

SUSAN AND EDWARD:  
OR  
A VISIT  
TO FULTON MARKET.

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NEW-YORK:  
S. M. CRANE, 374 PEARL STREET.  
Egbert, Hovey & King, Printers.  
1847.

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**SUSAN AND EDWARD;**  
OR,  
**A VISIT**  
TO  
**FULTON MARKET.**



With what high joy do children young  
Behold the varied sight—  
As each new object strikes their view,  
'Tis seen with fresh delight.  
O then, may wisdom's blessed way,  
Be their choice from day to day.

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## PREFACE.

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In New-York, there are a number of Market Houses. Those called Fulton and Washington Markets are the largest. Fulton Market is at the East end of Fulton-street, near the East River, and the Washington Market is on the West end, near the North River. The first was formerly situated in Maiden-lane, on the East River side, and was called Fly Market. The latter was also in Maiden-lane, near Broadway, and went by the name of Bear Market. These are the two principal markets. The next in size is Catherine Market, in Catherine-street, East River. There is also, Franklin Market, in Old Slip; Centre Market, in Grand, near Orange-street; Clinton Market, North River, foot of Canal-street; Essex Market, Essex-street; Grand-street Market, at the Williamsburgh Ferry; and the Tomkins Market, at the junction of the Third Avenue and the Bowery.

*New-York, 1831*



## SUSAN AND EDWARD.

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SUSAN AND EDWARD were two engaging little children. Their parents lived in Pearl-street, in the great city of New-York, where the houses stand close together like the rows of young peach or apple trees in a farmer's nursery. Some of the houses are two, some three, and others even four and five stories high, so that a skilful boy, with a good crossbow, could scarcely shoot an arrow over them. Pearl-street, in which they lived, is almost as crooked as the letter *S*, for it begins at the Battery, near Broadway, and ends in Broadway, opposite the Hospital.

SUSAN was the eldest ; a modest child, not forward or bold in her manners ; very fond of play, and sometimes idle ; but (to her praise be it said) she was obedient to her parents.

EDWARD was younger ; a pert, active little boy ; full of talk, and very lively and engaging in his actions ; sometimes very observing, and would ask quite sensible questions for a lad of five years old.

One pleasant morning in Autumn, Susan and Edward asked liberty to go with their mother to Fulton Market. Having been put in neat trim, with joyful hearts they set off, each with a small basket,

to carry home some light articles, which their mother might buy. Away they went through Franklin Square, down Pearl-street to Peck-slip, then turning into Water-street, they came to Ful-ton-street, at the foot of which stands the market.

See here they are all going towards the market.



Fulton Market is a large building, filling up a whole

square, and is erected near the East River, opposite the town of Brooklyn, and close to the ferry that crosses over to that thriving village.

Now the first object that caught the sight of the children, were the Butchers' Stalls, hung full of beef, pork, veal, mutton, all for sale for ready pay to whoever will step up to buy. The little visitors saw the men and boys busy whetting their long knives, and cutting and sawing up the meat in suitable pieces for the buyers. The noise was something like a company of mowers whetting their scythes, and their voices and motion



might be compared to a hive of bees.

Their mother having got of the butcher, her supply of meat, they next visited the fish stalls.—“O mother! mother!” said the lively little boy, “see the fish all jumping alive. O look there! there!” Sure enough, here were fish, just out of the river, where the fishermen keep them in wooden cars or boxes, under water, till wanted to be put on the stall. See here is a picture of a Salmon.



The children took a walk around, to see the different kinds of fish, displayed on the stalls. Here were to be seen the Sea-Bass, Black-fish, the Sheep's-Head, the Pike, the Flounder, and a number of others, so many that it would fill a good part of this little book, just to print the pictures of them all. But we will give them one ; this is the Flounder.



Then passing along they

came to the Oyster and Clam stands. "Mother, I do want *one* oyster," said little modest Susan. "Only look what a big pile. Mother, may I have a clam?" said the boy. The men would quickly wait on them, by giving each what they asked for as a taste, and then add fifty or a hundred more to fill the tin kettle, for the family's supply. We will now print a picture of an Oyster opened.



A large curious animal laid

under one of the stalls. The children's attention was drawn to it. "Do see, mother, what is that!" "It is a 'Turtle,'" replied their mother. So they went and looked at it near by. It laid on its back to prevent its crawling away. The fisherman was kind enough to let the young visitors look at it till they were tired—and then away they went to another part of the market. But we will first show them a picture of a Turtle: see there he is on the next page, almost big enough to frighten any body.

These turtles are esteemed a great delicacy. People bring them all the way from the West Indies, and sell



them for a high price to the keepers of the hotels, who make soup of them ; the signs may be seen hanging at the doors, in large capital letters ; “ **TURTLE SOUP AT ELEVEN O’CLOCK, THIS DAY—FAMILIES SUPPLIED.**”

After this they went to another part of the building called the Country Market. Here they were delighted with what they saw ; and a

great many sights there were for such little prattlers. "O see, here is a Rabbit with a white tail! see, see, Susan—do come this way." But Susan had her fine blue eyes also engaged in viewing a cage of Pigeons, some of which had their tails spread like a fan. They saw also a great many baskets of Peaches, Apples, Potatoes, and Pumpkins, Watermelons, Cantaleupes, pile upon pile, enough to make one ask, 'Where are all these to go? Who will buy them?' But we must remember, that there are more than 200,000 mouths to eat three or four times a day in New-York, enough to make way with the loads of

vegetables that are brought here every day for sale.



There was a Peacock in one of the coops, with a long handsome tail. This was a great sight for these young visitors. The feathers were beautiful and of many colors ;

but he did not spread his tail before so many people ; besides he had not a suitable place ; for they, being a proud bird, like to be where the sun shines, and where they can strut about, with their tail spread, when they make a most striking show.

In short, here were sights enough to keep them looking half the day, if their mother could have spared the time. There were coops of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea hens, bantas, and even quails alive ! We have not room to add pictures of all these : but we will one. See here is a gobble turkey, who looks as if he was ready to



fly at any body dressed in red.



So they spent some time very pleasantly at the market, and did not seem hardly willing to come home, when their mother had finished supplying all her wants. But at her call, like good

obedient children, they turned their faces homeward, and, hand in hand, went up Fulton-street to Pearl-street, then up through Franklin Square, having their little baskets filled with apples and peaches.

When they arrived at their home, with what delight and animation did they tell about what they had seen! and long will they remember the morning walk with their mother to Fulton Market.

END



ESTABLISHED IN 1819.

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