

Lucy Sewell

Book Book

Supper



Lucy Pease



Let none despise
The merry merry Cries
Of famous LONDON TOWN.

THE
CRIES OF LONDON,

AS

They are daily exhibited in the Streets;

WITH AN
EPIGRAM IN VERSE,

ADAPTED TO EACH.

Embellished with Sixty-two elegant CUTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METROPOLIS IN
VERSE.

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P R E F A C E.

TH E greatest Philosophers in all Ages, and in every Country, have been more indebted to a nice Observation of Men and Things for their superior Knowledge and Experience, than to abstruse Speculations, or the vague Dogmas of the Schools. Solomon is justly ranked among the wisest and best of men; and he points out the Way to obtain Wisdom, in a Manner much more plain and certain than any other Philosopher; either before his Time or since.

*Doth not Wisdom cry? (says he) and
Understanding put forth her Voice?*

*She standeth in the Top of high
Places, by the Way of the Places in
the Paths.*

*She crieth at the Gates of the City,
at the Entry of the City, at the coming
in at the Doors.*

Here it is plainly asserted, that real Knowledge is to be obtained in the *public Places*, not in sleepy Cloisters; by an accurate Attention to the Minds and Dispositions of Men (the great Springs of all human Actions) and not to the Subtleties of a vain Philosophy.

*The proper Study of Mankind is
Man.*

POPE.

For

For this reason I have at present collected a variety of Personages from the Public Streets, which I flatter myself will neither be unuseful or unentertaining. The People of England display a greater variety of Character than any other Nation upon the Earth: The French, on the other hand, have few peculiarities; their Manners are nearly the same, from the Marquis down to the Valet de Chambre; from the Court Lady to her Milliner. In England we find many an Hero, many an honest Man, and many a shrewd Philosopher, (making proper allowances for the limits of education) among the lowest and most unnoticed; at the same time that

we discover even among the Great, many who are utterly ignorant of every Author except Hoyle, many a Coward, and many a Knave. Hence, surely, it follows, that the very meanest, as they are generally termed, of human society, are far from being unworthy of our attention.



Knives to grind, Razors or
Sciffars to grind?

O THOU, whate'er thy name, in
blest abodes,
Who grind'st the Knives of Jove
and all the Gods,
Smooth let my Verses flow as oil, or
rather,
Like thine own Razor-Strap of
greazy leather ;
Sharp be their edge, as edge of
sharpest knife,
That in these moral pages to the life
I may descry, and closely trim each
truth,
And be the Whetstone to the rising
youth.



Buy a Mat; a Door Mat, or
a Bed Mat?

ATTEND this cry, ye London
Beaus,

Procure a Mat to clean your shoes,
Else will ye ev'ry carpet spoil,
And cause to household maids much
toil;

And O! ye Belles, when Winter
comes,

Think what a saving 'tis in Brooms;
Think what a comfort to your feet
To have a Straw-mat clean and
neat.



Ground Ivy, Ground Ivy, come
buy my Ground Ivy; come
buy my Water Cresses?

O'ER nerve-relaxing tea no longer
waste
The morning hour; did you know
the taste
Of home-found Ivy, you would
ne'er explore
For foreign shrubs a distant Indian
shore:
And ye, with dire scorbutic Ills
o'errun,
All wretched nostrums and their
venders shun,
The Crefs will all cutaneous illness
mock;
Then quit the aid of Flagger and
of Reck.



Any Pots, or Pans, or Kettles to mend ; any work for the Tinker ?

THUS does the Tinker round the
city call,
And vows he'll stop your leaky ves-
sels all;
But ah! beware, his words may
not be true,
And for one hole perhaps he'll make
you two.



Diddle, diddle, diddle Dump-
lings, O! hot, hot.

GOOD boys will oft a Dumpling
crave,

When this old woman comes;
And he that's very good, shall have
A Dumpling full of Plums.

But O! ye naughty boys, who heed
Nor Daddy, nor yet Mammy,
You'll ne'er on such nice dainties
feed,

With dumplings they'll ne'er
cram ye.



Old Clothes to sell; any Hats,
Shoes, or Old Clothes?

THIS dirty Son of Israel's race,
While wealthy folks are sleep-
ing,
You up and down the town may
trace,
In ev'ry area peeping.

But ah! beware, ye men and maids,
His bargains you'll repent;
Remember well the Varlet trades
At least for Cent per Cent.



Sand O, Sand O, any Sand
below, Maids?

IN winter time, when dirty shoes
Are apt to daub the floor,
Ne'er let the honest Sandman pass
Unheeded by the door.

For who so does assistance lend
To forward cleanliness,
All housewives surely will befriend,
With bounties, more or less.



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

THEY Hot Cross-Buns are call'd,
I ween,
Because a cross thereon is seen.
Remembering us the Jews did slay
Our Saviour upon Golgotha ;
And that of sin we are set free
By his sad sufferings on the tree.
A glorious offering of free will,
To all who do his laws fulfil !



Bellows to mend; Maids,
your Bellows to mend.

TO mend your Bellows Joe will
trot

Still up and down the streets ;
He loves too well the Porter Pot,
And very little eats.

The while he lives, in idle waste,
Like many foolish fellows,
A Phthific coming on apace,
Destroys his own life's bellows.



Ready Pick'd Green Goose-
berries, eight Pence a
Gallon.

GREEN Gooseberries are ever
good,

A nice light crust betwixt,
And wholesome cooling Summer
food,

With milk and sugar mixt.

But eat them mod'rately, ye fair,

And all ye jolly boys;

Or else their acid none will spare,

And sugar ever cloy.



Small Coal, Maids do you
want any Small Coal?

QUOTH Oyster *Nell* to Small-
Coal *Tom*,

Come out of that, you dirty Ho-
ney ;

Tom very archly bites his thumb,

Saying, dirty hands will get clean
money.

And I, with all this dirt, dear *Nell*,

A link am of the chain,

That binds community as well

As he who rolls in gain.



Primroses ; Primroses, buy
my Spring Flowers ?

IN April, when Primroses deck
 ev'ry lane,
The first and the sweetest of Flora's
 gay train,
Rise early, ye Ladies, to breath the
 fresh air,
'Twill mend your complexion tho'
 ever so fair:
The Primrose is sure an apt emblem
 of youth,
A modest resemblance of sweet fe-
 male truth,
And tho' gaudier Flowers may boast
 of a charm,
Yet native simplicity ever will warm.

The Cries of London.



A Pig and Plum Sauce;
 who buys my Pig and
 Plum Sauce?

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.

Oh! that each honest Tradesman
ne'er may fail,
To tag his business with a golden
tail.



Green Hastings, Hastings,
O! come here's your large
Rowley Powlies, no more
than Six-pence a Peck.

ROWLEY Powley, jolly Pease,
In Summer give your hearts
ease,
When nicely boil'd and served up,
With melted butter in a cup:
And if you add a bacon slice,
'Twill make a supper wond'rous
nice;
Then come and buy before I go;
Gee up, old Ball, *Green Hastings, Ho!*



Hare Skins, or Rabbit Skins ?

YE maids, who save your Rabbit
Skin

When off the back ye strip it,
Are always sure a groat to win,
For making Muff or Tippet.

And if a Hare Skin you lay by
'Twill Eight-pence bring well;
Whene'er you hear the Woman,
Any Hare Skins to sell?



Buy a Lobster, a large live
Lobster?

AN honest way it is as any,
By Lobsters thus to turn the
penny,
Altho' he sure had courage ample,
Who first to eat them set th' example;
Such ugly crawling speckled things
The nice imagination stings;
And yet, when boil'd, the beaut'ous
sight,
Is sure to please, of red and white:
With oil and vinegar's sharp pickle,
And salt and pepper, how they tickle
The sons of luxury, who think
On nothing, but to eat and drink.



Matches, Maids! my picked
pointed Matches!

AT night, ye maids, put out your
fire,

For fear of accidents full dire ;

Nor let it e'er reported be

You leave your candles carelessly.

With flint and steel how small the
pain,

E'en in an instant light to gain !

And when this woman passes by,

A farthing will your wants supply.



Buy a Mouse Trap, or a
Trap for your Rats?

WHEN Rats or Mice your
 Vict'als maul,
Apply the Trap, ye Housewives all;
It is a wiley, subtle gin,
That will the wariest take in.
And this advice still let me give,
Void of excess be sure you live,
Else will disease your vitals sap,
For death lies lurking like a trap.



Come buy my little Tartars,
my pretty little Jemmies; no
more than a Halfpenny a
piece.

A PHYSIC fine as e'er was sold,
Is offer'd here by Buckhorse
old,

For boys who want a finer;
If any pettish froward Miss
Advices spurn that lead to blifs,
O buy a Jemmy Tartar.

'Twill clear up every sour look,
'Twill make each boy regard his
book,

Each Miss her sampler mind;
No scolding, brawling, noisy crying,
No flouncing, bouncing, sobbing,
sighing,

You in the house will find.



Jaw-work, Jaw-work, a whole
Pot for a Halfpenny, Hazle-
nuts.

THE man must ne'er refuse to
crack

The shell, who would the kernel
take ;

For who can think that Heav'n, for-
sooth,

Will drop the victuals in his mouth,
Without e'er industry or pain,
He strives a livelihood to gain ?
And ev'ry lad who will not tread
Patient, o'er learning's thorny bed,
But proudly errs with bold defiance,
Shall never taste the sweets of science.



Crab, Crab, will you Crab?

WHAT strange variety of food,
In this wide world we meet;
The fields, the forests, and the flood,
Afford a bounteous treat.

Nature her gen'rous lap unfolds,
To those who earn their living;
Old Ocean not a Crab withholds;
To all a part is given.



Any Flint Glafs or broken
Bottles for a poor Man
to-day?