

THE
KNIFE-GRINDER'S
BUDGET.



“ Swing-up, my Lads! ”

The Drill-Sergeant cries,
“ And fix on the Fugle-man
“ Each of your eyes. ”

PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRONTISPIECE.



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

THE
KNIFE-GRINDER'S
BUDGET

OF

Pictures & Poetry,

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

London :

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1829.

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THE BUDGET.



“Come buy my fine Ap-
ples,”

The old Woman cries,

“You cannot have better
“For eating or pies.”



The Huxter and Donkey
Are both on their legs:
They're going to market
For butter and eggs.



The Barber, of all men,
Is most full of news,
And ever detested
By long-bearded Jews.



“Well, Richard, you’re
mounted

Again, I declare!”

“Yes, riding is better

“Than walking, by far!”



The Goat on the crag
You see fast asleep;
From whence he can leap,
Tho' it's ever so steep.



The Child and Miss Pussy
Do play very nice;
But Pussy had much rather
Play with some mice.



“Be quick as a Lamp-
lighter!”

Sometimes we say:

Here's one upon duty!

Fast tripping away!



O, Keeper! thy visage

Is dreadful indeed!

Thy presence I'll flee

With all possible speed.



Here comes for the Butcher
A fine lusty Calf,
For the killing of which
He perhaps will get half.



Potatoes are useful, & will
 If they be but good &.
 The ground must be till'd,
 No Ox or Calf can have food.



That Hound, I dare say,
 Wont like the Boy's
 whip ;

Could he break the cord,
 He would give him the
 slip.



Poor Jack ! I'm afraid
 That thy bum will be
 sore :
 That footmen were boot-
 ed with jacks
 I ne'er knew before.



You here see a poor man
Repairing a chair;
He sits on the ground, out
Quite expos'd to the air.



Silk, Cotton, and Sugar,
And Coffee, and Tea,
Are fetch'd by the sailors
Across the great sea.



Poor Tray seems inclin'd
 With Matilda to dine:
 He wants but the meat,—
 He would leave her the
 wine.



Come buy my fat Rabbits,
Come, Ladies, and buy;
With mutton they make
A most excellent pie.



When the Hen calls her
Chickens,
They follow straight-
way ;
So Children should always
Their Parents obey.



You see the old Laundress

At work in her drills;

But I fear she's too old

To crimp you your frills.



“Buy a good sweeping-
brush,—

“Hand-brushes buy,—

“I’ll sell you cheap brush-
es,—

The old man doth cry.



But a good snuffing.
This Lady of pleasure
— Is taking fresh air ;
Which may do very well,
If the weather keep fair.



Poor Ned, I'm afraid,
Cannot meet with his
horse;
He seems quite distracted
At so great a loss.



The Girl you see swing-
ing
If the band only break,
Will be in great danger
Of breaking her neck.



A Bull-baiting now
Puts an end to my book :
The scene is so cruel,
I can scarce bear to
look.

W. Walker, Printer, Otley.

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Old Billy, poor man !
Is depriv'd of his sight,
But still with his music
Produces delight.

PRICE ONE PENNY.