


KEYS'S EDITION, DEVONPORT.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE
INTERESTING HISTORY
OF
JACK AND THE GIANTS



Printed & Sold by S. & J. KEYS, St. Aubyn-st., Devonport.

SOLD ALSO BY R. STONE, 10, FORE-STREET HILL, EXETER;
T. SEGAR, BARNSTAPLE; J. ELMS, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON;
S. CHING, GENERAL DEALER, HAYES, CARDIFF;
W. BURRIDGE, TRURO; J. PERROW, ST. AUSTLE, CORNWALL;
AND BY M. A. REED, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

 Shopkeepers supplied with every description of School Books, History Books, and Memorandums; also, a large assortment of Penny Song Books always to be had.

JACK AND THE GIANTS.



IN the reign of King Arthur there lived, near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who had a son named Jack. He was brisk, and of ready wit; so whatever he could not perform by force and strength he completed by wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could trick Jack: he even baffled the most learned by his cunning and sharp inventions.

In those days the mount of Cornwall was kept by a large giant, eighteen feet high, and about three yards in circumference: he was of a fierce and grim countenance, and the terror of the neighbouring towns and villages. His habitation was in a cave near the middle of the mount, and

he never would suffer any living creature to keep near him. His feeding was on other men's cattle, which he boldly seized as his prey. When he wanted food he would wade over to the main land, and there well furnish himself with what he could find; for the people, at his approach, all forsook their habitations. Then would he seize their cows and oxen, of which he made nothing to carry over on his back half-a-dozen at once; and as for their ducks and geese, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of candles! This he practised for many years, so that a great part of the county of Cornwall was much impoverished by him.

Jack undertook to destroy this monster; so he furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and over the mountains he went in the beginning of a dark winter's evening; he fell to work, and by the morning had dug a pit twenty feet deep and almost as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straws; he then strewed a little mould over it, which made it appear like plain ground. This done, Jack put the horn to his mouth, and blew a tantivy: the noise awoke the giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out, "You incorrigible villain, you shall pay dearly for disturbing me: I will broil you for my breakfast!" These words were no sooner spoken than he tumbled into the pit: his heavy fall made the foundation of the mountains shake. "O! Mr. Giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Faith, you are in Lob's pond, where I will plague you for threatening me. What do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other dainty than poor Jack serve you?" Having thus tantalized the giant for a while, he struck him a terrible blow on the head with his

pole-axe, so that he tumbled down, and with a groan expired. Jack then threw dirt upon him, and so buried him. Pleased with the death of the giant, Jack entered the cave, where, searching about, he found much treasure.



Jack killing the Giant of St. Michael's Mount.

Now when the magistrates who employed Jack heard that the job was over, they sent for him, declaring he should henceforth be called Jack the Giant Killer; and, in honour thereof, presented him with a sword and embroidered belt, upon which these words were written in letters of gold:—

“Here's the valiant Cornishman,
Who slew the giant Cormoran!”

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over the western parts, when another giant, called Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged upon Jack, if ever he should light on him. This giant kept an enchanted castle, situated in the midst of a lone wood.

About four months after, as Jack was walking by the borders of a wood on his journey towards Wales, he grew weary, and sat himself down by the side of a pleasant fountain, when a deep sleep

suddenly seized him. At this time the giant going thither for water, found him; and, by the letters upon his belt, immediately knew him to be Jack: so without any words he took him upon his shoulder to carry him to his enchanted castle. As he passed through a thicket the rustling of the boughs awaked Jack, who, finding himself in the hands of the giant, was much surprised, though this was but the beginning of his terror. On entering the walls of the castle he found the floor



*Jack in the enchanted Castle of the Giant
Blunderbore.*

covered with skulls and bones of the dead. The giant then brought Jack into a large parlour, where lay the blood and quarters of some lately slain, and in the next room were hearts and livers; when the giant, to terrify him, said, "that men's hearts were his favourite diet, which he most commonly ate with pepper and vinegar; adding that he did not question his heart would make him a very rich breakfast. This said, he locks up poor Jack in an upper room, and leaving him there, goes out to fetch another giant who lived in the same wood, that he might partake of the dainty to be afforded in the body of Jack.

Jack, ready to run distracted, went to the window and opened the casement, when he beheld the two giants coming together. "Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or deliverance is at hand." There were two strong cords in the room near him, at the end of which he made a noose, and, as the giants were unlocking the gates, he threw the ropes over their heads, and then threw the other end across a beam, where he pulled with all his might till he had throttled them. Then fastening the rope to the beam, he beheld the two giants both black in the face, and so sliding down the rope, Jack came to the heads of the



Jack taking the Keys of the Castle from the Giants after having slain them.

cruel giants, who could not defend themselves; and, drawing his own sword, he slew them both! thus delivering himself from their intended barbarity. Then taking the bunch of keys he entered the castle, where he found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death, who told Jack their husbands had been slain by the giant, and that they were confined in the miserable condition in which he had discovered them, on account of their refusing to eat



Jack discovering the Ladies bound by the Hair of their Heads.

the flesh of their murdered husbands, which inhuman act the giant strove to force them to perform; but that, rather than do it, they would undergo the greatest tortures, or be even starved to death. "Sweet ladies," said Jack, "I have now destroyed the monster and his brutal brother, by which means I have obtained your liberties." This said, he released them; and presenting them the keys proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Jack having got but little money, he thought it prudent to travel hard; but losing his way, he was benighted, and could not get a place of entertainment, until coming to a valley between two high hills, he found a large house in a lonesome place, and, by reason of his present necessity, he took courage to knock at the gate, when, to his amazement, out came a monstrous giant with two heads: he did not seem so fiery as the other two, for he was a Welch giant, and all that he did was by secret malice, under the false show of friendship. Jack told the giant his condition, who bade him welcome, and showed him into a room with a bed, where he might take his night's rest. Upon this, Jack undressed himself: and as

the giant was walking towards another apartment he heard him say these words to himself:

“Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light:
My club shall dash your brains out quite!”

“Ah, ah!” says Jack, “is that one of your Welch tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you.” Then, getting out of bed, he found a thick billet of wood, and laid it in the bed in his stead; after this, he hid himself behind the curtains.

In the middle of the night the giant came with his great club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed in the very place where Jack had laid the billet: he then went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all Jack’s bones.



The Giant deceived by the Billet of Wood.

Early in the morning, Jack put a bold face upon the matter, and walked into the giant’s room to thank him for his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and began to stammer out, “O dear me, is it you? Pray how did you sleep last night? Did you hear or see anything in the dead of the night?” “Nothing worth speaking of,” said Jack, carelessly; “a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail,

and disturbed me a little, but I soon went to sleep again.”

The giant wondered more and more at this, yet he did not answer a word, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wanted to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as he; so he contrived to button a leather bag inside his coat, and slip the hasty pudding into it, while he seemed to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, “Now I will show you a fine trick:” he then took hold of a knife, ripped up the leather bag, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor.



Jack showing the Giant a good trick.

The giant thinking Jack had cut his belly open in earnest, took a knife and said, “Odds splutter hur nails, hur can do that hursel:” he then ript up his belly and dropt down dead.

As soon as Jack had thus tricked the Welch monster, he travelled over high hills and lofty mountains, and on the third day he came to a large and spacious forest, through which his road lay. Scarcely had he entered the forest, when on a sudden he heard very dreadful shrieks and cries: looking round, he saw a monstrous giant

dragging a knight and his beautiful lady by the hair of their heads. His heart melted at the sight, when, alighting from his horse, he put on an invisible coat, which he had received as a present, and running up to the giant, aimed a blow at his legs: he cut them both off at one stroke, and the huge wretch fell on the ground with such force, as made the whole earth shake.

The knight and his lady not only returned Jack thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be easy till I find out this monster's habitation." So taking the knight's directions he mounted his horse, and soon after came in sight of another giant, who was sitting on a block of timber, waiting for his brother's return.



Jack striking a Blow at the Giant's Head.

Jack descended from his horse, and putting on his invisible coat, approached, and levelled a blow at the giant's head; but missing his aim, he only cut off his nose. On this the giant seized his club, and laid about him most unmercifully.

"Nay," said Jack, "if this be the case I'd better dispatch you;" so jumping upon the block, he stabbed him in the back, when he dropped down dead.



Jack piercing the Giant through the Back.

Jack then proceeded on his journey, and travelled over hills and dales, till arriving at the foot of a high mountain, he knocked at the door of a lonely house, when an old man, who was a hermit, let him in.

When Jack was seated, the old man thus addressed him: "My son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by the giant Golligantus and a vile magician. I lament the fate of a duke's daughter, whom they seized, as she was walking in her father's garden, and carried thither transformed into a deer."

Jack promised that, in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment; and, after a sound sleep, he rose early, put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the attempt.

Then taking leave of the hermit, he climbed to the top of a mountain, and advancing towards the castle inhabited by the huge giant and wicked magicians, he saw the path was guarded by two fiery griffins, but as Jack had on his invisible coat, he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him; therefore he reached the castle in safety, on the

gate of which he found a golden trumpet: beneath it were written these lines:

“Whoever can this trumpet blow,
The giant soon shall overthrow.”

As soon as Jack had read this he seized the trumpet and blew such a shrill blast as made the gates fly open, and the very foundations of the castle itself tremble.



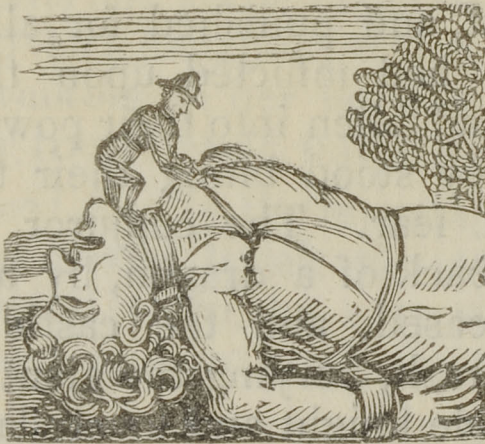
Jack overthrowing the Magician and Giant by sounding the Trumpet.

The giant and conjuror now knew that their wickedness was over, and that they were about to be subdued, and punished for all the severe tortures they had inflicted upon the unhappy victims who had fallen into their power from time to time. They stood biting their thumbs, and shaking with fear. The conjuror was carried away on the back of a dragon, by a whirlwind: the charm ceased, and the castle fell with a tremendous crash, burying the giant in its ruins; and every noble knight and lovely lady, who had been enchanted, returned to their proper shapes. The remains of the castle then vanished like smoke, and left the body of the giant Golligantus, whose head Jack cut off and sent to King Arthur.

The company repaired to the old man's hermitage, where they rested that night, and next day they set out for their respective homes.

Jack and the duke's daughter then departed to the court of King Arthur, where they arrived safe, and were joyfully received, both by the king and the good old duke, to whom Jack gave an account of all his fierce battles.

Jack's fame had now spread the whole country, and, at the king's desire, the duke gave him his lovely daughter in marriage, to the great joy of the whole kingdom. After this, his majesty gave him a large and fertile estate, as a reward for his past services, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in peace and content, for they were beloved and respected by all who knew them.



115962

HISTORY BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY S. & J. KEYS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SELL AT ONE PENNY EACH.

The History of Fair Rosamond
The Life and Adventures of Richard Turpin
The History of Tom Thumb
The surprising Adventures of Puss in Boots
Rhymes for the Nursery
The entertaining History of Whittington and his Cat
The droll Adventures of Mother Hubbard and her Dog
The Serio-Comic Drama of Punch and Judy
The History of Tom Tucker
The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard
The Life and Adventures of Bampfylde Moore Carew
The History of the unfortunate Jane Shore
The interesting History of Jack and the Giants
The New Letter Writer; or, Art of Polite Correspondence
Remarkable Predictions of Robert Nixon, the Cheshire Prophet.

DREAM BOOKS & FORTUNE TELLERS,


PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.

The **New Universal Dream Book**; or, the Dreamer's sure Guide to the hidden Mysteries of Futurity.

Napoleon Bonaparte's Book of Fate, found in his Cabinet, who estimated it as his greatest treasure, being in the habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations the truest Insight into Futurity.

The **Wheel of Fortune**: on Love, Marriage, &c.; to which are added the Signification of Moles; Judgments drawn from the Moon's age; the Lucky and Unlucky Days and Hours; full directions for young Ladies to choose their Husbands, and Gentlemen their Wives; how to know if their present sweethearts will marry them; and how to see their future partner; and to enjoy the pleasure of seeing in a Dream what their Future Fate will be; and other curious and interesting matter.

The **Everlasting and True-telling Gipsy Fortune Teller**: being a New and Original Guide to Future Events; comprising full and explicit Instructions for Predicting the Destinies of all who may consult its Mystic pages, by the following faithful and infallible Secret Arts:—The Royal Table of Fate; or, Oracle of Love, Marriage, and Destiny; a list of Lucky and Unlucky Days; and of the Days Fortunate in Courtship and Marriage; Cardiology or Cards; also, by the Grounds of a Tea or Coffee Cup, and by Charms, Spells, and Incantations; Signs of Love, and Speedy Marriage.

 *Always on Sale, a large assortment of Penny Song Books.*