

# VINDERELLA'S PICTURE BOOK



WALTER CRANE'S  
PICTURE BOOKS  
VOLUME II











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# CINDERELLA'S PICTURE BOOK;

CONTAINING:  
CINDERELLA: PUSS IN BOOTS:  
AND VALENTINE & ORSON:  
WITH THE ORIGINAL COLOURED  
PICTURES, & NEW ADDITIONS BY  
WALTER CRANE:

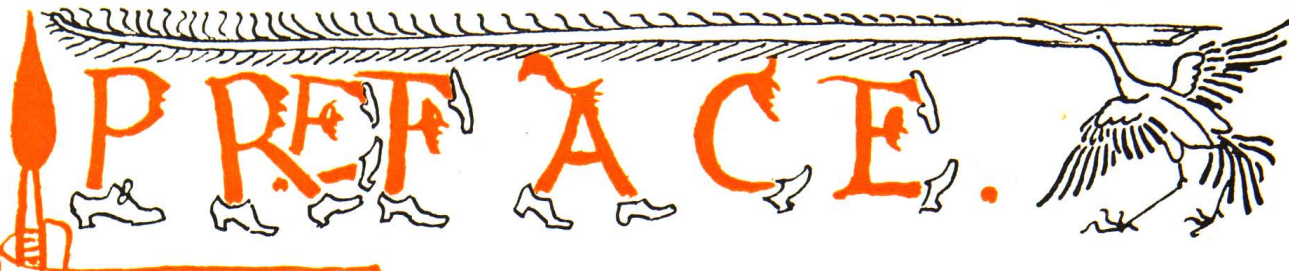
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LONDON AND NEW YORK  
JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD



# PREFACE.



**W**HAT has CINDERELLA got to do with PUSS IN BOOTS and VALENTINE and ORSON? Well, don't you think it's quite likely she may have met them all at that Fancy Ball?—but if that's not near enough—we all know she had a Valentine, who was also a prince. It is a matter of history that she lost her shoe, and therefore we may safely assume that she would have been glad of the assistance of PUSS IN BOOTS, who proved such a treasure to the miller's son, and quite set him on his feet.

At all events the Fairy-godmother is equal to anything, and although it is not specially mentioned in the story, she provided CINDERELLA with a picture-book "to keep the dull times off," after her work was done & she sat in the chimney corner, when there



was n't any ball going on, but only cricket on the hearth.

In the hope that her picture-book may not be unwelcome at other firesides this season, those bounding brothers **VALENTINE** and **ORSON** will again oblige, and **PUSS** pull on his **BOOTS** and push his miller-marquis once more, while **CINDERELLA** casts her slipper after them - just for good luck.

Walter Crane

Old  
Kensington. Sept: 1897.









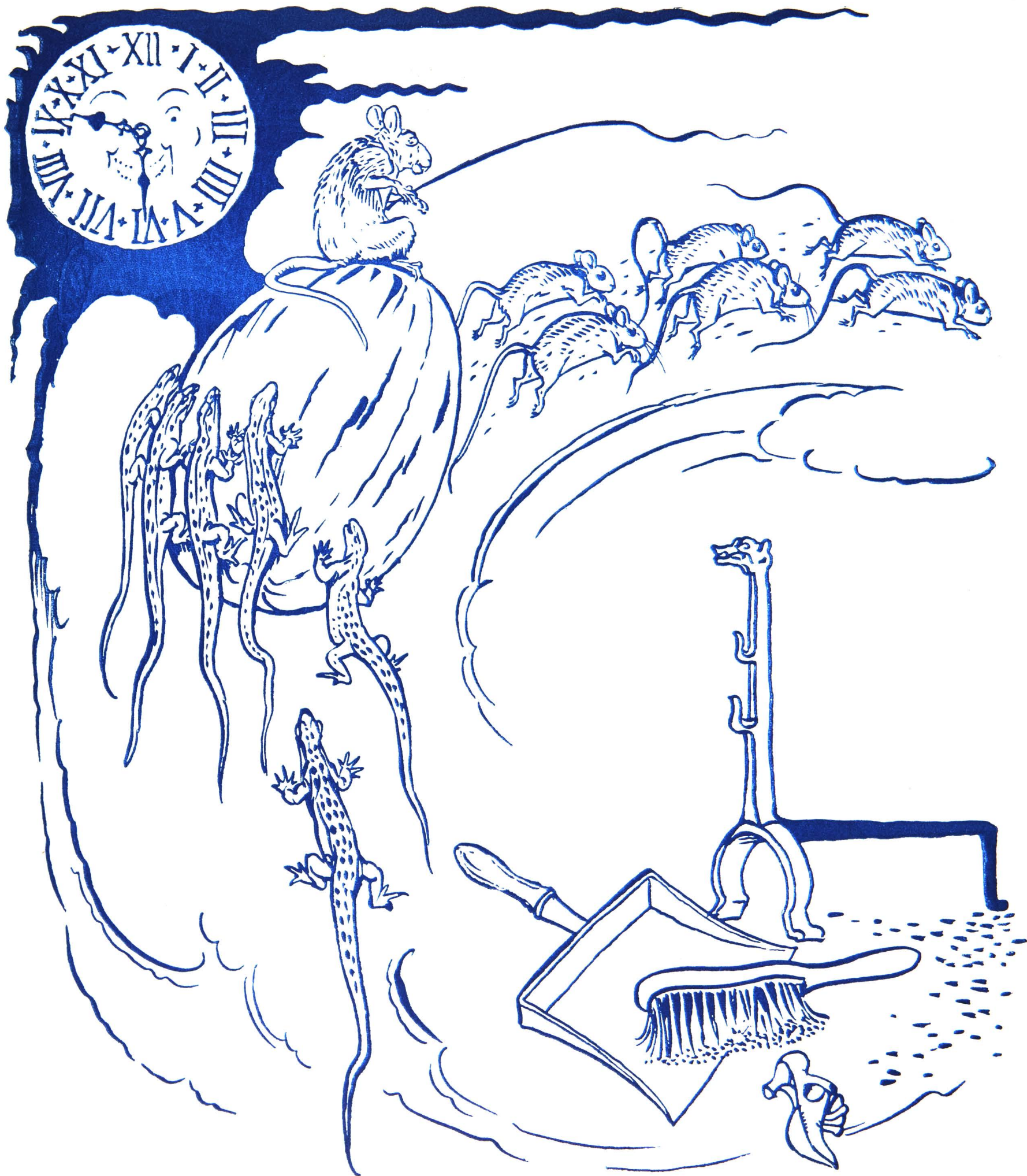
·WALTER·CRANES·PICTURE  
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# ·CINDER· ·ELLA·



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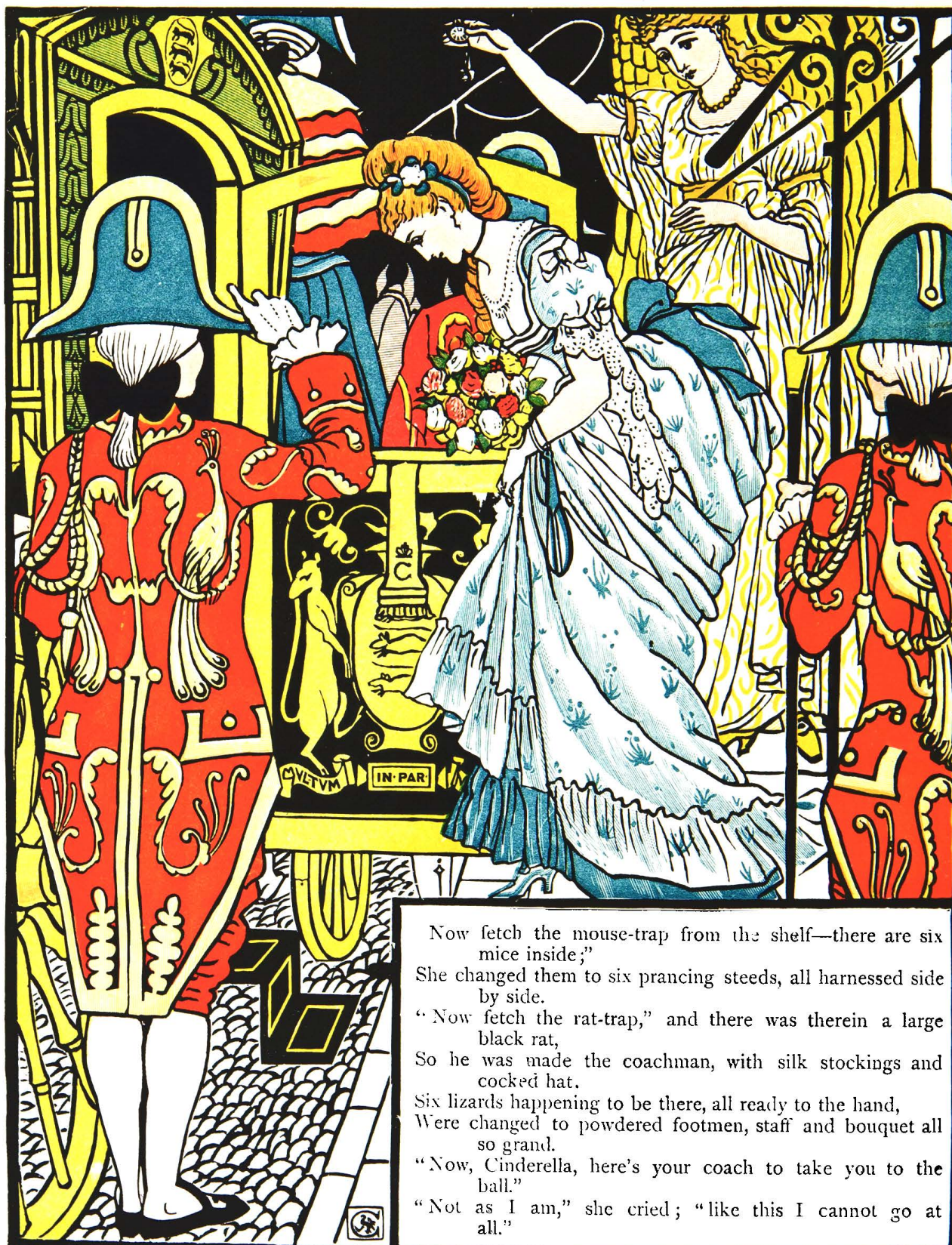
THERE was an honest gentleman, who had a daughter dear ;  
His wife was dead, he took instead a new one in a year ;  
She had two daughters—Caroline and Bella were their names ;  
They called the other daughter Cinderella, to their shames,  
Because she had to clean the hearths and black-lead all the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





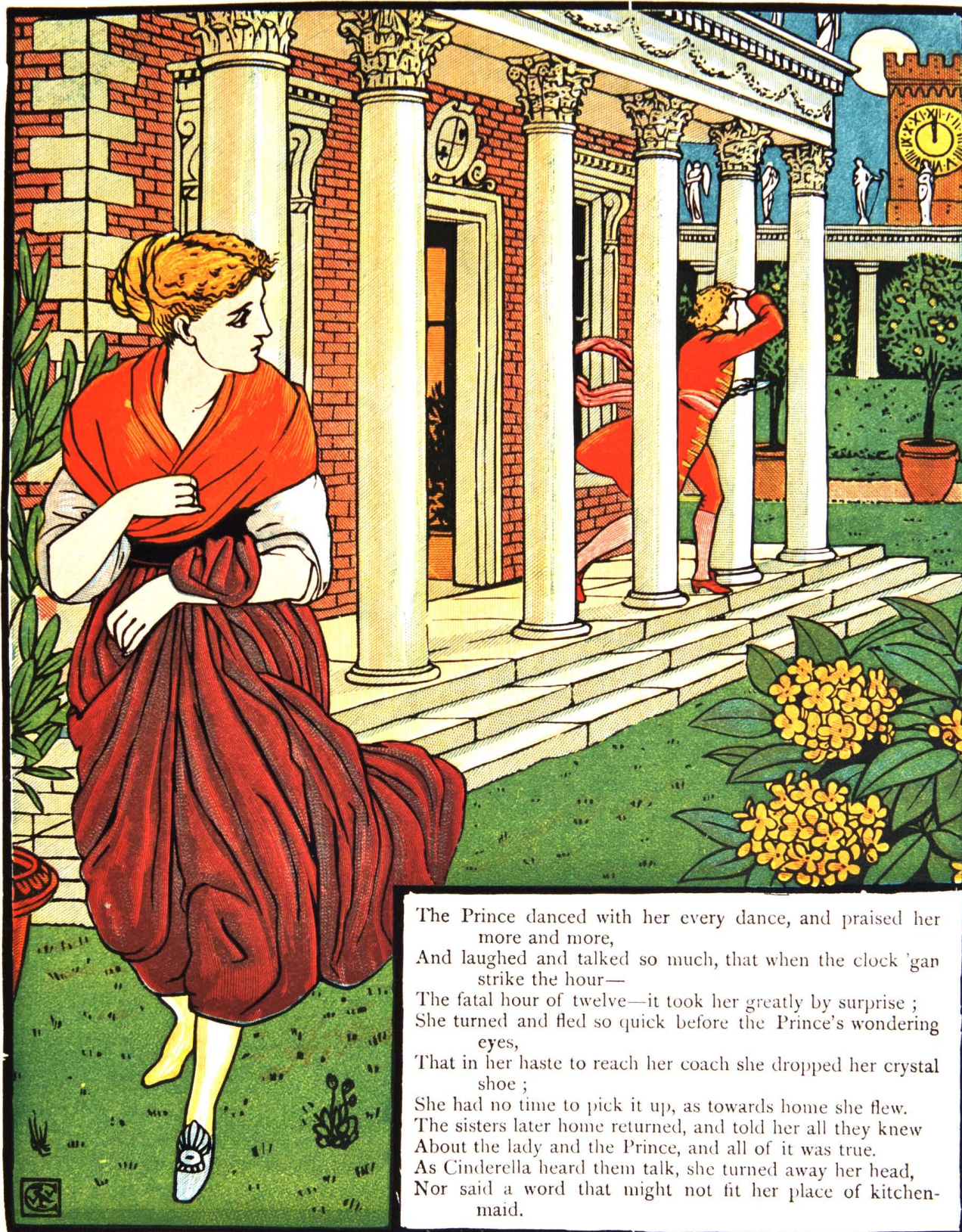


She promised, and with joyful heart she gained the palace  
hall,  
And danced, and laughed, and looked indeed the fairest of  
them all.  
The King's son danced with her, and praised her lovely shape  
and air ;  
All treated her as if she were the greatest lady there :  
But in good time she slipped 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.

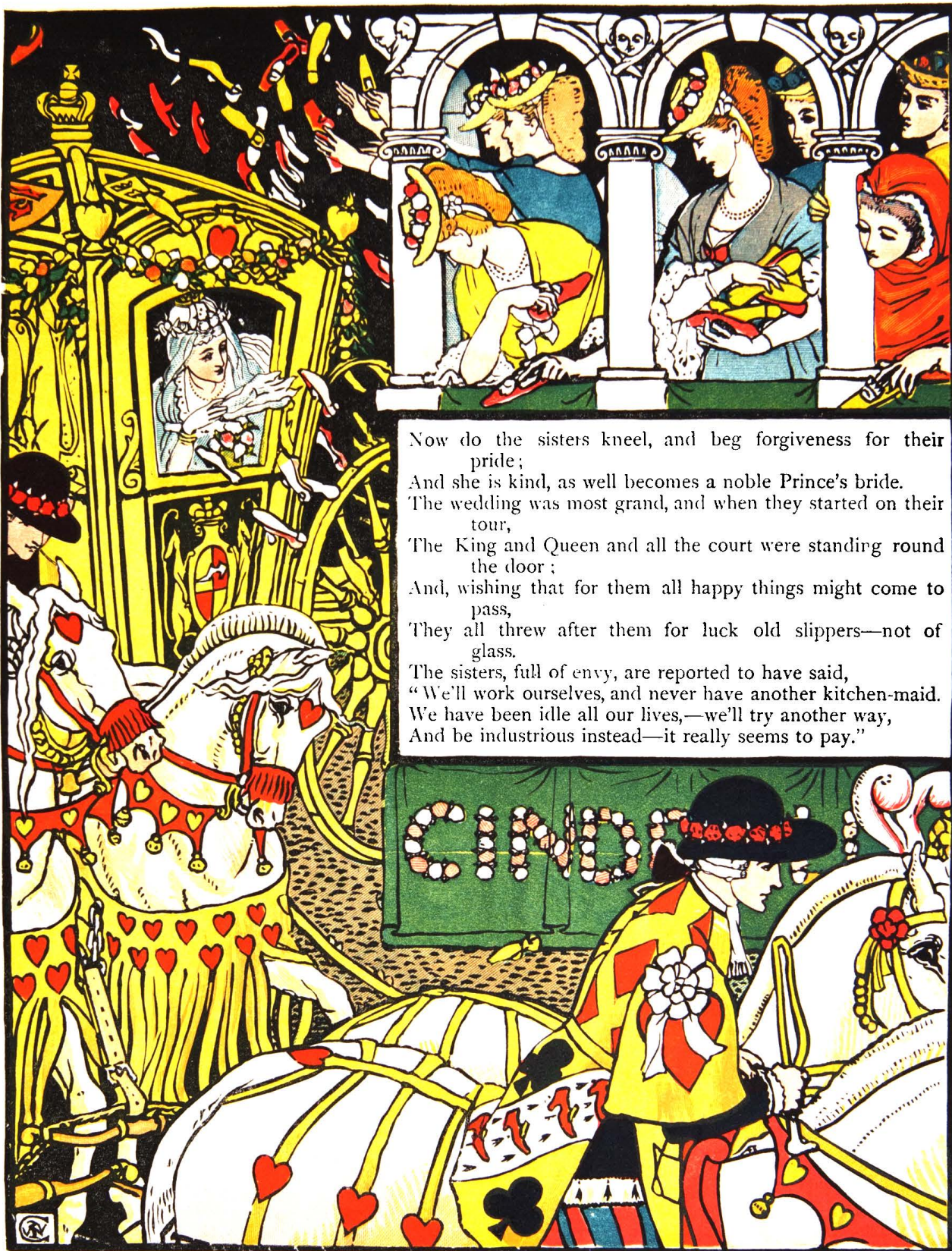


Next day was proclamation made : "Whereas, a crystal shoe  
Has been discovered at the ball, who is the owner—who?  
All ladies now must try it on ; the Prince will marry her,  
Whoe'er it be, who easily the crystal shoe can wear."  
No foot was found to fit the shoe ; they tried throughout the  
town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

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.

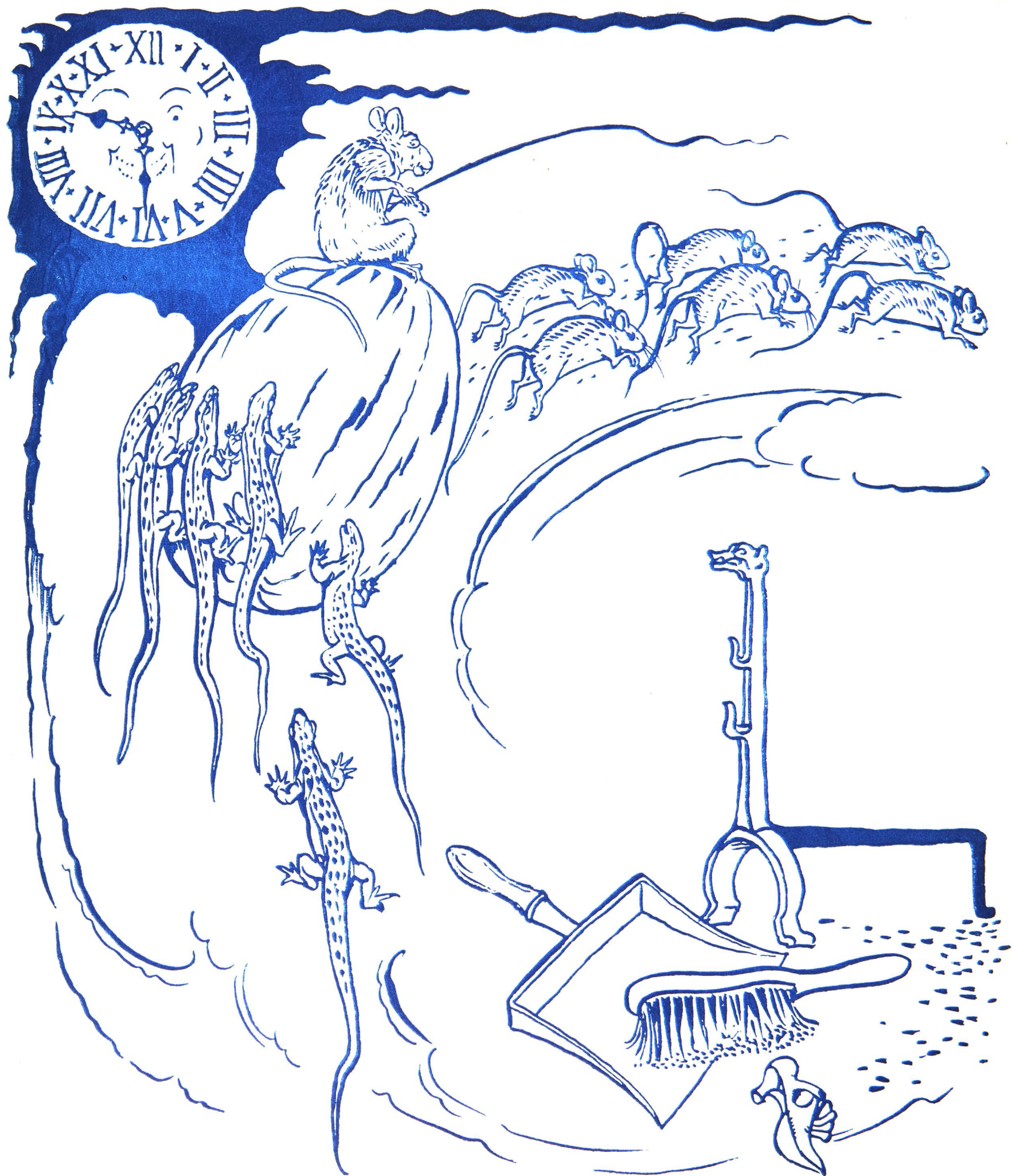






Now do the sisters kneel, and beg forgiveness for their  
pride;  
And she is kind, as well becomes a noble Prince's bride.  
The wedding was most grand, and when they started on their  
tour,  
The King and Queen and all the court were standing round  
the door;  
And, wishing that for them all happy 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."















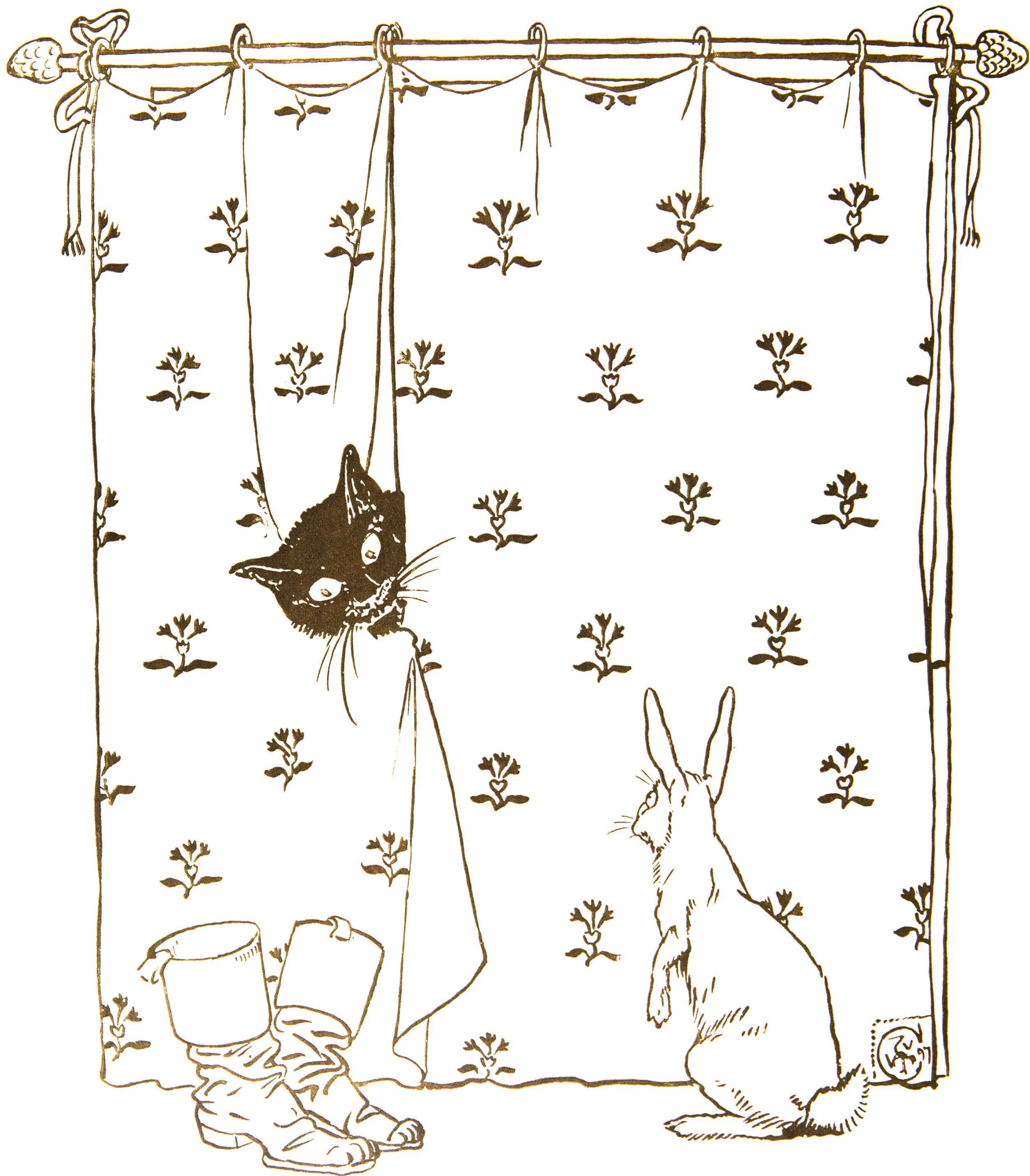
·WALTER·CRANE'S·PICTURE  
·BOOKS·RE·ISSUE·

·PUSS·  
·IN·  
·BOOTS·

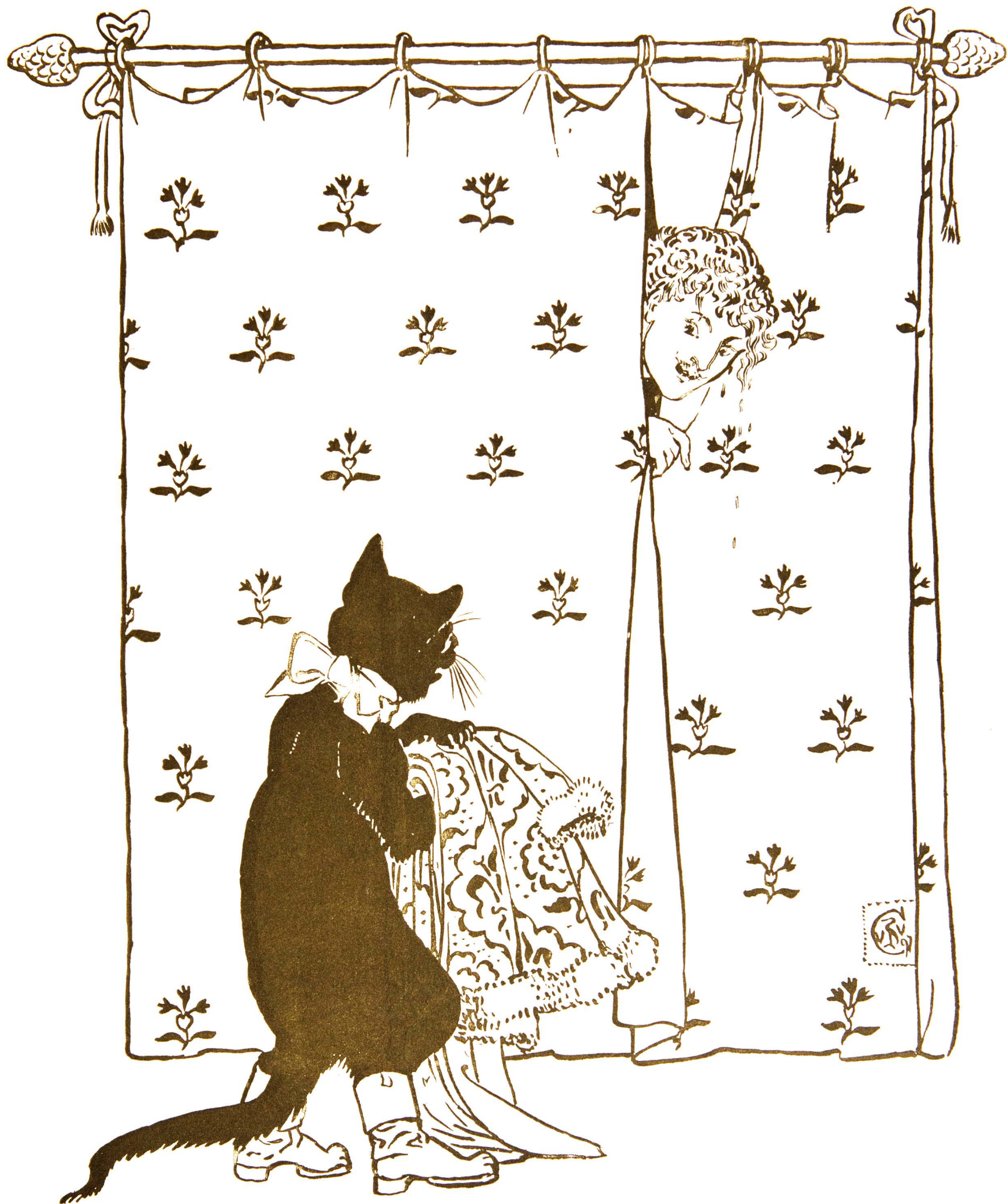


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·JOHN·LANE·









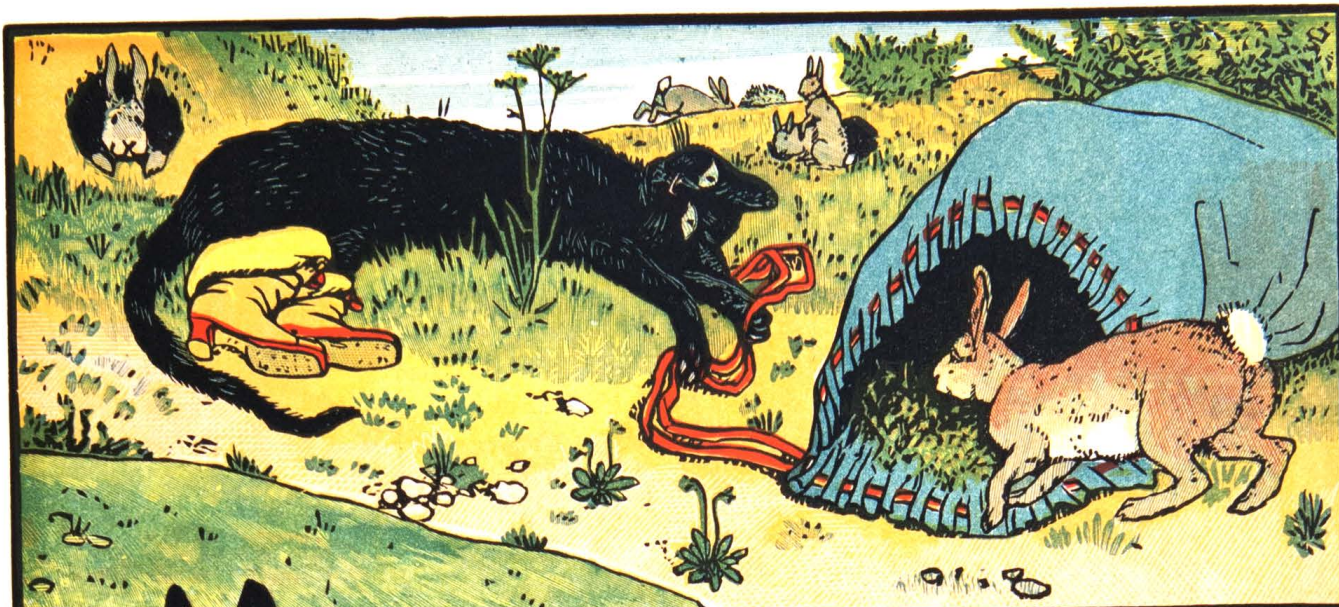




## PUSS IN BOOTS.

A MILLER lay dying,—he made his last will;  
He left his three sons his cat, ass, and mill:  
To the eldest the mill, to the second the ass;  
The third had the cat, and he cried out, “Alas!  
I must starve now, unless I take Pussy to eat!”





“No, Master,” said Puss, “give me boots to my  
feet—  
A pair of top-boots—and please leave me alive,  
And you shall just see how we’ll flourish and  
thrive.”





So the Puss put on boots, and he started abroad,  
And caught a fine rabbit just near the high-road,  
Which he took to the palace, and gave to the

King:

"This I from the Marquis of Carabas bring."

Again Puss went hunting, and carried the prey  
To the King, with the Marquis's duty, each day.











One morn, said the Cat to his Master, "I pray  
You to go and to bathe in the river to-day;  
The Marquis of Carabas, too, you must be,  
And leave all the rest of the business to me."  
Now, while the King down by the river passed by,  
He heard dismal cries of—"Help! help! or he'll die!  
The Marquis of Carabas drowns!—O my master!"  
The King sent his guards to avert the disaster.  
The Miller's son finds himself pulled out, and drest  
In all that his Majesty had of the best;





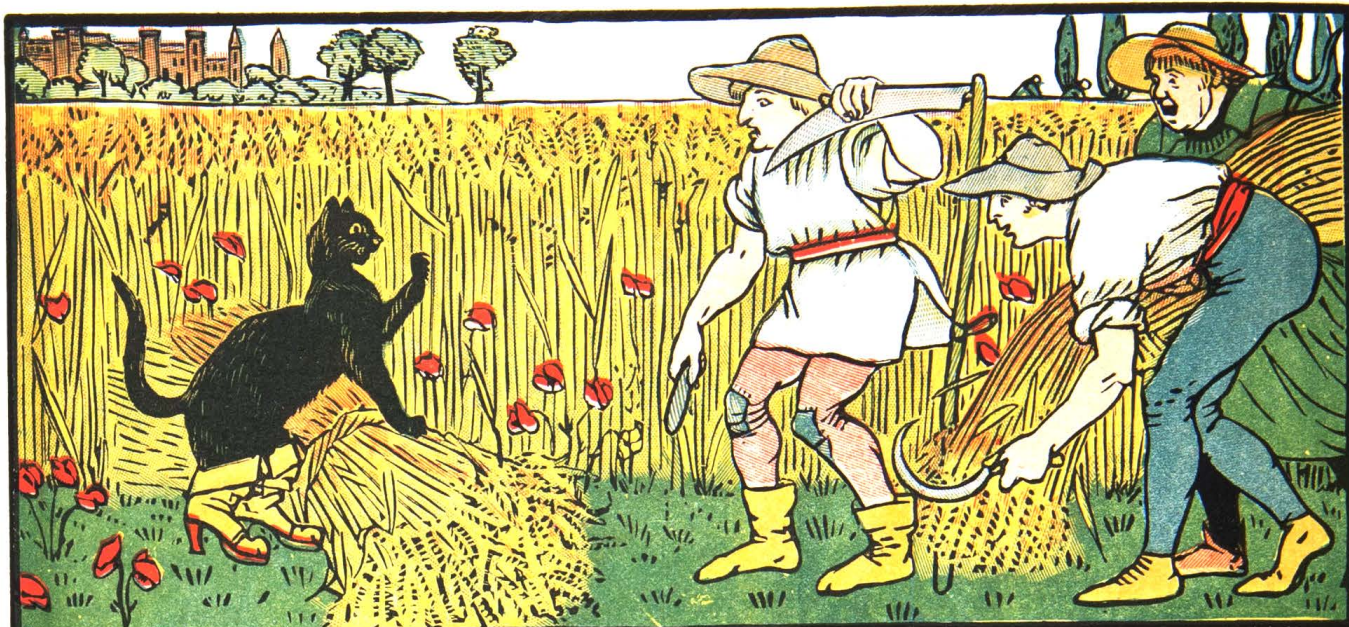




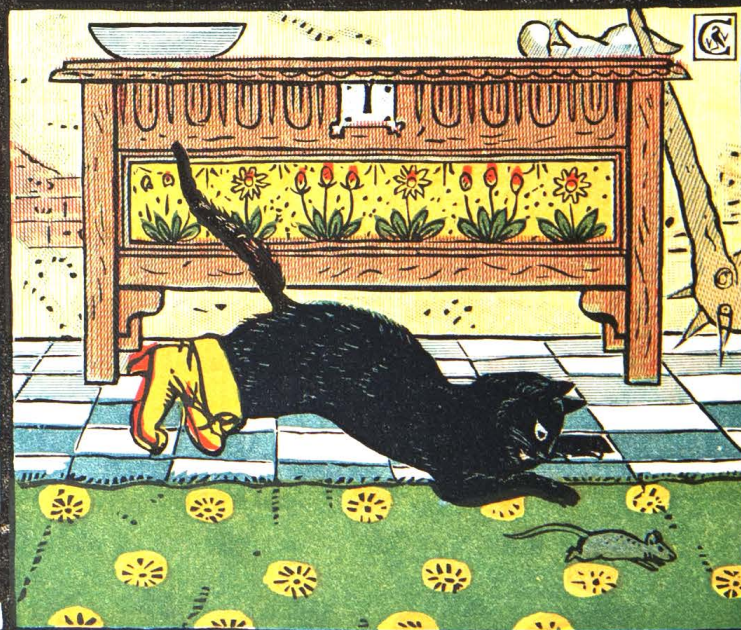








At last he arrived at a castle so grand,  
Which belonged to an Ogre, as well as the land;  
Puss conversed with the Ogre, who said that he  
could  
Assume any shape that he chose—bad or good,  
Great or small—as he'd show; and the Ogre, so  
fussy,  
Turned into a mouse, and was swallowed by Pussy.  
At this moment his Majesty's carriage was heard;  
Puss hurried down stairs, and he shortly appeared  
At the door, flung wide open before they could ring:  
"The Marquis of Carabas welcomes the King!"





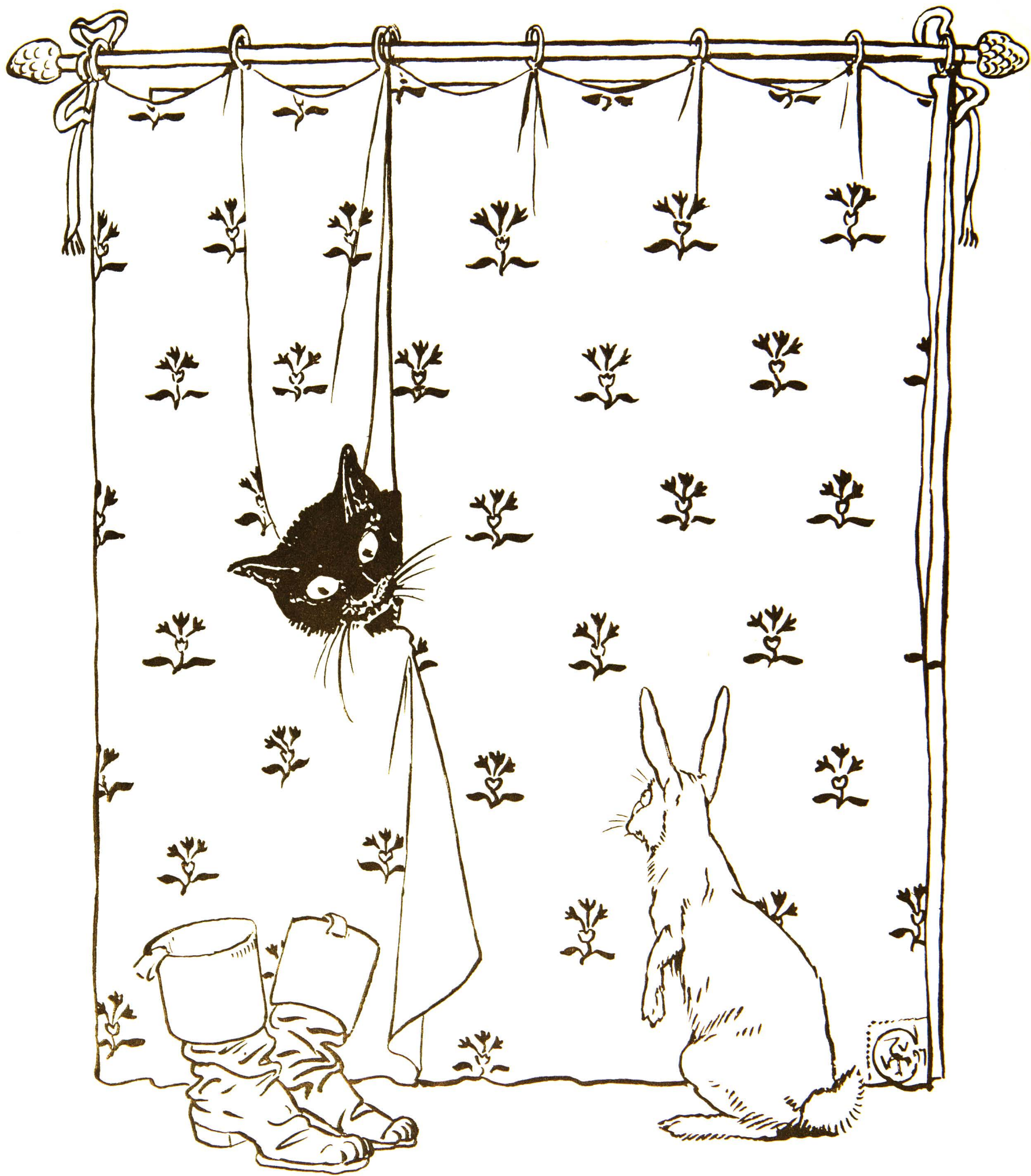


The Miller's son thus became lord of the place,  
And he feasted the King with much grandeur  
and grace.

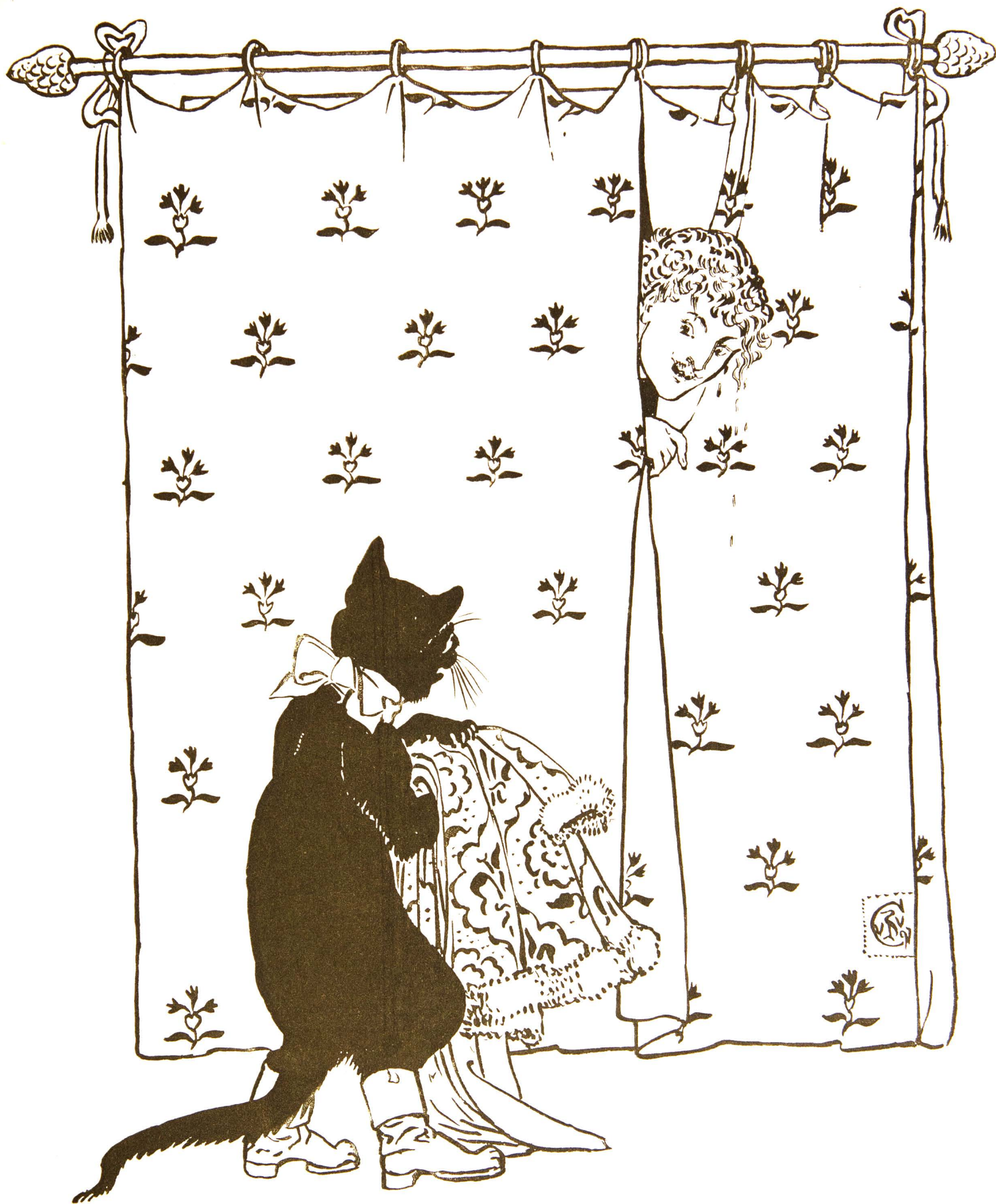
After dinner, his Majesty, smiling and bland,  
Said, "Marquis of Carabas, give us your hand;  
And if there is aught that seems goodly of ours—  
Yes, even our daughter—dear Marquis, 'tis  
yours."

So the Miller's son married the Princess next day,  
And Puss was a groomsman, in top-boots so gay;  
For the Marquis of Carabas owed him his life—  
His lands and his corn-fields—his castle and wife.















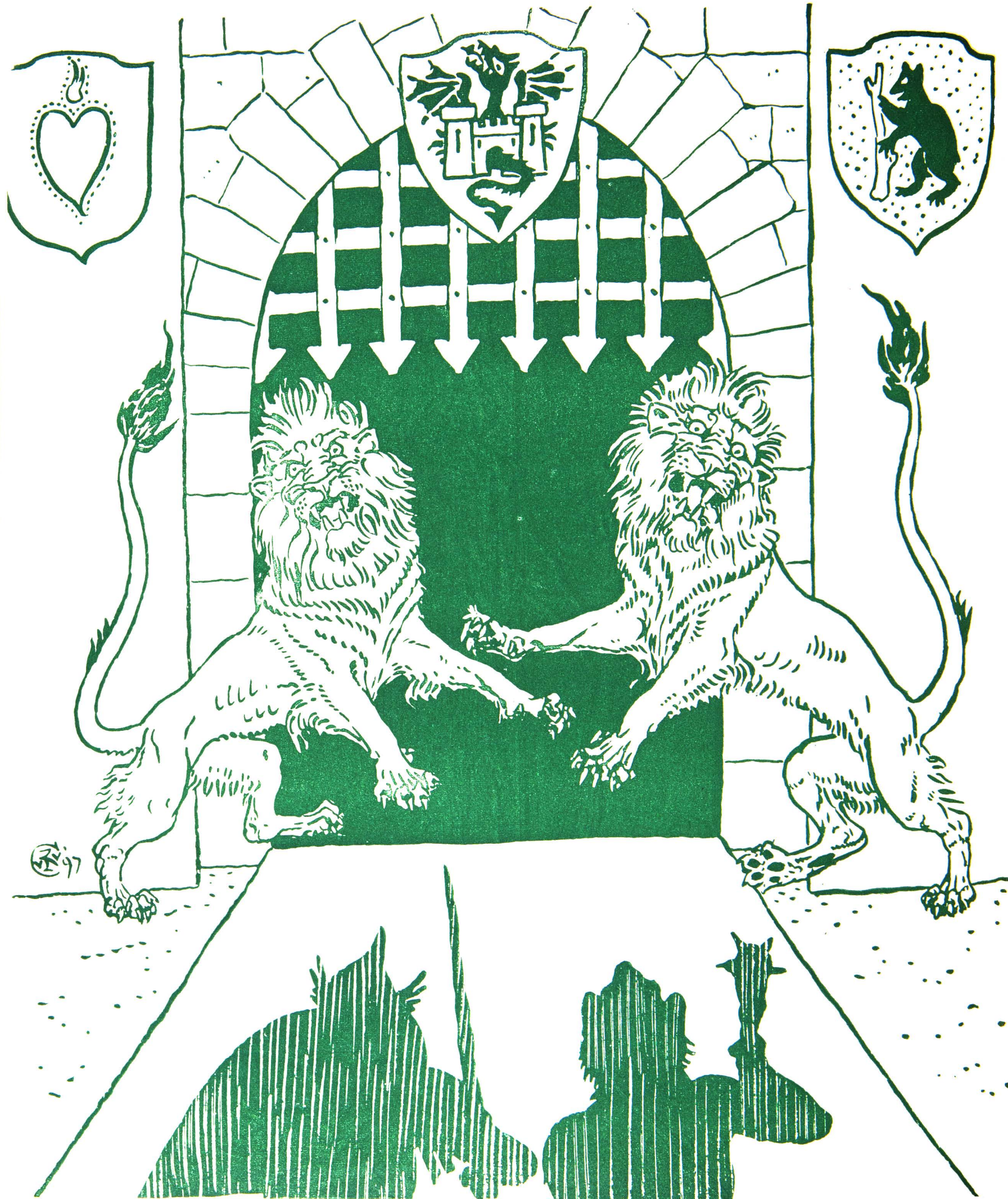
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# VALENTINE AND ORSON

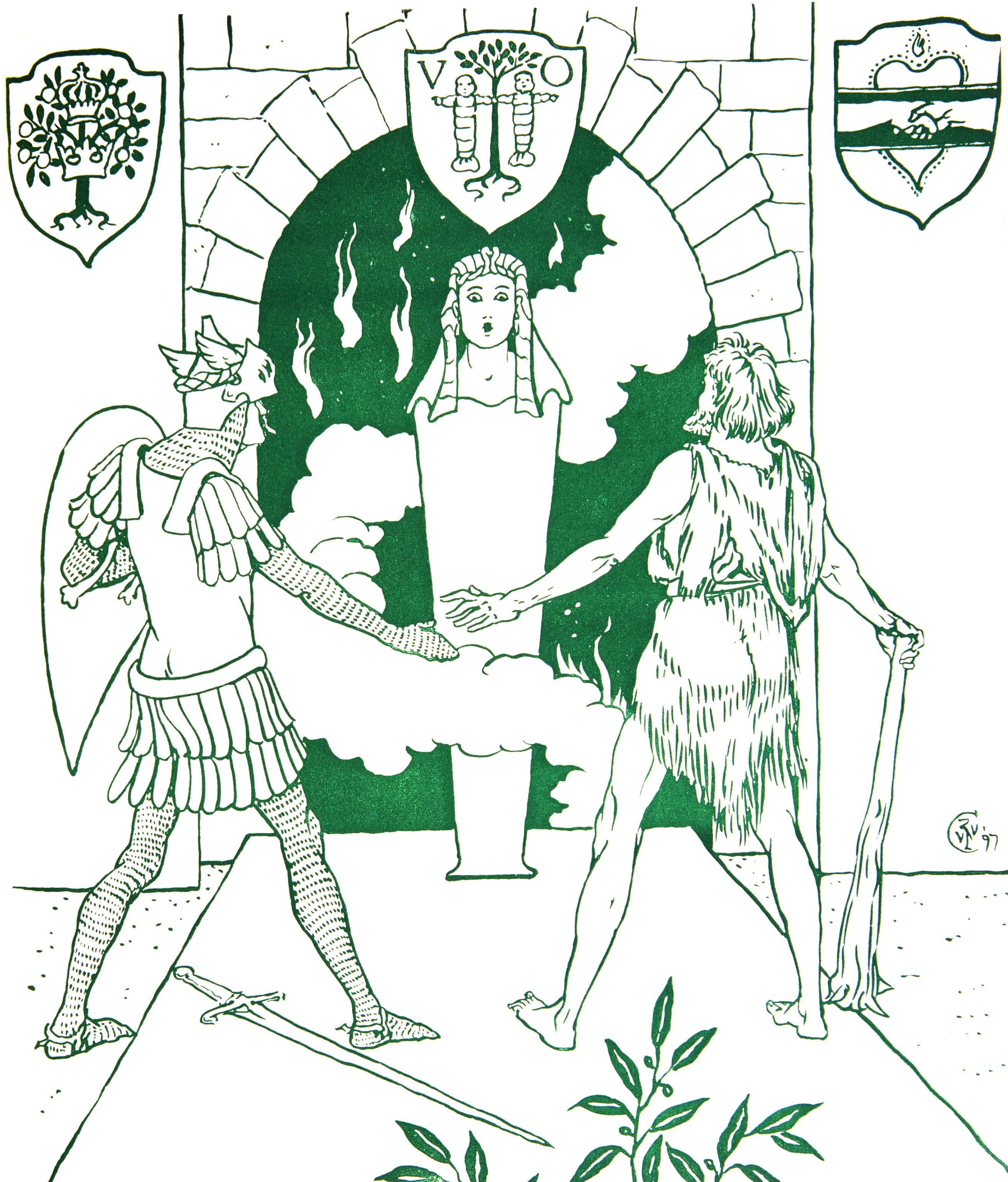


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ONCE on a time an Emperor, a man of might  
 and fame,  
 Married a wife, and fair was she, and Bellisant her  
 name;  
 And fair and happy were their lives, until an evil man  
 (He was the High Priest of the Court) an evil tale  
 began,  
 Of how the lady was not true unto her husband dear:  
 The Emperor believed the tale, and rose up in great  
 fear,  
 And drove poor Bellisant away; in haste and dire  
 mischance  
 She took her way to Pepin's Court (her brother, King  
 of France).

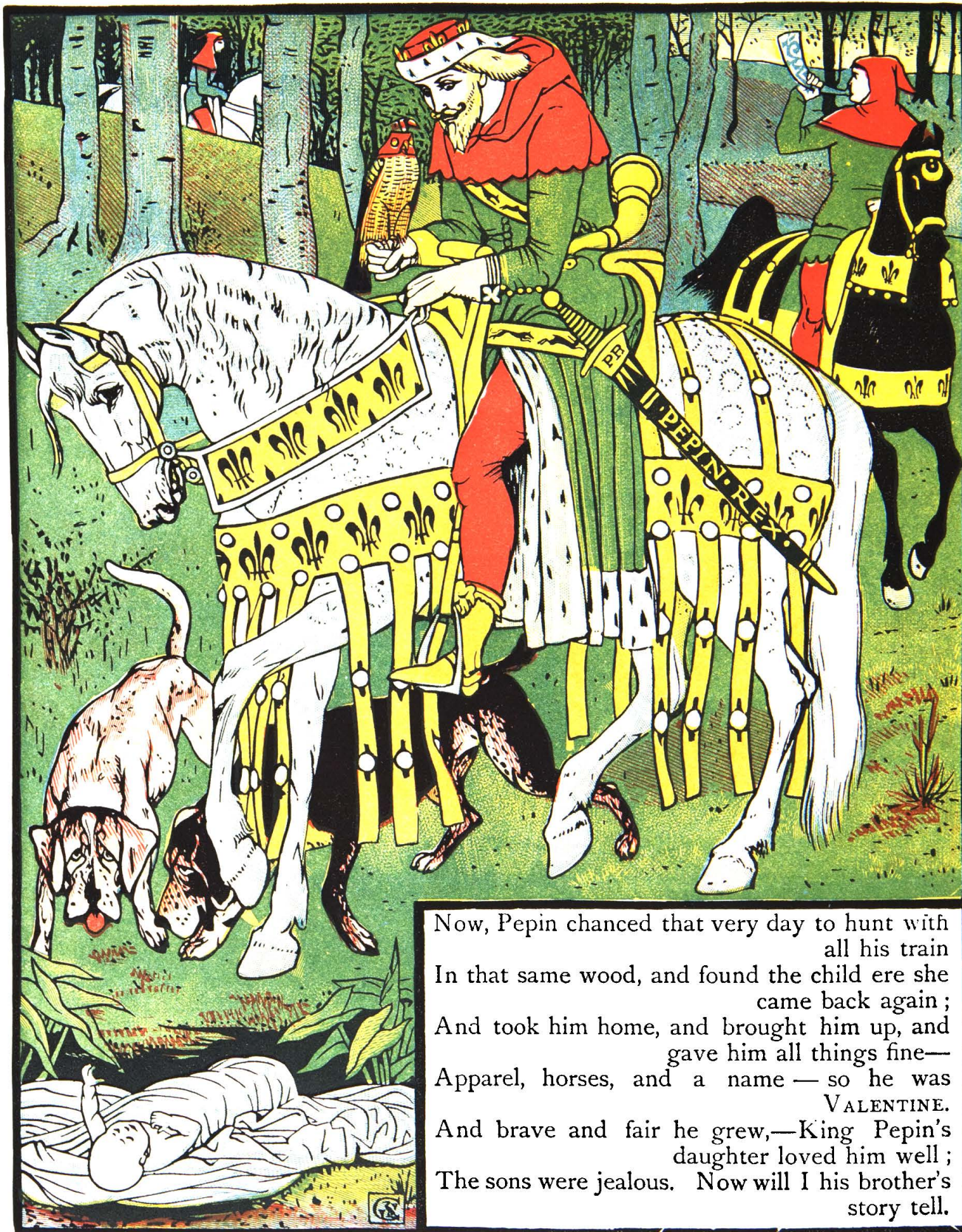






And as she fled, weighed down by grief and  
sense of cruel scorn,  
Lo, in the forest two fair sons to Bellisant were  
born ;  
But while her servant went to buy some food, a  
great she-bear  
Came up, and carried off one child unto her  
distant lair.  
Poor Bellisant ran after her, with many a sigh  
and moan ;  
In vain,—and when she turned again, the other  
child was gone !





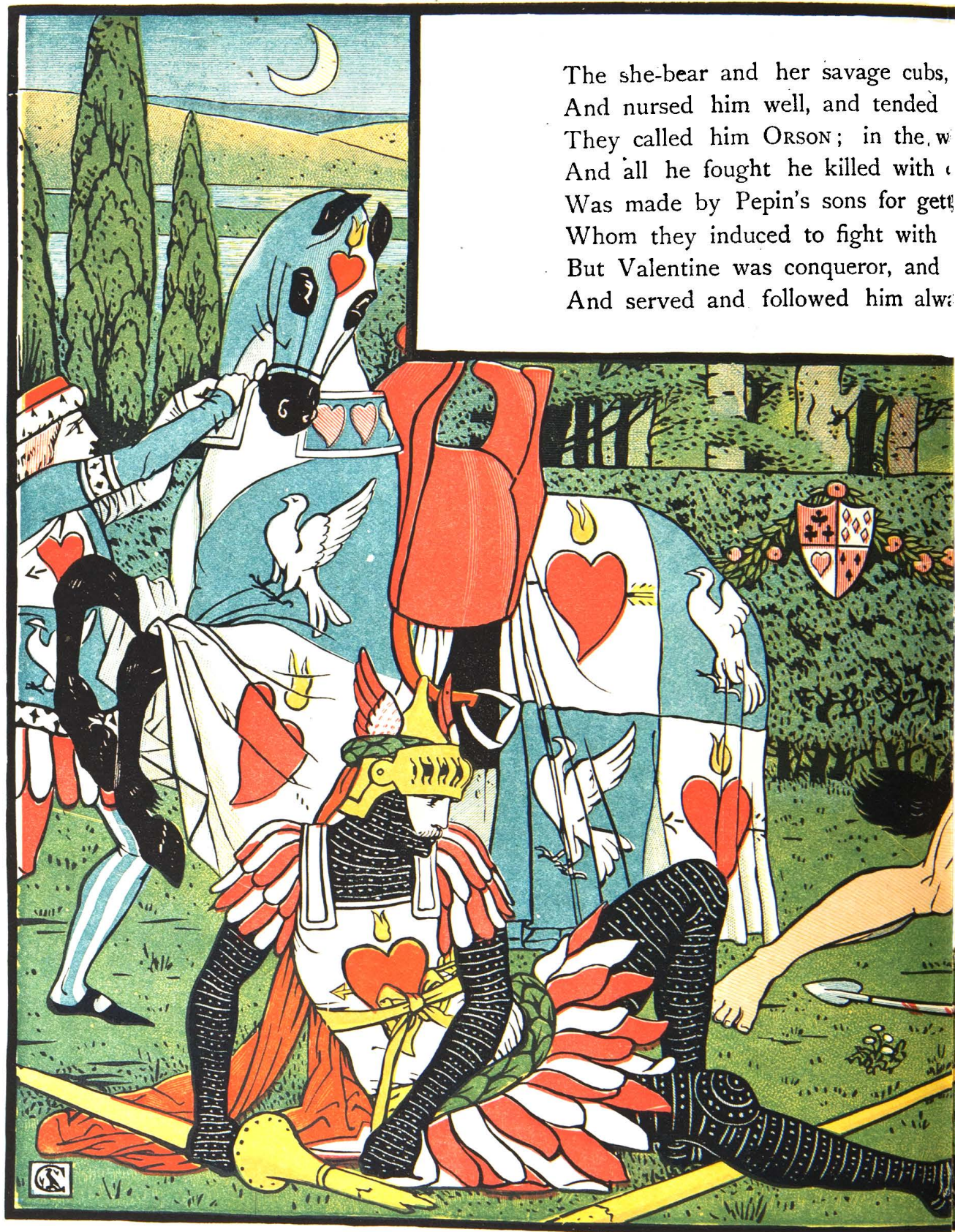
Now, Pepin chanced that very day to hunt with  
 all his train  
 In that same wood, and found the child ere she  
 came back again ;  
 And took him home, and brought him up, and  
 gave him all things fine—  
 Apparel, horses, and a name — so he was  
 VALENTINE.  
 And brave and fair he grew,—King Pepin's  
 daughter loved him well ;  
 The sons were jealous. Now will I his brother's  
 story tell.





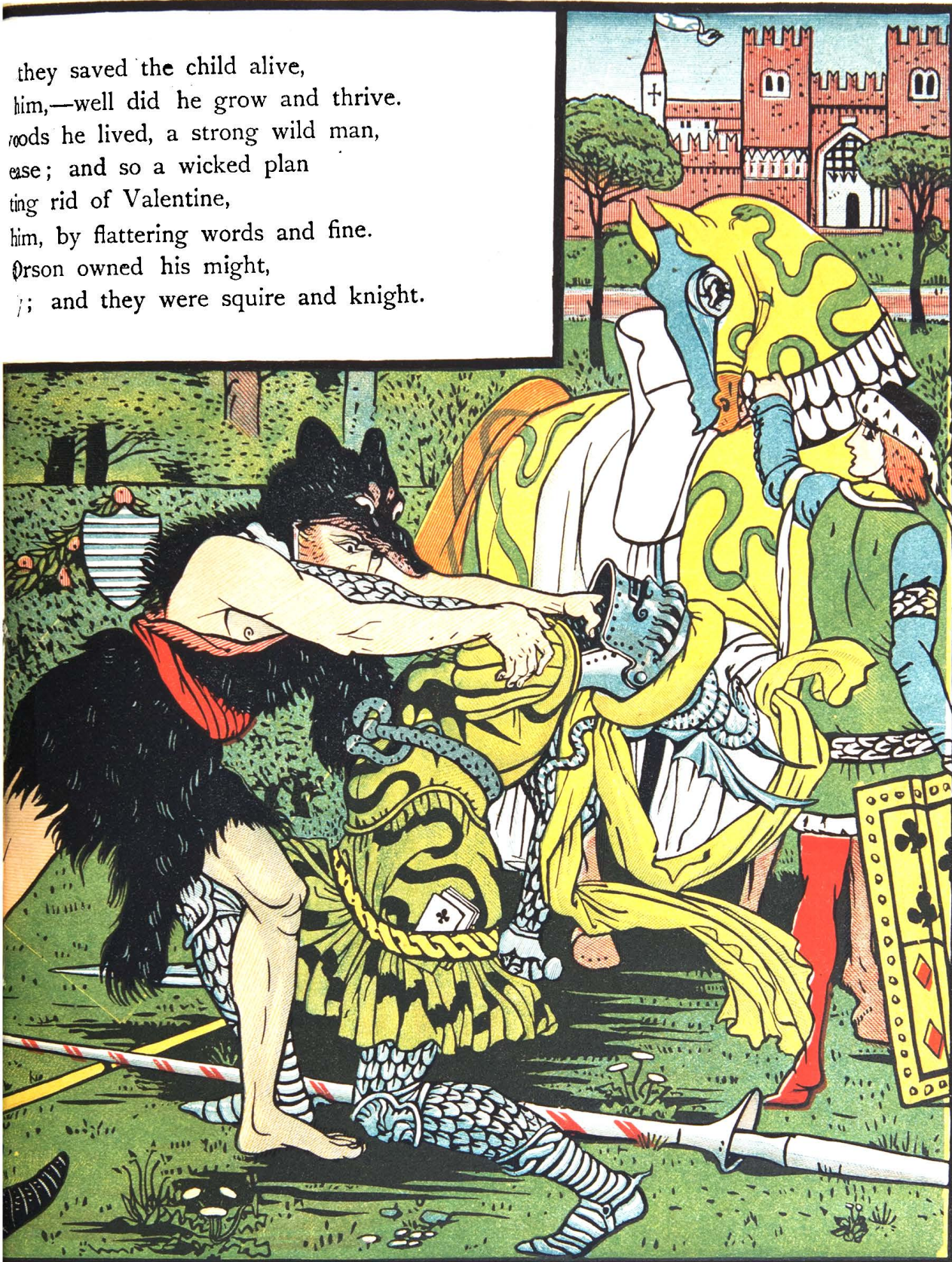


The she-bear and her savage cubs,  
 And nursed him well, and tended  
 They called him ORSON; in the w  
 And all he fought he killed with  
 Was made by Pepin's sons for gett  
 Whom they induced to fight with  
 But Valentine was conqueror, and  
 And served and followed him alwa





they saved the child alive,  
him,—well did he grow and thrive.  
oods he lived, a strong wild man,  
ease; and so a wicked plan  
ting rid of Valentine,  
him, by flattering words and fine.  
Orson owned his might,  
; and they were squire and knight.











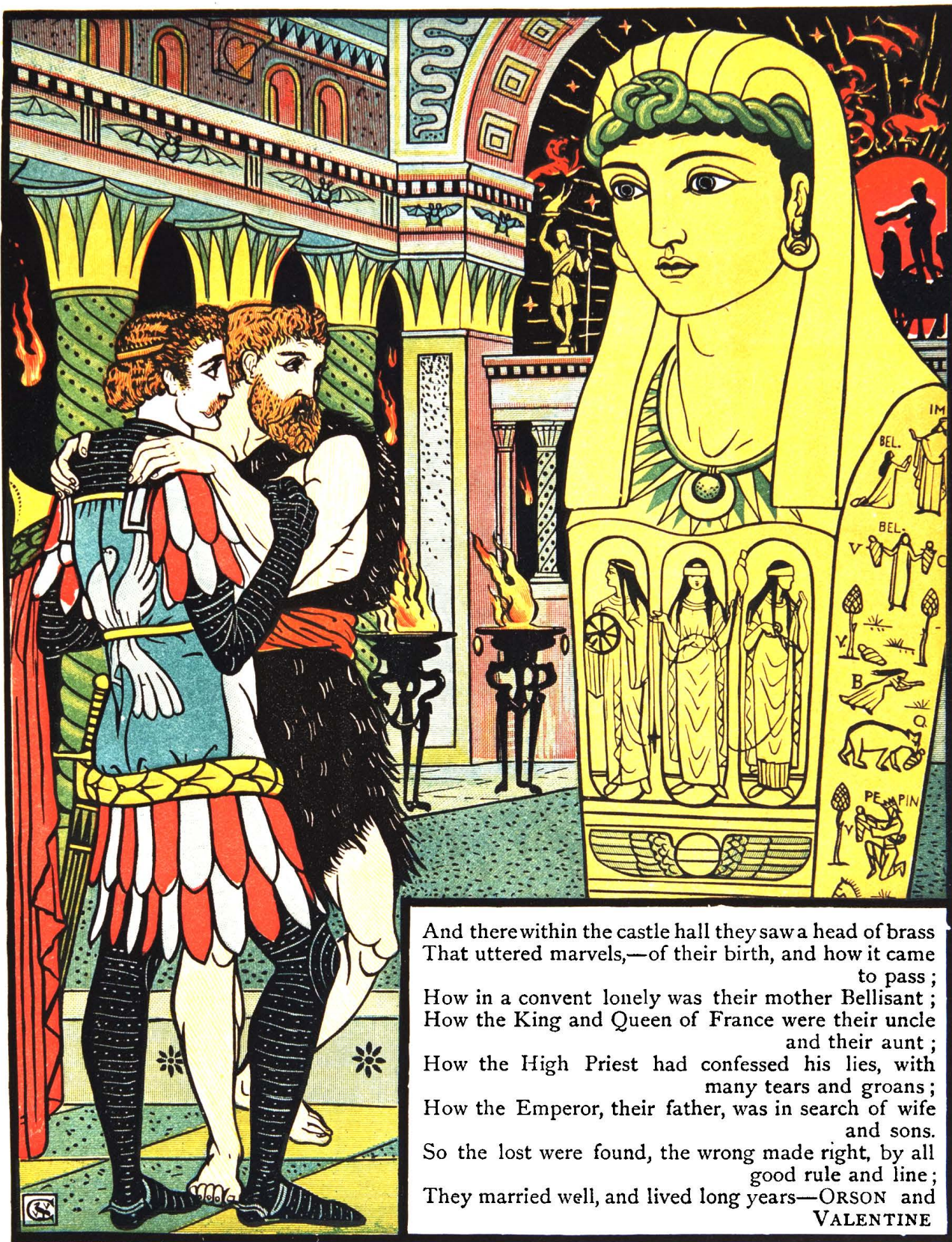
Now, in that land there dwelt a man, the  
Green Knight he was called,  
Who by his strength and magic arts a lady  
fair enthralled,  
And kept in prison dark and strong, and none  
could set her free ;  
Not even Valentine prevailed, with all his  
bravery,



But Orson threw the Green Knight down, and  
bound him with a chain,  
And set the lady free; both brothers then  
start off to gain  
The Green Knight's castle-gates,—two roaring  
lions kept guard there,  
But down they crouched when they beheld the  
brothers void of fear.

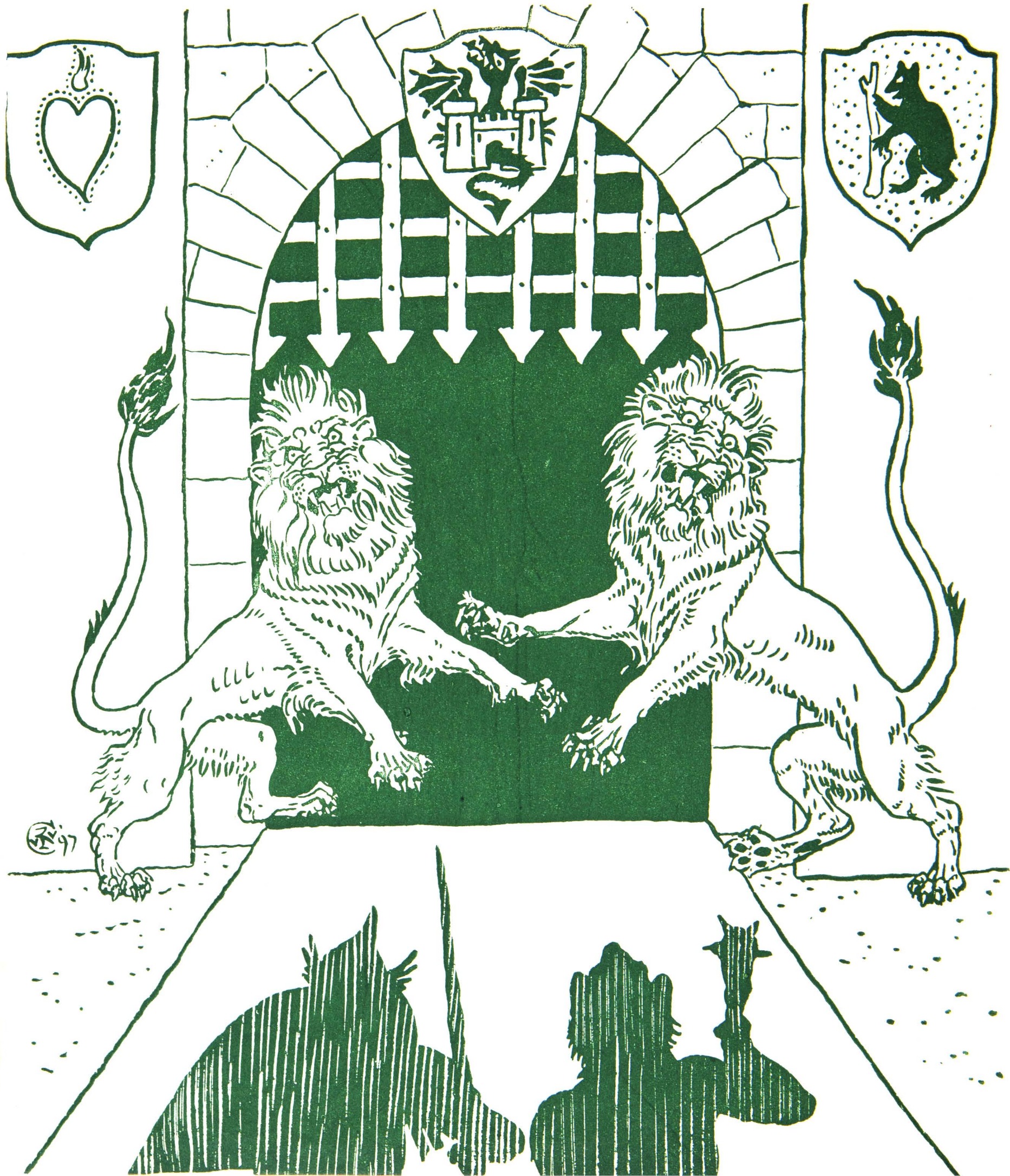




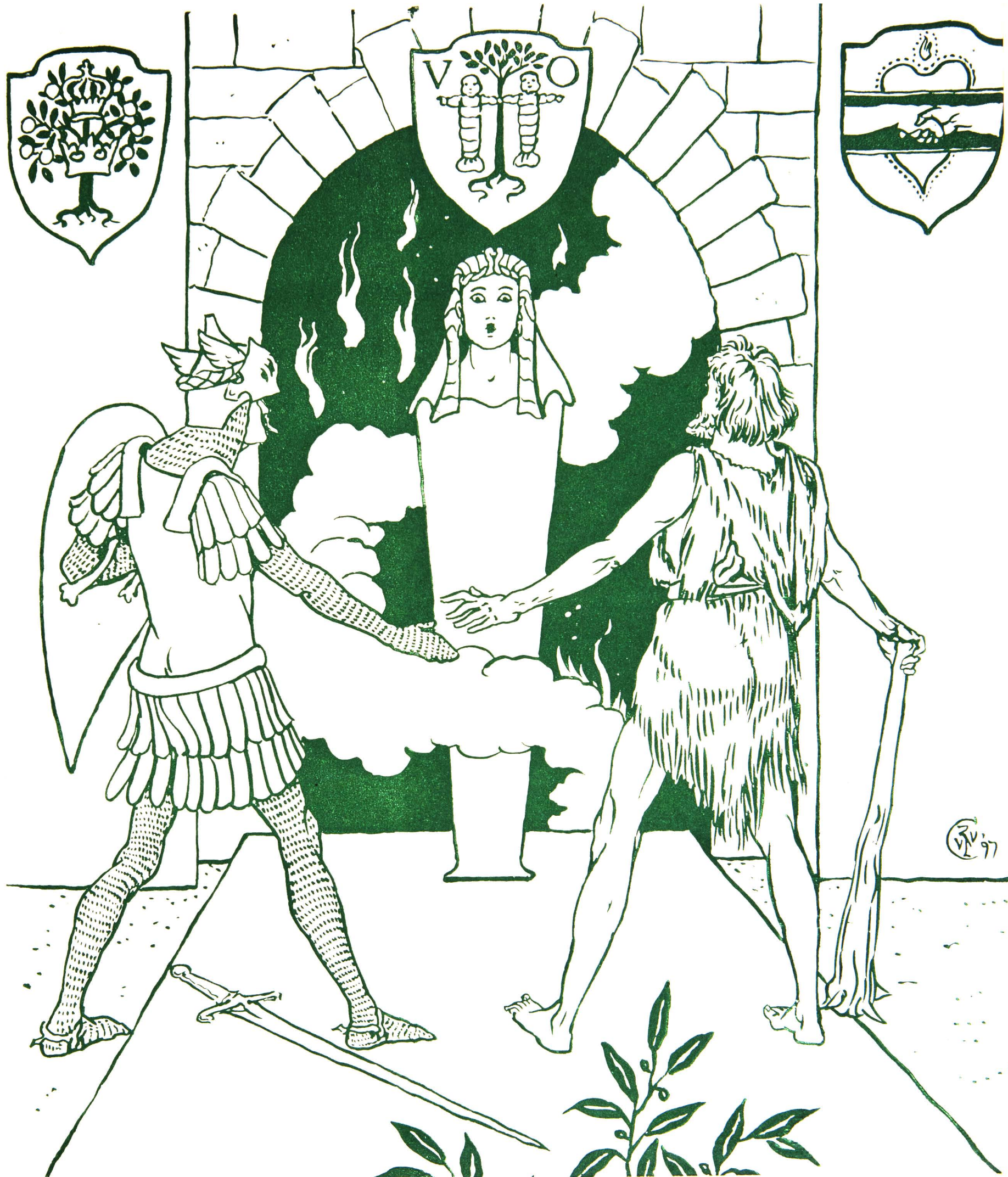


And there within the castle hall they saw a head of brass  
That uttered marvels,—of their birth, and how it came  
to pass ;  
How in a convent lonely was their mother Bellisant ;  
How the King and Queen of France were their uncle  
and their aunt ;  
How the High Priest had confessed his lies, with  
many tears and groans ;  
How the Emperor, their father, was in search of wife  
and sons.  
So the lost were found, the wrong made right, by all  
good rule and line ;  
They married well, and lived long years—ORSON and  
VALENTINE



























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