









No Cries are sure of such renown,  
As those of famous London town.



Old shoes! old hats! come little dear,  
To hear me cry you need not fear;  
There's difference great between us two,  
*I* always cry but seldom *you*,  
And you cry *tears* I should suppose,  
While I cry nothing but old Cloaths.



# London Cries

FOR

*CHILDREN.*

WITH

TWENTY ELEGANT WOOD CUTS.



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*Radishes.*

These radishes, so fair and round,  
To please the palate will be found ;  
Fourteen a penny is the price,  
You'll surely buy, they are so nice.  
Try with a few good radishes,  
How bread and butter relishes.



THE seed of the radish is small, but of considerable use for the health of man; much attention is paid to the culture of this very useful root.—I wish you to take a delight in cultivating a garden; there will be found in this employ real usefulness, instruction, and health.—Many of the inhabitants of large cities are strangers to employments in rural life; remember you are placed in a spacious and well-furnished world, and that Providence has provided man with materials whereon to employ his art and strength; and has given him an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; and has distinguished the earth into hills, valleys, plains, meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by his industry; and has committed to him for his assistance, in his



labours of ploughing, carrying, drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; has also created a multitude of seeds for him, of what is most pleasant to taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; and has likewise made a great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those too capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices; therefore the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth with beautiful cities, pleasant villages, with regular gardens, orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight.



*Mutton Dumplings!*

Nice mutton dumplings! smoking hot,  
And just brought boiling from the pot:  
Take my word, they are very good;  
Besides, they make substantial food.  
Consider now the price of meat,  
And you'll say they are also cheap.



*Extraordinary News!*

In the Gazette GREAT NEWS to day,  
The enemy is beat, they say.—  
But what, alas! will that avail?  
Since war we still have to bewail.  
Yet all are eager to be told  
The news that new events unfold.



NEWSPAPERS are much read and expeditiously circulated through all parts of Great Britain; each pay a duty to the government before they are used by the public, which produces great sums of money: if the produce of the numerons taxes which abound in England were always suitably applied, there surely would not be an occasion of laying so many new ones on the industry of the inhabitants; nothing tends so much to reduce to poverty and misery the people of any country as the continuance of long and obstinate wars: always remember, this is one of the greatest evils with which mankind can be afflicted.—A disposition to be at peace and friendship with all mankind, cannot fail to be productive of every benefit and happiness in an individual as well as in a national capacity.



*Hot Cross Buns!*

Little folks will lend an ear  
When this pair approaches near ;  
Their buns are found so very nice,  
They are always eager for a slice,  
But if flour should rise anew,  
To hot-cross buns we bid adieu.



One of the most noted cries of London was of the famous pig-man of whom there is a portrait extant; and who has had the honour of being imitated by several successors: his cry was,

A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,  
 Or a pig without ever a tail;  
 A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,  
 Or a pig with a curly tail.  
 Come buy a nice pig, and currant sauce!

The pigs were three or four inches long, composed of what is called standing crust; baked with currant sauce in the belly.

Upwards of forty years since, a miserable wretch perambulated this metropolis, to purchase, "Shreds and Patches," whose cry was,

Linen, woollen and leather,  
 Bring 'em out all together.



A singular cry of an equestrian is recollected to have been heard between thirty and forty years since; a rustic mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on one arm, used to invade the north purlieus of London, mumbling "HOLLOWAY CHEESECAKES!" which from his mode of utterance, sounded like, *All my teeth ach!* There was also a noted vender of gingerbread, at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs, about the period already adverted to; he was called *Tiddy Doll*, because, to collect his customers around his basket, he used to chaunt a song, in which scarcely any thing was articulated, but the cant expression, "TIDDY DOLL," he used to wear a high cock'd hat & feather, with a broad scollop'd gold lace on it; and had the honour, like the pig-man, of being imitated by succeeding venders of gingerbread.



*Herrings.*

Alive and fresh, good herrings oh!  
Six a groat, is cheap, you know.  
Off Britain's coast they late were caught,  
And in a ship but just now brought.  
If Mrs. Cook will dress them well,  
Of their goodness you will tell;  
Or if, to salt them you 're inclin'd,  
There's not a doubt they 'll suit your  
mind.



*Bedstead, buy Dolls' Bedsteads !*

Here little girls will doubtless find  
What cannot fail to please their mind ;  
Bedsteads of every size the best,  
On which their painted dolls may rest :  
And 'tis but right that you should grant,  
What you yourselves so often want.



THIS is not a very frequent London cry, there is only one man I ever heard call "DOLLS' BEDSTEADS," he is now I believe often to be seen and heard in various parts of the town. London has produced some very strange characters under the description of London Cries; Jeffery Dunstan, who was living a few years back, was one of the most eccentric in his person and cry; many of these sort of people have met with much more notice and encouragement, than perhaps their way of living merited. Those who are amiable and useful should always be preferred to an opposite character.

There are several well executed engravings of Jeffery Dunstan; he excited considerable curiosity when living, his figure was ugly and deformed, and his intemperance in drinking rendered him absolutely a brute, and ultimately caused his death.



*Hot Spice Gingerbread, all hot!*

Here is spice-cake for those good boys,  
Who better love their books than toys;  
And little girls may have their share,  
As often as they sew with care:  
Here he comes! his basket smokes;  
BUY SOME SPICE, good little folks.



A FEW years since, there was a blind man who constantly sat at the corner of Chiswell Street, Moorfields, at the time when the ground on which Finsbury Square is now built was open fields, whose loud and singular voice was heard by many at a great distance; he could readily distinguish between good and bad halfpence directly he felt them, and has been frequently heard to say to little boys when they have offered him bad money, "THAT WON'T DO"—"THAT'S NOT A GOOD ONE." Thus poor Jemmy would as easily detect and as readily refuse bad money, though quite blind, as many persons who have the use of their sight, the coldest night in winter did not prevent his regular appearance in his accustomed seat; he has now altogether disappeared, I suppose him to be deceased, or perhaps the new inha-



bitants of the square have disapproved of his presence, as they have now constantly in their employ a man walking round their dwellings to keep away characters similar to poor Jemmy.

\* “ Hot SPICED GINGERBREAD,  
“ sold in oblong flat cakes of one  
“ halfpenny each, very well made, well  
“ baked, and kept extremely hot, is a  
“ very pleasing regale to the pedestri-  
“ ans of London in cold and gloomy  
“ evenings. This cheap luxury is only  
“ to be obtained in winter; and when  
“ that dreary season is displaced by  
“ the long light days of summer, a  
“ well known retailer of hot spiced  
“ gingerbread takes his usual stand  
“ near the portico of the Pantheon  
“ with a basket of Banbury and other  
“ cakes.”



*Wild Duck or a fat Chicken.*

My game are round and fat you see,  
 If on the price we can agree :  
 These ducks but one day since were shot,  
 And suit alike the spit or pot.  
 Or if for game you're not inclin'd,  
 Here is a chicken to your mind.



*The King's Speech!*

'Tis very proper to be known  
 Whatever may come from the throne.  
 This GRACIOUS SPEECH, 'tis said, con-  
 tains  
 Something that will assuage our pains;  
 But must new taxes yet continue,  
 Still to increase the revenue?



POOR woman! The old soldier's jacket may keep her warm, and her large hat may prevent her shoulders getting wet. The money she gets by selling the speech, may perhaps buy her a good strong cloak, she seems almost too old to be exposed in the open streets to the cold weather. It will be pleasant to learn by the speech, that the war is likely to be at an end; it must be more advantageous to the country at all times, to keep the sword in its sheath, than to suffer it to be used at all, even in what is called a just cause; you know, the other day, when your school-fellow Ben Dawson, considered himself injured by the insults of rude Harry Robinson, he fell to fighting, thinking by thus retaliating upon a received injury he should obtain the mastery over his antagonist, but what was the result, why his op-



ponent's strength proved the greatest, and poor Ben was obliged to give in, and contentedly sat down insulted and bruised; now if he had been only wise enough to bear the insult without opposition, he would only have had to experience one inconvenience instead of two.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so ;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise ;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.



*Come buy nice young Water Cresses.*



Stern winter is no sooner gone,  
And nature's milder garb put on,  
Than young and tender cresses grow,  
Where smooth streams and rivulets flow.  
These at once to town we bring,  
And announce th' approach of spring-



*Buy a Mop, Brush, or Hair Broom?*

Good money he takes, and bad he refuses,  
 For a mop, or a broom, as his customer  
     chooses,  
 To keep places clean and free from filth,  
 Tends greatly to preserve good health.  
 Then buy of me my mops and brooms,  
 And quickly ply them to your rooms.



ABOUT 50 years back, there crept along a sleek-headed, whimsical little old man, commonly callen *The Wooden Poet*, from his crying wooden ware, which he carried in a basket slung round his neck, about the streets; chaunting a kind of song, in doggrel rhyme, nearly as can be recollected as follows :

“ Come, my good soul,  
Will you buy a wooden bowl ?  
I am just come from the Borough,  
Will you buy a pudding-stirrer ?  
I hope I am not come too soon,  
But you may buy a wooden spoon !  
I made all the haste I was able  
For fear you should want a good ladle,  
And if I am not come too late,  
Please to buy a trencher or wooden plate ;  
Or, if they won't do, its no great matter,  
So you buy of me a wooden platter ;  
It may help you and me to get a dinner,  
If you buy of me a wooden skimmer.  
Come, neighbours, come, I deal just and fair :  
Come, and buy all sorts of wooden ware



These and other cries, used to be so much noticed, that Shuter, the most luxuriant comedian of his time, frequently entertained the audience on his benefit nights, with an admirable imitation of them; which were styled in the play bills, "The Cries of London."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely songs, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor."

Hearth-brooms, brushes, sieves, bowls, clothes-horses, and lines, and almost every household article of turnery, are cried in the streets.

Some of these walking turners travel with a cart, by which they can extend their trade; but the greater number carry their shop on their shoulders, and find customers sufficient to afford them a decent subsistence.



*Rare Marrowfat Pease!*

Six-pence a peck, these peas are sold,  
 Fresh, and green, and far from old ;  
 Which as times go cannot be dear,  
 And don't forget the time of year.  
 See for yourselves, they are clean and  
     round,  
 As any peas that can be found,  
 Just come growing from the ground.



\* “ The earliest pea brought to the London market is distinguished by the name of *Hastens*; it belongs to the dwarf genus, and is succeeded by the Hospur. This early pea, the real hastens, is raised in hot beds, and sold in the markets at the high price of a guinea per quart.”

COLLY MOLLY PUFF was a singularity in the reign of James the 2d. This little man who had nothing at all striking in his appearance, and was but just able to support the basket of pastry, which he carried upon his head, sung, in a very peculiar tone, the cant words which passed into his name. *The spectator*, No. 25, informs us that he was called Colly Molly Puff. This singularity was very advantageous to him, as it rendered him one of the most noted of the *Cries of London*. Of this humble creature, who was “ *crawling between heaven and earth*” nothing more than the above is any where recorded.

\* Modern London.



*A groat a Pound black heart Cherries!*



Delicious to the taste are found  
These tempting cherries, sound and  
round.

No where better will you meet,  
For like sugar they are sweet:  
But if you should incline to buy,  
Be so kind first one to try.



*Rabbits.*

The Rabbits on a pole are hung,  
 And then across his shoulders slung.  
 With a loud, now still louder voice,  
 He calls to all to make their choice.  
 But if his trade you should not know,  
 Soon you will hear by 'RABBIT HO!'



RABBITS were originally natives of hot climates; they were known to the Greeks; and it appears that the only countries in Europe where they anciently existed, were Greece and Spain. From thence they were brought into the more temperate climates of Italy, France, England, and Germany, where now they are naturalized; but in colder climates, as Sweden, and other northern parts, they can scarcely be reared in the house, and perish if they are left in the fields. The holes which it digs in the earth, where it retires in the day, protect it from the wolf, fox, and birds of prey: it is a timid but sagacious animal, its food is excellent, and its fur is very useful for making hats, and what is unfit for that purpose has been found as good as down, for stuffing beds and bolsters.

Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lin-



colnshire, are the counties in England where rabbits most abound. Though this animal bears a striking resemblance to the hare, yet they are entirely of a distinct race, and, if confined in the same spot, invariably disagree.

There is hardly any study more interesting than natural history; indeed a considerable share of instruction may be received from a careful perusal of the various habits and dispositions of the brute creation, and every one of them will exhibit marks of the wisdom and excellence of their great Creator, therefore I wish every little boy and girl to interest themselves in this study.



*Sweep Soot O ! sweep for your Soot.*



The sweep, perhaps, some may despise,  
And view him with disgustful eyes ;  
But if he sweeps our chimneys clean,  
He's well employ'd, tho' it be mean.  
And of the charge be not afraid,  
Give him the soot, the cost is paid.



I HOPE this man will always use the little boy well ; many are the instances of cruel treatment they have received from unthinking masters. I much wish this cry was a stranger to London, and every where else ; there is a benevolent society established for the abolition of this miserable employ, by endeavouring to introduce a better plan of sweeping chimneys, which, in a little time, may do away the necessity of employing little boys in so dangerous and unwholesome a business.

The poor little fellow in the print seems too young to carry even an empty sack ; he is almost bent double with premature exertions, whilst his sturdy master's loud and gruff voice forcibly strikes the ear when contrasted with the faint cry of his little climber.



*Flowers.*

Here are flowers, as fresh as day,  
And of those sorts that are most gay :  
These pinks and roses, in full bloom,  
Will nicely decorate a room.  
To crown the whole behold that briar,  
Of which the sweetness all admire.



*Milk.*

Of his approach to let them know  
He shouts aloud with, 'MILK BELOW'  
Be ready maids, don't make him stay  
Time, like an arrow, shoots away.  
Fresh from the cow his milk is pure.  
And of good measure you are sure.



THIS man sells genuine milk from the cow: he ought to be encouraged, he has taken much pains to make an instrument called a gage that his customers may ascertain for themselves the purity of what he sells; a great deal of bad milk is sold in London; you very well know we ourselves can easily add a little water to it, if it proves too good, but of this there is little fear, the public are seriously imposed upon by the introduction of water, this is an inconvenience which inhabitants of large cities are very liable to experience.

Milk is now very dear, and when a great price is paid, should be good in quality; you recollect having some boiled the other morning for breakfast when you should have had it to eat with bread, it turned to curds, thereby rendered unfit for use, now this would



not have been so if the milk had been good.

The cow is one of the most useful animals we have, and deserves to be used kindly and fed on good hay, rich grass, and sweet turnips.

\* “ It is calculated that 8,500 Cows are kept for the supply of milk, and that 6, 980, 000 gallons are annually sold in London. Milk-Walks, that is a certain proportion of neighbouring streets served by a particular person, are sometimes disposed of by advertisement, and often for a considerable premium. Cream is sold by the milk-carriers at one shilling and four-pence per pint.”



*The Dust Man.*

DUST HO! he cries, and with a ring,  
The dust he makes them quickly bring;  
Which in his cart takes away,  
To make his bricks, when mix'd with  
clay.



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