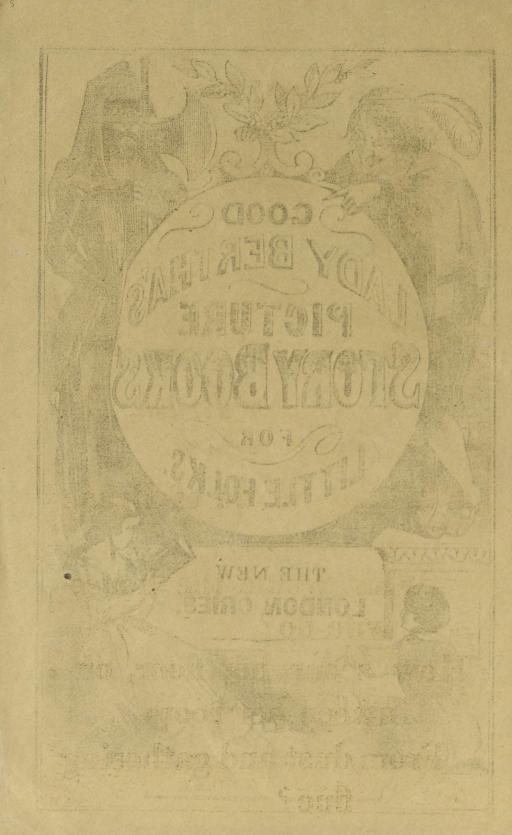


THE NEW LONDON CRIES.

WALKER & SONS.

MARCKE SC





Buy a Mop, Brush, or Hair Broom.

Without the aid of Brush or Broom,

What would the house wife do?

How scour her floor, or sweep her room.
From dust and gathering flue?



Flanders Bricks—Penny a
Lump.

Dear Lady, do try them,
We shan't disagree;
And you never will buy
them
Of any but me.



Any Earthen Ware, Plates, Dishes, or Jugs, to-day?

This flowered bowl of green

Is worth a gown at least;

I am sure it might be seen

At any christening feast.



Alt round and sound, my Ripe Kentish Cherries.

Who such Cherries could see,

And not tempted be To wish he possessed a small share?

But observe, I say small,
For those who want all,
Deserve not to taste of
such fare.



Dust O!-Dust O!

His noisy bell the Dustman rings,

Her dust the housemaid gladly brings

Ringing he goes from door to door,

Until his cart will hold no more.



Hot Mutton Dumplings— Nice Dumplings, all Hot.

Hot Mutton Dumplings this man cries,
What more could one desire,

To save the trouble of making pies,

Or puddings, and save your fire?



Mackerel, O! Four a shilling, Mackerel, O!

In Spring this noisy cry we hear,

At first indeed, the fish is dear, I deed a solution

But friendly gales soon stock our shore,

And make them food for rich and poor.



Native Oysters.

Oysters fresh, Oysters fresh,

Oysters fresh I cry;
Who'll buy my Native
Oysters?

My Native Oysters buy.

