



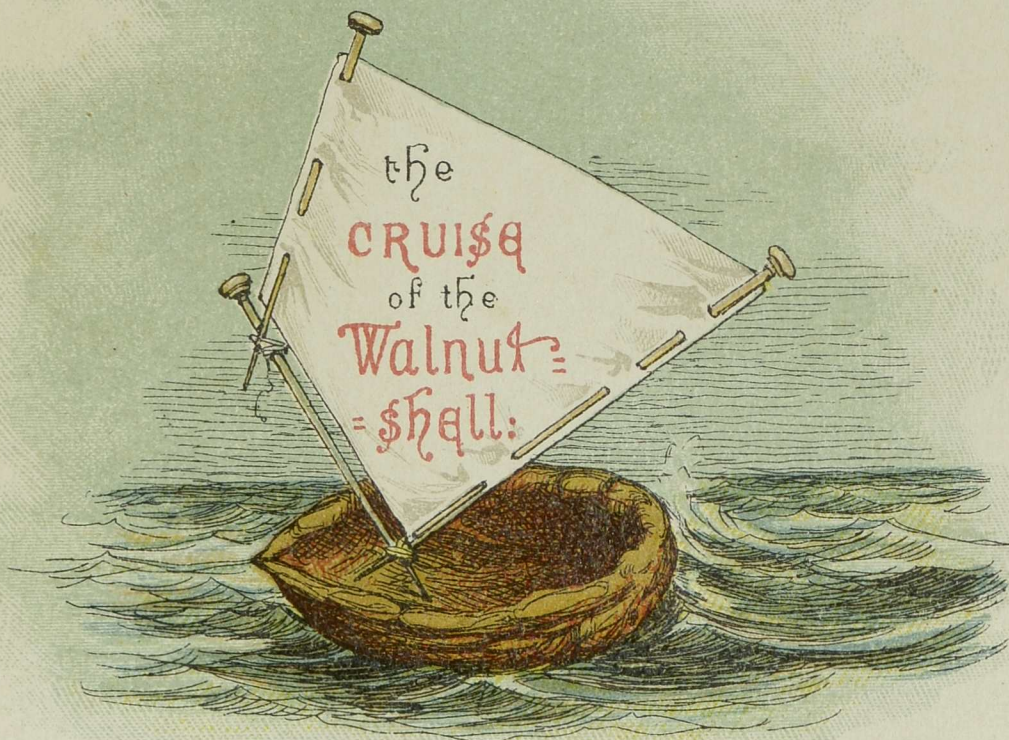
The
GRUISE
of the
Walnut-
Shell:
LONDON.
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON
SEARLE & RIVINGTON.



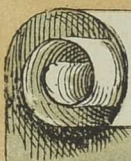
(c 1885)

f22-00

Anna Walford



the
CRUISE
of the
Walnut-shell:



: PREFACE : :



DEAR children all, who read this book,
On nothing in these pages look
As too fantastic, too extreme:
Remember (this is my excuse
To silence possible
abuse)

I tell the story of *a dream*.



FOR in a dream, as well you know,
We're free to wander to and fro
To please our momentary wishes;
And we can dress in any way
That's most convenient for the day,
And eat the most unwholesome dishes;
While Fancy shapes in strange array
A medley of Birds, Beasts and Fishes.

SO take this Book from an Old Boy,
And if it prove a silly toy,
And Nurs'ry critics fail to spare it,
I hope that every dimpled finger
That o'er my nonsense will not linger
May have abundant strength to tear it.



THE
GRUIPE
OF THE
Walnut
Shell



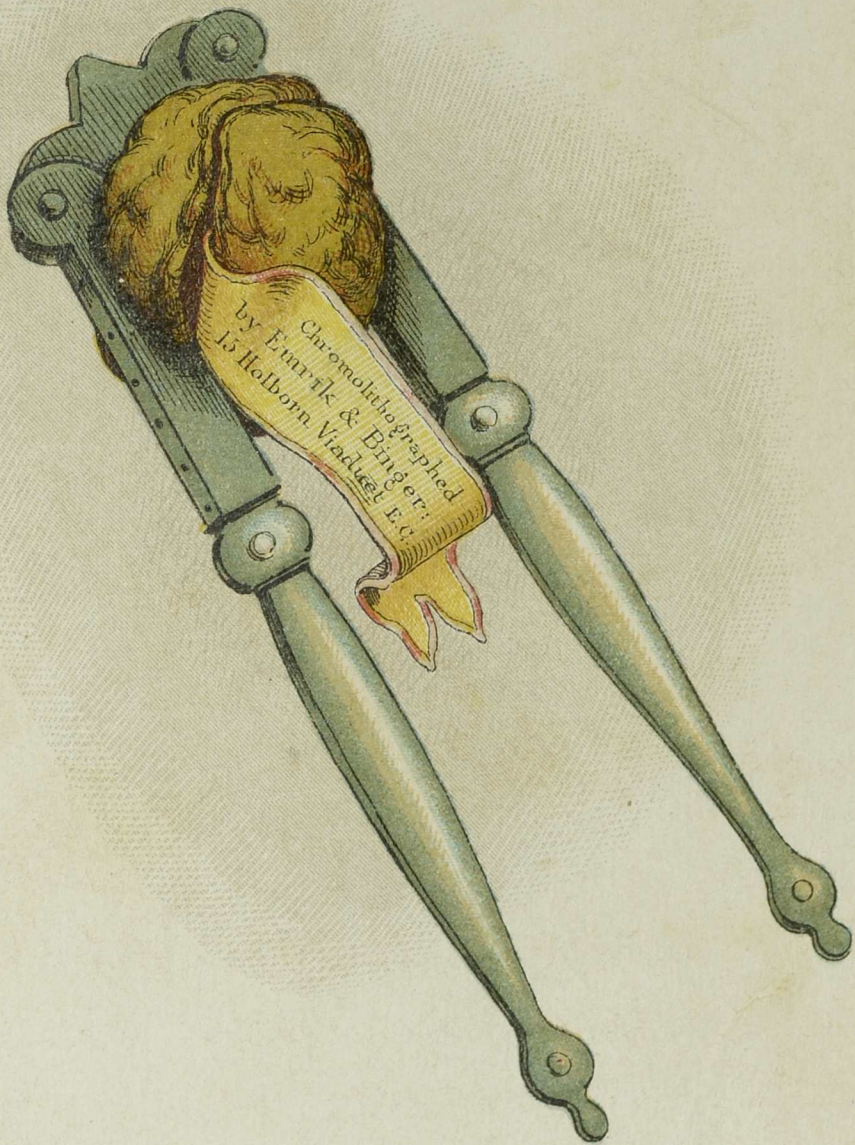
Written & Illustrated by André:

LONDON.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

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Emrik & Binger Chromolith 15 Heilborn Viaduct.



Chromolithographed
by Emrick & Birger
15 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

the CRUISE of the WALNUT SHELL.

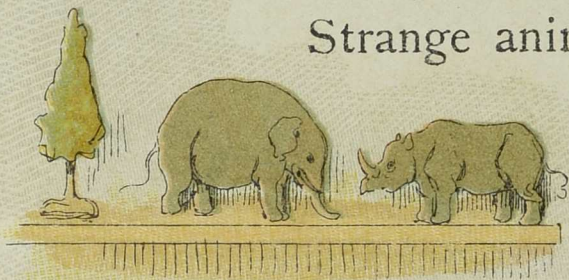
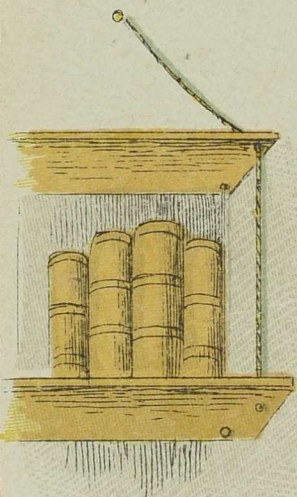


ARTHUR and ELSIE ev'ry day
Learned their Geography;
And, after lessons, loved to play
At sending ships to sea.
They used instead of little boats
A thing that does as well,



A vessel that securely floats,
An empty walnut shell.

They'd read of countries hot and cold
Of Indians and Chinese,
They'd read where ev'ry spice is sold,
They knew the names of seas,
Great rivers where the sands are gold,
Strange animals and trees.



No wonder then this little pair
Would oft indulge the notion
That Walnut Shells real vessels were,
And washing tubs the Ocean!



And so their wish for travel grew
Encouraged by their book,
Till ELSIE thought she was the Crew,
And ARTHUR, Captain Cook.
And often when they were in bed
Their brains began to teem



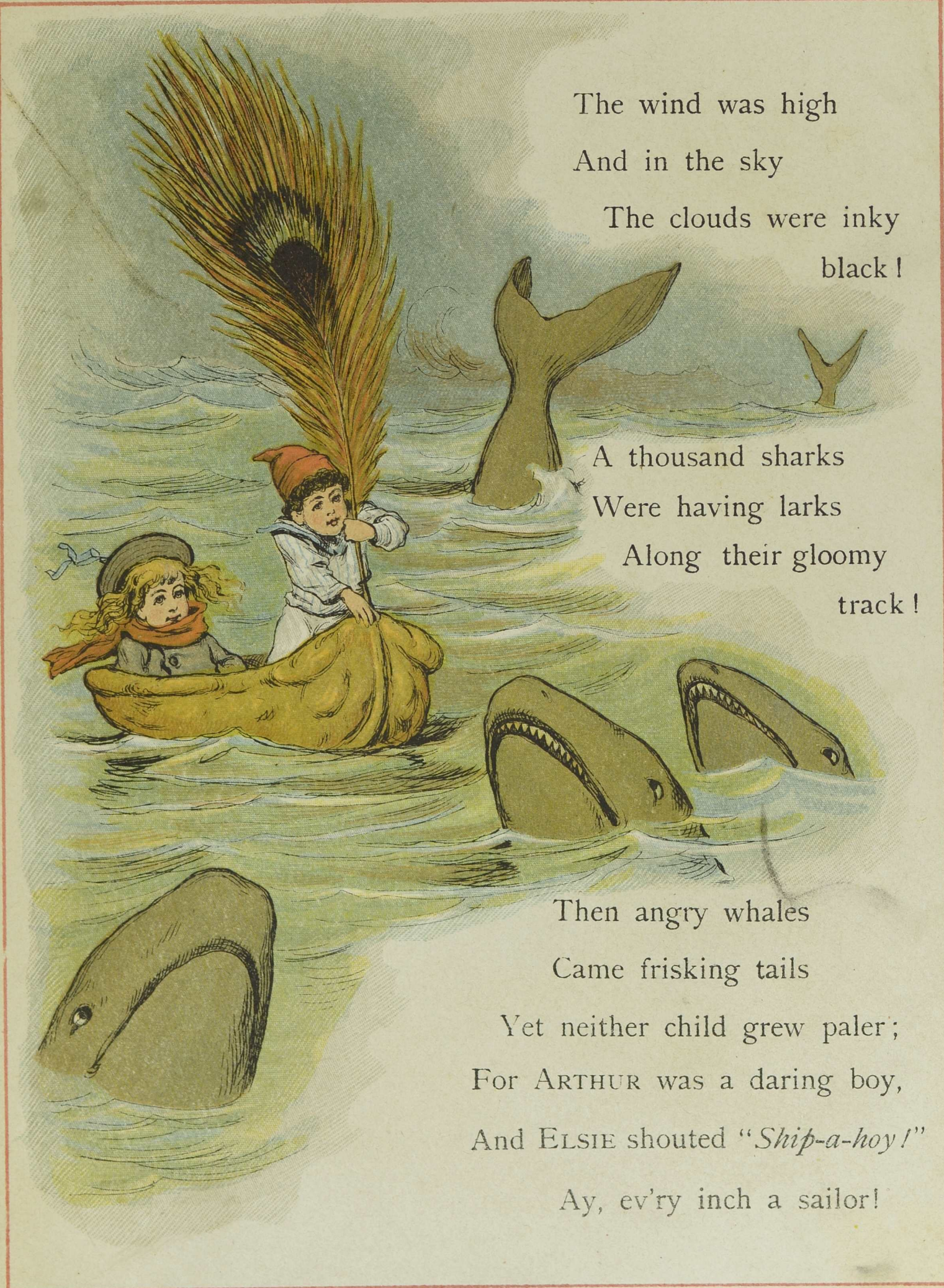
With wonders, and the tales they read
Were jumbled in a dream.



FOR mast and sail
To stand the gale
They chose a pretty feather ;
The Walnut Shell
Rode monstrous well
Through very boisterous weather.

They had no meat,
Or bread to eat,
And not a drop of tea ;
They had not stored
So much as board
As even one split-pea !

They thought fried fish
To meet their wish,
Would follow in their lee.

An illustration of a stormy sea. In the foreground, a boy in a white sailor's uniform and a red hat stands in a yellow boat, holding a large, golden, feather-like object. A girl with blonde hair, wearing a grey coat and a red scarf, sits in the boat. The sea is dark and turbulent. In the background, a large whale tail is visible, and several sharks with open mouths are swimming near the boat. The sky is dark and cloudy.

The wind was high

And in the sky

The clouds were inky
black!

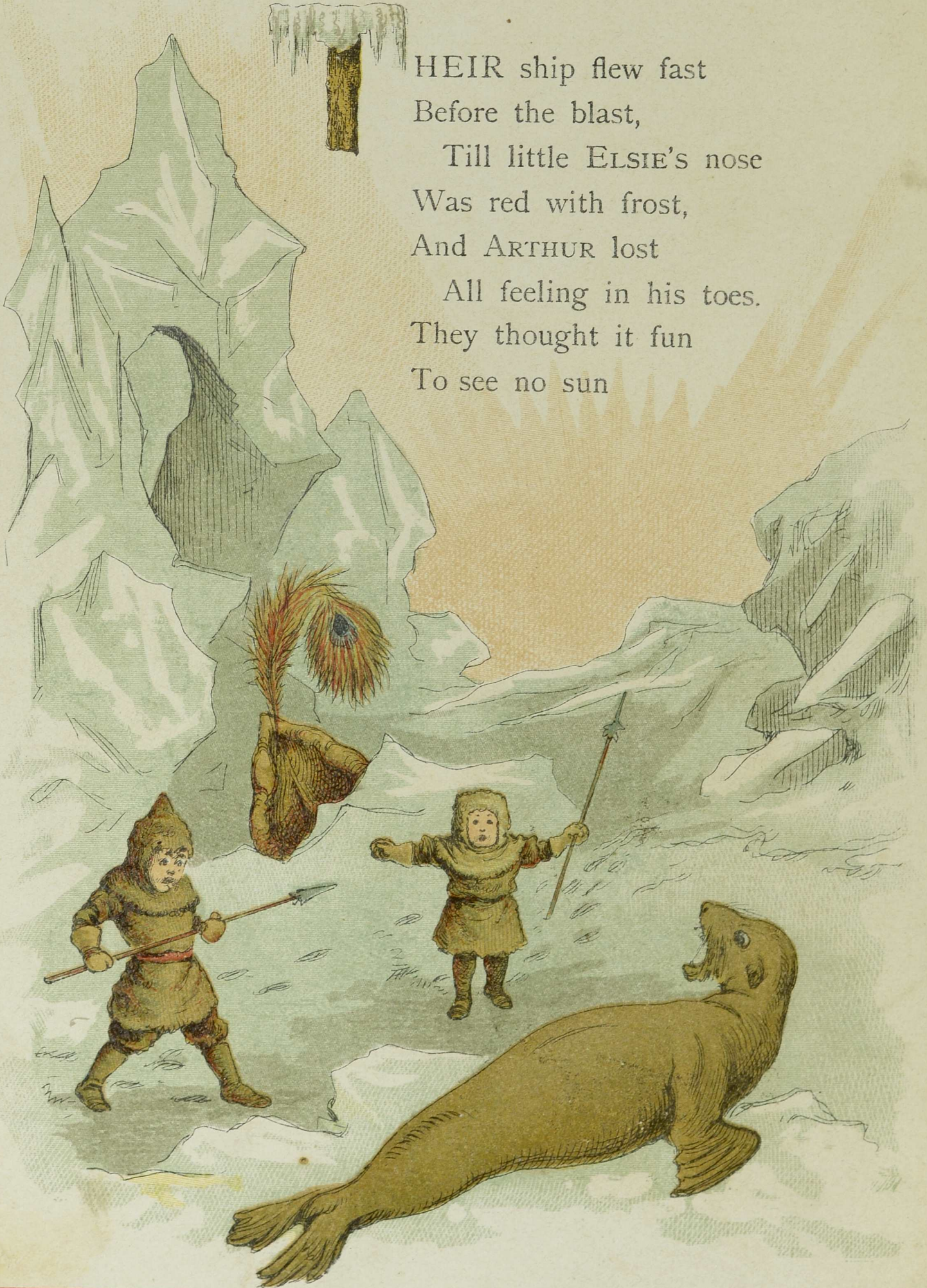
A thousand sharks
Were having larks
Along their gloomy
track!

Then angry whales
Came frisking tails

Yet neither child grew paler;
For ARTHUR was a daring boy,
And ELSIE shouted "*Ship-a-hoy!*"

Ay, ev'ry inch a sailor!

HEIR ship flew fast
Before the blast,
Till little ELSIE's nose
Was red with frost,
And ARTHUR lost
All feeling in his toes.
They thought it fun
To see no sun



Amid the Arctic snows:
"Hurrah, for ice!"
They cried, "it's nice,"
Although the north wind blows!
For here a seal
Provides a meal,
Our coats, our hats,
our hose—



With Mister Bear
His home we share,
Two happy Esquimaux!"



Last they thought they might arrange
A very comfortable change;

Said ELSIE,

“Don’t remain, dear.”

“All right,” cried Arthur;

“Off we go!

We’ll run down to the

Hoang-ho—

Gee up! you clumsy Reindeer!”

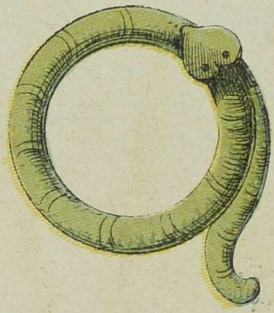
And on they went where might be seen
All sorts of Tea, both black and green,





And figures just like Daddy's Screen,
Pagodas, Chopsticks, Tails!
Umbrellas, Junks and tiny Shoes!
As they were carried on bamboos,
By men whose shoulders feel no bruise,
Across the hills and dales!





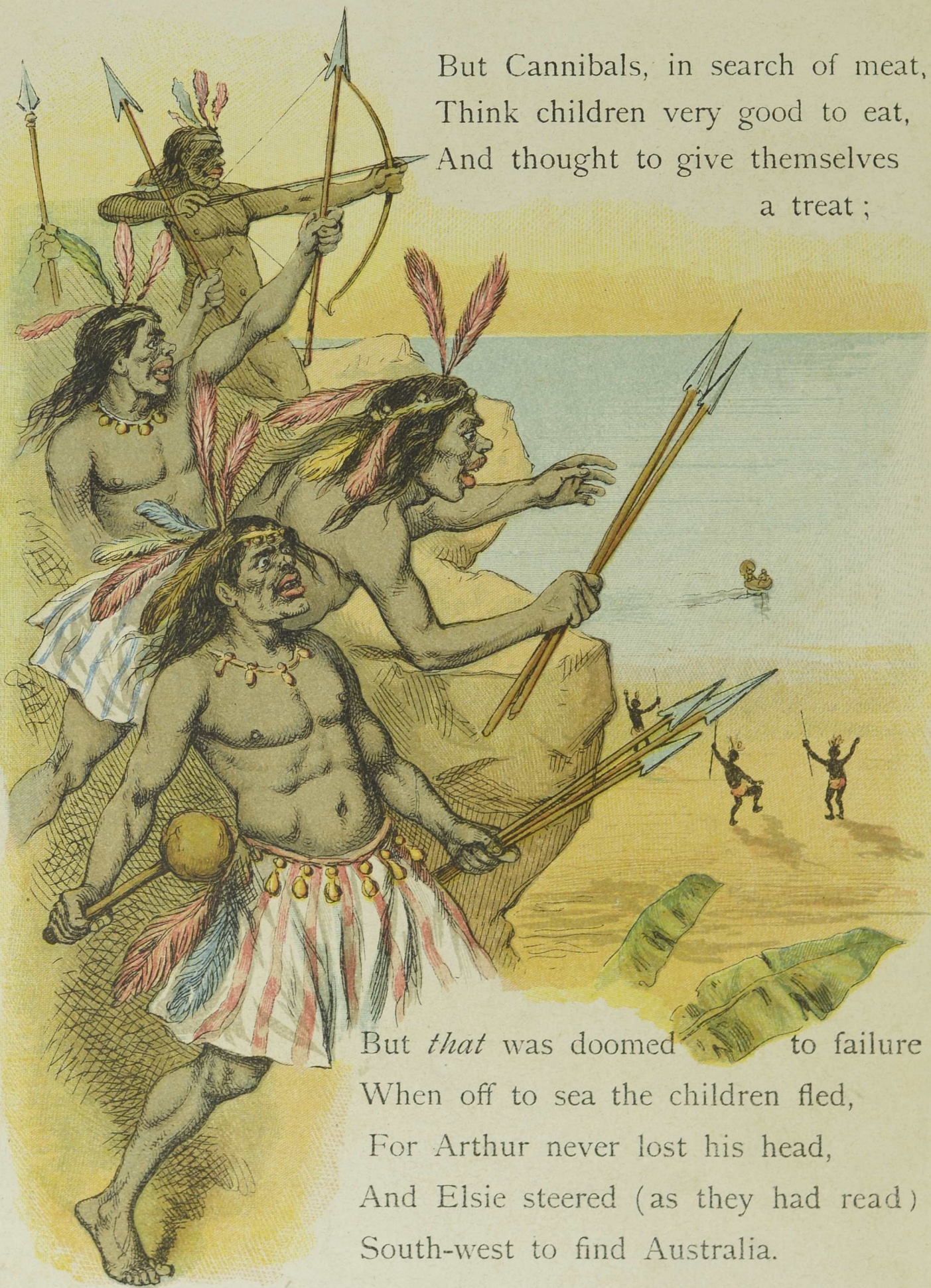
ONE day a Condor seized the shell,
The little travellers as well,
And flew with speed terrific
Towards an island in the sea,
Which Arthur said was sure to be
(I said they knew Geography)
Somewhere in the Pacific.





A cheap excursion was it not,
To such a very charming spot
That seemed quite free from dangers?
For there they lived a life of ease,
Whilst Apes politely climbed the trees
For nuts to give the strangers.

But Cannibals, in search of meat,
Think children very good to eat,
And thought to give themselves
a treat ;



But *that* was doomed to failure
When off to sea the children fled,
For Arthur never lost his head,
And Elsie steered (as they had read)
South-west to find Australia.

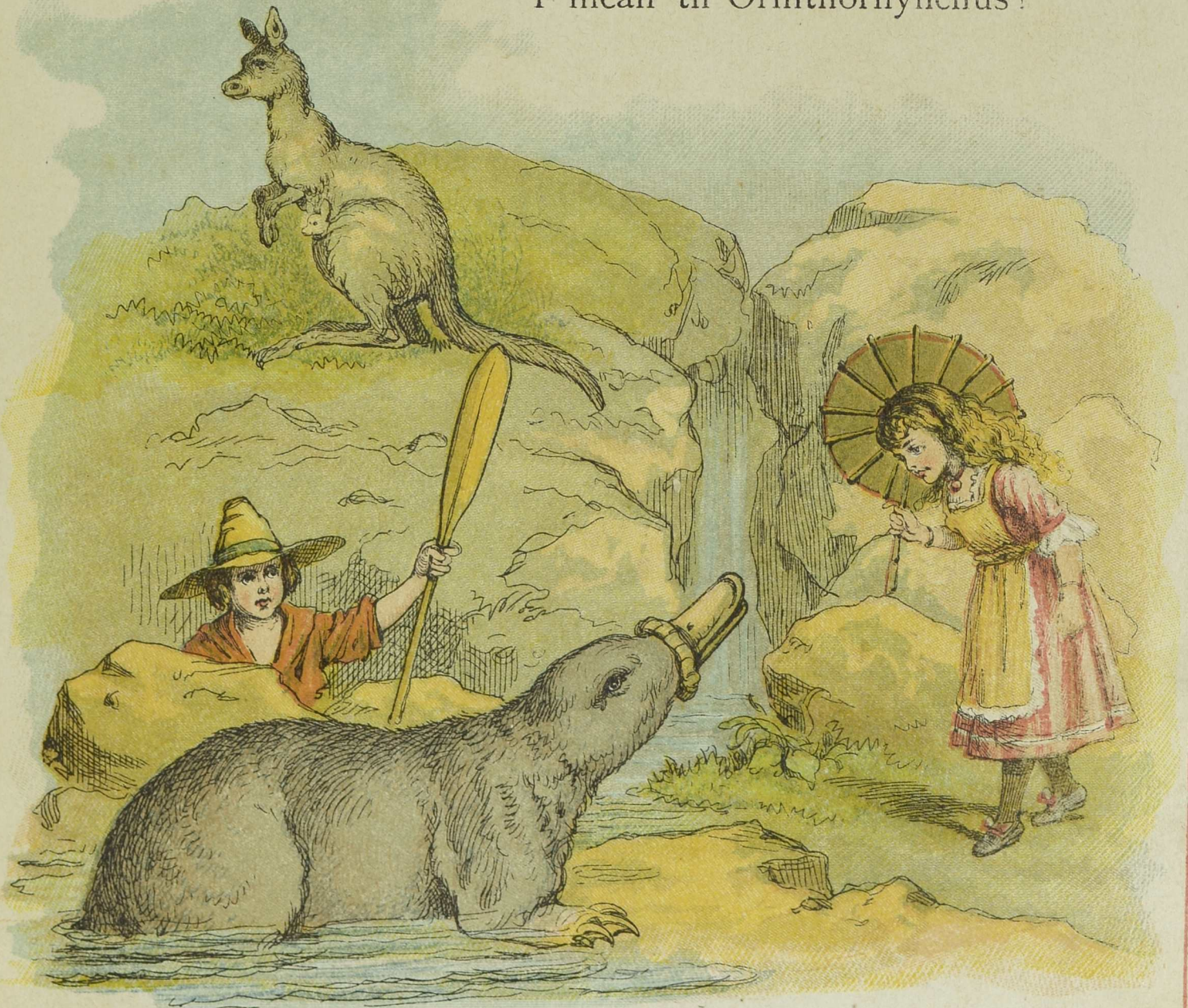


Land of course at once
they knew :

Cried Elsie, "There's
a Kangaroo!

What dunces they would think us
If that queer beast we couldn't
name—

(I wonder if it's really tame?)
I mean th' Ornithorhynchus!"

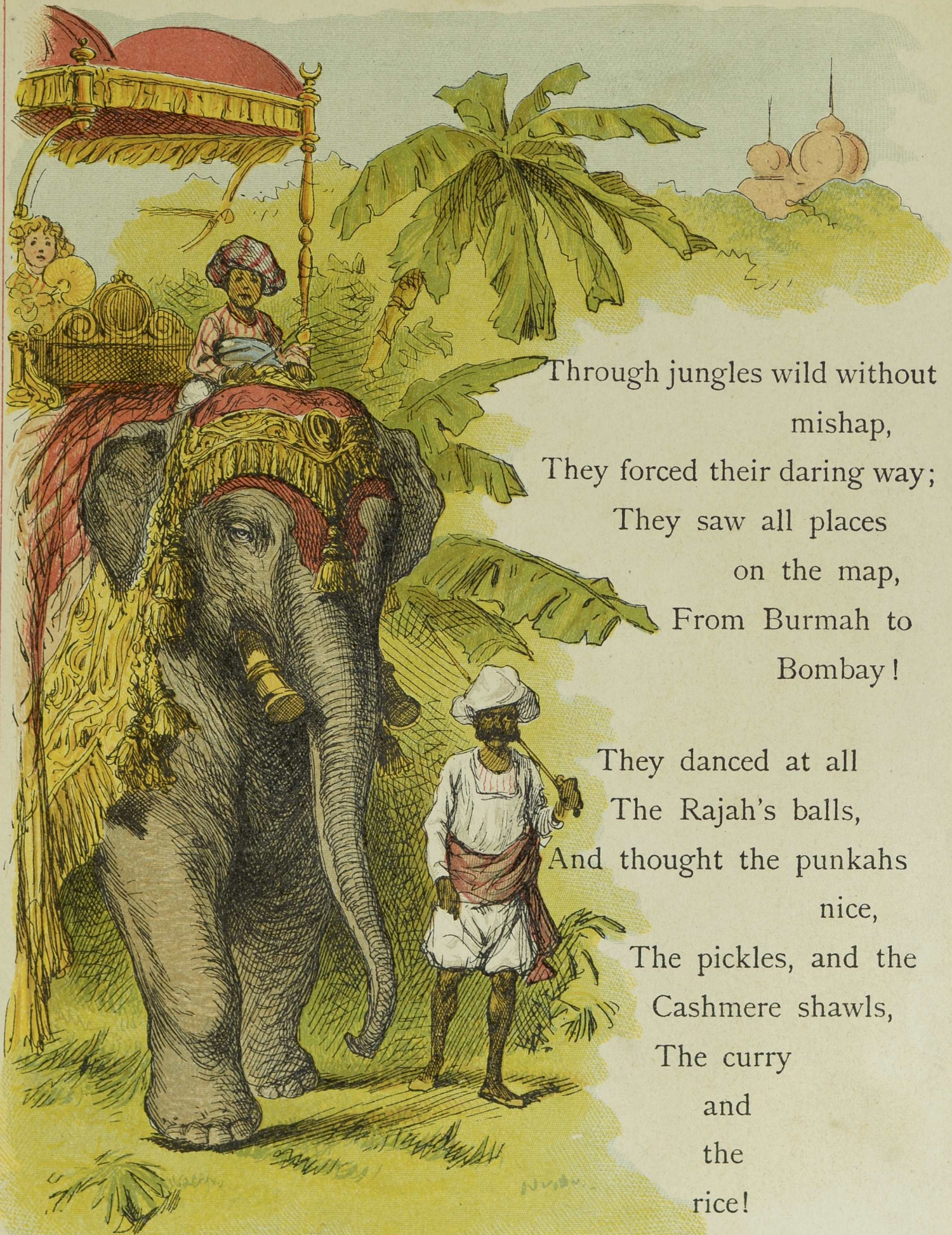




HEN sailing on some thousand
miles,
Where spices scent the breeze,
And coral branches grow to isles
That crowd the Southern seas,

To India came, in search of sport,
This young and dauntless pair,
To beard the Leopard, as they thought,
And Tiger in his lair.

or ELSIE said, "No beast can face
An opened parasol,
And ARTHUR in the surest place
Can make a bullet-hole!"

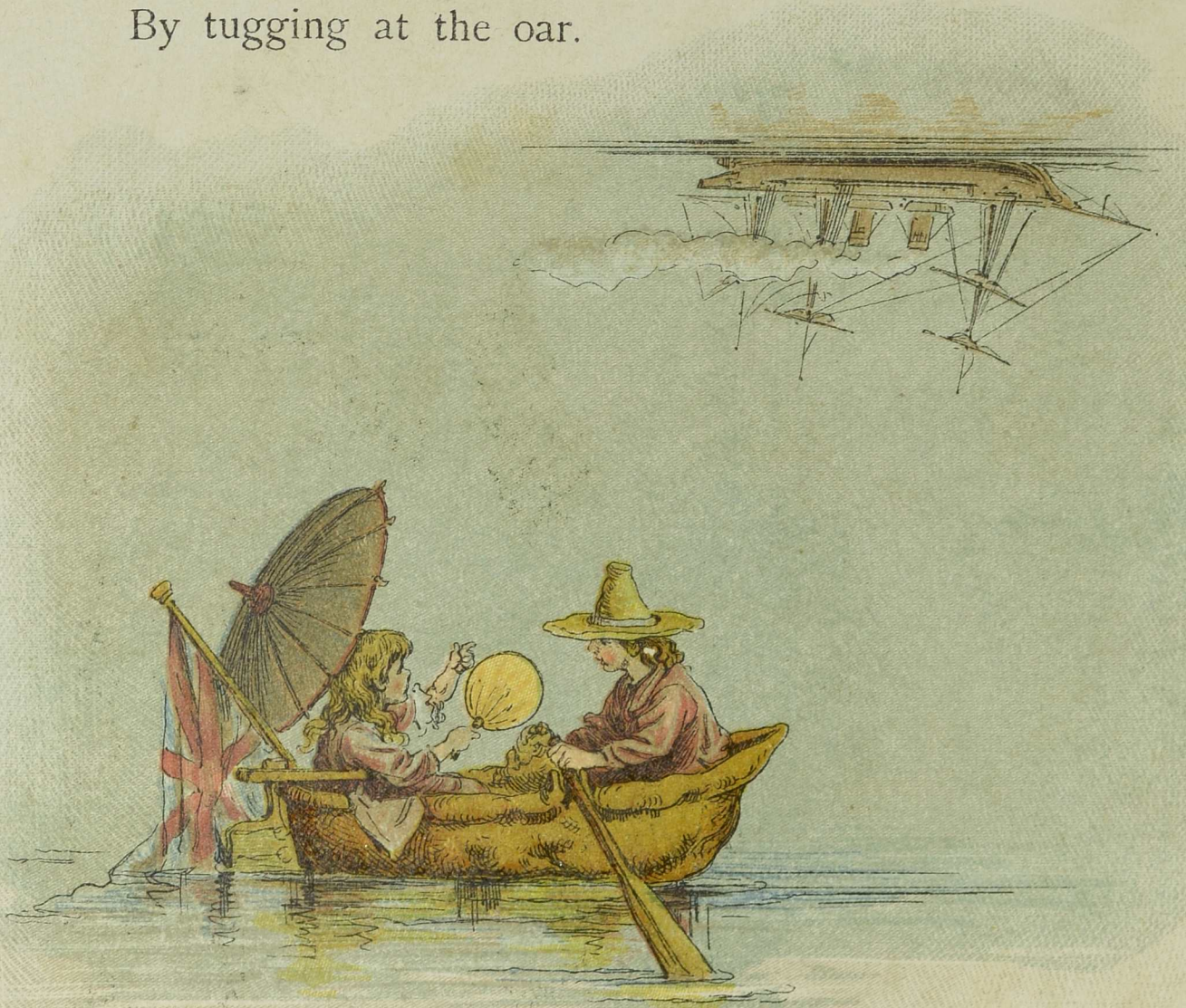


Through jungles wild without
mishap,
They forced their daring way;
They saw all places
on the map,
From Burmah to
Bombay!

They danced at all
The Rajah's balls,
And thought the punkahs
nice,
The pickles, and the
Cashmere shawls,
The curry
and
the
rice!



UT soon the children thought it best
To put to sea once more;
And ELSIE steered still further west,
As she had steered before;
While ARTHUR opened out his chest
By tugging at the oar.



CROSS the calm of Tropic heat,
In solitude the most complete,
Where the "mirage" in strange surprise
Makes ELSIE open wondering eyes,

Till on far Afric's burning sand
King Mumbo-Jumbo, hat in hand,
With infant
serenaders.



Sings welcome to the Union Jack,
And offers ev'rything that's black
To please the small invaders!

And when the little folks were bent
To cross the Black man's Continent,
"The Ostriches shall find us legs,"
Cried ARTHUR; "they can run?"
Said ELSIE, "Yes! and lay us eggs:
I'll fry them in the Sun!"



They travelled through the desert land
And yet were brisk and merry,
Though ARTHUR'S eyes were full of sand,
And ELSIE'S little face was tanned
As brown as Autumn berry!



A sudden wind arose at last
The Walnut Shell, before the blast,
Across the Tropics flew ;
But ARTHUR, till the Simoom passed
(That wind of course he knew)
And daring ELSIE held on fast,
When safe upon the Nile were cast
The Walnut Shell and Crew!



HEY paddled on by giant reeds
Of growth so tall and taper,
Which met the old Egyptians' needs,
(As ELSIE said), for paper.



“The Hippopotamusses here,”
Said ARTHUR, “we’ll defy!”
Said ELSIE, “In the plural, dear,
They’re Hippopotami.”

From crocodiles who had not dined,
Bold ARTHUR never shrinks,
While ELSIE tries to call to mind
Some riddles for the Sphinx.



When is a Door not a
Door ?

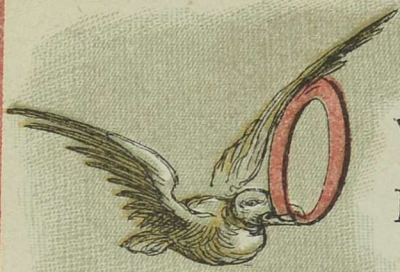
And journeying onward safe and sound
With never pause nor hitch,
Their way through the Canal they found
With wonderment so rich ;
They saw big vessels outward bound
(That only sometimes ran aground),
Go, steaming through *the Ditch!*



NEXT Venice to the daring pair
Strange novelty imparts;
The Walnut Shell was useful there
There's "Water, water, everywhere,"
And boats instead of carts!



OUNT Vesuvius! "Oh, how steep,"
ARTHUR cries, "this cinder heap!
We must write, and let Mamma know
How we've climbed a real volcano!"
Then came little ELSIE's joke,
"Even Nature's chimneys smoke!"



VER green seas mountains high
In the Walnut Shell they fly
Fast and ever faster!

Mornings, evenings

Come and go;

Still we see

strong

ARTHUR

row ;

ELSIE never
deigns to show



Pale face at disaster!
ARTHUR cries his face aglow,
With his knowledge "Now I know
This must be the Gulf Stream's flow
And it is our master!

Land a-head!
Heave the lead!
In New York we'll go to bed!"

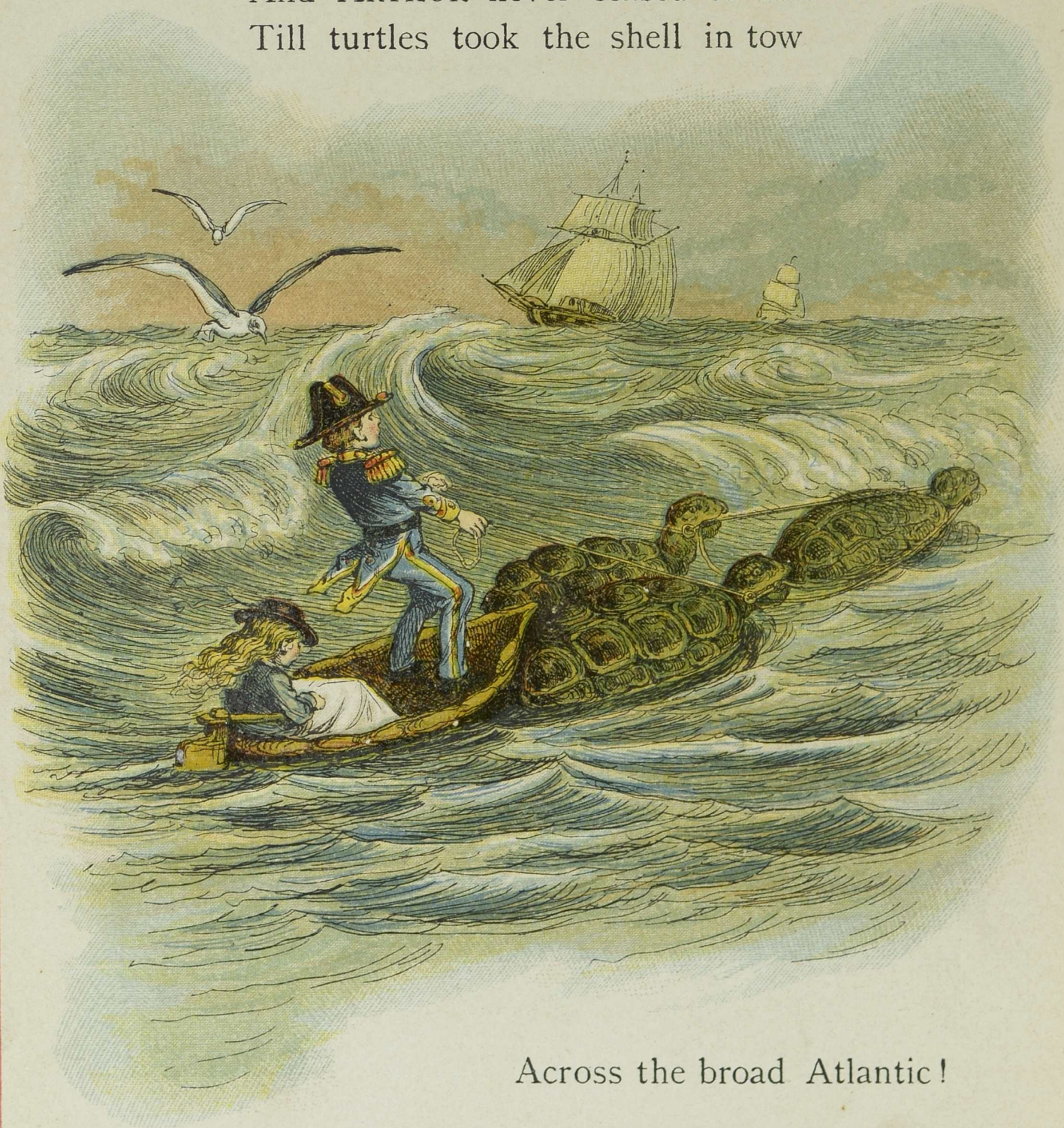


THEN down a mighty river's stream
They floated on in happy dream,
And smiled at fate that well might seem
 To grown-up folks a staggerer;
For ARTHUR shouted with delight,
And ELSIE only held on tight,
 As they shot down Niagara!





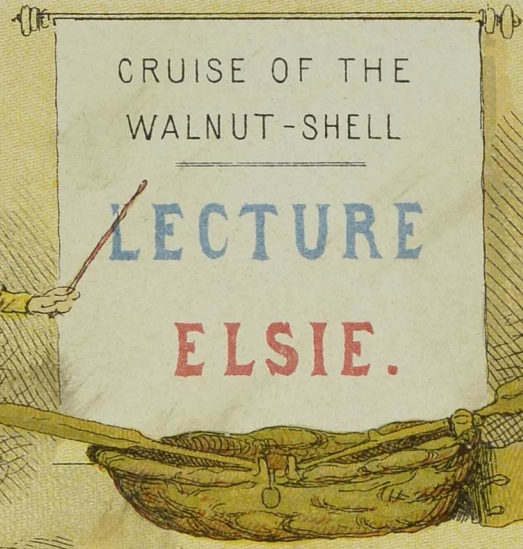
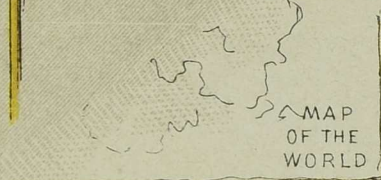
THROUGH foam and rapids safe they came,
And thought the whirlpool very tame;
Yet ARTHUR'S strength was still the same,
And ELSIE'S face was all a flame
At ventures so romantic!
And ARTHUR never ceased to row
Till turtles took the shell in tow



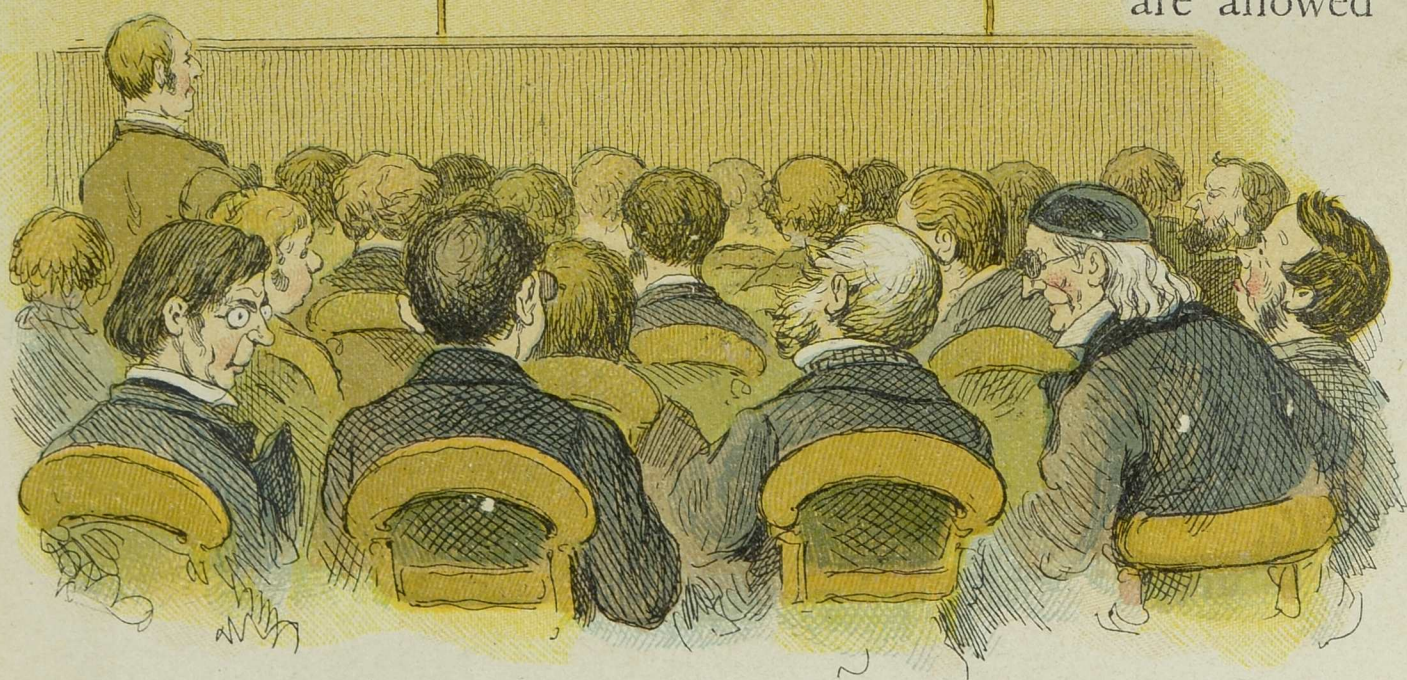
Across the broad Atlantic!



T home once more; and all the Town
 Talks of the Walnut Shell's renown;
 ARTHUR is pensioned by the Crown,
 And all his travels written down,
 Their wonder and variety,



And little
 ELSIE too
 is proud—
 Her pluck and
 knowledge
 are allowed



To charm a scientific crowd
 From ev'ry wise Society!

* * * * *
* * * * *

And yet all this was but a dream,
A fancy of the children's brain,
Where pleasures in confusion reign,
And phantoms of old lessons teem.—

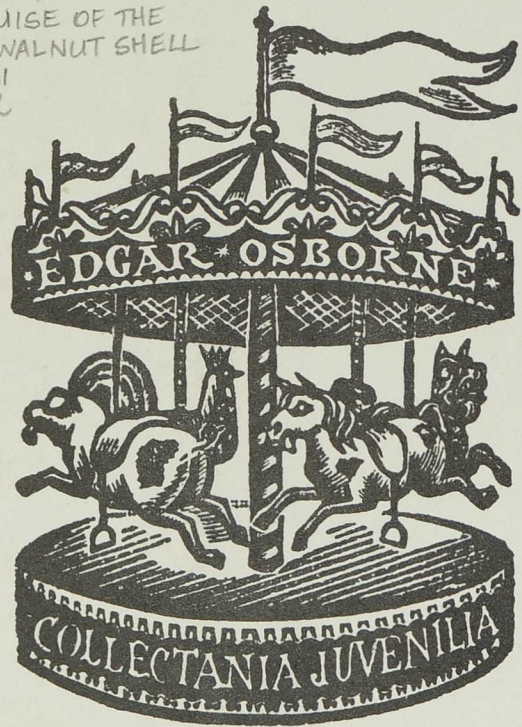
Dream, happy children, while ye may!
And, waking, come to me, and look
Upon the dreamer of this book
As one who joins you in your play.

R. ANDRÉ.

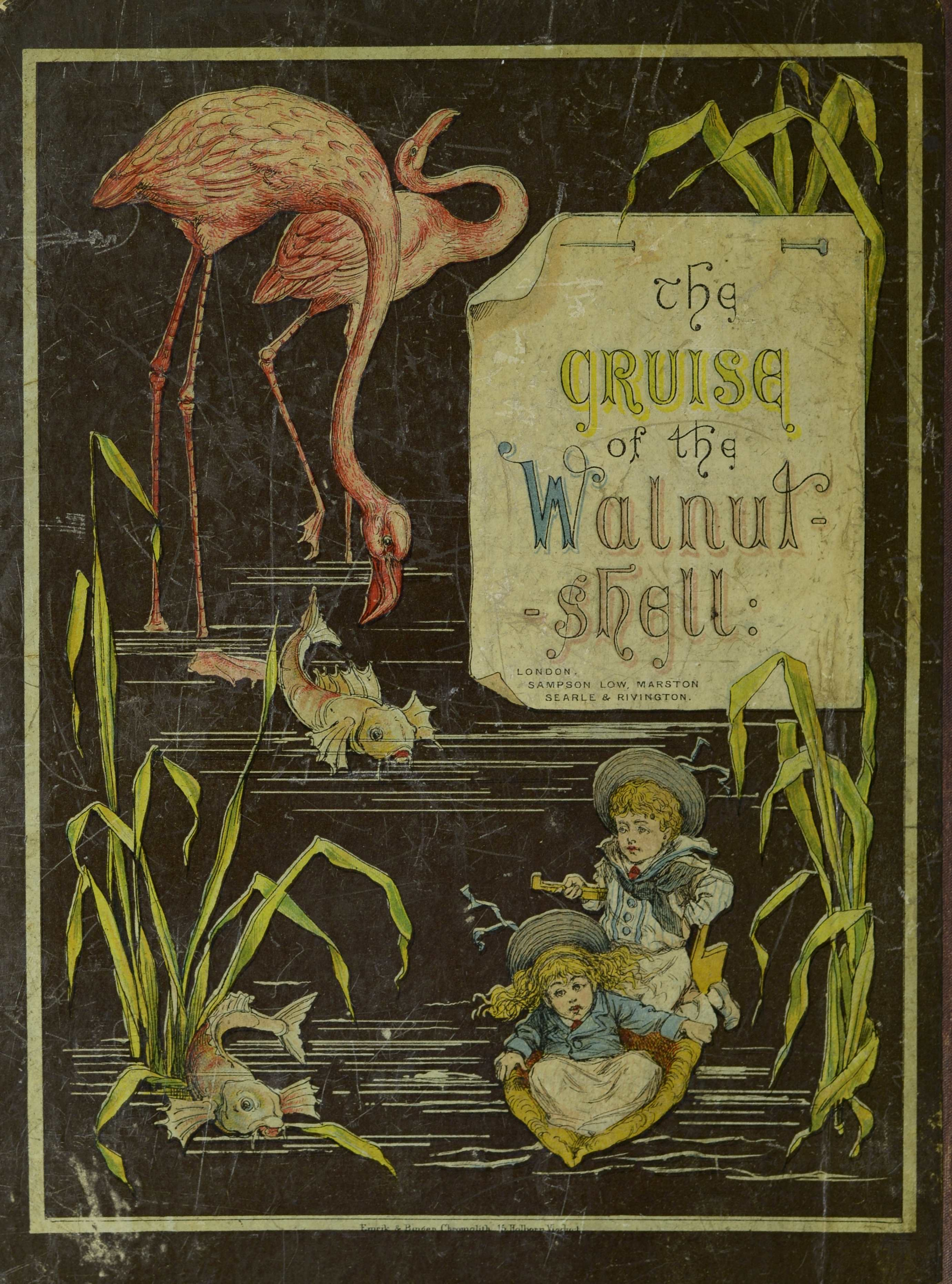


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(P)
ANDRE, RICHARD
CRUISE OF THE
WALNUT SHELL
1881
c.2



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the
GRUISE
of the
Walnut-
-shell:

LONDON,
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON
SEARLE & RIVINGTON.