

something else, or my wife has a fit of sickness, or my little boy has, or something's sure to happen that way, and it all goes. Last winter was a very hard time for people in my way, from hoar frost and fogs. I ran near 3*l.* into debt; greater part of it for house-rent and my barrow; the rest was small sums borrowed of shopkeepers that I served. I paid all up in the summer, but I'm now 14*s.* in debt for my barrow; it always keeps me back; the man that owns it calls every Sunday morning, but he don't press me, if I haven't money. I would get out of the life if I could, but will anybody take a groom out of the streets? and I'm not master of anything but grooming. I can read and write. I was brought up a Roman Catholic, and was christened one. I never go to mass now. One gets out of the way of such things, having to fight for a living as I have. It seems like mocking going to chapel, when you're grumbling in your soul."

OF PLANTAIN-SELLERS.

PLANTAIN is sold extensively, and is given to canaries, but water-cress is given to those birds more than any other green thing. It is the ripe seed, in a spike, of the "great" and the "ribbed" plantain. The green leaves of the last-mentioned plant used to be in demand as a styptic. Shenstone speaks of "plantain ribbed, that heals

the reaper's wound." I believe that it was never sold in the streets of London. The most of the plantain is gathered in the brick-fields, wherever they are found, as the greater plantain, which gives three-fourths of the supply, loves an arid situation. It is sold in hands to the shops, about 60 "heads" going to a "hand," at a price, according to size, &c., from 1*d.* to 4*d.* On a private round, five or six are given for a halfpenny. It is, however, generally gathered and sold with chickweed, and along with chickweed I have shown the quantity used.

The money-value of the several kinds and quantities of "green-stuff" annually purchased in the streets of London is as follows:—

6,696,450 bunches of water-cresses,	} £13,949
at ½ <i>d.</i> per bunch	
5,616,000 " groundsel, at ½ <i>d.</i>	11,700
1,120,800 " chickweed and	} 2,335
plantain	
660,000 turfs, at 2½ <i>d.</i> per doz. .	520
	28,504

Of the above amount, it may be said that upwards of 14,000*l.* are spent yearly on what may be called the bird-food of London.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF EATABLES AND DRINKABLES.

THESE dealers were, more numerous, even when the metropolitan population was but half its present extent. I heard several causes assigned for this,—such as the higher rate of earnings of the labouring people at that time, as well as the smaller number of shopkeepers who deal in such cheap luxuries as penny pies, and the fewer places of cheap amusement, such as the "penny gaffs." These places, I was told, "run away with the young people's pennies," which were, at one period, expended in the streets.

The class engaged in the manufacture, or in the sale, of these articles, are a more intelligent people than the generality of street-sellers. They have nearly all been mechanics who, from inability to procure employment at their several crafts—from dislike to an irksome and, perhaps, sedentary confinement—or from an overpowering desire "to be their own masters," have sought a livelihood in the streets. The purchase and sale of fish, fruit, or vegetables require no great training or dexterity; but to make the dainties, in which street-people are critical, and to sell them at the lowest possible price, certainly requires some previous discipline to produce the skill to combine and the taste to please.

I may here observe, that I found it common enough among these street-sellers to describe

themselves and their fraternity not by their names or callings, but by the article in which they deal. This is sometimes ludicrous enough: "Is the man you're asking about a pickled whelk, sir?" was said to me. In answer to another inquiry, I was told, "Oh, yes, I know him—he's a sweet-stuff." Such ellipses, or abbreviations, are common in all mechanical or commercial callings.

Men and women, and most especially boys, purchase their meals day after day in the streets. The coffee-stall supplies a warm breakfast; shell-fish of many kinds tempt to a luncheon; hot-eels or pea-soup, flanked by a potato "all hot," serve for a dinner; and cakes and tarts, or nuts and oranges, with many varieties of pastry, confectionary, and fruit, woo to indulgence in a dessert; while for supper there is a sandwich, a meat pudding, or a "trotter."

The street provisions consist of cooked or prepared victuals, which may be divided into solids, pastry, confectionary, and drinkables.

The "solids" however, of these three divisions, are such as only regular street-buyers consider to be sufficing for a substantial meal, for it will be seen that the comestibles accounted "good for dinner," are all of a dainty, rather than a solid character. Men whose lives, as I have before stated, are alternations of starvation

and surfeit, love some easily-swallowed and comfortable food, better than the most approved substantiality of a dinner-table. I was told by a man, who was once foodless for thirty-eight hours, that in looking into the window of a cook-shop—he longed far more for a basin of soup than for a cut from the boiled round, or the roasted ribs, of beef. He felt a gnawing rather than a ravenous desire, and some tasty semi-liquid was the incessant object of his desires.

The solids then, according to street estimation, consist of hot-eels, pickled whelks, oysters, sheep's-trotters, pea-soup, fried fish, ham-sandwiches, hot green peas, kidney puddings, boiled meat puddings, beef, mutton, kidney, and eel pies, and baked potatoes. In each of these provisions the street poor find a mid-day or mid-night meal.

The pastry and confectionary which tempt the street eaters are tarts of rhubarb, currant, gooseberry, cherry, apple, damson, cranberry, and (so called) mince pies; plum dough and plum-cake; lard, currant, almond and many other varieties of cakes, as well as of tarts; gingerbread-nuts and heart-cakes; Chelsea buns; muffins and crumpets; "sweet stuff" includes the several kinds of rocks, sticks, lozenges, candies, and hard-bakes; the medicinal confectionary of cough-drops and horehound; and, lastly, the more novel and aristocratic luxury of street-ices; and strawberry cream, at 1*d.* a glass, (in Greenwich Park).

The drinkables are tea, coffee, and cocoa; ginger-beer, lemonade, Persian sherbet, and some highly-coloured beverages which have no specific name, but are introduced to the public as "cooling" drinks; hot elder cordial or wine; peppermint water; curds and whey; water (as at Hampstead); rice milk; and milk in the parks.

At different periods there have been attempts to introduce more substantial viands into the street provision trade, but all within these twenty years have been exceptional and unsuccessful. One man a few years back established a portable cook-shop in Leather-lane, cutting out portions of the joints to be carried away or eaten on the spot, at the buyer's option. But the speculation was a failure. Black puddings used to be sold, until a few years back, smoking from cans, not unlike potato cans, in such places as the New Cut; but the trade in these rather suspicious articles gradually disappeared.

Mr. Albert Smith, who is an acute observer in all such matters, says, in a lively article on the Street Boys of London:

"The kerb is his club, offering all the advantages of one of those institutions without any subscription or ballot. Had he a few pence, he might dine equally well as at Blackwall, and with the same variety of delicacies without going twenty yards from the pillars of St. Clement's churchyard. He might begin with a water *souchée* of eels, varying his first course with pickled whelks, cold fried flounders, or periwinkles. Whitebait, to be sure, he would

find a difficulty in procuring, but as the more cunning gourmands do not believe these delicacies to be fish at all, but merely little bits of light pie-crust fried in grease;—and as moreover, the brown bread and butter is after all the grand attraction,—the boy might soon find a substitute. Then would come the potatoes, apparently giving out so much steam that the can which contains them seems in momentary danger of blowing up; large, hot, mealy fellows, that prove how unfounded were the alarms of the bad-crop-ites; and he might next have a course of boiled feet of some animal or other, which he would be certain to find in front of the gin-shop. Cyder-cups perhaps he would not get; but there would be 'ginger-beer from the fountain, at 1*d.* per glass;' and instead of mulled claret, he could indulge in hot elder cordial; whilst for dessert he could calculate upon all the delicacies of the season, from the salads at the corner of Wych-street to the baked apples at Temple Bar. None of these things would cost more than a penny a piece; some of them would be under that sum; and since as at Veréy's, and some other foreign restaurateurs, there is no objection to your dividing the "portions," the boy might, if he felt inclined to give a dinner to a friend, get off under 6*d.* There would be the digestive advantage too of moving leisurely about from one course to another; and, above all, there would be no fee to waiters." After alluding to the former glories of some of the street-stands, more especially of the kidney pudding establishments which displayed rude transparencies, one representing the courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once for a kidney pudding, Mr. Smith continues,—“But of all these eating-stands the chief favourite with the boy is the potato-can. They collect around it as they would do on 'Change, and there talk over local matters, or discuss the affairs of the adjacent cab-stand, in which they are at times joined by the waterman whom they respect, more so perhaps than the policeman; certainly more than they do the street-keeper, for him they especially delight to annoy, and they watch any of their fellows eating a potato, with a curiosity and an attention most remarkable, as if no two persons fed in the same manner, and they expected something strange or diverting to happen at every mouthful.”

A gentleman, who has taken an artist's interest in all connected with the streets, and has been familiar with their daily and nightly aspect from the commencement of the present century, considers that the great change is not so much in what has ceased to be sold, but in the introduction of fresh articles into street-traffic—such as pine-apples and Brazil-nuts, rhubarb and cucumbers, ham-sandwiches, ginger-beer, &c. The coffee-stall, he represents, has but superseded the saloop-stall (of which I have previously spoken); while the class of street-customers who supported the saloop-dealer now support the purveyor of coffee. The appearance of the

two stalls, however, seen before daybreak, with their respective customers, on a bleak winter's morning, was very different. Round the saloop-stall was a group—hardly discernible at a little distance in the dimly-lighted streets—the prominent figures being of two callings now extinct—the climbing-boy and the old hackney-coachman.

The little sweep *would* have his saloop smoking hot—and there was the common appliance of a charcoal grate—regaling himself with the savoury steam until the mess was cool enough for him to swallow; whilst he sought to relieve his naked feet from the numbing effects of the cold by standing now on the right foot and now on the left, and swinging the other to and fro, until a change of posture was necessitated; his white teeth the while gleamed from his sooty visage as he gleefully licked his lips at the warm and oily breakfast.

The old hackney-coachman was wrapped up in a many-caped great coat, drab—when it left the tailor's hands some years before—but then worn and discoloured, and, perhaps, patched or tattered; its weight alone, however, communicated a sort of warmth to the wearer; his legs were closely and artistically "wisped" with bay-bands; and as he kept smiting his chest with his arms, "to keep the cold out," while his saloop was cooling, he would, in no very gentle terms, express his desire to add to its comforting influence the stimulant of a "flash of lightning," a "go of rum," or a "glass of max,"—for so a dram of neat spirit was then called.

The old watchman of that day, too, almost as heavily coated as the hackneyman, would sometimes partake of the street "Saloop-loop-loop! Sa-loop!" The woman of the town, in "looped and windowed raggedness," the outcast of the very lowest class, was at the saloop, as she is now and then at the coffee-stall, waiting until daylight drove her to her filthy lodging-house. But the climbing-boy has, happily, left no successor; the hackneyman has been succeeded by the jauntier cabman; and the taciturn old watchman by the lounging and trim policeman.

Another class of street-sellers, no longer to be seen, were the "barrow-women." They sold fruit of all kinds, little else, in very clean white barrows, and their fruit was excellent, and purchased by the wealthier classes. They were, for the most part, Irish women, and some were remarkable for beauty. Their dress was usually a good chintz gown, the skirt being tidily tucked or pinned up behind, "in a way," said one informant, "now sometimes seen on the stage when correctness of costume is cared for." These women were prosperous in their calling, nor was there any imputation on their chastity, as the mothers were almost always wives.

Concerning the bygone street-cries, I had also the following account from the personal observation of an able correspondent:—

"First among the old 'mnsical cries,' may be cited the 'Tiddy Doll!'—immortalised by Hogarth—then comes the last person, who,

with a fine bass voice, coaxed his customers to buy *sweets* with, 'Quack, quack, quack, quack! Browns, browns, browns! have you got any mouldy browns?' There was a man, too, who sold tripe, &c., in this way, and to some purpose; he was as fine a man as ever stepped, and his deep rich voice would ring through a whole street, 'Dog's-meat! cat's-meat! nice tripe! neat's feet! Come buy my trotters!' The last part would not have disgraced Lablache. He discovered a new way of pickling tripe—got on—made contracts for supplying the Navy during the war, and acquired a large property. One of our most successful artists is his grandson. Then there was that delight of our childhood—the eight o'clock 'Hot spiced gingerbread! hot spiced gingerbread! buy my spiced gingerbread! sm-o-o-king hot!' Another informant remembered a very popular character (among the boys), whose daily cry was: "Hot spiced gingerbread nuts, nuts, nuts! If one'll warm you, *wha-a-l* a pound do?—*Wha-a-a-l* a pound do?" Gingerbread was formerly in much greater demand than it is now.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PEA-SOUP AND HOT EELS.

Two of the condiments greatly relished by the chilled labourers and others who regale themselves on street luxuries, are "pea-soup" and "hot eels." Of these tradesmen there may be 500 now in the streets on a Saturday. As the two trades are frequently carried on by the same party, I shall treat of them together. The greatest number of these stands is in Old-street, St. Luke's, about twenty. In warm weather these street-cooks deal only in "hot eels" and whelks; as the whelk trade is sometimes an accompaniment of the others, for then the soup will not sell. These dealers are stationary, having stalls or stands in the street, and the savoury odour from them attracts more hungry-looking gazers and longers than does a cook-shop window. They seldom move about, but generally frequent the same place. A celebrated dealer of this class has a stand in Clare-street, Clare-market, opposite a cat's-meat shop; he has been heard to boast, that he wouldn't soil his hands at the business if he didn't get his 30s. a day, and his 2l. 10s. on a Saturday. Half this amount is considered to be about the truth. This person has mostly all the trade for hot eels in the Clare-market district. There is another "hot eel purveyor" at the end of Windmill-street, Tottenham-court-road, that does a very good trade. It is thought that he makes about 5s. a day at the business, and about 10s. on Saturday. There was, before the removals, a man who came out about five every afternoon, standing in the New-cut, nearly opposite the Victoria Theatre, his "girl" always attending to the stall. He had two or three lamps with "hot eels" painted upon them, and a handsome stall. He was considered to make about 7s. a day by the sale of eels alone, but he dealt in fried fish and pickled whelks as well, and often had a pile of fried fish a foot high. Near the

Bricklayers' Arms, at the junction of the Old and New Kent-roads, a hot-eel man dispenses what a juvenile customer assured me was "as spicy as any in London, as if there was gin in it." But the dealer in Clare-market does the largest trade of all in the hot-eel line. He is "the head man." On one Saturday he was known to sell 100lbs. of eels, and on most Saturdays he will get rid of his four "draughts" of eels (a draught being 20lbs.) He and his son are dressed in Jenny Lind hats, bound with blue velvet, and both dispense the provisions, while the daughter attends to wash the cups. "On a Sunday, anybody," said my informant, "would think him the first nobleman or squire in the land, to see him dressed in his white hat, with black crape round it, and his drab paletot and mother-o'-pearl buttons, and black kid gloves, with the fingers too long for him."

I may add, that even the very poorest, who have only a halfpenny to spend, as well as those with better means, resort to the stylish stalls in preference to the others. The eels are all purchased at Billingsgate early in the morning. The parties themselves, or their sons or daughters, go to Billingsgate, and the watermen row them to the Dutch eel vesse's moored off the market. The fare paid to the watermen is 1d. for every 10lbs. purchased and brought back in the boat, the passenger being gratis. These dealers generally trade on their own capital; but when some have been having "a flare up," and have "broke down for stock," to use the words of my informant, they borrow 1l. and pay it back in a week or a fortnight at the outside, and give 2s. for the loan of it. The money is usually borrowed of the barrow, truck, and basket-lenders. The amount of capital required for carrying on the business of course depends on the trade done; but even in a small way, the utensils cost 1l. They consist of one fish-kettle and one soup-kettle, holding upon an average three gallons each; besides these, five basins and five cups and ten spoons are required, also a washhand basin to wash the cups, basins, and spoons in, and a board and tressel on which the whole stand. In a large way, it requires from 3l. to 4l. to fit up a handsome stall. For this the party would have "two fine kettles," holding about four gallons each, and two patent cast-iron fireplaces (the 1l. outfit only admits of the bottoms of two tin saucepans being used as fireplaces, in which charcoal is always burning to keep the eels and soup hot; the whelks are always eaten cold). The crockery and spoons would be in no way superior. A small dealer requires, over and above this sum, 10s. to go to market with and purchase stock, and the large dealer about 30s. The class of persons belonging to the business have either been bred to it, or taken to it through being out of work. Some have been disabled during their work, and have resorted to it to save themselves from the workhouse. The price of the hot eels is a halfpenny for five or seven pieces of fish, and three-parts of a cupfull of liquor. The charge for a half-

pint of pea-soup is a halfpenny, and the whelks are sold, according to the size, from a halfpenny each to three or four for the same sum. These are put out in saucers.

The eels are Dutch, and are cleaned and washed, and cut in small pieces of from a half to an inch each. [The daughter of one of my informants was busily engaged, as I derived this information, in the cutting of the fish. She worked at a blood-stained board, with a pile of pieces on one side and a heap of entrails on the other.] The portions so cut are then boiled, and the liquor is thickened with flour and flavoured with chopped parsley and mixed spices. It is kept hot in the streets, and served out, as I have stated, in halfpenny cupfulls, with a small quantity of vinegar and pepper. The best purveyors add a little butter. The street-boys are extravagant in their use of vinegar.

To dress a draught of eels takes three hours—to clean, cut them up, and cook them sufficiently; and the cost is now 5s. 2d. (much lower in the summer) for the draught (the 2d. being the expense of "shoring"), 8d. for 4 lb. of flour to thicken the liquor, 2d. for the parsley to flavour it, and 1s. 6d. for the vinegar, spices, and pepper (about three quarts of vinegar and two ounces of pepper). This quantity, when dressed and seasoned, will fetch in halfpennyworths from 15s. to 18s. The profit upon this would be from 7s. to 9s. 6d.; but the cost of the charcoal has to be deducted, as well as the salt used while cooking. These two items amount to about 5d.

The pea-soup consists of split peas, celery, and beef bones. Five pints, at 3½d. a quart, are used to every three gallons; the bones cost 2d., carrots 1d., and celery ½d.—these cost 1s. 0½d.; and the pepper, salt, and mint, to season it, about 2d. This, when served in halfpenny basinfulls, will fetch from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d., leaving 1s. 1d. profit. But from this the expenses of cooking must be taken; so that the clear gain upon three gallons comes to about 11d. In a large trade, three kettles, or twelve gallons, of pea-soup will be disposed of in the day, and about four draughts, or 80 lbs., of hot eels on every day but Saturday,—when the quantity of eels disposed of would be about five draughts, or 100 lbs. weight, and about 15 gallons of pea-soup. Hence the profits of a good business in the hot-eel and pea-soup line united will be from 7l. to 7l. 10s. per week, or more. But there is only one man in London does this amount of business, or rather makes this amount of money. A small business will do about 15 lbs. of eels in the week, including Saturday, and about 12 gallons of soup. Sometimes credit is given for a halfpennyworth, or a pennyworth, at the outside; but very little is lost from bad debts. Boys who are partaking of the articles will occasionally say to the proprietor of the stall, "Well, master, they *are* nice; trust us another ha'p'orth, and I'll pay you when I comes again;" but they are seldom credited, for the stall-keepers know well they would never see them again. Very often the stock cooked is not disposed of,

and then it is brought home and eaten by the family. The pea-soup will seldom keep a night, but what is left the family generally use for supper.

The dealers go out about half-past ten in the morning, and remain out till about ten at night. Monday is the next best day to Saturday. The generality of the customers are boys from 12 to 16 years of age. Newsboys are very partial to hot eels—women prefer the pea-soup. Some of the boys will have as many as six halfpenny cupfulls consecutively on a Saturday night; and some women will have three halfpenny basins-full of soup. Many persons in the cold weather prefer the hot soup to beer. On wet, raw, chilly days, the soup goes off better than usual, and in fine weather there is a greater demand for the hot eels. One dealer assured me that he once *did* serve two gentlemen's servants with twenty-eight halfpenny cupfulls of hot eels one after another. One servant had sixteen, and the other twelve cupfulls, which they ate all at one standing; and one of these customers was so partial to hot eels, that he used to come twice a day every day for six months after that, and have eight cupfulls each day, four at noon and four in the evening. These two persons were the best customers my informant ever had. Servants, however, are not generally partial to the commodity. Hot eels are not usually taken for dinner, nor is pea-soup, but throughout the whole day, and just at the fancy of the passers-by. There are no shops for the sale of these articles. The dealers keep no accounts of what their receipts and expenditure are.

The best time of the year for the hot eels is from the middle of June to the end of August. On some days during that time a person in a small way of business will clear upon an average 1s. 6d. a day, on other days 1s.; on some days, during the month of August, as much as 2s. 6d. a day. Some cry out "Nice hot eels—nice hot eels!" or "Warm your hands and fill your bellies for a halfpenny." One man used to give his surplus eels, when he considered his sale completed on a night, to the poor creatures refused admission into a workhouse, lending them his charcoal fire for warmth, which was always returned to him. The poor creatures begged cinders, and carried the fire under a railway arch. The general rule, however, is for the dealer to be silent, and merely expose the articles for sale. "I likes better," said one man to me, "to touch up people's noses than their heyes or their hears." There are now in the trade almost more than can get a living at it, and their earnings are less than they were formerly. One party attributed this to the opening of a couple of penny-pie shops in his neighbourhood. Before then he could get 2s. 6d. a day clear, take one day with another; but since the establishment of the business in the penny-pie line he cannot take above 1s. 6d. a day clear. On the day the first of these pie-shops opened, it made as much as 10 lbs., or half a draught of eels, difference to him. There was

a band of music and an illumination at the pie-shop, and it was impossible to stand against that. The fashionable dress of the trade is the "Jenny Lind" or "wide-awake" hat, with a broad black ribbon tied round it, and a white apron and sleeves. The dealers usually go to Hampton-court or Greenwich on a fine Sunday. They are partial to the pit of Astley's. One of them told his waterman at Billingsgate the other morning that "he and his good lady had been werry amused with the osses at Hashey's last night."

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A HOT-EEL AND PEA-SOUP MAN.

"I was a coalheaver," said one of the class to me, as I sat in his attic up a close court, watching his wife "thicken the liquor;" "I was a-going along the plank, from one barge to another, when the swell of some steamer threw the plank off the 'horse,' and clucked me down, and broke my knee agin the side of the barge. Before that I was yarning upon an average my 20s. to 30s. a week. I was seven months and four days in King's College Hospital after this. I found they was a-doing me no good there, so I come out and went over to Bartholemey's Hospital. I was in there nineteen months altogether, and after that I was a month in Middlesex Hospital, and all on 'em turned me out incurable. You see, the bone's decayed—four bits of bone have been taken from it. The doctor turned me out three times 'cause I wouldn't have it off. He asked my wife if she would give consent, but neither she nor my daughter would listen to it, so I was turned out on 'em all. How my family lived all this time it's hard to tell. My eldest boy did a little—got 3s. 6d. a week as an errand-boy, and my daughter was in service, and did a little for me; but that was all we had to live upon. There was six children on my hands, and however they *did* manage I can't say. After I came out of the hospital I applied to the parish, and was allowed 2s. 6d. a week and four loaves. But I was anxious to do something, so a master butcher, as I knowed, said he would get me 'a pitch' (the right to fix a stall), if I thought I could sit at a stall and sell a few things. I told him I thought I could, and would be very thankful for it. Well, I had heard how the man up in the market was making a fortune at the hot-eel and pea-soup line. [A paviour as left his barrow and two shovels with me told me to-day, said the man, by way of parenthesis—'that he knowed for a fact he was clearing 6l. a week regular.'] So I thought I'd have a touch at the same thing. But you see, I never could rise money enough to get sufficient stock to make a do of it, and never shall, I expect—it don't seem like it, however. I ought to have 5s. to go to market with to-morrow, and I ain't got above 1s. 6d.; and what's that for stock-money, I'd like to know? Well, as I was saying, the master butcher lent me 10s. 10

start in the line. He was the best friend I ever had. But I've never been able to do anything at it—not to say to get a living." "He can't carry anything now, sir," said his wife, as the old man strove to get the bellows to warm up the large kettle of pea-soup that was on the fire. "Aye, I can't go without my crutch. My daughter goes to Billingsgate for me. I've got nobody else; and she cuts up the eels. If it warn't for her I must give it up altogether, and go into the workhouse outright. I couldn't fetch 'em. I ought to have been out to-night by rights till ten, if I'd had anything to have sold. My wife can't do much; she's troubled with the rheumatics in her head and limbs." "Yes," said the old body, with a sigh, "I'm never well, and never shall be again, I know." "Would you accept on a drop of soup, sir?" asked the man; "you're very welcome, I can assure you. You'll find it very good, sir." I told him I had just dined, and the poor old fellow proceeded with his tale. "Last week I earned clear about 8s., and that's to keep six on us. I didn't pay no rent last week nor yet this, and I don't know when I shall again, if things goes on in this way. The week before there was a fast-day, and I didn't earn above 6s. that week, if I did that. My boy can't go to school. He's got no shoes nor nothing to go in. The girls go to the ragged-school, but we can't send them of a Sunday nowhere." "Other people can go," said one of the young girls nestling round the fire, and with a piece of sacking over her shoulders for a shawl—"them as has got things to go in; but mother don't like to let us go as we are." "She slips her mother's shoes on when she goes out. It would take 1l. to start me well. With that I could go to market, and buy my draught of eels a shilling cheaper, and I could afford to cut my pieces a little bigger; and people where they gets used well comes again—don't you see? I could have sold more eels if I'd had 'em to-day, and soup too. Why, there's four hours of about the best time to-night that I'm losing now 'cause I've nothing to sell. The man in the market can give more than we can. He gives what is called the lumping ha'p'orth—that is, seven or eight pieces; ah, that I daresay he does; indeed, some of the boys has told me he gives as many as eight pieces. And then the more eels you biles up, you see, the richer the liquor is, and in our little tin-pot way it's like biling up a great jint of meat in a hocean of water. In course we can't compete agin the man in the market, and so we're being ruined entirely. The boys very often comes and asks me if I've got a farden's-worth of heads. The woman at Broadway, they tells me, sells 'em at four a farden and a drop of liquor, but we chucks 'em away, there's nothing to eat on them; the boys though will eat anything."

In the hot-eel trade are now 140 vendors, each selling 6 lb. of eels daily at their stands; 60 sell 40 lb. daily; and 100 are itinerant,

selling 5 lb. nightly at the public-houses. The first mentioned take 2s. daily; the second 16s.; and the third 1s. 8d. This gives a street expenditure in the trade in hot eels of 19,448l. for the year.

To start in this business a capital is required after this rate:—stall 6s.; basket 1s.; eel-kettle 3s. 6d.; jar 6d.; ladle 4d.; 12 cups 1s.; 12 spoons 1s.; stew-pan 2s.; chafing-dish 6d.; strainer 1s.; 8 cloths 2s. 8d.; a pair sleeves 4d.; apron 4d.; charcoal 2s. (4d. being an average daily consumption); $\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. coal 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter (the weekly average) 4d.; 1 quarter flour 5d.; 4 oz. pepper 4d.; 1 quart vinegar 10d.; 1 lb. salt $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 1 lb. candles for stall 6d.; parsley 3d.; stock-money 10s. In all 1l. 15s. In the course of a year the property which may be described as fixed, as in the stall, &c., and the expenditure daily occurring as for stock, butter, coal, according to the foregoing statement, amounts to 15,750l. The eels purchased for this trade at Billingsgate are 1,166,880 lb., costing, at 3d. per lb., 12,102l.

In the pea-soup trade there are now one half of the whole number of the hot-eel vendors; of whom 100 will sell, each 4 gallons daily; and of the remaining 50 vendors, each will sell upon an average 10 gallons daily. The first mentioned take 3s. daily; and the last 7s. 6d. This gives a street expenditure of 4,050l. during the winter season of five months.

To commence business in the street sale of pea-soup a capital is required after this rate: soup-kettle 4s.; peas 2s.; soup-ladle 6d.; pepper-box 1d.; mint-box 3d.; chafing-dish 6d.; 12 basons 1s.; 12 spoons 1s.; bones, celery, mint, carrots, and onions, 1s. 6d. In all 10s. 10d. The hot-eel trade being in conjunction with the pea-soup, the same stall, candles, towels, sleeves, and aprons, does for both, and the quantity of extra coal and charcoal; pepper and salt given in the summary of hot-eels serves in cooking, &c., both eels and pea-soup.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PICKLED WHELKS.

THE trade in whelks is one of which the costermongers have the undisputed monopoly. The wholesale business is all transacted in Billingsgate, where this shell-fish is bought by the measure (a double peck or gallon), half-measure, or wash. A wash is four measures, and is the most advantageous mode of purchase; "It's so much cheaper by taking that quantity," I was told, "it's as good as having a half-measure in." An average price for the year may be 4s. the wash; "But I've given 21s. for three wash," said one costermonger, and he waxed indignant as he spoke, "one Saturday, when there was a great stock in too, just because there was a fair coming on on Monday, and the whelkmen, who are the biggest rogues in Billingsgate, always have the price up then, and hinder a poor man

doing good—they've a great knack of that." A wash weighs about 60lbs. On rare occasions it has been as low as 2s. 6d., and even 1s. 6d.

About one-half of the whelks are sold alive (wholesale), and the other half "cooked" (boiled), some of the salesmen having "convenience for cooking" near the market; but they are all brought to London alive, "or what should be alive." When bought alive, which ensures a better quality, I was told—for "whelks'll boil after they're dead and gone, you see, sir, as if they was alive and hungry"—the costermonger boils them in the largest saucepan at his command for about ten minutes, and then leaves them until they cool. "They never kicks as they boils, like lobsters or crabs," said one whelk dealer, "they takes it quiet. A missionary cove said to me, 'Why don't you kill them first? it's murder.' They doesn't suffer; I've suffered more with a toothach than the whole of a measure of whelks has in a boiling, that I'm clear upon." The boiling is generally the work of the women. The next process is to place them in a tub, throw boiling water over them, and stir them up for ten or fifteen minutes with a broom-handle. If the quantity be a wash, two broom-handles, usually wielded by the man and his wife, are employed. This is both to clean them and "to make them come out easier to be wormed." The "worming" is equivalent to the removing of the beard of an oyster or mussel. The whelks are wormed one by one. The operator cuts into the fish, rapidly draws out the "worm," and pushes the severed parts together, which closes. The small whelks are not wormed, "because it's not reckoned necessary, and they're sold to poor lads and such like, that's not particular; but nearly all the women, and a good many of the boys, are very particular. They think the worm's poison." The whelks are next shaken in a tub, in cold water, and are then ready for sale. The same process, after the mere boiling, is observed, when the whelks are bought "cooked."

Some whelk-sellers, who wish to display a superior article, engage children for a few halfpence to rub the shell of every whelk, so that it looks clean and even bright.

I find a difficulty, common in the course of this inquiry, of ascertaining precisely the number of whelk-sellers, because the sale is often carried on simultaneously with that of other things, (stewed eels, for instance,) and because it is common for costermongers to sell whelks on a Saturday night only, both at stalls and "round to the public-houses," but only when they are cheap at Billingsgate. On a Saturday night there may be 300 whelk-sellers in the streets, nearly half at stalls, and half, or more, "working the public-houses." But of this number it must be understood that perhaps the wife is at the stall while the husband is on a round, and some whelks are sent out by a man having an extra stock. This, therefore, reduces the number of independent dealers, but not the actual number of sellers. On all other nights,

there may be half the number engaged in this traffic, in the streets regularly all the year; and more than half on a Monday, as regards the public-house business, in which little is done between Monday and Saturday nights. But a man will, in some instances, work the public-houses every night (the wife tending the stall), and the more assiduously if the weather be bad or foggy, when a public-house custom is the best. A fair week's earnings in whelks, "when a man's known," is 1l.; a bad week is from 5s. to 8s. I am assured that bad weeks are "as plenty as good, at least, the year round;" and thus the average to the street whelk-sellers, in whelks alone, is about 13s. when the trade is carried on daily and regularly, and 5s. a week by those who occasionally resort to it; and as the occasional hands are the more numerous, the average may be struck at 7s.

The whelks are sold at the stalls at two, three, four, six, and eight a penny, according to size. Four is an average pennyworth for good whelks; the six a penny are small, and the eight a penny very small. The principal place for their sale is in Old-street, City-road. The other principal places are the street-markets, which I have before particularised. The whelks are sold in saucers, generally small and white, and of common ware, and are contained in jars, ready to be "shelled" into any saucer that may have been emptied. Sometimes a small pyramid of shells, surmounted by a candle protected by a shade, attracts the regard of the passer-by. The man doing the best business in London was to be found, before the removals of which I have spoken, in Lambeth-walk, but he has now no fixed locality. His profits, I am informed, were regularly 3l. a week; but out of this he had to pay for the assistance of two or sometimes three persons, in washing his whelks, boiling them, &c.; besides that, his wife was as busy as himself. To the quality and cleanliness of his whelks he was very attentive, and would sell no mediocre article if better could be bought. "He deserved all he earned, sir," said another street-dealer to me; "why, in Old-street now they'll have the old original saucers, miserable things, such as they had fifty years back; but the man we're talking of, about two years ago, brought in very pretty plates, quite enterprising things, and they answered well. His example's spreading, but it's slowly." The whelks are eaten with vinegar and pepper.

For sale in the public-houses, the whelks are most frequently carried in jars, and transferred in a saucer to the consumer. "There's often a good sale," said a man familiar with the business, "when a public room's filled. People drinking there always want to eat. They buy whelks, not to fill themselves, but for a relish. A man that's used to the trade will often get off inferior sorts to the lusingtons; he'll have them to rights. Whelks is all the same, good, bad, or middling, when a man's drinking, if they're well seasoned with pepper and vinegar."

Oh yes; any whelk-man will take in a drunken fellow, and he will do it all the same, if he's made up his mind to, get drunk hisself that very night."

The trade is carried on by the regular costers, but of the present number of whelk-sellers, about twenty have been mechanics or servants. The whelk-trade is an evening trade, commencing generally about six, summer and winter, or an hour earlier in winter.

The capital required to start in the whelk-business is: stall, 2s. 6d.; saucers, vinegar-bottle, jar, pepper-castor, and small watering-pan (used only in dusty weather), 2s. 6d.; a pair of stilts (supports for the stall), 1s. 6d.; stock-money, 5s.; pepper and vinegar, 6d., or 12s. in all. If the trade be commenced in a round basket, for public-house sale, 7s. or 8s. only is required, but it is a hazardous experiment for a person unpractised in street business.

OF THE CUSTOMERS, ETC., OF PICKLED WHELK-SELLERS.

As intelligent man gave me the following account. He had been connected with street-trading from his youth up, and is now about thirty:

"The chief customers for whelks, sir, are working people and poor people, and they prefer them to oysters; I do myself, and I think they're not so much eaten because they're not fashionable like oysters. But I've sold them to first-rate public-houses, and to doctors' shops—more than other shops, I don't know why—and to private houses. Masters have sent out their servant-maids to me for three or four penn'orths for supper. I've offered the maids a whelk, but they won't eat them in the street; I dare say they're afraid their young men may be about, and might think they wasn't ladies if they eat whelks in the street. Boys are the best customers for 'small,' but if you don't look sharp, you'll be done out of three-ha'porth of vinegar to a ha'porth of whelks. I can't make out why they like it so. They're particular enough in their way. If the whelks are thin, as they will be sometimes, the lads will say, 'What a lot of snails you've gathered to-night!' If they're plump and fine, then they'll say, 'Fat 'uns to-night—stunners!' Some people eat whelks for an appetite; they give me one, and more in summer than winter. The women of the town are good customers, at least they are in the Cut and Shoreditch, for I know both. If they have five-penn'orth, when they're treated perhaps, there's always sixpence. They come on the sly sometimes, by themselves, and make what's a meal, I'm satisfied, on whelks, and they'll want credit sometimes. I've given trust to a woman of that sort as far as 2s. 6d. I've lost very little by them; I don't know how much altogether. I keep no account, but carry any credit in my head. Those women's good pay, take it altogether, for they know how hard it is to get a crust, and have a feeling for a poor man, if they haven't for a rich one—that's my

opinion, sir. Costermongers in a good time are capital customers; they'll buy five or six penn'orths at a time. The dust's a great injury to the trade in summer time; it dries the whelks up, and they look old. I wish whelks were cheaper at Billingsgate, and I could do more business; and I could do more if I could sell a few minutes after twelve on a Saturday night, when people must leave the public-house. I have sold three wash of a Saturday night, and cleared 15s. on them. I one week made 3l., but I had a few stewed eels to help,—that is, I cleared 2l., and had a pound's worth over on the Saturday night, and sent 'em to be sold—and they were sold—at Battersea on the Sunday; I never went there myself. I've had twenty people round my stall at one time on a Saturday. Perhaps my earnings on that (and other odd things) may come to 1l. a week, or hardly so much, the year round. I can't say exactly. The shells are no use. Boys have asked me for them 'to make sea-shells of,' they say—to hold them to their ears when they're big, and there's a sound like the sea rolling. Gentlemen have sometimes told me to keep a dozen dozen or twenty dozen, for borders to a garden. I make no charge for them—just what a gentleman may please to give.

The information given shows an outlay of 5,250l. yearly for street whelks, and as the return I have cited shows the money spent in whelks at Billingsgate to be 2,500l., the number of whelks being 4,950,000, the account is correct, as the coster's usual "half-profits" make up the sum expended.

OF THE STREET SELLERS, AND OF THE PREPARATION OF FRIED FISH.

AMONG the cooked food which has for many years formed a portion of the street trade is fried fish. The sellers are about 350, as a maximum and 250 as a minimum, 300 being an average number. The reason of the variation in number is, that on a Saturday night, and occasionally on other nights, especially on Mondays, stall-keepers sell fried fish, and not as an ordinary article of their trade. Some men, too, resort to the trade for a time, when they cannot be employed in any way more profitable or suitable to them. The dealers in this article are, for the most part, old men and boys, though there may be 30 or 40 women who sell it, but only 3 or 4 girls, and they are the daughters of the men in the business as the women are the wives. Among the fried-fish sellers there are not half a dozen Irish people, although fish is so especial a part of the diet of the poor Irish. The men in the calling have been, as regards the great majority, mechanics or servants; none, I was told, had been fishmongers, or their assistants.

The fish fried by street dealers is known as "plaice dabs" and "sole dabs," which are merely plaice and soles, "dab" being a com-

mon word for any flat fish. The fish which supplies upwards of one half the quantity fried for the streets is plaice; the other fishes used are soles, haddocks, whittings, flounders, and herrings, but very sparingly indeed as regards herrings. Soles are used in as large a quantity as the other kinds mentioned altogether. On my inquiry as to the precise quantity of each description fried, the answer from the traders was uniform: "I can't say, sir. I buy whatever's cheapest." The fish is bought at Billingsgate, but some of the street dealers obtain another and even a cheaper commodity than at that great mart. This supply is known in the trade as "friers," and consists of the overplus of a fishmonger's stock, of what he has not sold overnight, and does not care to offer for sale on the following morning, and therefore vends it to the costermongers, whose customers are chiefly among the poor. The friers are sometimes half, and sometimes more than half, of the wholesale price in Billingsgate. Many of the friers are good, but some, I was told, "in any thing like muggy or close weather were very queer fish, very queer indeed," and they are consequently fried with a most liberal allowance of oil, "which will conceal anything."

The fish to be fried is first washed and gutted; the fins, head, and tail are then cut off, and the trunk is dipped in flour and water, so that in frying, oil being always used, the skin will not be scorched by the, perhaps, too violent action of the fire, but merely browned. Pale rape oil is generally used. The sellers, however, are often twitted with using lamp oil, even when it is dearer than that devoted to the purpose. The fish is cooked in ordinary frying-pans. One tradesman in Cripplegate, formerly a costermonger, has on his premises a commodious oven which he had built for the frying, or rather baking, of fish. He supplies the small shopkeepers who deal in the article (although some prepare it themselves), and sells his fish retail also, but the street-sellers buy little of him, as they are nearly all "their own cooks." Some of the "illegitimates," however, lay in their stock by purchase of the tradesman in question. The fish is cut into portions before it is fried, and the frying occupies about ten minutes. The quantity prepared together is from six to twenty portions, according to the size of the pans; four dozen portions, or "pieces," as the street people call them, require a quart of oil.

The fried fish-sellers live in some out of the way alley, and not unfrequently in garrets; for among even the poorest class there are great objections to their being fellow-lodgers, on account of the odour from the frying. Even when the fish is fresh (as it most frequently is), and the oil pure, the odour is rank. In one place I visited, which was, moreover, admirable for cleanliness, it was very rank. The cooks, however, whether husbands or wives—for the women often attend to the pan—when they hear of this disagreeable rankness, answer that

it may be so, many people say so; but for their parts they cannot smell it at all. The garments of the fried-fish sellers are more strongly impregnated with the smell of fish than were those of any "wet" or other fish-sellers whom I met with. Their residences are in some of the labyrinths of courts and alleys that run from Gray's-inn-lane to Leather-lane, and similar places between Fetter and Chancery-lanes. They are to be found, too, in the courts running from Cow-cross, Smithfield; and from Turnmill-street and Ray-street, Clerkenwell; also, in the alleys about Bishopsgate-street and the Kingsland-road, and some in the half-ruinous buildings near the Southwark and Borough-roads. None, or very few, of those who are their own cooks, reside at a greater distance than three miles from Billingsgate. A gin-drinking neighbourhood, one coster said, suits best, "for people hasn't their smell so correct there."

The sale is both on rounds and at stalls, the itinerants being twice as numerous as the stationary. The round is usually from public-house to public-house, in populous neighbourhoods. The itinerants generally confine themselves to the trade in fried fish, but the stall-keepers always sell other articles, generally fish of some kind, along with it. The sale in the public-houses is the greatest.

At the neighbouring races and fairs there is a great sale of fried fish. At last Epsom races, I was told, there were at least fifty purveyors of that dainty from London, half of them perhaps being costermongers, who speculated in it merely for the occasion, preparing it themselves. Three men joined in one speculation, expending 8*l.* in fish, and did well, selling at the usual profit of cent. per cent., but with the drawback of considerable expenses. Their customers at the races and fairs are the boys who hold horses or brush clothes, or who sell oranges or nuts, or push at roundabouts, and the costers who are there on business. At Epsom races there was plenty of bread, I was informed, to be picked up on the ground; it had been flung from the carriages after luncheon, and this, with a piece of fish, supplied a meal or "a relish" to hundreds.

In the public-houses, a slice of bread, 16 or 32 being cut from a quarter loaf—as they are whole or half slices—is sold or offered with the fish for a penny. The cry of the seller is, "fish and bread, a penny." Sometimes for an extra-sized piece, with bread, 2*d.* is obtained, but very seldom, and sometimes two pieces are given for 1½*d.* At the stalls bread is rarely sold with the edible in question.

For the itinerant trade, a neatly painted wooden tray, slung by a leathern strap from the neck, is used: the tray is papered over generally with clean newspapers, and on the paper is spread the shapeless brown lumps of fish. Parsley is often strewn over them, and a salt-box is placed at the discretion of the customer. The trays contain from two to five dozen pieces

I understand that no one has a trade greatly in advance of his fellows. The whole body complain of their earnings being far less than was the case four or five years back.

The itinerant fried fish-sellers, when pursuing their avocation, wear generally a jacket of cloth or fustian buttoned round them, but the rest of their attire is hidden by the white sleeves and apron some wear, or by the black calico sleeves and dark woollen aprons worn by others.

The capital required to start properly in the business is:—frying-pan 2*s.* (second-hand 9*d.*); tray 2*s.* 6*d.* (second-hand 8*d.*); salt-box 6*d.* (second-hand 1*d.*); and stock-money 5*s.*—in all 10*s.* A man has gone into the trade, however, with 1*s.*, which he expended in fish and oil, borrowed a frying-pan, borrowed an old tea-board, and so started on his venture.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A FRIED FISH-SELLER, AND OF THE CLASS OF CUSTOMERS.

THE man who gave me the following information was well-looking, and might be about 45 or 50. He was poorly dressed, but his old brown surtout fitted him close and well, was jauntily buttoned up to his black satin stock, worn, but of good quality; and, altogether, he had what is understood among a class as "a betterly appearance about him." His statement, as well as those of the other vendors of provisions, is curious in its details of public-house vagaries:—

"I've been in the trade," he said, "seventeen years. Before that, I was a gentleman's servant, and I married a servant-maid, and we had a family, and, on that account, couldn't, either of us, get a situation, though we'd good characters. I was out of employ for seven or eight months, and things was beginning to go to the pawn for a living; but at last, when I gave up any hope of getting into a gentleman's service, I raised 10*s.*, and determined to try something else. I was persuaded, by a friend who kept a beer-shop, to sell oysters at his door. I took his advice, and went to Billingsgate for the first time in my life, and bought a peck of oysters for 2*s.* 6*d.* I was dressed respectable then—nothing like the mess and dirt I'm in now" [I may observe, that there was no dirt about him]; "and so the salesman laid it on, but I gave him all he asked. I know a deal better now. I'd never been used to open oysters, and I couldn't do it. I cut my fingers with the knife slipping all over them, and had to hire a man to open for me, or the blood from my cut fingers would have run upon the oysters. For all that, I cleared 2*s.* 6*d.* on that peck, and I soon got up to the trade, and did well; till, in two or three months, the season got over, and I was advised, by the same friend, to try fried fish. That suited me. I've lived in good families, where there was first-rate men-cooks, and I know what good cooking means. I bought a dozen plaice; I forget what I gave for them, but they were dearer then than now. For all that, I took between 11*s.* and 12*s.* the first night—it was Saturday—that I started; and I stuck to it, and took

from 7*s.* to 10*s.* every night, with more, of course, on Saturday, and it was half of it profit then. I cleared a good mechanic's earnings at that time—30*s.* a week and more. Soon after, I was told that, if agreeable, my wife could have a stall with fried fish, opposite a wine-vaults just opened, and she made nearly half as much as I did on my rounds. I served the public-houses, and soon got known. With some landlords I had the privilege of the parlour, and tap-room, and bar, when other tradesmen have been kept out. The landlords will say to me still: 'You can go in, Fishy.' Somehow, I got the name of 'Fishy' then, and I've kept it ever since. There was hospitality in those days. I've gone into a room in a public-house, used by mechanics, and one of them has said: 'I'll stand fish round, gentlemen;' and I've supplied fifteen penn'orths. Perhaps he was a stranger, such a sort of customer, that wanted to be agreeable. Now, it's more likely I hear: 'Jack, lend us a penny to buy a bit of fried;' and then Jack says: 'You be d—d! here, lass, let's have another pint.' The insults and difficulties I've had in the public-house trade is dreadful. I once sold 16*d.* worth to three rough-looking fellows I'd never seen before, and they seemed hearty, and asked me to drink with them, so I took a pull; but they wouldn't pay me when I asked, and I waited a goodish bit before I did ask. I thought, at first, it was their fun, but I waited from four to seven, and I found it was no fun. I felt upset, and ran out and told the policeman, but he said it was only a debt, and he couldn't interfere. So I ran to the station, but the head man there said the same, and told me I should hand over the fish with one hand, and hold out the other hand for my money. So I went back to the public-house, and asked for my money—and there was some mechanics that knew me there then—but I got nothing but '—you's!' and one of 'em used most dreadful language. At last, one of the mechanics said: 'Muzzle him, Fishy, if he won't pay.' He was far bigger than me, him that was one in debt; but my spirit was up, and I let go at him and gave him a bloody nose, and the next hit I knocked him backwards, I'm sure I don't know how, on to a table; but I fell on him, and he clutched me by the coat-collar—I was respectable dressed then—and half smothered me. He tore the back of my coat, too, and I went home like Jim Crow. The potman and the others parted us, and they made the man give me 1*s.*, and the waiter paid me the other 4*d.*, and said he'd take his chance to get it—but he never got it. Another time I went into a bar, and there was a ball in the house, and one of the ball gents came down and gave my basket a kick without ever a word, and started the fish; and in a scuffle—he was a little fellow, but my master—I had this finger put out of joint—you can see that, sir, still—and was in the hospital a week from an injury to my leg; the tiblin bone was hurt, the doctors said" [the tibia.] "I've had my tray kicked over for a lark in a public-house, and a scramble for my

fish, and all gone, and no help and no money for me. The landlords always prevent such things, when they can, and interfere for a poor man; but then it's done sudden, and over in an instant. That sort of thing wasn't the worst. I once had some powdery stuff flung sudden over me at a parlour door. My fish fell off, for I jumped, because I felt blinded, and what became of them I don't know; but I aimed at once for home—it was very late—and had to feel my way almost like a blind man. I can't tell what I suffered. I found it was something black, for I kept rubbing my face with my apron, and could just tell it came away black. I let myself in with my latch, and my wife was in bed, and I told her to get up and look at my face and get some water, and she thought I was joking, as she was half asleep; but when she got up and got a light, and a glass, she screamed, and said I looked such a shiny image; and so I did, as well as I could see, for it was black lead—such as they use for grates—that was flung on me. I washed it off, but it wasn't easy, and my face was sore days after. I had a respectable coat on then, too, which was greatly spoiled, and no remedy at all. I don't know who did it to me. I heard some one say: 'You're served out beautiful' Its men that calls themselves gentlemen that does such things. I know the style of them then—it was eight or ten years ago; they'd heard of Lord —, and his goings on. That way it's better now, but worse, far, in the way of getting a living. I dare say, if I had dressed in rough corderoys, I shouldn't have been larked at so much, because they might have thought I was a regular coster, and a fighter; but I don't like that sort of thing—I like to be decent and respectable, if I can.

"I've been in the 'fried' trade ever since, except about three months that I tried the sandwiches. I didn't do so well in them, but it was a far easier trade; no carrying heavy weights all the way from Billingsgate: but I went back to the fried. Why now, sir, a good week with me—and I've only myself in the trade now" [he was a widower]—"is to earn 12s., a poor week is 9s.; and there's as many of one as of the other. I'm known to sell the best of fish, and to cook it in the best style. I think half of us, take it round and round for a year, may earn as much as I do, and the other half about half as much. I think so. I might have saved money, but for a family. I've only one at home with me now, and he really is a good lad. My customers are public-house people that want a relish or a sort of supper with their beer, not so much to drinkers. I sell to tradesmen, too; 4d. worth for tea or supper. Some of them send to my place, for I'm known. The Great Exhibition can't be any difference to me. I've a regular round. I used to sell a good deal to women of the town, but I don't now. They haven't the money, I believe. Where I took 10s. of them, eight or ten years ago, I now take only 6d. They may go for other sorts of relishes now; I can't say. The worst of my trade is, that people must

have as big penn'crths when fish is dear as when its cheap. I never sold a piece of fish to an Italian boy in my life, though they're Catholics. Indeed, I never saw an Italian boy spend a half-penny in the streets on anything."

A working-man told me that he often bought fried fish, and accounted it a good to men like himself. He was fond of fried fish to his supper; he couldn't buy half so cheap as the street-sellers, perhaps not a quarter; and, if he could, it would cost him 1d. for dripping to fry the fish in, and he got it ready, and well fried, and generally good, for 1d.

Subsequent inquiries satisfied me that my informant was correct as to his calculations of his fellows' earnings, judging from his own. The price of plaice at Billingsgate is from ½d. to 2d. each, according to size (the fried fish purveyors never calculate by the weight), ¾d. being a fair average. A plaice costing 1d. will now be fried into four pieces, each 1d.; but the addition of bread, cost of oil, &c., reduces the "fried" peoples' profits to rather less than cent. per cent. Soles and the other fish are, moreover, 30 per cent. dearer than plaice. As 150 sellers make as much weekly as my informant, and the other 150 half that amount, we have an average yearly earning of 27l. 6s. in one case, and of 13l. 13s. in the other. Taking only 20l. a year as a medium earning, and adding 90 per cent for profit, the outlay on the fried fish supplied by London street-sellers is 11,400l.

OF THE PREPARATION AND QUANTITY OF SHEEP'S TROTTERS, AND OF THE STREET-SELLERS.

THE sale of sheep's trotters, as a regular street-trade, is confined to London, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a few more of our greater towns. The "trotter," as it is commonly called, is the boiled foot of the sheep. None of my readers can have formed any commensurate notion of the extent of the sale in London, and to some readers the very existence of such a comestible may be unknown. The great supply now required is readily attained. The wholesale trade is now in the hands of one fellmongering firm, though until within these twenty months or so there were two, and the feet are cut off the sheep-skins by the salesmen in the skin-market, in Bermondsey, and conveyed to the fellmonger's premises in carts and in trucks.

Sheep's trotters, one of my informants could remember, were sold in the streets fifty years ago, but in such small quantities that it could hardly be called a trade. Instead of being prepared wholesale as at present, and then sold out to the retailers, the trotters were then prepared by the individual retailers, or by small traders in tripe and cow-heel. Twenty-five years ago nearly all the sheep's trotters were "lined and prepared," when the skin came into the hands of the fellmonger, for the glue and size makers. Twenty years ago only about one-



THE GROUNDSEL MAN.

"Chick-weed and Grun-sell!"

[From a Photograph.]

twentieth of the trotters now prepared for eating were devoted to the same purpose; and it was not until about fifteen years back that the trade began to reach its present magnitude; and for the last twelve years it has been about stationary, but there were never more sold than last year.

From fifteen to twenty years ago glue and size, owing principally to improved modes of manufacture, became cheaper, so that it paid the fellmonger better to dispose of the trotters as an article "cooked" for the poor, than to the glue-boiler.

The process of cookery is carried on rapidly at the fellmonger's in question. The feet are first scalded for about half an hour. After that from ten to fifteen boys are employed in scooping out the hoofs, which are sold for manure or to manufacturers of Prussian blue, which is extensively used by painters. Women are then employed, forty being an average number, "to scrape the hair off,"—for hair it is called—quickly, but softly, so that the skin should not be injured, and after that the trotters are boiled for about four hours, and they are then ready for market.

The proprietor of this establishment, after he had obligingly given me the information I required, invited me to walk round his premises unaccompanied, and observe how the business was conducted. The premises are extensive, and are situated, as are nearly all branches of the great trade connected with hides and skins, in Bermondsey. The trotter business is kept distinct from the general fellmongering. Within a long shed are five coppers, each containing, on an average, 250 "sets," a set being the complement of the sheep's feet, four. Two of these coppers, on my visit, were devoted to the scalding, and three to the boiling of the trotters. They looked like what one might imagine to be witches' big caldrons; seething, hissing, boiling, and throwing forth a steam not peculiarly grateful to the nostrils of the uninitiated. Thus there are, weekly, "cooking" in one form or other, the feet of 20,000 sheep for the consumption of the poorer classes, or as a relish for those whose stomachs crave after edibles of this description. At one extremity of this shed are the boys, who work in a place open at the side, but the fires and fires make all parts sufficiently warm. The women have a place to themselves on the opposite side of the yard. The room where they work has forms running along its sides, and each woman has a sort of bench in front of her seat, on which she scrapes the trotters. One of the best of these workwomen can scrape 150 sets, or 600 feet in a day, but the average of the work is 500 sets a week, including women and girls. I saw no girls but what seemed above seventeen or eighteen, and some of the women were old. They were exceedingly merry, laughing and chatting, and appearing to consider that a listener was not of primary consequence, as they talked pretty much altogether. I saw none but what were decently

dressed, some were good-looking, and none seemed sickly.

In this establishment are prepared, weekly, 20,000 sets, or 80,000 feet; a yearly average of 4,160,000 trotters, or the feet of 1,040,000 sheep. Of this quantity the street-folk buy seven-eighths; 3,640,000 trotters yearly, or 70,000 weekly. The number of sheep trotter-sellers may be taken at 300, which gives an average of nearly sixty sets a week per individual.

The wholesale price, at the "trotter yard," is five a penny, which gives an outlay by the street-sellers of 3,031*l.* 11*s.* yearly.

But this is not the whole of the trade. Lamb's trotters are also prepared, but only to one-twentieth of the quantity of sheep's trotters, and that for only three months of the year. These are all sold to the street-sellers. The lamb's foot is usually left appended to the leg and shoulder of lamb. It is weighed with the joint, but the butcher's man or boy will say to the purchaser: "Do you want the foot?" As the answer is usually in the negative, it is at once cut off and forms a "perquisite." There are some half dozen men, journeymen butchers not fully employed, who collect these feet, prepare and sell them to the street-people, but as the lamb's feet are very seldom as fresh as those of the sheep carried direct from the skin market to—so to speak—the great trotter kitchen, the demand for "lamb's" falls off yearly. Last year the sale may be taken at about 14,000 sets, selling, wholesale, at about 4*l.*, the same price as the sheep.

The sellers of trotters, who are stationary at publichouse and theatre doors, and at street corners, and itinerant, but itinerant chiefly from one public house to another are a wretchedly poor class. Three fourths of them are elderly women and children, the great majority being Irish people, and there are more boys than girls in the trade. The capital required to start in the business is very small. A hand basket of the larger size costs 1*s.* 9*d.*, but smaller or second-hand only 1*s.*, and the white cotton cloth on which the trotters are displayed costs 4*d.* or 6*d.*; stock-money need not exceed 1*s.*, so that 3*s.* is all that is required. This is one reason, I heard from several trotter-sellers, why the business is over-peopled.

STATEMENTS OF SHEEP'S TROTTER WOMEN.

FROM one woman, who, I am assured, may be taken as a fair type of the better class of trotter-sellers—some of the women being sot-fish and addicted to penn'orths of gin beyond their means—I had the following statement. I found her in the top room of a lofty house in Clerkenwell. She was washing when I called, and her son, a crippled boy of 16, with his crutch by his side, was cleaning knives, which he had done for many months for a family in the neighbourhood, who paid for his labour in what the mother pronounced better than money—broken victuals, because they were of such good, wholesome quality. The room, which

is of a good size, had its red-brown plaster walls, stained in parts with damp, but a great portion was covered with the cheap engravings "given away with No. 6" (or any other number) of some periodical "of thrilling interest;" while the narrow mantel-shelf was almost covered with pot figures of dumpy men, red-breeched and blue-coated, and similar ornaments. I have often noted such attempts to subdue, as it were, the grimness of poverty, by the poor who had "seen better days." The mother was tall and spare, and the boy had that look of premature sedateness, his face being of a sickly hue, common to those of quiet dispositions, who have been afflicted from their childhood:—

"I'm the widow of a sawyer, sir," said Mrs. —, with a very slight brogue, for she was an Irishwoman, "and I've been a widow 18 long years. I'm 54, I believe, but that 18 years seems longer than all the rest of my life together. My husband earned hardly ever less than 30s. a week, sometimes 37., and I didn't know what pinching was. But I was left destitute with four young children, and had to bring them up as well as I could, by what I could make by washing and charing, and a hard fight it was. One of my children went for a soldier, one's dead, another's married, and that's the youngest there. Ah! poor fellow, what he's gone through! He's had 18 abscesses, one after another, and he has been four times in Bartholomew's. There's only God above to help him when I'm gone. My health broke six years ago, and I couldn't do hard work in washing, and I took to trotter selling, because one of my neighbours was in that way, and told me how to go about it. My son sells trotters too; he always sits at the corner of this street. I go from one public-house to another, and sometimes stand at the door, or sit inside, because I'm known and have leave. But I can't either sit, or stand, or walk long at a time, I'm so rheumatic. No, sir, I can't say I was ever badly insulted in a public-house; but I only go to those I know. Others may be different. We depend mostly on trotters, but I have a shilling and my meat, for charing, a day in every week. I've tried 'winks and whelks too,' 'cause I thought they might be more in my pocket than trotters, but they don't suit a poor woman that's begun a street-trade when she's not very young. And the trotters can be carried on with so little money. It's not so long ago that I've sold three-penn'orth of trotters—that is, him and me has—pretty early in the evening; I'd bought them at Mr. —'s, in Bermondsey, in the afternoon, for we can buy three penn'orth, and I walked there again—perhaps it's four miles there and back—and bought another 3d. worth. The first three-pence was all I could rise. It's a long weary way for me to walk, but some walk from Poplar and Limehouse. If I lay out 2s. on the Saturday—there's 15 sets for 1s., that's 60 trotters—they'll carry us on to Monday night, and sometimes, if they'll keep, to Tuesday night. Sometimes I could sell half-a-crown's worth in less time. I have to go to Bermondsey three or

four times a week. The trade was far better six years ago, though trotters were dearer then, only 13 sets 1s., then 14, now 15. For some very few, that's very fine and very big, I get a penny a piece; for some I get 1½d. for two; the most's ¾d. each; some's four for 1½d.; and some I have to throw into the dust-hole. The two of us earns 5s. a week on trotters, not more, I'm sure. I sell to people in the public-houses; some of them may be rather the worse for drink, but not so many; regular drunkards buys nothing but drink. I've sold them too to steady, respectable gentlemen, that's been passing in the street, who put them in their pockets for supper. My rent's 1s. a week."

I then had some conversation with the poor lad. He'd had many a bitter night, he told me, from half-past five to twelve, for he knew there was no breakfast for his mother and him if he couldn't sell some trotters. He had a cry sometimes. He didn't know any good it did him, but he couldn't help it. The boys gathered round him sometimes, and teased him, and snatched at his crutch; and the policeman said that he must make him "move on," as he encouraged the boys about him. He didn't like the boys any more than they were fond of the policemen. He had often sad thoughts as he sat with his trotters before him, when he didn't cry; he wondered if ever he would be better off; but what could he do? He could read, but not write; he liked to read very well when he had anything to read. His mother and he never missed mass.

Another old woman, very poorly, but rather tidily dressed, gave me the following account, which shows a little of public-house custom:—

"I've seen better days, sir, I have indeed; I don't like to talk about that, but now I'm only a poor sheep's trotter seller, and I've been one a good many years. I don't know how long, and I don't like to think about it. It's a shocking bad trade, and such insults as we have to put up with. I serve some public-houses, and I stand sometimes at a playhouse-door. I make 3s. or 3s. 6d. a week, and in a very good week 4s., but, then, I sometimes make only 2s. I'm infirm now, God help me! and I can do nothing else. Another old woman and me has a room between us, at 1s. 4d. a week. Mother's the best name I'm called in a public-house, and it ain't a respectable name. 'Here, mother, give us one of your b— trotters,' is often said to me. One customer sometimes says: 'The stuff'll choke me, but that's as good as the Union.' He ain't a bad man, though. He sometimes treats me. He'll bait my trotters, but that's his larking way, and then he'll say:

'A pennorth o' gin,
'll make your old body spin.'

It's his own poetry, he says. I don't know what he is, but he's often drunk, poor fellow. Women's far worse to please than men. I've known a woman buy a trotter, put her teeth into it, and then say it wasn't good, and return it. It wasn't paid for when she did so, and we-

cause I grumbled, I was abused by her, as if I'd been a Turk. The landlord interfered, and he said, said he, 'I'll not have this poor woman insulted; she's here for the convenience of them as requires trotters, and she's a well-conducted woman, and I'll not have her insulted,' he says, says he, lofty and like a gentleman, sir. 'Why, who's insulting the old b—h?' says the woman, says she. 'Why, you are,' says the landlord, says he, 'and you ought to pay her for her trotter, or how is she to live?' 'What the b—h—ll do I care how she lives,' says the woman, 'its nothing to me, and I won't pay her.' 'Then I will,' says the landlord, says he, 'here's 6d.,' and he wouldn't take the change. After that I soon sold all my trotters, and some gave me double price, when the landlord showed himself such a gentleman, and I went out and bought nine trotters more, another woman's stock, that she was dreading she couldn't sell, and I got through them in no time. It was the best trotter night I ever had. She wasn't a woman of the town as used me so. I have had worse sauce from modest women, as they called themselves, than from the women of the town, for plenty of them knows what poverty is, and is civiler, poor things—yes, I'm sure of that, though it's a shocking life—O, shocking! I never go to the playhouse-door but on a fine night. Young men treats their sweethearts to a trotter, for a relish, with a drop of beer between the acts. Wet nights is the best for public-houses. 'They're not salt enough,' has been said to me, oft enough, 'they don't make a man thirsty.' It'll come to the workhouse with me before long, and, perhaps, all the better. It's warm in the public-house, and that draws me to sell my trotters there sometimes. I live on fish and bread a good deal."

The returns I collected show that there is expended yearly in London streets on trotters, calculating their sale, retail, at ¾d. each, 6,500l., but though the regular price is ½d., some trotters are sold at four for 1½d., very few higher than ¾d., and some are kept until they are unsaleable, so that the amount may be estimated at 6,000l., a receipt of 7s. 6d. weekly, per individual seller, rather more than one-half of which sum is profit.

OF THE STREET TRADE IN BAKED POTATOES.

The baked potato trade, in the way it is at present carried on, has not been known more than fifteen years in the streets. Before that, potatoes were sometimes roasted as chestnuts are now, but only on a small scale. The trade is more profitable than that in fruit, but continues for but six months of the year.

The potatoes, for street-consumption, are bought of the greengrocers, at the rate of 5s. 6d. the cwt. They are usually a large-sized "fruit," running about two or three to the pound. The kind generally bought is what are called the "French Regent's." French pota-

atoes are greatly used now, as they are cheaper than the English. The potatoes are picked, and those of a large size, and with a rough skin, selected from the others, because they are the mealiest. A waxy potato shrivels in the baking. There are usually from 280 to 300 potatoes in the cwt.; these are cleaned by the huckster, and, when dried, taken in baskets, about a quarter cwt. at a time, to the baker's, to be cooked. They are baked in large tins, and require an hour and a half to do them well. The charge for baking is 9d. the cwt., the baker usually finding the tins. They are taken home from the bakehouse in a basket, with a yard and a half of green baize in which they are covered up, and so protected from the cold. The huckster then places them in his can, which consists of a tin with a half-lid; it stands on four legs, and has a large handle to it, while an iron fire-pot is suspended immediately beneath the vessel which is used for holding the potatoes. Directly over the fire-pot is a boiler for hot water. This is concealed within the vessel, and serves to keep the potatoes always hot. Outside the vessel where the potatoes are kept is, at one end, a small compartment for butter and salt, and at the other end another compartment for fresh charcoal. Above the boiler, and beside the lid, is a small pipe for carrying off the steam. These potato-cans are sometimes brightly polished, sometimes painted red, and occasionally brass-mounted. Some of the handsomest are all brass, and some are highly ornamented with brass-mountings. Great pride is taken in the cans. The baked-potato man usually devotes half an hour to polishing them up, and they are mostly kept as bright as silver. The handsomest potato-can is now in Shore-ditch. It cost ten guineas, and is of brass mounted with German silver. There are three lamps attached to it, with coloured glass, and of a style to accord with that of the machine; each lamp cost 5s. The expense of an ordinary can, tin and brass-mounted, is about 50s. They are mostly made by a tinman in the Ratcliffe-highway. The usual places for these cans to stand are the principal thoroughfares and street-markets. It is considered by one who has been many years at the business, that there are, taking those who have regular stands and those who are travelling with their cans on their arm, at least two hundred individuals engaged in the trade in London. There are three at the bottom of Farringdon-street, two in Smithfield, and three in Tottenham-court-road (the two places last named are said to be the best 'pitches' in all London), two in Leather-lane, one on Holborn-hill, one at King's-cross, three at the Brill, Somers-town, three in the New-cut, three in Covent-garden (this is considered to be on market-days the second-best pitch), two at the Elephant and Castle, one at Westminster-bridge, two at the top of Edgeware-road, one in St. Martin's-lane, one in Newport-market, two at the upper end of Oxford-street, one in Clare-market, two in Regent-street, one

in Newgate-market, two at the Angel, Islington, three at Shoreditch church, four about Rosemary-lane, two at Whitechapel, two near Spitalfields-market, and more than double the above number wandering about London. Some of the cans have names—as the "Royal Union Jack" (engraved in a brass plate), the "Royal George," the "Prince of Wales," the "Original Baked Potatoes," and the "Old Original Baked Potatoes."

The business begins about the middle of August and continues to the latter end of April, or as soon as the potatoes get to any size,—until they are pronounced 'bad.' The season, upon an average, lasts about half the year, and depends much upon the weather. If it is cold and frosty, the trade is brisker than in wet weather; indeed then little is doing. The best hours for business are from half-past ten in the morning till two in the afternoon, and from five in the evening till eleven or twelve at night. The night trade is considered the best. In cold weather the potatoes are frequently bought to warm the hands. Indeed, an eminent divine classed them, in a public speech, among the best of modern improvements, it being a cheap luxury to the poor wayfarer, who was benumbed in the night by cold, and an excellent medium for diffusing warmth into the system, by being held in the gloved hand. Some buy them in the morning for lunch and some for dinner. A news-vender, who had to take a hasty meal in his shop, told me he was "always glad to hear the baked-potato cry, as it made a dinner of what was only a snack without it." The best time at night, is about nine, when the potatoes are purchased for supper.

The customers consist of all classes. Many gentlefolks buy them in the street, and take them home for supper in their pockets; but the working classes are the greatest purchasers. Many boys and girls lay out a halfpenny in a baked potato. Irishmen are particularly fond of them, but they are the worst customers, I am told, as they want the largest potatoes in the can. Women buy a great number of those sold. Some take them home, and some eat them in the street. Three baked potatoes are as much as will satisfy the stoutest appetite. One potato dealer in Smithfield is said to sell about 2½ cwt. of potatoes on a market-day; or, in other words, from 900 to 1,000 potatoes, and to take upwards of 2*l.* One informant told me that he himself had often sold 1½ cwt. of a day, and taken 1*l.* in halfpence. I am informed, that upon an average, taking the good stands with the bad ones throughout London, there are about 1 cwt. of potatoes sold by each baked-potato man—and there are 200 of these throughout the metropolis—making the total quantity of baked potatoes consumed every day 10 tons. The money spent upon these comes to within a few shillings of 125*l.* (calculating 300 potatoes to the cwt., and each of those potatoes to be sold at a halfpenny). Hence, there are 60 tons of

baked potatoes eaten in London streets, and 750*l.* spent upon them every week during the season. Saturdays and Mondays are the best days for the sale of baked potatoes in those parts of London that are not near the markets; but in those in the vicinity of Clare, Newport, Covent-garden, Newgate, Smithfield, and other markets, the trade is brisker on the market-days. The baked-potato men are many of them broken-down tradesmen. Many are labourers who find a difficulty of obtaining employment in the winter time; some are costermongers; some have been artisans; indeed, there are some of all classes among them.

After the baked potato season is over, the generality of the hucksters take to selling strawberries, raspberries, or anything in season. Some go to labouring work. One of my informants, who had been a bricklayer's labourer, said that after the season he always looked out for work among the bricklayers, and this kept him employed until the baked potato season came round again.

"When I first took to it," he said, "I was very badly off. My master had no employment for me, and my brother was ill, and so was my wife's sister, and I had no way of keeping 'em, or myself either. The labouring men are mostly out of work in the winter time, so I spoke to a friend of mine, and he told me how he managed every winter, and advised me to do the same. I took to it, and have stuck to it ever since. The trade was much better then. I could buy a hundred-weight of potatoes for 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.*, and there were fewer to sell them. We generally use to a cwt. of potatoes three-quarters of a pound of butter—tenpenny salt butter is what we buy—a pennyworth of salt, a pennyworth of pepper, and five pennyworth of charcoal. This, with the baking, 9*d.*, brings the expenses to just upon 7*s.* 6*d.* per cwt., and for this our receipts will be 12*s.* 6*d.*, thus leaving about 5*s.* per cwt. profit." Hence the average profits of the trade are about 30*s.* a week—"and more to some," said my informant. A man in Smithfield-market, I am credibly informed, clears at the least 3*l.* a week. On the Friday he has a fresh basket of hot potatoes brought to him from the baker's every quarter of an hour. Such is his custom that he has not even time to take money, and his wife stands by his side to do so.

Another potato-vender who shifted his can, he said, "from a public-house where the tap dined at twelve," to another half-a-mile off, where it "dined at one, and so did the parlour," and afterwards to any place he deemed best, gave me the following account of his customers:—

"Such a day as this, sir [Jan. 24], when the fog's like a cloud come down, people looks very shy at my taties, very; they've been more suspicious ever since the taty rot. I thought I should never have rekindled it; never, not the rot. I sell most to mechanics—I was a grocer's porter myself before I was a baked taty—for their dinners, and they're on for good shops

where I serves the taps and parlours, and pays me without grumbling, like gentlemen. Gentlemen does grumble though, for I've sold to them at private houses when they've held the door half open as they've called me—aye, and ladies too—and they've said, 'Is *that* all for 2*d.*?' If it 'd been a peck they'd have said the same, I know. Some customers is very pleasant with me, and says I'm a blessing. One always says he'll give me a ton of taties when his ship comes home, 'cause he can always have a hot murphy to his cold saveloy, when tin's short. He's a harness-maker, and the railways has injured him. There's Union-street and there's Pearl-row, and there's Market-street, now,—they're all off the Borough-road—if I go there at ten at night or so, I can sell 3*s.* worth, perhaps, 'cause they know me, and I have another baked taty to help there sometimes. They're women that's not reckoned the best in the world that buys there, but they pay me. I know why I got my name up. I had luck to have good fruit when the rot was about, and they got to know me. I only go twice or thrice a week, for it's two miles from my regular places. I've trusted them sometimes. They've said to me, as modest as could be, 'Do give me credit, and 'pon my word you shall be paid; there's a dear!' I am paid mostly. Little shopkeepers is fair customers, but I do best for the taps and the parlours. Perhaps I make 12*s.* or 15*s.* a week—I hardly know, for I've only myself and keep no 'count—for the season; money goes one can't tell how, and 'specially if you drinks a drop, as I do sometimes. Foggy weather drives me to it, I'm so worried; that is, now and then, you'll mind, sir."

There are, at present, 300 vendors of hot baked potatoes getting their living in the streets of London, each of whom sell, upon an average, ½ cwt. of potatoes daily. The average takings of each vendor is 6*s.* a day; and the receipts of the whole number throughout the season (which lasts from the latter end of September till March inclusive), a period of 6 months, is 14,000*l.*

A capital is required to start in this trade as, follows:—can, 2*l.*; knife, 3*d.*; stock-money, 8*s.*; charge for baking 100 potatoes, 1*s.*; charcoal, 4*d.*; butter, 2*d.*; salt, 1*d.*, and pepper, 1*d.*; altogether, 2*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* The can and knife is the only property described as fixed, stock-money, &c., being daily occurring, amounts to 75*l.* during the season.

OF "TROTTERING," OR "HAWKING" BUTCHERS.

THESE two appellations are, or have been, used somewhat confusedly in the meat trade. Thirty, or forty, or fifty years ago—for each term was mentioned to me—the butcher in question was a man who went "trotting" on his small horse to the mere distant suburbs to sell meat. This was when the suburbs, in any direction, were "not built up to" as they are now, and the appearance of the trotting butcher

might be hailed as saving a walk of a mile, or a mile and a half, to a butcher's shop, for only tradesmen of a smaller capital then opened butcher's shops in the remoter suburbs. For a suburban butcher to send round "for orders" at that period would have occupied too much time, for a distance must be traversed; and to have gone, or sent, on horseback, would have entailed the keeping or hiring of a horse, which was in those days an expensive matter. One butcher who told me that he had known the trade, man and boy, for nearly fifty years, said: "As to 'trotting,' a small man couldn't so well do it, for if 20*l.* was offered for a tidy horse in the war time it would most likely be said, 'I'll get more for it in the cavalry—for it was often called cavalry then—there's better plunder there.' (Plunder, I may explain, is a common word in the horse trade to express profit.) So it wasn't so easy to get a horse." The trotting butchers were then men sent or going out from the more frequented parts to supply the suburbs, but in many cases only when a tradesman was "hung up" with meat. They carried from 20 to 100 lb. of meat generally in one basket, resting on the pommel of the saddle, and attached by a long leathern strap to the person of the "trotter." The trade, however, was irregular and, considering the expenses, little remunerative; neither was it extensive, but what might be the extent I could not ascertain. There then sprung up the class of butchers—or rather the class became greatly multiplied—who sent their boys or men on fast trotting horses to take orders from the dwellers in the suburbs, and even in the streets, not suburbs, which were away from the shop thoroughfares, and afterwards to deliver the orders—still travelling on horseback—at the customer's door. This system still continues, but to nothing like its former extent, and as it does not pertain especially to the street-trade I need not dwell upon it at present, nor on the competition that sprung up as to "trotting butcher's ponies,"—in the "matching" of which "against time" sporting men have taken great interest.

Of "trotting" butchers, keeping their own horses, there are now none, but there are still, I am told, about six of the class who contrive, by hiring, or more frequently borrowing, horses of some friendly butcher, to live by trotting. These men are all known, and all call upon known customers—often those whom they have served in their prosperity, for the trotting butcher is a "reduced" man—and are not likely to be succeeded by any in the same line, or—as I heard it called—"ride" of business. These traders not subsisting exactly upon street traffic, or on any adventure depending upon door by door, or street by street, commerce, but upon a connection remaining from their having been in business on their own accounts, need no further mention.

The present class of street-traders in raw meat are known to the trade as "hawking."

butchers, and they are as thoroughly street-sellers as are the game and poultry "hawkers." Their number, I am assured, is never less than 150, and sometimes 200 or even 250. They have all been butchers, or journeymen butchers, and are broken down in the one case, or unable to obtain work in the other. They then "watch the turn of the markets," as small meat "jobbers," and—as on the Stock Exchange—"invest," when they account the market at the lowest. The meat so purchased is hawked in a large basket carried on the shoulders, if of a weight too great to be sustained in a basket on the arm. The sale is confined almost entirely to public-houses, and those at no great distance from the great meat marts of Newgate, Leadenhall, and Whitechapel. The hawkers do not go to the suburbs. Their principal trade is in pork and veal,—for those joints weigh lighter, and present a larger surface in comparison with the weight, than do beef or mutton. The same may be said of lamb; but of that they do not buy one quarter so much as of pork or veal.

The hawking butcher bought his meat last year at from 2½d. to 5½d. the pound, according to kind and quality. He seldom gave 6d., even years ago, when meat was dearer; for it is difficult—I was told by one of these hawkers—to get more than 6d. per lb. from chance customers, no matter what the market price. "If I ask 7½d. or 7d.," he said, "I'm sure of one answer—'Nonsense!' I never goes no higher nor 6d.'" Sometimes—and especially if he can command credit for two or three days—the hawking butcher will buy the whole carcass of a sheep. If he reside near the market, he may "cut it up" in his own room; but he can generally find the necessary accommodation at some friendly butcher's block. If the weather be "bad for keeping," he will dispose of a portion of the carcass to his brother-hawkers; if cold, he will persevere in hawking the whole himself. He usually, however, buys only a hind or fore-quarter of mutton, or other meat, except beef, which he buys by the joint, and more sparingly than he buys any other animal food. The hawker generally has his joints weighed before he starts, and can remember the exact pounds and ounces of each, but the purchasers generally weigh them before payment; or, as one hawker expressed it, "They goes to the scales before they come to the tin."

Many of these hawkers drink hard, and, being often men of robust constitution, until the approach of age, can live "hard,"—as regards lodging, especially. One hawker I heard of slept in a slaughter-house, on the bare but clean floor, for nearly two years: "But that was seven years ago, and no butcher would allow it now."

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A HAWKING BUTCHER.

A middle-aged man, the front of his head being nearly bald, and the few hairs there were to be seen shining strongly and lying flat, as if rubbed

with suet or dripping, gave me the following account. He was dressed in the usual blue garb of the butcher:—

"I've hawked, sir—well, perhaps for fifteen years. My father was a journeyman butcher, and I helped him, and so grew up to it. I never had to call regular work, and made it out with hawking. Perhaps I've hawked, take it altogether, nearly three quarters of every year. The other times I've had a turn at slaughtering. But I haven't slaughtered for these three or four years; I've had turns as a butcher's porter, and wish I had more, as it's sure browns, if it's only 1s. 6d. a day: but there's often a bit of cuttings. I sell most pork of anything in autumn and winter, and most mutton in summer; but the summer isn't much more than half as good as the winter for my trade. When I slaughtered I had 3s. for an ox, 4d. for a sheep, and 1s. for a pig. Calves is slaughtered by the master's people generally. Well, I dare say it is cruel the way they slaughter calves; you would think it so, no doubt. I believe they slaughter cheaper now. If I buy cheap—and on a very hot day and a slow market, I have bought a fore, aye, and a hind, quarter of mutton, about two and a half stone each (8 lbs. to the stone), at 2d. a pound; but that's only very, very seldom—when I buy cheap sir, I aim at 2d. a pound over what I give, if not so cheap at 1d., and then its low to my customers. But I cut up the meat, you see, myself, and I carry it. I sell eight times as much to public-houses and eating-houses as anywhere else; most to the public if they're ordinary, and a deal for the public's families' eating, 'cause a landlord knows I wouldn't deceive him,—and there's a part of it taken out in drink, of course, and landlords is good judges. Trade was far better years back. I've heard my father and his pals talk about a hawking butcher that twenty years ago was imprisoned falsely, and got a honest lawyer to bring his haction, and had 150l. damages for false imprisonment. It was in the Lord Mayor's Court of Equity, I've heard. It was a wrong arrest. I don't understand the particulars of it, but it's true; and the damages was for loss of time and trade. I'm no lawyer myself; not a bit. I have sold the like of a loin of mutton, when it was small, in a tap-room, to make chops for the people there. They'll cook chops and steaks for a pint of beer, at a public; that is, you must order a pint—but I've sold it very seldom. When mutton was dearer it was easier to sell it that way, for I sold cheap; and at one public the mechanics—I hardly know just what they was, something about building—used to gather there at one o'clock and wait for Giblets'; so they called me there. I live a good bit on the cuttings of the meat I hawk, or I chop a meal off if I can manage or afford it, or my wife—(I've only a wife and she earns never less than 2s. a week in washing for a master butcher—I wish I was a master butcher,—and that covers the rent)—

my wife makes it into broth. Take it all the year round, I s'pose I sell three stuns a day (2½ lb.), and at 1d. a pound profit. Not a farthing more go round and round. I don't think the others, altogether, do as much, for I'm known to a many landlords. But some make 3s. and 4s. a day oft enough. I've made as much myself sometimes. We all aim at 1d. a pound profit, but have to take less in hot weather sometimes. Last year 4d. the pound has been a haverage price to me for all sorts."

"Dead salesmen," as they are called—that is, the market salesmen of the meat sent so largely from Scotland and elsewhere, ready slaughtered—expressed to me their conviction that my informant's calculation was correct, and might be taken as an average; so did butchers. Thus, then, we find that the hawking butchers, taking their number at 150, sell 747,000 lbs. of meat, producing 12,450l. annually, one-fourth being profit; this gives an annual receipt of 83l. each, and an annual earning of 20l. 15s. The capital required to start in this trade is about 20s., which is usually laid out as follows:—A basket for the shoulders, which costs 4s. 6d.; a leathern strap, 1s.; a basket for the arm, 2s. 6d.; a butcher's knife, 1s.; a steel, 1s. 6d.; a leather belt for the waist to which the knife is slung, 6d.; a chopper, 1s. 6d.; and a saw, 2s.; 6s. stock-money, though credit is sometimes given.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF HAM-SANDWICHES.

The ham-sandwich-seller carries his sandwiches on a tray or flat basket, covered with a clean white cloth; he also wears a white apron, and white sleeves. His usual stand is at the doors of the theatres.

The trade was unknown until eleven years ago, when a man who had been unsuccessful in keeping a coffee-shop in Westminster, found it necessary to look out for some mode of living, and he hit upon the plan of vending sandwiches, precisely in the present style, at the theatre doors. The attempt was successful; the man soon took 10s. a night, half of which was profit. He "attended" both the great theatres, and was "doing well;" but at five or six weeks' end, competitors appeared in the field, and increased rapidly, and so his sale was affected, people being regardless of his urging that he "was the original ham-sandwich." The capital required to start in the trade was small; a few pounds of ham, a proportion of loaves, and a little mustard was all that was required, and for this 10s. was ample. That sum, however, could not be commanded by many who were anxious to deal in sandwiches; and the man who commenced the trade supplied them at 6d. a dozen, the charge to the public being 1d. a-piece. Some of the men, however, murmured, because they thought that what they thus bought were not equal to those the wholesale sandwich-man offered for sale himself; and his wholesale trade fell off, until now, I am told, he has only two customers among street-sellers.

Ham sandwiches are made from any part of the bacon which may be sufficiently lean, such as "the gammon," which now costs 4d. and 5d. the pound. It is sometimes, but very rarely, picked up at 3½d. When the trade was first started, 7d. a pound was paid for the ham, but the sandwiches are now much larger. To make three dozen a pound of meat is required, and four quarter loaves. The "ham" may cost 5d., the bread 1s. 8d. or 1s. 10d., and the mustard 1d. The proceeds for this would be 3s., but the trade is very precarious: little can be done in wet weather. If unsold, the sandwiches spoil, for the bread gets dry, and the ham loses its fresh colour; so that those who depend upon this trade are wretchedly poor. A first-rate week is to clear 10s.; a good week is put at 7s.; and a bad week at 3s. 6d. On some nights they do not sell a dozen sandwiches. There are half penny sandwiches, but these are only half the size of those at a penny.

The persons carrying on this trade have been, for the most part, in some kind of service—errand-boys, pot-boys, foot-boys (or pages), or lads engaged about inns. Some few have been mechanics. Their average weekly earnings hardly exceed 5s., but some "get odd jobs" at other things.

"There are now, sir, at the theatres this (the Strand) side the water, and at Ashley's, the Surrey, and the Vic., two dozen and nine sandwiches." So said one of the trade, who counted up his brethren for me. This man calculated also that at the Standard, the saloons, the concert-rooms, and at Limehouse, Mile-end, Bethnal-green-road, and elsewhere, there might be more than as many again as those "working" the theatres—or 70 in all. They are nearly all men, and no boys or girls are now in the trade. The number of these people, when the large theatres were open with the others, was about double what it is now.

The information collected shows that the expenditure in ham-sandwiches, supplied by street-sellers, is 1,820l. yearly, and a consumption of 436,800 sandwiches.

To start in the ham-sandwich street-trade requires 2s. for a basket, 2s. for kettle to boil ham in, 6d. for knife and fork, 2d. for mustard-pot and spoon, 7d. for ½ cwt. of coals, 5s. for ham, 1s. 3d. for bread, 4d. for mustard, 9d. for basket, cloth, and apron, 4d. for over-sleeves—or a capital of 12s. 11d.

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A HAM SANDWICH-SELLER.

A young man gave me the following account. His look and manners were subdued; and, though his dress was old and worn, it was clean and unpatched:—

"I hardly remember my father, sir," he said; "but I believe, if he'd lived, I should have been better off. My mother couldn't keep my brother and me—he's older than me—when we grew to be twelve or thirteen, and we had to shift for ourselves. She works at the stays, and now

makes only 3s. a week, and we can't help her. I was first in place as a sort of errand-boy, then I was a stationer's boy, and then a news agent's boy. I wasn't wanted any longer, but left with a good character. My brother had gone into the sandwich trade—I hardly know what made him—and he advised me to be a ham sandwich-man, and so I started as one. At first, I made 10s., and 7s., and 8s. a week—that's seven years, or so—but things are worse now, and I make 3s. 6d. some weeks, and 5s. others, and 6s. is an out-and-outer. My rent's 2s. a week, but I haven't my own things. I am so sick of this life, I'd do anything to get out of it; but I don't see a way. Perhaps I might have been more careful when I was first in it; but, really, if you do make 10s. a week, you want shoes, or a shirt—so what is 10s. after all? I wish I had it now, though. I used to buy my sandwiches at 6d. a dozen, but I found that wouldn't do; and now I buy and boil the stuff, and make them myself. What *did* cost 6d., now only costs me 4d. or 4½d. I work the theatres this side of the water, chiefly the 'Lympic and the 'Delphi. The best theatre I ever had was the Garding, when it had two galleries, and was dramatic—the operas there wasn't the least good to me. The Lyceum was good, when it was Mr. Keeley's. I hardly know what sort my customers are, but they're those that go to theatres: shopkeepers and clerks, I think. Gentlemen don't often buy of me. They *have* bought, though. Oh, no, they never give a farthing over; they're more likely to want seven for 6d. The women of the town buy of me, when it gets late, for themselves and their fancy men. They're liberal enough when they've money. They sometimes treat a poor fellow in a public-house. In summer I'm often out 'till four in the morning, and then must lie in bed half next day. The 'Delphi was better than it is. I've taken 3s. at the first "turn out" (the leaving the theatre for a short time after the first piece), "but the turn-outs at the Garding was better than that. A penny pie-shop has spoiled us at the 'Delphi and at Ashley's. I go out between eight and nine in the evening. People often want more in my sandwiches, though I'm starving on them. 'Oh, they'll say, 'you've been 'prenticed to Vauxhall, you have.' 'They're 1s. there,' says I, 'and no bigger. I haven't Vauxhall prices.' I stand by the night-houses when it's late—not the fashionables. Their customers would'nt look at me; but I've known women, that carried their heads very high, glad to get a sandwich afterwards. Six times I've been upset by drunken fellows, on purpose, I've no doubt, and lost all my stock. Once, a gent. kicked my basket into the dirt, and he was going off—for it was late—but some people by began to make remarks about using a poor fellow that way, so he paid for all, after he had them counted. I am so sick of this life, sir. I do dread the winter so. I've stood up to the ankles in snow till after midnight, and till I've wished I was snow myself, and could melt like it and have an end. I'd do anything to get away from this, but I can't.

Passion Week's another dreadful time. It drives us to starve, just when we want to get up a little stock-money for Easter. I've been bilked by cabmen, who've taken a sandwich; but, instead of paying for it, have offered to fight me. There's no help. We're knocked about sadly by the police. Time's very heavy on my hands, sometimes, and that's where you feel it. I read a bit, if I can get anything to read, for I was at St. Clement's school; or I walk out to look for a job. On summer-days I sell a trotter or two. But mine's a wretched life, and so is most ham sandwich-men. I've no enjoyment of my youth, and no comfort.

"Ah, sir! I live very poorly. A ha'porth or a penn'orth of cheap fish, which I cook myself, is one of my treats—either herrings or plaice—with a 'tatur, perhaps. Then there's a sort of meal, now and then, off the odds and ends of the ham, such as isn't quite viewy enough for the public, along with the odds and ends of the loaves. I can't boil a bit of greens with my ham, 'cause I'm afraid it might rather spoil the colour. I don't slice the ham till it's cold—it cuts easier, and is a better colour then, I think. I wash my aprons, and sleeves, and cloths myself, and iron them too. A man that sometimes makes only 3s. 6d. a week, and sometimes less, and must pay 2s. rent out of that, must look after every farthing. I've often walked eight miles to see if I could find ham a halfpenny a pound cheaper anywhere. If it was tainted, I know it would be flung in my face. If I was sick there's only the parish for me."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF BREAD.

THE street-trade in bread is not so extensive as might be expected, from the universality of the consumption. It is confined to Petticoat-lane and the poorer districts in that neighbourhood. A person who has known the East-end of town for nearly fifty years, told me that as long as he could recollect, bread was sold in the streets, but not to the present extent. In 1812 and 1813, when bread was the dearest, there was very little sold in the streets. At that time, and until 1815, the Assize Acts, regulating the bread-trade, were in force, and had been in force in London since 1266. Previously to 1815 bakers were restricted, by these Acts, to the baking of three kinds of bread—wheaten, standard wheaten, and household. The wheaten was made of the best flour, the standard wheaten of the different kinds of flour mixed together, and the household of the coarser and commoner flour. In 1823, however, it was enacted that within the City of London and ten miles round, "it shall be lawful for the bakers to make and sell bread made of wheat, barley, rye, oats, buck-wheat, Indian-corn, peas, beans, rice, or potatoes, or any of them, along with common salt, pure-water, eggs, milk, barm-leaven, potato, or other yeast, and mixed in such proportions as they shall think fit." I mention this because my informant, as well as an old master baker with whom I conversed on the

subject, remembered that every now and then, after 1823, but only for two or three years, some speculative trader, both in shops and in the streets, would endeavour to introduce an inferior, but still a wholesome, bread, to his customers, such as an admixture of barley with wheat-flour, but no one—as far as I could learn—persevered in the speculation for more than a week or so. Their attempts were not only unsuccessful but they met with abuse, from street-buyers especially, for endeavouring to palm off "brown" bread as "good enough for poor people." One of my elder informants remembered his father telling him that in 1800 and 1801, George III. had set the example of eating brown bread at his one o'clock dinner, but he was sometimes assailed as he passed in his carriage, with the reproachful epithet of "Brown George." This feeling continues, for the poor people, and even the more intelligent working-men, if cockneys, have still a notion that only "white" bread is fit for consumption. Into the question of the relative nutrition of breads, I shall enter when I treat of the bakers.

During a period of about four months in the summer, there are from twenty to thirty men daily selling stale bread. Of these only twelve sell it regularly every day of the year, and they trade chiefly on their own account. Of the others, some are sent out by their masters, receiving from 1s. to 2s. for their labour. Those who sell on their own account, go round to the bakers' shops about Stepney, Mile-end, and Whitechapel, and purchase the stale-bread on hand. It is sold to them at ½d., 1d. and 1½d. per quartern less than the retail shop price; but when the weather is very hot, and the bakers have a large quantity of stale-bread on hand, the street-sellers sometimes get the bread at 2d. a quartern less than the retail price. All the street-sellers of bread have been brought up as bakers. Some have resorted to the street-trade, I am told, when unable to procure work; others because it is a less toilsome, and sometimes a more profitable means of subsistence, than the labour of an operative baker. It is very rarely that any of the street-traders leave their calling to resume working as journeymen. Some of these traders have baskets containing the bread offered for street-sale; others have barrows, and one has a barrow resembling a costermonger's, with a long basket made to fit upon it. The dress of these vendors is a light coat of cloth or fustian; corduroy, fustian, or cloth trousers, and a cloth cap or a hat, the whole attire being, what is best understood as "dusty," ingrained as it is with flour.

From one bread-seller, a middle-aged man, with the pale look and habitual stoop of a journeyman baker, I had the following account:

"I've known the street-trade a few years; I can't say exactly how many. I was a journeyman baker before that, and can't say but what I had pretty regular employment; but then, sir, what an employment it is! So much night-work, and the heat of the oven, with the close

air, and sleeping on sacks at nights (for you can't leave the place), so that altogether it's a slave's life. A journeyman baker hasn't what can be called a home, for he's so much away at the oven; he'd better not be a married man, for if his wife isn't very careful there's talk, and there's unhappiness about nothing perhaps. I can't be thought to speak feelingly that way though, for I've been fortunate in a wife. But a journeyman baker's life drives him to drink, almost whether he will or not. A street life's not quite so bad. I was out of work two or three weeks, and I certainly lushed too much, and can't say as I tried very hard to get work, but I had a pound or two in hand, and then I began to think I'd try and sell stale bread in the streets, for it's a healthfuller trade than the other; so I started, and have been at it ever since, excepting when I work a few days, or weeks, for a master baker; but he's a relation, and I assist him when he's ill. My customers are all poor persons,—some in rags, and some as decent as their bad earnings'll let them. No doubt about it, sir, there's poor women buy of me that's wives of mechanics working slop, and that's forced to live on stale bread. Where there's a family of children, stale bread goes so very much further. I think I sell to few but what has families, for a quartern's too much at a time for a single woman. I often hear my customers talk about their children, and say they must make haste, as the poor things are hungry, and they couldn't get them any bread sooner. O, it's a hard fight to live, all Spitalfields and Bethnal-green way, for I know it all. There are first the journeyman bakers over-worked and fretted into drinking, a-making the bread, and there are the poor fellows in all sorts of trade over-worked to get money to buy it. I've had women that looked as if they was 'reduced,' come to me of an evening as soon as it was dusk, and buy stale bread, as if they was ashamed to be seen. Yes, I give credit. Some has a week's credit regular, and pays every Saturday night. I lose very little in trusting. I sometimes have bread over and sell it—rather than hold it over to next day—for half what it cost me. I have given it away to begging people, sooner than keep it to be too stale, and they would get something for it at a lodging-house. The lodging-house keepers never buy of me that I know of. They can buy far cheaper than I can—you understand, sir. Perhaps, altogether, I make about a guinea every week; wet weather and short days are against me. I don't sell more, I think, on a Saturday than on other nights. The nights are much of a muchness that way."

The average quantity sold by each vendor during the summer months is 150 quarterns daily, usually at 4d., but occasionally at 3d. the quartern. One man informed me that he had sold in one day 350 quarterns, receiving 5l. 16s. 8d. for them.

The number of men (for if there be women they are the men's wives) engaged daily throughout the year in the street-sale of bread is 12.

These sell upon an average 100 quarters each per day: taking every day in the year 1*l.* 12*s.* each (a few being sold at 3*d.*)

Calculating then the four months' trade in summer at 150 quarters per day per man, and reckoning 15 men so selling, and each receiving 45*s.* (thus allowing for the threepenny sale); and taking the receipts of the 12 regular traders at 1*l.* 12*s.* per day, we find nearly 9,000*l.* annually expended in the street purchase of 700,000 quarter loaves of bread. The profits of the sellers vary from 1*l.* to 2*l.* a week, according to the extent of their business.

To start in this branch of the street-trade a capital is required according to the following rate:—Stock-money for bread, average 1*l.*; (largest amount required, 5*l.*; smallest, 10*s.*); a basket, 4*s.* 6*d.* Of those who are employed in the summer, one-half have baskets, and the other half bakers' barrows; while of those who attend the year through, 8 have baskets at 4*s.* 6*d.* each, 3 have barrows at 40*s.* each, and one a barrow and the long basket, before mentioned. The barrow costs 30*s.*, and the basket 2*l.*

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF HOT GREEN PEAS.

THE sale of hot green peas in the streets is of great antiquity, that is to say, if the cry of "hot peas-cod," recorded by Lydgate (and formerly alluded to), may be taken as having intimated the sale of the same article. In many parts of the country it is, or was, customary to have "scaldings of peas," often held as a sort of rustic feast. The peas were not shelled, but boiled in the pod, and eaten by the pod being dipped in melted butter, with a little pepper, salt, and vinegar, and then drawn through the teeth to extract the peas, the pod being thrown away. The mention of *peas-cod* (or pea-shell) by Lydgate renders it probable that the "scalding" method was that then in use in the streets. None of the street-sellers, however, whom I saw, remembered the peas being vended in any other form than shelled and boiled as at present.

The sellers of green peas have no stands, but carry a round or oval tin pot or pan, with a swing handle; the pan being wrapped round with a thick cloth, to retain the heat. The peas are served out with a ladle, and eaten by the customers, if eaten in the street, out of basins, provided with spoons, by the pea-man. Salt, vinegar, and pepper, are applied from the vendor's store, at the customer's discretion.

There are now four men carrying on this trade. They wear no particular dress, "just what clothes we can get," said one of them. One, who has been in the trade twenty-five years, was formerly an inn-porter; the other three are ladies' shoemakers in the day-time, and pea-sellers in the evening, or at early morning, in any market. Their average sale is three gallons daily, with a receipt of 7*s.* per man. Seven gallons a day is accounted a large sale; but the largest of all is at Greenwich fair, when each pea-man will take 35*s.* in a day. Each

vendor has his district. One takes Billingsgate, Rosemary-lane, and its vicinity; another, the Old Clothes Exchange, Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Bethnal-green; a third, Mile-end and Stepney; and a fourth, Ratcliffe-highway, Limehouse, and Poplar. Each man resides in his "round," for the convenience of boiling his peas, and introducing them to his customers "hot and hot."

The peas used in this traffic are all the dried field pea, but dried green and whole, and not split, or prepared, as are the yellow peas for soup or puddings. They are purchased at the corn-chandlers' or the seed-shops, the price being 2*s.* the peck (or two gallons.) The peas are soaked before they are boiled, and swell considerably, so that one gallon of the dried peas makes rather more than two gallons of the boiled. The hot green peas are sold in halfpennyworths; a halfpennyworth being about a quarter of a pint. The cry of the sellers is, "Hot green peas! all hot, all hot! Here's your peas hot, hot, hot!"

OF THE EXPERIENCE OF A HOT GREEN PEAS SELLER.

THE most experienced man in the trade gave me the following account:—

"Come the 25th of March, sir, and I shall have been 25 years in the business, for I started it on the 25th of March—it's a day easy for to remember, 'cause everybody knows it's quarter-day—in 1825. I was a porter in coaching-inns before; but there was a mishap, and I had to drop it. I didn't leave 'cause I thought the pea line might be better, but because I must do something, and knew a man in the trade, and all about it. It was a capital trade then, and for a good many years after I was in it. Many a day I've taken a guinea, and, sometimes, 35*s.*; and I have taken two guineas at Greenwich Fair, but then I worked till one or two in the morning from eleven the day before. Money wasn't so scarce then. Oh, sir, as to what my profit was or is, I never tell. I wouldn't to my own wife; neither her that's living nor her that's dead." [A person present intimated that the secret might be safely confided to the dead wife, but the pea-seller shook his head.] "Now, one day with another, except Sundays, when I don't work, I may take 7*s.* I always use the dried peas. They pay better than fresh garden-peas would at a great a peck. People has asked for young green peas, but I've said that I didn't have them. Billingsgate's my best ground. I sell to the costers, and the roughs, and all the parties that has their dinners in the tap-rooms—they has a bit of steak, or a bit of cold meat they've brought with them. There's very little fish eat in Billingsgate, except, perhaps, at the ord'n'ries (ordinaries). I'm looked for as regular as dinner-time. The landlords tell me to give my customers plenty of pepper and salt, to make them thirsty. I go on board the Billingsgate ships, too, and sometimes sell 6*d.* worth to captain and crew. It's a treat, after a rough voyage. Oh, no, sir, I never go on

board the Dutch eel-vessels. There's nothing to be got out of scaly fur'ners (foreigners.) I sell to the herring, and mackarel, and oyster-boats when they're up. My great sale is in public-houses, but I sometimes sell 2*d.* or 3*d.* worth to private houses. I go out morning, noon, and night; and at night I go my round when people's having a bite of supper, perhaps, in the public-houses. I sell to the women of the town then. Yes, I give them credit. To-night, now (Saturday), I expect to receive 2*s.* 3*d.*, or near on to it, that I've trusted them this week. They mostly pay me on a Saturday night. I lose very little by them. I'm knocked about in public-houses by the Billingsgate roughs, and I've been bilked by the prigs. I've known at least six people try my trade, and fail in it, and I was glad to see them broke. I sell twice as much in cold weather as in warm."

I ascertained that my informant sold three times as much as the other dealers, who confine their trade principally to an evening round. Reckoning that the chief man of business sells 3 gallons a day (which, at 1*d.* the quarter-pint, would be 8*s.*, my informant said 7*s.*), and that the other three together sell the same quantity, we find a street-expenditure on hot green peas of 250*l.* and a street consumption of 1870 gallons. The peas, costing 2*s.* the two gallons, are vended for 4*s.* or 5*s.*, at the least, as they boil into more than double the quantity, and a gallon, retail, is 2*s.* 8*d.*; but the addition of vinegar, pepper, &c., may reduce the profit to cent. per cent, while there is the heaping up of every measure retail to reduce the profit. Thus, independent of any consideration as to the labour in boiling, &c. (generally done by the women), the principal man's profit is 21*s.* a week; that of the others 7*s.* each weekly.

The capital required to start in the business is—can, 2*s.* 6*d.*; vinegar-bottle and pepper-box, 4*d.*; saucers and spoons, 6*d.*; stock-money, about 2*s.*; cloth to wrap over the peas, 4*d.* (a vendor wearing out a cloth in three months); or an average of 9*s.* or 10*s.*

OF CATS' AND DOGS'-MEAT DEALERS.

THE supply of food for cats and dogs is far greater than may be generally thought. "Vy, sir," said one of the dealers to me, "can you tell me 'ow many people's in London?" On my replying, upwards of two millions; "I don't know nothing vatever," said my informant, "about millions, but I think there's a cat to every ten people, aye, and more than that; and so, sir, you can reckon." [I told him this gave a total of 200,000 cats in London; but the number of inhabited houses in the metropolis was 100,000 more than this, and though there was not a cat to every house, still, as many lodgers as well as householders kept cats, I added that I thought the total number of cats in London might be taken at the same number as the inhabited houses, or 300,000 in all.] "There's not near half so many dogs as cats. I must know, for they all knows me, and I sarves about 200 cats

and 70 dogs. Mine's a middling trade, but some does far better. Some cats has a hap'orth a day, some every other day; werry few can afford a penn'orth, but times is inferior. Dogs is better pay when you've a connection among 'em."

The cat and dogs'-meat dealers, or "carriers," as they call themselves, generally purchase the meat at the knackers' (horse-slaughterers') yards. There are upwards of twenty of such yards in London; three or four are in White-chapel, one in Wandsworth, two in Cow-cross—one of the two last mentioned is the largest establishment in London—and there are two about Bermondsey. The proprietors of these yards purchase live and dead horses. They contract for them with large firms, such as brewers, coal-merchants, and large cab and 'bus yards, giving so much per head for their old live and dead horses through the year. The price varies from 2*l.* to 50*s.* the carcass. The knackers also have contractors in the country (harness-makers and others), who bring or send up to town for them the live and dead stock of those parts. The dead horses are brought to the yard—two or three upon one cart, and sometimes five. The live ones are tied to the tail of these carts, and behind the tail of each other. Occasionally a string of fourteen or fifteen are brought up, head to tail, at one time. The live horses are purchased merely for slaughtering. If among the lot bought there should chance to be one that is young, but in bad condition, it is placed in the stable, fed up, and then put into the knacker's carts, or sold by them, or let on hire. Occasionally a fine horse has been rescued from death in this manner. One person is known to have bought an animal for 15*s.*, for which he afterwards got 150*l.* Frequently young horses that will not work in cabs—such as "jibs"—are sold to the horse-slaughterers as useless. They are kept in the yard, and aft r being well fed, often turn out good horses. The live horses are slaughtered by the persons called "knackers." These men get upon an average 4*s.* a day. They begin work at twelve at night, because some of the flesh is required to be boiled before six in the morning; indeed, a great part of the meat is delivered to the carriers before that hour. The horse to be slaughtered has his mane clipped as short as possible (on account of the hair, which is valuable). It is then blinded with a piece of old apron smothered in blood, so that it may not see the slaughterman when about to strike. A pole-axe is used, and a cane, to put an immediate end to the animal's sufferings. After the animal is slaughtered, the hide is taken off, and the flesh cut from the bones in large pieces. These pieces are termed, according to the part from which they are cut, hind-quarters, fore-quarters, cram-bones, throats, necks, briskets, backs, ribs, kidney pieces, hearts, tongues, liver and lights. The bones (called "racks" by the knackers) are chopped up and boiled, in order to extract the fat, which is used for greasing common harness, and the wheels of carts and drags, &c. The bones themselves are sold for

manure. The pieces of flesh are thrown into large coppers or pans, about nine feet in diameter and four feet deep. Each of these pans will hold about three good-sized horses. Sometimes two large brewers' horses will fill them, and sometimes as many as four "poor" cab-horses may be put into them. The flesh is boiled about an hour and 20 minutes for a "killed" horse, and from two hours to two hours and 20 minutes for a dead horse (a horse dying from age or disease). The flesh, when boiled, is taken from the coppers, laid on the stones, and sprinkled with water to cool it. It is then weighed out in pieces of 112, 56, 28, 21, 14, 7, and 3½ lbs. weight. These are either taken round in a cart to the "carriers," or, at about five, the carriers call at the yard to purchase, and continue doing so till twelve in the day. The price is 14s. per cwt. in winter, and 16s. in summer. The tripe is served out at 12lb. for 6d. All this is for cats and dogs. The carriers then take the meat round town, wherever their "walk" may lie. They sell it to the public at the rate of 2½d. per lb., and in small pieces, on skewers, at a farthing, a halfpenny, and a penny each. Some carriers will sell as much as a hundred-weight in a day, and about half a hundred-weight is the average quantity disposed of by the carriers in London. Some sell much cheaper than others. These dealers will frequently knock at the doors of persons whom they have seen served by another on the previous day, and show them that they can let them have a larger quantity of meat for the same money. The class of persons belonging to the business are mostly those who have been unable to obtain employment at their trade. Occasionally a person is bred to it, having been engaged as a lad by some carrier to go round with the barrow and assist him in his business. These boys will, after a time, find a "walk" for themselves, beginning first with a basket, and ultimately rising to a barrow. Many of the carriers give light weight to the extent of 2 oz. and 4 oz. in the pound. At one yard alone near upon 100 carriers purchase meat, and there are, upon an average, 150 horses slaughtered there every week. Each slaughter-house may be said to do, one with another, 60 horses per week throughout the year, which, reckoning the London slaughter-houses at 12, gives a total of 720 horses killed every week in the metropolis, or, in round numbers, 37,500 in the course of the year.

The London cat and dogs'-meat carriers or sellers—nearly all men—number at the least 1,000.

The slaughtermen are said to reap large fortunes very rapidly—indeed, the carriers say they coin the money. Many of them retire after a few years, and take large farms. One, after 12 years' business, retired with several thousand pounds, and has now three large farms. The carriers are men, women, and boys. Very few women do as well as the men at it. The carriers "are generally sad drunkards." Out of five hundred, it is said three hundred at least spend 1l. a head a week in drink. One party in

the trade told me that he knew a carrier who would often spend 10s. in liquor at one sitting. The profit the carriers make upon the meat is at present only a penny per pound. In the summer time the profit per pound is reduced to a halfpenny, owing to the meat being dearer on account of its scarcity. The carriers give a great deal of credit—indeed, they take but little ready money. On some days they do not come home with more than 2s. One with a middling walk pays for his meat 7s. 6d. per day. For this he has half a hundred-weight. This produces him as much as 11s. 6d., so that his profit is 4s.; which, I am assured, is about a fair average of the earnings of the trade. One carrier is said to have amassed 1,000l. at the business. He usually sold from 1½ to 2 cwt. every morning, so that his profits were generally from 16s. to 1l. per day. But the trade is much worse now. There are so many at it, they say, that there is barely a living for any. A carrier assured me that he seldom went less than 30, and frequently 40 miles, through the streets every day. The best districts are among the houses of tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers. The coachmen in the mews at the back of the squares are very good customers. "The work lays thicker there," said my informant. Old maids are bad, though very plentiful, customers. They cheapen the carriers down so, that they can scarcely live at the business. "They will pay one halfpenny and owe another, and forget that after a day or two." The cats' meat dealers generally complain of their losses from bad debts. Their customers require credit frequently to the extent of 1l. "One party owes me 15s. now," said a carrier to me, "and many 10s.; in fact, very few people pay ready money for the meat."

The carriers frequently serve as much as ten pennyworths to one person in a day. One gentleman has as much as 4 lbs. of meat each morning for two Newfoundland dogs; and there was one woman—a black—who used to have as much as 16 pennyworth every day. This person used to get out on the roof of the house and throw it to the cats on the tiles. By this she brought so many stray cats round about the neighbourhood, that the parties in the vicinity complained; it was quite a nuisance. She would have the meat always brought to her before ten in the morning, or else she would send to a shop for it, and between ten and eleven in the morning the noise and cries of the hundreds of stray cats attracted to the spot was "terrible to hear." When the meat was thrown to the cats on the roof, the riot, and confusion, and fighting, was beyond description. "A beer-shop man," I was told, "was obliged to keep five or six dogs to drive the cats from his walls." There was also a mad woman in Islington, who used to have 14 lbs. of meat a day. The party who supplied her had his money often at 2l. and 3l. at a time. She had as many as thirty cats at times in her house. Every stray one that came she would take in and support. The stench was so great

that she was obliged to be ejected. The best days for the cats' meat business are Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. A double quantity of meat is sold on the Saturday; and on that day and Monday and Tuesday the weekly customers generally pay.

"My father was a baker by trade," said a carrier to me, "but through an enlargement of the heart he was obliged to give up working at his trade; leaning over the trough increased his complaint so severely, that he used to fall down, and be obliged to be brought home. This made him take to the cats' and dogs' meat trade, and he brought me up to it. I do pretty comfortably. I have a very good business, having been all my life at it. If it wasn't for the bad debts I should do much better; but some of the people I trust leave the houses, and actually take in a double quantity of meat the day before. I suppose there is at the present moment as much as 20l. owing to me that I never expect to see a farthing of."

The generality of the dealers wear a shiny hat, black plush waistcoat and sleeves, a blue apron, corduroy trousers, and a blue and white spotted handkerchief round their necks. Some, indeed, will wear two and three handkerchiefs round their necks, this being fashionable among them. A great many meet every Friday afternoon in the donkey-market, Smithfield, and retire to a public-house adjoining, to spend the evening.

A "cats' meat carrier" who supplied me with information was more comfortably situated than any of the poorer classes that I have yet seen. He lived in the front room of a second floor, in an open and respectable quarter of the town, and his lodgings were the perfection of comfort and cleanliness in an humble sphere. It was late in the evening when I reached the house. I found the "carrier" and his family preparing for supper. In a large morocco leather easy chair sat the cats' meat carrier himself; his "blue apron and black shiny hat" had disappeared, and he wore a "dress" coat and a black satin waistcoat instead. His wife, who was a remarkably pretty woman, and of very attractive manners, wore a "Dolly Varden" cap, placed jauntily at the back of her head, and a drab merino dress. The room was cosily carpeted, and in one corner stood a mahogany "crib" with cane-work sides, in which one of the children was asleep. On the table was a clean white table-cloth, and the room was savoury with the steaks, and mashed potatoes that were cooking on the fire. Indeed, I have never yet seen greater comfort in the abodes of the poor. The cleanliness and wholesomeness of the apartment were the more striking from the unpleasant associations connected with the calling.

It is believed by one who has been engaged at the business for 25 years, that there are from 900 to 1,000 horses, averaging 2 cwt. of meat each—little and big—boiled down every week; so that the quantity of cats' and dogs' meat used throughout London is about 200,000 lbs. per

week, and this, sold at the rate of 2½d. per lb., gives 2,000l. a week for the money spent in cats' and dogs' meat, or upwards of 100,000l. a year, which is at the rate of 100l.-worth sold annually by each carrier. The profits of the carriers may be estimated at about 50l. each per annum.

The capital required to start in this business varies from 1l. to 2l. The stock-money needed is between 5s. and 10s. The barrow and basket, weights and scales, knife and steel, or blackstone, cost about 2l. when new, and from 15s. to 4s. second-hand.

OF THE STREET-SALE OF DRINKABLES.

THE street-sellers of the drinkables, who have now to be considered, belong to the same class as I have described in treating of the sale of street-provisions generally. The buyers are not precisely of the same class, for the street-eatables often supply a meal, but with the exception of the coffee-stalls, and occasionally of the rice-milk, the drinkables are more of a luxury than a meal. Thus the buyers are chiefly those who have "a penny to spare," rather than those who have "a penny to dine upon." I have described the different classes of purchasers of each potable, and perhaps the accounts—as a picture of street-life—are even more curious than those I have given of the purchasers of the eatables—of (literally) the diners out.

OF COFFEE-STALL KEEPERS.

THE vending of tea and coffee, in the streets, was little if at all known twenty years ago, saloop being then the beverage supplied from stalls to the late and early wayfarers. Nor was it until after 1842 that the stalls approached to anything like their present number, which is said to be upwards of 300—the majority of the proprietors being women. Prior to 1824, coffee was in little demand, even among the smaller tradesmen or farmers, but in that year the duty having been reduced from 1s. to 6d. per lb., the consumption throughout the kingdom in the next seven years was nearly trebled, the increase being from 7,933,041 lbs., in 1824, to 22,745,627 lbs., in 1831. In 1842, the duty on coffee, was fixed at 4d., from British possessions, and from foreign countries at 6d.

But it was not owing solely to the reduced price of coffee, that the street-vendors of it increased in the year or two subsequent to 1842, at least 100 per cent. The great facilities then offered for a cheap adulteration, by mixing ground chicory with the ground coffee, was an enhancement of the profits, and a greater temptation to embark in the business, as a smaller amount of capital would suffice. Within these two or three years, this cheapness has been still further promoted, by the medium of adulteration, the chicory itself being, in its turn, adulterated by the admixture of baked carrots, and the like saccharine roots, which, of course, are not subjected to any duty, while

foreign chicory is charged 6d. per lb. English chicory is not chargeable with duty, and is now cultivated, I am assured, to the yield of between 4,000 and 5,000 tons yearly, and this nearly all used in the adulteration of coffee. Nor is there greater culpability in this trade among street-venders, than among "respectable" shopkeepers; for I was assured, by a leading grocer, that he could not mention twenty shops in the city, of which he could say: "You can go and buy a pound of ground coffee there, and it will not be adulterated." The revelations recently made on this subject by the *Lancet* are a still more convincing proof of the general dishonesty of grocers.

The coffee-stall keepers generally stand at the corner of a street. In the fruit and meat markets there are usually two or three coffee-stalls, and one or two in the streets leading to them; in Covent-garden there are no less than four coffee-stalls. Indeed, the stalls abound in all the great thoroughfares, and the most in those not accounted "fashionable" and great "business" routes, but such as are frequented by working people, on their way to their day's labour. The best "pitch" in London is supposed to be at the corner of Duke-street, Oxford-street. The proprietor of that stall is said to take full 30s. of a morning, in halfpence. One stall-keeper, I was informed, when "upon the drink" thinks nothing of spending his 10l. or 15l. in a week. A party assured me that once, when the stall-keeper above mentioned was away "on the spree," he took up his stand there, and got from 4s. to 5s. in the course of ten minutes, at the busy time of the morning.

The coffee-stall usually consists of a spring-barrow, with two, and occasionally four, wheels. Some are made up of tables, and some have a tressel and board. On the top of this are placed two or three, and sometimes four, large tin cans, holding upon an average five gallons each. Beneath each of these cans is a small iron fire-pot, perforated like a rushlight shade, and here charcoal is continually burning, so as to keep the coffee or tea, with which the cans are filled, hot throughout the early part of the morning. The board of the stall has mostly a compartment for bread and butter, cake, and ham sandwiches, and another for the coffee mugs. There is generally a small tub under each of the stalls, in which the mugs and saucers are washed. The "grandest" stall in this line is the one before-mentioned, as standing at the corner of Duke-street, Oxford-street (of which an engraving is here given). It is a large truck on four wheels, and painted a bright green. The cans are four in number, and of bright polished tin, mounted with brass-plates. There are compartments for bread and butter, sandwiches, and cake. It is lighted by three large oil lamps, with bright brass mountings, and covered in with an oil-cloth roof. The coffee-stalls, generally, are lighted by candle-lamps. Some coffee-stalls are covered over with tarpaulin, like a tent, and others screened from

the sharp night or morning air by a clothes-horse covered with blankets, and drawn half round the stall.

Some of the stall-keepers make their appearance at twelve at night, and some not till three or four in the morning. Those that come out at midnight, are for the accommodation of the "night-walkers"—"fast gentlemen" and loose girls; and those that come out in the morning, are for the accommodation of the working men.

It is, I may add, piteous enough to see a few young and good-looking girls, some without the indelible mark of habitual depravity on their countenances, clustering together for warmth round a coffee-stall, to which a penny expenditure, or the charity of the proprietor, has admitted them. The thieves do not resort to the coffee-stalls, which are so immediately under the eye of the policeman.

The coffee-stall keepers usually sell coffee and tea, and some of them cocoa. They keep hot milk in one of the large cans, and coffee, tea, or cocoa in the others. They supply bread and butter, or currant cake, in slices—ham sandwiches, water-cresses, and boiled eggs. The price is 1d. per mug, or ½d. per half-mug, for coffee, tea, or cocoa; and ¼d. a slice the bread and butter or cake. The ham sandwiches are 2d. (or 1d.) each, the boiled eggs 1d., and the water-cresses a halfpenny a bunch. The coffee, tea, cocoa, and sugar they generally purchase by the single pound, at a grocer's. Those who do an extensive trade purchase in larger quantities. The coffee is usually bought in the berry, and ground by themselves. All purchase chicory to mix with it. For the coffee they pay about 1s.; for the tea about 3s.; for the cocoa 6d. per lb.; and for the sugar 3½d. to 4d. For the chicory the price is 6d. (which is the amount of the duty alone on foreign chicory), and it is mixed with the coffee at the rate of 6 ozs. to the pound; many use as much as 9 and 12 ozs. The coffee is made of a dark colour by means of what are called "finings," which consist of burnt sugar—such, as is used for browning soups. Coffee is the article mostly sold at the stalls; indeed, there is scarcely one stall in a hundred that is supplied with tea, and not more than a dozen in all London that furnish cocoa. The stall-keepers usually make the cake themselves. A 4 lb. cake generally consists of half a pound of currants, half a pound of sugar, six ounces of beef dripping, and a quarter of flour. The ham for sandwiches costs 5½d. or 6d. per lb.; and when boiled produces in sandwiches about 2s. per lb. It is usually cut up in slices little thicker than paper. The bread is usually "second bread;" the butter, salt, at about 8d. the pound. Some borrow their barrows, and pay 1s. a week for the hire of them. Many borrow the capital upon which they trade, frequently of their landlord. Some get credit for their grocery—some for their bread. If they borrow, they pay about 20 per cent. per week for the loan. I was told of one man that makes a practice of lending



THE ONE-LEGGED SWEEPER AT CHANCERY-LANE.

[From a Photograph.]

money to the coffee-stall-keepers and other hucksters, at the rate of at least 20 per cent. a week. If the party wishing to borrow a pound or two is unknown to the money-lender, he requires security, and the interest to be paid him weekly. This money-lender, I am informed, has been transported once for receiving stolen property, and would now purchase any amount of plate that might be taken to him.

The class of persons usually belonging to the business have been either cab-men, policemen, labourers, or artisans. Many have been bred to dealing in the streets, and brought up to no other employment, but many have taken to the business owing to the difficulty of obtaining work at their own trade. The generality of them are opposed to one another. I asked one in a small way of business what was the average amount of his profits, and his answer was,—

"I usually buy 10 ounces of coffee a night. That costs, when good, 1s. 0½d. With this I should make five gallons of coffee, such as I sell in the street, which would require 3 quarts of milk, at 3d. per quart, and 1½ lb. of sugar, at 3½d. per lb., there is some at 3d. This would come to 2s. 2½d.; and, allowing 1½d. for a quarter of a peck of charcoal to keep the coffee hot, it would give 2s. 4d. for the cost of five gallons of coffee. This I should sell out at about 1½d. per pint; so that the five gallons would produce me 5s., or 2s. 8d. clear. I generally get rid of one quarter loaf and 6 oz. of butter with this quantity of coffee, and for this I pay 5d. the loaf and 3d. the butter, making 8d.; and these I make into twenty-eight slices at ½d. per slice; so the whole brings me in 1s. 2d., or about 6d. clear. Added to this, I sell a 4 lb. cake, which costs me 3½d. per lb. 1s. 2d. the entire cake; and this in twenty-eight slices, at 1d. per slice, would yield 2s. 4d., or 1s. 2d. clear; so that altogether my clear gains would be 4s. 4d. upon an expenditure of 2s. 2d.—say 200 per cent."

This is said to be about the usual profit of the trade. Sometimes they give credit. One person assured me he trusted as much as 9½d. that morning, and out of that he was satisfied there was 4d., at least, he should never see. Most of the stalls are stationary, but some are locomotive. Some cans are carried about with yokes, like milk-cans, the mugs being kept in a basket. The best district for the night-trade is the City, and the approaches to the bridges. There are more men and women, I was told, walking along Cheapside, Aldersgate-street, Bishops-gate-street, and Fleet-street. In the latter place a good trade is frequently done between twelve at night and two in the morning. For the morning trade the best districts are the Strand, Oxford-street, City-road, New-road (from one end to the other), the markets, especially Covent Garden, Billingsgate, Newgate, and the Borough. There are no coffee-stalls in Smithfield. The reason is that the drovers, on arriving at the market, are generally tired

and cold, and prefer sitting down to their coffee in a warm shop rather than drink it in the open street. The best days for coffee-stalls are market mornings, viz. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On these days the receipts are generally half as much again as those of the other mornings. The best time of the year for the business is the summer. This is, I am told, because the workpeople and costermongers have more money to spend. Some stall-keepers save sufficient to take a shop, but these are only such as have a "pitch" in the best thoroughfares. One who did a little business informed me that he usually cleared, including Sunday, 14s.—last week his gains were 15s.; the week before that he could not remember. He is very frequently out all night, and does not earn sixpence. This is on wet and cold nights, when there are few people about. His is generally the night-trade. The average weekly earnings of the trade, throughout the year, are said to be 17. The trade, I am assured by all, is overstocked. They are half too many, they say. "Two of us," to use their own words, "are eating one man's bread." "When coffee in the streets first came up, a man could go and earn," I am told, "his 8s. a night at the very lowest; but now the same class of men cannot earn more than 3s." Some men may earn comparatively a large sum, as much as 38s. or 27., but the generality of the trade cannot make more than 17. per week, if so much. The following is the statement of one of the class:—

"I was a mason's labourer, a smith's labourer, a plasterer's labourer, or a bricklayer's labourer. I was, indeed, a labouring man. I could not get employment. I was for six months without any employment. I did not know which way to support my wife and child (I have only one child). Being so long out of employment, I saw no other means of getting a living but out of the streets. I was almost starving before I took to it—that I certainly was. I'm not ashamed of telling anybody that, because it's true, and I sought for a livelihood wherever I could. Many said they wouldn't do such a thing as keep a coffee-stall, but I said I'd do anything to get a bit of bread honestly. Years ago, when I was a boy, I used to go out selling water-cresses, and apples, oranges, and radishes, with a barrow, for my landlord; so I thought, when I was thrown out of employment, I would take to selling coffee in the streets. I went to a tinman, and paid him 10s. 6d. (the last of my savings, after I'd been four or five months out of work) for a can, I didn't care how I got my living so long as I could turn an honest penny. Well; I went on, and knocked about, and couldn't get a pitch anywhere; but at last I heard that an old man, who had been in the habit of standing for many years at the entrance of one of the markets, had fell ill; so, what did I do, but I goes and pops into his pitch, and there I've done better than ever I did afore. I get 20s. now where I got 10s. one time; and

if I only had such a thing as 5*l.* or 10*l.*, I might get a good living for life. I cannot do half as much as the man that was there before me. He used to make his coffee down there, and had a can for hot water as well; but I have but one can to keep coffee and all in; and I have to borrow my barrow, and pay 1*s.* a week for it. If I sell my can out, I can't do any more. The struggle to get a living is so great, that, what with one and another in the coffee-trade, it's only those as can get good 'pitches' that can get a crust at it."

As it appears that each coffee-stall keeper on an average, clears 1*l.* a week, and his takings may be said to be at least double that sum, the yearly street expenditure for tea, coffee, &c., amounts to 31,200*l.* The quantity of coffee sold annually in the streets, appears to be about 550,000 gallons.

To commence as a coffee-stall keeper in a moderate manner requires about 5*l.* capital. The truck costs 2*l.*, and the other utensils and materials 3*l.* The expense of the cans is near upon 16*s.* each. The stock-money is a few shillings.

OF THE STREET SALE OF GINGER-BEER, SHERBET, LEMONADE, &c.

The street-trade in ginger-beer—now a very considerable traffic—was not known to any extent until about thirty years ago. About that time (1822) a man, during a most sultry drought, sold extraordinary quantities of "cool ginger-beer" and of "soda-powders," near the Royal Exchange, clearing, for the three or four weeks the heat continued, 30*s.* a day, or 9*l.* weekly. Soda-water he sold "in powders," the acid and the alkali being mixed in the water of the glass held by the customer, and drunk whilst effervescing. His prices were 2*d.* and 3*d.* a glass for ginger-beer; and 3*d.* and 4*d.* for soda-water, "according to the quality;" though there was in reality no difference whatever in the quality—only in the price. From that time, the numbers pursuing this street avocation increased gradually; they have however fallen off of late years.

The street-sellers who "brew their own beer" generally prepare half a gross (six dozen) at a time. For a "good quality" or the "penny bottle" trade, the following are the ingredients and the mode of preparation:—3 gallons of water; 1 lb. of ginger, 6*d.*; lemon-acid, 2*d.*; essence of cloves, 2*d.*; yeast, 2*d.*; and 1 lb. of raw sugar, 7*d.* This admixture, the yeast being the last ingredient introduced, stands 24 hours, and is then ready for bottling. If the beverage be required in 12 hours, double the quantity of yeast is used. The bottles are filled only "to the ridge," but the liquid and the froth more than fill a full-sized half-pint glass. "Only half froth," I was told, "is reckoned very fair, and it's just the same in the shops." Thus, 72 bottles, each to be sold at 1*d.*, cost—apart from any outlay in utensils, or any consideration of the value of labour—only 1*s.* 7*d.*, and yield, at

1*d.* per bottle, 6*s.* For the cheaper beverage—called "playhouse ginger-beer" in the trade—instead of sugar, molasses from the "private distilleries" is made available. The "private" distilleries are the illicit ones: "Jiggers," we call them," said one man; "and I could pass 100 in 10 minutes' walk from where we're talking." Molasses, costing 3*d.* at a jigger's, is sufficient for a half-gross of bottles of ginger-beer; and of the other ingredients only half the quantity is used, the cloves being altogether dispensed with, but the same amount of yeast is generally applied. This quality of "beer" is sold at ½*d.* the glass.

About five years ago "fountains" for the production of ginger-beer became common in the streets. The ginger-beer trade in the open air is only for a summer season, extending from four to seven months, according to the weather, the season last year having been over in about four months. There were then 200 fountains in the streets, all of which, excepting 20 or 30 of the best, were hired of the ginger-beer manufacturers, who drive a profitable trade in them. The average value of a street-fountain, with a handsome frame or stand, which is usually fixed on a wheeled and movable truck, so as one man's strength may be sufficient to propel it, is 7*l.*; and, for the rent of such a fountain, 6*s.* a week is paid when the season is brisk, and 4*s.* when it is slack; but last summer, I am told, 4*s.* 6*d.* was an average. The largest and handsomest ginger-beer fountain in London was—I speak of last summer—in use at the East-end, usually standing in Petticoat-lane, and is the property of a dancing-master. It is made of mahogany, and presents somewhat the form of an upright piano on wheels. It has two pumps, and the brass of the pump-handles and the glass receivers is always kept bright and clean, so that the whole glitters handsomely to the light. Two persons "serve" at this fountain; and on a fine Sunday morning, from six to one, that being the best trading time, they take 7*l.* or 8*l.* in halfpennies—for "the beer" is ½*d.* a glass—and 2*l.* each other day of the week. This machine, as it may be called, is drawn by two ponies, said to be worth 10*l.* a-piece; and the whole cost is pronounced—perhaps with a sufficient exaggeration—to have been 150*l.* There were, in the same neighbourhood, two more fountains on a similar scale, but commoner, each drawn by only one pony instead of the aristocratic "pair."

The ingredients required to feed the "ginger-beer" fountains are of a very cheap description. To supply 10 gallons, 2 quarts of lime-juice (as it is called, but it is, in reality, lemon-juice), costing 3*s.* 6*d.*, are placed in the recess, sometimes with the addition of a pound of sugar (4*d.*); while some, I am assured, put in a smaller quantity of juice, and add two pennyworth of oil of vitriol, which "brings out the sharpness of the lime-juice." The rest is water. No process of brewing or fermentation is necessary for the fixed air pumped into

the liquid as it is drawn from the fountain, communicates a sufficient briskness or effervescence. "The harder you pumps," said one man who had worked a fountain, "the frothier it comes; and though it seems to fill a big glass—and the glass an't so big for holding as it looks—let it settle, and there's only a quarter of a pint." The hirer of a fountain is required to give security. This is not, as in some slop-trades, a deposit of money; but a householder must, by written agreement, make himself responsible for any damage the fountain may sustain, as well as for its return, or make good the loss: the street ginger-beer seller is alone responsible for the rent of the machine. It is however, only men that are known, who are trusted in this way. Of the fountains thus hired, 50 are usually to be found at the neighbouring fairs and races. As the ginger-beer men carry lime-juice, &c., with them, only water is required to complete the "brewing of the beer" and so conveyance is not difficult.

There is another kind of "ginger-beer," or rather of "small acid tiff," which is sold out of barrels at street-stalls at ½*d.* the glass. To make 2½ gallons of this, there is used ½ lb. tartaric, or other acid, 1*s.*; ½ lb. alkali (soda), 10*d.*; ½ lb. lump sugar, bruised fine, 4*d.*; and yeast 1*d.* Of these "barrel-men" there are now about one hundred.

Another class of street-sellers obtain their stock of ginger-beer from the manufacturers. One of the largest manufacturers for the street-trade resides near Ratcliffe-highway, and another in the Commercial-road. The charge by the wholesale traders is 8*d.* the doz., while to a known man, or for ready money, 13 are given to the dozen. The beer, however, is often let out on credit—or in some cases security is given in the same way as for the fountains—and the empty bottles must be duly returned. It is not uncommon for two gross of beer to be let out in this way at a time. For the itinerant trade these are placed on a truck or barrow, fitted up with four shelves, on which are ranged the bottles. These barrows are hired in the same way as the costers' barrows. Some sell their beer at stalls fitted up exclusively for the trade, a kind of tank being let into the centre of the board and filled with water, in which the glasses are rinsed or washed. Underneath the stall there is usually a reserve of the beer, and a keg containing water. Some of the best frequented stalls were in Whitechapel, Old-street-road, City-road, Tottenham-court-road, the New-cut, Elephant and Castle, the Commercial-road, Tower-hill, the Strand, and near Westminster-bridge.

The stationary beer business is, for the most part, carried on in the more public streets, such as Holborn and Oxford-street, and in the markets of Covent-garden, Smithfield, and Billingsgate; while the peripatetic trade, which is brisker on the Sundays—when, indeed, some of the stationary hands become itinerant—is more for the suburbs; Victoria-park, Battersea-fields, Hampstead-heath, Primrose-hill, Kennington-

common, and Camberwell-green, being approved Sunday haunts.

The London street-sellers of ginger-beer, say the more experienced, may be computed at 3,000—of whom about one-third are women. I heard them frequently estimated at 5,000, and some urged that the number was at least as near 5,000 as 3,000. For my own part I am inclined to believe that half the smaller number would be nearer the truth. Judging by the number of miles of streets throughout the metropolis, and comparing the street-sellers of ginger-beer with the fruit-stall keepers, I am satisfied that in estimating the ginger-beer-sellers at 1,500 we are rather over than under the truth. This body of street-sellers were more numerous five years back by 15 or 20 per cent., but the introduction of the street fountains, and the trade being resorted to by the keepers of coal-sheds and the small shopkeepers—who have frequently a stand with ginger-beer in front of their shops—have reduced the amount of the street-sellers. In 1842, there were 1,200 ginger-beer sellers in the streets who had attached to their stalls or trucks labels, showing that they were members—or assumed to be members—of the Society of Odd Fellows. This was done in hopes of a greater amount of custom from the other members of the Society, but the expectation was not realised—and so the Odd Fellowship or the ginger-beer people disappeared. Of the street-traders 200 work fountains; and of the remaining portion the stationary and the itinerant are about equally divided. Of the whole number, however, not above an eighth confine themselves to the trade, but usually sell with their "pop" some other article of open-air traffic—fruit, sweet-stuff, or shell-fish. There are of the entire number about 350, who, whenever the weather permits, stay out all night with their stands or barrows, and are to be found especially in all the approaches to Covent-garden, and the other markets to which there is a resort during the night or at day-break. These men, I was told by one of their body, worked from eight in the evening to eight or ten next morning, then went to bed, rose at three, and "plenty of 'em then goes to the skittles or to get drunk."

The character of the ginger-beer-sellers does not differ from what I have described as pertaining to the costermonger class, and to street-traders generally. There is the same admixture of the reduced mechanic, the broken-down gentleman's servant, the man of any class in life who cannot brook the confinement and restraint of ordinary in-door labour, and of the man "brought up to the streets." One experienced and trustworthy man told me that from his own knowledge he could count up twenty "classical men," as he styled them, who were in the street ginger-beer-trade, and of these four had been, or were said to have been "parsons," two being of the same name (Mr. S —); but my informant did not know if they stood in any degree of consanguinity one

to another. The women are the wives, daughters, or other connections of the men.

Some of the stalls at which ginger-beer is sold—and it is the same at the coal-sheds and the chandlers' shops—are adorned pictorially. Erected at the end of a stall is often a painting, papered on a board, in which a gentleman, with the bluest of coats, the whitest of trousers, the yellowest of waistcoats, and the largest of guard-chains or eye-glasses, is handing a glass of ginger-beer, frothed up like a pot of stout, and containing, apparently, a pint and a half, to some lady in flowing white robes, or gorgeous in purple or orange.

To commence in this branch of the street business requires, in all 18s. 3d.: six glasses, 2s. 9d.; board, 5s.; tank, 1s.; keg, 1s.; gross of beer, 8s. (this is where the seller is not also the maker); and for towels, &c., 6d.; if however the street-seller brew his own beer, he will require half a gross of bottles, 5s. 6d.; and the ingredients I have enumerated, 1s. 7d.

In addition to the street-sale of ginger-beer is that of other summer-drinks. Of these, the principal is lemonade, the consumption of which is as much as that of all the others together. Indeed, the high-sounding names given to some of these beverages—such as "Nectar" and "Persian Sherbet"—are but other names for lemonade, in a slightly different colour or fashion.

Lemonade is made, by those vendors who deal in the best articles, after the following method: 1 lb. of carbonate of soda, 6d.; 1 lb. of tartaric acid, 1s. 4d. ("at least," said an informant, "I pay 1s. 4d. at 'Potheccaries Hall, but it can be had at 1s."): 1 lb. of loaf-sugar, 5½d.; essence of lemon, 3d. This admixture is kept, in the form of a powder, in a jar, and water is drawn from what the street-sellers call a "stone-barrel"—which is a stone jar, something like the common-shaped filters, with a tap—and a larger or smaller spoonful of the admixture in a glass of water supplies an effervescing draught for 1d. or ½d. "There's sometimes shocking roguishness in the trade," said one man, "and there is in a many trades—some uses vitriol!" Lemonade, made after the recipe I have given, is sometimes bottled by the street-sellers, and sold in the same way as ginger-beer. It is bought, also, for street sale of the ginger-beer manufacturers—the profit being the same—but so bought to less than a twentieth of the whole sale. The water in the stone barrel is spring-water, obtained from the nearest pump, and in hot weather obtained frequently, so as to be "served" in as cool a state as possible. Sometimes lemonade powders are used; they are bought at a chemist's, at 1s. 6d. the pound. "Sherbet" is the same admixture, with cream of tartar instead of tartaric acid. "Raspberry" has, sometimes, the addition of a few crusted raspberries, and a colouring of cochineal, with, generally, a greater degree of sweetening than lemonade. "If cochineal is used for colouring," said one man, "it sometimes turns brown in the sun, and the

raspberry don't sell. A little lake's better." "Lemon-juice" is again lemonade, with a slight infusion of saffron to give it a yellow or pale orange colour. "Nectar," in imitation of Soyer's, has more sugar and less acid than the lemonade; spices, such as cinnamon, is used to flavour it, and the colouring is from lake and saffron.

These "cooling drinks" are sold from the powder or the jar, as I have described, from fountains, and from bottles. The fountain sale is not above a tenth of the whole. All is sold in ½d. and 1d. glasses, except the nectar, which is never less than 1d. The customers are the same as those who buy ginger-beer; but one "lemonader" with whom I conversed, seemed inclined to insist that they were a "more respectable class." Boys are good customers—better, perhaps, than for the beer,—as "the colour and the fine names attracts them."

The "cooling drink" season, like that of the ginger-beer, is determined by the weather, and last summer it was only four months. It was computed for me that there were 200 persons, chiefly men, selling solely lemonade, &c., and an additional 300 uniting the sale with that of ginger-beer. One man, whose statement was confirmed by others, told me that on fine days he took 3s. 6d., out of which he cleared 2s. to 2s. 6d.; and he concluded that his brother tradesmen cleared as much every fine day, and so, allowing for wet weather and diminished receipts, made 10s. a week. The receipts, then, for this street luxury—a receipt of 17s. 6d. affording a profit of 10s.—show a street expenditure in such a summer as the last, of 2,800l., by those who do not unite ginger-beer with the trade. Calculating that those who do unite ginger beer with it sell only one-half as much as the others, we find a total outlay of 4,900l. One of the best trades is in the hands of a man who "works" Smithfield, and on the market days clears generally from 6s. to 9s.

The stalls, &c., are of the same character as those of the ginger-beer sellers. The capital required to start is:—stone barrel, with brass tap, 5s. 6d.; stand and trestle, 6s.; 6 tumbler glasses, 2s. 3d.; 2 towels, 6d.; stock money, 2s. 6d.; jar, 2s.; 12 bottles (when used), 3s. 6d.; in all, about a guinea.

In showing the money expended in the ginger-beer trade it must be borne in mind that a large portion of the profits accrues to persons who cannot be properly classed with the regular street-traders. Such is the proprietor of the great fountain of which I have spoken, who is to be classed as a speculative man, ready to embark capital in any way—whether connected with street-traffic or not—likely to be remunerative. The other and large participants in the profits are the wholesale ginger-beer manufacturers, who are also the letters-out of fountains, one of them having generally nine let out at a time. For a street trader to sell three gross of ginger-beer in bottle is now accounted a *good* week, and for that the receipts

will be 36s. with a profit in the penny bottle trade, to the seller, if he buy of a manufacturer, of 12s.; if he be his own brewer—reckoning a fair compensation for labour, and for money invested in utensils, and in bottles, &c., of 20s. An ordinary week's sale is two gross, costing the public 24s., with the same proportion of profit in the same trade to the seller. In a *bad* week, or "in a small way to help out other things," not more than one gross is sold.

The fountain trade is the most profitable to the proprietors, whether they send out their machines on their own account, or let them out on hire; but perhaps there are only an eighth of the number not let out on hire. Calculating that a fountain be let out for three successive seasons of twenty weeks each, at only 4s. the week, the gross receipts are 12l. for what on the first day of hire was worth only 7l.; so that the returns from 200 machines let out for the same term, would be 2,400l., or a profit of 1,000l. over and above the worth of the fountain, which having been thus paid for is of course in a succeeding year the means of a clear profit of 4l. I am assured that the weekly average of "a fountain's takings," when in the hands of the regular street-dealers, is 18s.

The barrel traders may be taken as in the average receipt of 6s. a week.

The duration of the season was, last year, only sixteen weeks. Calculating from the best data I could acquire, it appears that for this period 200 street-sellers of ginger-beer in the bottle trade of the penny class take 30s. a week each (thus allowing for the inferior receipts in bad weather); 300 'ake 20s. each, selling for the most part at ½d. the bottle, and that the remaining 400 "in a small way" take 6s. each; hence we find 11,480l. expended in the bottled ginger-beer of the streets. Adding the receipts from the fountains and the barrels, the barrel season continuing only ten weeks, the total sum expended annually in street ginger-beer is altogether 14,660l. The bottles of ginger-beer sold yearly in the streets will number about 4,798,000, and the total street consumption of the same beverage may be said to be about 250,000 gallons per annum.

OF THE EXPERIENCE AND CUSTOMERS OF A GINGER-BEER SELLER.

A slim, well-spoken man, with a half-military appearance, as he had a well trimmed moustache, and was very cleanly dressed, gave me the following account: "I have known the ginger-beer trade for eight years, and every branch of it. Indeed I think I've tried all sorts of street business. I've been a costermonger, a lot-seller, a nut-seller, a secret-paper-seller (with straws, you know, sir), a cap-seller, a street-printer, a cakeman, a clown, an umbrella-maker, a toasting-fork maker, a sovereign seller, and a ginger-beer seller. I hardly know what I haven't been. I made my own when last I worked beer. Sunday was my best day, or rather Sunday mornings

when there's no public-houses open. Drinking Saturday nights make dry Sunday mornings. Many a time men have said to me: 'Let's have a bottle to quench a spark in my throat,' or 'My mouth's like an oven.' I've had to help people to lift the glass to their lips, their hands trembled so. They couldn't have written their names plain if there was a sovereign for it. But these was only chance customers; one or two in a morning, and five or six on a Sunday morning. I've been a teetotaller myself for fifteen years. No, sir, I didn't turn one—but I never was a drinker—not from any great respect for the ginger-beer trade, but because I thought it gave one a better chance of getting on. I once had saved money, but it went in a long sickness. I used to be off early on Sunday mornings sometimes to Hackney Marsh, and sell my beer there to gentlemen—oldish gentlemen some of them—going a fishing. Others were going there to swim. One week I took 35s. at 1d. a bottle, by going out early in a morning; perhaps 20s. of it was profit, but my earnings in the trade in a good season wasn't more than 12s. one week with another. All the trades in the streets are bad now, I think. Eight years back I could make half as much more in ginger-beer as could be made last summer. Working people and boys were my other customers. I stuck to ginger-beer in the season and then went into something else, for I can turn my hand to anything. I began a street life at eight years old by selling memorandum-books in the bull-ring at Birmingham. My parents were ill and hadn't a farthing in the house. I began with 1d. stock-money, and I bought three memorandum-books for it at Cheap Jack's thatched house. I've been in London seventeen or eighteen years. I'm a roulette-maker now; I mean the roulette boxes that gentlemen take with them to play with when travelling on a railway or such times. I make loaded dice, too, and supply gaming-houses. I think I know more gaming-houses than any man in London. I've sold them to gentlemen and to parsons, that is ministers of religion. I can prove that. I don't sell those sort of things in the streets. I could do very well in the trade, but it's so uncertain and so little's wanted compared to what would keep a man going, and I have a mother that's sixty to support. Altogether my present business is inferior to the ginger-beer; but the fountains will destroy all the fair ginger-beer trade."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF HOT ELDER WINE.

THE sale of hot elder wine in the streets is one of the trades which have been long established, but it is only within these eight or ten years that it has been carried on in its present form. It continues for about four months in the winter.

Elder wine is made from the berries of the elder-tree. Elder syrup—also made from the

berries—was formerly famous in the north of England as a curative for colds, and was frequently taken, with a small admixture of rum, at bedtime. Some of the street-sellers make the wine themselves; the majority, however, buy it of the British wine makers. The berries must be gathered when fully ripe, and on a dry day. They are picked, measured, and put into a copper, two gallons of water being added to every gallon of berries. They are then boiled till the berries are quite soft, when the liquor is strained and pressed from them through a strong hair sieve. The liquor thus expressed is again put into the copper, boiled an hour, skimmed, and placed in a tub along with a bread toast, on which yeast is spread thickly; it then stands two days, and is afterwards put into a cask, a few cloves and crusted ginger being hung in a muslin bag from the bung-hole, so as to flavour the liquor. Sometimes this spicing is added afterwards, when the liquor is warmed. The berries are sold in the markets, principally in Covent-garden,—the price varying, according to the season, from 1s. 6d. to 3s. a gallon. Of all elder-wine makers the Jews are the best as regards the street commodity. The costermongers say they "have a secret;" a thing said frequently enough when superior skill is shown, and especially when, as in the case of the Jews' elder wine, better pennyworths are given. The Jews, I am told, add a small quantity of raspberry vinegar to their "elder," so as to give it a "sharp pleasant twang." The heat and pungency of the elder wine sold in the streets is increased by some street-sellers by means of whole black pepper and capsicums.

The apparatus in which the wine is now kept for sale in the streets is of copper or brass, and is sometimes "handsome." It is generally an urn of an oblong form, erected on a sort of pedestal, with the lid or top ornamented with brass mouldings, &c. Three plated taps give vent to the beverage. Orifices are contrived and are generally hidden, or partially hidden, with some ornament, which act as safety-valves, or, as one man would have it, "chimneys." The interior of these urns holds three or four quarts of elder wine, which is surrounded with boiling water, and the water and wine are kept up to the boiling pitch by means of a charcoal fire at the foot of the vessel. Fruit of some kind is generally sold by the elder-wine men at their stand.

The elder wine urn is placed on a stand covered with an oil-cloth, six or eight glasses being ranged about it. It is sold at a half-penny and a penny a glass; but there is "little difference in some elder wines." I was told, "between the penn'orths and the ha'porths." A wine glass of the "regular" size is a half-quarter, or the eighth of a pint.

Along with each glass of hot elder wine is given a small piece of toasted bread. Some buyers steep this bread in the wine, and so imbibe the flavour. "It ain't no good as I

know on," said an elder-wine seller, "but it's the fashion, and so people must have it." The purchasers of elder wine are the working classes—but not the better order of them—and the boys of the street. Some of these lads, I was told, were very choice and critical in their elder wines. Some will say: "It ain't such bad wine, but not the real spicy."—"The helder I thinks," said another, "is middlin', but somehow there's nothing but hotness for to taste."

Of these traders there are now perhaps fifty in London. One man counted up thirty of his brethren whom he knew personally, or knew to be then "working elder," and he thought that there might be as many more, but I am assured that fifty is about the mark. The sellers of elder wine have been for the most part mechanics who have adopted the calling for the reasons I have often given. None of them, in the course of my inquiry, depended entirely upon the sale of the wine, but sold fruit in addition to it. All complained of the bad state of trade. One man said, that four or five years back he had replenished the wine in a three quart urn twelve times a day, a jar of the wine being kept at the stall in readiness for that purpose. This amounted to 576 glasses sold in the course of the day, and a receipt—reckoning each glass at a penny—of 48s.; but probably not more than 40s. would be taken, as some would have halfpenny glasses. Now the same man rarely sells three quarts in a day, except perhaps on a Saturday, and on wet days he sells none at all. The elder wine can be bought at almost any price at the wine makers, from 4d. to 1s. 6d. the quart. The charge in the public-houses is twice as high as in the streets, but the inn wine, I was told by a person familiar with the trade, contains spirit, and is more highly spiced.

A decent-looking middle-aged man who had been in a gentleman's service, but was disabled by an accident which crushed his hand, and who thereupon resorted to street-selling and had since continued in it, in different branches, from fifteen to twenty years, gave me an account of his customer. He had not been acquainted with the elder-wine trade above four or five years when he bought an elder can for about 15s. among a cheap miscellaneous "lot" in Smithfield one Friday afternoon, and so he commenced:

"It's a poor trade, sir," he said. "I don't suppose any of us make 10s. a week at it alone, but it's a good help to other things, and I do middling. I should say less than a 1s. a day was above the average profits of the trade. Say 5s. a week, for on wet days we can't sell at all. No one will stop to drink elder wine in the wet. They'll rather have a penn'orth of gin, or half a pint of beer with the chill off, under shelter. I sell sometimes to people that say they're teetotallers and ask if there's any spirit in my wine. I assure them there's not, just the juice of the berry. I start when I think the weather's

cold enough, and keep at it as long as there's any demand. My customers are boys and poor people, and I sell more ha'porths than penn'orths. I've heard poor women that's bought of me say it was the only wine they ever tasted. The boys are hard to please, but I won't put up with their nonsense. It's not once in fifty times that a girl of the town buys my wine. It's not strong enough for her, I fancy. A sharp frosty dry day suits me best. I may then sell three or four quarts. I don't make it, but buy it. It's a poor trade, and I think it gets worse every year, though I believe there's far fewer of us."

One elder-wine stand in Tottenham-court-road cost, when new, 7l., but that was six or seven years ago. Calculating that 50 persons clear 5s. a week for 16 weeks, their profit being at least cent. per cent., the street outlay in this very British wine will be only 200l., and the street-consumption of it in the course of the year 1,500 gallons.

OF THE STREET SALE OF PEPPERMINT-WATER.

PERHAPS the only thing which can be called a cordial or a liqueur sold in the streets (if we except elder wine), is peppermint-water, and of this the sale is very limited. For the first 15 or 20 years of the present century, I was told by one who spoke from a personal knowledge, "a pepperminter" had two little taps to his keg, which had a division in the interior. From one tap was extracted "peppermint-water;" from the other, "strong peppermint-water." The one was at that time 1d. a glass, the other from 2d. to 4d., according to the size of the glass. With the "strong" beverage was mixed smuggled spirit, but so strongly impregnated with the odour of the mint, that a passer-by could not detect the presence of the illicit compound. There are six persons selling peppermint-water in the winter, and only half that number in the summer. The trade is irregular, as some pursue it only of a night, and generally in the street markets; others sell at Billingsgate, and places of great traffic, when the traffic is being carried on. They are stationary for awhile, but keep shifting their ground. The vendors generally "distilled their own mint," when the sale was greater, but within these six or eight years they have purchased it at a distilling chemist's, and have only prepared it for sale. Water is added to the distilled liquid bought of the chemist, to increase the quantity; but to enhance the heat of the draught—which is a draw to some buyers—black pepper (unground), or ginger, or, but rarely, capsicums, are steeped in the beverage. The peppermint-water is lauded by the vendors, when questioned concerning it, as an excellent stomachic; but nothing is said publicly of its virtues, the cry being merely, "Pep-permint water, a halfpenny a glass."

The sellers will generally say that they distill the peppermint-water themselves, but this is not now commonly the case. The process, however, is simple enough. The peppermint used

is gathered just as it is bursting into flower, and the leaves and buds are placed in a tub, with just water enough to cover them. This steeping continues 24 hours, and then a still is filled three-parts full, and the water is "over" drawn very slowly.

The price at the chemist's is 1s. a quart for the common mint-water; the street price is 3d. a glass, containing something short of the eighth of a pint. What costs 1s., the street-seller disposes of for 2s., so realising the usual cent. per cent.

To take 2s. is now accounted "a tidy day's work;" and calculating that four "pepperminters" take that amount the year round, Sundays excepted, we find that nearly 125l. is spent annually in peppermint-water and 900 gallons of it consumed every year in the streets of London.

The capital required is, keg, 3s. 6d., or jar, 2s. (for they are used indifferently); four glasses, 1s.; towel, 4d., and stock-money, 4s.; or, in all, about 8s. The "water"-keg, or jar, is carried by the vendor, but sometimes it is rested on a large stool carried for the purpose. A distilling apparatus, such as the street-sellers used, was worth about 10s. The vendors are of the same class of street-sellers as the ginger-beer people.

OF MILK SELLING IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE principal sale of milk from the cow is in St. James's Park. The once fashionable drink known as syllabubs—the milk being drawn warm from the cow's udder, upon a portion of wine, sugar, spice, &c.—is now unknown. As the sellers of milk in the park are merely the servants of cow-keepers, and attend to the sale as a part of their business, no lengthened notice is required.

The milk-sellers obtain leave from the Home Secretary, to ply their trade in the park. There are eight stands in the summer, and as many cows, but in the winter there are only four cows. The milk-vendors sell upon an average, in the summer, from eighteen to twenty quarts per day; in the winter, not more than a third of that quantity. The interrupted milking of the cows, as practised in the Park, often causes them to give less milk, than they would in the ordinary way. The chief customers are infants, and adults, and others, of a delicate constitution, who have been recommended to take new milk. On a wet day scarcely any milk can be disposed of. Soldiers are occasional customers.

A somewhat sour-tempered old woman, speaking as if she had been crossed in love, but experienced in this trade, gave me the following account:

"It's not at all a lively sort of life, selling milk from the cows, though some thinks it's a gay time in the Park! I've often been dull enough, and could see nothing to interest one, sitting alongside a cow. People drink new milk for their health, and I've served a good many such. They're mostly young women, I think, that's de-

licate, and makes the most of it. There's twenty women, and more, to one man what drinks new milk. If they was set to some good hard work, t would do them more good than new milk, or ass's milk either, I think. Let them go on a milk-walk to cure them—that's what I say. Some children come pretty regularly with their nurses to drink new milk. Some bring their own china mugs to drink it out of; nothing less was good enough for them. I've seen the nurse-girls frightened to death about the mugs. I've heard one young child say to another: 'I shall tell mama that Caroline spoke to a mechanic, who came and shook hands with her.' The girl was as red as fire, and said it was her brother. Oh, yes, there's a deal of brothers comes to look for their sisters in the Park. The greatest fools I've sold milk to is servant-gals out for the day. Some must have a day, or half a day, in the month. Their mistresses ought to keep them at home, I say, and not let them out to spend their money, and get into nobody knows what company for a holiday; mistresses is too easy that way. It's such gals as makes fools of themselves in liking a soldier to run after them. I've seen one of them—yes, some would call her pretty, and the prettiest is the silliest and easiest tricked out of money, that's my opinion, anyhow—I've seen one of them, and more than one, walk with a soldier, and they've stopped a minute, and she's taken something out of her glove and given it to him. Then they've come up to me, and he's said to her, 'Mayn't I treat you with a little new milk, my dear?' and he's changed a shilling. Why, of course, the silly fool of a gal had given him that there shilling. I thought, when Annette Myers shot the soldier, it would be a warning, but nothing's a warning to some gals. *Sic* was one of those fools. It was a good deal talked about at the stand, but I think none of us know'd her. Indeed, we don't know our customers but by sight. Yes, there's now and then some oldish gentlemen—I suppose they're gentlemen, anyhow, they're idle men—lounging about the stand: but there's no nonsense there. They tell me, too, that there's not so much lounging about as there was; those that's known the trade longer than me thinks so. Them children's a great check on the nusses, and they can't be such fools as the servant-maids. I don't know how many of them I've served with milk along with soldiers: I never counted them. They're nothing to me. Very few elderly people drink new milk. It's mostly the young. I've been asked by strangers when the Duke of Wellington would pass to the Horse-Guards or to the House of Lords. He's pretty regular. I've had 6*d.* given me—but not above once or twice a year—to tell strangers where was the best place to see him from as he passed. I don't understand about this Great Exhibition, but, no doubt, more new milk will be sold when it's opened, and that's all I cares about."

OF THE STREET SALE OF MILK.

DURING the summer months milk is sold in Smithfield, Billingsgate, and the other markets, and on Sundays in Battersea-fields, Clapham-common, Camberwell-green, Hampstead-heath, and similar places. About twenty men are engaged in this sale. They usually wear a smock frock, and have the cans and yoke used by the regular milk-sellers; they are not itinerant. The skim milk—for they sell none else—is purchased at the dairies at 1½*d.* a quart, and even the skim milk is also further watered by the street-sellers. Their cry is "Half-penny half-pint! Milk!" The tin measure however in which the milk-and-water is served is generally a "slang," and contains but half of the quantity proclaimed. The purchasers are chiefly boys and children; rarely men, and never costermongers, I was told, "for they reckon milk sickly." These street-sellers—who have most of them been employed in the more regular milk-trade—clear about 1*s.* 6*d.* a day each, for three months; and as the profit is rather more than cent. per cent. it appears that about 4,000 gallons of milk are thus sold, and upwards of 260*l.* laid out upon these persons, yearly in its purchase.

A pair of cans with the yoke cost 1*s.*, and 1*l.* is amply sufficient as capital to start in this trade, as the two measures used may be bought for 2*s.*; and 3*s.* can be devoted to the purchase of the liquid.

OF THE STREET-SALE OF CURDS AND WHEY.

THE preparations of milk which comprise the street-trade, are curds and whey and rice-milk, the oldest street-sellers stating that these were a portion of the trade in their childhood. The one is a summer, and the other a winter traffic, and both are exclusively in the hands of the same middle-aged and elderly women. The vendors prepare the curds and whey in all cases themselves. "Skim-milk," purchased at the dairies, is used by the street-purveyors, a gallon being the quantity usually prepared at a time. This milk gallon is double the usual quantity, or eight quarts. The milk is first "scalded," the pan containing it being closely watched, in order that the contents may not boil. The scalding occupies 10 or 15 minutes, and it is then "cooled" until it attains the lukewarmness of new milk. Half a pound of sugar is then dissolved in the milk, and a tea-spoonful of rennet is introduced, which is sufficient to "turn" a gallon. In an hour, or in some cases two, the milk is curded, and is ready for use. The street-sale is confined to stalls; the stall, which is the ordinary stand, being covered with a white cloth, or in some cases an oil-cloth, and on this the curds, in a bright tin kettle or pan, are deposited. There are six mugs on the board, and a spoon in each, but those who affect a more modern style have glasses. One of the neatest stalls, as regards the display of glass, and the bright cleanliness

of the vessel containing the curds, is in Holborn; but the curd-seller there has only an average business. The mugs or glasses hold about the third of a pint, and "the full of one" is a penny-worth; for a halfpenny-worth the vessel is half filled. The season is during the height of summer, and continues three or four months, or, as one woman tersely and commercially expressed it, "from Easter to fruit." The number of street-saleswomen is about 100. Along with the curds they generally sell oranges, or such early fruit as cherries.

A woman who had sold "cruds"—as the street-people usually call it—for eighteen years, gave me the following account:—"Boys and girls is my best customers for cruds, sir. Perhaps I sell to them almost half of all I get rid of. Very little fellows will treat girls, often bigger than themselves, at my stall, and they have as much chaffing and nonsense about it's being 'stunning good for the teeth,' and such like, as if they was grown-up. Some don't much like it at first, but they gets to like it. One boy, whose young woman made faces at it—and it *was* a little sour to be sure that morning—got quite vexed and said, 'Wot a image you're a-making on yourself!' I don't know what sort the boys are, only that they're the street-boys mostly. Quiet working people are my other customers, perhaps rather more women than men. Some has told me they was teetotalers. Then there's the women of the town of the poorer sort, *they're* good customers,—as indeed I think they are for most cooling drinks at times, for they seem to me to be *always* thirsty. I never sell to dust-men or that sort of people. Saturday is my best day. If it's fine and warm, I sell a gallon then, which makes about 40 penn'orths; sometimes it brings me 3*s.*, sometimes 3*s.* 6*d.*; it's rather more than half profits. Take it altogether, I sell five gallons in fine dry weeks, and half that in wet; and perhaps there's what I call a set down wet week for every two dry. Nobody has a better right to pray against wet weather than poor women like me. Ten years ago I sold almost twice as much as I can now. There's so many more of us at present, I think, and let alone that there's more shops keeps it too."

Another old woman told me, that she used, "when days was longest," to be up all night, and sell her "cruds" near Drury-lane theatre, and often received in a few hours 5*s.* or 6*s.*, from "ladies and gentlemen out at night." But the men were so racketsy, she said, and she'd had her stall so often kicked over by drunken people, and no help for it, that she gave up the night-trade, and she believed it was hardly ever followed now.

To start in the curds and whey line requires the following capital:—Saucepan, for the scalding and boiling, 2*s.*; stall, 5*s.*; 6 mugs, 6*d.*; or 6 glasses, 2*s.* 6*d.*; 6 spoons, 3*d.*; tin kettle on stall, 3*s.* 6*d.*; pail for water to rinse glasses, 1*s.* Then for stock-money: 1 gallon skimmed milk, 1*s.* 6*d.* or 1*s.* 8*d.*; and ½ lb. sugar, 2*d.* In all,

14*s.* 1*d.*, reckoning the materials to be of the better sort.

Of the whole number of street curd-sellers, 50 dispose of as much as my informant, or 12½ gallons in 3 weeks; the other 50 sell only half as much. Taking the season at 3 months, we find the consumption of curds and whey in the street to be 2,812 double gallons (as regards the ingredient of milk), at a cost to the purchasers of 421*l.*, half of which is the profit accruing to the street-seller. The receipts of those having the better description of business being 9*s.* 4*d.* weekly; those of the smaller traders being 4*s.* 8*d.* There is a slight and occasional loss by the "cruds" being kept until unsaleable, in which case they are "fit for nothing but the hog-wash man."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF RICE-MILK.

To make rice-milk, the street-seller usually boils four quarts, of the regular measure, of "skim" with one pound of rice, which has been previously boiled in water. An hour suffices for the boiling of the milk; and the addition of the rice, swollen by the boiling water, increases the quantity to six quarts. No other process is observed, except that some sweeten their rice-milk before they offer it for sale; the majority, however, sweeten it to the customer's liking when he is "served," unless—to use the words of one informant—"he have a werry, werry sweet tooth indeed, sir; and that can't be stood." For the sweetening of six quarts, half a pound of sugar is used; for the "spicing," half an ounce of allspice, dashed over the milk freely enough from a pepper-castor. Rice-milk is always sold at stalls arranged for the purpose, and is kept in a tin pan fitted upon a charcoal brazier, so that the "drinkable" is always hot. This apparatus generally stands on the ground alongside the stall, and is elevated only by the feet of the brazier. The "rice-milk woman,"—for the street-sellers are generally females,—dips a large breakfast-cup, holding half a pint, into the pan, puts a tea-spoonful of sugar into it, browns the whole with allspice, and receives 1*d.*; a halfpennyworth is, of course, half the quantity. The rice-milk women are also sellers of oranges, chestnuts, apples, or some other fruit, as well as the rice-milk; but, sometimes, when the weather is *very* cold and frosty, they sell rice-milk alone. There are fifty street-sellers of rice-milk in London. Saturday night is the best time of sale, when it is not uncommon for a rice-milk woman to sell six quarts; but, in a good trade, four quarts a day for six days of the week is an average. The purchasers are poor people; and a fourth of the milk is sold to boys and girls, to whom it is often a meal. "Ah, sir," said one woman, "you should have seen how a poor man, last winter, swallowed a penn'orth. He'd been a-wandering all night, he said, and he looked it, and a gentleman gave him 2*d.*, for he took pity on his hungry look, and he spent 1*d.* with me, and I gave him another

cup for charity. 'God bless the gentleman and you!' says he, 'it's saved my life; if I'd bought a penny loaf, I'd have choked on it.' He wasn't a beggar, for I never saw him before, and I've never seen him again from that day to this.' The same informant told me, that she believed no rice-milk was bought by the women of the town: "it didn't suit the likes of them." Neither is it bought by those who are engaged in noisome trades. If there be any of the rice-milk left at night, and the saleswoman have doubts of its "keeping," it is re-boiled with fresh rice and milk. The profit is considerable; for the ingredients, which cost less than 1s. 6d., are made into 96 pennyworths, and so to realize 8s. In some of the poorer localities, however, such as Rosemary-lane, only $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the half-pint can be obtained, and 4s. is then the amount received for six quarts, instead of 8s.

To start "in rice-milk" requires 13s. capital, which includes a pan for boiling the milk, 2s.; a kettle, with brazier, for stall, 4s.; stall or stand, 5s.; six cups, 9d.; for stock-money 15d., with which is bought 4 quarts of skim-milk, 9d.; 1 lb. of rice, 3d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, 2d.; allspice, 1d.

The season continues for four months; and calculating—a calculation within the mark—that one half of the 50 sellers have as good a trade as my informant—24 quarts weekly—and that, of the remaining 25, one half sell 12 quarts each weekly, at 1d. the half-pint, and the other half vend 24 quarts at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the half-pint, we find that 320l. is annually spent in rice-milk and about 3,000 gallons of it yearly consumed in the streets of London.

OF WATER-CARRIERS.

It may surprise many to learn that there are still existing water-carriers in London, and some of them depending upon the trade for a livelihood; while others, the "odd men" of the neighbourhood, carry pails of spring water to the publicans or eating-house keepers, who may not have servants to send to the nearest pump for it, and who require it fresh and cool for those who drink it at their meals. Of these men there are, as near as I can ascertain, from 100 to 150; their charge is 1d. per pail. Their earnings per day 6d. to 1s. Perhaps none of them depend solely upon this labour for their support.

It is otherwise at Highgate and Hampstead, for in those places both men and women depend entirely for their daily bread on water carrying. At Hampstead the supply is derived from what may be called a double well, known as "the Conduit." The ground is flagged, and the water is seen at each corner of a wall built to the surface of the ground (about eight feet) and surmounted by an iron rail. The water is covered over, in one corner and not in the other, and the carrier descends a step or two, dips in his pails and walks away with them when filled. The water is carried by means of a "yoke,"

in the same way as we see the milk-pails carried in every street in London. The well and the field in which the Hampstead water is situated are the property of the Church, and the water is free to any one, in any quantity, either for sale or any other purpose, "without leave." In droughts or frosts the supply fails, and the carriers have sometimes to wait hours for their "turn," and then to bale the water into their pails with a basin. The nearest street to which the water is carried is half a mile distant. Some is carried three quarters of a mile, and some (occasionally) a mile. The two pails full, which contain seven gallons, are sold at $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. The weight is about 70 lbs. Seventeen years ago the price was 3d.; after which it fell to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., then to 2d., and has been $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. these five or six years, while now there are three or four carriers who even "carry" at two pails a-penny to the nearer places. The supply of the well (apart from drought or frost) is fifty-six gallons an hour. The principal customers are the laundresses; but in wet weather their cisterns and water-tubs are filled, and the carriers, or the major part of them, are idle. The average earnings of the carriers are 5s. a week the year through. Two of them are men of seventy. There is a bench about midway to Hampstead, at which these labourers rest; and here on almost every fine day sits with them a palsied old soldier, a pensioner of about eighty, who regales them, almost daily, with long tales of Vinegar Hill, and Jemmy O'Brien (the informer), and all the terrors of the terrible times of the Irish rebellion of 1798; for the old man (himself an Irishman) had served through the whole of it. This appears to be a somewhat curious theme for constant expatiation to a band of London water-carriers.

There are now twenty individuals, fourteen men and six women, carrying at Hampstead, and twice that number at Highgate. Some leave the carrying when they get better work,—but three-fourths of the number live by it entirely. The women are the wives and widows of carriers. The men have been either mechanics or labourers, except six or eight youths (my informant was not certain which) who had been "brought up to the water, but would willingly get away from it if they could."

A well-spoken and intelligent-looking man, dressed in thick fustian, old and greasy, "but good enough for the carrying," gave me the following account.

"I was a copper-plate printer," he said, "and twenty years ago could earn my 25s. a week. But employment fell off. The lithographic injured it, and at last I could get very little work, and then none at all, so I have been carrying now between three and four years. My father-in-law was in the trade, and that made me think of it. My best day's work, and it's the same with all, is 2s., which is sixteen turns. It's not possible to do more. If that could be done every day it would be very well, but in wet weather when the laundresses, who are my

customers, don't want water, I can't make 1s. a week. Then in a drought or a frost one has to wait such a long time for his turn, that it's not 6d. a day; a dry spring's the worst. Last March I had many days to wait six turns, and it takes well on to an hour for a turn then. We sit by the well and talk when we're waiting. O, yes, sir, the Pope has had his turn of talk. There's water companies both at Hampstead and Highgate, but our well water (Hampstead) is asked for, for all that. It's so with Highgate. It is beautiful water, either for washing or drinking. Perhaps it's better with a little drop of spirit for drinking, but I seldom taste it that way. The fatigue's so great that we *must* take a little drop of spirit on a long day. No, sir, we don't mix it; that spoils two good things. I've been at the well first light in the morning, and in summer I've been at work at it all night. There's no rule among us, but it's understood that every one has his turn. There's a little chaff sometimes, and some get angry at having to wait, but I never knew a fight. I have a wife and three children. She works for a laundress, and has 2s. 6d. a day. She has two days regular every week, and sometimes odd turns as well. I think that the women earn more than the men in Hampstead. My rent is 1s. 6d. a week for an unfurnished room. There is no trade on Sundays, but on fine summer Sundays old — attends at the well and sells glasses of cool water. He gets 2s. 6d. some days. He makes no charge; just what any one pleases to give. Any body might do it, but the old gentleman would grumble that they were taking his post."

Computing the number of water carriers at the two places at sixty, and their average earnings through the year at 5s. a week, it appears that these men receive 1,452l. yearly. The capital required to start in the business is 9s., the cost of a pair of pails and a yoke.

The old man who sells water on the summer Sunday mornings, generally leaving off his sale at church-time, told me that his best customers were ladies and gentlemen who loved an early walk, and bought of him "as it looked like a bit of country life," he supposed, more than from being thirsty. When such customers were not inhabitants of the neighbourhood, they came to him to ask their way, or to make inquiries concerning the localities. Sometimes he dispensed water to men who "looked as if they had been on the loose all night." One gentleman," he said, "looks sharp about him, and puts a dark-coloured stuff—very likely it's brandy—into the two or three glasses of water which he drinks every Sunday, or which he used to drink rather, for I missed him all last summer, I think. His hand trembled like a aspen; he mostly gave me 6d." The water-seller spoke with some indignation of boys, and sometimes men, going to the well on a Sunday morning and "drinking out of their own tins that they'd taken with 'em."

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PASTRY AND CONFECTIONARY.

THE cooked provisions sold in the streets, it has been before stated, consist of three kinds—solids, liquids, and pastry and confectionary. The two first have now been fully described, but the last still remains to be set forth.

The street pastry may be best characterised as of a *strong* flavour. This is, for the most part, attributable to the use of old or rancid butter,—possessing the all-important recommendation of cheapness,—or to the substitution of lard, dripping, or some congenial substance. The "strong" taste, however, appears to possess its value in the estimation of street pastry-buyers, especially among the boys. This may arise from the palates of the consumers having been unaccustomed to more delicate flavours, and having become habituated to the relish of that which is somewhat rank; just in the same way as the "fumet" of game or venison becomes dear to the palate of the more aristocratic *gourmand*. To some descriptions of street pastry the epithet strong-flavoured may seem inappropriate, but it is appropriate to the generality of these comestibles,—especially to the tarts, which constitute a luxury, if not to the meat pies or puddings that may supply a meal.

The articles of pastry sold in the London streets are meat and fruit pies, boiled meat and kidney puddings, plum "duff" or pudding, and an almost infinite variety of tarts, cakes, buns, and biscuits; while the confectionary consists of all the several preparations included under the wide denomination of "sweet-stuff," as well as the more "medicinal" kind known as "cough drops;" in addition to these there are the more "aristocratic" delicacies recently introduced into street traffic, viz., penny raspberry creams and ices.

OF STREET PIEMEN.

THE itinerant trade in pies is one of the most ancient of the street callings of London. The meat pies are made of beef or mutton; the fish pies of eels; the fruit of apples, currants, gooseberries, plums, damsons, cherries, raspberries, or rhubarb, according to the season—and occasionally of mince-meat. A few years ago the street pie-trade was very profitable, but it has been almost destroyed by the "pie-shops," and further, the few remaining street-dealers say "the people now haven't the pennies to spare." Summer fairs and races are the best places for the piemen. In London the best times are during any grand sight or holiday-making, such as a review in Hyde-park, the Lord Mayor's show, the opening of Parliament, Greenwich fair, &c. Nearly all the men of this class, whom I saw, were fond of speculating as to whether the Great Exposition would be "any good" to them, or not.

The London piemen, who may number about forty in winter, and twice that number in summer, are seldom stationary. They go along with

their pie-cans on their arms, crying, "Pies all 'ot! eel, beef, or mutton pies! Penny pies, all 'ot—all 'ot!" The "can" has been before described. The pies are kept hot by means of a charcoal fire beneath, and there is a partition in the body of the can to separate the hot and cold pies. The "can" has two tin drawers, one at the bottom, where the hot pies are kept, and above these are the cold pies. As fast as the hot dainties are sold, their place is supplied by the cold from the upper drawer.

A teetotal pieman in Billingsgate has a pony and "shay cart." His business is the most extensive in London. It is believed that he sells 20s. worth or 240 pies a day, but his brother tradesmen sell no such amount. "I was out last night," said one man to me, "from four in the afternoon till half-past twelve. I went from Somers-town to the Horse Guards, and looked in at all the public-houses on my way, and I didn't take above 1s. 6d. I have been out sometimes from the beginning of the evening till long past midnight, and haven't taken more than 4d., and out of that I have to pay 1d. for charcoal."

The pie-dealers usually make the pies themselves. The meat is bought in "pieces," of the same part as the sausage-makers purchase—the "stickings"—at about 3d. the pound. "People, when I go into houses," said one man, "often begin crying, 'Mee-yow,' or 'Bow-wow-wow!' at me; but there's nothing of that kind now. Meat, you see, is so cheap." About five-dozen pies are generally made at a time. These require a quarter of flour at 5d. or 6d.; 2 lbs. of suet at 6d.; 1½ lb. meat at 3d., amounting in all to about 2s. To this must be added 3d. for baking; 1d. for the cost of keeping hot, and 2d. for pepper, salt, and eggs with which to season and wash them over. Hence the cost of the five dozen would be about 2s. 6d., and the profit the same. The usual quantity of meat in each pie is about half an ounce. There are not more than 20 hot-piemen now in London. There are some who carry pies about on a tray slung before them; these are mostly boys, and, including them, the number amounts to about sixty all the year round, as I have stated.

The penny pie-shops, the street men say, have done their trade a great deal of harm. These shops have now got mostly all the custom, as they make the pies much larger for the money than those sold in the streets. The pies in Tottenham-court-road are very highly seasoned. "I bought one there the other day, and it nearly took the skin off my mouth; it was full of pepper," said a street-pieman, with considerable bitterness, to me. The reason why so large a quantity of pepper is put in is, because persons can't exactly tell the flavour of the meat with it. Piemen generally are not very particular about the flavour of the meat they buy, as they can season it up into anything. In the summer, a street pieman thinks he is doing a good business if he takes 5s. per day, and in the winter if he gets half that. On

Saturday night, however, he generally takes 5s. in the winter, and about 8s. in the summer. At Greenwich fair he will take about 14s. At a review in Hyde-park, if it is a good one, he will sell about 10s. worth. The generality of the customers are the boys of London. The women seldom, if ever, buy pies in the streets. At the public-houses a few pies are sold, and the pieman makes a practice of "looking in" at all the taverns on his way. Here his customers are found principally in the tap-room. "Here's all 'ot!" the pieman cries, as he walks in; "toss or buy! up and win 'em!" This is the only way that the pies can be got rid of. "If it wasn't for tossing we shouldn't sell one."

To "toss the pieman" is a favourite pastime with costermongers' boys and all that class; some of whom aspire to the repute of being gourmards, and are critical on the quality of the comestible. If the pieman win the toss, he receives 1d. without giving a pie; if he lose, he hands it over for nothing. The pieman himself never "tosses," but always calls head or tail to his customer. At the week's end it comes to the same thing, they say, whether they toss or not, or rather whether they win or lose the toss: "I've taken as much as 2s. 6d. at tossing, which I shouldn't have had if I had'nt done so. Very few people buy without tossing, and the boys in particular. Gentlemen, 'out on the spree' at the late public-houses will frequently toss when they don't want the pies, and when they win they will amuse themselves by throwing the pies at one another, or at me. Sometimes I have taken as much as half-a-crown, and the people of whom I had the money has never eaten a pie. The boys has the greatest love of gambling, and they seldom, if ever, buys without tossing." One of the reasons why the street boys delight in tossing, is, that they can often obtain a pie by such means when they have only a halfpenny wherewith to gamble. If the lad wins he gets a penny pie for his halfpenny.

For street mince-meat pies the pieman usually makes 5lb. of mince-meat at a time, and for this he will put in 2 doz. of apples, 1lb. of sugar, 1lb. of currants, 2lb. of "critlings" (critlings being the refuse left after boiling down the lard), a good bit of spice to give the critlings a flavour, and plenty of treacle to make the mince-meat look rich.

The "gravy" which used to be given with the meat-pies was poured out of an oil-can, and consisted of a little salt and water browned. A hole was made with the little finger in the top of the meat pie, and the "gravy" poured in until the crust rose. With this gravy a person in the line assured me that he has known pies four days old to go off very freely, and be pronounced excellent. The street piemen are mostly bakers, who are unable to obtain employment at their trade. "I myself," said one, "was a bread and biscuit baker. I have been at the pie business now about two years and a

half, and I can't get a living at it. Last week my earnings were not more than 7s. all the week through, and I was out till three in the morning to get that." The piemen seldom begin business till six o'clock, and some remain out all night. The best time for the sale of pies is generally from ten at night to one in the morning.

Calculating that there are only fifty street piemen plying their trade in London, the year through, and that their average earnings are 8s. a week, we find a street expenditure exceeding 3,000l., and a street consumption of pies amounting nearly to three quarters of a million yearly.

To start in the penny pie-business of the streets requires 1l. for a "can," 2s. 6d. for a "turn-halfpenny" board to gamble with, 12s. for a gross of tin pie-dishes, 8d. for an apron, and about 6s. 6d. for stock money—allowing 1s. for flour, 1s. 3d. for meat, 2d. for apples, 4d. for cels, 2s. for pork flare or fat, 2d. for sugar, ½d. for cloves, 1d. for pepper and salt, 1d. for an egg to wash the pies over with, 6d. for baking, and 1d. for charcoal to keep the pies hot in the streets. Hence the capital required would be about 2l. in all.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF BOILED PUDDINGS.

THE sale of *boiled* puddings, meat and currant—which might perhaps be with greater correctness called dumplings—has not been known in London, I was informed by one in the trade, more than twelve or fourteen years. The ingredients for the meat puddings are not dissimilar to those I have described as required for the meat pies, but the puddings are boiled, in cotton bags, in coppers or large pans, and present the form of a round ball. The charge is a halfpenny each. Five or six years back a man embarked his means—said to be about 15l.—in the meat-pudding line, and prepared a superior article, which was kept warm in the street by means of steam, in a manner similar to that employed by the pieman. A mechanic out of work was engaged by this projector to aid him in the sale of his street luxuries, and the mechanic and his two boys made a living by this sale for two or three years. The original pudding-projector relinquished the street trade to go into business as a small shop-keeper, and the man who sold for him on a sort of commission, earning from 12s. to 18s. a week, made the puddings on his own account. His earnings, however, on his own account were not above from 1s. to 2s. 6d. a week beyond what he earned by commission, and a little while back he obtained work again at his own business, but his two boys still sell puddings in the street.

The sale of boiled meat puddings is carried on only in the autumn and winter months, and only in the evenings, except on Saturdays, when the business commences in the afternoon. The sale, I was informed by one of the parties, has been as many as forty-five dozen puddings on

a Saturday evening. The tins in which the puddings are carried about hold from four to six dozen, and are replenished from the pans—the makers always living contiguous to the street where the vend takes place—as fast as the demand requires such replenishment. An average sale on a fine dry winter Saturday evening is thirty dozen, but then, as in most street callings, "the weather"—a remark often made to me—"has considerable to do with it." A frost, I was told, helped off the puddings, and a rain kept them back. Next to Saturday the best business night is Monday; but the average sale on the Monday is barely half that on the Saturday, and on the other evenings of the week about a third. This gives a weekly sale by each street-seller of 85 dozen, or 1,020 puddings, and as I am informed there are now but six street-sellers (regularly) of this comestible, the weekly aggregate would be—allowing for bad weather—5,400, or 129,600 in a season of 24 weeks; an expenditure on the part of the street boys and girls (who are the principal purchasers), and of the poor persons who patronise the street-trade, of about 270l. per annum. The wandering street-musicians of the poorer class—such as "Old Sarey" and the Italian boys—often make their dinner off a meat pudding purchased on their rounds; for it is the rule with such people never to return home after starting in the morning till their day's work is done.

The boys who ply their callings in the street, or are much in the open air, are very fond of these puddings, and to witness the way in which they throw the pudding, when very hot, from hand to hand, eyeing it with an expression that shows an eagerness to eat with a fear of burning the mouth, is sometimes laughable and sometimes painful, because not unfrequently there is a look of keen hunger about the—probably outcast—lad. The currant puddings are, I believe, sold only at Billingsgate and Petticoat-lane.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF PLUM "DUFF" OR DOUGH.

PLUM dough is one of the street-eatables—though perhaps it is rather a violence to class it with the street-pastry—which is usually made by the vendors. It is simply a boiled plum, or currant, pudding, of the plainest description. It is sometimes made in the rounded form of the plum-pudding; but more frequently in the "roly-poly" style. Hot pudding used to be of much more extensive sale in the streets. One informant told me that twenty or thirty years ago, batter, or Yorkshire, pudding, "with plums in it," was a popular street business. The "plums," as in the orthodox plum-puddings, are raisins. The street-vendors of plum "duff" are now very few, only six as an average, and generally women, or if a man be the salesman he is the woman's husband. The sale is for the most part an evening sale, and some vend the plum dough only on a Saturday

night. A woman in Leather-lane, whose trade is a Saturday night trade, is accounted "one of the best plum duffers" in London, as regards the quality of the comestible, but her trade is not considerable.

The vendors of plum dough are the street-sellers who live by vending other articles, and resort to plum dough, as well as to other things, "as a help." This dough is sold out of baskets in which it is kept hot by being covered with cloths, sometimes two and even three, thick; and the smoke issuing out of the basket, and the cry of the street-seller, "Hot plum duff, hot plum," invite custom. A quarter of flour, 5d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Valentia raisins, 2d.; dripping and suet in equal proportions, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and all-spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.—in all 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; supply a roly-poly of twenty pennyworths. The treacle, however, is only introduced "to make the dough look rich and spicy," and must be used sparingly.

The plum dough is sold in slices at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1d. each, and the purchasers are almost exclusively boys and girls—boys being at least three-fourths of the revellers in this street luxury. I have ascertained—as far as the information of the street-sellers enables me to ascertain—that take the year through, six "plum duffers" take 1s. a day each, for four winter months, including Sundays, when the trade is likewise prosecuted. Some will take from 4s. to 10s. (but rarely 10s.) on a Saturday night, and nothing on other nights, and some do a little in the summer. The vendors, who are all stationary, stand chiefly in the street-markets and reside near their stands, so that they can get relays of hot dough.

If we calculate then 42s. a week as the takings of six persons, for five months, so including the summer trade, we find that upwards of 200l. is expended in the street purchase of plum dough, nearly half of which is profit. The trade, however, is reckoned among those which will disappear altogether from the streets.

The capital required to start is: basket, 1s. 9d.; cloths, 6d.; pan for boiling, 2s.; knife, 2d.; stock-money, 2s.; in all about, 7s. 6d.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF CAKES, TARTS, &c.

THESE men and boys—for there are very few women or girls in the trade—constitute a somewhat numerous class. They are computed (including Jews) at 150 at the least, all regular hands, with an addition, perhaps, of 15 or 20, who seek to earn a few pence on a Sunday, but have some other, though poorly remunerative, employment on the week-days. The cake and tart-sellers in the streets have been, for the most part, mechanics or servants; a fifth of the body, however, have been brought up to this or to some other street-calling.

The cake-men carry their goods on a tray slung round their shoulders when they are offering their delicacies for sale, and on their heads when not engaged in the effort to do business. They are to be found in the vicinity of all public places. Their goods are generally arranged in

pairs on the trays; in bad weather they are covered with a green cloth.

None of the street-vendors make the articles they sell; indeed, the diversity of those articles renders that impossible. Among the regular articles of this street-sale are "Coventrys," or three-cornered puffs with jam inside; raspberry biscuits; cinnamon biscuits; "chonkeys," or a kind of mince-meat baked in crust; Dutch butter-cakes; Jews' butter-cakes; "bowlas," or round tarts made of sugar, apple, and bread; "jumbles," or thin crisp cakes made of treacle, butter, and flour; and jams, or open tarts with a little preserve in the centre.

All these things are made for the street-sellers by about a dozen Jew pastry-cooks, the most of whom reside about Whitechapel. They confine themselves to the trade, and make every description. On a fine holiday morning their shops, or rather bake-houses, are filled with customers, as they supply the small shops as well as the street-sellers of London. Each article is made to be sold at a halfpenny, and the allowance by the wholesale pastry-cook is such as to enable his customers to realise a profit of 4d. in 1s.; thus he charges 4d. a dozen for the several articles. Within the last seven years there has been, I am assured, a great improvement in the composition of these cakes, &c. This is attributable to the Jews having introduced superior dainties, and, of course, rendered it necessary for the others to vie with them; the articles vendible by these Jews (of whom there are from 20 to 40 in the streets) are still pronounced, by many connoisseurs in street-pastry, as the best. Some sell penny dainties also, but not to a twentieth part of the halfpenny trade. One of the wholesale pastry-cooks takes 40l. a week. These wholesale men, who sometimes credit the street-people, buy ten, fifteen, or twenty sacks of flour at a time whenever a cheap bargain offers. They purchase as largely in Irish butter, which they have bought at 3d. or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pound. They buy also "scrapings," or what remains in the butter-firkins when emptied by the butter-sellers in the shops. "Good scrapings" are used for the best cakes; the jam they make themselves. To commence the wholesale business requires a capital of 600l. To commence the street-selling requires a capital of only 10s.; and this includes the cost of a tray, about 1s. 9d.; a cloth 1s.; and a leathern strap, with buckle, to go round the neck, 6d.; while the rest is for stock, with a shilling, or two as a reserve. All the street-sellers insist upon the impossibility of any general baker making cakes as cheap as those they vend. "It's impossible, sir," said one man to me; "it's a trade by itself; nobody else can touch it. They was miserable little things seven years ago."

An acute-looking man, decently dressed, gave me the following account. He resided with his wife—who went out charing—in a decent little back-room at the East-end, for which he paid 1s. a week. He had no children:—

"I'm a 'translator' (a species of cobbler) by



LONG-SONG SELLER.

"Two under fifty for a fardy'!"

[From a Photograph.]

trade," he said, "but I've been a cake and a tart-seller in the streets for seven or eight years. I couldn't make 1s. 3d. a day of twelve hours' work, and sometimes nothing, by translating. Besides, my health was failing; and, as I used to go out on a Sunday with cakes to sell for a cousin of mine, I went into the trade myself, because I'd got up to it. I did middling the first three or four years, and I'd do middling still, if it wasn't for the bad weather and the police. I've been up three times for 'obstructing.' Why, sir, I never obstructed a quarter as much as the print-shops and newspaper-shops down there" (pointing to a narrow street in the City). "But the keepers of them shops can take a sight at the Lord Mayor from behind their tills. The first time I was up before the Lord Mayor—it's a few years back—I thought he talked like an old wife. 'You mustn't stand that way,' he says, 'and you mustn't do this, and you mustn't do that.' 'Well, my lord,' says I, 'then I mustn't live honestly. But if you'll give me 9s. a week, I'll promise not to stand here, and not to stand there; and neither to do this, nor that, nor anything at all, if that pleases you better.' They was shocked, they said, at my impudence—so young a fellow, too! I got off each time, but a deal of my things was spoiled. I work the City on week-days, and Victoria Park on Sundays. In the City, my best customers is not children, but young gents; real gents, some of them with gold watches. They buys twopenn'orth, mostly—that's four of any sort, or different sorts. They're clerks in banks and counting-houses, I suppose, that must look respectable like on a little, and so feeds cheap, poor chaps! for they dine or lunch off it, never doubt. Or they may be keeping their money for other things. To sell eleven dozen is a first-rate days' work; that's 1s. 9d. or 1s. 10d. profit. But then comes the wet days, and I can't trade at all in the rain; and so the things get stale, and I have to sell them in Petticoat-lane for two a halfpenny. Victoria Park—I'm not let inside with my tray—is good and bad as happens. It's chiefly a tossing trade there. Oh, I dare say I toss 100 times some Sundays. I don't like tossing the coster lads; they're the wide-awakes that way. The thieves use 'grays.' They're ha'pennies, either both sides heads or both tails. Grays sell at from 2d. to 6d. I'm not often had that way, though. Working-people buy very few of me on Sundays; it's mostly boys; and next to the gents., why, perhaps, the boys is my best customers in the City. Only on Monday a lad, that had been lucky 'fiddling' (holding horses, or picking up money anyhow) "spent a whole shilling on me. I clear, I think—and I'm among the cakes that's the top of the tree—about 10s. a week in summer, and hardly 7s. a week in winter. My old woman and me makes both ends meet, and that's all."

Reckoning 150 cake-sellers, each clearing 6s. a week, a sufficiently low average, the street

outlay will be 2,340l., representing a street-consumption of 1,123,200 cakes, tarts, &c.

OF OTHER CAKE-SELLERS IN THE STREETS.
THE street cake-selling of London is not altogether confined to the class I have described; but the others engaged in it are not regular pursuers of the business, and do not exceed thirty in number. Some stock their trays with flare-cakes, which are round cakes, made of flour and "unrendered" (unmelted) lard, and stuck over freely with currants. They are sold at a farthing and a halfpenny each. Others, again, carry only sponge-cakes, made of flour and eggs, packed closely and regularly together, so as to present an uniform and inviting surface. Others carry only gingerbread, made of flour and treacle. These small trades are sometimes resorted to for a temporary purpose, rather than a street-seller's remaining in compulsory idleness. I learned also that cake-sellers in the regular line, when unable to command sufficient capital to carry on their trade in the way they have been accustomed to, sell "flayers," so called from being made with pig's or sheep's "flay," or any other cheap cakes, and so endeavour to retrieve themselves. The profits on these plainer sorts is 1d. in 1s. more than that on the others, but the sale rarely exceeds half as much. I heard, however, of one man who deposited in pence, in eight days, 1s. 10d. with a wholesale pastry-cook. He had saved this sum by almost starving himself, on the sale of the inferior cakes, and the dealer trusted him the 10d. to make up eight dozen in the regular cake business. To commence the street sale of cheap cakes requires a capital of less than 5s.; for tray, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 6d.; strap, 6d.; and stock-money, 1s. 6d.

Three or four men are occupied in selling plum-cakes. These are generally sold in halfpenny and penny lots. The plum-cake is made by the same class of pastrycooks whom I have described as supplying the tarts, puffs, &c., and sold on the same terms. The profits are fifty per cent.—what cost 4s. bringing in 6s. One man who travels to all the fairs and races, and is more in the country than town in the summer and autumn, sells large quantities of plum-cake in Smithfield when in town, sometimes having 2l. worth and more on his stall. He sells cakes of a pound (ostensibly) at 4d., 6d., and 8d., according to quality. He sometimes supplies the street-sellers on the same terms as the pastrycooks, for he was once a baker.

From the best data at my command, it appears that the sale of these inferior cakes does not realise above a fifth of that taken by the other sellers, of whom I have treated, amounting to about 450l. in all.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF GINGERBREAD-NUTS, &c.

THE sale of gingerbread, as I have previously observed, was much more extensive in the

streets than it is at present. Indeed, what was formerly known in the trade as "toy" gingerbread is now unseen in the streets, except occasionally, and that only when the whole has not been sold at the neighbouring fairs, at which it is still offered. But, even at these fairs, the principal, and sometimes the only, toy gingerbread that is vended is the "cock in breeches;" a formidable-looking bird, with his nether garments of gold. Twenty or thirty years ago, "king George on horseback" was popular in gingerbread. His Majesty, wearing a gilt crown, gilt spurs, and a gilt sword, bestrode the gilt saddle of his steed, and was eaten with great relish by his juvenile subjects. There were also sheep, and dogs, and other animals, all adorned in a similar manner, and looking as if they had been formed in close and faithful imitation of children's first attempts at cattle drawing. These edible toys were then sold in "white," as well as in "brown" gingerbread, the white being the same in all other respects as the brown, except that a portion of sugar was used in its composition instead of treacle.

There are now only two men in London who make their own gingerbread-nuts for sale in the streets. This preparation of gingerbread is called by the street-sellers, after a common elliptical fashion, merely "nuts." From the most experienced man in the street trade I had the following account: he was an intelligent, well-mannered, and well-spoken man, and when he laughed or smiled, had what may be best described as a pleasant look. After he had initiated me into the art and mystery of gingerbread making—which I shall detail separately—he said,

"I've been in the 'nut' trade 25 years, or thereabouts, and have made my own nuts for 20 years of that time. I bought a gingerbread baker at first—there was plenty of them in them days—and the profit a living profit, too. Certainly it was, for what I bought for 5s. I could sell for 16s. I was brought up a baker, but the moment I was out of my time I started in the street nut trade for myself. I knew the profits of it, and thought it better than the slavery of a journeyman baker's life. You've mentioned, sir, in your work, a musical sort of a street-crier of gingerbread (see p. 160), and I think, and indeed I'm pretty certain, that it's the same man as was my partner 20 years back; aye, more than 20, but I can't tell about years." [The reader will have remarked how frequently this oblivion as to dates and periods characterises the statements of street-sellers. Perhaps no men take less note of time.] "At that time he was my partner in the pig trade. Dairy-fed, d'you say, sir? Not in the slightest. The outsides of the hanimals was paste, and the insides on 'em was all mince-meat. Their eyes was currants. We two was the original pigs, and, I believe, the only two pigs in the streets. We often made 15s. between us, in a day, in pigs alone. The musical man, as you call him—poor fellow, he dropped down dead in

the street one day as he was crying; he was regular worn out—cried himself into his grave you may say—poor fellow, he used to sing out

'Here's a long-tailed pig, and a short-tailed pig,
And a pig with a curly tail:
Here's a Yorkshire pig, and a Hampshire pig,
And a pig without e'er a tail.'

"When I was first in the trade, I sold twice as many nuts as I do now, though my nuts was only 12 a penny then, and they're now 40. A little larger the 12 were, but not very much. I have taken 20s. and 24s. many and many a Saturday. I then made from 27. to 27. 10s. a week by sticking to it, and money might have been saved. I've taken between 77. and 87. at a Greenwich Fair in the three days, in them times, by myself. Indeed, last Easter, my wife and me—for she works as well as I do, and sells almost as much—took 57. But gingerbread was money in the old times, and I sold 'lumps' as well as 'nuts;' but now lumps won't go off—not in a fair, no how. I've been in the trade ever since I started in it, but I've had turns at other things. I was in the service of a Custom-house agency firm; but they got into bother about contrabands, and the revenue, and cut off to America—I believe they took money with them, a good bit of it—and I was indicted, or whatever they call it, in the Court of Exchequer—I never was in the Court in my life—and was called upon, one fine day, to pay to the Crown 1,5807., and some odd pounds and shillings besides! I never understood the rights of it, but it was about smuggling. I was indicted by myself, I believe. When Mr. Candy, and other great houses in the City, were found out that way, they made it all right; paid something, as I've heard, and sacked the profits. Well; when I was called on, it wasn't, I assure you, sir—ha, ha, ha!—at all convenient for a servant—and I was only that—to pay the fifteen hundred and odd; so I served 12 months and 2 days in prison for it. I'd saved a little money, and wasn't so uncomfortable in prison. I could get a dinner, and give a dinner. When I came out, I took to the nuts. It was lucky for me that I had a trade to turn to; for, even if I could have shown I wasn't at all to blame about the Exchequer, I could never have got another situation—never. So the streets saved me: my nuts was my bread.

"At this present time, sir, if I make, the year through, 9s. a week, and my wife 1s. or 2s. less, that's the extent. When the Queen opened Parliament, the two on us took 10s. The Queen's good for that, anyhow, in person. If the opening was by proclamation" [so he called it, three or four times], "it wouldn't have been worth while going to—not at all. If there's not a crowd, the police interfere, and 'move on!' is the order. The Queen's popular with me, for her opening Parliament herself. I count it her duty. The police are a great trouble. I can't say they disturb me in the place (never mind mentioning it, sir) where you've seen me, but they do it

other places. They say there's no rest for the wicked; but, in the streets, there's no rest for a man trying to make an honest living, as I'm sure I do. I could pitch anywhere, one time.

"My chief dependence is on working-men, who buys my nuts to take home to their young 'uns. I never sell for parties, or desserts, that I know of. I take very little from boys—very little. The women of the town buy hardly any of me. I used to sell a good many pigs to them, in some of the streets about Brunswick-square; kept misses, and such like—and very pleasant customers they was, and good pay: but that's all over now. They never 'bated me—never."

To make about 56 lbs. of the gingerbread-nuts sold by my informant, takes 28 lbs. of treacle, 7s.; 48 lbs. of flour, 14s.; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of ginger, 4d.; and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of allspice, 4d. From 18 to 20 dozen of small nuts go to the pound. This quantity, at 40 a penny, reckoning 18 dozen to a pound, realises about 5d. per pound; or about 25s. for an outlay of 11s. 8d. The expense of baking, however, and of "appurtenances," reduces the profit to little more than cent. per cent.

The other nut-sellers in the streets vend the "almond nuts." Of these vendors there are not less than 150; of them, 100 buy their goods of the bakers (what they sell for 1s. costing them 4d.), and the other 50 make their own. The materials are the same as those of the gingerbread, with the addition of 4 lbs. of butter, 8d. per lb.; 1 lb. of almonds, 1s. 4d.; and 2 lbs. of volatile salts, 8d. Out of this material, 60 lbs. of "almond nuts" may be made. A split almond is placed in the centre of each of these nuts; and, as they are three times as large as the gingerbread nuts, 12 a penny is the price. To sell 36 dozen a day—and so clearing 2s.—is accounted a "very tidy day's work." With the drawback of wet weather, the average weekly earnings of the almond nut-sellers are, perhaps, the same as the gingerbread nut man's—9s. weekly. These almond nut-sellers are, for the most part, itinerant, their localities of sale being the same as in the "cake and tart" line. They carry their goods, neatly done up in paper, on trays slung from the shoulder. The gingerbread-nuts are carried in a large basket, and are ready packed in paper bags.

Some of the "almond" men call at the public-houses, but the sale in such places is very small. Most of those who make their own nuts have been brought up as bakers—a class of workmen who seem to resort and adapt themselves to a street trade more readily than others. The nuts are baked in the usual way, spread on tin trays. To erect a proper oven for the purpose costs about 57., but most of the men hire the use of one.

I have already specified the materials required to make 56 lb. of gingerbread nuts, the cost being 11s. 8d. To that, the capital required to start in the business must be added, and this consists of basket, 6s.; baize cloth, 1s.; pan for dough, 1s.; rolling-pin, 3d., and baking-tins, 1s.

In all about 21s. To begin in a small way in the "almond" line, buying the nuts ready made, requires as capital: tray, 2s.; leather strap, 6d.; baize, 1s.; stock-money, 1s. 6d.—in all 5s. The sale is prosecuted through the year, but hot weather is unfavourable to it, as the nuts then turn soft.

Calculating that 150 of these street-dealers take 17s. each weekly (clearing 9s.), we find 6,6307. spent yearly in "spice" nuts in the streets of London.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF HOT-CROSS BUNS, AND OF CHELSEA BUNS.

PERHAPS no cry—though it is only for one morning—is more familiar to the ears of a Londoner, than that of "One-a-penny, two-a-penny, hot-cross buns," on Good Friday. The sale is unknown in the Irish capital; for among Roman Catholics, Good Friday, I need hardly say, is a strict fast, and the eggs in the buns prevent their being used. One London gentleman, who spoke of fifty years ago, told me that the street-bun-sellers used to have a not unpleasing distich. On reflection, however, my informant could not be certain whether he had heard this distich cried, or had remembered hearing the elders of his family speak of it as having been cried, or how it was impressed upon his memory. It seems hardly in accordance with the usual style of street poetry:—

"One-a-penny, two-a-penny, hot-cross buns!
If your daughters will not eat them, give them to
your sons.
But if you hav'n't any of those pretty little elves,
You cannot then do better than eat them all your-
selves."

A tradesman who had resided more than fifty years in the Borough had, in his boyhood, heard, but not often, this ridiculous cry:—

"One-a-penny, poker; two-a-penny, tongs!
One-a-penny; two-a-penny, hot-cross buns."

The sellers of the Good Friday buns are principally boys, and they are of mixed classes—costers' boys, boys habitually and boys occasionally street-sellers, and boys street-sellers for that occasion only. One great inducement to embark in the trade is the hope of raising a little money for the Greenwich Fair of the following Monday.

I am informed that 500 persons are employed on Good Friday in the streets of London in the sale of hot-cross buns, each itinerant selling upon the day's average six dozen halfpenny, and seven dozen penny buns, for which he will take 12s. 6d. (his profits being 3d. in the shilling or 3s. 1½d.). One person informed me that last Good Friday he had sold during the day forty dozen penny buns, for which he received 50s.

The bun-selling itinerants derive their supplies principally from the wholesale pastrycooks, and, in a less degree, from the small bakers and pastrycooks, who work more for "the trade" than themselves. The street hot-cross bun trade is less than it was seven or eight

years ago, as the bakers have entered into it more freely, and send round for orders: so that the itinerants complain that they have lost many a good customer. One informant (a master pastry-cook, who had been in the business nearly fifty years) said to me: "Times are sadly altered to what they were when I was a boy. Why I have known my master to bake five sacks of flour in nothing but hot-cross buns, and that is sufficient for 20,000 buns" (one sack of flour being used for 4,000 buns, or 500 lbs. of raw material to the same quantity of buns). The itinerants carry their baskets slung on their arm, or borne upon the head. A flannel or green baize is placed at the bottom of the basket and brought over the buns, after which a white cloth is spread over the top of the baize, to give it a clean appearance.

A vendor of "hot-cross buns" has to provide himself with a basket, a flannel (to keep the buns warm), and a cloth, to give a clean appearance to his commodities. These articles, if bought for the purpose, cost—basket, 2s. 6d.; flannel and cloth, 2s.; stock-money, average, 5s. (largest amount 15s., smallest 2s. 6d.); or about 10s. in all.

There is expended in one day, in hot-cross buns purchased in the London streets, 300l., and nearly 100,000 buns thus bought.

The Chelsea buns are now altogether superseded by the Bath and Alexander's buns. "People," the street-sellers say, "want so much for their money." There are now but two Chelsea bun-houses; the one at Pimlico, and the other at Chelsea. The principal times Chelsea buns were sold in the streets was Good Friday, Easter, and Whitsuntide; and, with the exception of Good Friday, the great sales were at Greenwich Fair, and then they were sold with other cakes and sweetmeats. I am informed that twenty years ago there was one man, with a rich musical voice, who sold these buns, about Westminster principally, all the year round; his cry—which was one of the musical ones—was, "One a penny, two a penny, hot Chelsea buns! Burning hot! smoking hot! r-r-r-reeking hot! hot Chelsea buns!"

OF MUFFIN AND CRUMPET-SELLING IN THE STREETS.

THE street-sellers of muffins and crumpets rank among the old street-tradesmen. It is difficult to estimate their numbers, but they were computed for me at 500, during the winter months. They are for the most part boys, young men, or old men, and some of them infirm. There are a few girls in the trade, but very few women.

The ringing of the muffin-man's bell—attached to which the pleasant associations are not a few—was prohibited by a recent Act of Parliament, but the prohibition has been as inoperative as that which forbade the use of a drum to the costermonger, for the muffin bell still tinkles along the streets, and is rung vigorously in the suburbs. The sellers of muffins and

crumpets are a mixed class, but I am told that more of them are the children of bakers, or worn-out bakers, than can be said of any other calling. The best sale is in the suburbs. "As far as I know, sir," said a muffin-seller, "it's the best Hackney way, and Stoke Newington, and Dalston, and Balls Pond, and Islington; where the gents that's in banks—the steady coves of them—goes home to their teas, and the missuses has muffins to welcome them; that's my opinion."

I did not hear of any street-seller who made the muffins or crumpets he vended. Indeed, he could not make the small quantity required, so as to be remunerative. The muffins are bought of the bakers, and at prices to leave a profit of 4d. in 1s. Some bakers give thirteen to the dozen to the street-sellers whom they know. The muffin-man carries his delicacies in a basket, wherein they are well swathed in flannel, to retain the heat: "People likes them warm, sir," an old man told me, "to satisfy them they're fresh, and they almost always are fresh; but it can't matter so much about their being warm, as they have to be toasted again. I only wish good butter was a sight cheaper, and that would make the muffins go. Butter's half the battle." The basket and flannels cost the muffin-man 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. His bell stands him in from 4d. to 2s., "according as the metal is." The regular price of good-sized muffins from the street-sellers is a halfpenny each; the crumpets are four a penny. Some are sold cheaper, but these are generally smaller, or made of inferior flour. Most of the street-sellers give thirteen, and some even fourteen to the dozen, especially if the purchase be made early in the day, as the muffin-man can then, if he deem it prudent, obtain a further supply.

A sharp London lad of fourteen, whose father had been a journeyman baker, and whose mother (a widow) kept a small chandler's shop, gave me the following account:—

"I turns out with muffins and crumpets, sir, in October, and continues until it gets well into the spring, according to the weather. I carries a fust-rate article; werry much so. If you was to taste 'em, sir, you'd say the same. If I sells three dozen muffins at ½d. each, and twice that in crumpets, it's a werry fair day, werry fair; all beyond that is a good day. The profit on the three dozen and the others is 1s., but that's a great help, really a wonderful help, to mother, for I should be only mindin' the shop at home. Perhaps I clears 4s. a week, perhaps more, perhaps less; but that's about it, sir. Some does far better than that, and some can't hold a candle to it. If I has a hextra day's sale, mother'll give me 3d. to go to the play, and that hencourages a young man, you know, sir. If there's any unsold, a coffee-shop gets them cheap, and puts 'em off cheap again next mornin'. My best customers is genteel houses, 'cause I sells a genteel thing. I likes wet days best, 'cause there's werry respectable ladies what don't

keep a servant, and they buys to save themselves going out. We're a great convenience to the ladies, sir—a great convenience to them as likes a slap-up tea. I have made 1s. 8d. in a day; that was my best. I once took only 2½d.—I don't know why—that was my worst. The shops don't love me—I puts their noses out. Sunday is no better day than others, or werry little. I can read, but wish I could read easier."

Calculating 500 muffin-sellers, each clearing 4s. a week, we find 300l. a week expended on the metropolitan street sale of muffins; or, in the course of twenty weeks, 2,000l. Five shillings, with the price of a basket, &c., which is about 3s. 6d. more, is the capital required for a start.

OF THE STREET SALE OF SWEET-STUFF.

IN this sale there are now engaged, as one of the most intelligent of the class calculated, 200 individuals, exclusive of twenty or thirty Jew boys. The majority of the sellers are also the manufacturers of the articles they vend. They have all been brought up to the calling, their parents having been in it, or having been artisans (more especially bakers) who have adopted it for some of the general reasons I have before assigned. The non-makers buy of the cheap confectioners.

The articles now vended do not differ materially, I am informed by men who have known the street trade for forty years, from those which were in demand when they began selling in the streets.

A very intelligent man, who had succeeded his father and mother in the "sweet-stuff" business—his father's drunkenness having kept them in continual poverty—showed me his apparatus, and explained his mode of work. His room, which was on the second-floor of a house in a busy thoroughfare, had what I have frequently noticed in the abodes of the working classes—the decency of a turn-up bedstead. It was a large apartment, the rent being 3s. 6d. a week, unfurnished. The room was cheerful with birds, of which there were ten or twelve. A remarkably fine thrush was hopping in a large wicker cage, while linnets and bullfinches showed their quick bright eyes from smaller cages on all sides. These were not kept for sale but for amusement, their owner being seldom able to leave his room. The father and mother of this man cleared, twenty years ago, although at that time sugar was 6d. or 7d. the pound, from 2l. to 3l. a week by the sale of sweet-stuff; half by keeping a stall, and half by supplying small shops or other stall-keepers. My present informant, however, who has—not the best—but one of the best businesses in London, makes 24s. or 25s. a week from October to May, and scarcely 12s. a week during the summer months, "when people love to buy any cool fresh fruit instead of sweet-stuff." The average profits of the generality of the trade do not perhaps exceed 10s. 6d. or

12s. a week, take the year round. They reside in all parts.

Treacle and sugar are the ground-work of the manufacture of all kinds of sweet-stuff. "Hard-bake," "almond toffy," "halfpenny lollipops," "black balls," the cheaper "bulls eyes," and "squibs" are all made of treacle. One informant sold more of treacle rock than of anything else, as it was dispensed in larger halfpennyworths, and no one else made it in the same way. Of peppermint rock and sticks he made a good quantity. Half-a-crown's worth, as retailed in the streets, requires 4 lbs. of rough raw sugar at 4½d. per lb., 1½d. for scent (essence of peppermint), 1½d. for firing, and ½d. for paper—in all 1s. 8½d. calculating nothing for the labour and time expended in boiling and making it. The profit on the other things was proportionate, except on almond rock, which does not leave 2½d. in a shilling—almonds being dear. Brandy balls are made of sugar, water, peppermint, and a little cinnamon. Rose acid, which is a "transparent" sweet, is composed of loaf sugar at 6½d. per lb., coloured with cochineal. The articles sold in "sticks" are pulled into form along a hook until they present the whitish, or speckled colour desired. A quarter of a stone of materials will, for instance, be boiled for forty minutes, and then pulled a quarter of an hour, until it is sufficiently crisp and will "set" without waste. The flavouring—or "scent" as I heard it called in the trade—now most in demand is peppermint. Gibraltar rock and Wellington pillars used to be flavoured with ginger, but these "sweeties" are exploded.

Dr. Pereria, in his "Treatise on Diet," enumerates as many as ten different varieties and preparations of sugar used for dietetical purposes. These are (1) purified or refined sugar; (2) brown or raw sugar; (3) molasses or treacle—or fluid sugar; (4) aqueous solutions of sugar—or syrups; (5) boiled sugars, or the softer kinds of confectionary; (6) sugar-candy, or crystallized cane sugar; (7) burnt sugar, or caramel; (8) hard confectionary; (9) liquorice; (10) preserves. The fifth and eighth varieties alone concern us here.

Of the several preparations of *boiled sugar*, the Doctor thus speaks, "If a small quantity of water be added to sugar, the mixture heated until the sugar dissolves, and the solution boiled to drive off part of the water, the tendency of the sugar to crystallise is diminished, or, in some cases, totally destroyed. To promote this effect, confectioners sometimes add a small portion of cream of tartar to the solution while boiling. Sugar, thus altered by heat, and sometimes variously flavoured, constitutes several preparations sold by the confectioner. *Barley-sugar* and *acidulated drops* are prepared in this way from white sugar: powdered tartaric acid being added to the sugar while soft. *Hardbake* and *toffee* are made by a similar process from brown sugar. *Toffee* differs from *hardbake* from containing butter.

The ornamented sugar pieces, or *caramel-tops*, with which pastrycooks decorate their tarts, &c., are prepared in the same way. If the boiled and yet soft sugar be rapidly and repeatedly extended, and pulled over a hook, it becomes opaque and white, and then constitutes *pulled sugar*, or *penides*. Pulled sugar, variously flavoured and coloured, is sold in several forms by the preparers of hard confectionary.

"Concerning this *hard confectionary*," Dr. Pereira says, "sugar constitutes the base of an almost innumerable variety of hard confectionary, sold under the names of *lozenges*, *brilliant*, *pipe*, *rock*, *comfits*, *nonpareils*, &c. Besides sugar, these preparations contain some flavouring ingredient, as well as flour or gum, to give them cohesiveness, and frequently colouring matter. Caraway, fruits, almonds, and pine seeds, constitute the nuclei of some of these preparations."

One of the appliances of the street sweet-stuff trade which I saw in the room of the seller before mentioned was—Acts of Parliament. A pile of these, a foot or more deep, lay on a shelf. They are used to wrap up the rock, &c., sold. The sweet-stuff maker (I never heard them called confectioners) bought his "paper" of the stationers, or at the old book-shops. Sometimes, he said, he got works in this way in sheets which had never been cut (some he feared were stolen,) and which he retained to read at his short intervals of leisure, and then used to wrap his goods in. In this way he had read through two Histories of England! He maintained a wife, two young children, and a young sister, who could attend to the stall; his wife assisted him in his manufactures. He used 1 cwt. of sugar a week on the year's average, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of treacle, and 5 oz. of scents, each 8d. an oz.

The man who has the best trade in London streets, is one who, about two years ago, introduced—after much study, I was told—short sentences into his "sticks." He boasts of his secret. When snapped asunder, in any part, the stick presents a sort of coloured inscription. The four I saw were: "Do you love me?" The next was of less touching character, "Do you love sprats?" The others were, "Lord Mayor's Day," and "Sir Robert Peel." This man's profits are twice those of my respectable informant's.

OF THE CUSTOMERS OF THE SWEET-STUFF STREET-SELLERS.

ANOTHER sweet-stuff man, originally a baker, but who, for a fortnight before I saw him, had been attending upon an old gentleman, disabled from an accident, gave me the following account of his customers. What I heard from the other street-sellers satisfies me of the correctness of the statement. It will be seen that he was possessed of some humour and observation:

"Boys and girls are my best customers, sir, and mostly the smallest of them; but then,

again, some of them's fifty, aye, turned fifty; Lor' love you. An old fellow, that hasn't a stump of a tooth in front, why, he'll stop and buy a ha'porth of hard-bake, and he'll say, 'I've a deal of the boy left about me still.' He doesn't show it, anyhow, in his look. I'm sometimes a thinking I'll introduce a softer sort of toffy—boiled treacle, such as they call Tom Trot in some parts, but it's out of fashion now, just for old people that's 'boys still.' It was rolled in a ha'penny stick, sir, and sold stunnin'. The old ones wants something to suck, and not to chew. Why, when I was a lad at school, there was Jews used to go about with boxes on their backs, offering rings and pencil-cases, and lots of things that's no real use to nobody, and they told everybody they asked to buy 'that they sold everything, and us boys used to say—'Then give's a ha'porth of boiled treacle.' It was a regular joke. I wish I'd stuck more to my book then, but what can't be cured must be endured, you know. Now, those poor things that walks down there" (intimating, by a motion of the head, a thoroughfare frequented by girls of the town), "they're often customers, but not near so good as they was ten year ago; no, indeed, nor six or eight year. They like something that bites in the mouth, such as peppermint-rock, or ginger-drops. They used to buy a penn'orth or two and offer it to people, but they don't now, I think. I've trusted them ha'pennies and pennies, sometimes. They always paid me. Some that held their heads high like, might say: 'I really have no change; I'll pay you to-morrow.' She hadn't no change, poor lass, sure enough, and she hadn't nothing to change either, I'll go bail. I've known women, that seemed working men's or little shopkeeper's wives, buy of me and ask which of my stuffs took greatest hold of the breath. I always knew what they was up to. They'd been having a drop, and didn't want it to be detected. Why, it was only last Saturday week two niceish-looking and niceish-dressed women, comes up to me, and one was going to buy peppermint-rock, and the other says to her: 'Don't, you fool, he'll only think you've been drinking gin-and-peppermint. Coffee takes it off best.' So I lost my customers. They hadn't had a *single* drain that night, I'll go bail, but still they didn't look like regular lushingtons at all. I make farthing's-worths of sweet-stuff, for children, but I don't like it; it's an injury to trade. I was afraid that when half-farthings was coined, they'd come among children, and they'd want half a farthing of brandy-balls. Now, talking of brandy-balls, there's a gentleman that sometimes has a minute's chat with me, as he buys a penn'orth to take home to his children—(every reasonable man ought to marry and have children for the sake of the sweet-trade, but it ain't the women's fault that many's single still)—when one gentleman I knows buys brandy-balls, he says, quite grave, 'What kind o' brandy do you put in them?' 'Not a drop of British,' says I, 'I

can assure you; not a single drop.' He's not finely dressed; indeed, he's a leetle seedy, but I know he's a gentleman, or what's the same thing, if he ain't rich; for a common fellow 'll never have his boots polished that way, every day of his life; his blacking bills must come heavy at Christmas. I can tell a gentleman, too, by his way of talk, 'cause he's never bumptious. It's the working people's children that's my great support, and they was a better support, by 2s. in every 10s., and more, when times was better; and next to them among my patrons is poor people. Perhaps, this last year, I've cleared 11s. a week, not more, all through. I make my own stuffs, except the drops, and they require machinery. I would get out of the streets if I could."

Another of these traders told me, that he took more in farthings, than in halfpennies or pennies.

Calculating 200 sweet-stuff sellers, each clearing 10s. weekly, the outlay in rocks, candies, hard-bakes, &c., in the streets is 5,200l. yearly, or nearly two and a half millions of halfpenny-worths.

To start in the sweet-stuff business requires a capital of 35s., including a saucepan in which to boil sugar, 2s.; weights and scales, 4s.; stock-money (average), 4s.; and barrow, 25s. If the seller be not his own manufacturer, then a tray, 1s. 9d.; and stock-money, 1s. 6d.; or 3s. 3d. in all will be sufficient.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF COUGH DROPS AND OF MEDICAL CONFECTIONARY.

MR. STRUTT, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England" (1800), says of the Mountebank: "It is uncertain at what period this vagrant dealer in physic made his appearance in England; it is clear, however, that he figured away with much success in this country during the last two centuries. . . . The mountebanks usually preface the vending of their medicines with pompous orations, in which they pay as little regard to truth as to propriety." I am informed by a gentleman observant of the matter, that within his knowledge, which extends to the commencement of the present century, no mountebank (proper) had appeared in the streets of London proclaiming the virtues of his medicines; neither with nor without his "fool." The last seen by my informant, perhaps the latest mountebank in England, was about twenty years ago, in the vicinity of Yarmouth. He was selling "cough drops" and infallible cures for asthma, and was dressed in a periwig and an embroidered coat, with ruffles at his wrist, a sword to his side, and was a representation, in shabby genteel, of the fine gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne. The mountebank's most legitimate successor in the street cajolery of London, as regards his "orations," is the "Patterer," as I shall show in my account of the street trade in stationery literature. His successor in the vending of curative confectionaries and (in a small degree)

of nostrums, salves, ointments, &c., are the sellers of "cough drops" and "horehound candy," and of the corn salves, and cures for bruises, sprains, burns, &c., &c., &c.

The street-traders in cough drops and their accompaniments, however, do not now exceed six, and of them only two—who are near relatives—manufacture their own stock-in-trade. I here treat of the street trade in "cough drops," as a branch of the itinerant sweet-stuff trade. The "mountebank" part of the business—that is to say, "the prefacing the vending of the medicines with pompous orations," I shall reserve till its proper place—viz. the "pattering" part of the street trade, of which an account will be given in the next Chapter.

The two principal vendors of cough drops wheel their stalls, which are fixed upon barrows, to different parts of town, but one principal stand is in Holborn. On their boards are displayed the cough cures, both in the form of "sticks" and "drops," and a model of a small distillery. The portion inclosing the still is painted to resemble brick-work, and a tin tube, or worm, appears to carry the distillation to a receiver. Horehound, colts-foot, and some other herbs lie in a dried state on the stall, but principally horehound, to which popular (street) opinion seems to attach the most and the greatest virtues. There are also on the stalls a few bottles, tied up in the way they are dispensed from a regular practitioner, while the cough drops are in the form of sticks ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. each), also neatly wrapped in paper. The cry is both expressive and simply descriptive—"Long life candy! Candy from herbs!"

From the most experienced person in this curious trade, I had the following statement. He entertained a full assurance, as far as I could perceive, of the excellence of his remedies, and of the high art and mystery of his calling. In persons of his class, professing to heal, no matter in what capacity, or what may be the disease, this is an important element of success. My informant, whether answering my questions or speaking of his own accord, always took time to consider, and sometimes, as will be seen, declined replying to my inquiries. From him I received the following account:—

"The cough drop and herb trade is nothing now to what it was long ago. Thirty or forty years ago, it was as good as 3l. or 4l. a week to a person, and was carried on by respectable men. I know nothing of any 'humbugs' in the respectable part of the trade. What's done by those who are ignorant, and not respectable, is nothing to me. I don't know how many there were in the trade thirty or forty years ago; but I know that, ten or eleven years since, I supplied seven persons who sold cough drops, and such like, in the streets, and now I supply only myself and another. I sell only four or five months in the year—the cold months, in course; for, in the summer, people are not so subject to coughs and colds. I am the 'original' maker of my goods. I will cure any child of the hooping-

cough, and very speedily. I defy any medical man to dispute it, and I'll do it—'no cure, no pay.' I never profess to cure asthma. Nobody but a gravedigger can put an end to that there; but I can relieve it. It's the same with consumption; it may be relieved, but the gravedigger is the only man as can put a stop to it. Many have tried to do it, but they've all failed. I sell to very respectable people, and to educated people, too; and, what's more, a good deal (of cough drops) to medical men. In course, they can analyse it, if they please. They can taste the bitter, and judge for themselves, just as they can taste wine in the Docks. Perhaps the wives of mechanics are among my best customers. They are the most numerous, but they buy only ha'porths and penn'orths. Very likely, they would think more of the remedy if they had to pay 13½d. for it, instead of the 1½d. The Government stamp makes many a stuff sell. Oh! I know nothing about quackery: you must inquire at the Stamp-office, if you want to know about them kind of medicines. They're the people that help to sell them. Respectable people will pay me 1s. or 2s. at a time; and those who buy once, buy again. I'm sent to from as far off as Woolwich. I'll undertake to cure, or afford relief, in coughs, colds, or wind in the chest, or forfeit 1s. I can dispeel wind in two minutes. I sell bottles, too, for those cures (as well as the candy from herbs): I manufacture them myself. They're decoctions of herbs, and the way to prepare them is my secret. I sell them at from 2d. to 1s. Why, I use one article that costs 24s. a pound, foreign, and twice that English. I've sold hundred weights. The decoctions are my secret. I will instruct any person—and have instructed a good many—when I'm paid for it. In course, it would never do to publish it in your work, for thousands would then learn it for 2d. My secret was never given to any person—only with what you may call a fee—except one, and only to him when he got married, and started in the line. He's a connection of mine. All we sell is genuine.

"I sell herbs, too, but it's not a street sale: I supply them to orders from my connection. It's not a large trade. I sell horehound, for tea or decoctions; coltsfoot, for smoking as herb tobacco (I gather the coltsfoot myself, but buy the horehound of a shopkeeper, as it's cultivated); ground-ivy is sold only for the blood (but little of it); hyssop for wind; and Irish moss for consumption. I'm never asked for anything improper. They won't ask me for — or —. And I'm never asked for washes or cosmetics; but a few nettles are ordered of me for complexion.

"Well, sir, I'd rather not state the quantities I sell, or my profits, or prices. I make what keeps myself, my wife, and seven children, and that's all I need say about it. I'd rather say no more on that part of the business: and so, I'm sure you won't press me. I don't know what others in the trade make. They buy of confectioners, and are only imitators of me. They buy

coltsfoot-candy, and such like; how it's made so cheap, I don't know. In the summer, I give up cough-drop selling, and take to gold fish."

I am told that the cough-drop-makers, who are also street-sellers, prepare their sticks, &c., much in the same method as the manufacturers of the ordinary sweet-stuff (which I have described), using the decoction, generally of horehound or coltsfoot, as the "scents" are used. In the old times, it would appear that the preparation of a medicinal confection was a much more elaborate matter, if we may judge by the following extract from an obsolete medical work treating of the matter. The author styles such preparations "lohochs," which is an Arabic word, he says, and signifies "a thing to be licked." It would appear that the lohoch was not so hard as the present cough-drop. The following is one of the receipts, "used generally against diseases in the breast and lungs:"—

"Lohoch de farsara," the Lohoch of Coltsfoot.

Take of coltsfoot roots cleansed 8 ozs., marsh-mallow roots 4 ozs., boil them in a sufficient quantity of water, and press the pulp through a sieve, dissolve it again in the decoction, and let it boil once or twice; then take it from the fire, and add 2 lbs. of white sugar, honey of raisins 14 ozs., juice of liquorice 2½ drams, stir them well with a wooden pestle, sprinkling in of saffron and cloves in powder, of each 1 scruple, cinnamon and mace, of each 2 scruples; make them into a lohoch according to art. It is good for a cough and roughness of the windpipe.

Without wishing to infringe upon professional secrets, I may mention that the earnings of the principal man in the trade may be taken at 30s. a week for 20 weeks; that of another at 15s. for the same period; and those of the remaining four at 5s. each, weekly; but the latter sell acid drops, and other things bought of the chemists. Allowing the usual cent. per cent., we then find 130l. expended by street-buyers on cough-drops.

The best cough-drop stall seen in the streets is a kind of barrow, which can be shut up like a piano: it cost 3l. 10s. complete with the distilling apparatus before described. Scales and weights cost 5s., and the stock-money for the supply of such a stall need not exceed 10s.; or, in all, about 4l. 10s. For an ordinary trade-ready-made articles forming the stock—the capital would be, stall and trestle, 7s.; scales and weights (which are not always used), 3s. 6d., and stock-money, 2s. 6d.; in all, 13s.

OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF ICES AND OF ICE CREAMS.

I HAVE already treated of the street luxury of pine-apples, and have now to deal with the greater street rarity of ice-creams.

A quick-witted street-seller—but not in the "provision" line—conversing with me upon this subject, said: "Ices in the streets! Aye, and there'll be jellies next, and then mock turtle, and then the real ticket, sir. I don't know nothing of the difference between the real thing and the mock, but I once had some cheap mock in an eating-house, and it tasted like stewed tripe with a little glue. You'll keep

your eyes open, sir, at the Great Exhibition; and you'll see a new move or two in the streets, take my word for it. Penny glasses of champagne, I shouldn't wonder."

Notwithstanding the sanguine anticipations of my street friend, the sale of ices in the streets has not been such as to offer any great encouragement to a perseverance in the traffic.

The sale of ice-creams was unknown in the streets until last summer, and was first introduced, as a matter of speculation, by a man who was acquainted with the confectionary business, and who purchased his ices of a confectioner in Holborn. He resold these luxuries daily to street-sellers, sometimes to twenty of them, but more frequently to twelve. The sale, however, was not remunerative, and had it not been generally united with other things, such as ginger-beer, could not have been carried on as a means of subsistence. The supplier of the street-traders sometimes went himself, and sometimes sent another to sell ice-cream in Greenwich Park on fine summer days, but the sale was sometimes insufficient to pay his railway expenses. After three or four weeks' trial, this man abandoned the trade, and soon afterwards emigrated to America.

Not many weeks subsequent to "the first start," I was informed, the trade was entered into by a street-seller in Petticoat-lane, who had become possessed, it was said, of Masters's Freezing Apparatus. He did not vend the ices himself for more than two or three weeks, and moreover confined his sale to Sunday mornings; after a while he employed himself for a short time in making ices for four or five street-sellers, some of whom looked upon the preparation as a wonderful discovery of his own, and he then discontinued the trade.

There were many difficulties attending the introduction of ices into street-traffic. The buyers had but a confused notion how the ice was to be swallowed. The trade, therefore, spread only very gradually, but some of the more enterprising sellers purchased stale ices from the confectioners. So little, however, were the street-people skilled in the trade, that a confectioner told me they sometimes offered ice to their customers in the streets, and could supply only water! Ices were sold by the street-vendors generally at 1d. each, and the trade left them a profit of 4d. in 1s., when they served them "without waste," and some of the sellers contrived, by giving smaller modicums, to enhance the 4d. into 5d.; the profit, however, was sometimes what is expressively called "nil." Cent. per cent.—the favourite and simple rate known in the streets as "half-profits" was rarely attained.

From a street-dealer I received the following account:—

"Yes, sir, I mind very well the first time as I ever sold ices. I don't think they'll ever take greatly in the streets, but there's no saying. Lord! how I've seen the people splutter when they've tasted them for the first time.

I did as much myself. They get among the teeth and make you feel as if you tooth-ached all over. I sold mostly strawberry ices. I haven't an idee how they're made, but it's a most wonderful thing in summer—freezing fruits in that way. One young Irish fellow—I think from his look and cap he was a printer's or stationer's boy—he bought an ice of me, and when he had scraped it all together with the spoon, he made a pull at it as if he was a drinking beer. In course it was all among his teeth in less than no time, and he stood like a staty for a instant, and then he roared out,—'Jasus! I'm kilt. The could shivers is on to me!' But I said, 'O, you're all right, you are;' and he says, 'What d'you mane, you horrid horn,* by selling such stuff as that. An' you must have the money first, had scran to the likes o' you!'

"The persons what enjoyed their ices most," the man went on, "was, I think, servant maids that gulped them on the sly. Pr'aps they'd been used, some on 'em, to get a taste of ices on the sly before, in their services. We sees a many dodges in the streets, sir—a many. I knew one smart servant maid, treated to an ice by her young man—they seemed as if they was keeping company—and he soon was stamping, with the ice among his teeth, but she knew how to take hern, put the spoon right into the middle of her mouth, and when she'd had a clean swallow she says: 'O, Joseph, why didn't you ask me to tell you how to eat your ice?' The conceit of sarvant gals is ridiculous. Don't you think so, sir? But it goes out of them when they gets married and has to think of how to get broth before how to eat ices. One hot day, about eleven, a thin tall gentleman, not very young, threw down 1d. to me, and says, says he, 'As much ice as you can make for that.' He knew how to take it. When he'd done, he says, says he, 'By G—, my good feller, you've saved my life. I've been keeping it up all night, and I was dying of a burnt-up throat, after a snooze, and had only 1d. So sick and hot was my stomach, I could have knelt down and taken a pull at the Thames—we was near it at the time—'You've saved my life, and I'll see you again.' But I've never see'd him since. He was a gentleman, I think. He was in black, and wore a big black and gold ring—only one.

"The rest of my customers for ices, was people that bought out of curiosity, and there was gentlemen's servants among 'em, very little fellows some of 'em; and doctors' boys; and mechanics as was young and seemed of a smartish sort; and boys that seemed like schoolboys; and a few women of the town,—but mine's not much of a pitch for them."

From the information I obtained, I may state

* I inquired as to what was meant by the reproachful appellation, "horrid horn," and my informant declared that "to the best of his hearing," those were the words used; but doubtless the word was "omadhaun," signifying in the Erse tongue, a half-witted fellow. My informant had often sold fruit to the same lad, and said he had little of the brogue, or of "old Irish words," unless "his temper was riz, and then it came out powerful."

that, if the sale of street ices be calculated at twenty persons taking, not earning, 1s. 6d. daily for four weeks, it is as near the mark as possible. This gives an expenditure of 42l. in street ices, with a profit to the vendors of from 10 to 25 per cent. I am told that an unsuccessful start has characterised other street trades—rhubarb for instance, both in the streets and markets—which have been afterwards successful and remunerative.

For capital in the ice trade a small sum was

necessary, as the vendors had all stalls and sold other commodities, except the "original street ice man," who was not a regular street trader, but a speculator. A jar—in which the ices were neither sufficiently covered nor kept cooled, though it was often placed in a vessel or "cooler," containing cold water—cost 1s., three cups, 3d. (or three glasses, 1s.), and three spoons, 3d., with 2s. stock-money; the total is, presuming glasses were used, 4s., or, with a vessel for water, 5s.

OF THE CAPITAL AND INCOME OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF EATABLES AND DRINKABLES.

I now give a summary of the Capital and Income of the street-sellers of eatables and drinkables. But, first, I will endeavour to arrive at an estimate of the total number of people belonging to the class.

The street-sellers engaged in the sale of eatables and drinkables, are, summing the several items before given, altogether 6,347: of whom 300 sell pea-soup and hot eels; 150, pickled whelks; 300, fried fish; 300, sheeps' trotters; 60, ham-sandwiches; 200, baked 'tatoes; 4, hot green peas; 150, meat; 25, bread; 1,000, cat and dogs' meat; 300, coffee and tea; 1,700, ginger-beer, lemonade, sherbet, &c.; 50, elder-wine; 4, peppermint-water; 28, milk; 100, curds and whey and rice-milk; 60, water; 50, pies; 6, boiled pudding; 6, plum "duff"; 150, cakes and tarts; 4, plum-cakes; 30, other cheaper cakes; 150, gingerbread-nuts; 500, cross-buns; 500, muffins and crumpets; 200, sweet stuff; 6, cough-drops; 20, ice-creams. But many of the above are only temporary trades. The street-sale of hot cross-buns, for instance, lasts only for a day; that of muffins and crumpets, baked potatoes, plum-"duff," cough-drops, elder-wine, and rice-milk, are all purely winter trades, while the sale of ginger-beer, lemonade, ice-creams, and curds and whey, is carried on solely in the summer. By this means the number of the street-sellers of eatables and drinkables, never at any one time reaches the amount before stated. In summer there are, in addition to the 10,000 costers before mentioned, about 3,000 people, and in winter between 4,000 and 5,000, engaged in the eatable and drinkable branch of the street-traffic.

As regards the Capital and Income, many minute accounts have been prepared.

To show the care, as well as the fulness with which these returns have been made, I give one of the Tables in its integrity, merely remarking, that similar tables relative to all the other articles have been made; but I condense the details, lest a repetition, however curious in its statistics, should prove wearisome:

CAPITAL, OR STOCK IN TRADE, OF THE STREET-SELLERS OF EATABLES AND DRINKABLES.

Street-sellers of Hot Eels.		£	s.	d.
200 stalls, at 6s.		60	0	0
100 baskets, at 1s.		5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
200 eel-kettles, at 3s. 6d.	35	0	0
100 jars for itinerants, at 6d.	2	10	0
300 stew-pans, at 2s.	30	0	0
300 strainers, at 1s.	15	0	0
300 ladles, at 4d.	5	0	0
2,400 cups, at 1d.	10	0	0
2,400 spoons, at 1d.	10	0	0
200 chafing-dishes, at 6d.	5	0	0
200 glasses for candles, at 3d.	2	10	0
240 vendors' stock-money, at 5s. each	60	0	0
60 ditto, at 25s. each	75	0	0
100 itinerants' ditto, at 2s. each	10	0	0
300 cloths, at 4d. each	5	0	0
300 pairs of sleeves, at 4d. per pair	5	0	0
300 aprons at 4d. each	5	0	0
	£339	10	0

Street-sellers of Pea Soup.

150 soup-kettles, 4s. each; 150 ladles, 6d. each; 150 pepper-boxes, 1d. each; 150 mint-boxes, 3d. each; 150 chafing-dishes, 6d. each; 1,800 basons, 1d. each; 1,800 spoons, 1d. each; stock-money, 3s. 6d. each*	81	5	0
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Street-sellers of Pickled Whelks.

100 stalls, 4s. each; 150 baskets, 2s. 6d. each; 150 tin boilers, 2s. 6d. each; 75 pans, 9d. each; 150 jars, 6d. each; 150 flour-dredgers, 4d. each; 1,800 saucers, 1/2d. each; 150 table-spoons, 2d. each; 150 knives, 2d. each; 150 vinegar-bottles, 1d. each; 150 serge aprons, 2s. each; stock-money, for 150 vendors, 5s. each	125	18	9
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Street-sellers of Fried Fish.

300 trays, 1s. 6d. each; 300 frying-pans, 1s. 6d. each; 300 salt-dredgers, 3d. each; 300 knives, 2d. each; 300 earthenware pans, 1s. each; 300 shallows, 1s. each; stock-money, for 150 vendors, 5s. each	156	5	0
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* The hot-eel trade being in conjunction with the pea-soup, the same stall, candles, towels, sleeves, and aprons do for both.

Street-sellers of Sheeps' Trotters.

300 baskets, 1s. 4d. each; 300 cotton cloths, 4d. each; 300 forks, 2d. each; 300 knives, 3d. each; 300 pepper-boxes, 1d. each; 300 salt-cellar, 1d. each; stock-money, for 300 sellers, 1s. each	48	15	0
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Street-sellers of Ham Sandwiches.

60 baskets, 2s. each; 60 tin boilers, 2s. each; 60 knives and forks, 6d. per pair; 60 mustard-pots, 1d. each; 60 spoons, 1d. each; 60 cloths, 5d. each; 60 aprons, 4d. each; 60 pairs of sleeves, 4d. per pair; stock-money for 60 vendors, 7s. 2d. weekly	38	15	0
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Street-sellers of Baked 'Tatoes.

300 cans, 2l. each; 300 knives, 3d. each; 300 pepper-boxes, 1d. each; stock-money for 300 vendors, 10s. each	755	0	0
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Street-sellers of Hot Green Peas.

4 cans, 2s. 6d. each; 4 vinegar-bottles, 1d. each; 4 pepper-boxes, 3d. each; 12 saucers, 1d. each; 12 spoons, 1d. each; 4 cloths, 4d. each; stock-money for 4 vendors, 2s. each	1	2	8
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Street-sellers of Meat ("Hawking Butchers.")

150 baskets, 4s. 6d. each; 150 saws, 2s. each; 150 cleavers, 1s. 6d. each; 150 steels, 1s. 6d. each; 150 belts for baskets, 1s. each; 150 do. for waist, 6d. each; 150 cloths, 6d. each; 150 aprons, 6d. each; 150 pairs of sleeves, 4d. per pair; 150 vendors' stock-money, 6s. each per day	138	5	0
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Street-sellers of Bread.

12 baskets, 4s. 6d. each; 12 barrows, 40s. each; 1 long bread-basket, 40s.; 1 barrow, 30s.; 13 sacks, 1s. each; stock-money for 25 vendors, at 1l. each	55	17	0
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Street-sellers of Cats' and Dogs'-meat.

500 barrows, 18s. each; 1,000 baskets, 1s. 6d. each; 500 sets of weights and scales, 4s. each; 1,000 knives, 8d. each; 1,000 steels, 1s. each; stock-money of 1,500 vendors, 7s. 6d. per head	1,083	6	8
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Street-sellers of Coffee and Tea.

150 tables, 2s. 6d. each; 75 stalls, 6s. each; 75 coffee-barrows, 1l. each; 400 coffee-cans (100 vendors having two cans, and 200 only one), 8s. each; 1,200 half-pint cups and saucers, 3d. each, and 900 pints, 6d. each; 2,100 spoons, 1d. each; 900 plates, 1 1/2d. each; 300 knives, 2d. each; 300 pans, 9d. each; 600 canisters, 5d. each; 50 screens, 2s. 6d. each; stock-money of 300 vendors, 5s. each	435	12	0
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Street-sellers of Ginger-beer.

300 barrows, 1l. each; 1,000 stalls, 5s. each; 175 fountains, 7l. each; 20 ditto, 20l. each; 3 ditto, 100l. each; 2,000 glasses, 5d. each; 1,500 tanks, 1s. each; 3,000 towels, 6d. each; 500 sets of brewing utensils, corks, &c., 5s. each; 500 gross of bottles, 10s. per gross, and stock-money for 1,500 vendors, 5s. each	3,562	10	0
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Street-sellers of Lemonade, Nectar, Sherbet, &c.*

200 stalls, 6s. each; 500 stone barrels, 5s. 6d. each; 1,200 glasses, 4 1/2d. each; 400 towels, 6d. each; 200 jars, 2s. each; 2,400 glass bottles, 3d. each; stock-money for 200 vendors, 2s. 6d. each	305	0	0
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Street-sellers of Elder-wine.

3 elder-wine carriages and apparatus, 7l. each; 47 ditto ditto, 3l. 10s. each; 300 small wine-glasses, 2d. each; stock-money, 3s. per head	195	10	0
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Street-sellers of Peppermint-water.

2 kegs, 3s. 6d. each; 2 jars, 2s. each; 16 glasses, 3d. each; 4 cloths, 4d. each; stock-money, for four vendors, 1s. each	1	0	4
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Milk-sellers in the Park.

16 cows, 20l. each; 8 lockers, 3l. each; 32 fixed seats, 3s. each; 48 forms, 3s. each; 48 glasses, 4 1/2d. each; 96 cups, 1d. each; 8 halters, for cows, 6d. each; 8 pans, 1s. each; 16 towels, 6d. each	358	6	0
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Milk-sellers in Markets, &c.

20 yokes and pairs of cans, 15s. each; 20 sets of measures, 2s. per set; stock-money for 20 vendors, 3s. each	20	0	0
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Street-sellers of Curds and Whey.

100 stalls, 5s. each; 100 sauce-pans, to scald the milk in, 2s. each; 300 cups, 1d. each; 300 glasses, 5d. each; 600 spoons, 1/2d. each; 100 tin kettles, for stalls, at 3s. 6d. each; 100 small tubs, 1s. each; 100 cloths, 3d. each; stock-money for 100 vendors, at 2s. each	77	10	0
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Street-sellers of Rice-milk. †

50 kettles and braziers, for stall, 4s. the two; 300 spice or peppermint-boxes, 1d. each; stock-money for fifty vendors, 1s. 3d. each	14	7	6
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Water-carriers.

120 pails, 2s. each; 60 yokes, 5s. each	27	0	0
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* There are altogether 500 vendors of lemonade in the streets, but 300 of these sell also ginger-beer, and consequently do not have separate stalls, &c.

† The street-sellers of rice-milk are included in the street-sellers of curds and whey; hence the stalls, saucepans, cups, &c., of the two classes are the same.

Street Piemen.
50 pie-cans, 1l. each; 25 turn halfpenny boards, to gamble with, 2s. 6d. each; 50 gross of tin pie-dishes, 12s. per gross; 50 aprons, 8d. each; 100 tins, 1s. each (for baking pies upon), stock-money, for 50 vendors, 6s. 6d. each 106 0 10

Street-sellers of Boiled Puddings.
6 stands, 6s. each; 6 cans, 2s. 6d. each; 6 pots (tin), 2s. each; 6 chafing-dishes and stands, 5d. each; 6 forks, 2d. each; 6 cloths, 6d. each; stock-money, for 6 vendors, 2s. 6d. each 4 4 6

Street-sellers of Plum-duff.
6 baskets, 1s. 9d. each; 6 sauce-pans, 2s. each; 6 cloths, 6d. each; 6 knives, 2d. each; stock-money, for 6 vendors, 2s. each 1 18 6

Street-sellers of Cakes, Tarts, &c.
150 trays, 1s. 9d. each; 150 cloths, 1s. 3d. each; 150 straps, 6d. each; stock-money, 16s. 6d. each 150 0 0

Other and inferior Cake-sellers.
30 trays, 1s. 9d. each; 30 straps, 6d. each; stock-money, 2s. 6d. each 7 2 6

Street-sellers of Plum-cake.
4 trays, 1s. 9d. each; 4 baskets, 1s. 6d. each; 4 cloths (oil-cloth covers for baskets), 1s. each; 4 knives, 2d. each; stock-money, for 4 sellers, 4s. each 1 18 8

Gingerbread-nut Makers and Sellers.
50 ovens, 5l. each; 50 peels and rakes, 3s. the two; 750 tins, 1s. each; 50 lamps, for fairs, 6s. each; 50 stalls, 6s. each; 50 sets of scales and 100 sets of weights, half of them false, 7s. 6d. each; 100 canisters, 2s. each; 50 barrows, 30s. each; 50 baskets, 6s. each; 50 baizes, 1s. each; 50 cloths to cover stall, 1s. each; stock-money, for 50 makers and sellers, 14s. each 483 15 0

Gingerbread-nut Sellers (not Makers.)
150 trays, 1s. 9d. each; 150 straps, 6d. each; stock-money, for 150 sellers, 1s. 6d. each 28 5 6

Street-sellers of Hot cross Buns.
500 baskets, 2s. 6d. each; 500 flannels and cloths, 2s. the two; stock-money, for 500 sellers, 2s. 6d. each 175 0 0

Street-sellers of Muffins and Crumpets.
500 baskets, 2s. 6d. each; 500 cloths, 1s. each; stock-money, for 500 sellers, 5s. each 212 10 0

Street-sellers of Sweet-stuff.
6 barrows, 1l. 10s. each; 150 trays, 1s. 9d. each; 50 saucepans, 2s. each; 18 canisters (long tin), 2s. each; 44 stalls, at 4s. each; 50 sets of weights and scales, at 4s. each; stock-money, for 150 vendors, 3s. each 70 4 0

Street-sellers of Cough Drops.
2 stills and barrows, 3l. 10s. each; 4 stalls, 7s. each; 6 weights and scales, 3s. 6d. each; stock-money, for 6 sellers, 2s. 6d. each 10 4 0

Street-sellers of Ices.
20 jars, 1s. each; 20 coolers, 2s. each; 30 cups, 1d. each, and 30 glasses, 4d. each; 60 spoons, 1d. each; stock-money, for 20 vendors, 2s. per head 5 17 6

TOTAL CAPITAL INVESTED IN THE STREET SALE OF EATABLES AND DRINKABLES 9,077 12 5

INCOME, OR "TAKINGS," OF STREET-SELLERS OF EATABLES AND DRINKABLES.

Street-sellers of Hot Eels.
There are upwards of 1,000,000 lbs. weight of hot eels sold yearly in the streets of London. 140 vendors each sell 6 lbs. of eels daily at their stands; 60 sell 40 lbs. daily; and 100 itinerant sell 5 lbs. nightly at the public-houses. The first mentioned take on an average 2s. daily; the second 16s.; and the third 1s. 8d. This gives a yearly street expenditure in the trade in hot eels amounting to £19,418

Street-sellers of Pea-soup.
The annual street consumption of pea-soup amounts to 1,680 gallons. 100 vendors sell each 4 gallons daily; and 50 vendors, each sell upon an average 10 gallons daily. The first mentioned take 3s. a day; and the last, 7s. 6d. This gives a street expenditure during the winter season of five months, of £4,050

Street-sellers of Pickled Whelks.
According to the Billingsgate returns, there are nearly 5,000,000 of whelks sold yearly in the streets of London. These are retailed in a boiled state, and flavoured with vinegar, at four a penny. 150 vendors take on an average 13s. weekly. This gives an annual street expenditure, of £5,000

Street-sellers of Fried Fish.
150 sellers make 10s. 6d. weekly, or yearly 27l. 6s.; and 150 sellers make half that amount, 13l. 13s. per annum. Reckoning 20l. a year as a medium earning, and adding 90 per cent. for

profit, the annual consumption of fried fish supplied by London street-sellers amounts to 684,000 lbs., and the sum expended thereupon to £11,400

Street-sellers of Sheep's Trotters.
In the wholesale "trotter" establishment there are prepared, weekly, 20,000 sets, or 80,000 feet; giving a yearly average of 4,160,000 trotters, or the feet of 1,040,000 sheep. Of this quantity the street-folk buy seven-eighths, or 3,640,000 trotters yearly. The number of sheep trotter-sellers may be taken at 300; which gives an average of nearly 60 sets a week per individual. There is then expended yearly in London streets on trotters, calculating their sale, retail, at ½d. each, 6,500l.; but though the regular price is ½d., some trotters are sold at four for 1½d., very few higher than ½d., and some are kept until they are unsaleable, so that the amount thus expended may be estimated at £6,000

Street-sellers of Ham-sandwiches.
60 vendors, take 8s. a week, and sell annually 486,800 sandwiches, at a cost of £1,800

Street-sellers of Baked 'Tatoes.
300 vendors, sell upon an average ¼ cwt. of baked potatoes daily, or 1,755 tons in the season. The average takings of each vendor amount to 6s. a day; and the receipts of the whole number throughout the season (which lasts from the latter end of September till March inclusive), a period of 6 months, are £14,000

The Street-sellers of Hot Green Peas.
The chief man of business sells 3 gallons a day (which, at 1d. the quarter-pint, would be 8s., my informant said 7s.), the other three together sell the same quantity; hence there is an annual street consumption of 1,870 gallons, and a street expenditure on "hot green peas" of £250

Street-sellers of Meat.
The hawking butchers, taking their number at 150, sell 747,000 lbs. of meat, and take annually £12,450

Street-sellers of Bread.
25 men take 45s. a day for five months in the summer, and 12 regular traders take 1l. 12s. per day; this gives an annual street consumption of 700,000 quarter loaves of bread, and a street expenditure of £9,000

Street-sellers of Cats and Dogs' Meat.
There are 300,000 cats in the metropolis, and from 900 to 1,000 horses, averaging 2 cwt. of meat each, boiled down every week; the quantity of cats'

and dogs' meat used throughout London is about 200,000 lbs. per week, and this, sold at the rate of 2½d. per lb., gives 2,000l. a week for the money spent in cats' and dogs' meat, or per year, upwards of £100,000

Street-sellers of Coffee, Tea, &c.
Each coffee-stall keeper on an average clears 1l. a week, and his takings may be said to be at least double that sum; hence the quantity of coffee sold annually in the streets, is about 550,000 gallons, while the yearly street expenditure for tea, coffee, &c., amounts to £31,200

Street-sellers of Ginger-beer.
The bottles of ginger-beer sold yearly in the streets number about 4,798,000, and the total street consumption of the same beverage may be said to be about 250,000 gallons per annum. 200 street-sellers of ginger-beer in the bottle trade of the penny class take 30s. a week each (thus allowing for inferior receipts in bad weather); 300 take 20s. each, selling their "beer" for the most part at ½d. the bottle, while the remaining 400 "in a small way" take 6s. each; hence there is expended in the bottled ginger-beer of the streets 11,480l. Adding the receipts from the fountains and the barrels, the barrel season continuing only ten weeks, the total sum expended annually in street ginger-beer amounts altogether to £14,660

Street-sellers of Lemonade, Sherbet, Nectar, &c.
There are 200 persons, chiefly men, selling solely lemonade, &c., and an additional 300 uniting the sale with that of ginger-beer. Their average receipts on fine days are 3s. 6d. a day, or, allowing for wet weather and diminished receipts, 10s. a week. The receipts, then, for this street luxury, show a street expenditure in such a summer as the last, of 2,800l., among those who do not unite ginger-beer with the trade. Calculating that those who do unite ginger-beer with it sell only one-half as much as the others, we find a total outlay of £4,900

Street-sellers of Elder-wine.
50 vendors clear 5s. a week for 16 weeks by the sale of elder-wine in the streets, their profit being at least cent. per cent.; hence the street consumption of this beverage in the course of the year is 1,500 gallons, and the outlay £700

Street-sellers of Peppermint-water.
Calculating that 4 "pepperminters" take 2s. a day the year round, Sundays excepted, we find that 900 gallons of peppermint-water are consumed every year in the streets of London, while the sum expended in it amounts annually to £125

Street-sellers of Milk in the Markets, Parks, &c.

The vendors in the markets clear about 1s. 6d. a day each, for three months; and as the profit is rather more than cent. per cent., there are about 4,000 gallons of milk thus sold yearly. The quantity sold in the park averages 20 quarts a day for a period of nine months, or 1,170 gallons in the year. This is retailed at 4d. per quart; hence the annual expenditure is . . . £344

Street-sellers of Curds and Whey.

50 sellers dispose of 12½ gallons in 3 weeks; the other 50 sell only half as much. Taking the season at 3 months, the annual consumption of curds and whey in the streets is 2,812 double gallons (as regards the ingredients of milk), which is retailed at a cost to the purchasers of . . . £412

Street-sellers of Rice-milk.

Calculating that 50 sellers dispose of 24 quarts weekly, while one-half of the remaining 25 sell 12 quarts each per week at 1d. the half-pint, and the other half vend 24 quarts at ½d. the half-pint, there are about 3,000 gallons of rice-milk yearly consumed in the streets of London, while the expenditure amounts to . . . £320

Water-carriers.

The number of water-carriers are sixty, and their average earnings through the year 5s. a week; hence the sum annually expended in water thus obtained amounts to . . . £780

Street Piemen.

There are fifty street piemen plying their trade in London, the year through, their average takings are one guinea a week; hence there is an annual street consumption of pies of nearly to three-quarters of a million, and a street expenditure amounting to . . . £3,000

Street-sellers of Meat and Currant Puddings.

Each street-seller gets rid of, on an average, 85 dozen, or 1,020 puddings; there are now but six street-sellers (regularly) of these comestibles; hence the weekly aggregate would be—allowing for bad weather—5,400, and the total 129,600 meat and currant puddings sold in the streets, in a season of 24 weeks. This gives an annual expenditure on the part of the street boys and girls (who are the principal purchasers), and of the poor persons who patronise the street-trade, of about . . . £270

Street-sellers of Plum "duff."

Calculating 42s. a week as the takings of six persons, for five months, we find there is yearly expended in the street purchase of plum dough upwards of . . . £250

Street-sellers of Cakes, Tarts, &c.

Reckoning 150 cake-sellers, each taking 6s. a week—a sufficiently low average—the street consumption of cakes, tarts, &c., will be 1,123,200 every year, and the street outlay about . . . £2,350

Street-sellers of other and inferior Cakes.

The sale of the inferior street cakes realises about a fifth of that taken by the other cake-sellers; hence it may be estimated yearly at . . . £450

Street-sellers of Gingerbread-nuts.

150 gingerbread-nut-sellers take 17s. each weekly (clearing 9s.); at this rate the sum spent yearly in "spice" nuts in the streets of London amounts to . . . £6,630

Street-sellers of Hot-cross Buns.

There are nearly 100,000 hot-cross buns sold every Good Friday in the streets of London; hence there is expended in one day, upon the buns thus bought about . . . £300

Street-sellers of Muffins and Crumpets.

There are 500 muffin-sellers, each clearing 4s. and taking 12s. a week on an average; hence the metropolitan street sale of muffins and crumpets will be in 20 weeks about 120,000 dozen, and the sum expended thereon . . . £6,000

Street-sellers of Sweet-stuff.

The number of sweet-stuff sellers in London amounts to 200, each of whom, on an average, clears 10s., and takes 20s. weekly; the yearly consumption, therefore, of rocks, candies, hard-bakes, &c., purchased in the streets is nearly two and a half millions of halfpenny-worths, or (at the rate of ½d. an ounce) about 70 tons weight per annum, costing the consumers about . . . £10,000

Street-sellers of Cough-drops.

The earnings of the principal man in the "cough-drop" street trade may be taken at 30s. a week for twenty weeks; that of another at 15s. for the same period; and those of the remaining four street-sellers of the same compound at 5s. each, weekly; allowing the usual cent. per cent., we find there is annually expended by street-buyers on cough-drops . . . £130

Street-sellers of Ice Creams.

The sale of street ices may be calculated at twenty persons, taking 1s. 6d. daily for four weeks. This gives a street consumption of 10,000 penny ices, and an annual expenditure thereon of . . . £42

TOTAL SUM EXPENDED YEARLY ON STREET EATABLES AND DRINKABLES . . . £203,115



THE LUCIFER MATCH GIRL.

[From a Photograph.]