hot Mutton Dumplings this man cries,
What more could one desire,
To save the trouble of making pies,
Or puddings, and save your fire.

The meat is fresh, his basket nice,
And napkin snowy white;
One look will make you wish a slice,
And give you appetite.

For not in London will you find,
(Though pastry-cooks may boast),
More savoury Dumplings of the kind,
At such a trifling cost.

Now meat is dear, and flour likewise,
Our purse strings slowly move,
For who would think of making pies,
Though what all young folks love.

No, they must save their pence to buy
Nice Dumplings of this man,
And when they hear his welcome cry
Procure one, if they can.

Some children, who are accustomed to rich pies and puddings, may turn aside from this good man's dumplings, thinking them coarse and common, yet I believe many an hungry child would gladly partake of such fare, and take his word for the goodness of the articles contained in them.

To do the dumpling man justice, his dumplings have a very tempting appearance, and from their size, do not seem to lack meat; his basket too, and the napkin which covers it, are as clean as himself, and certainly cleanliness is a great inducement to the spectator to become a purchaser.

Pastry cooks may laugh at his pretensions, and think him arrogant, in comparing his humble Mutton Dumplings with their superior pastry. But I imagine, in point of wholesomeness, his pastry has the preference, for too much butter, or high seasoning, is extremely improper for young people, and but too often productive of ill consequences.

Let those who think these Dumplings not worth eating, do without them, or go to the great shops, where they may gratify their palate, at the expence of their health; but the mo-

derate and wise will not hesitate to wait the sound of our good friend's voice, and should they own a penny, will purchase one of his nice Dumplings, well pleased to share the wholesome treat, nor envy their more dainty neighbours.

Fleet-Market is a noted place for the Dumpling or Pie-Man. Those who may wish for a sight of their old friend, may gratify their curiosity, from the following likeness of him.



Called also "The Flying Pie-Man"



*Forty-a-Penny, young Radishes—Two Score
a-Penny, Spring Radishes.*

This pleasant Spring cry
Tempt many to buy,
As a relish, to eat with their cheese;
For a penny, two score,
But should you wish more,
I will sell you the whole if you please.

They are fresh from the bed,
And this beautiful red,
I know not, with what to compare;
Not beauty's bright hue,
Can their colour outdo,
Though blooming the cheek of the fair.

Nay, you may if you chuse,
The tops of them use,
And boil them to eat with your meat ;
They are wholesome esteemed,
And by many are deemed,
When fresh, crisp, and young, quite a treat.

The Radish woman may well boast of their beautiful colour, for it is indeed of the brightest hue ; colour, however, is not their only recommendation, their taste is very agreeable, and particularly with cheese.

There are white, as well as pink Radishes, in flavour more mild, than those she mentions, but not so common.

Radish seed soon springs up, and the sower is quickly repaid for his trouble, for they appear in great numbers, and if not carefully sown, prevent each other coming to perfection ; so thick do they grow. The tops, when boiled, eat very pleasantly with salt meat, and many prefer them to turnip tops.

In Spring, and early Summer, they are in their prime—they appear again in Autumn, but these last are seldom so good as the former. As Radishes do not always agree with the eater, people should be cautious in the number they eat, especially the Autumnal ones, which are more watry than Spring ones. Turnip, or white Radishes, are not so generally cultivated as the red, consequently are always dearer.



*Buy my Herrings, fresh Herrings, O!
Three a Groat, Herrings O!*

Ye lovers of fish, who are judges likewise,
Ye will not, though humble, my Herrings despise,

For their delicate flavour, you very well know,
Come take which you like, either soft or hard row;

No matter how cooked, they are still a nice dish,
And have ever been reckoned the king of the fish,
In catching them, hundreds a living procure,
And various hardships these people endure;
But Londoners never consider these things,
While fish to their houses, the fishmonger brings,

They have only to purchase the best of what's
good,
All the trouble they have, is in chusing their
food.

However, these fancies are nothing to me,
As long as my Herrings and they can agree ;
The stronger their fancy, the better for trade,
I but offer my fish, and expect to be paid.

Small and insignificant as the Herrings may
appear, when compared to some other kinds of
fish, it has ever been reckoned the king of the
finny race.

Their smell, indeed, is somewhat strong, but
their taste is excellent, and they are universally
liked,—who would suppose, to view them in the
streets, they are of such consequence. Exclu-
sive of their royal title, they are the means of
wealth to hundreds of individuals ; a share in one
of the Herring fisheries, is often a most produc-
tive thing ;—a great trade is carried on in the
Scottish Isles, of this kind. Ireland likewise
has her share, and the Dutch have long been
noted for their Herring trade.

There is a an old saying, so long back as
1234 ; “ fresh-herring pasties, good for a king.”
By which it appears, they were then considered
a choice fish.

In the year 1397, Herrings were first pickled,
previous to that period, they were salted and
dried for red-herrings. In 1680, the Dutch fish-
ery was sufficient to employ 8,000 vessels, and
200,000 sailors ; it must of course have been a
most extensive trade.

Many poor people, both in England and Ireland, scarcely ever taste any other food, than Herrings and potatoes, too much fish, however, is not desirable; but the poor have not always a choice, let us, who have the power to chuse, be temperate, and learn to share our good gifts with the needy and unfortunate.





Buy a nice Wax Doll—rosy and fresh.

Say, who such pretty Dolls could see,
Without desire for one;
But if you buy it, careful be,
To keep it from the sun.

For though their colour seems so fast,
Heat, melts it soon away;
Their beauty was not made to last,
For all it looks so gay.

But do not from this hint, despise
My pretty harmless toys,
See how they open and shut their eyes,
Like little girls and boys.

And if they do not last so long,
This quality is theirs,
They neither say, or do what's wrong,
Or take upon them airs.

Good woman, you need not cry so loud, our ears but too readily catch the tempting sounds, and I fear those with empty purses, will be sorry to hear them so plainly. Your babies are indeed beautiful, and their complexion fine; but for all that, we like the rosy cheek of nature better than these painted ones.—You honestly confess heat will spoil their beauty, well! so will ill-temper destroy the bloom in the fairest cheek among us; you will say, your dolls have an advantage over us, because they can be repaired, so as to look like new; but on our side, let me observe, should age alone steal our charms, we can dress their faded remains, in the smile of good-humour and benevolence, and then, I imagine your blooming dolls, will not attempt to vie with us.

These ingenious toys are made of purified wax, melted into moulds, and are very handsome when completed: but they do not bear rough handling, and must be kept in cool places.

Of late years leather dolls have been invented, and an excellent contrivance they are, looking nearly equal to wax in point of beauty, and far more durable.—I should advise all little girls to purchase them, in preference to wax. It is in this case, as in all others; use, is superior to shew, and the most beautiful article, which cannot be fitted to any purpose, soon loses its value in the eyes of its owner.



*Knives to grind, Scissars to grind, Razors,
or Pen-knives to grind.*

Who that London City knows,
That has not heard this cry :
From east to west, the grinder goes,
In hopes his skill you'll try.

The knife, whose edge is keen no more,
When sharpened on his wheel,
Will cut, just as t did before,
And look, new-polished steel.

Your razors too, and scissars fine,
Will shortly cut like new ;
Not Salisbury's steel can brighter shine,
If what he says is true.

At any rate, no harm can come,
From mending what it bad ;
And for a very trifling sum,
A grinder may be had.

Idleness has no share in the grinders trade, he is on foot from morn until night, and his employment is not followed without learning something. All classes give him employment, for he is of service to all, and repairs knives, scissars, &c. extremely well, and far more reasonable than the Cutler. The machine he wheels about with him has much contrivance and ingenuity, and contains the apparatus necessary to the trade.

He places one foot in a leather stirrup, and by constantly moving it up and down, causes the wheel to turn, and with it a round stone, on which he places the article to be sharpened; holding it down with his fingers, the steel and stone, coming in contact, occasions the latter to strike fire, and sparks fly in all directions: that process over, he oils them clean and returns the article to you quite a different thing. No person but one in the trade, could accomplish the task so dexterously, and the price seldom exceeds two-pence, often, not a penny.

Children should not be allowed to handle knives, or any other sharp instrument, but at their meals, and even then, to see a child put a knife to the mouth, is both vulgar and dangerous.

END OF PART I.

LONDON
MELODIES;
OR,
CRIES OF THE
Seasons.



PART II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM DARTON, JUN. 58, HOLBORN-HILL.
(*Price One Shilling.*)



*Here's all a blowing, alive and growing.—
Choice Shrubs and Plants, alive and
growing.*

To the lovers of botany here is a treat,
Sweet flowers all growing, although in the street,
Here are roses and myrtles, geraniums and stocks,
The sweet-smelling balsam, and close growing
box.

The fine painted lady, or sweet-scented pea,
And firs of all sizes, from the sprig to the tree.
Mignonet set in boxes, perfuming the air;
In short, all that Summer produces that's rare,
Yet let not their beauty occasion alarms,
Or suppose that my price, must keep pace with
their charms;

I bear this in mind,—should I sell my plants
 dear,
My friends may neglect me the following year;
Whereas, if I only demand a fair price,
They are pleased, and the bargain is made in a
 trice;
Nor do they forget to attend to my cry,
When I, not regarding, might pass their door by.

Who would expect to meet a moving garden
in the streets of London; what a variety too!
roses, myrtles, geraniums, &c. &c. If we can
not buy all, at least we may have some, and
money is not ill laid out in this way, for it is
both delightful and rational, to watch the pro-
gress, and growth of plants.

Roses are one of the most beautiful produc-
tions of nature, but alas! they soon fade; ge-
raniums and stocks are more lasting, though not
so fragrant;—and myrtles are still more hardy
than either, bearing Winter as well as Summer,
with a little care and attention. This pleasant
smelling shrub, like certain qualities of the
mind, out-live the more attractive ones, and
pleases, when the others are entirely forgotten.
Mignonet owns a most charming odour, and if
sown in the spring, and kept well watered, will
last a long while.—I am sure its scent well re-
pays any trouble we may take to preserve it.

Flowers and plants of all descriptions, are
certainly most beautiful in their natural situati-
ons, but it is a great luxury for those who have no
gardens, to be thus able to procure some of na-
tures beauties, and at so trifling an expence.

In the balcony of the nobleman's house, may

be seen the choicest of shrubs and plants, selected with great taste, and regardless of expence.

We, however, are content to choose our garden, from the cart of this man, and enjoy its fragrance with as much gratification as they do their expensive ones. We should ever suit our wishes to our means.

Countries differ in regard to their taste in gardening: Italy has ever been estimated as the most successful in elegance and scenery; France, likewise, owns much beauty in both these points; but although we may allow the Italians and French all due merit for their respective tastes, we will not cede our own, in point of usefulness and comfort. The English garden is not intended for the eye only; health, as well as pleasure directs the planner:—fine open walks, well grown shrubberies, and spreading trees, alternately present themselves to our view; all so well arranged, that we can chuse our walk according to the weather, sheltering ourselves from Summer's heat, or enjoying the sun and free air in Winter. No people are more partial to botany than the Dutch, or take more pains to cultivate flowers; their tulips are superior to all others, and so highly do they esteem this flower, that many a Dutchman has paid several hundred pounds for the single root of an admired one.

The gardens of Holland, do not, however, bear comparison with either of the above mentioned countries; formality, and of course

sameness, fatigues the eye of the traveller, who would willingly dispense with the gaudy tulip, for the pleasure of beholding nature more like herself.

Warm climates are most congenial to the growth of flowers, yet labour and perseverance may effect much without this natural benefit: witness the gardens of the Emperor of Russia, where may be seen all that can charm the eye, notwithstanding the severity of the clime from its northern situation.

In an age marked with frivolity and the conceitedness of superficial acquirements, every pursuit that tends to produce simplicity, and a love of domestic retirement, should be encouraged. Botany is eminently calculated to inspire a partiality for the country, and a desire of investigating the works of nature. By forming an early attachment to the study of plants, many a youth might be saved from the gambling table, and not a few modern young ladies, would hasten from contemplating their own persons in the mirror, to admire the lasting beauty of divine nature. Nothing is of greater importance than to introduce information at first, in an interesting manner: both religion and virtue would prevail more among the young, were they not presented to the mind, by methods more calculated to inspire disgust than affection: the delightful study of botany should therefore be rendered at once easy, useful, and amusing; when it would never cease to afford lasting charms to those youths, who are thus favoured with an early acquaintance with the grand works of the PARENT of NATURE.



*Buy my Oranges ; nice China Oranges—
Rare sweet China.*

When Summer fruits have had their day,
And Autumn brings her share ;
The Orange comes, of colour gay,
And flavour sweet as rare.

But mark—it does not ripen here,
The climate is too cold ;
No matter—warmer climes are near,
To rear this fruit of gold.

When sickness makes us loath our food,
And all our friends produce ;
The Orange seems to do us good,
So grateful is its juice.

But while this fruit continues sour,
Of tasting it be shy ;
For acids have a baneful power,
As those will find who try.

Grateful indeed, and pleasant, is the juicy Orange in health or sickness, and when ripe, wholesome, as sweet: their colour and outward appearance, recommend them to the eye; their rich flavour to the palate; and I believe no fruit is so generally a favourite.

Though usually termed China Oranges, most of them sold in this country, come from Portugal and Spain, where they grow in great abundance; they are sent in chests to the fruit merchants, who pick out the best for the fruit shops and market, while the inferior kind, is disposed of, to those who wheel the barrow, or carry the basket. In their native soil, they must indeed be a luxury, for no doubt most of their fine flavour is lost during the voyage to England; nevertheless, we find them a delicious fruit, and are quite content to eat them as they reach us. The Orange-tree is very handsome, and the blossom beautiful, of these we can judge; for they are common in the hot houses of the nobility and gentry—but they cannot come to perfection in so cold a climate as ours.

Sour Oranges are pernicious, and greatly injure those who eat them, for as the Poet observes, “all acids have a baneful quality.” After learning this, those who indulge their fancy this way, deserve to suffer the certain consequences.



Sweep! Sweep!—Sweep Soot, O!

While others on their pillows sleep,
The early rising Chimney-sweep,
Your chimney's rugged side ascends,
Or under weighty soot-bag bends.

His task performed, no tempting slice,
Of buttered bread, or breakfast nice,
Awaits his coming home, to share;
Again for work, he must prepare.

Hard seems his fate, compared to yours,
Yet uncomplaining he endures;
Perhaps his master treats him kind;
And some employment all should find.

Although so dirty seems his trade,
We could not do without his aid;
Did soot remain from year to year,
We dare not light a fire for fear
The blaze should kindle, and consume
Instead of making warm our room.

We cannot say much in favour of the man and the boys appearance here represented; but if we reflect on the nature of their employment, we shall not wonder to see them so dirty.

To climb a small chimney, and gather the soot is not a nice matter; yet these people do it continually, and but for their timely assistance, the soot would collect in such quantities, that the chimney would become foul, and take fire.

Thus, however we may despise the trade, we are much indebted to the sweeps exertions.

The cleaning of chimneys, is sometimes attended with great danger, for if they are ill-built, the poor Sweep finds it difficult to accomplish his purpose, and often receives severe bruises, if not a broken limb.—Some people are so cruelly inconsiderate, as not to put out the fire, time enough to get cool, previous to the boy's going up; by which carelessness, it has happened, the unfortunate child has been terribly burned—such unfeeling conduct, deserves severest censure.

Soot is not thrown away, worthless, as you may suppose it; it is of infinite service in destroying insects, and enriching the earth; and for this end, the master Chimney-sweeper disposes of it.



*Milk below, Maids—New Milk from the
Cow.*

What beverage is half so sweet,
As New Milk from the Cow?
But what we purchase in the street,
Is not, we must allow.

The wish for profit, makes them add
Water which turns it blue;
Of course this makes the milk turn bad,
And soon get sour too.

But do not think that all combine,
To cheat the public so;
The Milk, this woman sells, is fine,
As all who try, must know.

Let it but stand an hour, or two,
And thick cream will arise;
Which plainly proves the milk is new,
And may be deemed a prize.

When next we dainty custards make,
She shall the milk supply;
And if we find them firmly bake,
Of her, we'll always buy.

One of the greatest luxuries in life, is, good Milk: in the country, we of course get it in perfection; London also can furnish us with very excellent, brought to our very houses, but its worth is greatly diminished by the venders, who shamefully adulterate it before the customer gets it.

There are several Cow owners in the vicinity of the metropolis, who keep hundreds of cows, for the sole purpose of accommodating the inhabitants of this city.

What a useful creature is the cow; what obligations do we not owe her; what puddings, what custards, and other nice things, her milk affords us; not to mention the milk we use in our tea, or with bread for our breakfast: and here let me recommend such a one to my young friend, in preference to any other, for it is certainly the most wholesome of any, and the sweetness of new milk, cannot be surpassed.

How many there are, obliged to be contented with stale bread and water, nor even taste the produce of the friendly cow. Let us think of this, before we turn aside from the basin of fresh milk, and say, we are tired of it.

To the Cow we are indebted for all the butter and cheese we get, for it is her milk that makes them.



Rabbit, Rabbit—Nice fat Rabbit.

Come buy my Rabbits young and tame,
Or if you like them wild,
I have them, choice as any game,
And yet their flavour's mild.

The season now is just set in,
Come taste them in their prime;
I know your custom I shall win,
If you but buy this time.

None in the trade can better sell;
My stock is always good;
And whether you be sick or well,
Rabbits are wholesome food.

Believe me, what I say is just,
I do not wish to puff;
But mark, I neither score or trust;
Have I not said enough?

We must be deaf indeed, not to hear the Rabbit Man, who makes more noise than most criers. Rabbits are a pleasant sweet food, and sometimes sold very reasonable. The tame feed chiefly upon cabbage, lettuce, and other green leaves, and are not very choice in their food.

Many people prefer the flavour of the wild to the tame. They live in burrows on the side of hills; these burrows or warrens are deep holes, which they dig themselves, and there live in vast numbers. It is curious to see them pass in and out of these places, which they do, hundreds at a time, so that the hill appears a moving world.

They are naturally timid, the least noise sets them a scampering, and although they cross your path frequently when near their habitations, it is to avoid, rather than come in your way. Their skins are soft and furry, particularly the white: the dealers in old clothes, buy them, to sell again to the furriers, who clean and dress them; after which, they are made into tippets for the ladies, caps, &c. Thus you see, the flesh though delicate eating, is not the only worth of the animal.

The prettiness of their form, added to their harmless natures, makes them general favourites with young people, who can easily tame them; but indulgence should not permit them to intrude into your gardens, where they can occasion much mischief, by cropping the vegetables and herbage.



Old Chairs to mend.—Old Chairs to mend.

Despise not the half worn out Chair,
It has lulled you in many a pain;
Here is one, who can quickly repair,
And make it look tidy again.

I rejoice, when I find things will mend,
And would rather retain them than new,
It seems like retaining a friend,
And to friends some attention is due,

Full many there be, who have old,
And cannot afford new to buy;
Their remedy need not be told,
They will find it in this simple cry.

All trades are not suited to the capacities of women, and one would suppose, this one, not very well adapted to females; yet it is common to see them pursuing it, and with as much assiduity, and dexterity, as any workman in the Trade. Long slim rushes are the articles with which they repair old chairs; and these they pass over and over the outward frame, until the bottom is completely covered.

Simple as the process seems from description, the performance is more difficult than may be imagined; for the bottom of the chair being divided into four parts, it requires much nicety to make the point meet well in the middle, and the rushes join regularly in each division.

This poor woman travels many miles in the course of a day, to seek employment; and if our chairs be too good to require her aid, she will fare but badly: if on the contrary, they need repairing, few can do them better than she, and her charges are very reasonable.

In the country the chair mender meets good encouragement; for the Cottager seldom possesses better chairs than rush ones, and gladly avails himself of the opportunity of repairing the same, while so good a friend is at hand. The trade cannot be so good in London now, as it was formerly, for other kinds are more common, and the rush chair is seen in few houses, except in bed-rooms.

Chairs are not common to all countries. In Turkey, ottomans, or low stools, are used by the natives, who sit cross-legged. In savage climes the ground satisfies the inhabitants, who, being ignorant of form or ceremony, consult convenience rather than ornament.



*Hot Spice Gingerbread, Hot,—come buy my
Spice Gingerbread, smoaking hot—Hot
Spice Gingerbread, all hot.*

What more need I say,
To tempt you to buy;
Full many a day,
Has this been my cry.

And wherever I roam,
I have seldom called twice,
Before all leave their home,
And collect in a trice.

On a cold Winter's night,
As you pass through the strand,
You cannot miss sight,
Of myself and my stand.

No spice do I spare,
As a trial will prove;
When once you repair,
To my well heated stove.

Sure this liberal plan,
Which is really no lure;
To the Gingerbread man,
Will your custom secure.

Who will say they dislike what this man sells?
no child, I believe, nay, I doubt if many a
grown person, would not acknowledge they had
no objection to his nice spiced Gingerbread.

The Strand, Oxford-street, and the Mansion-House, are the most remarkable places for this cry, at each of which, spice Gingerbread is offered to the passenger, who, (should the night be cold,) more often stops to purchase, than passes without buying. For a penny, you may have one square, or cake; and when it is smoaking hot, you can scarcely eat a finer thing. The English are not the only people fond of Gingerbread: the Dutch, (especially their sailors,) eat it in great quantities. Nuts of this description, are a noted article at all our annual fairs, and the poorest who attend there, seldom come away without their share.

We must not, however, expect their size to equal those of former times, flour is too dear. Treacle, which is mixed with the flour in making Gingerbread, is the drippings from sugar. I have heard speak of a man, who made a comfortable fortune by vending hot Gingerbread; I wish our good friend may do the same.



*Large Silver Eels.—A Groat a pound live
Eels.*

All alive I may say,
And with truth on my side;
They were all caught to day,
And came up with the tide.
Not Severn's famed stream,
Could produce better fish;
Sweet and fresh as new cream,
And what more could you wish
Be they roasted or boiled,
Stewed nice, or fried dry,
Either potted or broiled,
Or made into a pie.
Finer Eels you will own,
Never came to your board;
And so cheap, that the Clown,
May be pleased like the Lord.

Think how far they are brought,
 And the trouble I take;
 Not for my own groat,
 But the purchasers sake.

Eels are very wholesome and delicate fish, particularly for sick people, to whom they are often recommended, when most other kinds of food would be too strong for the invalid.

This man says enough in praise of his Eels, yet more will join than differ from him.

We may conclude those he offers for sale were caught in the Thames, at Maidenhead, where curious baskets and nets are placed across the river, for the purpose of catching them, and a very pretty sight it is to view the same from the bridge adjoining.

The river Severn is famous for its Eels; the City of Worcester, situated on its banks, affords them in high perfection to the traveller, and the manner of cooking them there, is much esteemed by the Epicure.

Numbers are likewise caught at Bromly, in Kent, and there are houses near the river remarkable for selling them made into pies; indeed, few fish will admit of a greater variety in dressing—boiled, fried, broiled, stewed, potted, or baked in a crust, either way they are nice; but as simple methods are generally the best, so in cooking Eels, the plainest is the most wholesome, and those who study health, as well as taste, will prefer them boiled.

Their form is something of the serpent kind; their skin of a shining quality, and 'tis this circumstance, probably, that has gained them the title of Silver Eels. When brought about for sale, they are kept in sand.—The Conger, is a large Sea Eel, more fit for potting, than to eat fresh, not being so delicate as the other sorts.



*Any Earthen Ware, Plates, Dishes, or
Jugs, to day,—any Clothes to Exchange,
Madam.*

Come buy my Earthen Ware,
Your dresser to bedeck;
Examine it with care,
There's not a single speck.

See white, with edges brown,
Others with edges blue;
Have you a left off gown,
Old bonnet, hat, or shoe.

Do look me up some clothes,
For this fine China jar;
If but a pair of shoes,
For I have travelled far

This flowered bowl of green,
Is worth a gown at least;
I am sure it might be seen
At any christening feast.

Do Madam look about,
And see what you can find;
Whatever you bring out,
I will not be behind.

Of all the comforts in a house, not one exceeds Earthen-ware, so clean and sweet to use; and when dirtied, so easily restored to its former appearance. How many necessaries in this way we enjoy, of which our ancestors could have entertained no notion.

It is said, Earthen-ware was invented in Italy, and we are certainly much indebted to the inventor. The composition is chiefly of clay baked and glazed, and although not difficult to make, the variety of vessels and articles made of it, shew much ingenuity.

China, is a superior kind, and much more beautiful to the eye, but is too expensive for common use; whereas simple Earthen-ware answers the same purposes, with this advantage, should accident deprive us of any article, it may be re-placed at a trifling expence: it is therefore well adapted to the pockets of the people in general, and is universally used in London.

The woman here represented, exchanges her ware for cast-off clothes, it not being allowable to sell Earthen-ware without a licence. No doubt she gains by her method; a great allowance being made to those who purchase a large stock.

Fine Earthern-ware was invented in Italy, in 1299: the invention of spectacles and wind-mills took place in the same year.

The improvement in the art of making China, during the last century, has been very great; foreign China is certainly very beautiful.

Dresden, in Saxony, has been noted since 1706; Porcelain was first introduced into Saxony the same year, from China. In 1752, was made at Chelsea, in England: likewise at Bow, in 1758. Mr. Wedgwood was the first who made it in this country.

The Colebrook Dale company, in Derbyshire, manufacture a most beautiful kind, only to be equalled by that of Worcester; indeed these two manufactories seem to rival each other in taste and beauty, and employ many hundred individuals in the process.

China is still considered at the head, the colours being so remarkably fine, as not to be excelled elsewhere; but their patterns generally represent their own scenery and inhabitants, and therefore want that variety and taste for which the French and English China is so much admired.

At the magnificent seat of the Duke of Malborough, called Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, is a suit of apartments, filled with specimens of this article, in all its various stages of improvement; in viewing which, the curious mind must be amply gratified. The contrast of convenience is particularly striking, when, comparing the old

fashioned clumsy vessels, used by our ancestors, with the light, elegant, and equally useful ones of the present day. The tea-pot used by Oliver Cromwell, resembles a kettle, rather than the above article, having its handle similarly situated.

It may not be improper here to remark, that the expence of China is greatly lessened, by the ingenious methods lately discovered to mend it when broken. One of the most simple means, is, that of boiling the article in milk, first binding the parts together with a coarse thread, to keep it in form: the milk must be cold, when the China is first put into it, then boiled gradually for two or three hours, after which it must be left in the milk to cool; and if the milk be good, the article will come out perfectly firm, and may be used in common.

Garlic is another natural cement; one clove of which, when boiled into a kind of paste, will mend a closet full of China: it should be applied to the separated parts with a brush, while the garlic is warm, and then put in a safe place to cool.

There are many other cements made by manufacturers, which are said to excel the above, for the neatness of the joining; and some are even strong enough to fasten wood to iron; but these of course are more expensive in the process,



Buy a Hat Box, Cap Box, or Bonnet Box.

All little folks I would advise,
To buy what this man vends;
You see he has them every size,
To suit his youthful friends.

Habits which tend to keep us clean,
Add comfort to our lives;
And very seldom it is seen,
The dirty idler thrives.

The clothes we do not mean to wear,
Until a future day;
How easy to put by with care,
In drawer or box to lay.

In youth, it is a pleasant sight,
Such order to behold;
And should my readers think me right,
This ware will soon be sold.

Here is a useful article, and well worth the notice of the orderly and cleanly. Who would let a nice cap, hat or bonnet lie in the dust and be spoiled, when for the value of a shilling, they might procure a neat box to keep them in.—This man has them of so many different sizes, that you cannot fail to suit your fancy and convenience.

These kind of boxes are made of very slight wood, thin as shavings, and covered with thick paper; of course they will not bear rough usage, or travelling, but in the house are very useful, and from their lightness easily removed from one place to another, which is not the case with heavy mahogany drawers or chests.

There are likewise trunks, made of stouter wood, with lids, locks and keys; these are firm enough to bear a journey, and not half so dear as leather or hair trunks. I once heard of a little girl, who bought one of these small trunks purposely to conceal from her school-fellows the nice cakes her friends sent her, with very different intentions. She put the key in her pocket, and imagined all was secure: but a little mouse, still more cunning than she, gnawed a hole in the corner of the box, and feasted himself on the treasures for two or three days; at the end of which time, when the greedy child expected to enjoy the feast alone, she had the mortification to

find, *crumbs*, were all that remained of the sweet cake she so valued. None of my readers will regret her disappointment I am sure.

It is curious to consider the various uses to which wood may be applied:—who would suppose, (were they not previously informed,) that shavings bore any affinity to the strong and bulky sides of a ship—yet the thin chipped wood of the first, is but a part of the latter: thus, what in a slight article like a band-box, would float with the gentlest breeze even in a pond, will, in another shape and state, resist the strong waves of the ocean, and the rough gales of the most tremendous storms.

Most of the timber used in ship-building, comes from Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, though we have much good oak in our own country.

The art of ship-building is attributed to the Egyptians; the first ship or galley, having been brought from Egypt to Greece by Danaus, 1458, B. C. Twenty-four gun ships were the largest in our navy until the reign of Henry VII. which king gave orders for building one of 1000 tons burthen. It was named the Great Harry, in compliment to the sovereign.

A first rate man of war requires 60,000 cubic feet of timber, and uses 180,000 lb. of rough hemp in the cordage and sails for it.—It would take 14 acres of ground to grow sufficient timber for the making of such a ship. The quantity consisting of 3,000 loads of timber, or 1,500 well grown trees.

What a prodigious undertaking therefore, is the building of a ship; how much ingenuity is required, and how many hands employed, ere the whole be completed. The Boxman has led us on, to a much grander object than his simple ware; but we have learned something in our progress.

No country in the known world, can boast of such a fleet as England. The Dock-yards afford great entertainment to the traveller; but foreigners are not admitted to inspect the process of ship-building, as they were formerly; many destructive fires having happened in consequence of treachery.

Plymouth, in Devonshire; Portsmouth, in Hampshire; and Chatham, in Kent, are the principal docks, and in which many hundreds are employed.

The West-India and London Docks, are a late undertaking, and occupy an amazing space in the Eastern part of London.

At Blackwall, lower down the river Thames, is a dock for the East-India Company's ships; the tide not allowing them to come higher up.

Small sloops however, may be seen as high as London bridge; and every body knows the the fishing-smacks are constantly at Billingsgate, which is above the Tower.

Boat-building is carried on from Deptford and Greenwich, in Kent, to Lambeth, above Westminster-bridge. Those who have not an opportunity of seeing ship-building, may be much gratified by inspecting the boat-builder.



Dust O!—Dust O !

His noisy bell the Dustman rings,
Her dust the house-maid gladly brings ;
Ringing, he goes from door to door,
Until his cart will hold no more.
Then hastens to the new made road,
And empty's there, his dusty load.
Thus by his persevering aid,
A smooth and level road is made ;
What ingenuity has man,
Who, by such simple process can,
The useful and the great combine ;
From rubbish springs the grand design.

How many conveniences we enjoy, without being conscious of their cause, and often, from a want of proper curiosity, for although a prying and busy disposition must ever be censured, a desire of information, on subjects we are not acquainted with, is not only natural, but laudable. I like to see children curious as to the nature of things, from which they derive comfort or assistance.

Dust has certainly nothing very interesting in its appearance, and when we consider it as the refuse of our houses, we may be forgiven the not suspecting its utility: yet you find, on a little reflection, we have something to learn even from dust, and many a living is gained by collecting it.

In all parishes there are persons who contract with the parish officers, to purchase the dust from the inhabitants of London; and these people keep carts and men to collect it, as you see in the picture on the other side. The public roads are kept in good order chiefly through these means; and many a rough uneven highway, that one month may be impassable, may, in the course of two, become a level, regular road, over which our horses and vehicles may pass, without injury to them or their owners.

For certain, idleness did not make this useful discovery.—Many years back, before travelling was so well arranged as it is now; a distance of twenty miles was esteemed a long journey, and sometimes a dangerous one, from the badness of the roads, and the want of sign posts, &c. All these defects are remedied however, and a journey of one hundred miles, seems nothing to the English traveller.



*Buy my Wooden Ware.—A Bowl, Dish,
Spoon or Platter.*

Here are wooden bowls of every size,
And well turned platters too ;
To please you all the vender tries,
And hopes to please a few.

This spoon will mix your puddings well,
Or else your gruel stir ;
But Cooks, can best their uses tell,
Yet this I will aver,

All cleanly folks must like my ware,
For wood is sweet as clean ;
Time was, when platters served Lord Mayor,
Or, as I have heard, a Queen.

But now, such things are not allowed,
Off China, great folks dine;
We humble ones, not being proud,
Prefer what's plain to fine.

Who would not have nice wooden plates,
Than have no plates at all;
While this advantage on them waits,
They break not, if they fall.

This Man's Ware is extremely well finished, and, as he observes, most of the articles he sells, are useful to the house-keeper. Bowls are fit for various uses, and not being liable to break, is greatly in their favour. A wooden spoon is likewise a great necessary, and mixes some fluids better than iron or pewter; and our puddings are undoubtedly the better for its help.

Wooden Ware is not so generally used at the present period, as it was formerly; China and Earthen Ware, have in a great measure superseded it; still there are many wooden utensils with which we cannot dispense, notwithstanding our improvements.—Some centuries back no other ware was to be seen, even at the table of a king, all then eat off platters, and no doubt enjoyed their viands quite as much, as the nobility of the present day do their delicacies served up on silver and China.—Pewter succeeded wood, but for my own part, I should prefer the latter to the former, notwithstanding its bright and polished surface.

This man does not confine his rambles to London, he may be often heard in the adjoining counties: distance does not deter him from seeking custom; such perseverance is praise-worthy, and I trust he will reap the reward he merits.

It would take a volume to describe the various uses to which wood is applied, from the simple platter, to the principal parts of a house.—Oak and deal are mostly used for the latter. Our household furniture too, exhibits many proofs of its utility.

Formerly, the walnut-tree composed the chief of our chairs and tables, and when polished, made no despicable appearance; but since the introduction of mahogany, all other kinds of wood have ceded to it. The West Indies supplies us with this article, which, from its natural durability, is both convenient and serviceable.

Rose-wood and satin-wood, form our most expensive and ornamental parts of furniture; ingenuity has brought this branch of trade to high perfection.

Tunbridge, in Kent, is celebrated for its wooden-ware, which is generally displayed in boxes, and articles for the ladies use. The cherry-tree is a light and handsome grained wood, and is made into various useful and elegant articles. This tree originally came from Pontus; the elder-tree from Persia. The invention of wood cuts, took place in the year 1460, and is still much used, being less expensive than copper plate cuts.

Many of the pipes which convey the water to our houses are of wood, though of late, a preference has been given to iron ones. Musical instruments likewise work up a great deal, but these are principally made of mahogany.—The various patterns designed for calico and linen furniture, are first cut in wood, and then stamped upon the article which is to be printed.

Printing in colours, was invented in the year 1626. Wooden types were first used in 1470.



*Here's One a-Penny—Here's Two a-Penny,
Hot Cross Buns..*

When once my article I tell,
All eager, flock to buy;
The children know its value well,
And gladly hear my cry.

Hot buns, cross buns, all smoking hot,
The largest are a penny;
But if so much you have not got,
I fear you can't buy any.

I will relieve you in a trice,
Take these, at half that sum;
Their quality is just as nice;
So customers pray come.

Buns you may purchase every day,
But not such buns as mine;
Taste, and you'll not fail to say,
They are, finest of the fine.

Every one understands what this man says, and very few, will disagree with him, when he praises the flavour of his buns. They are really a nice kind of cake, and from their lightness are far more wholesome than most things of the kind. They may be seen in the pastry cook's all the year round; but it is on one day in particular, they are so much sought after; this day is called Good Friday; I conceive it is almost needless to explain what happened on this day, to make it so memorable; every child who reads the New Testament, will find the sacred event fully explained, and feel a veneration for Good-Friday, they never could have done without being acquainted with the obligations we owe the day.—The cross marks on the buns, tend to the same signification.

It is almost incredible what a vast quantity is sold on the annual occasion.—At one house alone, near Chelsea, from two to three hundred pounds has been taken in the course of the day. The pastry cooks likewise sell a great many, nor does the street bun-man, lack custom; his early cry brings forth many a half-penny, and he generally displays a white napkin, or piece of flannel that would not disgrace the best shops in London.

Do not be tempted to eat too many of them, light as they are, sweet things are cloying, if eaten in large quantities.

Twelfth day, is another day remarkable for sweet cakes, and is usually one of pleasure and enjoyment to young folks; the custom of drawing "King and Queen," as it is called, is a modern custom, with which every body is well acquainted, (at least in England,) but I doubt if the same knowledge extends to the real signification of Twelfth-day, or, in other words, the Epiphany, which means, "the manifestation or appearance of our Saviour to the gentiles;" a reference to the New Testament will elucidate this circumstance, as well as that of Good Friday, before alluded to; and I trust all my youthful readers, not yet acquainted with the particulars, will feel sufficient interest and curiosity to attain an immediate knowledge of them.

Banbury, in Oxfordshire, is famous for its cakes. Shrewsbury, in Shropshire, also is noted for a thin sweet cak, boxes of which are offered to the passing traveller, who seldom quits this pleasant city, without some of its sweets.

Bath is celebrated for its buns; Worcester for spiced gingerbread; the Isle of Wight for a light cake called a crackrell; Scotland for a sweet cake, from its richness denominated shortbread.

London is the mart for all, and though not remarkable for any of its own, the lovers of sweets may purchase either of the above at any good shop, and that without the trouble of visiting the different counties to which they may owe their origin.



Six bunches a-penny, sweet Lavender.—Six bunches a-penny, sweet blooming Lavender.

Come buy my Lavender, sweet maids,
 You cannot think it dear;
 There must be profit in all trades,
 Mine comes but once a year.

Just put one bundle to your nose,
 What rose can this excel;
 Throw it among your finest clothes,
 And grateful they will smell.

Though Winter come, it still retains,
 The fragrance of to day;
 And while the smallest part remains,
 Your pocket will repay.

One penny's worth is all I have,
This sold, my stock is done;
My weary footsteps you might save,
By purchasing this one.

Sweet Lavender, you really may call it my friend, for few scents exceed it in this point, and the cry is esteemed one of the prettiest in the whole stock of London Cries. It is particularly agreeable when strewed in our drawers among our clothes, because not so powerful as when fresh; and Lavender is naturally of so dry and clean a nature, that we may lie it on the finest article without fear of injury.

Little girls and boys however, can have no use for indulgences of this sort, but they may be sensible of fragrance, as well as their elders: we therefore recommend them to purchase a penny's worth of this poor lad, who depends upon its sale for his daily bread—Nor is he the only one thus seeking a living; for we frequently see old men and women, nay, and very young children, whose pale thin faces, plainly shew they are hungry and destitute.

I would sooner lay out a penny. with either of these, than buy a bottle of the best distilled Lavender water in the kingdom.

It may not be unworthy to remark, that the practice of distilling, was first introduced here in the year 1150.

Distillation signifies the process of extracting the juice of a thing, (and consequently its strength and virtues,) from the grosses or inferior parts.



*Sweet and pretty Beau-pots, one a-Penny,—
Chick-weed and Groundsel for your birds.*

Fragrant and fresh, my flowers are,
Just plucked in all their bloom;
And may, with very little care,
Be kept, some days to come.

Ye, who in London constant live,
In view of busy scenes;
Scarce seeing what the seasons give,
Were it not through my means,

May well be glad to hear this cry,
And praise my fragrant store;
Fear not, because my flowers die,
The market offers more.

Clean all you China jars with speed ;
Your mantle-shelf make gay ;
And use, (if more than these you need),
The humble mug of clay.

But nosegays are not all I sell,
Here's chick-weed for your birds ;
And groundsel, which they like as well,
Come buy, without more words.

Indeed Mistress, you are right, the Citizens of London are much indebted to you for your pretty and fragrant beau-pots.

Business will not always allow of their enjoying fresh air, and beholding the beauties of the country ; your bounties of Flora therefore are a treat, and when the China jars, or even earthen mugs are filled with them, the mantle-shelf not only looks gay, but the fragrance delights the sense, and reminds us of nature, though in the heart of a crowded city.

On a fine Summer's morning, I know not of a more grateful sight, than Covent Garden displays to the eye of the early riser ; flowers in all their bloom, and of every description, arranged in order for sale ; their odour scenting all around. The lazy sleeper can have no idea of the pleasure this scene conveys.

Chick-weed and groundsel possess not these fragrant qualities, but perhaps they are more useful than flowers, affording food for our pretty canaries and goldfinches ; indeed, all birds like this kind of feeding, but do not be tempted to gather them in the fields, unless assured you select the right articles. A little boy once poisoned

his favorite Linnet, by mistaking a noxious weed for groundsel. Who could bear to reflect on such an act, that possessed a feeling and tender heart.

Birds are not the only creatures who live upon seed.—The bread we eat, and on which depends one third of the nation, comes from the timely sown seed of the diligent husbandman.

Without corn, all other comforts would appear trivial.

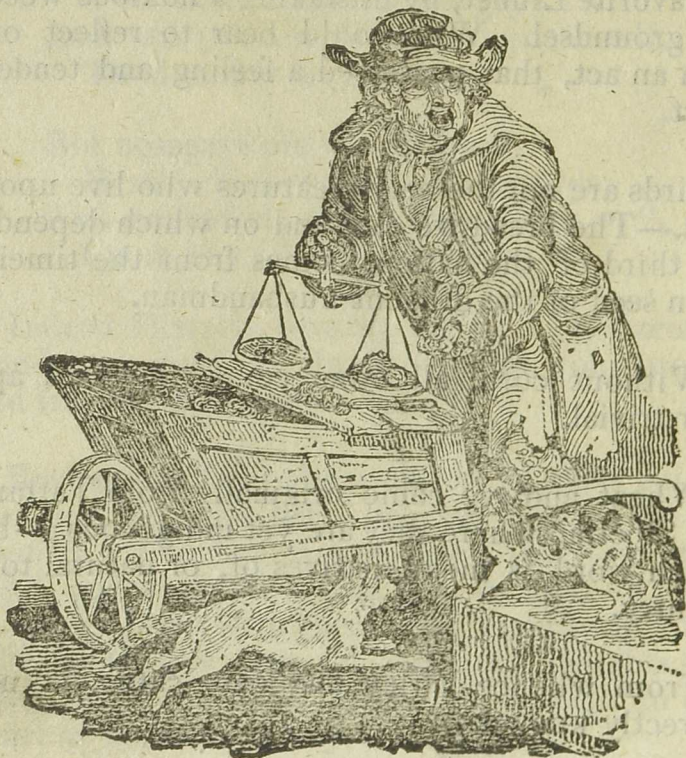
Wheat and rye came originally from Tartary and Siberia, where they are yet indigenous;—by which word is meant, natives of, or natural to a country.

From whence barley and oats came, is not correctly known.

Rice came from Ethiopia, buck-wheat from Asia.

Happily for us, all grow in abundance throughout England, generally speaking, that is, by suitable care and labour; and surely we cannot regret those exertions, which are productive of so great a blessing.

HUSBANDRY or Agriculture, is the science which explains the means of making the earth produce, in plenty and perfection, those vegetables which are necessary to the subsistence of man, and of the animals reared by him for food or labour.



*Cats Meat, Dogs Meat.—Any Cat or Dog's
Meat to day,*

The Epicure
Who can procure,
Viands of choicest kind,
Enjoys this treat,
Of dainty meat,
With appetite refined.

But dogs dispense,
With this nice sense,
And when they hear this cry,
With equal glee,
Run out to see,
If maid or mistress buy.

So Cats likewise
The same food prize,
And eager seize their prey :
The canine race,
Think not of grace,
Or manners of the day.

We turn away,
Thinking poor tray,
Has no great taste in food ;
But he and puss,
Would laugh at us,
If thoughts they understood.

This cry conveys no very agreeable idea to the hearer, we must own, and some may be induced to turn away in disgust ; yet perhaps they do not exactly know, what constitutes cats and dogs meat. Not any thing nice you will say, no certainly not ; but there are some unpleasant truths to learn, as well as agreeable ones ; and this good man earns an honest living, although not so delicate a one as his neighbour.—We cannot live without sustenance, nor can the canine race.

Our food is good oxen, sheep, calves, &c. but these are very dear, and all are not able to procure them ; and if our cats and dogs ate of such articles, I don't know how we should manage to feed them and ourselves too : I fear one half of them would be starved ; and it is extremely cruel to keep dumb animals without giving them sufficient nourishment ; yet surely it is a crime to give them such victuals as many of our own species would consider a luxury.—Human nature is the first order of creation, and should be first served.

The flesh of dead horses and cows well suits the palate of Master Carlo, and Miss Puss, and they shall have it in plenty while we can get it for them; but our cold meat and potatoes must be carefully preserved for our fellow-creatures, who have a still stronger claim on us, and if we have a penny to spare, the dogs meat man will soon satisfy the kitchen guest.

My readers will feel surprized in learning, that such food as this man vends, is the common food of the Tartars, who esteem it a dainty, nay, even the more civilized Russians, in times of warfare, or scarcity, are glad to partake of it.

Necessity often compels us to do these things, which, from description only, we have deemed almost impossible to perform or undergo; the pressing calls of hunger, would very soon overcome the daintiest appetite; and although we may naturally feel disgusted at the idea of sharing such viands in our happy kingdom, we ought not to condemn those, who, from the hardships of fate, have been induced to do so. *Plenty*, makes epicures; *Poverty* unmakes them.

Hundreds of our fellow men have subsisted on no better food than our domestic companions, the dog and cat enjoy, rather than surrender themselves prisoners to the enemy in time of war; and in like manner, their enemies have in their turn, experienced the same want and privations, which, but a little time before, they were inflicting on their opponents: such are the hardships and such the vicissitudes experienced by those who follow the military profession.



*Buy my Scate, live Scate.—Buy my dainty
fresh Salmon.*

Fresh Scate, my customers I sell,
As turbot firm and white ;
Turbot alone, could this excel,
'Tis tempting to the sight.

Crimped, it would be a rare nice dish,
And fit for any Lord ;
Name a fair price, for this fine fish,
I'll take you at your word.

Or, would you rather salmon buy.
See here a dainty trout ;
No man sells better fish than I,
Take all the town about.

This salmon boiled, would be a treat,
 Or pickled, if you chuse,
 If all my *Scate* you cannot eat,
 Salt it for future use.

You cannot purchase every day,
 Such fish, as here you see;
 Fishmongers make you double pay,
 Be wise——and buy of me.

This man seems to have a good opinion of the article he sells; we will allow, however, that if the *Scate* be really what he says, it is a very nice fish, either fresh or salted. But we cannot agree with him about crimping it, as a rare dish for a Lord; for the practice is inhuman; and whoever suffers a living creature to be cut and wounded, in order to make it firm when dead, and this for the gratification of their own appetite, deserve never to taste fish again. I am happy to say, there are many who would not allow such cruelty to be practised for their table.

The Salmon is another fine fish, it is called a river fish, that is, it inhabits fresh water from February or March, and leaves it in the Autumn, for the sea.

The salmon is remarkable for the agility with which it leaps over every obstacle in its way to salt water. Its appearance is extremely beautiful, especially when exposed to the Sun.

Ireland and Scotland have them in large quantities. They are excellent when dried, but pickled salmon is more generally liked. Newcastle, in Northumberland, is famous for this last method of curing them, and supplies London with the best.

Trout, carpe, mullet, pike, &c. &c. are fresh-water fish, with which gentlemens ponds are stocked, and consequently are not so common at market, as the before-mentioned fish.—Turbot is reckoned the most dainty of all fish.



Buy my nice Drops—Twenty a-penny, Peppermint Drops.

“ When the sharp frosty air,
Your breath nearly stops,
Some help you may find,
In these Peppermint Drops.”

Through Holborn all day,
This cry meets your ear ;
Buy my sugar drops pray,
As cheap as they're clear.

If money be plenty,
You may sure spare a penny ;
It will purchase you twenty,
And that's a great many.

Dear Lady do try them,
We shan't disagree;
And you never will buy them
Of any but me.

These Peppermint Drops are rather of tempting appearance, so white and clear; and those who have tasted them, must know they are sweet likewise, and make the stomach feel very comfortable on a cold frosty day; still, I should recommend a good race, or long walk to warm you thoroughly, in preference to such remedies: besides it is not desirable to give encouragement to idleness, and I must think this lad's employment little better. He might certainly follow some more useful trade, than this childish one, and leave Peppermint Drops for the shop-keeper.—The plant or herb from which Peppermint is distilled, bears a small leaf and flower, not unlike thyme. The juice, or distillation, is mixed with clarified sugar, and formed in moulds to the shape you see.—Peppermint is good as a medicine, but young folks do not like it in this way, for it wants the sugar.

After perusing the foregoing pages, my readers will find, there is something more than mere sound in the "CRIES OF LONDON," and that few things are so trivial, but some intelligence may be gleaned from them, to improve the understanding.

FINIS.





