

WRITTEN
AND
ILLUSTRATED
BY
NORROY



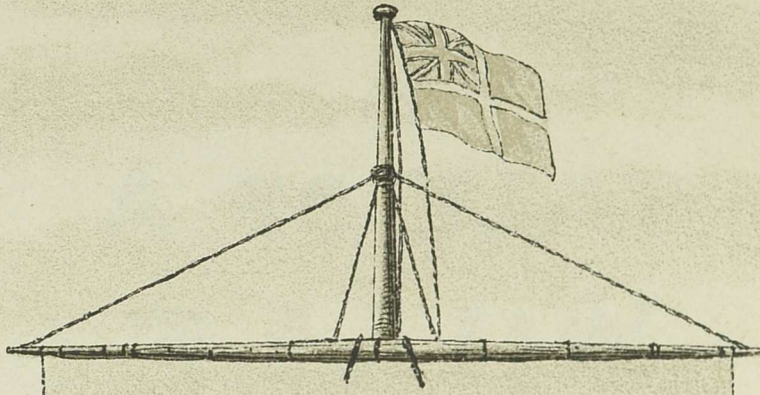
•A WAIL OF A TAIL•

A
TALE OF A
WHALE



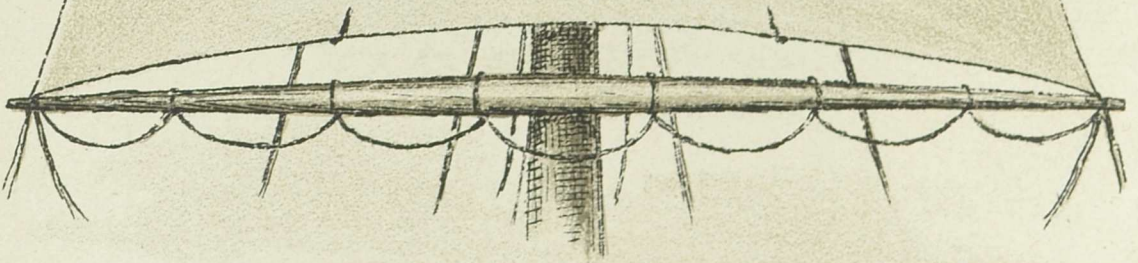
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LONDON
DEAN & SON.
160^A FLEET STREET.
E.C



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
A TALE OF A WHALE, <i>Cover</i>	1
WAIL OF A TAIL, <i>Half-Title</i>	2
TITLE PAGE	3
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS, <i>Back of Title</i> ...	4
ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MINOR ILLUSTRATIONS, AND THE FOLLOWING LARGER PICTURES :—	
"ONE NIGHT AT SEA"	5
"THE BRIG 'TOM FOOL'"	6
"THE MATE OF THE BRIG"	10
"A LOURING SKY"	11
"INTO THE HARBOUR'S MOUTH"	18
"THE END OF A WHALE"	19



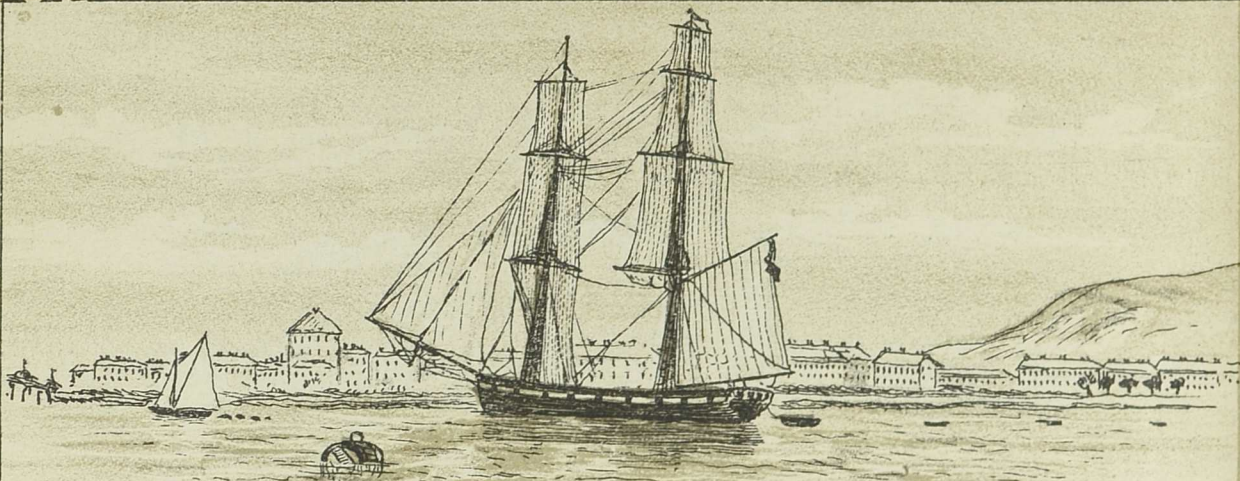
A TALE OF A WHALE



I'll tell you a tale
About a whale,
That'll make your whiskers curl :
It was told to me,
One night at sea,
Aboard of the "Sairy Swirl."



"ONE NIGHT AT SEA,
ABOARD OF THE 'SAIRY SWIRL.'"



"THE BRIG 'TOM FOOL'."



THAT WAS the brig "Tom Fool,"
Of Liverpool,
That was sailing over the sea ;
When a passenger cried
(As he leant o'er the side),
"There's six whales upon our lee."



THERE was Father Whale,
And Mother Whale,
And little Whales numbering four
And the smallest beast
Had an eye at least,
The size of a big front door !





Now the Captain's fright
When he saw this sight,
Was a dismal thing to see !
But the *Mate* gave a look,
And said to the cook,
" Serve an extra ration of tea !



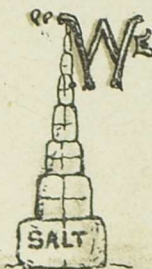
Make it hot and sweet,
Give us lots to eat,
For there's work to be done to-day ;
Them whales may grin,
But we'll run them in,
And their '*ile*' to port convey ! "

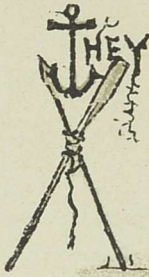


So this bold hero
Sang out, " Yo ! heave yo ! "
And the boatswain's pipe was sounded ;
Says the Mate, " My boys !
You *must not* make a noise,
Unless you want to be drowned !



We must catch them whales,
With salt on their tails,
And our movements must be *silent* ;
If you thwart me now,
There'll be a big row,
For you know my temper's *vi'lent* ! "





made not a sound,
But turn'd the ship round,
And pointed her head to the foe;
But the Captain took
To his bed with a book,
And mournfully sigh'd "No go!"



Now through the cook's fault,
There was not much salt,
But "Pepper's the thing!" cried the Mate,
They loaded the guns
With best Bath buns,
Then calmly awaited their fate.



Now the youngest whale
Had waggled his tail,
And wink'd when he saw the ship;
And he said to his dad,
"Oh, Pa! ain't you glad?"
And he curl'd up his nose at the tip!



BUT old Father Whale
Had seen many a sail,
And knew of such things as harpoons!
So he said to his child,
"Shut up! Draw it mild!"
In a voice like three big bassoons!





THEN Mother Whale cried,
And Father Whale cried,
Till the tears made the tide rise higher;
Said the Mother, "My dears,
There's cause for our fears,
Men's *mad* when you rouse their ire!



IN spite of our groans
They uses our bones "
(You will see she hadn't learnt grammar,
For whales, though no fools,
Are always in *schools*,
And don't know what's meant by "*crammer*").



THEY tightens their waists,
Which shows their bad tastes,"
Said Old Mother Whale, still sobbing;
"And they uses our oil
To lighten their toil,
And they fits out ships for this robbing!"



WHEN they heard these tales,
The two younger whales
Gave shrieks like dying porkers;
And with a great splash,
A crash, and a dash,
Made tracks like Champion Walkers!





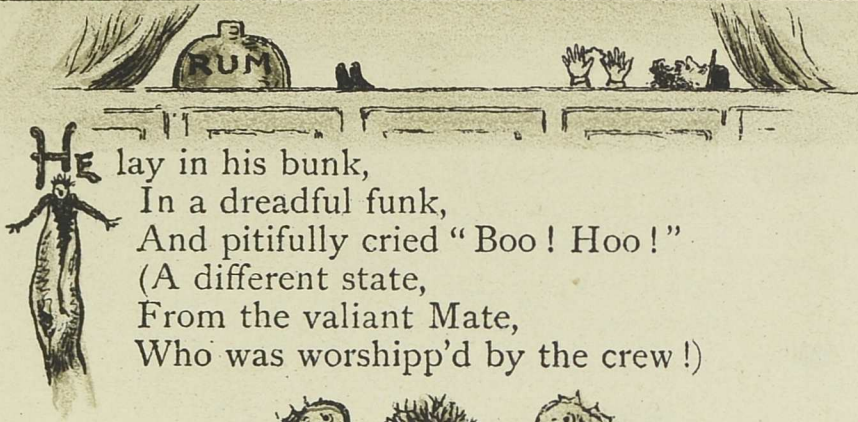
BUT two of them stuck
 To their dad with pluck,
 And show'd a bold front to the foes !
 So they form'd a square,
 Their tails in the air,
 And prepared to come to blows !



THE Mate of the brig,
 Who didn't care a fig
 For reptile, beast, or bird ;
 Lit a big cigar,
 And said "La, di, da !"
 But the Captain never stirr'd ;



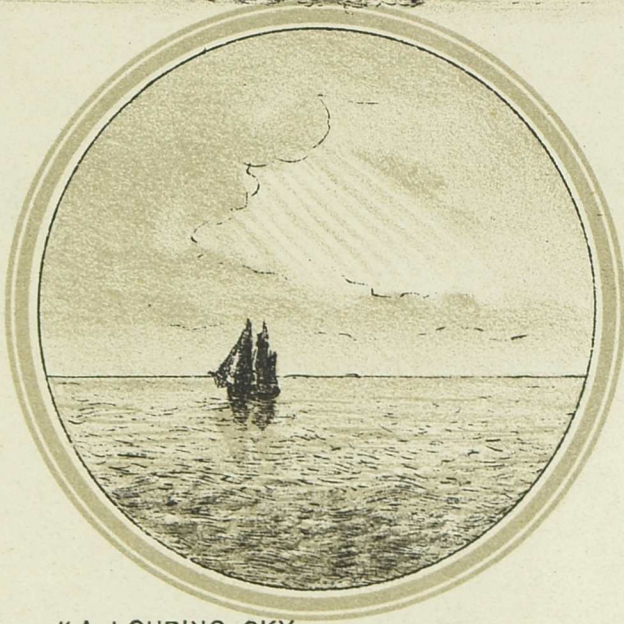
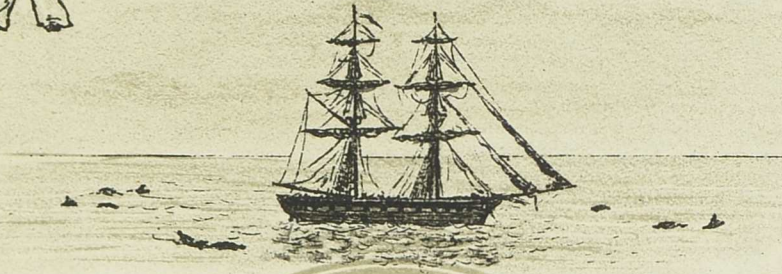
"THE MATE OF THE BRIG,
 WHO DIDN'T CARE A FIG
 FOR REPTILE, BEAST, OR BIRD!"



HE lay in his bunk,
In a dreadful funk,
And pitifully cried "Boo! Hoo!"
(A different state,
From the valiant Mate,
Who was worshipp'd by the crew!)



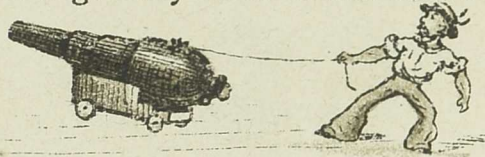
WHILE the Captain wept,
The ship was kept
Towards the enemy's lair,
And presently dropp'd
Her anchor, and stopp'd
In the centre of the square.



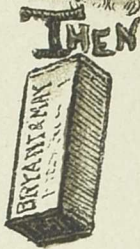
"A LOURING SKY,
AND DARK CLOUDS PILED HIGH,
GAVE A GLOOMY LOOK TO THE SCENE."



It was about "one bell,"
And a gentle swell
Just show'd where a gale had been ;
But a louring sky,
And dark clouds piled high,
Gave a gloomy look to the scene.



The battle began
With a "Rataplan,"
Which the drummer beat with vigour
As they heard the sound,
The whales turn'd round,
And their eyes with rage grew bigger !



Then the Mate lit a match,
With a fearful scratch,
Across the sole of his boot ;
With a hearty shout,
A gun was run out,
And the word was given to shoot !



The cannon went off,
With a "Piff! Paff! Poff!"
And a Bath bun whizz'd through the air !
It could scarcely fail
To shoot one whale,
But it h"apple"y hit a pear.

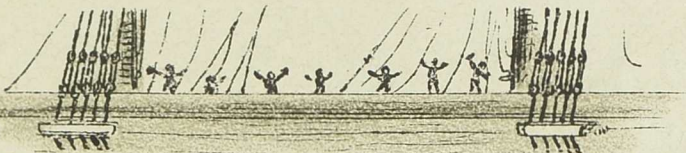




The aim was so true
That the eldest two
(Who happen'd to be in a line)
Got thwacks from the bun,
Which they found no fun,
And *didn't* they kick up a shine !



They splash'd up the sea,
And bellow'd "Tee! Hee!"
Till the air was fill'd with their roars!
But aboard the ship,
Was heard "Hip! Hip! Hip!"
And a chorus of loud "Hooroars!"



Then Old Father Whale
Waved his monstrous tail,
And said to his wife, "This won't do!
That vessel must go
To the depths below;
Then we'll make mincemeat of the crew!"



"The ship's a bit large,
But we'll make a charge,
And turn up her keel to the sky!
All ready to start!"
But just then a tart
Hit Mother Whale right in the eye!

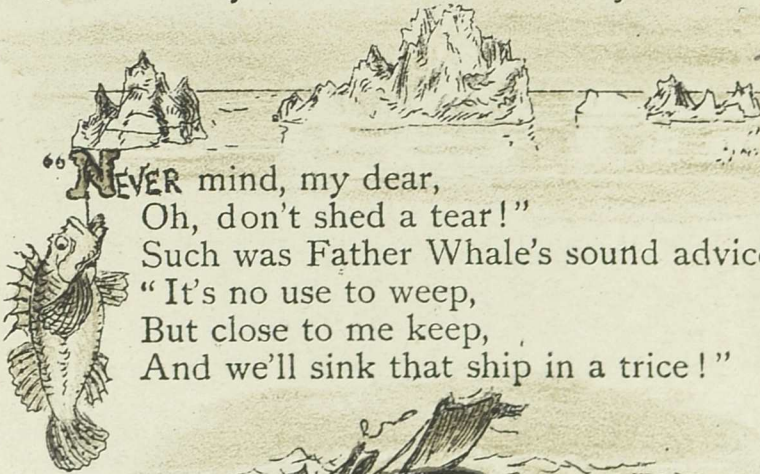




of us know
The effects of a blow,
Especially if a surprise ;
So mind you don't fail,
With old Mother Whale,
To most heartily sympathise.



was stunn'd at first,
And then with a burst
Of rage cried, " D'ye know who I am ?
Impertinent rat !
Whoever shot that !
And you *knew* I never liked jam !"



"NEVER mind, my dear,
Oh, don't shed a tear !"
Such was Father Whale's sound advice ;
" It's no use to weep,
But close to me keep,
And we'll sink that ship in a trice !"



all the four whales
With quivering tails,
At the brig made a fearful dash !
And the gallant crew,
Had plenty to do,
To avoid being drown'd in the splash !





"More haste, less speed,"
Is truthful indeed,
Was shown by the whales' mad race;
They o'ershot their mark,
And beyond the bark
Went scampering on into space!



very soon learn'd
Their mistake, and turn'd,
Stopping short for a time to rest;
While, soak'd through and through,
The shivering crew,
To mop up the ship, did their best.



spoke the Mate's voice,
"We are left no choice,
If that's done once more we shall sink!
So lower a boat.
Come! quick! get afloat!
And put in some victuals and drink!"



barrel of beer,
A harpoon and spear,
And a number of rich plum cakes!
Come! bear a hand here,
If the boat's all clear,
We'll be off in a brace of shakes!"





Mate was obey'd,
And the stores were laid
Down in the bottom of the boat :
Then in stepp'd the crew,
The passengers too,
A dog, and the boatswain's pet goat ;



ARD

all sense bereft,
The Captain was left
To manage the ship by himself,
All helpless with fear
He look'd like a mere
Bundle of rags on a shelf.



They set the boat's sails,
And steer'd for the whales,
The Mate standing up in the bow :
To secure one beast
At the very least,
Was this bold young man's rash vow.

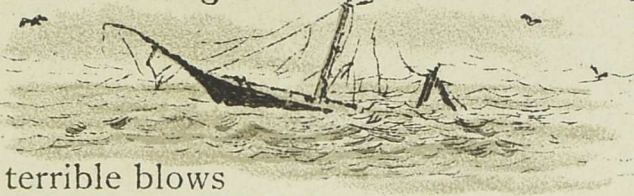


As she saw them start,
Mother Whale swam apart,
And with one child charged at the ship ;
While the eldest son,
Disdaining to run,
With his dad took a playful dip !





At a fearful sound,
The boat's crew turn'd round,
And saw the Captain on the deck;
Before they could speak
They heard one wild shriek,
And the brig was a total wreck.



Two terrible blows
Of Mother Whale's nose
Made a breach in the vessel's side:
Like a young French bean
The captain was seen
Between Mother Whale's teeth to glide!

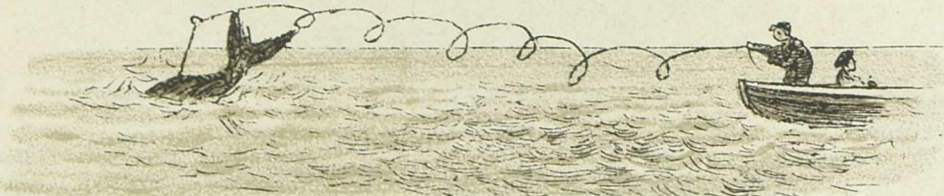


"SEE that poor man's fate!"
Cried the gallant Mate,
"Remember it as a warning:
Never show any fear,
But sing 'Cheer! Boys! Cheer!'
And 'We won't go home till Morning!'"



WITH GREAT EXPRESSION

WITH a cheery song
They scuttled along
Till they near'd the old Father Whale;
The harpoon was thrown,
And stuck in the bone
Near the end of the old beast's tail!






WHEN he felt the pain,
 He bellow'd again,
 And like lightning dash'd o'er the sea.
 The Mate held the rope,
 And express'd the hope,
 That they'd shortly be home to tea.



THE Mate was quite right,
 They soon came in sight
 Of their native hills on the South ;
 And the whale made straight,
 As if t'was his fate,
 Right into the harbour's mouth !



"AND THE WHALE MADE STRAIGHT
 RIGHT INTO THE HARBOUR'S MOUTH!"



THEY kill'd Father Whale
Dead as a door nail,
And to the Local Museum
They sent his old bones,
As interesting loans
And just now that's where you see 'em !



AND this is the tale
Of a fearful whale,
That made my old whiskers curl,
As t'was told to me
One night at sea
Aboard of the "Sairy Swirl."



THE END OF A WHALE



HERE HE STAYS!



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And when it comes it brings good cheer."**

Aye, and a right good time it is too. Father, mother, aunts, uncles, grandfather, grandmother, and children galore, with happy, beaming faces, all seem intent on doing justice to the huge sirloin of good old English roast beef, which, flanked with bottles of goodall's yorkshire relish, makes so grand a display on the groaning table.

**Who steals my purse
steals trash;** so spoke that cunning knave, Iago. But he who stealeth my stock of goodall's baking powder inflicteth upon me a most dire disaster.

**Good counsellors lack
no clients.** So says the clown in *Measure for Measure*, and a right sensible remark too; and we are sure, in advising our readers to use none other than goodall's custard powder, that we are giving them the very best of good counsel.

**Throw physic to the
dogs;** I'm none of it, cried the blustering Macbeth. And so, though in a different sense, say we; for, with goodall's quinine wine to our hand, we can look the doctor squarely in the face, and tell him his potions are unneeded.

**Othello's occupation's
gone.** So spoke the swarthy Moor; and so might say, could they but speak, the denizens of our poultry yards, on beholding the wondrous effects of goodall's egg powder.

**Health is better than
wealth, and the best
way to keep health is
to take a glass of good-
all's quinine wine after
meals.**

**Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar, and don't
spoil a good dinner for the trifling expense of a bottle of
goodall's yorkshire relish.**

A wise head makes a still tongue. Quite so, so far as tittle-tattle is concerned, but we maintain that by telling far and near the virtues of goodall's custard powder, we are doing a good and wise action.

**Everything is good in its season, and goodall's
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* * * In the above collection, the Capital Letter G hath "gone wrong," for which is humbly begged the reader's most gracious pardon.

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Where men are well used, they will frequent there, and if the good wife uses goodall's egg and custard powders for pastry, she is bound to please in that department at any rate.

They laugh that win, and the proprietors of goodall's yorkshire relish might well be excused if they indulged in a peal of jubiliant laughter at the marvellous success which their far-famed specialities have won.

**Tell truth and shame
the devil,** said fiery Hotspur. And so we will; affirming, without fear of denial, that goodall's brunswick black is the best to be had for the money.

**A penny saved is a
penny gained,** and by using goodall's ginger beer powder you will save many pennies.

**When good cheer is
lacking, our friends
will be packing,** but that need never be if we keep a store of goodall's yorkshire relish, baking powder, and other specialities in the house.

**Good counsel breaks
no man's head, and
our counsel is, don't
fail to use goodall's
brunswick black, if
you wish your stoves
to look bright.**

**Years know more
than books, and
many years' trial has
proved without a doubt
that goodall's yorkshire
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**"Ring out the old; ring in the new;
Ring out the false; ring in the true."**

A
TALE OF A
WHALE



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