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 CHEAP REPOSITORY.
 

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## THE CARPENTER;

Or, the DANGER of EVIL COMPANY.



**T**HERE was a young West-country man,  
 A Carpenter by trade,  
 A skilful wheelwright too was he,  
 And few such Waggon's made.  
 No Man a tighter barn could Build,  
 Throughout his native town,  
 Thro' many a village round was he  
 The best of workmen known.



His father left him what he had,

In sooth it was enough ;

His shining pewter, pots of brass,

And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,

For ease and comfort plann'd,

And that he might not lack for ought,

An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was,

Before his cottage door ;

Of cider and of corn likewise,

He had a little store.

Active and healthy, stout and young,

No business wanted he ;

Now tell me reader if you can,

What man more blest cou'd be ?

To make his comfort quite complete,

He had a faithful Wife ;

Frugal, and neat, and good was she,

The blessing of his life.

Where is the Lord, or where the Squire,

Had greater cause to praise,

The goodness of that bounteous hand,

Which blest his prosp'rous days ?

Each night when he return'd from work,

His wife so meek and mild,

His little supper gladly dress'd,

While he caress'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,

His only darling dear,

The object of their equal love,

The solace of their care.



O what cou'd ruin such a life,  
And spoil so fair a lot?

O what cou'd change so kind a heart,  
All goodness quite forgot?

With grief the cause I must relate,  
The dismal cause reveal,

'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,  
The source of every ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,  
Who did his fancy please;

An idle rambling man was he,  
Who oft had cross'd the seas.

This Man could tell a merry tale,  
And sing a merry song;

And those who heard him sing or talk,  
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the song,  
And wicked was the tale;

And every pause he always fill'd,  
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much,  
To hear the Cooper talk;

And with him to the Alehouse oft,  
Wou'd take his evening walk.

At first he did not care to drink,  
But only lik'd the fun;

But soon he from the Cooper learnt,  
The same sad course to run.

He said the Cooper's company,  
Was all for which he car'd;

But soon he drank as much as he,  
To swear like him soon dar'd.



His hammer now neglected lay,  
For work he little car'd;  
Half finish'd wheels, and broken tools,  
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,  
No prayers cou'd now prevail;  
His hatchet and his plane forgot,  
He never drove a Nail.

His chearful ev'nings now no more  
With peace and plenty smil'd;  
No more he sought his pleasing Wife,  
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone,  
Were with the Cooper past;  
His days were at the Angel spent,  
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,  
Nor decent holland shirt;  
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-day.  
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his Church he did frequent,  
A symptom ever sad;  
Where once the Sunday is mispent,  
The week days must be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for it's worth,  
The favorite orchard sold;  
He soon began to feel th' effects  
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes one by one,  
Were pawn'd, till none was left;  
And wife and babe at home remain'd  
Of every help bereft.



By chance he call'd at home one night,  
 And in a surly mood,  
 He bade his weeping wife to get  
 Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew  
 Must needs be bare of bread ;  
 No rasher on the rack he saw,  
 Whence cou'd he then be fed ?

His wife\* a piteous sigh did heave  
 And then before him laid  
 A basket cover'd with a cloth,  
 But not a word she said.

Then to her husband gave a knife,  
 With many a silent tear,  
 In haste he tore the cover off,  
 And saw his child lay there.

“ There lies thy babe, the mother said,  
 “ Oppress'd with famine sore ;  
 “ O kill us both—'twere kinder far,  
 “ We cou'd not suffer more.”

The Carpenter, struck to the heart,  
 Fell on his knees straitway ;  
 He wrung his hands—confess'd his sins,  
 And did both weep and pray.

From that same hour the Cooper more  
 He never wou'd behold ;  
 Nor wou'd he to the Alehouse go,  
 Had it been pay'd with gold.

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\* See Berquin's Gardener.



His Wife forgave him all the past,  
 And sooth'd his sorrowing mind,  
 And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd  
 The worthiest of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,  
 By industry and pains,  
 His Cottage was at length redeem'd,  
 And sav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at Church were spent,  
 His home was his delight,  
 The following verse himself he made,  
 And read it every night.

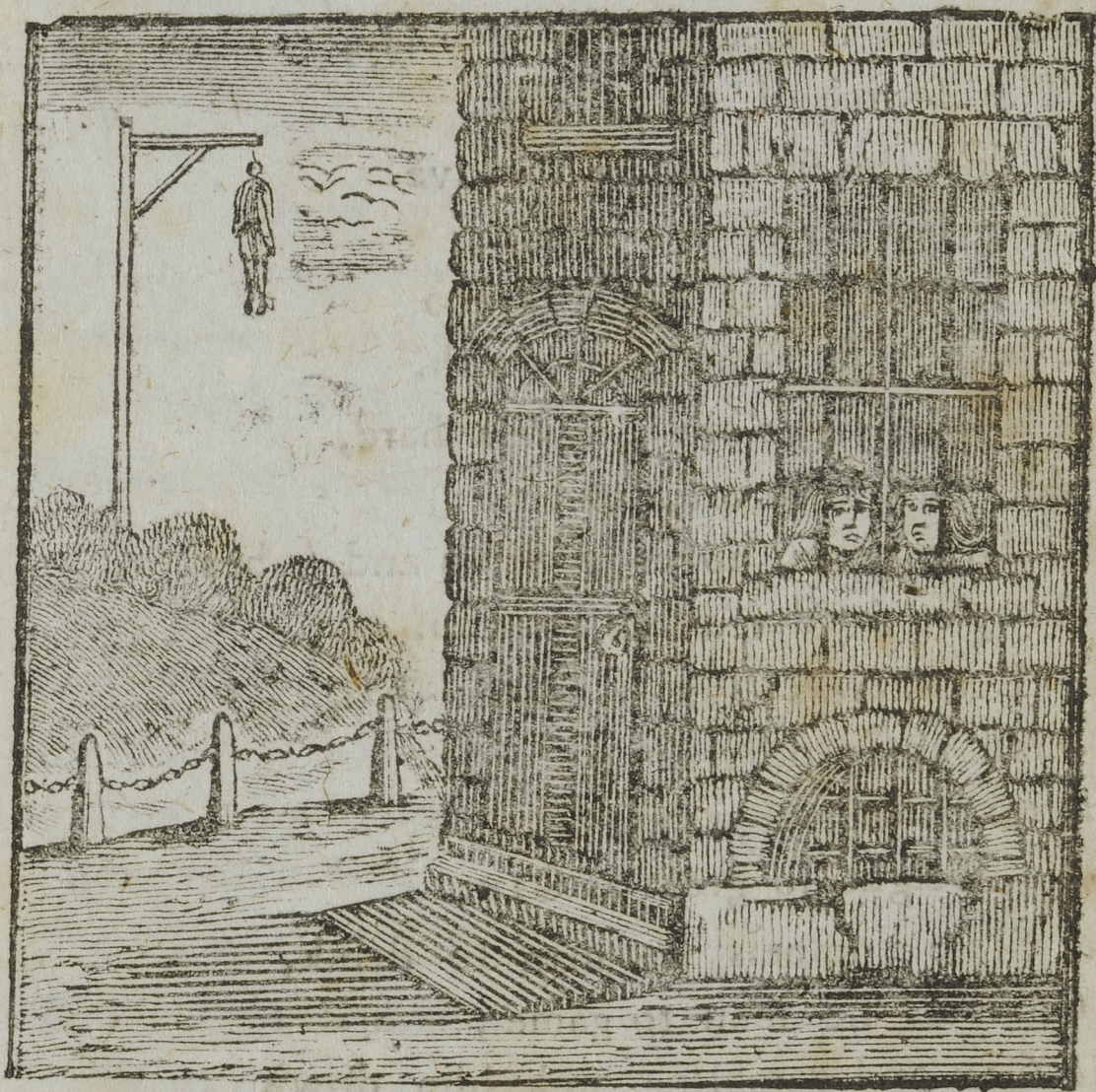
*The Drunkard Murders Child and Wife,*  
 Nor matters it a pin,

*Whether he stabs them with his knife,*  
*Or starves them with his gin.*

Z.



THE GIN-SHOP;  
Or, A PEEP into a PRISON.



LOOK thro' the land from North to South,  
And look from East to West;  
And see what is to Englishmen,  
Of Life the deadliest Pest.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,  
Nor War, tho' that is worse;  
But Britons brave endure, alas!  
A self-inflicted Curse.



Go where you will throughout the Realm

You'll find the reigning Sin,  
In Cities, Villages, and Towns ;  
—The Monster's name is GIN.

The Prince of darkness never sent  
To Man a deadlier foe ;  
“ My name is Legion,” it may say,  
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive  
The laborer of his wealth ;  
That is not all, it murders too  
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,  
And hard they are, 'tis true ;  
But, Drunkards, to your wives and babes  
They're harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is self-impos'd,  
Like every other sin ;  
The taxes altogether lay,  
No weight so great as GIN.

The State compels no man to drink,  
Compels no man to game ;  
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down  
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,  
Is for a tyrant known ;  
The tenderest heart that Nature made,  
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes  
Are poorly cloth'd and fed :  
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes  
The children's daily bread.



Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,  
 Thro' many a London Street;  
 And see the cause of penury  
 In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—  
 Behold that great man's door;  
 He well discerns that idle crew,  
 From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand  
 The child of honest Thrift;  
 But where long scores at GIN-SHOPS stand  
 He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,  
 Who plies her woeful trade!  
 'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,  
 That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down these steps, and view below  
 Yon cellar under ground;  
 There every want and every woe,  
 And every Sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,  
 With hunger and with cold,  
 Were by their parents love of GIN,  
 To Sin and Misery sold.

Blest be those friends\* to human kind  
 Who take these wretches up,  
 Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs  
 Of their sad parents' cup.



Look thro' that prison's iron bars,  
 Look thro' that dismal grate;  
 And learn what dire misfortune brought  
 So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,  
 Tho' differing much in sin;  
 Too oft you'll find were thither brought  
 By all-destroying GIN.

Yet heaven forbid I should confound  
 Calamity with guilt!  
 Or name the Debtor's lesser fault,  
 With blood of Brother spilt.

To Prison dire misfortune oft  
 The guiltless debtor brings;  
 Yet oft'ner far it will be found  
 From GIN the misery springs.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,  
 How lank and lean he lies!  
 How haggard is his sickly cheek!  
 How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good success,  
 His wages still were high;  
 Twice what the Village lab'rer gains,  
 His master did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,  
 All paid as soon as due;  
 His wages on the Saturday  
 To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,  
 On wife and children spent!  
 But all must for his pleasures go;  
 All to the GIN-SHOP went.



See that Apprentice, young in years,  
But hackney'd long in sin;

What made him rob his master's Till?  
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That serving Man—I knew him once  
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!

Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?  
'Twas GIN ensnar'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound is that?

'Tis Saint Sepulchre's Bell!  
It toils, alas! for human guilt,  
Some malefactor's knell.

O! woeful Sound! O! what could cause,  
Such punishment and Sin?

Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause—  
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,  
Of darkness, fire and chains,  
How can the Drunkard hope to 'scape  
Those everlasting pains?

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,  
As holy Writ declares,

The Drunkard with SELF-Murderers  
That dreadful portion shares.



## THE RIOT;

Or, HALF a LOAF is better than no BREAD.  
In a Dialogue between *Jack Anvil* and *Tom Hod*.  
To the Tune of "A Cobler there was," &c.



T O M.

**C**OME neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,  
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot ;  
I am hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,  
So we'll pull down the mills, and seize all the meat :  
I'll give you good sport, boys, as ever you saw,  
So a fig for the Justice, a fig for the law.

Derry down.



Then his pitchfork Tom seiz'd—Hold a moment,  
says Jack,

I'll shew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack,  
And if I don't prove we had better be still,  
I'll assist thee straitway to pull down every mill;  
I'll shew thee how passion thy reason does cheat,  
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.  
Derry down.

What a whimsey to think thus our bellies to fill,  
For we stop all the grinding by breaking the mill!  
What a whimsey to think we shall get more to eat  
By abusing the butchers who get us the meat!  
What a whimsey to think we shall mend our spare diet  
By breeding disturbance, by murder and riot!  
Derry down.

Because I am dry 'twould be foolish, I think  
To pull out my tap and to spill all my drink;  
Because I am hungry and want to be fed,  
That is sure no wise reason for wasting my bread  
And just such wise reasons for mending their diet  
Are us'd by those blockheads who rush into riot.  
Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others distresses,  
But still I would mark how God our land blesses;  
For tho' in Old England the times are but sad,  
Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad;  
In the land of the Pope there is scarce any grain,  
And 'tis still worse, they say, both in Holland and  
Spain.

Derry down.  
Let us look to the harvest our wants to beguile,  
See the lands with rich crops how they every where  
smile!



Mean time to assist us, by each Western breeze,  
 Some corn is brought daily across the salt seas,  
 Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,  
 And we'll patiently wait and the prices will fall.

Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder  
 If things grow much worse by our riot and plunder ;  
 And let us remember whenever we meet,  
 The more Ale we drink, boys, the less we shall eat.  
 On those days spent in riot *no* bread you brought home,  
 Had you spent them in labour you must have had *some*.

Derry down.

A dinner of herbs, says the wise man, with quiet,  
 Is better than beef amid discord and riot.  
 If the thing can't be help'd I'm a foe to all strife,  
 And I pray for a peace every night of my life ;  
 But in matters of state not an inch will I budge,  
 Because I conceive I'm no very good judge.

Derry down.

But tho' poor I can work, my brave boy, with the best,  
 Let the King and the Parliament manage the rest ;  
 I lament both the War and the Taxes together,  
 Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.  
 The King, as I take it, with very good reason,  
 May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad season.

Derry down.

The parliament-men, altho' great is their power,  
 Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a shower ;  
 And I never yet heard, tho' our Rulers are wise ;  
 That they know very well how to manage the skies ;  
 For the best of them all, as they found to their cost,  
 Were not able to hinder last winter's hard frost.

Derry down.



Besides I must share in the wants of the times,  
Because I have had my full share in it's crimes ;  
And I'm apt to believe the distress which is sent,  
Is to punish and cure us of all discontent.

—But harvest is coming—Potatoes are come !  
Our prospect clears up ; Ye complainers be dumb !  
Derry down.

And tho' I've no money, and tho' I've no lands,  
I've a head on my shoulders, and a pair of good hands ;  
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll seek  
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.  
The Gentlefolks too will afford us supplies ;  
They'll subscribe—and they'll give up their puddings  
and pies.

Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a Riot,  
I'll ask this short question—What shall I get by it ?  
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,  
For a mittimus hangs o'er each Rioter's head ;  
And when of two evils I'm ask'd which is best,  
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I protest.

Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right ; If I rise, I'm a Turk,  
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his  
work.

Z.



*PATIENT JOE;*  
Or, The NEWCASTLE COLLIER.



**H**AVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,  
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle Town?  
His name it was Joseph—you better may know  
If I tell you he always was call'd patient JOE.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,  
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;  
To those who love GOD, let things turn as they wou'd  
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;  
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!  
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,  
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!



In trouble he bow'd him to GOD's holy will ;  
 How contented was Joseph when matters went ill !  
 When rich and when poor he alike understood  
 That all things together were working for good.  
 If the Land was afflicted with war, he declar'd  
 'Twas a needful correction for sins which *he* shar'd ;  
 And when merciful Heaven bid slaughter to cease  
 How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace !  
 When Taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,  
 Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear ;  
 It was but a trial he well understood,  
 From HIM who made all work together for good.  
 Tho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,  
 A mind so submissive prepar'd him for all ;  
 He liv'd on his gains were they greater or less,  
 And the GIVER he ceas'd not each moment to bless.  
 When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,  
 And Providence bless'd who had sent him a boy ;  
 But when the child dy'd—said poor Joe I'm content,  
 For GOD had a right to recal what he lent.  
 It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit  
 With some who believ'd that profaneness was wit ;  
 When disasters besel him much pleasure they shew'd,  
 And laugh'd and said—Joseph, will this work for good ?  
 But ever when these wou'd prophanely advance  
 That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance,  
 Still Joseph insist'd no chance cou'd be found,  
 Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.  
 Among his companions who work'd in the pit,  
 And made him the butt of their profligate wit,  
 Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,  
 Who mock'd at his Bible, and was not asham'd.



One day at the pit his old comrades be found,  
 And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;  
 Tim Jenkins as usual was turning to jest  
 Joe's notion—that all things which happen'd were  
 best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid  
 His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,  
 A dog on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,  
 And off with his prey run with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins express!

“Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?”

“No doubt on't,” said Joe, “but as I must eat,

“’Tis my duty to try to recover my meat.”

So saving he follow'd the dog a long round,

While Tim laughing and swearing, went down under  
 ground.

Poor Joe soon return'd, tho' his bacon was lost,  
 For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,

But the face of each Collier spoke horror and fear;

What a narrow escape hast thou had, they all said,

The pit is fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd!

How warm the compassion which glow'd in his breast!

Thus events great and small if aright understood

Will be found to be working together for good.

“When my meat,” Joseph cry'd, “was just now  
 stol'n away,

And I had no prospect of eating to-day,

How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,

That my life wou'd be sav'd by the loss of my dinner?”



The EXECUTION of WILD ROBERT.

Being a WARNING to all PARENTS.



**W**ILD ROBERT was a graceless Youth,  
 And bold in every sin;  
 In early life with petty thefts  
 His course he did begin.  
 But those who deal in lesser sins  
 In great will soon offend;  
 And petty thefts, not check'd betimes,  
 In murder soon may end.



And now like any beast of prey,  
 Wild Robert shrunk from view,  
 Save when at eve on Bagshot heath  
 He met his harden'd crew.  
 With this fierce crew Wild Robert there  
 On plunder set his mind;  
 And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long night  
 To rob and slay mankind.  
 But God, whose vengeance never sleeps,  
 Tho' he delays the blow,  
 Can in a single moment lay  
 The prosperous villain low.  
 One night, a fatal night indeed!  
 Within a neighb'ring wood,  
 A harmless passenger he robb'd,  
 And dy'd his hands in blood.  
 The direful deed perform'd, he went  
 To shew his golden spoils,  
 When vengeful Justice, unawares,  
 Surpris'd him in her toils.  
 Wild Robert seiz'd, at once was known,  
 (No crape had hid his face)  
 Imprison'd, try'd, condemn'd to die!  
 Soon run was Robert's race!  
 Since short the time the laws allow  
 To murderers doom'd to die,  
 How earnest shou'd the suppliant wretch  
 To heaven for mercy cry!  
 But he, alas! no mercy sought,  
 Tho' summon'd to his fate;  
 The Cart drew near the Gallows Tree,  
 Where throng'd spectators wait.



Slow as he pass'd no pious tongue  
 Pour'd forth a pitying pray'r;  
 Abhorrence all who saw him felt,  
 He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,  
 The fatal cord was hung,  
 While sudden, deep, and dreadful shrieks,  
 Burst forth amidst the throng.

Hark! 'tis his mother's voice he hears!  
 Deep horror shakes his frame;  
 'Tis rage and fury fill his breast,  
 Not pity, love, or shame.

“ One moment hold !” the mother cries,  
 “ His life one moment spare,  
 “ One kiss, my miserable child,  
 “ My Robert once so dear !”

Hence, cruel mother, hence, he said,  
 Oh! deaf to nature's cry;  
 Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd  
 And unlamented die.

You gave me life, but with it gave  
 What made that life a curse;  
 My sins uncurb'd, my mind untaught,  
 Soon grew from bad to worse.

I thought that if I 'scap'd the stroke  
 Of man's avenging rod,  
 All wou'd be well, and I might mock  
 The vengeful pow'r of God.

My hands no honest trade were taught,  
 My tongue no pious pray'r;  
 Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,  
 To pilfer, lie, and swear.



The Sabbath bell, that toll'd to church,  
 To me unheeded rung ;  
 God's holy name and word I curs'd  
 With my blaspheming tongue.

No mercy now your ruin'd child  
 Of heav'n can dare implore,  
 I mock'd at grace, and now I fear  
 My day of grace is o'er.

Blame not the law which dooms your son,  
 Compar'd with you 'tis mild ;  
 'Tis you have sentenc'd me to death,  
 To hell have doom'd your child.

He spoke, and fixing fast the cord,  
 Resign'd his guilty breath ;  
 Down at his feet his mother fell,  
 By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this said tale,  
 Avoid the path she trod ;  
 And teach your sons in early years  
 The fear and love of God.

So shall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,  
 With peace and hope be blest ;  
 And heav'n, when life's short task is o'er,  
 Receive their souls to rest.



## A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL,

CALLED THE

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR.

**I** SING (O ye neighbours come lend me your ear)  
 Of a good merry Christmas and happy new year;  
 But lest ye should blunder and take me quite wrong,  
 Ye must listen awhile to the turn of my song.  
 There is frolicksome Jack, he will hear with surpriz<sup>e</sup>  
 That by *merry* I mean being *merry and wise*;  
 And by *happy new year* what I wish and intend  
 Is, may Jack be *so happy this year as to mend*.  
 See there's Dick at the alehouse who counts it no crime;  
 For Christmas he argues is holiday time;  
 Dick's *holiday* thus is a *drunken day* solely,  
 Whereas *holiday* sure means a *day that is holy*.  
 But here with most humble submission I crave  
 The kind leave of my Readers to grow rather grave;  
 And I hope it can't hurt you, ye sons of good cheer!  
 To hear a grave truth just for once in a year.  
 In the days of old time (as we find from a book  
 Into which it is not much the fashion to look)  
 There liv'd (you may read it yourself if you chuse)  
 A most famous and much favour'd nation of Jews.  
 These Jews (of whose children you still may see some)  
 Believ'd in a Christ and a Christmas to come;  
 And were thought one and all to be Jews good and true;  
 As well might one doubt that good Christians are you.  
 And yet it did prove to their horrible shame,  
 When this Christ long expected and Christmas day  
 came,



Tho' instructed before in the whole of the plan,  
That these Jews did so blunder they knew not the  
man.

For in truth they were wanton and worldly at heart,  
And of some worldly kingdom they wanted a part ;  
They desir'd a false Christ who might please each  
gay sense,  
And the true one of course gave them dreadful  
offence.

His mercy they scorn'd, from his truths they dissented,  
If he warn'd them of danger their passion they  
vented ;

Nay they dy'd their own hands in this Holy One's  
blood,

So the wrath of just Heaven swept them off like a  
flood.

Ye Christians so gay, who believe without thinking,  
And still keep your Christmas by dancing and drinking !  
As you read this short story, perhaps it may strike,  
That a Jew and a Christian may blunder alike.

For they both to true faith may make civil pretension,  
Yet may both trust a Christ of their own vain in-  
vention ;

And when told of their blunder they both may feel  
sore,

And the Christian resent what the Jew did before.

Then cease, drunken Dick ! by your dissolute mirth,  
To record the blest day of your Jesus's birth ;

And take heed, giddy Jack ! how your dance you  
pursue,

Lest your keeping of Christmas should prove you a Jew.

T H E E N D.

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