

WALTER CRANE'S NEW TOY BOOK

WHO'S
TOUCHED
MY
SOUP!

OPEN
SESAME!

CINDERELLA'S CARRIAGE
STOPS THE WAY.

PVF

FY.

THIS
LITTLE
PIG

WENT
TO
MARKET

1

2



Olive Grace de Bath
from Grandfather

June 1893

WALTER CRANE'S
NEW TOY BOOK

CONTAINING

SIXTY-FOUR PAGES OF PICTURES

DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE

AND PRINTED IN COLOURS BY EDMUND EVANS



LONDON

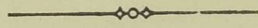
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

NEW YORK : 416 BROOME STREET

1873

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CINDERELLA.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

MY MOTHER.

THE THREE BEARS.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE.

THE ADVENTURES OF PUFFY.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

THE NOAH'S ARK A B C.

THERE was an honest gentleman, who had a daughter dear ;

His wife was dead, he took instead a new one in a year ;
She had two daughters—Caroline and Bella were their names ;
They called the other daughter Cinderella, to their shames,
Because she had to clean the hearths and black-lead all the
grates ;

She also had to scrub the floors, and wash the dinner plates.
But though the others went abroad, did nothing, smiled, and
drest,

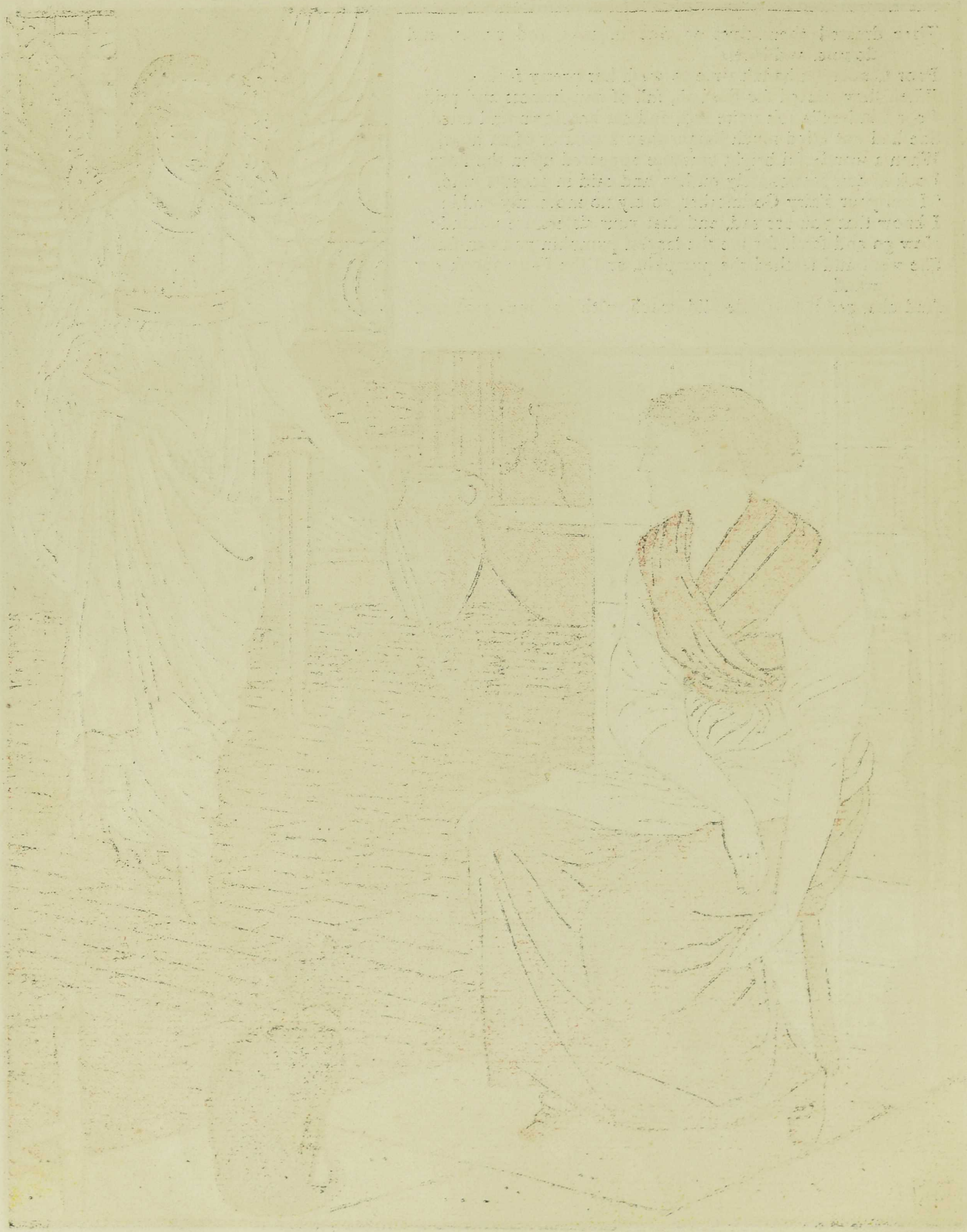
Yet Cinderella all the time was prettiest and best.

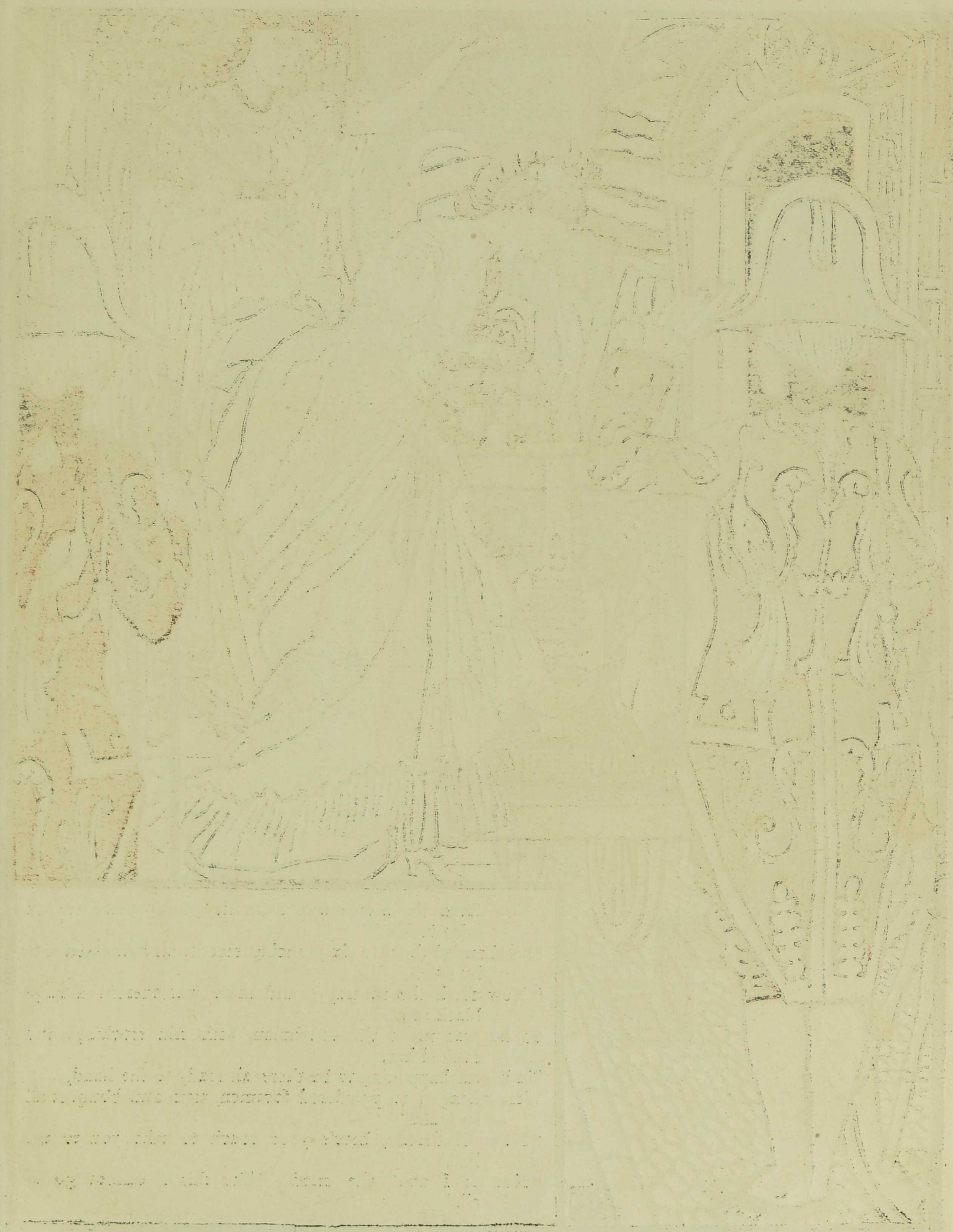
The King who ruled in that country, he had an only son,
Who gave a ball to all the town, when he was twenty-one ;
And Caroline and Bella were invited, and they said,
“ Cinderella shall leave scrubbing, and act as ladies’ maid.”

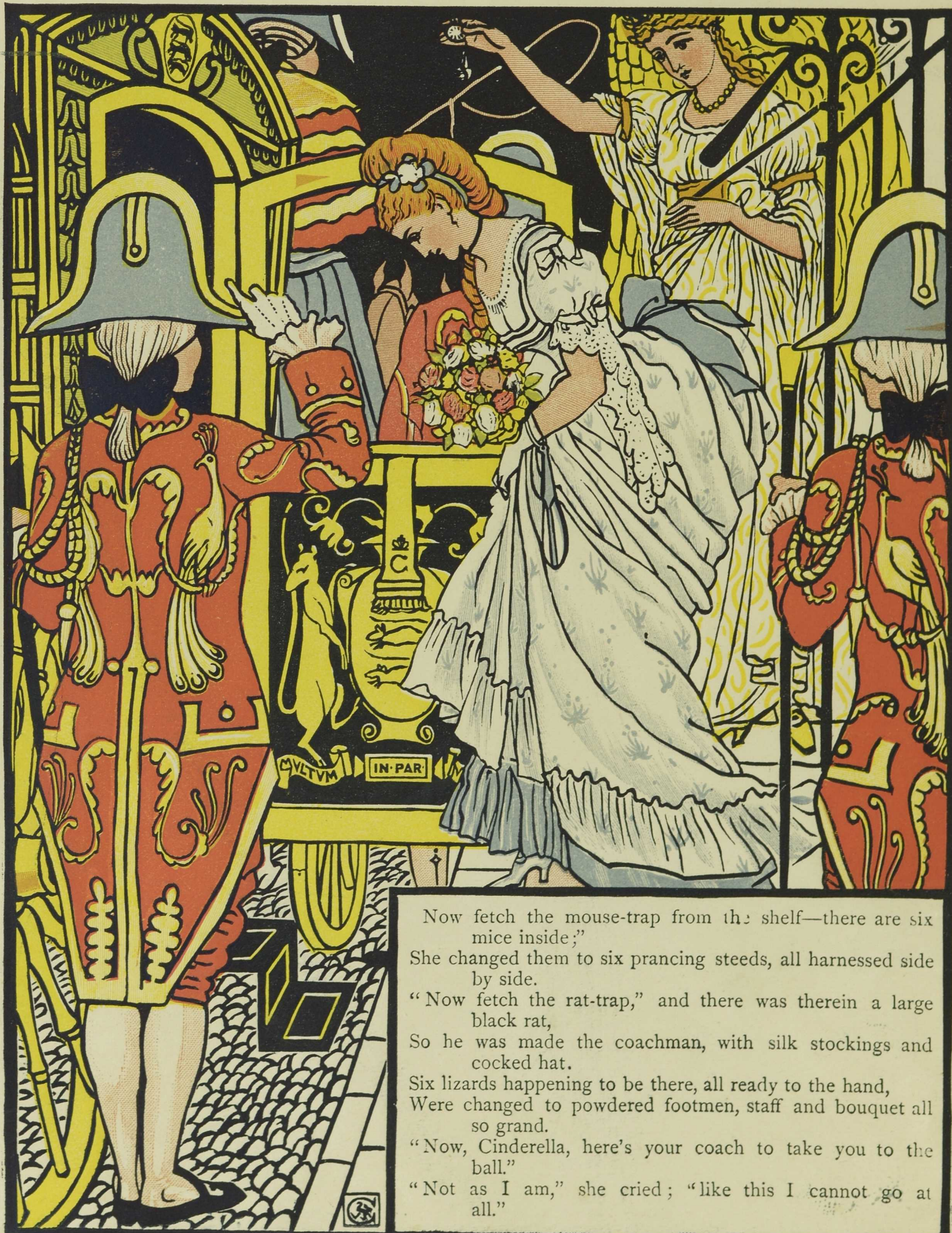


They dressed themselves so fine in silks, and pearls, and
flowers, and lace,
Poor Cinderella hadn't time to wash her pretty face.
When they started for the ball, full of haughtiness and pride,
Poor Cinderella felt quite sad, and sat her down and cried.
She had not cried much longer than a quarter of an hour,
When a wonderful bright creature appeared upon the floor,
Looked compassionately on her, and said in accents mild,
"I am your Fairy Godmother, so cry no more, my child:
I know that you are sad, and that your sisters are unkind:
Now go and fetch for me the largest pumpkin you can find."
She went and fetched the pumpkin, and the Fairy shook her
wand,
And changed it to a splendid coach. with cushions rich and
grand.









Now fetch the mouse-trap from the shelf—there are six mice inside;”
 She changed them to six prancing steeds, all harnessed side by side.
 “Now fetch the rat-trap,” and there was therein a large black rat,
 So he was made the coachman, with silk stockings and cocked hat.
 Six lizards happening to be there, all ready to the hand,
 Were changed to powdered footmen, staff and bouquet all so grand.
 “Now, Cinderella, here’s your coach to take you to the ball.”
 “Not as I am,” she cried; “like this I cannot go at all.”

And then the Fairy raised her wand, and touched the shabby gown—

It turned to satin, trimmed with lace, and jewels, and swans-down.

Her face was clean, her gloves were new, her hair was nicely curled,

And on her feet were shoes of glass, the neatest in the world.

“Now, Cinderella, you may go; but take care to return
Before the clock strikes twelve, or else you’ll see your carriage turn

Into a pumpkin once again, your horses into mice;
Your coachman, footmen, will become rat, lizards, in a trice,
And you yourself the cinder-girl will once again become;
So mind that when the clock strikes twelve you must be safe
at home.”





She promised, and with joyful heart she gained the palace hall,
And danced, and laughed, and looked indeed the fairest of them all.

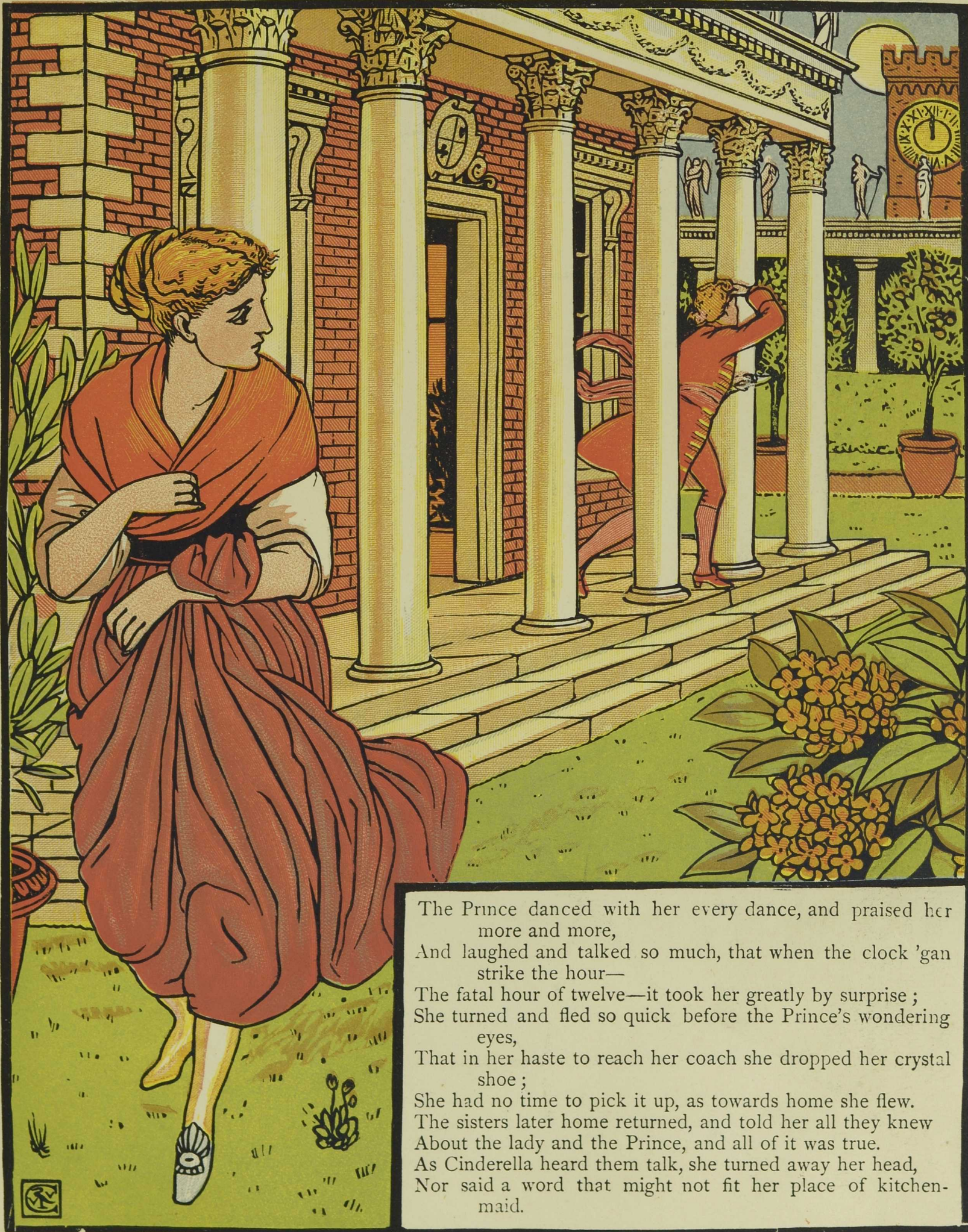
The King's son danced with her, and praised her lovely shape and air ;

All treated her as if she were the greatest lady there :

But in good time she slipped away, and waited safe at home,
In kitchen corner sitting till her sisters back should come ;
And when they came they told her all about the stranger fair,
And what she wore, and how she looked, and how she did her hair.

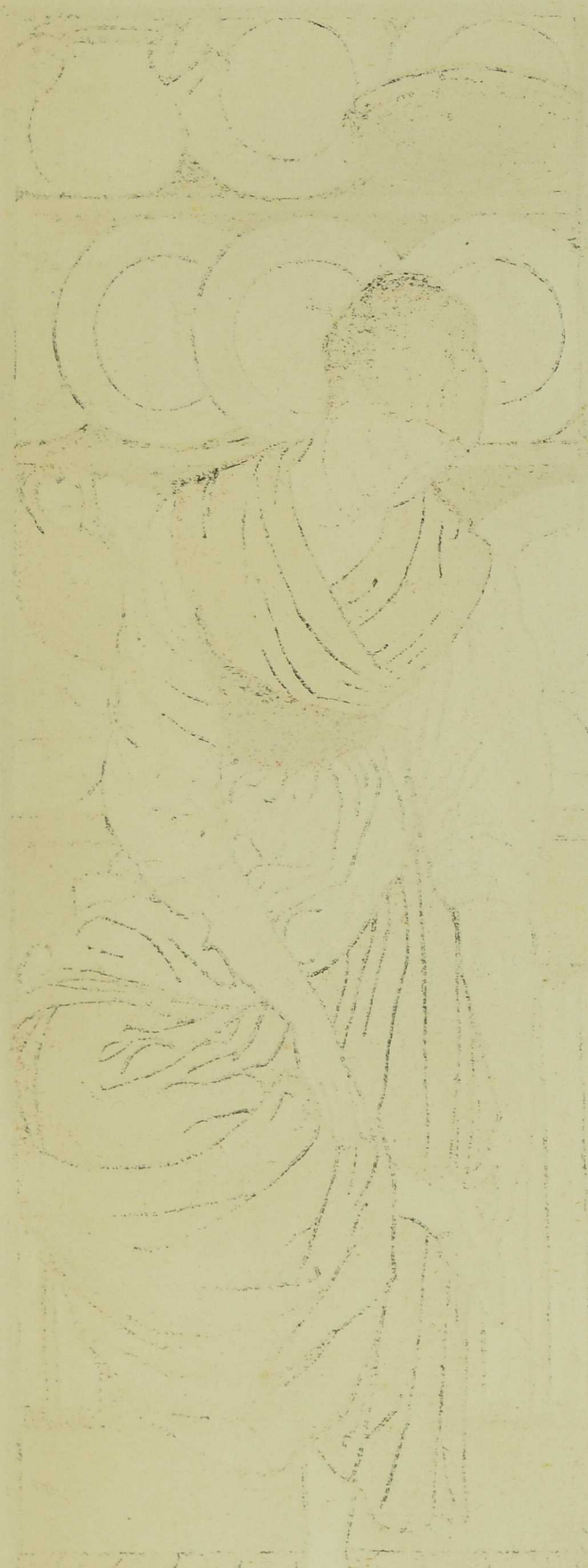
Next night another ball was held—the sisters dressed, and went,

And pretty Cinderella, too, by Godmother was sent.

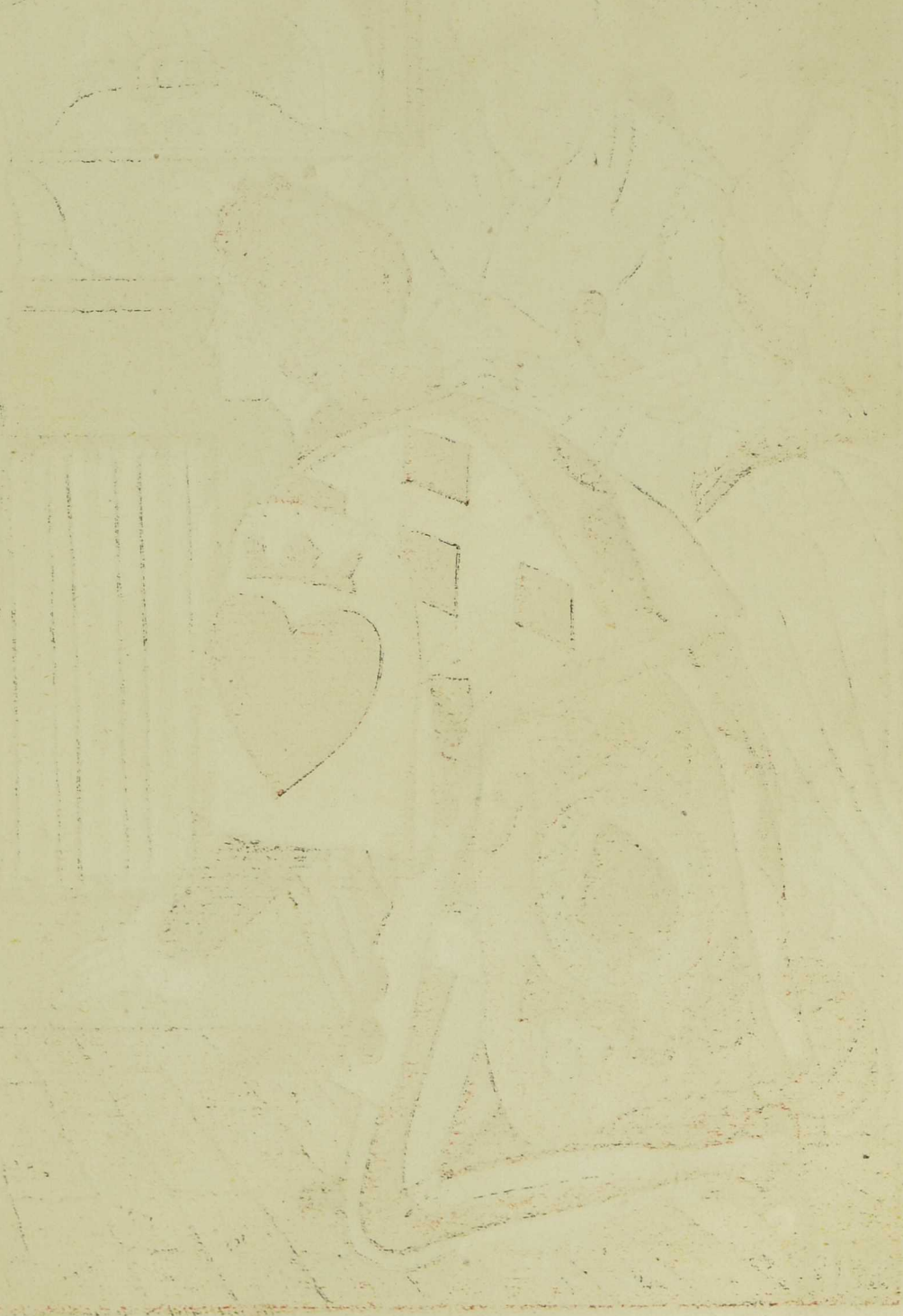


The Prince danced with her every dance, and praised her
more and more,
And laughed and talked so much, that when the clock 'gan
strike the hour—
The fatal hour of twelve—it took her greatly by surprise ;
She turned and fled so quick before the Prince's wondering
eyes,
That in her haste to reach her coach she dropped her crystal
shoe ;
She had no time to pick it up, as towards home she flew.
The sisters later home returned, and told her all they knew
About the lady and the Prince, and all of it was true.
As Cinderella heard them talk, she turned away her head,
Nor said a word that might not fit her place of kitchen-
maid.





Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several lines and appears to be in a historical or religious script.

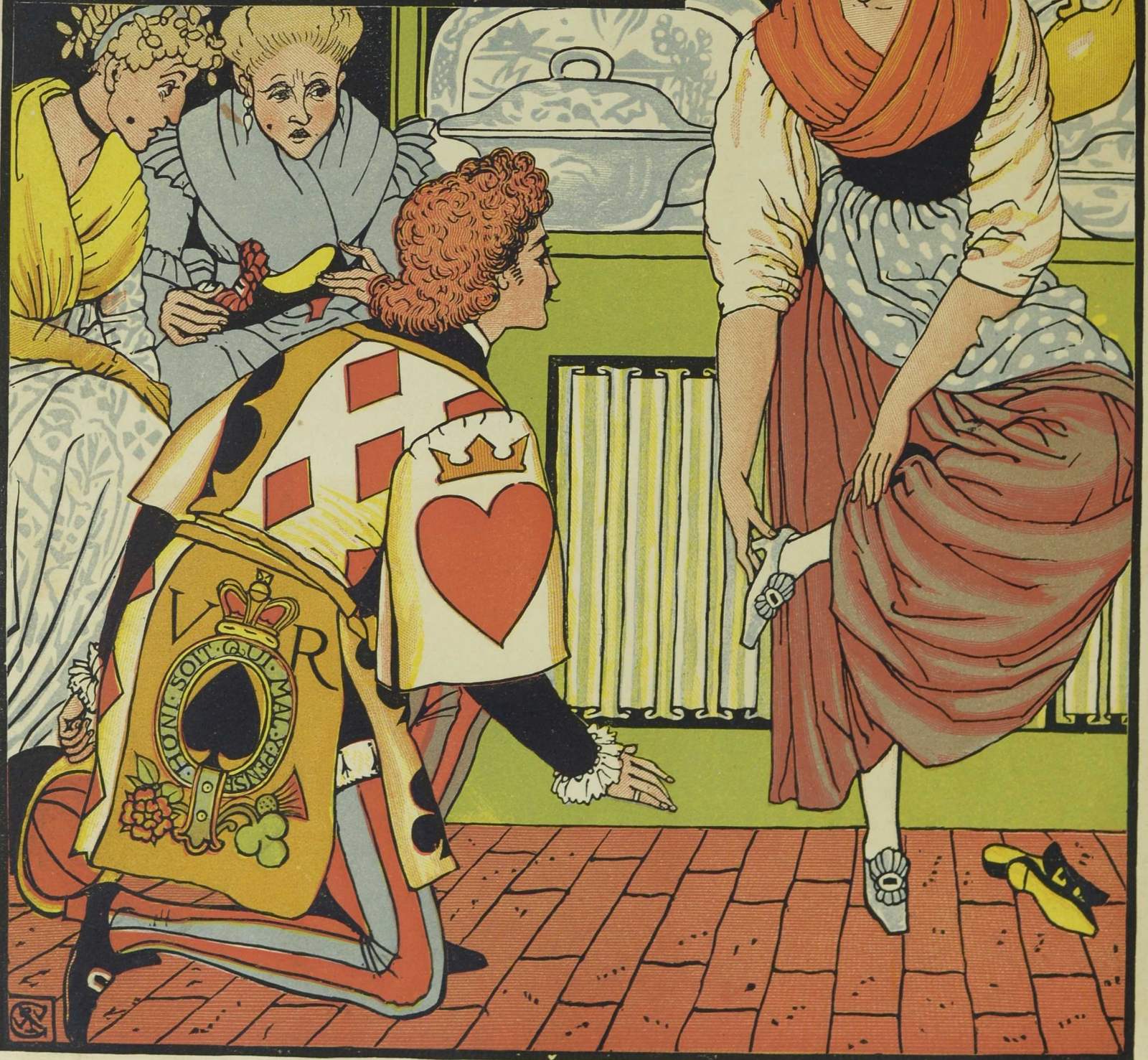


Next day was proclamation made: "Whereas, a crystal shoe
Has been discovered at the ball, who is the owner—who?
All ladies now must try it on; the Prince will marry her,
Whoe'er it be, who easily the crystal shoe can wear."
No foot was found to fit the shoe; they tried throughout the
town;

At last they came unto this house, and called the ladies down.
The sisters try to get it on, and pull, and push, and squeeze,
When Cinderella calmly said, "Allow me, if you please."
The sisters scorned her for the thought, and much surprise
they knew,

When Cinderella from her pocket pulled the fellow shoe.
She tried them on—they fit—and she, no longer kitchen-
maid,

Stands up to meet the Prince in all her beauty fair arrayed.





Now do the sisters kneel, and beg forgiveness for their
pride;
And she is kind, as well becomes a noble Prince's bride.
The wedding was most grand, and when they started on their
tour,
The King and Queen and all the court were standing round
the door;
And, wishing that for them all happy things might come to
pass,
They all threw after them for luck old slippers—not of
glass.
The sisters, full of envy, are reported to have said,
“We'll work ourselves, and never have another kitchen-maid.
We have been idle all our lives,—we'll try another way,
And be industrious instead—it really seems to pay.”

An illustration of Ali Baba in a forest. He is wearing a red turban, a green and yellow patterned tunic, and a red sash. He is holding a sword and pointing his right hand towards a group of robbers. In the background, there are two white horses and a large tree. The robbers are wearing various colored tunics and turbans, and some are carrying bags of treasure. The scene is set in a forest with trees and bushes.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a town in Persia lived two brothers—Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim was rich, but Ali Baba was poor, and gained his living by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day he saw some robbers in a forest; he watched them from a hiding-place, and counted forty of them; they carried bags of treasure, and hid it in a cave,

which opened for them in the solid rock on saying the words, "Open, Sesame." When they came out again, the captain said, "Shut, Sesame," and the door shut behind them, and they rode off. Then Ali Baba came down from his hiding-place, and went to the rock, and said "Open, Sesame," and a door opened, and he entered and found all manner of treasure; he carried off a quantity of gold coin, and lading his asses with it, went home. When he showed it to his wife, she wanted to measure it, to see how much they possessed, and she went to Cassim's wife to borrow a measure, and Cassim's wife lent it to her, putting some suet at the bottom of the measure.

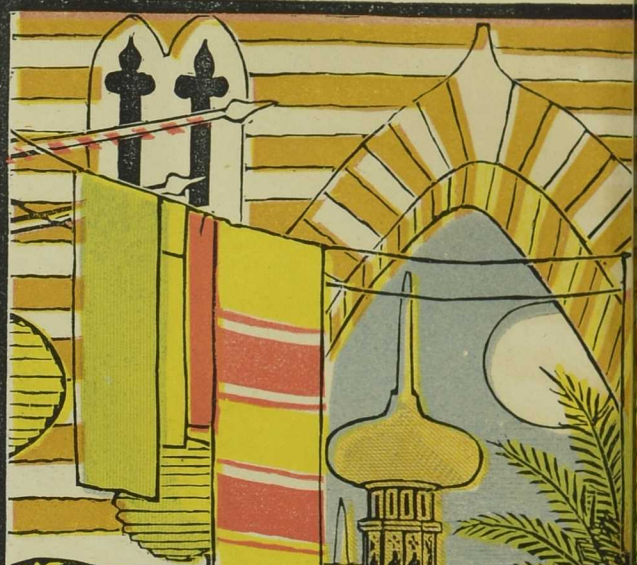


Ali Baba and his wife then measured the gold, and buried it in the ground ; and when Cassim's wife received back the measure, she found a piece of gold sticking to the suet. She told Cassim, who persuaded his brother to tell him the secret of the cave, and went next day to get treasure for himself. He entered the cave by saying, "Open, Sesame;" but when he was ready to depart, having gathered many bags together, he could not think of the magic words, and so was obliged to remain in the cave till the robbers returned, who, enraged at having had their secret discovered, killed him, and cut his body into four quarters, hanging them inside the cave. Cassim's



wife, finding that her husband did not return, went to tell Ali Baba, who at once set off to go to the cave, and on entering it discovered his brother's remains, which he carried home on one of his asses, loading the other two with bags of gold. Ali Baba then buried the body, and contrived, with the assistance of an intelligent slave named Morgiana, to make every one believe that Cassim had died a natural death. Ali Baba then married the widow, and became very rich and prosperous.

Meanwhile the forty robbers visited their cave, and finding that Cassim's body had been removed, determined not to rest until they had discovered their enemy; and

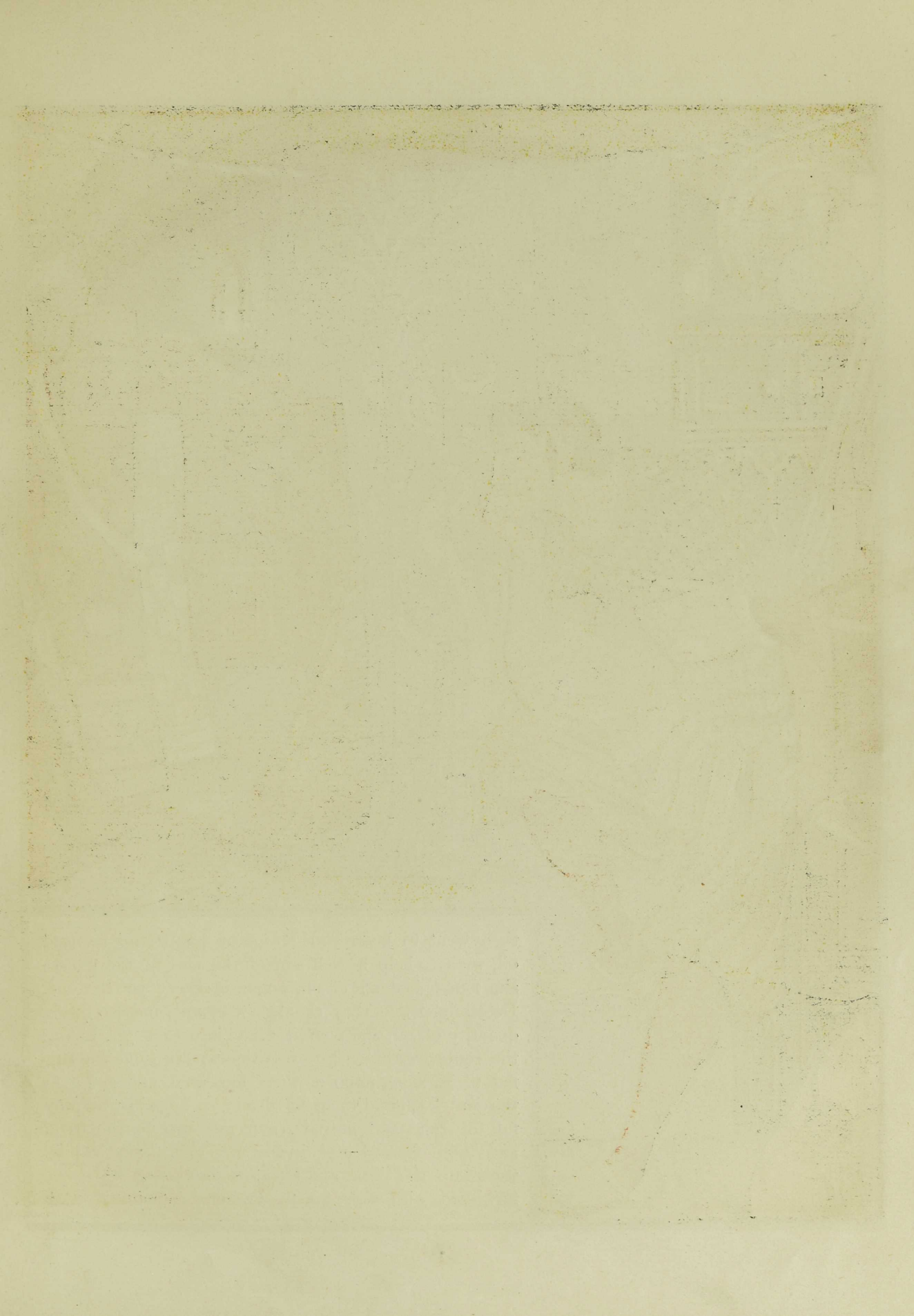


one of them undertaking the search, in which he was assisted by the Cobbler who had sewn Cassim's body together, at last found Ali Baba's house, which he marked with a piece of chalk, and returned to his fellows. When Morgiana saw the mark, she chalked several other doors in the same manner. The thieves then coming to attack the house, and not being able to distinguish it from the others, had to return to their cave; and the robber, who they thought had misled them, was put to death. Another robber then undertook the enterprise, and, being guided by the Cobbler, marked the door with red chalk, but Morgiana marked the neighbours' doors in the same



manner, and so defeated them a second time; and the second robber was put to death. The Captain then went into the town himself, and having found and carefully observed Ali Baba's house, returned to his men, and ordered them to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight leathern jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. This they did, and the Captain placing one of his men in each of the empty jars, loaded the asses with them, and drove them into the town to Ali Baba's house. Ali Baba received him hospitably; and the Captain ordered his men, who remained in their jars in the yard, to come out in the middle of the night at a signal from him. He



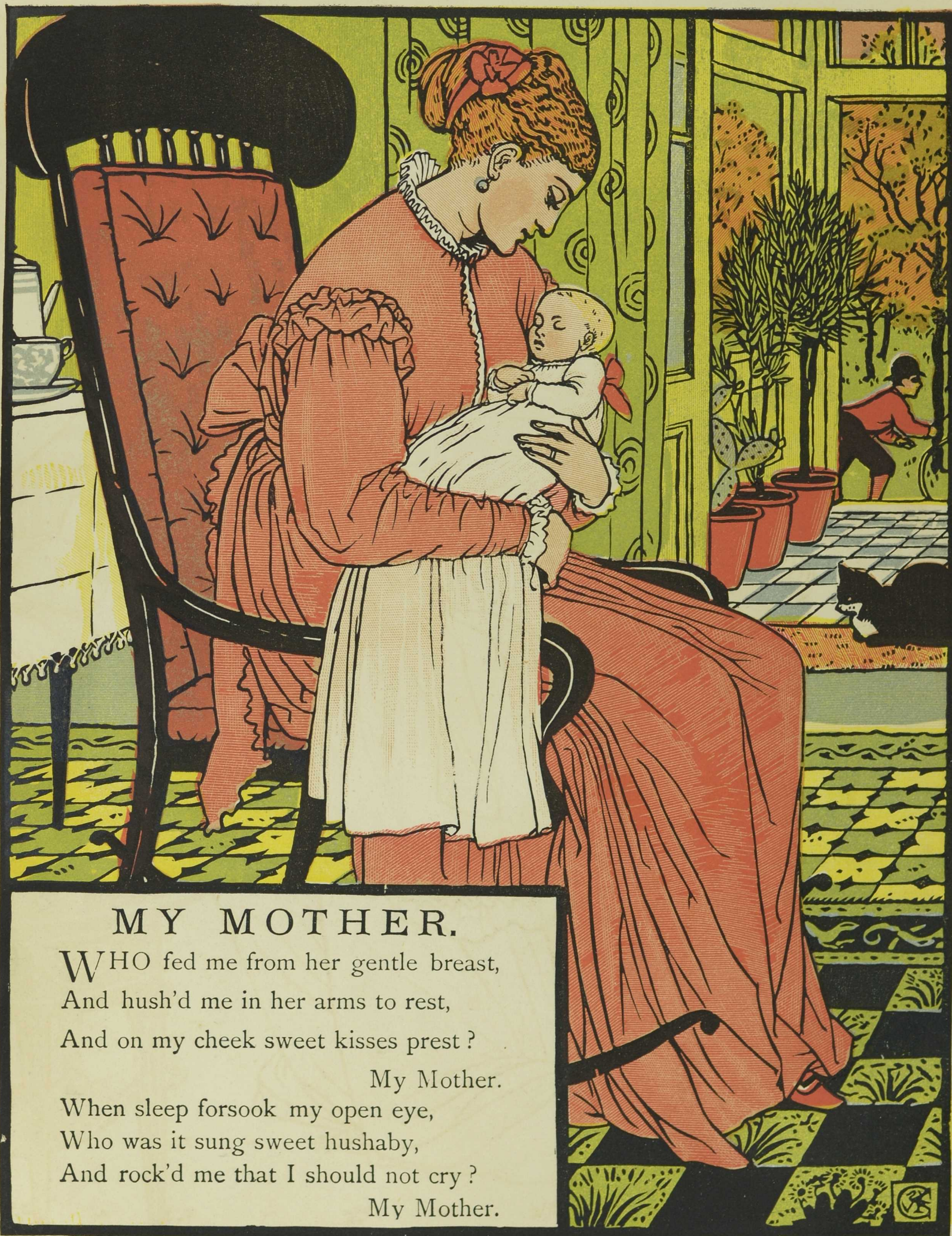




then went to bed ; and Morgiana happening to need oil, went to help herself out of the jars of the guest ; she found, instead of oil, a man in every jar but one. Determined that they should not escape, and heating a quantity of oil, she poured some into each jar, killing the robber within. So when the captain gave the signal to his men, none of them appeared, and going to the jars he found them all dead ; so he went his way full of rage and despair, and returned to the cave, and there formed a project of revenge. Next day he went into the town, and hiring a warehouse, which he furnished with rich goods, became acquainted with

Ali Baba's son, who one day invited him to his father's house. On hearing that the new guest would eat no salt with his meat, Morgiana's suspicions were aroused, and she recognised him as the captain of the robbers. After dinner she undertook to perform a dance before the company, and at the end of it pointed a dagger at the captain, and then plunged it into his heart. Ali Baba was very much shocked, until Morgiana explained the reasons for her conduct; he then gave her to his son in marriage, and they lived in great prosperity and happiness ever after.





MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.



Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.



Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother

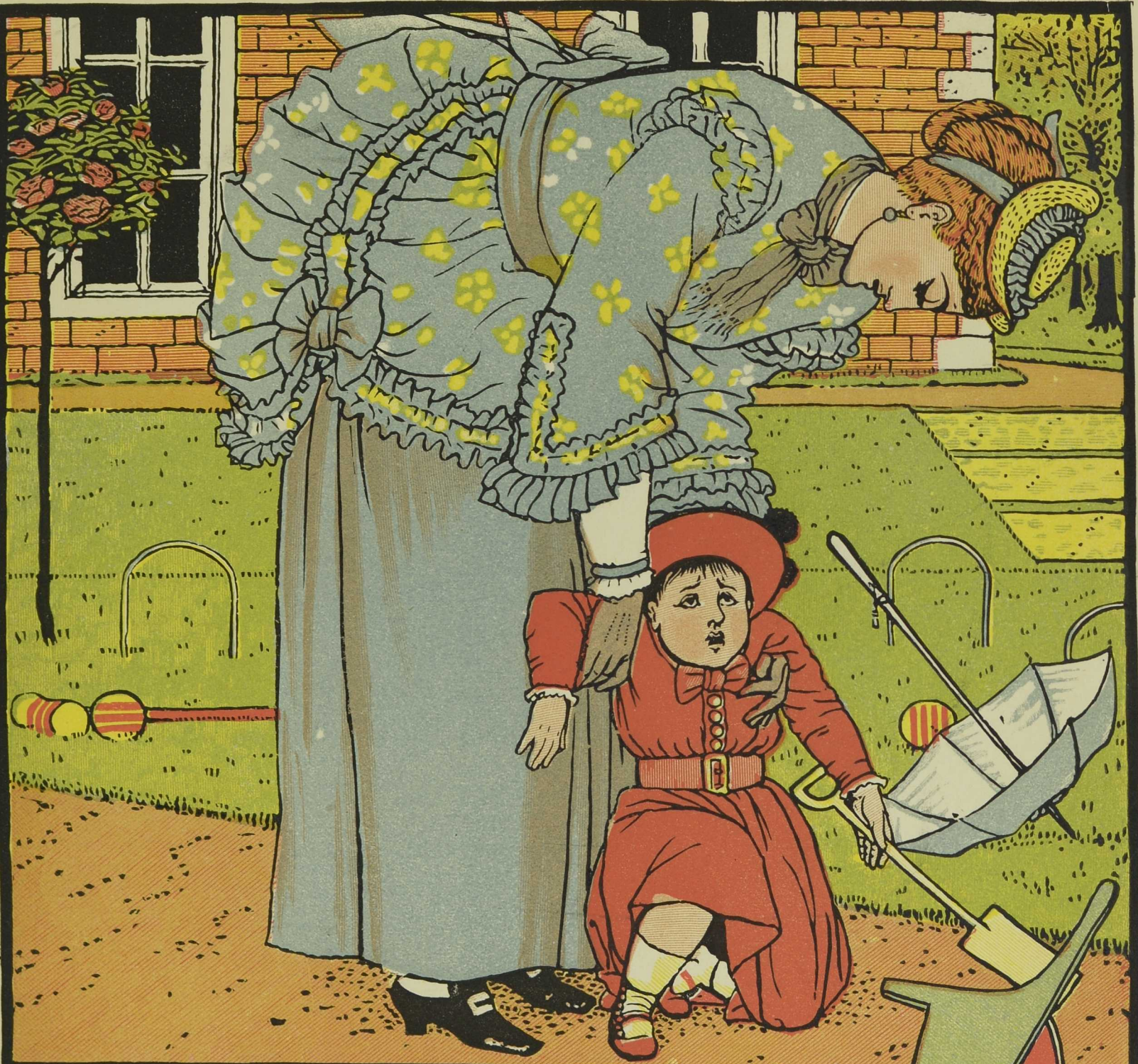
Ah, no! the thought
And if God please
I hope I shall rewe



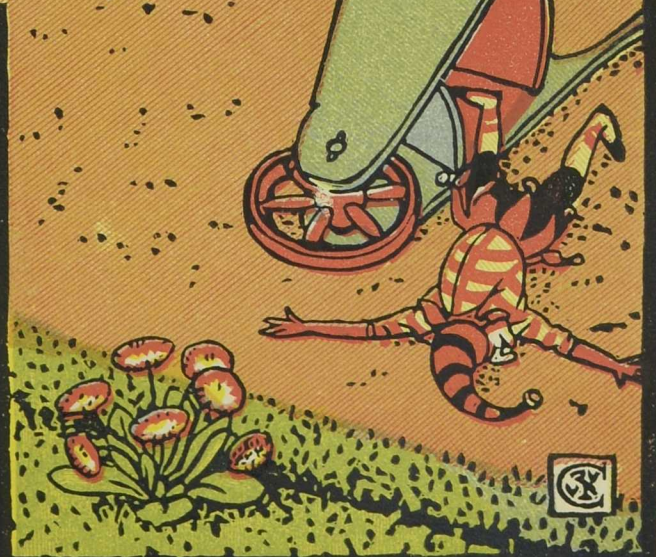
And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother?

I cannot bear;
My life to spare,
And thy care,
My Mother





Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.



When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.



And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For GOD, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.



THE THREE BEARS.

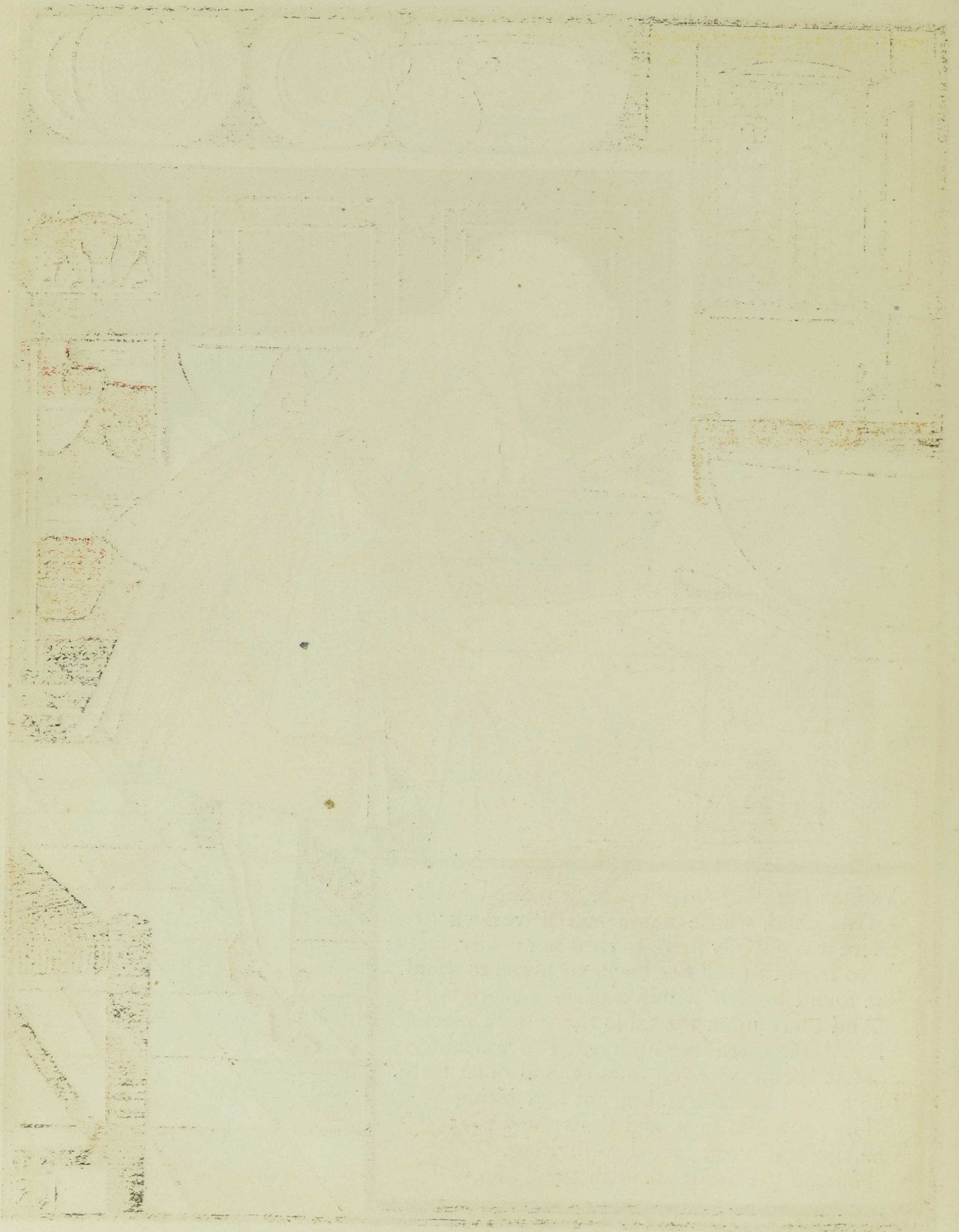
SOME time ago, ere we were born or thought of,
There lived a little girl, who liked to roam
Through lonely woods and lanes, unknown, unsought of

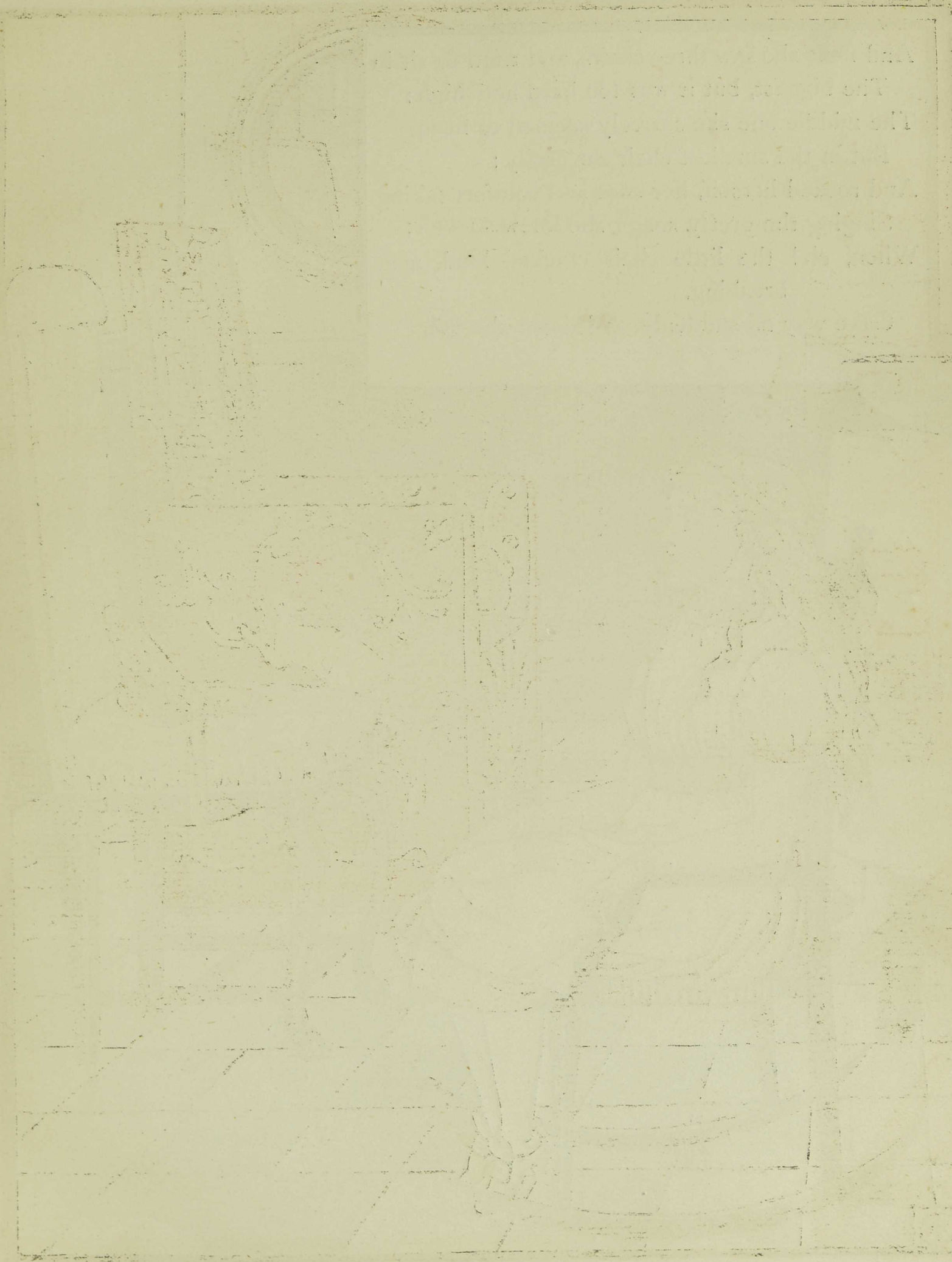
Such folk who like to stop and stay at home.
She found out curious things in all her travel,
And one of her adventures I will tell :
Once, in a wood she saw a path of gravel,
Which led to a small cottage in a dell.





And, as the door stood open, in walked boldly,
This child, whose name was Silverlocks, I'm
There was nobody there to treat her coldly, [told;
No friend to call her back, no nurse to scold.
She found herself within a parlour charming;
And there upon the table there were placed
Three basins, sending up a smell so warming,
That she at once felt hungry, and must taste.
The largest basin first, but hot and biting
The soup was in it, and the second too;
The smallest basin tasted so inviting,
That up she ate it all, with small ado.





And next she saw three chairs, and tried to sit in
The biggest, but it was too hard and high;
The middle one she scarcely seemed to fit in,
But in the smallest chair sat easily;
And rocked herself, her ease and comfort taking,
Singing the pretty songs she knew so well;
When, oh! the little chair cracked loud, and,
breaking,
Gave way all suddenly, and down she fell.



'Ah, well," she thought, "there may be beds to lie on
Upstairs; I think I'll go at once and see."

And so there were; she said aloud, "I'll try one,
For I am tired and sleepy as can be."

The biggest bed was not of feathers, surely,
It was so hard; and so she tried the next,
And found it little better; but securely
She slept upon the smallest one, unvest.

The little house belonged to bears, not persons;

The Father Bear, so very rough and large;

The Mother Bear (I have known
many worse ones);



And then the little Cub, their only charge.
They had gone for a walk before their dinner;
Returning, Father growled, "Who's touched my soup?"
"Who's touched my soup?" said Mother, with voice
"But mine," said little Cub, "is finished up!" [thinner;
They turned to draw their chairs a little nearer;
"Who's sat in my chair?" growled the Father Bear;
"Who's sat in my chair?" said
the Mother, clearer;
And squeaked the little
Cub, "Who's broken
my small chair?"



They rushed upstairs, and Father Bruin,
growling,
Cried out, "Who's lain upon my bed?"
"Who's lain on mine?" cried Mother
Bruin, howling;



"But some one *lies* on mine!" the small Bear said.

"We'll kill the child, and eat her for our dinner,"

The Father growled; but said the Mother, "No;

For supper she shall be, and I will skin her."

"No," said the little Cub, "we'll let her go."



So Silverlocks, in sudden terror flying,
Reached home ; and when the Nurse the
story hears,
She says, " You are in luck, there's no
denying,
To get away in safety from
THREE BEARS."





1, 2. One Two,
Buckle my shoe.

3, 4. Three, Four,
Open the door.



5, 6. Five, Six, Pick up sticks. 7, 8. Seven, Eight, Lay them straight.



9. 10. Nine, Ten,
A good fat Hen.



11, 12. Eleven, Twelve,
Ring the Bell.



13, 14. Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids are courting.

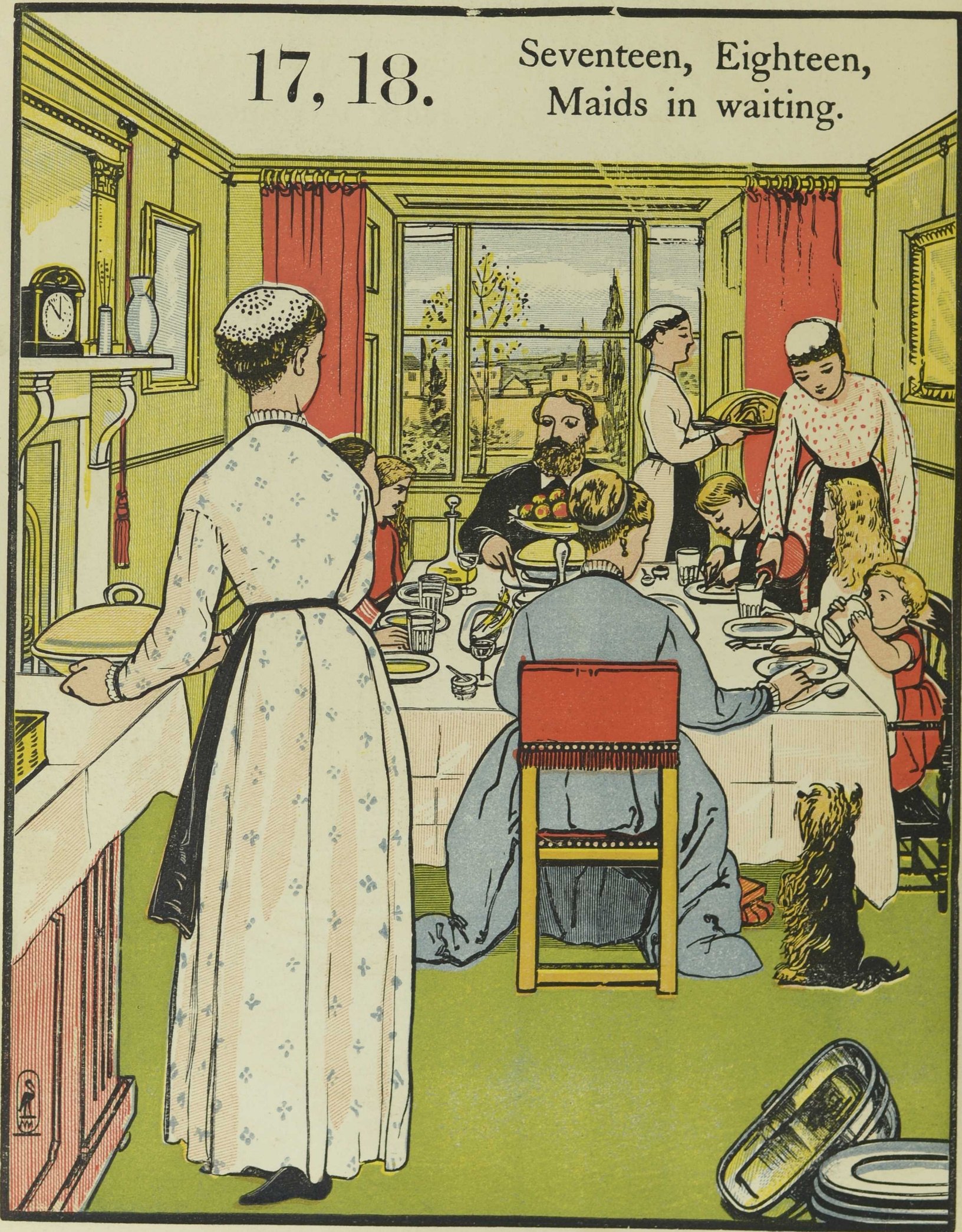


15, 16. Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids in the Kitchen.



17, 18.

Seventeen, Eighteen,
Maids in waiting.



19, 20. Nineteen, Twenty.
My plate is empty.



ABOUT a pretty dog I have to tell,—
A Maltese dog, so curly, white, and
fluffy ;

His nose was pinker than a pink sea-shell,
His eyes were also pink,—his name was
PUFFY.

When he was six weeks old, quite small
and scared,

He came unto the house of his new Missis ;

His teeth were sharp, he bit so very hard,
She cried, "Oh, what a charming doggie
this is !"

When Puffy slept he rolled himself up
tight,

And looked just like a little worsted bundle ;
He used a large round stool to roll and bite,
Which on the floor his Missis used to
trundle.



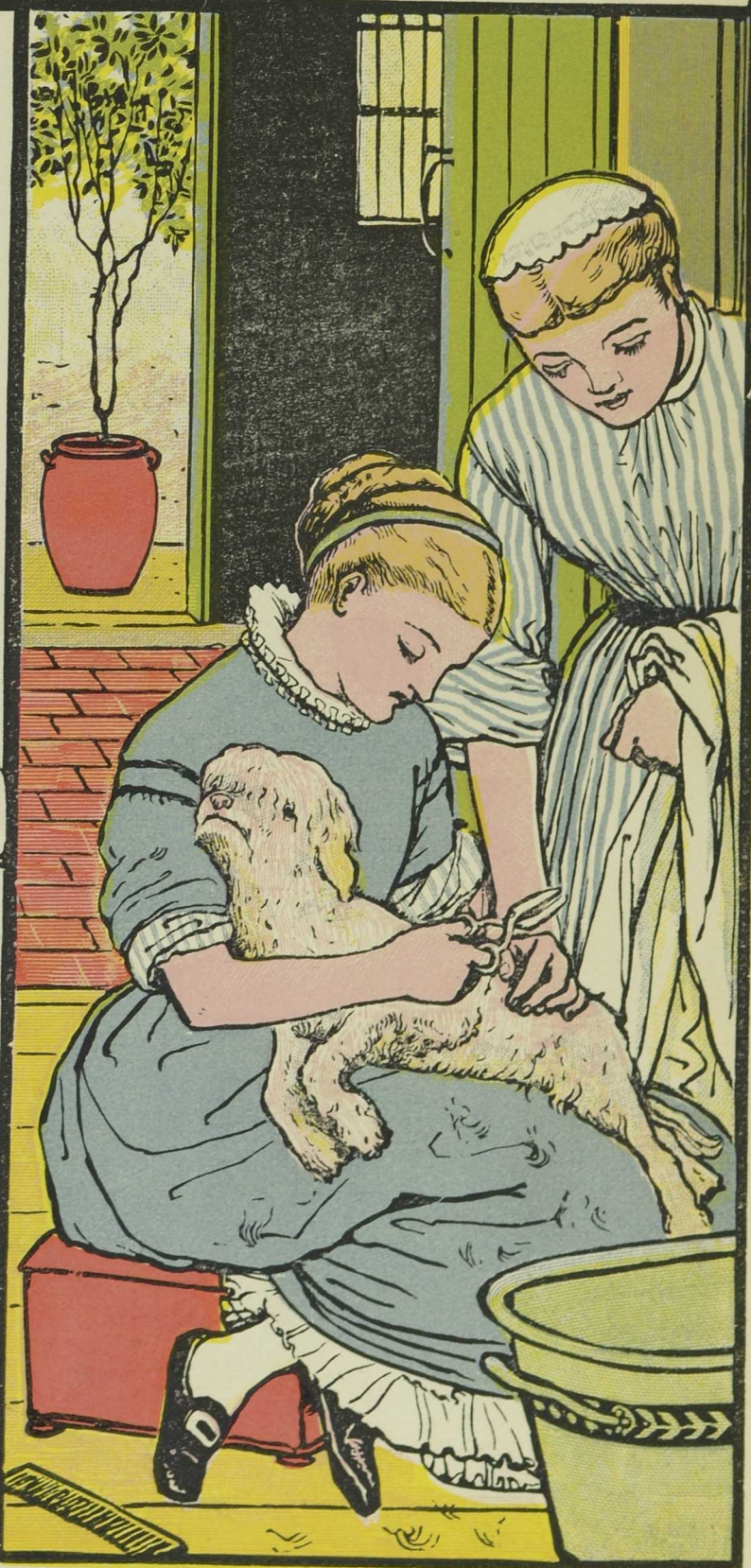
BUT once the little thing fell off a chair,
 And put his shoulder out with that
 sad tumble;
 The doctor set and bound it up with care,
 While Puffy looked so very wan and humble.
 One day he ran out in the street to play
 With little friends (his Missis, who will
 warn her!)

He strays too far,—at last is borne away
 By a bad man who lived just round the corner.
 To his poor Missis none can comfort say,
 Her grief by sighs and tears so plainly
 marking:
 When he'd been gone a twelvemonth and
 a day,
 Outside the door was heard familiar barking.

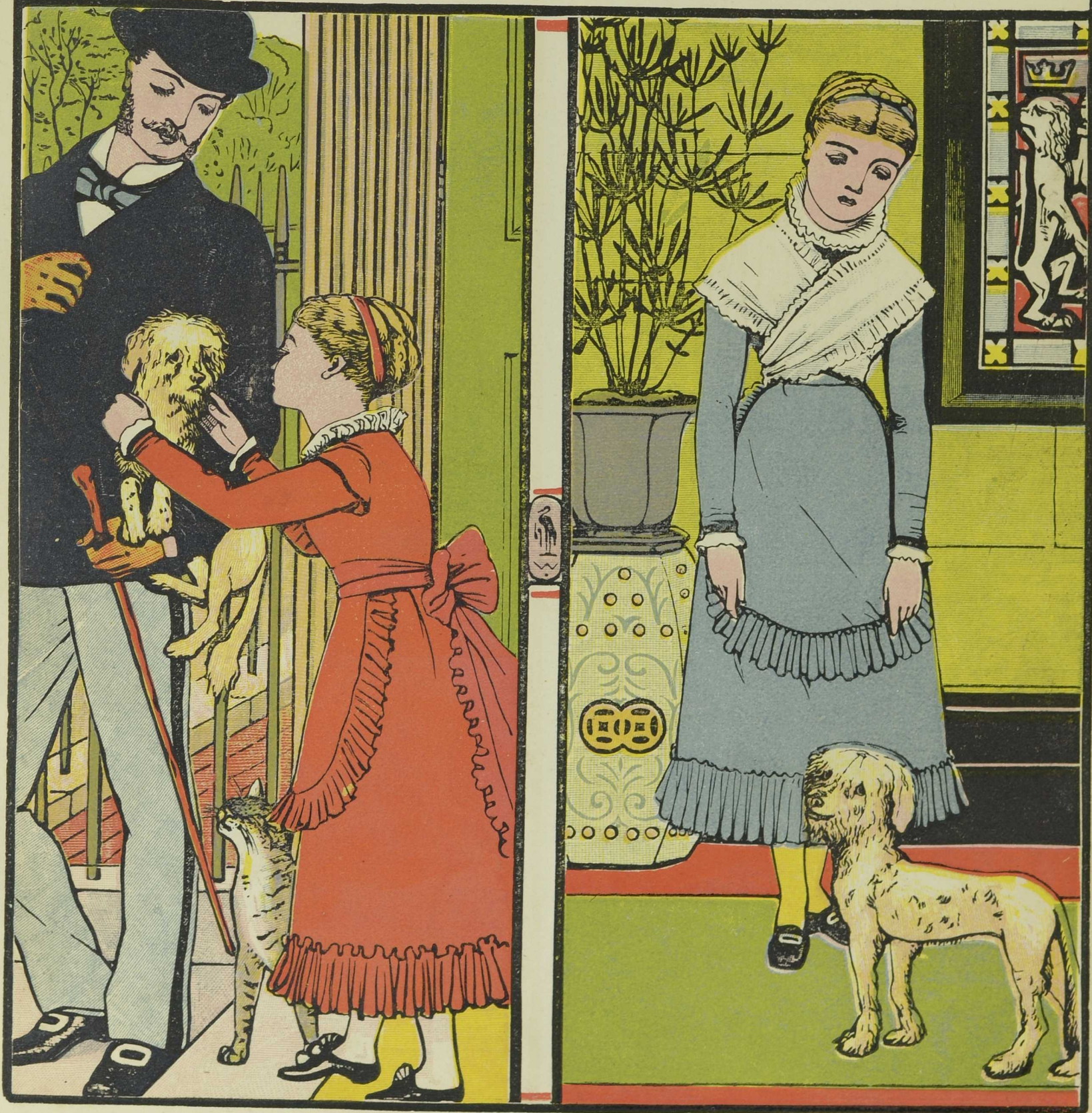


AND when the door was opened in
there came
Puffy, the worse for wear, and rather shabby,
But plainly the same dog,—a little lame,
And recognised by his old friend the tabby.
How glad his Missis was! and scarce be-
lieved
Her eyes that saw her Puffy back returning;

Such scrub and tug his curly back received,
For Puffy's was a coat not meant for turning.
So many knots and tangles had his hair,
And such a tedious task it was to comb him,
They took the scissors, and they sheared
with care
His little back, that they might better
groom him.



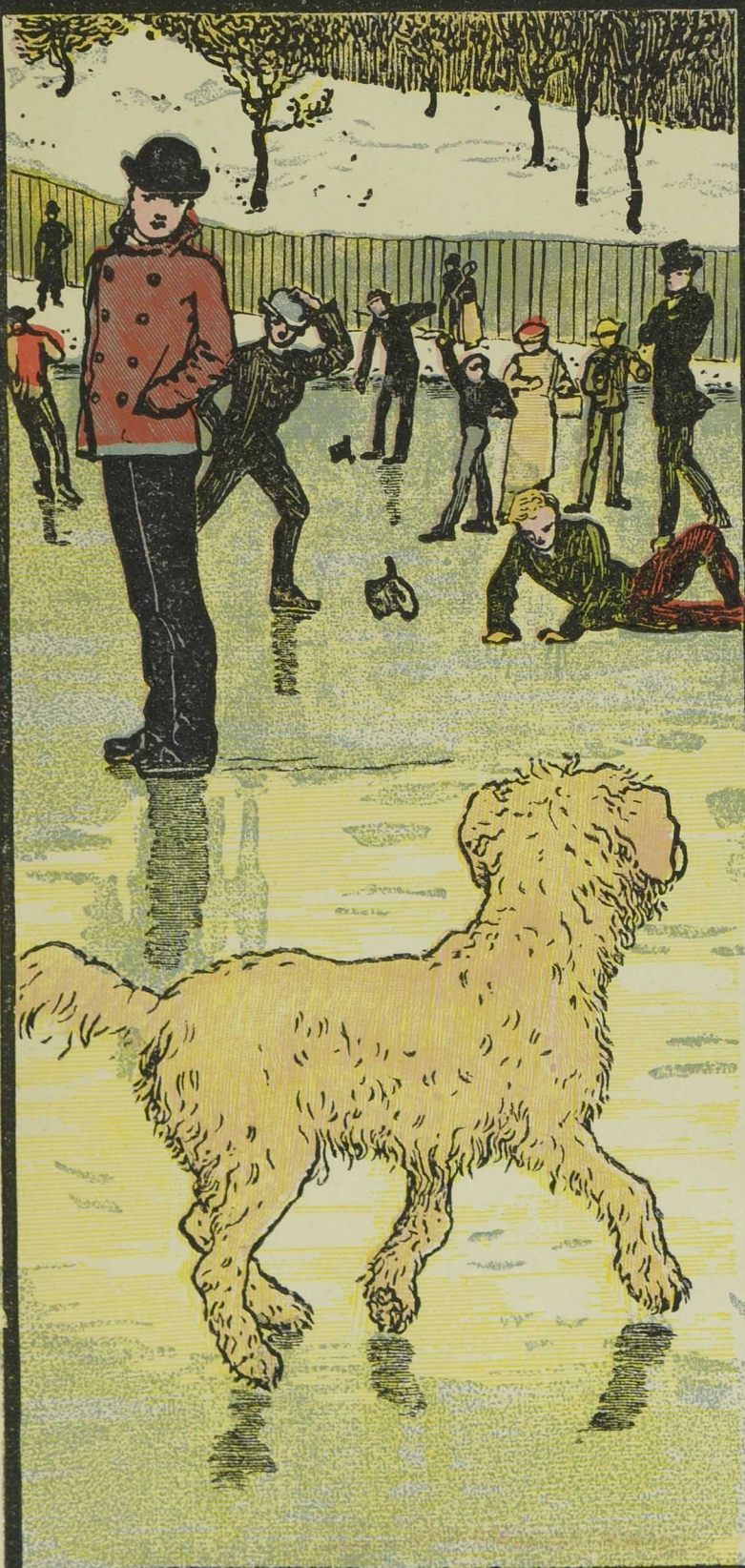
THIS did not make him look so well,—more lame
He seemed, indeed he looked a great deal thinner;
“He might be taken for a scrubby lamb,”
They said, “and killed and eaten for our dinner.”
Or like a pig he seemed, with curly tail,
Or made one think of an heraldic lion
Upon the shield of some tall knight in mail,
Who treads the stage he shortly means to die on.



A few days after this,—and oh! it shows
How fickle can be even a kind Missis,—
She grew quite tired of him, as I suppose,
And sent the dear away with many kisses.
His new home in the country he admired,
And was as happy there as may be,
For when of chasing poultry he was tired,
He ate the fiddle-strings and bit the baby.



ONE day in winter, frosty and severe,
Upon the icy Highgate pond he trotted;
The wind blew sharply, and the air was clear,
And every pond was with its skaters dotted;
And though there was a board marked "DANGEROUS,"
Puffy went running faster, never heeding,
And so fell in,—which shows to all of us
What harm may come if we neglect our reading.



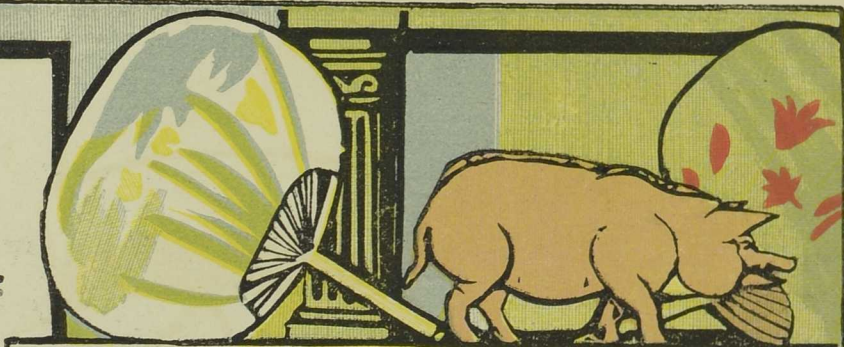
THAT he was drowned my readers must not think,
For he was dragged with sticks out of his danger
By faithful friends, who, standing on the brink,
Saw his sad fall, as well as many a stranger.
Half-drowned the poor small thing was, sad to tell,—
They quickly got some brandy, and he drank it.



THEY took him home, and warmed and rubbed him well,
And wrapped him carefully in softest blanket.
So he got well;—his equal can't be found,
No pen can e'er describe, no pencil draw him;
And at this moment he is safe and sound,
At least, he was all right when last I saw him.



THIS LITTLE FIG:
WENT TO MARKET:



:THIS LITTLE PIG :
:WENT TO MARKET:

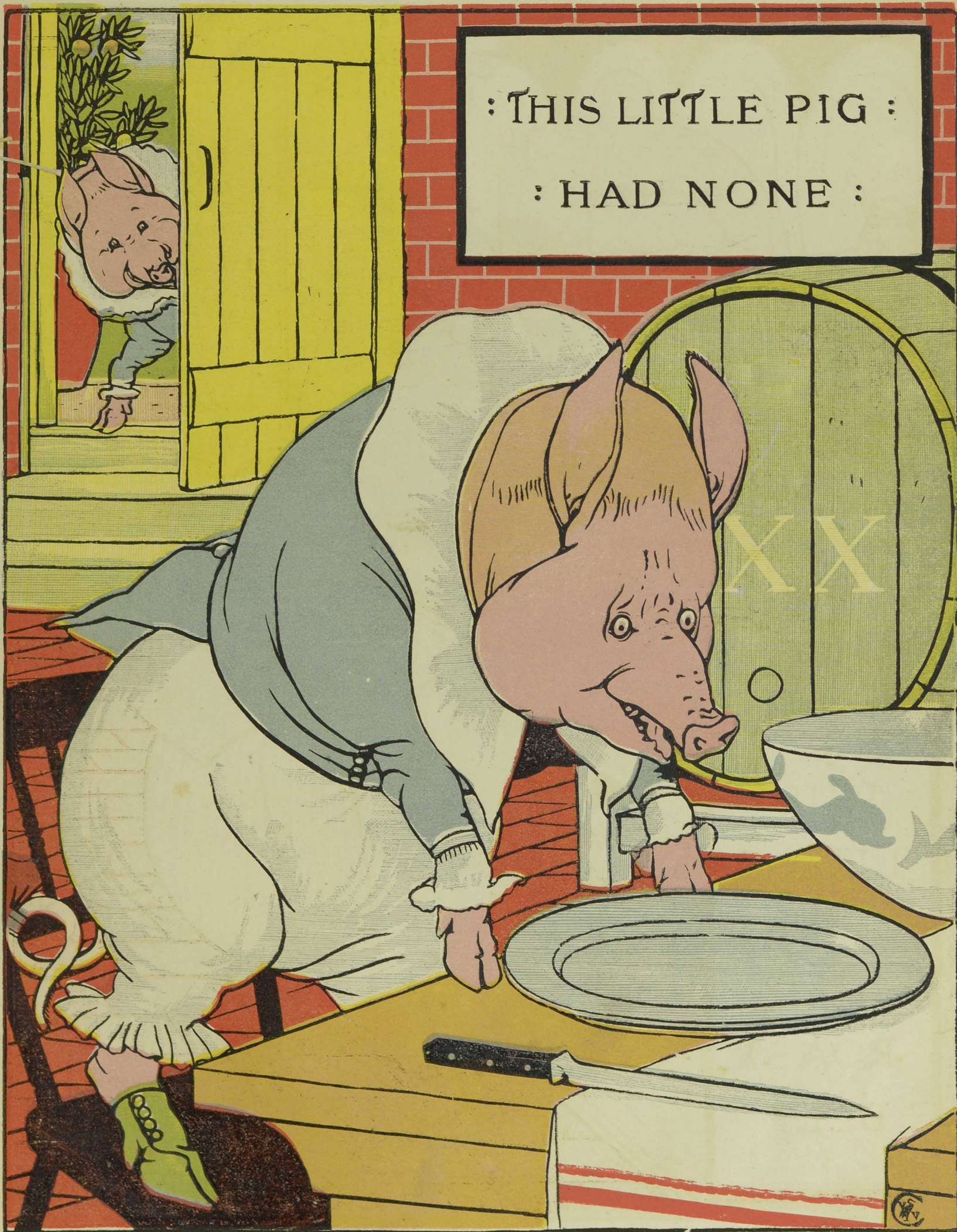


: THIS LITTLE PIG :
: STAYED AT HOME :





: THIS LITTLE PIG :
: HAD NONE :



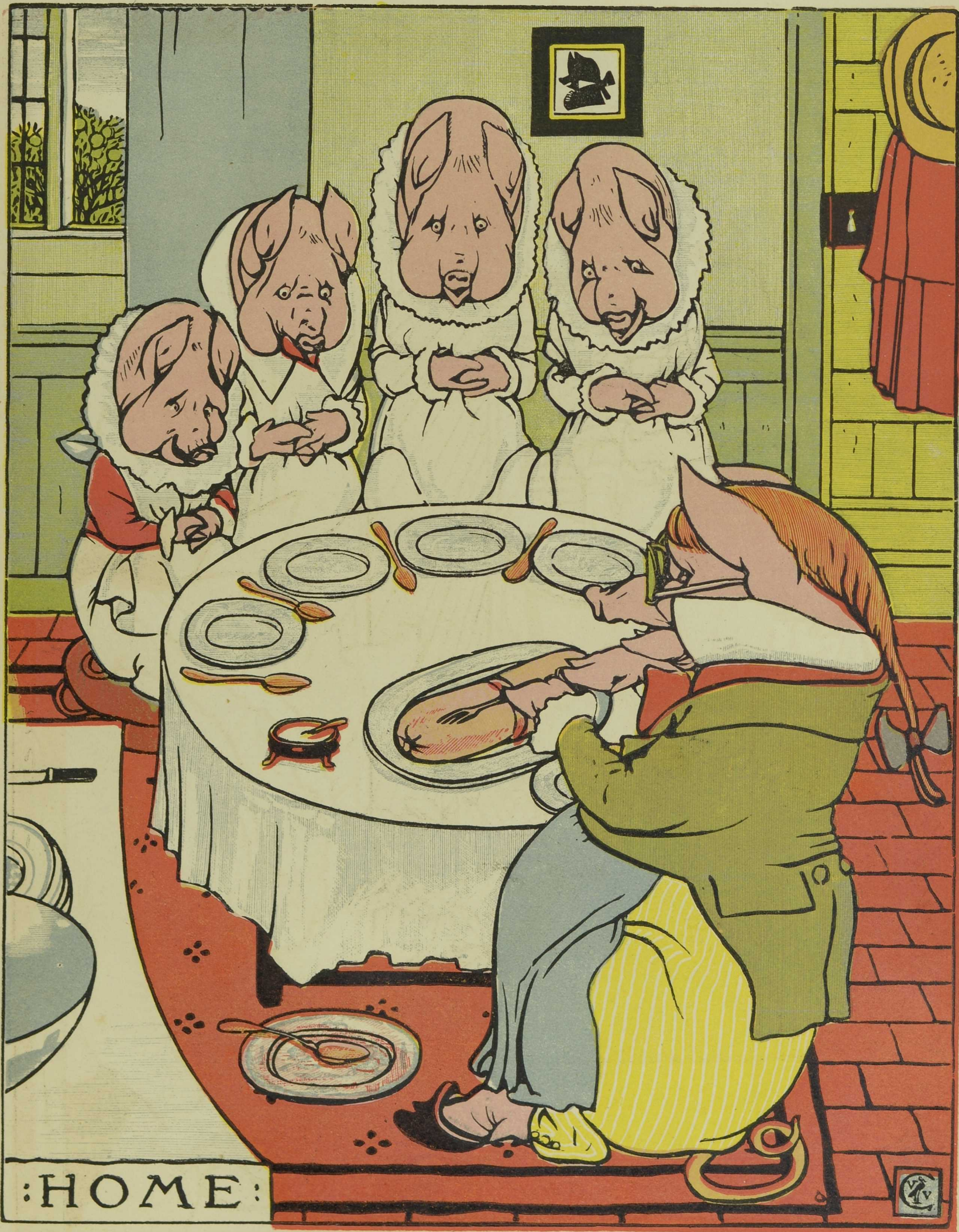
: THIS LITTLE PIG:
: CRIED - WEE! WEE!

❖



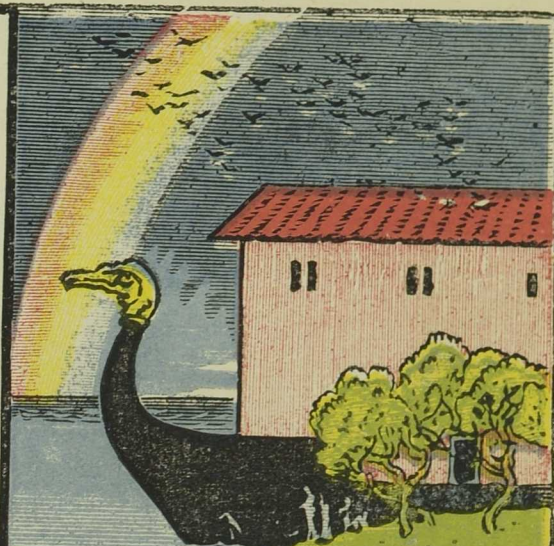
ALL
THE
WAY
HOME





:HOME:

Aa
Ark Alligator Ass
Bb
Bull

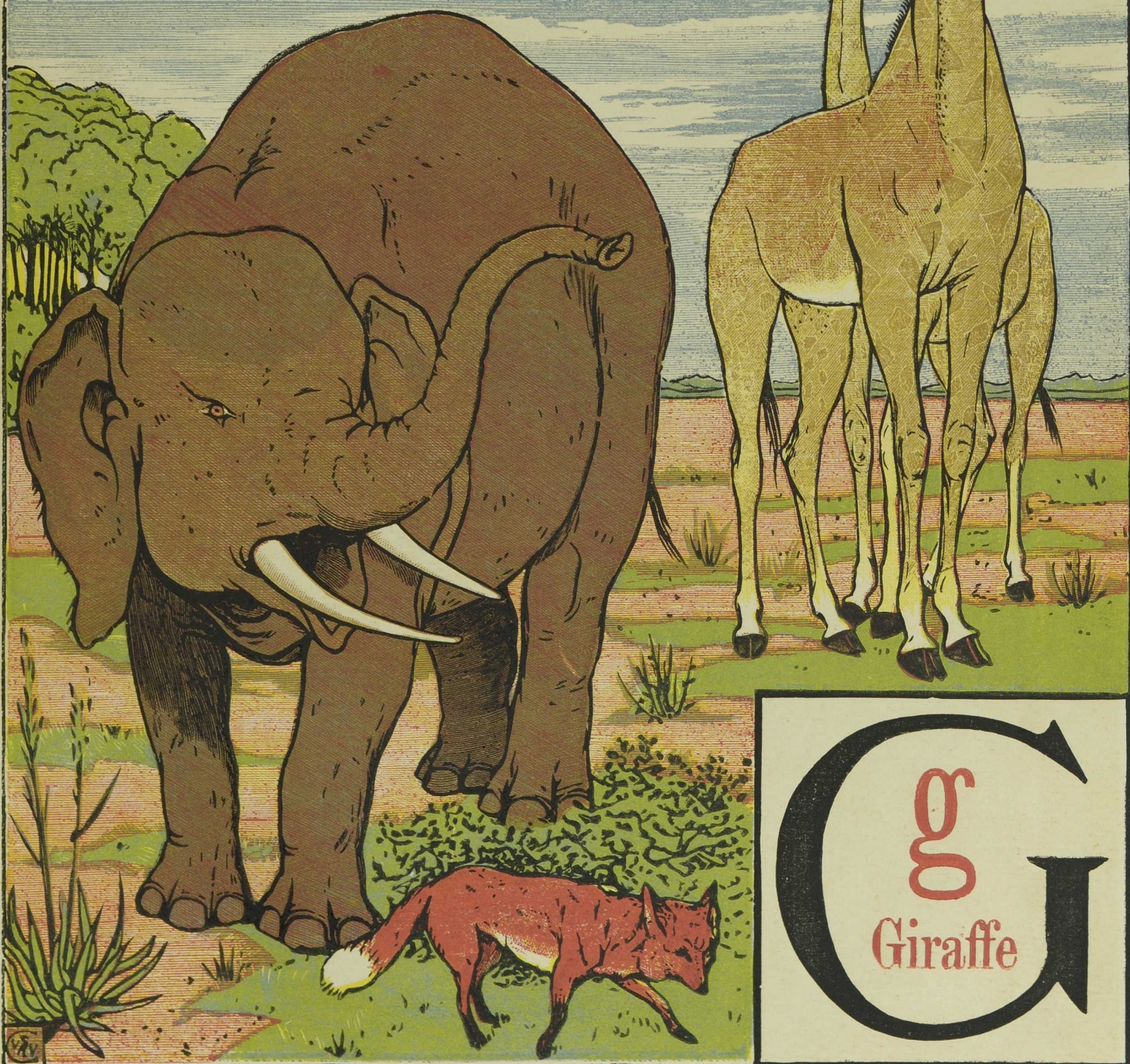


Cc
Calf
Dd
Dog

E e F f

Elephant

Fox



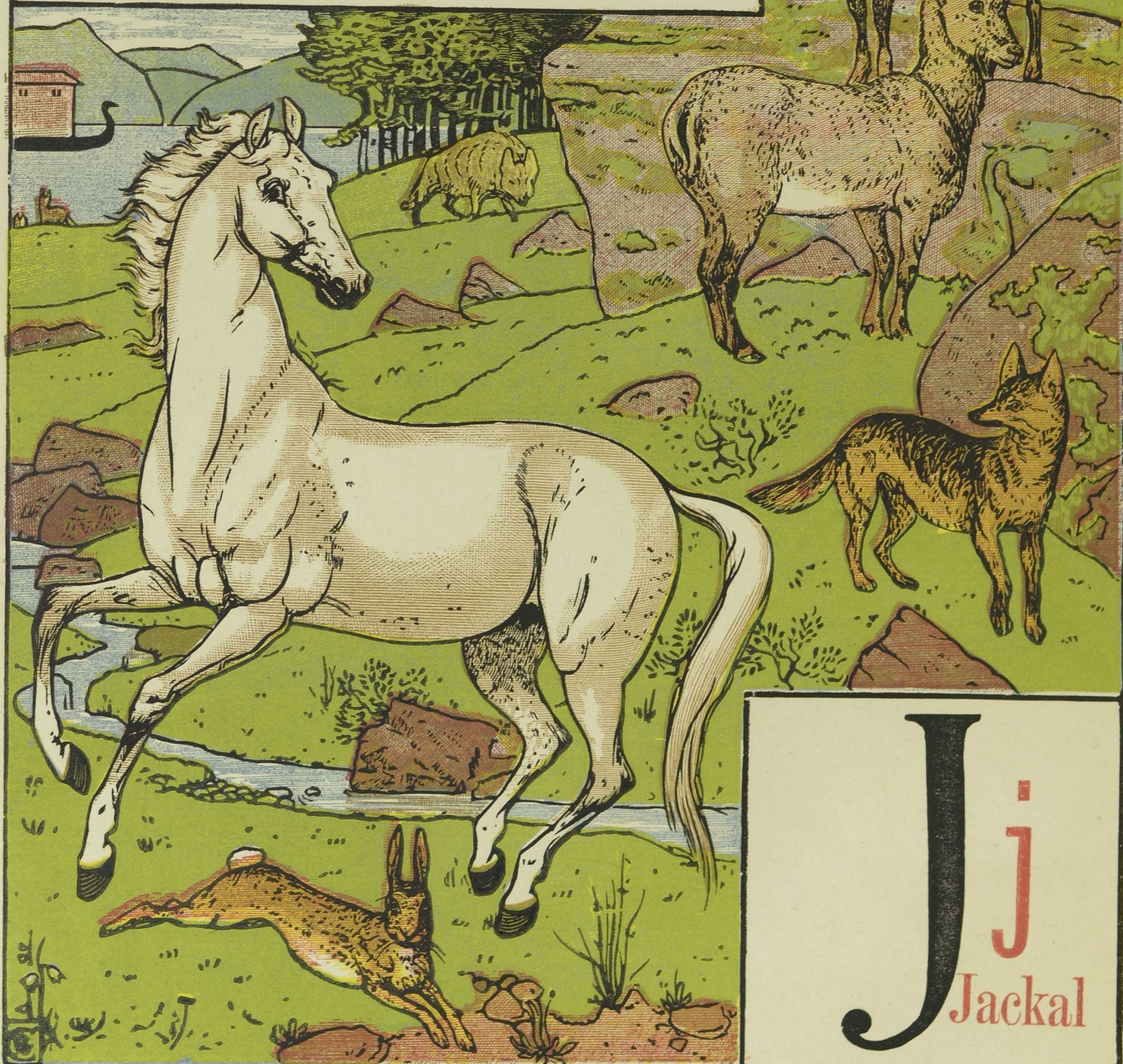
G g
Giraffe

H h

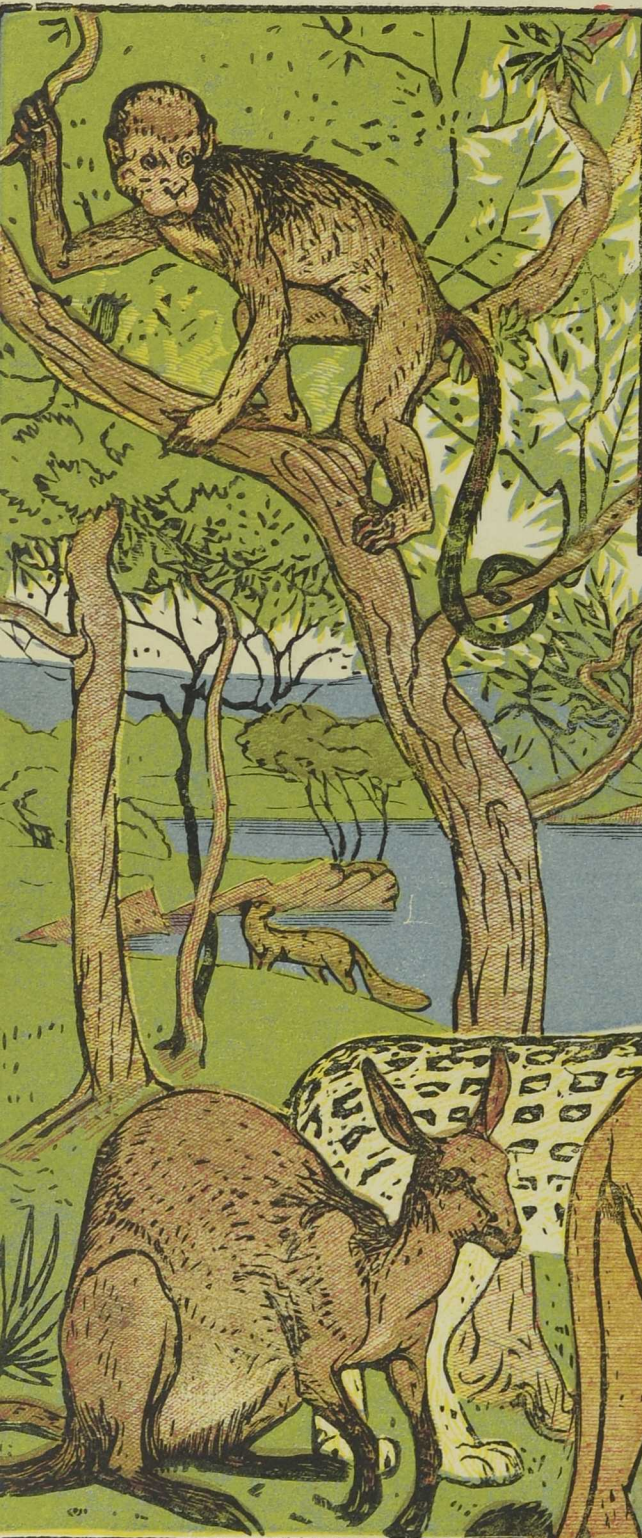
Hare
Horse
Hyena

I i

Ibex



J j
Jackal



K **k** **L** **l** **m**
Kangaroo Leopard Li
Kid Lizard

O
Otter
Ox



Monkey
Mouse
M N n
Noah



P p
Pig
Porcupine

Q q R r

Quagga

Rabbit
Ram



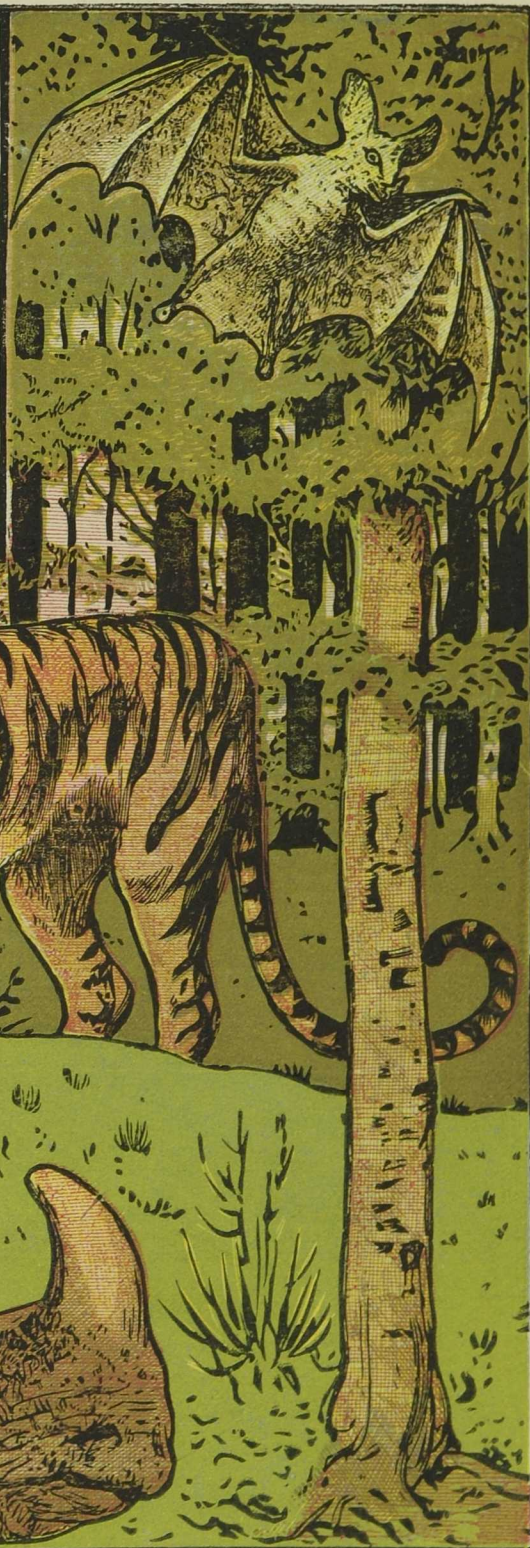
S

Stag

T t U u

Tiger

Unicorn



V v

Vam-

pire

W X Y
W X Y
Wolf Xiphias Yak



Z
Z
Zebra

11
107

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11

11

