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LEGENDS · LIONEL for L



IN
PEN & PENCIL

WALTER CRANE



CASSELL & CO.
'LIMITED'

P(100)
CRANE, W.
LEGENDS... 1887
C.2



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1st Ed
50/

DOROTHEA JOAN
STEWART-TAYLOR
from HER FATHER

25



· LEGENDS for LIONEL ·
· in pen and pencil ·
· BY · WALTER · CRANE ·



· CASSELL & COMPANY · LIMITED ·
· LONDON; PARIS; NEW YORK ·
· & MELBOURNE ·
1887



PREFACE

ALL Lions have tails: some - like the one here - remarkably long ones. Some Lionels I know have "Legends" instead. The Lionel for which these were made is a great devourer of them, and he also has an appetite for pictures to paint. This book of sketches, the offspring of the odd half hours of winter evenings, was originally intended strictly for home consumption. One thing, however, leads to another, just as the sketches did, following one by one as fancy led, till they filled the book, and this book falling under the eye of Messrs Cassell (through the voluntary offices of a sympathetic and enthusiastic friend) "Legends for Lionel" may become legends for legions of Lionels.

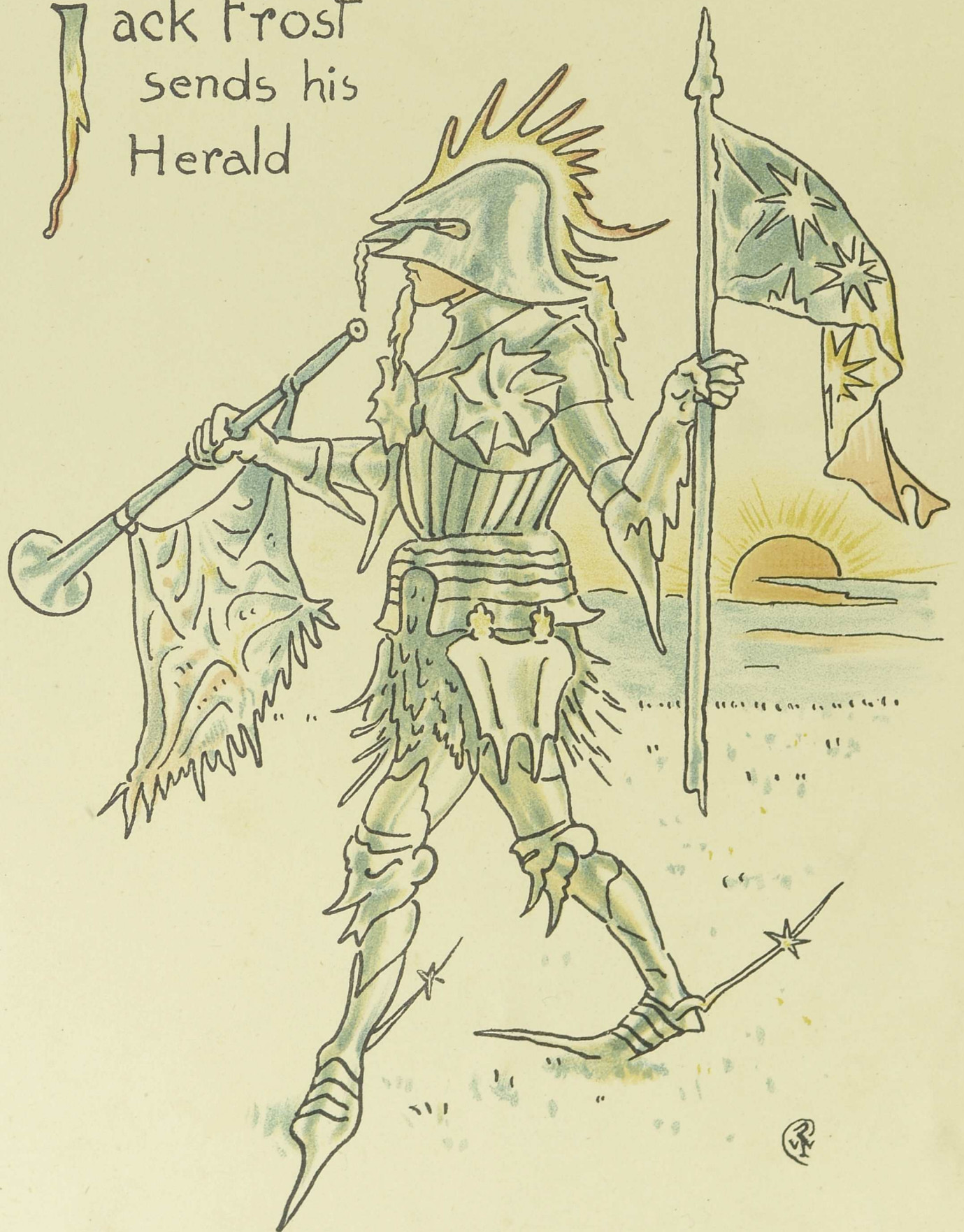
That both Lionels and others may get as much fun out of the book as did its own father and Lionels - is the wish of both, at any rate

: Walter Crane :



Aug: 1887

Jack Frost
sends his
Herald



without their
leaves ,



and just as the world
is thinking of skating-



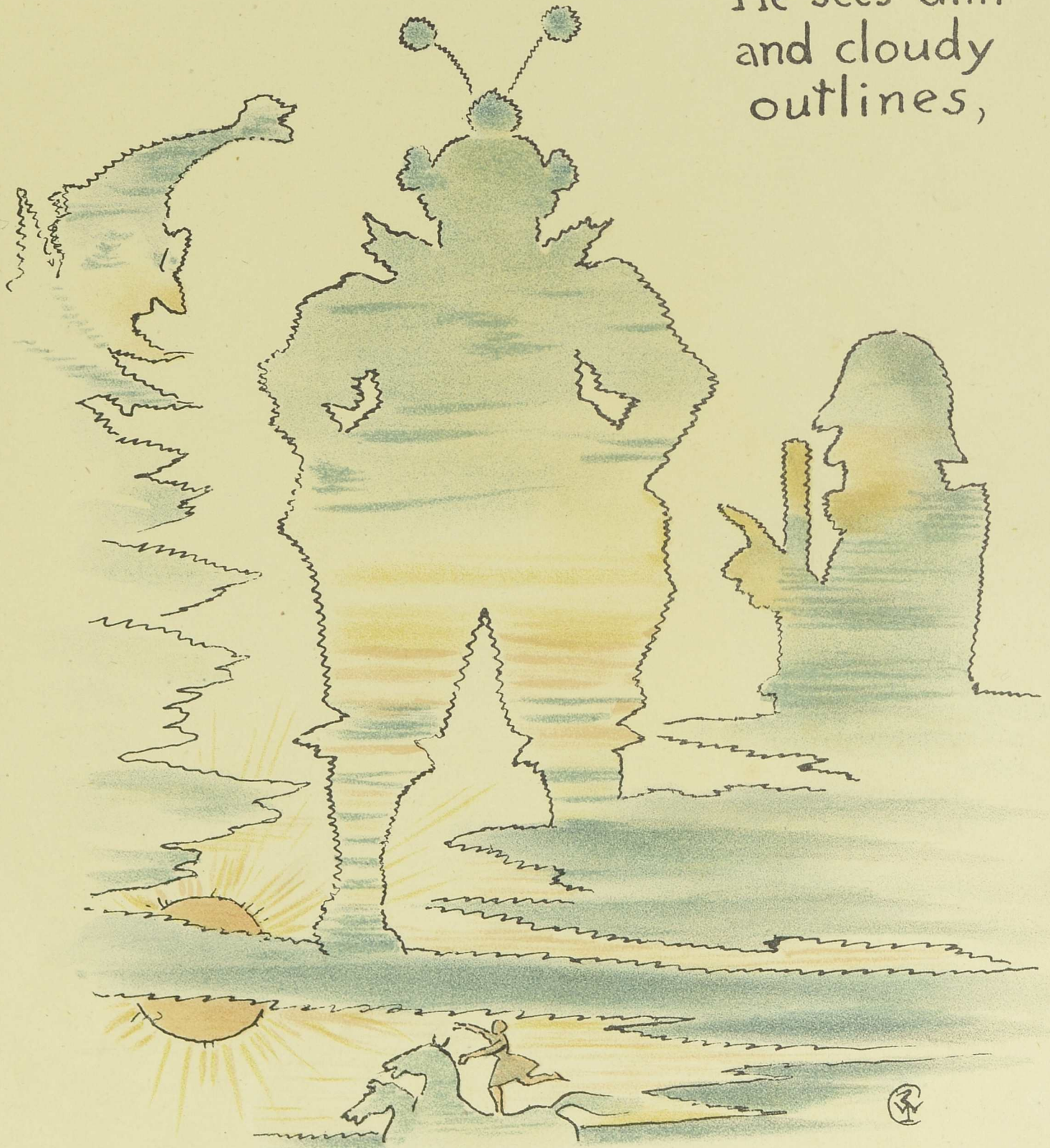
comes Thaw;





followed by Fog, in which Lionel
begins to look out for Xmas.

He sees dim
and cloudy
outlines,





across a white expanse,
dotted with sugar-plums,



which led him to a little house
in a garden of Xmas-Trees.

The door
was opened
by a stately
Turkey,

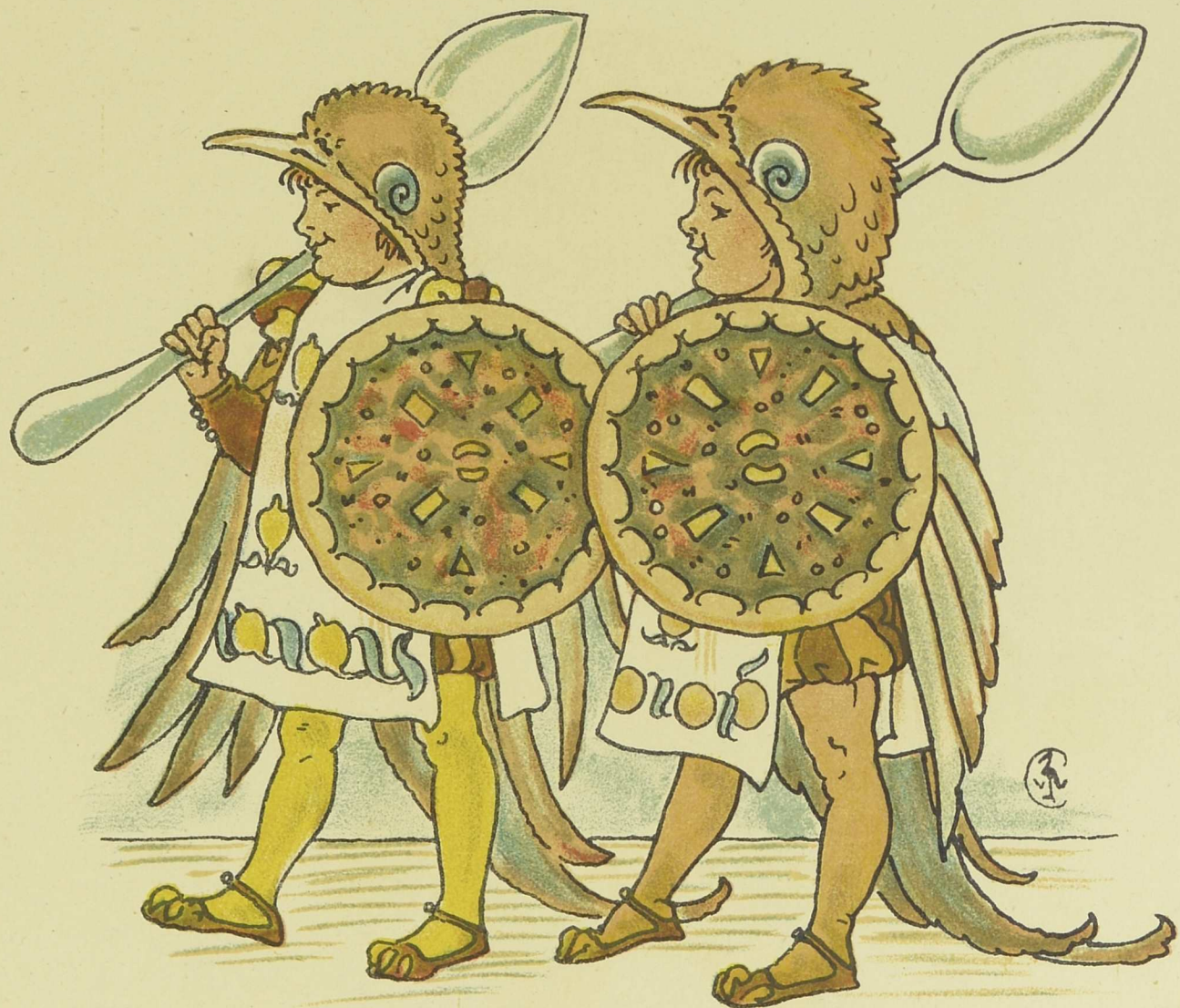




supported by atten-
dant sausages

and followed
by
Plum pudding

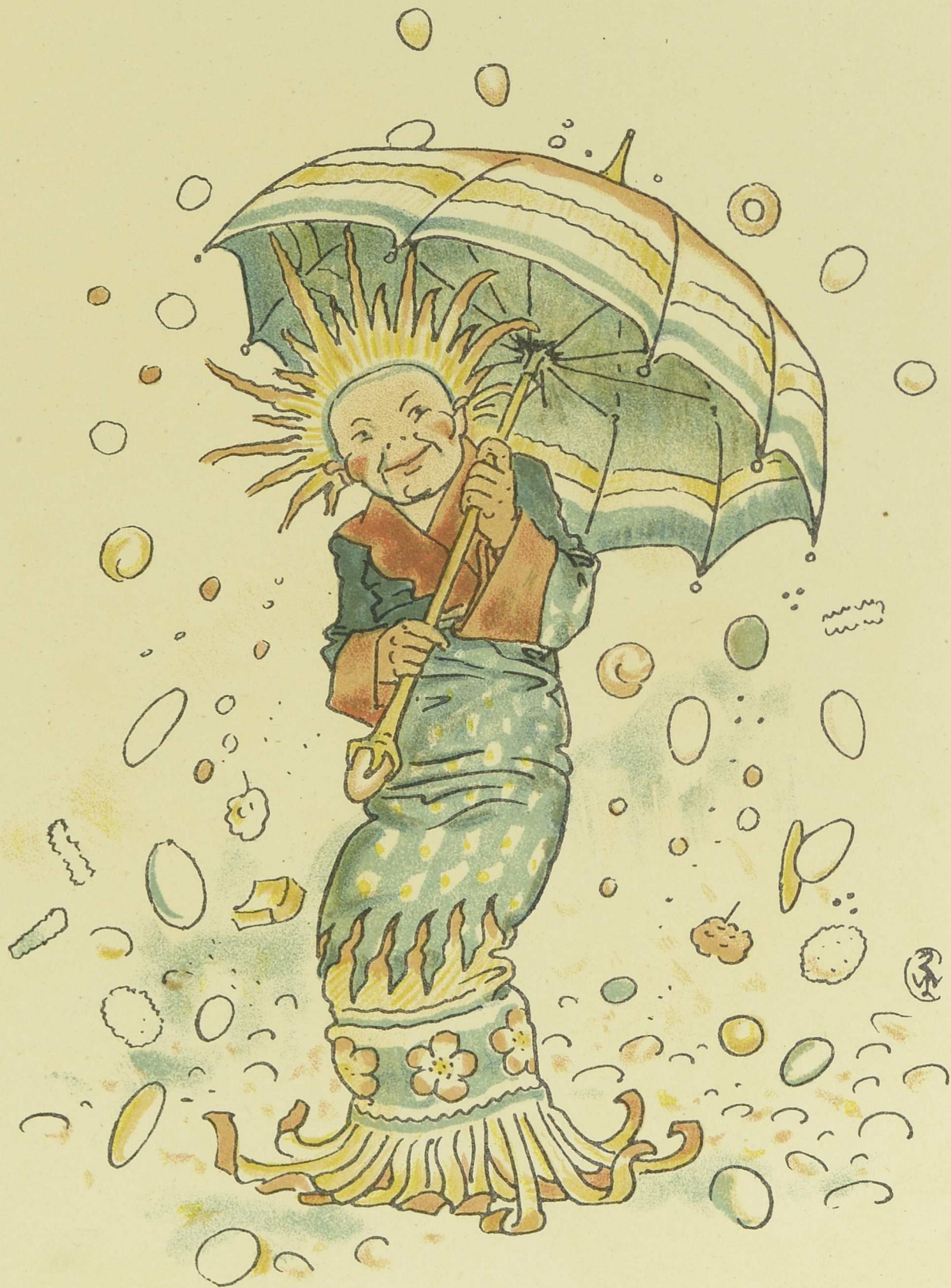




Mince-pies,

and a regiment
of Crackers





and a rain of Bon-bons,



also a Snap-dragon



St George after
him.

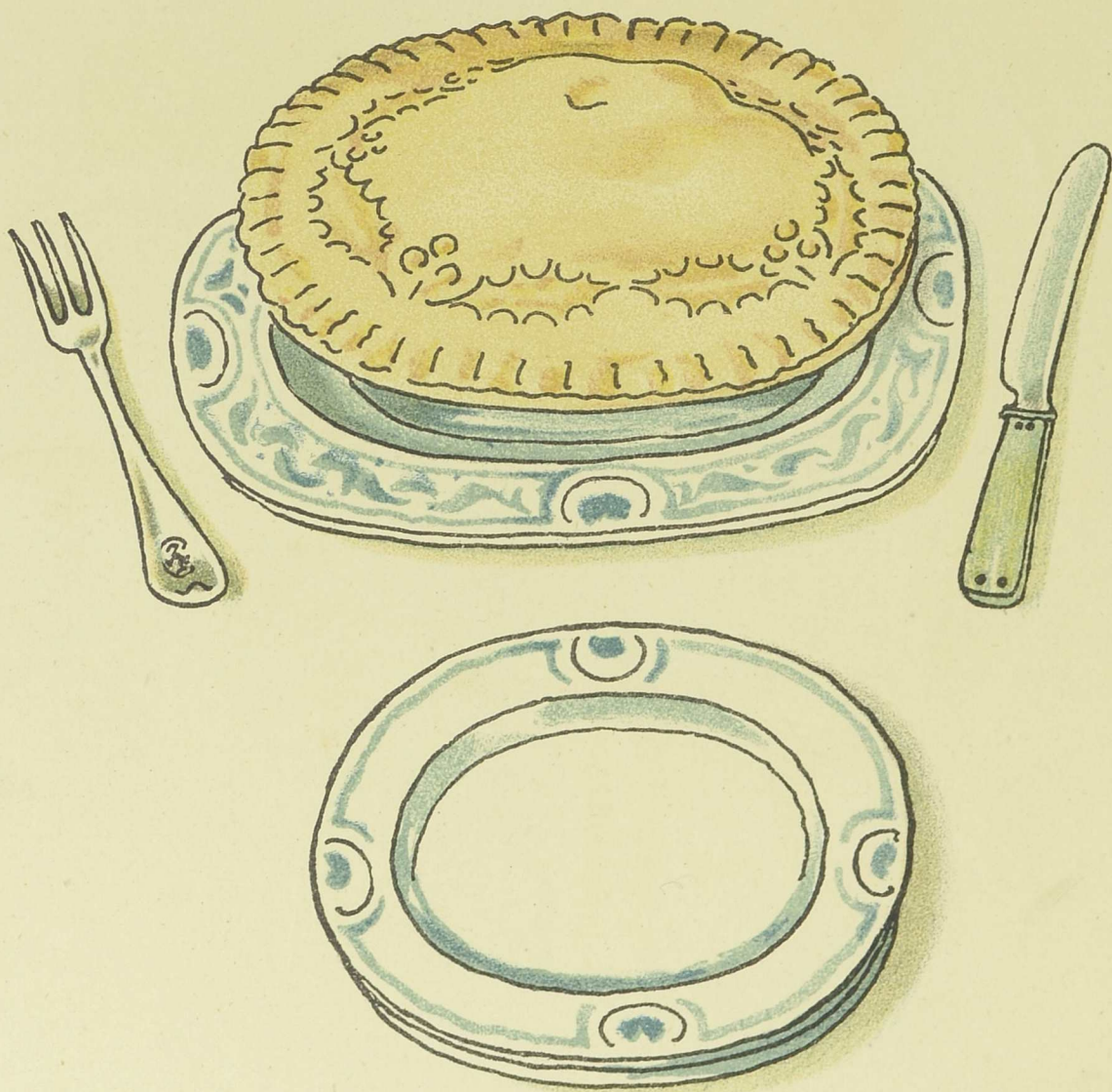
but Lionel gets through
them all at last, and is
invited by Jack Horner





to a seat in the
chimney corner,

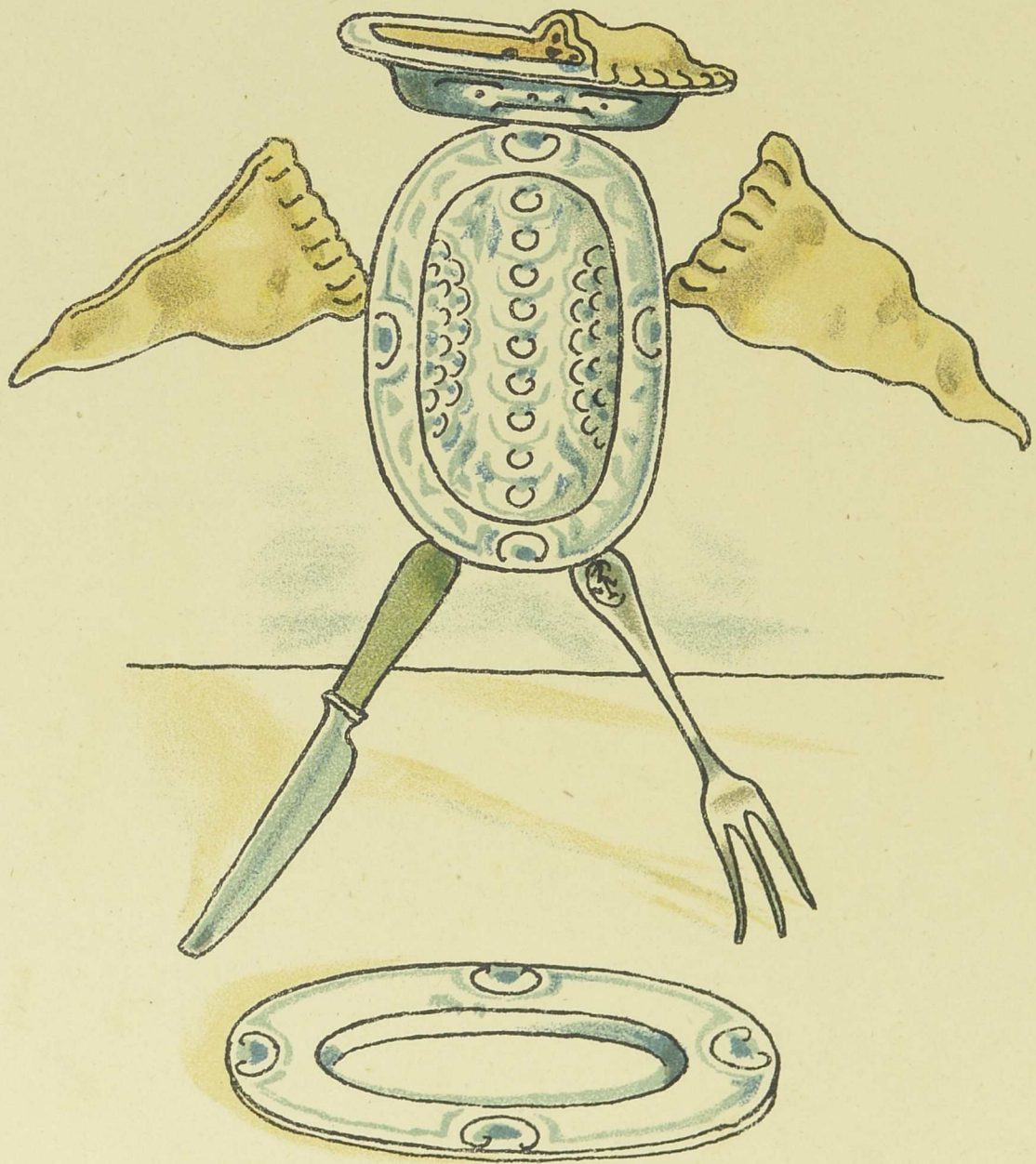
and a share of the
celebrated pie,

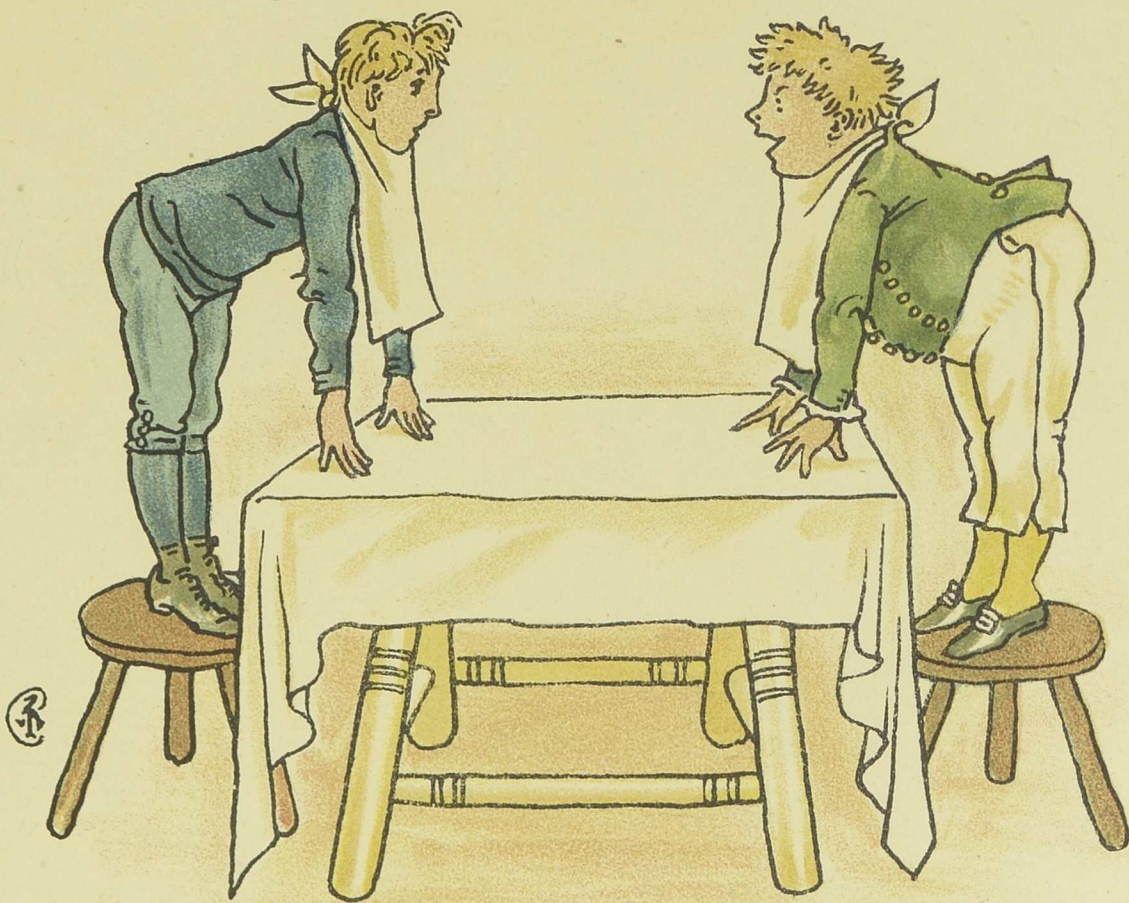
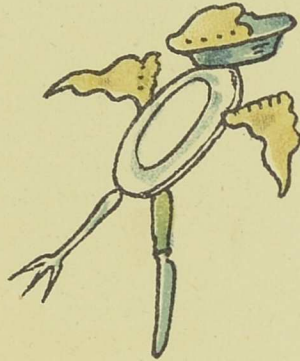




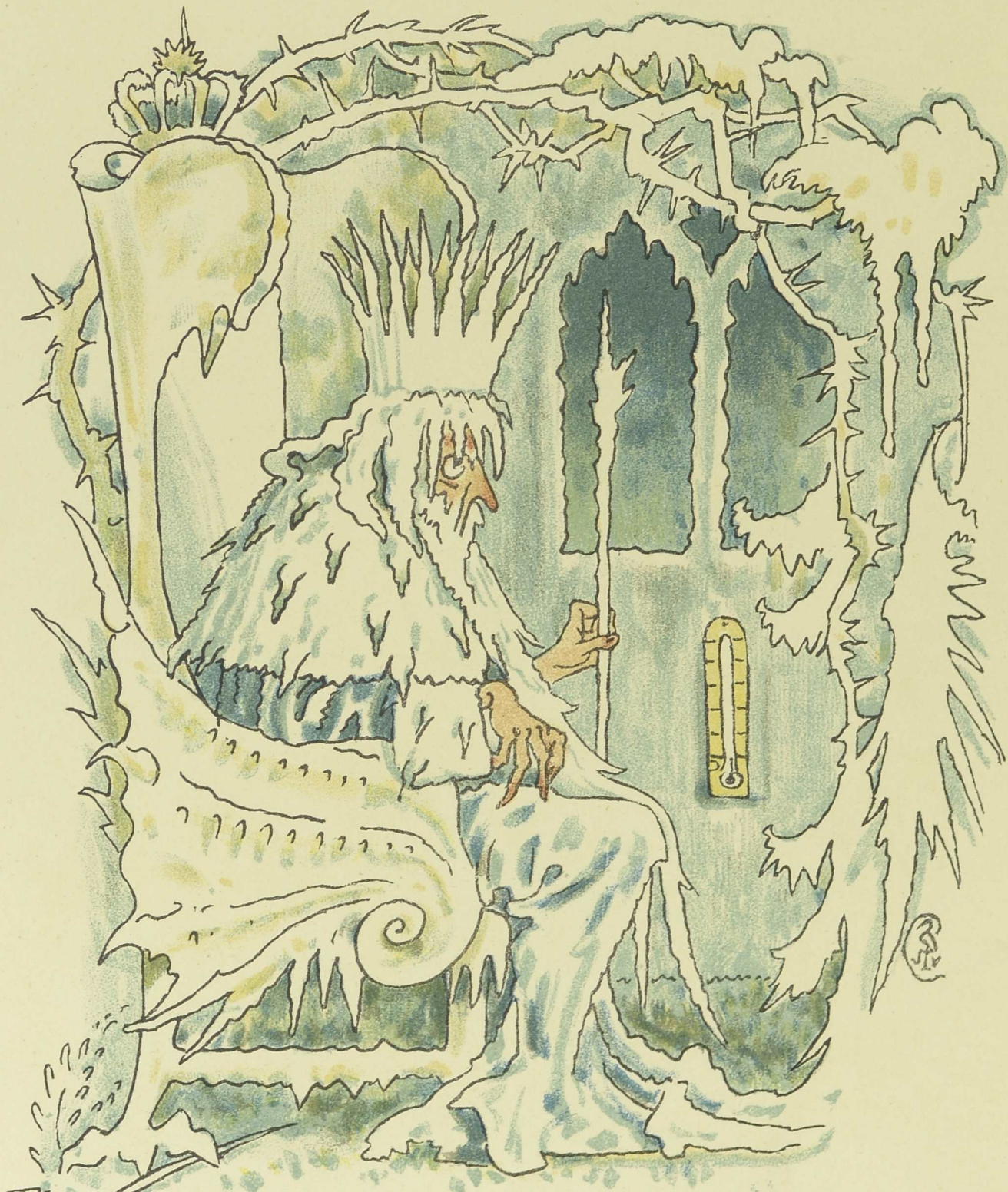
and when the
pie was
opened

it stood and flapped its wings!





A pretty dish to set
before two hungry things



King Frost was in his Freezing House :



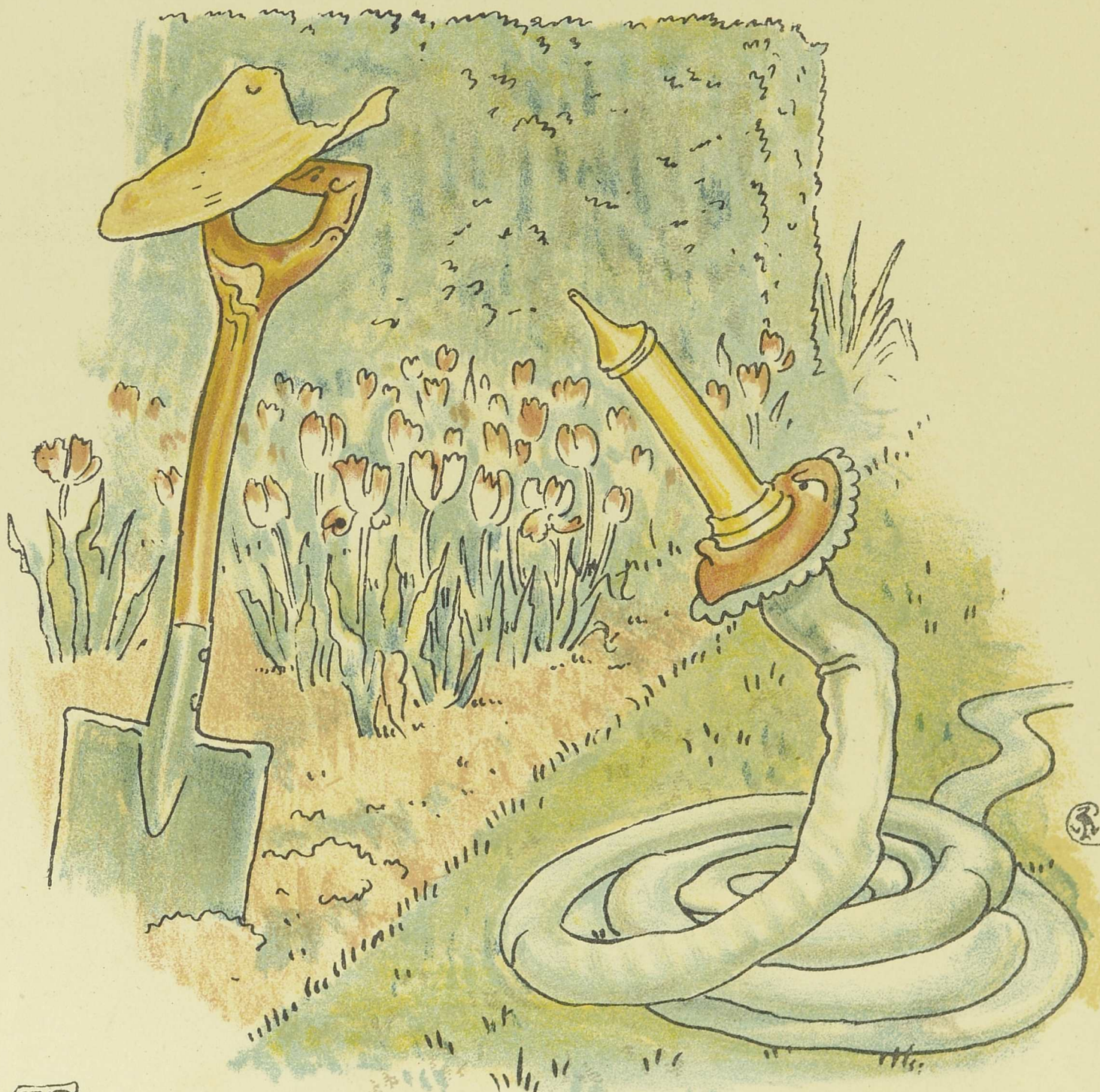
Nipping toes and noses!



Green Spring was in her
sleeping car,



Tying up her posies



The spade was in the garden
talking to the hose,

About a little
London-black
that settled
on the
rose.



But Lionel takes to another branch
of the black business,





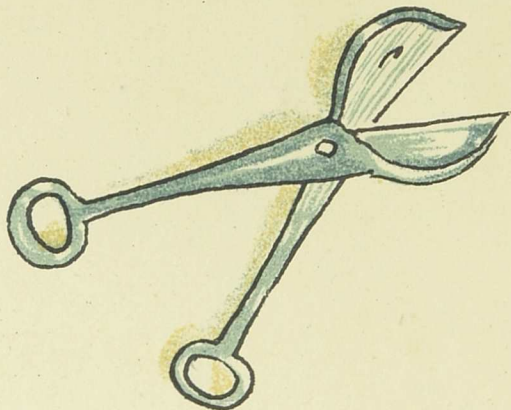
and, followed by his tinker's dog, he
trundles his workshop.

On the common he
meets a pot and a kettle
in hot dispute:





having mended their
little difference with a bit
of cracked looking glass,



further on he
meets with some keen customers.



and a whole population of pots and pans,

besides sets of
fire-irons



waiting to be set
on their legs.



Fire-dogs, too, left the chimney corner,



To follow the Tinker's dog :

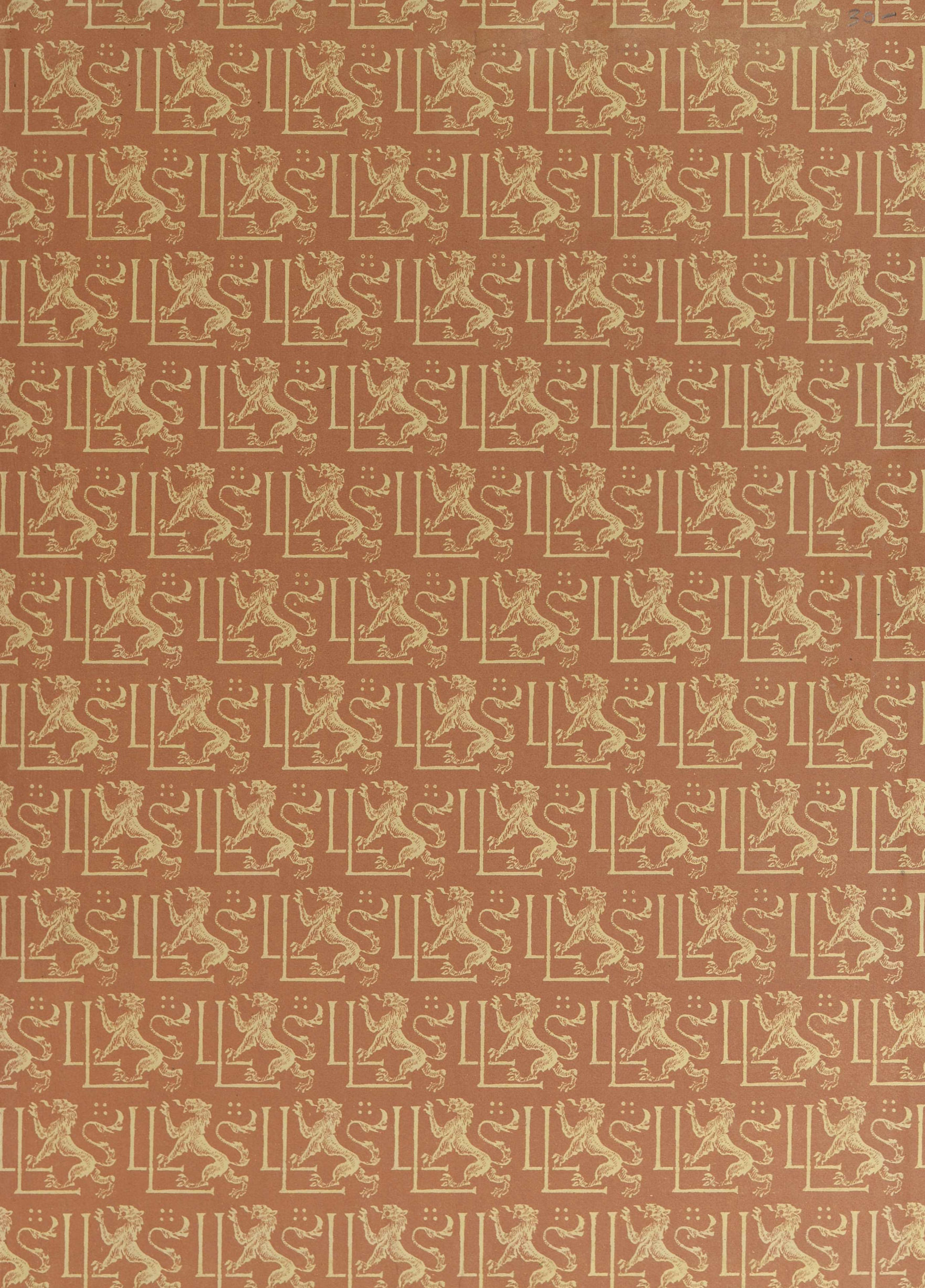


Good Luck flings
her old horse shoe
after him,

and so, getting hold of all the old iron of the village, the Tinker turns Magician, transmutes it into gold and retires from business.







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