

PARK'S
AMUSING HISTORY OF
LITTLE
JACK HORNER.



EMBELLISHED WITH COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

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AMUSING HISTORY OF
LITTLE
JACK HORNER.



Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum,
And said—" what a good boy am I !"

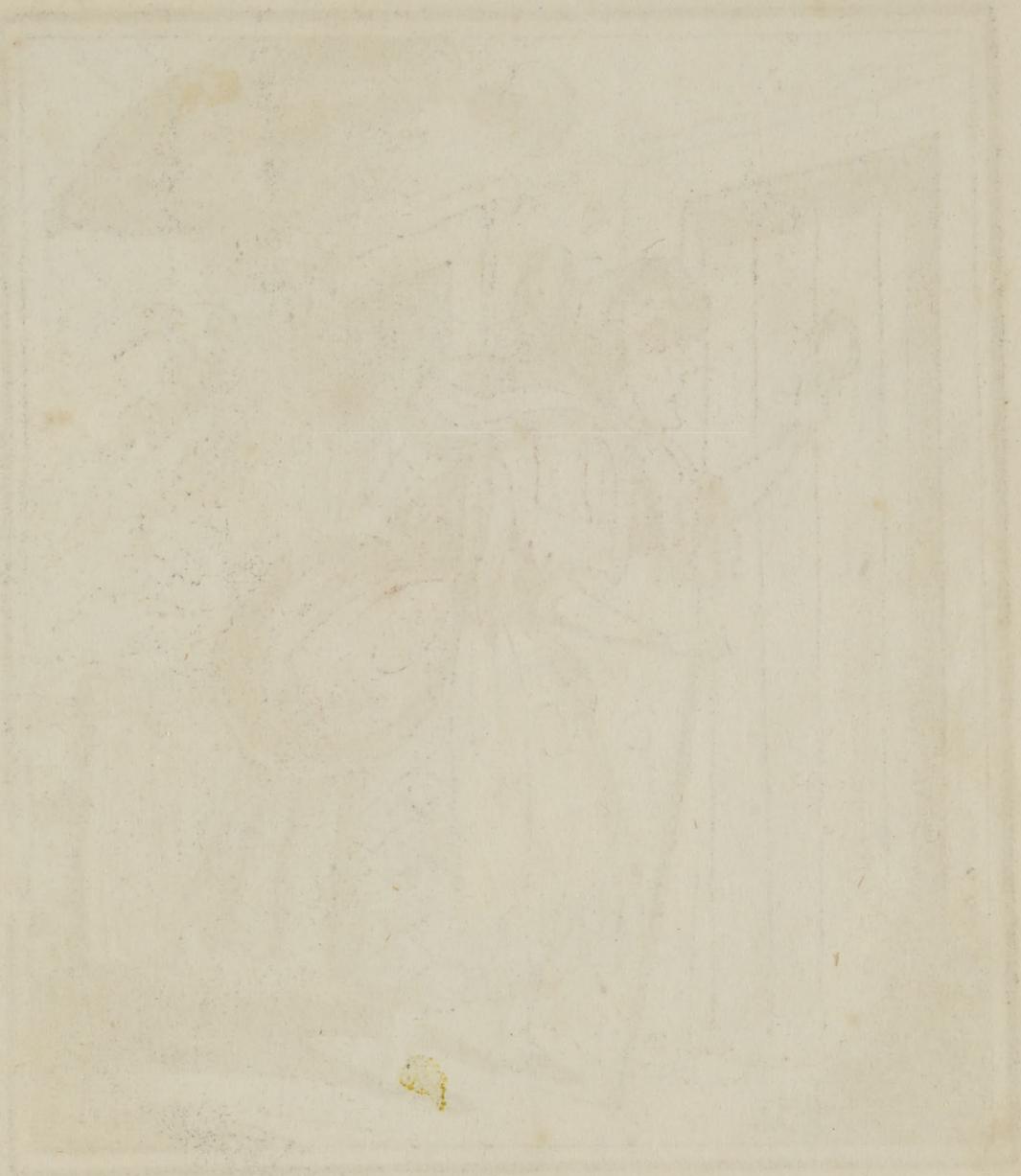


Jack loved Christmas pies, yet wish'd to be wise—
 And wisdom comes not of itself—
 “So, mother,” said he, “till from school I am free,
 Put the rest of the pie on the shelf.”

Not far from the door, all ragged and poor,
 A woman he met by the way,
 Who cried, “I have had, my good little lad,
 Not a mouthful of victuals to day.”



[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]



Faint, illegible text or bleed-through from the reverse side of the page, appearing as ghostly impressions of characters and words.



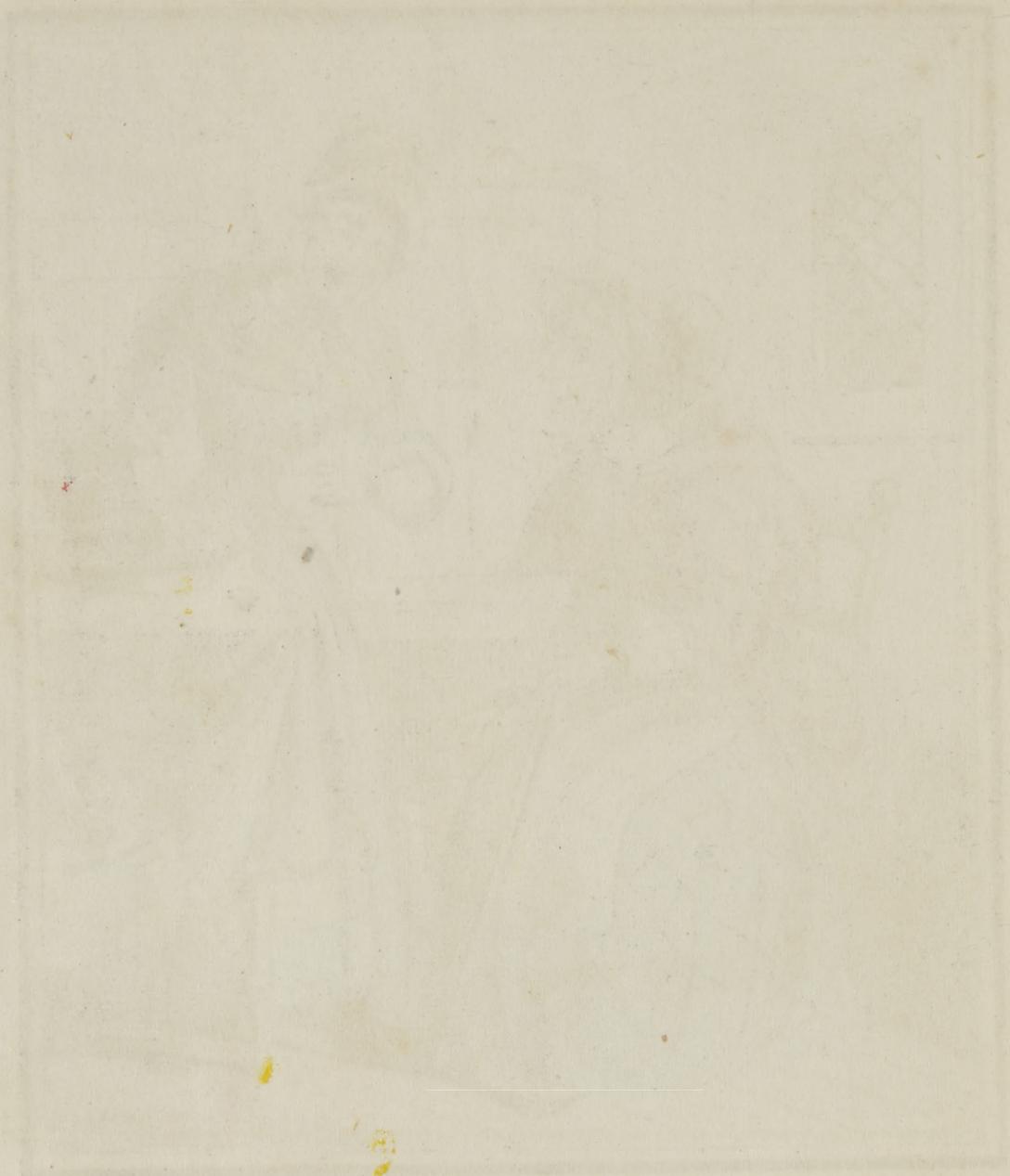
Then said little Jack, "I dare not go back,
But our cottage your wants will supply:
If my mother you see, pray ask her, from me,
For the rest of my nice Christmas pie!"

The beggar, thus sent, most willingly went,
In hopes that the dame would not scorn her:
To the door having run, said, "I'm sent by your son
For the rest of the pie, Mrs. Horner."

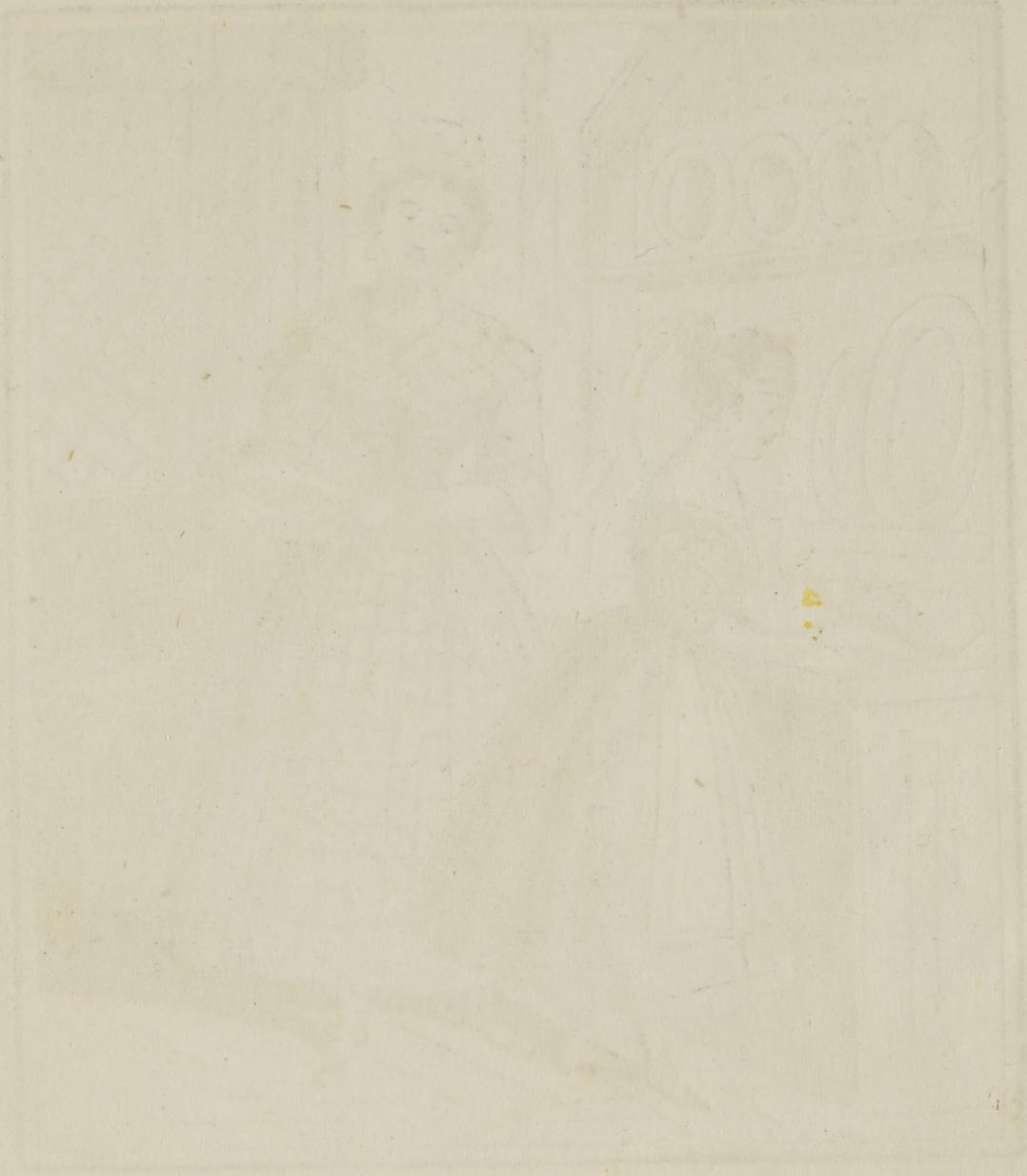


The good-natured dame immediately came,
And opened the cottage door quickly;
Then call'd to her daughter for hartshorn and water
For, poor soul, she looked very sickly.

Quite pleased and content, the poor beggar went,
And wished her benevolent son
A blessing might prove of duty and love.
To reward the kind act she had done.



The first part of the manuscript is a list of names and dates, followed by a description of the events that took place. The text is written in a cursive hand and is somewhat faded. The following text is a continuation of the list, with some entries being more detailed than others. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines indented. The overall appearance is that of an old, handwritten document.



The figure on the left is a man in a long coat and hat, standing and looking towards the right. The figure on the right is a woman in a long dress, standing and looking towards the left. They are in a room with a bookshelf or display case in the background. The text below the illustration is very faint and appears to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It is mostly illegible but seems to contain several lines of text, possibly a description or a list of items.



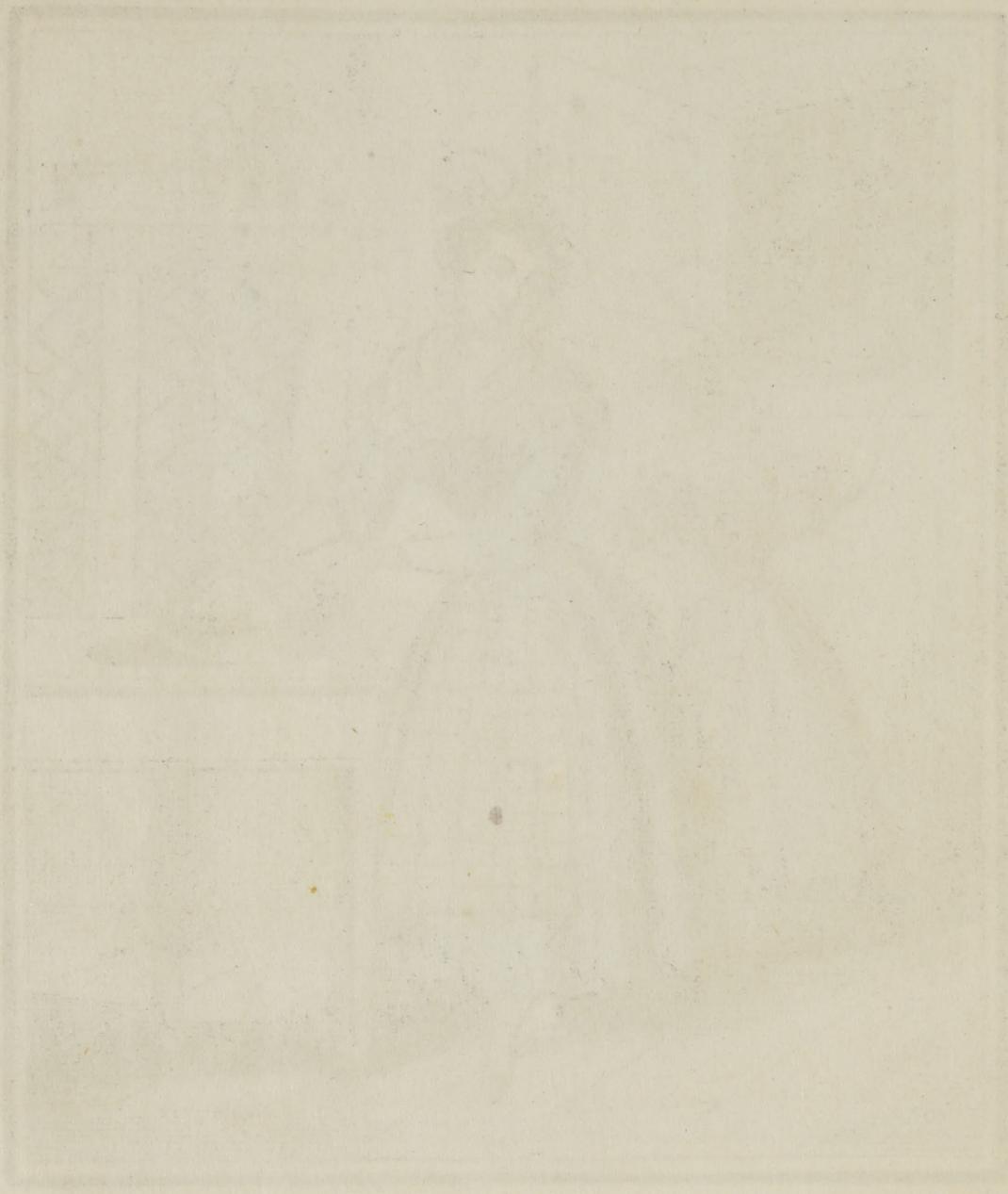
The dame, in a trice, took currants and spice—
So pleased with the conduct of Jack,
Determined to try and make him a pie,
And bake it before he came back!

Come Patty," she said, my good little maid,
Now let me have all things in order;
Move quickly we must—so you make the crust;
And mind, crimp nicely the border!"

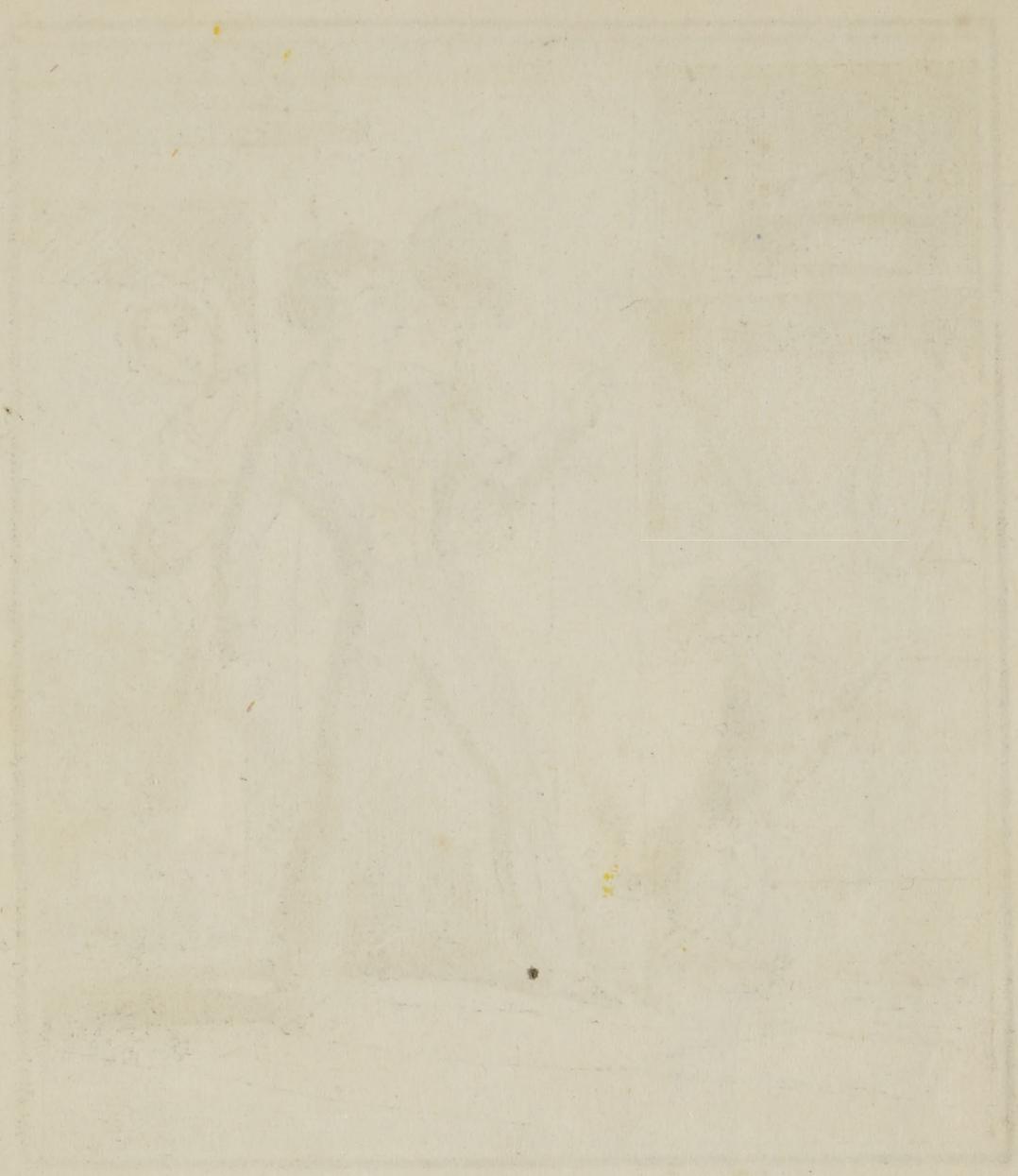


Patty Horner obeyed, and pleased lent her aid,
Delighted the dame to assist;
She did all she was bid, and never was chid;
But often deserved to be kiss'd!

With wonderful haste she completed the paste,
And shred the nice mince-meat quite fine;
She put one on a shelf, and made one for herself,
On which, with her daughter, to dine.



Faint, illegible text is visible at the bottom of the page, appearing as a series of horizontal lines. The text is too light to be read and is likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



school was over at last and I had
I had looked to see what the world was
and thought it was a very different
to the school's days. I had
and I had a very good time
to think of the old days and
so I thought I would write a few
and an old friend of mine.



School was over at last, and dinner-time past,
Jack looked to see what he could spy,
And thought it most kind, tho' surprising, to find
On the shelf a large Christmas pie.

Said his mother, my dear a poor woman came here
To whom you your pie had resigned,
So I thought it but right such a deed to requite,
And am glad if it proves to you mind,



She kiss'd her dear child, and said, as she smil'd,
" May your goodness of heart ever last."
He then went to his sister and tenderly kiss'd her
And then to his charming repast.

Now let every good boy with a sweetmeat or toy
Not slyly sneak into a corner,
But to playmates repair, and give them a share—
In short, imitate little Jack Horner.

Park, Printer, 47, Leonard Street, Finsbury

