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CRIES OF LONDON
1823



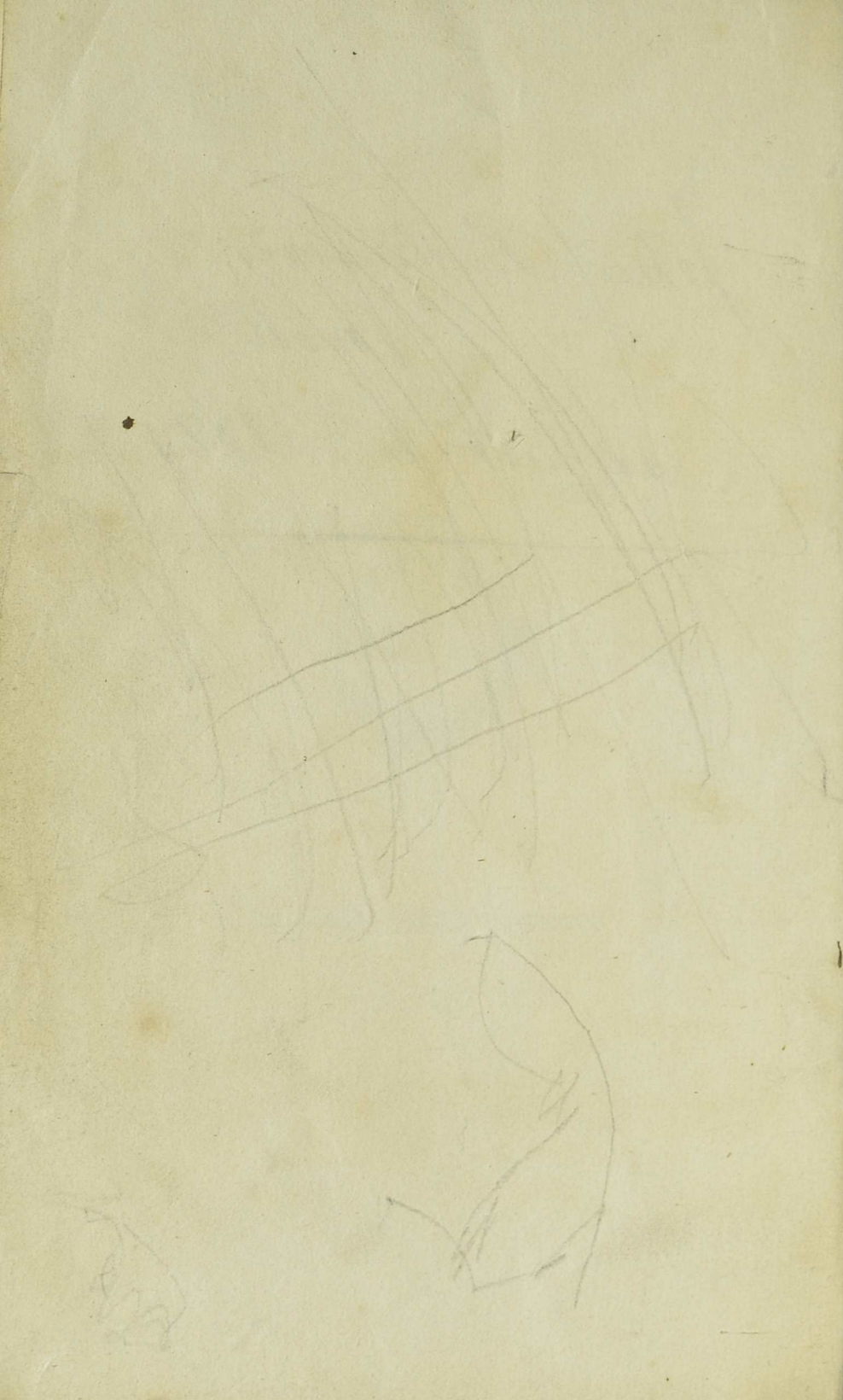
Christina Duff Stewart

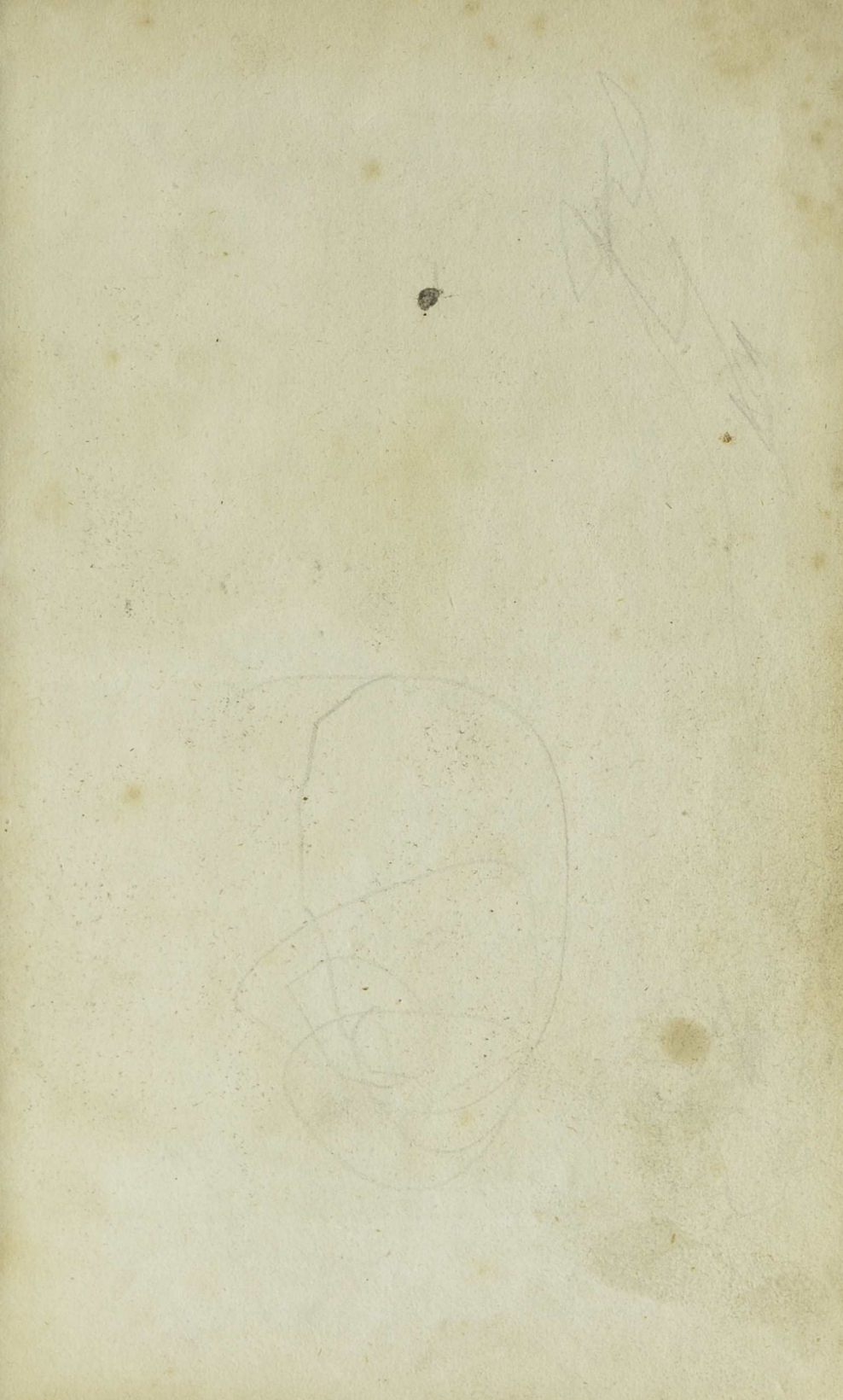
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John Parkinson's
Book

August 4th 1829







Any old Clothes?

Mackerel, ho!

THE NEW
CRIES OF LONDON;

OR,

Itinerant Trades

OF

THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

WITH

CHARACTERISTIC ENGRAVINGS.



London:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1823.

THE NEW
CRIES OF LONDON.

THE
BELLMAN'S ORATION.

O yes ! O yes !

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

There is scarcely a cry,
That you hear passing by,
 But here in my book you may find ;
From tinkering Jack,
With his tools on his back,
 To the man who cries " Scissors to grind."

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

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

Milk below.

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

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

MILK, which comes from the cow, is useful to
us in a variety of ways ; for, besides drinking it

for breakfast, as many children do, and making use of it for puddings and other dishes, it supplies us with both cheese and butter.

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



Clothes to sell? Any old Clothes?

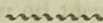
When boys and girls are sleeping sound,
Old Levi takes his early round;
From street to street he wanders wide,
Well stor'd with clothes on either side.

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

It is the custom in London for Jews to go about crying old clothes, which they purchase

of poor people who want money, and sell to others who cannot afford to buy new ones.

Some foolish children delight in making sport of them, only because they are Jews; but it is a very cruel and idle practice. We should think it very hard, if we were to go to any foreign country, to be laughed at because we were Englishmen. Some Jews, indeed, are very wicked and dishonest; but then we should pity them, for being so unhappy as to refuse and disbelieve that wise and good religion, from which every good action proceeds. Let us remember, too, that if it had pleased God, we might have been born among those poor people; and that now, if he were to leave us to our own wicked inclinations, we should be just as bad as any of them.



*Four a Shilling, Mackerel, ho! Four a
Shilling.*

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

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

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

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

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

Dust, ho! Dust, ho!

From street to street the Dustmen go,
And ring, and cry—"Dust, ho! dust, ho!"
With hands and face all soil'd and black,
And basket carried at their back.

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

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

How wonderful is the invention of man! he not only takes advantage of the more obvious



Spring Water-cresses.

Sweep! Sweep!

opportunities of advancing his happiness and comfort, which a kind Providence sets before him, but searches out the most remote and unsuspected, for that end:—even the vilest refuse he employs to the greatest advantage, after it has served its more common purposes.



Old Chairs to mend: Chairs to mend.

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

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



Buy my Spring Water-cresses.

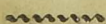
When Sol his flaming car ascends,
And gilds the leafy grove,
Where ev'ry downy throat distends
With melody and love;

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

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

In a summer's morning, when Nature's face is literally drest in smiles, and every feathered chorister pours forth his humble praise to the all-merciful Creator, we are pleased with the industry of the venerable matron, who bends over the crystal stream in quest of these salubrious vegetables; but when stern winter has

despoiled the trees of their verdure, silenced the harmonious birds, and transformed the dimpled lake to a mass of ice, humanity shrinks at the idea of her hard fate, and charity impels us to alleviate her distress.



Sweep! Sweep!

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

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

GEORGE THOUGHTLESS was the son of a respectable tradesman, who had acquired a decent competence by application to his business, and who was extremely desirous of giving his son a good education; but, notwithstanding the advice of his father, the remonstrances of his mother, and the persuasions of the most amiable of his school-fellows, George obstinately

refused to attend to his studies, and took every opportunity of playing truant, which he afterwards excused by the most heinous crime of telling a wilful falsity.

After he had gone on in this manner for some time, and his poor father had frequently lamented the stubbornness of his disposition, he one day strolled into a lonely field, where he amused himself by watching some bird-catchers, and when they retired with their twittering captives, he sunk into a sound sleep. However, he had not slept long before a stern, ill-looking fellow seized him by the arm, and, having dragged him under an adjacent hedge, stripped him of all his clothes. Poor George was greatly terrified at this usage, and filled the air with shrieks and lamentations; but the robber soon silenced him by tying a handkerchief over his mouth, and threatening to inflict a much severer chastisement. He then dressed him in a chimney-sweeper's habit, and dragged him to his wretched hovel, where he repeated his menaces, and assured him of the impracticability of ever effecting his escape.

The severity of his subsequent treatment, and the hardships of his filthy business, induced the wretched sufferer to make some attempts for the recovery of his freedom; but



Gingerbread Nuts.

Knives to grind!

instead of succeeding, he brought upon himself the utmost vengeance of his inhuman master, and the remainder of his youth was groaned away in bitterness; while his fond father, unable to account for his sudden disappearance, fell a victim to a broken heart.

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



*Ground-Ivy ! Ground-Ivy ! Come, buy my
Ground-Ivy.*

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

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

GROUND-IVY is known to possess many medicinal virtues, and is frequently used as a substitute for tea, by persons who are particularly

attentive to the preservation of their health; for while the leaves of the Asiatic shrub are often found to relax the nerves and prey upon the spirits, this salutary herb produces very opposite effects.

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



Green Hastings, Sirpence a Peck.

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

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

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

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



Gingerbread Nuts.

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

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

GINGERBREAD NUTS are so called from the circumstance of ginger being mixed with the flower and treacle of which they are made; and, when eaten in moderation, they may not be unwholesome. But we think it an indispensable duty to warn our juvenile readers against those persons who carry a circular painted board about with them, and invite their customers to turn the brass hand which points to the figures, promising to give as many nuts as that moveable hand shall direct.

By this means many a thoughtless youth is robbed of all his halfpence, without gaining the expected prize; and if they prove more successful, they are insensibly drawn into a love of gaming, which is extremely injurious to their

morals and reputation, and which has brought hundreds to an untimely end. If, therefore, children are desirous of purchasing Gingerbread Nuts, let them apply at the gingerbread-baker's, or at the pastry-cook's, where they will escape the danger of imposition.



Knives to grind! Scissors to grind!

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

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



Buy my fine Milton Oysters.

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

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

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

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



Golden Pippins:

Two Bunches a Penny, Primroses;



Sixpence a pottle, scarlet Strawberries.

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

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

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

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

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



Golden Pippins: rare ripe Golden Pippins.

Here are fine golden pippins, who'll buy them, who'll buy?
Nobody in London sells better than I;
Take three for a penny, I ask you no more:—
Such nice golden pippins you ne'er had before.

Oh, see how delightful they look on the stall!
If you'd only taste one you would long for them all;
Come children, you'll like them, I'm sure, if you try,
My fine golden pippins, who'll buy them, who'll buy?

GOLDEN PIPPINS are certainly very nice and wholesome, and boys and girls do well, now and then, to eat them; but I am afraid some children spend too much of their money in buying them and other nice things. Those who are always

at the pastry-cook's have but little money to spare for poor people, who not only can never indulge themselves with such luxuries, but can seldom procure enough of the plainest food to satisfy their hunger. There are also many pretty and useful books for children, which those who save up their money may buy. The pleasure of eating good things is over as soon as they are swallowed; but a book is a continual source of instruction and amusement, and those who pay proper attention to it, may be better for it as long as they live. A good child will take more pleasure in relieving a poor beggar, or reading an instructive book, than in eating a Golden Pippin.



*Two Bunches a Penny, Primroses; two
Bunches a Penny.*

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

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

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

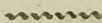
Sweetness of temper in a child,
The love of all attends :
The pliant, affable, and mild,
Are sure of gaining friends.

Amid the cool refreshing show'r,
It leads the infant spring ;
Do you then, first, like this sweet flow'r,
Some good examples bring.

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

By this melodious cry we are reminded that reviving spring has visited our happy island, and begun to deck the meads with her innumerable beauties. The loud storms of winter are now succeeded by soft and balsamic zephyrs; the trees and shrubs, which lately were covered with snow, put forth their tender buds; the young corn shoots up to meet the genial beams of a morning sun; and the limpid streams, no longer curbed by frost, murmur responsive to the dulcet notes of the blackbird.

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



Past Ten o'Clock, and a star-light Night.

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

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

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



Tea Kettles or Pots to mend.

Cherries three-pence a Pound.

still has the pleasure of maintaining himself by an honest employment. The bread that he eats is sweeter, far sweeter, than the greatest dainties, to those who procure them with the wages of dishonesty.



*One a Penny, two a Penny, Hot Cross
Buns.*

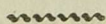
Good people, come and buy
My piping Hot Cross Buns ;
Not all the rest who cry,
Have such delicious ones.

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

ON the day distinguished in the Calendar by the appellation of *Good Friday*, we are saluted, at an early hour, with loud and repeated cries of "Hot Cross Buns;" and though the buns themselves are no better than at any other time, and only differ from other

buns in being marked with a cross, most young people express a particular wish to be indulged with them upon that annual occasion.

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



Frying Pan, or a Warming Pan, Tea-kettles or Pots to mend.

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

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

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

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

*All round and sound, Cherries like Plums,
three-pence a Pound.*

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

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

THERE are no fewer than sixteen* varieties of this fruit, which are both ornamental to the table and gratifying to the palate; and, whether we contemplate them as hanging on their respective trees, displayed in the green-grocer's window, or more tastefully laid out by the confectioner, we must of necessity acknowledge them to rank high among the beauteous gifts of Nature, and to excuse, by their tempting

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

appearance, the anxiety which young people usually express for them. In tarts and pies, cherries are accounted delicious; and, if properly managed, they make excellent wine; but when eaten with the stones, or in large quantities, they are apt to injure the stomach, and sometimes produce very ill effects.



Sweet China Oranges: sweet China.

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

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

ORANGES, though frequently offered for sale at the rate of one for a penny, are brought from very distant parts of the world. The China oranges are accounted the best. These

do not actually come from China, but are called by that name, because the plants on which they grow, were originally brought from that country into Spain and Portugal, where the climate has proved so favourable to their production, that we are supplied with them from those countries, in great abundance.

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

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

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

This fruit is exceedingly fine, either in its natural state, or when it has passed through

the hands of a confectioner. It makes charming wine and marmalade, and gives a delicious flavour to cakes, tarts, custards, creams, and jellies; and its rind, when candied, is truly excellent.

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



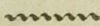
Flowers for your Gardens, of several Sorts.

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

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

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

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



Sweet China Oranges. 6 Flowers for your Gardens.



Green & large Cucumbers.

The Show.

Green and large Cucumbers.

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

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

*The Show.*

Now, ladies and gentlemen, now you behold
King Solomon's temple, with pillars of gold!
And, done from the very best models extant,
Noah's ark, with the beasts, from the ox to the ant.

Then view the Grand Turk, as he sits on his throne,
In fine royal robes, most superb, you will own.
Next comes Bonaparte, on a cream-colour'd nag,
With a sword in his hand, and his hair in a bag.

Young Lambs to sell.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell :
One a penny, young lambs to sell,
A penny a piece, young lambs to sell.

Here, Sally, and Polly, and Kitty, and Nell,
My sweet little ladies, I know you all well ;
Come buy the young lambs that I've to sell—
A penny a piece young lambs to sell,
One a penny, young lambs to sell.

THIS man, in a sailor's dress, and with a large stick in his hand, which he twirls about in a very dexterous manner, has been known in London and its suburbs for many years. He sings the above words, (as nearly as we have been able to collect them,) to a tune of his own composing, and is sure to attract the notice of every passenger. We would recommend him to make the following addition to his song.

Come, little lads and lasses, here,
Who live in London all the year,
And seldom see the fields so gay,
Where lambs frolic and skip away ;



Hot Mutton Pies.

Buy a Door Mat.

Come to my basket, and you'll find
Pretty young lambkins to your mind.
I shall certainly please you well,
With the pretty lambs young I sell.



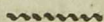
Hot Mutton Pies.

Through London's long and busy streets,
Poor honest Betty cries,
To ev'ry little boy she meets,
"Who'll buy my mutton pies."

But he who does not stand in need,
And only thinks them nice,
Should say, "I cannot tell, indeed,
Who'll buy your mutton pies."

I AM glad that Betty is gaining an honest livelihood by her mutton pies; but there is Tommy Lickerish buying one, I see, who is eating from morning till night, at home, and popping his sticky fingers into every sugar-basin and honey-pot that stands in his way! "Ah! you greedy little fellow!" I often think, as I pass by, and see him bargaining with

old Betty; "how many poor children might have a good dinner to-day, if all the pence, you have spent in eating what you did not want, were put together!" For my part, I am astonished that children who have plenty at home, should spend their money upon any thing to eat: it looks so much like a glutton, that I wonder they are not ashamed of doing it.



Buy a Door Mat, or a Table Mat.

Stooping o'er the ragged heath,
Thick with thorns and briers keen,
Or the weedy bank beneath,
Have I cut my rushes green;
While the broom and spiked thorn,
Little drops of dew adorn.

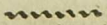
Wand'ring with my child alone,
None to help me there had I,
While the summer's sun has shone,
Or beneath the winter's sky;
Not a creature else was seen,
While we cut our rushes green.

But the sheep that brows'd along,
Only our companions were ;
Or the lark, with cheering song,
Flitting upward in the air ;
Or the dark and drowsy mole,
Creeping from his dirty hole :

Or across the heath so wide,
Where it seem'd to touch the sky,
Now and then I have espied
One lone trav'ler passing by,
Looking like a giant rare,
On the edge of earth and air.

These were all of living kind,
I for many a mile have seen,
Wand'ring up and down to find
Where to cut my rushes green ;
Here and there, with weary tread,
Working for a piece of bread.

Then my little child and I
Plat and weave them, as you see ;
Pray, my lady, pray do buy,
You can't have better than of me ;
For never, surely, were there seen
Prettier mats of rushes green.



*Buy a new Almanack—a Book Almanack—
a Sheet Almanack.*

I'll tell you no wonders, no prophecies rare,
Nor look at the planets to see what is there;
I know this is nonsense, and foolish pretence,
Which always is laugh'd at by people of sense.

My almanack aims at no learning at all,
But only to show where the holidays fall;
And tell, (as by study we easily may,)
How many eclipses the year will display.

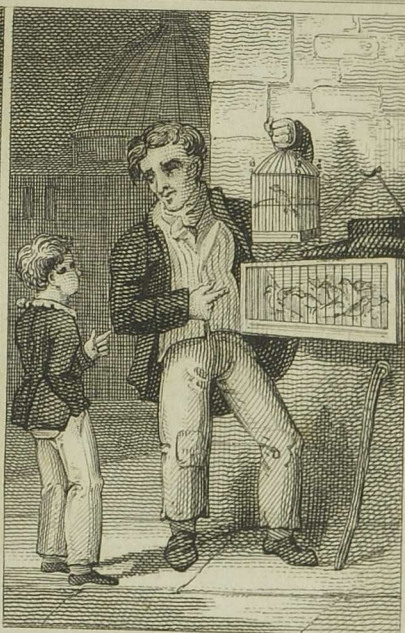


*Buy a Linnet or a Goldfinch. Buy a
singing Bird.*

Have pity, have pity on poor little birds,
Who only make music, and cannot sing words;
And think, when you listen, we mean by our strain,
“O let us fly home to our woodlands again:

“Our dear woody coverts, and thickets so green,
Too close for the school-boy to rustle between;
No foot to alarm us, no sorrow, no pain,
O! let us fly home to our woodlands again!

Buy an Almanach. 8 Buy a Linnet or a Goldfinch.



Do you want any Brick-dust.

Buy a Work-basket.

“ There, perch’d on the branches that wave to the wind,
No more in this pitiless prison confin’d,
How gaily we’ll tune up our merriest strain,
If once we get home to our woodlands again.”

IF birds could use the language of men, it is very probable those confined in cages would sometimes be heard to sing something similar to the preceding verses.

Should that little boy purchase a goldfinch or a linnet, I hope he will be always careful to supply it well with food and water, and that he will clean its cage at least once a week; for if we deprive a poor bird of its liberty, the least we can do is to make its situation as comfortable as possible. Though it is much more humane to let them fly at large, and enjoy the liberty their Creator intended for them; yet, while there are men who make it their business to catch and sell birds, we cannot wonder that there are children who will purchase them: in this case we can only advise them to treat them with humanity and attention.



Do you want any Brick-dust.

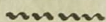
Come, maids, come and see
If you can't deal with me,
Good measure, press'd down, running over ;
There is nothing so sure,
For pot-lid and skewer,
Brass candlestick, kettle, and cover.

Your coppers shall shine
Like gold from the mine,
Your kitchen and pantry adorning ;
And when this is gone,
You shall find honest John
With more of the same—so, good morning.

I UNDERSTAND that Molly is going to make a general assemblage of all the covers, candlesticks, saucepans, pot-lids, skewers, drudgers, toasting-forks, snuffers, warming-pans, kettles, and fire-irons in the family; and then honest John's brick-dust will turn to good account. Now, when all this is over, and every thing looks as bright as silver, or the sun at noon-day, or any other splendid luminary that Molly

may compare them to, I hope that Master Harry, and William, and Charles, and Frederic, will be a little more careful than they have been, not to dirty them again. I have seen them go into the kitchen sometimes, (but indeed I do not know what business they had there; for certainly kitchens are not proper places for young gentlemen,) however, they have gone, as I said, when every thing shone so bright, you might have seen your face in it, and squirted water all over the shelves and mantelpiece, laughing, meantime, to see how angry Molly was! As to the candlesticks, you would think they were made to lie along, instead of to stand upright, by their way of carrying them; so that all the tallow comes streaming over, till they are hardly fit to touch. And, indeed, they amuse themselves sometimes by heating the snuffers hot in the candle, and then sticking them through it, or stroking them all down its sides. If they want a piece of wire, away goes one of the skewers; and while the maid is boiling their milk in a morning, if it be not ready quite so soon as they want it, down goes the poker into the fire to make a great hole, and

then down goes the saucepan into it; so that it is sure to burn, and take twice as long as need be to clean it again. What a pity that children will be so thoughtless and troublesome!



Buy a Work-basket, or a Clothes-basket.

From the meadows damp and low,
Where his bending osiers grow,
From his cottage small and dark,
Where he weaves his basket-work;
Who comes here, but honest Jack,
With his burden on his back?
Yes, fair lady, here am I,
Is there nothing you can buy?

“PRAY, mamma, buy me that beautiful work-basket,” said little Helen: “I am sure I should never leave my things about any more, if I could but have such a nice, handy place to keep them in.” “Well, Helen,” said

her mamma, "if you really think that a new basket will keep your things in proper order, I will buy you one." Upon this, Helen promised fairly. Mamma paid for the basket, and Helen carried it home in triumph, jumping and skipping with all the usual demonstrations of joy. Scissors, needles, threads, tapes, patterns, and work, were instantly put in it, and, for a week at least, kept in complete order; but very soon there was not a room in the house where some of them might not be found:—thimble in this place, scissors in that; but nothing where it ought to be: and Helen found, that a *new work-basket* was nothing, without a *new habit*.



*Buy a Hair-line, a Clothes-line, or a
Clothes-prop.*

Good morrow, mistress, what d'ye buy ?

A wooden prop or horse-hair line ?

The wind, you see, is getting high,

The sun has just begun to shine.

Your horse is full, your linen wet,

So hang it out this day so fine ;

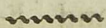
And I am sure you'll never get

A better prop, or neater line.

COMMON ropes are made of hemp, which is a large plant, and the stalk is so stringy, that it may be split into coarse, brown thread, which is called tow; this is twisted over and over, till, from being a mere thread, it becomes a narrow twine, then a stout string, and afterwards a strong, thick rope. But horse-hair does better still, for clothes-lines, as the wet sooner decays those made of hemp.

It seems wonderful that a narrow stalk, or thin, feeble thread, can be made as strong as an iron chain, and able to hold a large

ship firmly to the shore, as they do with great ropes called cables. But almost any thing may be done by patience and perseverance; and even the *a, b, c*, which once, perhaps, you thought it useless to learn, need only to be put properly together, to make the wisest or the prettiest book in the world.



*Muffins, ho! Crumpets, or a nice
Yorkshire Cake.*

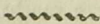
Buy muffins, dear lady, for sixpence you've seven,
Which is less than a penny for each;
They're light, and they're white, and just out of the oven:
Buy my muffins, good maids, I beseech.

I never sell any of yesterday's baking,
As many folks do in our trade:
If you think to get better elsewhere, you're mistaken,
For better there never was made.

WHILE poor people think themselves well off if they can get a morsel of good bread to eat, the rich have invented all kinds of

nice things to gratify their palates; and so long as they do not indulge in them to excess, or spend more than they can afford in procuring them, it is very well that good, industrious people should be able to earn their livelihood by making and selling luxuries for the wealthy. Thus, our honest muffin-man goes about the streets, of a winter evening, with his tempting board; and if his muffins are fresh and light, he will, most likely, soon part with his stock: for they are a very favourite addition to the tea-table, as most people know already, without being told so in a book.

He has found a customer; and now let us imagine that the good people within are comfortably seated by the fire-side, and enjoying their tea and muffins with cheerful thankfulness.





Burning Turfs, ho!

Roasting Jacks.

Burning Turfs, ho! Burning Turfs, ho!

Who'll buy my good turfs? Madam, do you want any;
They're hard and quite dry, and they're three for a penny;
When your fire is so low, you can't see a red cinder,
Then lay one of these on, 'twill kindle like tinder.

Or if 'tis quite out, you'll rejoice that you've got 'em,
For only just set one a-light at the bottom,
'Twill presently burn without any delay,
And cheer you with warmth like the sun at noon-day.

Thro' lane and thro' street, see my Donkey and I
Jog on in good friendship together,
In order with fuel your stoves to supply,
When cold blows the winterly weather.

If I dug the green turf, where the pretty sheep play,
They would think it a mighty disaster;
And then they would eye me, as if they would say;
"You are taking our provender, master!"

But sure I was never a hard-hearted man,
To cruelly treat a poor beast;
And I'll try to make *them* understand, if I can,
That I mean them no harm in the least.

So I'll say, " Little sheep, why the common is wide,
With daisies all over it set ;
And if I took some, there is plenty beside,
So you have no reason to fret.

" The pretty green turf, where you play up and down,
Or nibble away and grow fat,
Is not what I sell to the gentry in town :
I don't get my living by that."

But they do not know (little ignorant crew)
That rich folks must have ev'ry thing found ;
And if what grows *out* of the earth will not do,
Why then we must tear *up* the ground.

Now that Jack has done singing his song, it is high time for us to put in a word, as he has not attempted to give us any account of what his merchandise is, though he has told us what it is not. There are, however, whether, Jack knows it or not, different kinds of burning turfs: one sort is dug out of heaths or bogs, and, being cut square and dried, is good fuel; but the only sort known in London, is made by the tanners, who use the bark of oak for preparing their leather: when it has served this purpose, it is squeezed, pressed, and dried, and then cut into square

pieces for use. A bit laid on the fire will burn for a long time, and keep it a-light longer than coals.



*Roasting Jacks or Toasting Forks ; buy a
Meat-stand or Skewers.*

Come, Dame, trot along,
And I'll sing you a song,
To cheer up our hearts, if you please ;
No groaning or grief
Ever brings us relief,
No grumbling will buy bread and cheese.

Then, if this be confest,
Let us hope for the best,
And leave care and sorrow behind ;
For perhaps, dear, you know,
When to London we go,
Some customers there we may find.



Do you want any roasting-jacks, madam,
Or toasting-forks ? let me persuade ;
Every body allows, that has had 'em,
They're the strongest that ever were made.

“ Ah, master, in vain you may boast,
Pray take all your articles back;
For when one has nothing to roast,
What signifies buying a jack ?

“ You’ve toasting-forks, too, as you said,
But I do not want any, I’m sure,
For if ever I have any bread,
I use an old halfpenny skewer.

“ Do you see my poor tumble-down cot,
How ev’ry convenience it lacks ?
While scarcely a bedstead I’ve got,
Shall *I* spend my money for jacks ?

“ Do you see the poor babe at my breast,
What hunger and cold it endures ?
While that is for victuals distrest,
Shall *I* spend my money for skewers ?”

Well, mistress, indeed you are right,
And really I pity your sorrow ;
But if I take no money to-night,
I’m sure I must fast till to-morrow.

*Do you want any Dogs' Meat or Cats'
Meat.*

Cries the dog, bow ! wow ! wow !
You don't give us enow,
While the woman is weighing his meat ;
And the cat says, mew, mew,
Good dame, that will not do
For three or four pussies to eat !

And well ! cries the maid,
You are pretty well paid,
If you give such a little as that ;
'Tis a shame, I declare,
Why, it makes the cat stare,
And the dog bark, to see what you're at.

SOME people, who keep dogs and cats for their own safety and convenience, think there is no need to provide any food for them ; but dumb animals really do not like the pain of hunger any better than their masters, though they often bear it more patiently. Then who can wonder, if those who are never fed by others, sometimes take the liberty of helping themselves ? And yet, if ever a poor half-starved cat is caught lapping the milk, or running away with a

bone, she often has the tongs and poker thrown at her head, besides being called a good-for-nothing, ungrateful thief, all the days of her life. Now, if people would but take the trouble of saving for them the useless remains of their own dainty meals, or of now and then purchasing some of the cats' meat that people cry about the streets for that purpose, many a poor faithful animal might be spared a painful life, and miserable death.

We have read of a very sagacious dog, which was in the habit of going to his master for a penny, when he wanted meat. The master used to put a penny in his mouth, which he instantly delivered to the man who sold dogs' meat, from whom he received his food. This traffic continued to be daily practised for many months. By this means the dog became acquainted with the use of money, so that if he happened to see boys or idle men gambling and tossing up halfpence, he would watch his opportunity, seize a halfpenny or penny, and run off with it to buy victuals.

*Do you want any Matches? Please to buy
some Matches, Ma'am.*

Good matches to-day, do you please to want any?
Dear ladies, I sell them two bunches a penny;
They'll light at a spark, and they're dipt at both ends:
Befriend a poor widow, without any friends.

My poor little daughter! attend to her cry,
While she sings, the tears fall very fast from her eye:
I'm a very poor woman, as plainly you see:
Will nobody buy a few matches of me?

WHILE there are hundreds of lazy beggars about the streets, who will never work so long as they can live upon charity, there are many very poor but honest people, who will never live upon charity, so long as they can work, like this poor match-woman. She and her little daughter were turned out of house and home when her husband died, because she had no money for the rent, and then all her furniture was sold to pay the landlord and the doctor. She had not even enough left to purchase a few nutmeg-graters, or pincushions, to sell in a basket: so she

set to work to make matches, though she was never brought up to that trade. Her little girl, too, learned how to dip them in the brimstone, and they soon had a good basket-full: so they set off together, to try their fortunes in London streets. The little girl had a pretty, simple voice; and her mother taught her to sing a little song, which sometimes made people stop to listen, and now and then it happened that a kind-hearted passenger would buy a few matches, out of compassion to the poor fatherless girl.

THE SONG.

I'm but a little thing,
On life to make my entry,
And I fear I cannot sing
Well enough to please the gentry.
But when they hear my simple ditty,
I hope they'll feel a little pity.

We've been oblig'd to roam,
Ever since poor daddy died;
For we have no house or home,
Nor any where to hide!
Then do not turn us from your door,
I will not tease you any more.



Oars, or Scullers!

Shoe Strings.

For myself I do not speak,
For I am young and stout,
But mammy's old and weak,
And must not go without :
Then take some matches, if you please,
And then we'll buy some bread and cheese.



*Sculler, Master? Are you going over,
Madam?*

The weather's fine, the wind is fair,
To Greenwich who's a-going?
The evening breeze will take us there,
Without the toil of rowing.

My boat is ready, gentlefolk,
So let me place you in it ;
We'll all be out of London smoke,
I promise, in a minute.

If any persons wish for a sail down the river, let them seek for Jack the waterman: for they will not only have the benefit of going in a neat, clean, pleasant boat, painted

pened to hear you say that you were in want of a little, clever, honest lad, Sir; and, please your honour, *I* am an honest lad." At this both the gentlemen burst out a laughing; but one said to the other, "His looks do not belie him, I declare." So, as the gentleman happened to be a kind-hearted, considerate man, he took pity upon little Jack, and received him into his service; in which he lived many years, and supported his mother and sisters with the handsome wages he got.

When Jack's master left off business, he had no further occasion for his services; but, to reward his fidelity, he kindly purchased for him a handsome new boat, as he had often heard him say how much he should like to be a waterman. Jack was now completely happy; his new business was very profitable, and he was able to hire a neat, pleasant cottage at Greenwich, for his mother and sisters, where he still lives very happily.



Shoe-strings, a Penny a Pair.

If you really want shoe-strings, Sir, here is a lad,
Of whom very capital ones may be had ;
But, if I might advise, you should never buy new,
While you have such an excellent one in your shoe.

Perhaps they are bargains, but then it is clear,
That if you don't want them, to you they are dear :
I only just give my opinion, from whence
You may learn what you please, Sir : I mean no offence.

My shoe-strings I sell for a penny a pair,
They were made by my own sister Kitty ;
And I think they might serve for his worship the mayor,
And all the grand folks in the city.

They're long, and they're strong, as you plainly may see,
With elegant tassels completed ;
Let all who may want, buy their shoe-strings of me,
Or else they may chance to be cheated.

But if, after all, you should find they won't wear,
I leave you this promise behind me,
I'll return you the money again, I declare ;
That is, gemmen, if you can find me.

If you are too saucy, though, young man,
I fear you will not find many customers for
your smart shoe-strings; and if they are not
really good ones, you do not deserve any.
But as you are, upon the whole, a tidy, honest-
looking lad, it is to be hoped that your commo-
dities are as good as you would have us believe
them to be.



Buy a Goose—buy a fat Goose.

Do, pray, buy a goose,
Pretty maid, for your use,
For I long to get out of this town;
It is so grand and bright,
And the folks so polite,
It don't suit a poor country clown.

And my geese, like their drover,
Are almost run over,
And stare in surprise and alarm;
But if I can't sell 'em,
Why then, as I tell 'em,
I'll drive them all home to the farm.

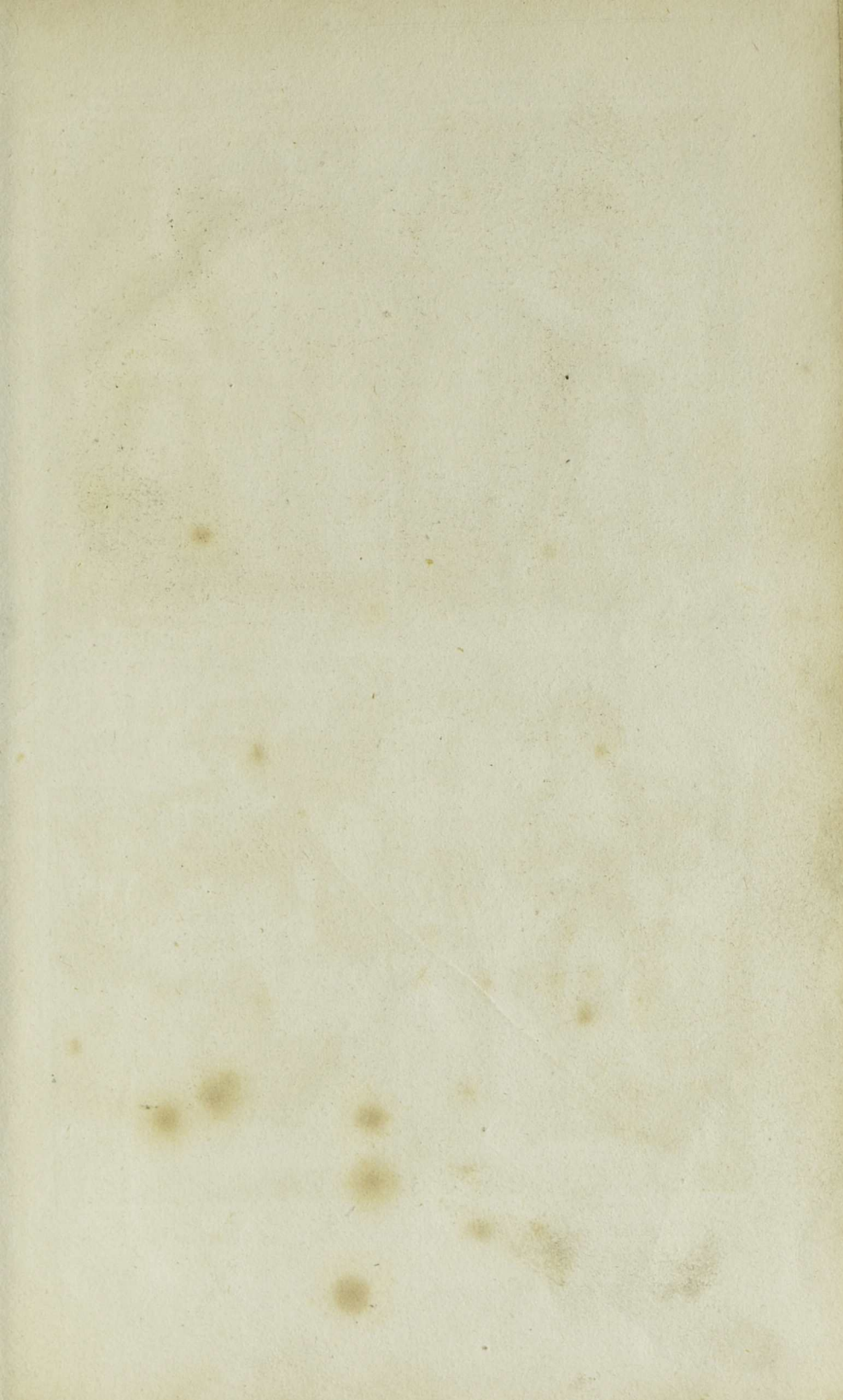
These geese were never so much astonished in all their lives before! they do not at all know what to make of London. Hiss! cries the gander; and hiss! hiss! hiss! cries the goose; but nobody so much as hears the sound of their voices, amidst so much noise and bustle. "It is a little extraordinary, I think," says one to the other, "that we should be driven all this way, only to come to such a comical outlandish place as this; where there is not so much as a drop of wholesome water to be found, or a sweet worm or an insect among these hard stones. Is this a place fit for geese of our dignity?" At least, this is what we should very likely hear them say, if we could understand their language; and if they could understand ours, we might assure them, for their comfort, that very large flocks of geese walk the streets of London every day, to keep them company.

Nutmeg-graters and Savealls, one a Penny.

Nutmeg-grater, or saveall, or thimble, or skewer,
I'm a poor trav'ling woman, my lady, I'm sure ;
And thankful I'll be, if you spend but a penny :
Look over my wares, don't you please to want any ?

Behold my poor baby—alas, little dear !
It soon will quite perish with hunger, I fear ;
And yet, when 'twas born, 'twas a beautiful baby :—
You'll take one of these little things of me, may be ?

Do you see that poor little shivering baby hung at its mother's back, you young gentlemen there, that are playing so merrily with your shuttlecock. Come, leave off your game for a moment, and pity this little miserable fellow-creature. It deserves good, comfortable clothes, plentiful meals, a happy home, and kind friends, just as well as you do. *You* might have been born in some wretched hovel, and been the son of a poor beggar-woman, like this pretty baby ; and then, do you think you should have been so merry and happy as you are now ? How would you like to travel about in the wide world, with your destitute parents, in all weathers, with little



Buy a fat Goose.

11

Nutmeg-graters.



Buy a Mop or a Hair Broom.

Buy a Bonnet-box.

covering, and scanty fare? and yet this poor baby does not cry: though it seems so pitiful, it looks patient and quiet. I think, if any body were to give it a piece of bread and butter, or a good slice of pudding, it would smile upon them and be very contented, and never so much as think of crying for cakes, or fruit, or sweetmeats, after such a meal, as some silly little boys do, when they have had a plentiful feast already. Do not *you*, young gentlemen, now and then fret and cry, for things you do not need and may not have? O, for shame! never do so again, pray; but rather think how many comforts you possess, that thousands, as good as you, would be thankful for. You ought always to be grateful and contented: and I will tell you what, too, you ought not to satisfy yourself with just pitying poor people, that are so much worse off than you; you should also relieve their wants, as often as you are able. Come, now, here is a good opportunity; have not you got a sixpence in your pocket to spare, for this poor pedlar and her little baby?

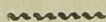
Buy a Mop or a Hair Broom.

Good maid, do you please
To want any of these?
The best of their kind in the nation;
No man in the trade
Has his goods better made,
Or in a more elegant fashion.

My mop is so big,
It might serve as a wig
For a judge, if he had no objection;
And as to my brooms,
They will sweep dirty rooms,
And make the dust fly to perfection.

A GOOD mop is doubtless a most useful article; and, when new, must be allowed to assume somewhat of a dignified aspect. But the idea suggested by its seller, concerning the wig, is highly unbecoming and irreverent; for, although a mop on a *bench* may not always be misplaced, it certainly can have no proper connexion with the head of a learned judge. And now a word to Molly, for I see she is purchasing one: as some of her profession are apt to be very expert at that part of a mop's manual called the *trundle*, if this be her case, I would just beg leave to inform her, that this exercise ought

never to be performed at a street door, or at a front window, while people are passing, as it has sometimes been witnessed, to the great diversion of the passengers on one side of the way, and to the equal dismay of those on the other.



*Buy a Hat-box, a Cap-box, or a
Bonnet-box.*

A trunk, or a box for your hat,
Or bonnet, or turban, or hood;
I have them round, narrow, and flat,
Of pasteboard, or paper and wood.

And as to the price, It is nought,
Compar'd with the usual demand;
Such bargains could never be bought
As these are, all over the land.

As every tidy young lady, and smart young gentleman, should have a box for their bonnet or hat, we recommend them to buy one of this man, if they are not in possession of one already; for a trifle laid out in this way will cer-

tainly pay for itself in a short time, by preserving their clothes from the dust and cobwebs. Besides, by so doing, they will be encouraging one of the most industrious tradesmen whom we have had occasion to introduce to our young readers, which we think will also contribute towards making a very happy conclusion to our "CRIES OF LONDON."

THE END.

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