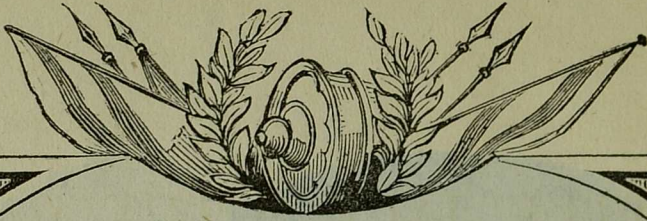


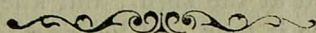
London : Yorkshire J.S. Publishing and Stationery Co. Limited.

Agents—Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.



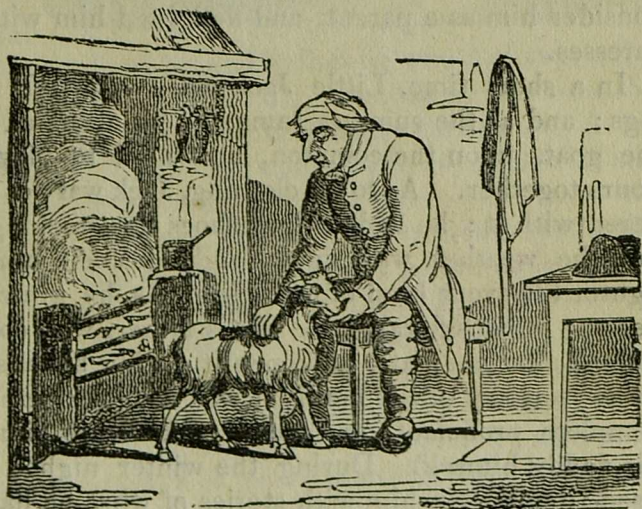
LITTLE JACK
AND THE GOAT.

LITTLE JACK & THE GOAT.



THERE was once a poor old lame man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England. He had formerly been a soldier, and had lost the use of one leg by a wound he received, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man, when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and other vegetables. Besides this, he sometimes gained a few halfpence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. In his walks over the common, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger :

he took it home to his cottage, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog.



She would nestle her little head in his bosom.

and eat out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread, which he never failed to divide with his favourite.

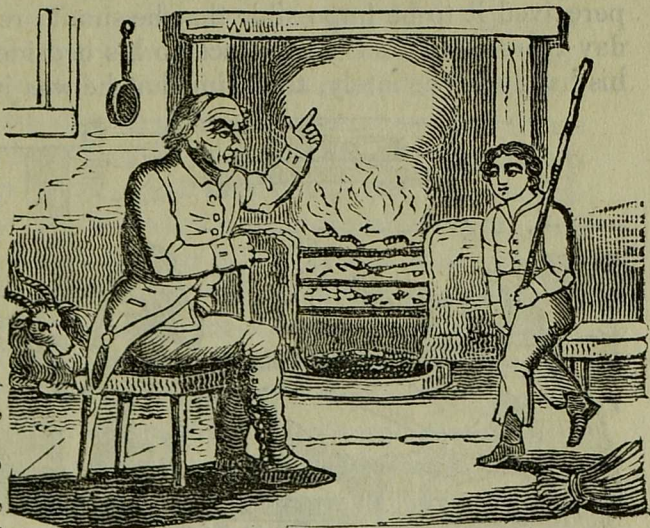
One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable, he arose and struck a light, and going out of his cottage, he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strowling beggar or gipsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. "At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night," said he, "for unless I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned child must perish with cold before morning." Saying this he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food; but, looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk; he therefore called her to him, and presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat too seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of a nurse. The old man became more and more attached to the little foundling; who, in a short time, learned to consider him as a parent, and delighted him with its innocent caresses.

In a short time, Little Jack was completely master of his legs; and as the summer came on, he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together. As to his clothing, Jack was not much encumbered with it; he had neither shoes nor stockings, nor shirt; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father, who could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence; and as to the cookery of the family it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth, the battles and sieges he had been witness too, and the hardships he had undergone: all **this** he related with se

much vivacity, that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure was to see daddy shoulder his crutch, instead of a musket, and give the word of command. To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak, and before he was six years old, he poised and presented a broomstick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe.

The old man too, instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion as he was able to explain. "Never tell an untruth, Jack," said he; "a soldier never lies." Jack held up

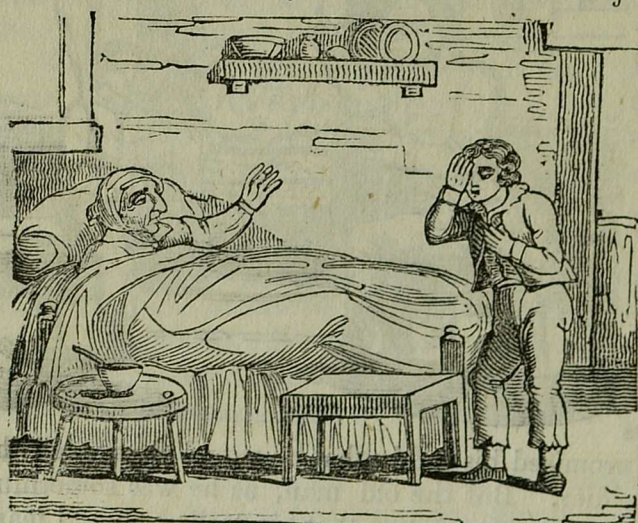


marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always tell the truth like a soldier. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read and write; and this was a work of some difficulty; for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper, in his cabin. Industry however, enables us to overcome difficulties. In the summer-time, as the old man sat before the cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and teach Jack to name them singly, untill he was acquainted with the whole alphabet; he then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words; all which his little pupil learned to pronounce with great facility; and as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words, but of tracing all the letters which composed them on the sand.

About this time the poor goat died, and being buried in the old man's garden, thither Jack would often go and call upon

his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him.

In this manner lived little Jack, untill he was twelve years old. At this time his poor old daddy fell sick, and became incapable of moving about. Jack did every thing he could think of for the poor man; he made him broth, he fed him with his own hands, he watched whole nights by his bedside supporting his head, and helping him when he wanted to move. But it was all in vain; his poor daddy grew daily worse, and perceived it to be impossible that he should recover. He one day therefore called Little Jack to his bedside, and, pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die.



Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information; but his daddy desired him to compose himself, and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him. "I have lived," said the old man, "a

great many years in poverty," but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich; and though I have often wanted a meal, and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually fall to the lot of my betters. I am now going to die,—Adieu, my child; I grow fainter and fainter. Never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you; but in every situation of life discharge your duty, and God, who is the common father of all, will protect and bless you." When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, and in a few minutes he expired.

The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do; but one of the farmers, who had been

acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house, and give him his victuals for a few months till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months; during which time he learnt to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But, by ill-luck, the good-natured farmer contracted a fever, by overheating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world with only his clothes, and a shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress made him a present of. While he was wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building, which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows, and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but, summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him

in his present forlorn condition; so finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. By great good luck the man he spoke to was



good natured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. Jack assured

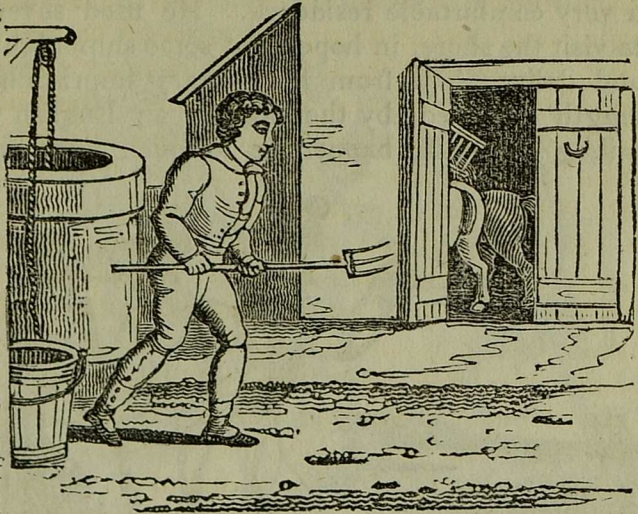
him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, as to earn a subsistence. "Well my boy," said the master, "if this is true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here." So calling his foreman, he ordered him to set the lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his deserts. Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood, and acquired the esteem of his master.

It happened one day that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced by the master to see the works. While they were busy in examining the different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building, and the master inquiring into the cause, was told that it was only little Jack, who was fighting with Tom the Collier. At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt. "Is this the reward," said his master, "you little audacious vagabond, for all my kindness?" "Sir," answered Jack, "it is Tom that has been abusing me, and telling me that my father was a beggarman and my mother a nanny-goat; and, when I desired him to be quiet, he went baaing about the house, and this I could not bear; for as to my poor father, he was an honest soldier; and if I did suck a goat, she was the best creature in the world, and I won't hear her abused while I have strength in my body."

But a lady who was in company seemed particularly interested about Little Jack, and when she heard his story, said, "This must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years ago for me upon Norcot Moor; I remember being struck with his appearance, and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed him. I was very much affected then with his history; and as you give him so good a character, if you will part with him, I will take him into my service." Jack was then called, and instantly accepted the lady's offer.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart active lad. His business was to help in the stable, to water the horses, and to do all the jobs of the family; and in these services he gave general satisfaction. He became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family; for

speak but kindly to him, and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at every one's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity; at his leisure hours he would divert himself in poisoning a broomstick, charging with a dung-fork, and standing sentry at the stable-door. Another propensity of Jack's was an immoderate love of horses. Jack



was never tired with rubbing down and currying them; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box: all the operations of the stable were intrusted to Little Jack. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack afterwards bought a monkey, which had been taught to mimic. This was a source of great amusement; but unfortunately, a young gentleman, who was on a visit to the house, gave him some offence—and Jack dressed up his monkey as a copy of the visitor, who at once saw what was intended, without further consideration ran the poor monkey through with his sword, and laid him dead upon the ground. This enraged Jack, that in return he cudgelled the young gentleman;—and as he would not submit to ask his forgiveness, he was compelled to leave the home in which he had been so comfortable; and once more sallied out on his travels.

Jack then enlisted as a soldier, and was soon promoted and embarked for India. On their voyage they touched at the Comero Islands, and while there the officers often went into the wood to shoot. One day Jack had strolled too far, and the company had to leave him behind. After all hopes of re-joining his comrades had passed, he set himself to finding a

lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence. He used several times a-day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way, and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This at length occurred, by the boat of an English Ship, that was sailing to India, happening to touch upon the coast. Jack



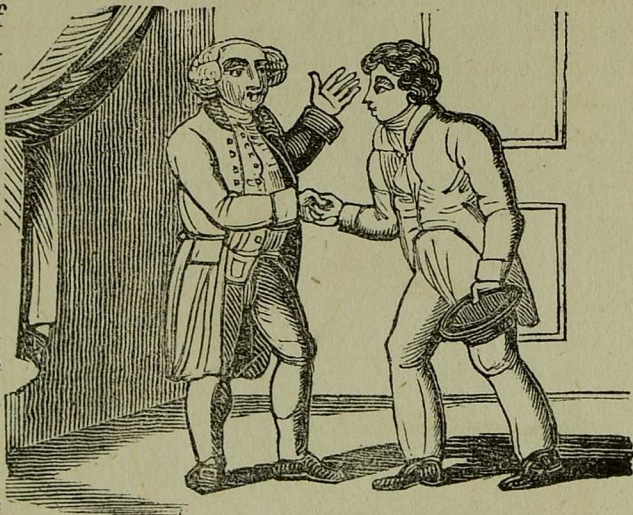
instantly hailed the crew; and the officer, upon hearing his story, agreed to receive him. The captain too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and promised him a

gratuity besides, if he behaved well.

Soon after Jack arrived in India, he became a great favorite with the Tartars, and after residing amongst them some time and receiving many honours and valuable presents from the Khan, returns again to England in possession of a handsome sum of money.

After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of iron-founder; and for that purpose made a journey into the North, and found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a foreman, he engaged him at a very handsome salary. Jack was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now

which had been done before, by which means he improved the business so much, as to gain a considerable fortune, and became one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country. — But, with all his prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he



had formerly lived, and built himself a small but convenient house upon the spot where his father's hut had formerly stood. Thither he would sometimes retire from business, and cultivate his garden with his own hands. To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story, in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well, and discharges his duty when he is in it.

THE END.

WEBB, MILLINGTON, & Co.'s
PENNY
Pictorial Library.

1. Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.
2. Gulliver's Travels.
3. Little Jack and the Goat.
4. Children in the Wood.
5. Robin Hood and Little John.
6. Baron Munchausen.
7. Abon Hassan.
8. Goody Two Shoes.
9. Jack and the Bean Stalk.
10. Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.
11. Life of Lord Nelson.
12. Anecdotes of Dogs.
13. Evening Diversions.

OTLEY :

Yorkshire J. S. Publishing and Stationery
Company Limited.

London Agents—DEAN & SON, Ludgate Hill.