

No. 7. MARCH'S

PENNY
LIBRARY.

THE
HISTORY OF

LITTLE JACK

AND



HIS

GOAT

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THE OLD SOLDIER.

LITTLE JACK AND HIS GOAT.



Jack and his goat.

A poor old man who had been a soldier, and had lost a leg in the service of his country, lived in a little hut on a large and barren moor in the north of England, where he cultivated a small piece of garden. He also gained a few halfpence by opening a gate close by. These, with a small pension he received from government, were all he had to live upon.

One day as he wandered over the common, he found a little she goat which had lost its mother, and was crying for food, this he took home and fed on the produce of his garden till she was full grown; during which time they being always together, became much attached to each other.

One cold winter's night the old man heard a child crying near

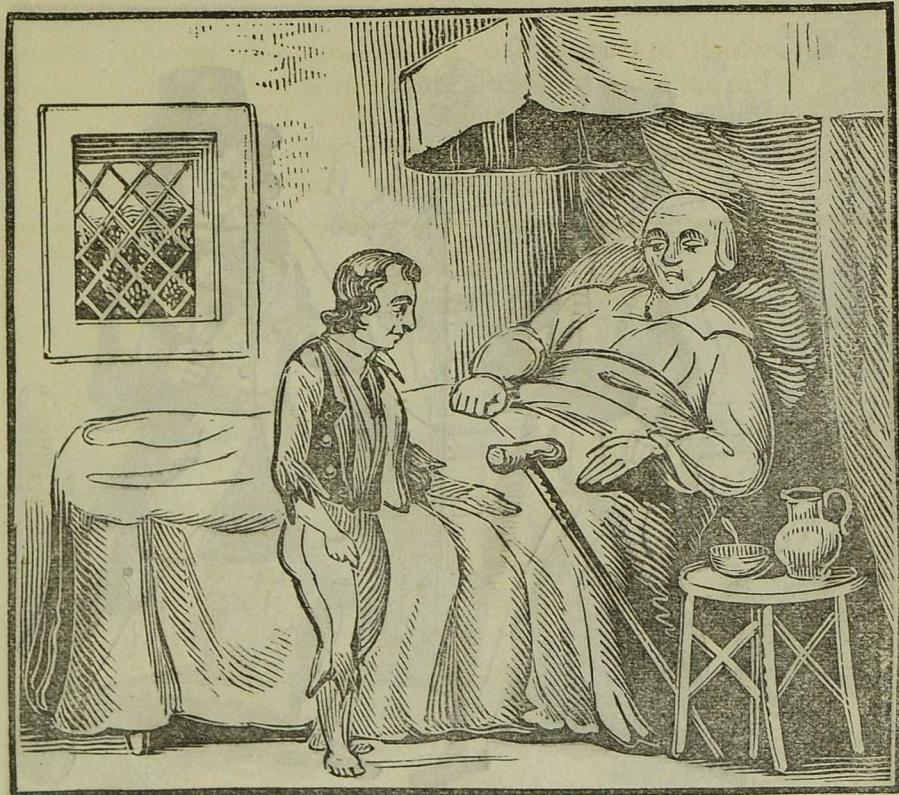
his cot, which caused him to go out, and ascertain the cause, when to his surprise, he found an infant who had been dropped by some gipsy or strolling beggar. "Shall I" said he "who find it hard to live at present, incumber myself with a helpless infant?" And yet" added he, softening with pity "can I deny



Jack at his mother's grave.

assistance to a human being more miserable than myself? Will not that Providence which blesses all that are kind and charitable, assist my endeavours? I must at least take it in for the night, or it will perish before morning." Saying this he took it up in his arms and saw it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags. In a little time the child cried for food, which much embarrassed the old man, but looking at Nan, recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk: he therefore presented the child to the teat, and was pleased to see it suck as if it had found a mother. The goat too seemed as pleased as the child.

"Who knows" said he "but that Providence which has preserved him, may destine him for future fortune in life, and



The Old Soldier's last advice.

bless me as its agent.

In a short time Jack could run alone and follow the goat to the common, and play with her as if he had been a kid: his clothes were scanty, but as the summer had set in he was dressed for the season.

When he grew bigger he looked after the gate, and learned to cook for his daddy (as he called him). During the winter nights the old man told him of the battles and sieges he had been engaged in, with so much vivacity that Jack was a delighted listener, but what pleased him most was doing his exercise. He would shoulder the broom—present—fire—halt—march &c. with the grace of a good soldier.

The old man also gave him good advice in religion and morals, and being a good scholar, taught him to read and write.

About this time to the great grief of both, the poor goat died and was buried in their garden. One day, as Jack was crying over her grave, he was overheard by a lady who was passing in her carriage. Jack would have opened the gate in an instant,



The Monkey.

but the lady stopped him, and asked what made him cry so— Jack answered that his mammy was buried there. The lady thought it a strange burial ground, so she asked him how she got her living? “She used to graze on the common” said Jack.

The lady was more astonished: but the old man coming out explained all.

She looked on Jack’s brown and animated face, shape, and activity with amazement. “Will you go with me little boy” said she—“No” said Jack “I must stay with daddy; he has taken care of me a long while, and now he is ill, I must take care of him.”

The lady pleased with his answer, gave him half a crown to buy shoes and stockings with, and then ro le away.

Jack set out to buy what the lady told him, but surprised the old man by coming back as barefoot as he went. “Heigh Jack” said he “where are the shoes?—“Daddy” answered Jack “I went to the shop and tried a pair, but found I could not wear such things, so I bought a warm jacket for you.”

In this manner they lived twelve years when poor old daddy



The Recruiting Serjeant.

fell sick; now Jack made broth for him—fed him—watched whole nights by his bed—but all in vain; for he grew worse daily, till one day, squeezing Jack's hand affectionately, he told him he was going to die—Poor Jack burst out a crying, when his daddy told him to compose himself and listen to the last advice he should be able to give him. I have lived in poverty the most of my life, and yet I believe enjoyed as much health and happiness as many richer folks; and mayhap avoided many of the faults and crimes attendant on wealth. I have been strictly honest and just to all; so do not doubt but God will provide for me in a better place, where no troubles enter.—Dear Jack, follow the advice I have often given to you—"Be just and fear not"—then, when your last hour arrives, you will feel as calm and comfortable as I do now. The only regret I feel, is for you; but you are now strong, and able to help yourself. As soon as I am dead, you must try to get into service, and if you are strictly honest and sober, God will assist your undertakings

After another effort, the old man's voice failed him, and he sank quietly into the arms of death.



Jack hailing the boat.

Poor little Jack was quite heart-broken at his loss, but necessity compelled him to look for employment: this he readily found at a farmer's close by, who knew him, and kept him to look after the cow, and drive the plough; but unluckily for Jack his master died. This put Jack to his wits for a living, he having but a few shillings, started forth with a heavy heart; enquiring from farm house to farm house, but nobody would employ a stranger. at last his money being gone, he was caught in a storm, which made him sigh for his home and daddy, where he could always find a piece of bread and shelter. But tears were of no avail, so when the rain ceased, he journeyed on, looking for a shed to rest in. It was not long ere he found a blacksmith's shop, and placed himself as close as he dared to one of the furnaces, one of the men soon saw him and roughly asked what he wanted there. Jack answered mildly that he was poor, wet through, and out of work. Now by good luck this rough smith was a good natured man, who let him dry himself, gave him some broken victuals and let him rest there for the night.

Having told his history, he was sent to work with other boys.

Here he would have remained, had not his temper (which was rather pugnacious) led him to thrash one of the boys who called him Beggar Jack, and imitated the baaing of a goat. Jack told him his daddy was an honest man, and if he did suck a goat, she was a better creature than him, and he would not hear her abused. The master who was shewing a lady and gentleman the works, felt so annoyed at the disturbance that he discharged Jack on the spot.

The lady smiled when she heard the cause of his discharge, and offered him a place in her family, saying "I have seen him before at his Nanny's grave." Jack remembered the halfcrown, so gladly accepted the offer, and went to his new place on the following day. He was now dressed in a smart livery suit, rode on horseback after his mistress, and being fond of horses kept them in splendid condition; so much so that Master Bilton, the nephew of his mistress, requested him to look after his pony.

This Jack willingly did, and in a short time, made him the most quiet horse in the stable. In return Master Bilton gave Jack a little monkey that was kept in the stable, but this unlucky present lost him his place.

A young friend of the family who was on a visit, and who spent most of his time in dressing his hair and his person, behaved so coarsely to Jack, that he one day dressed his monkey in imitation of this young fop, and was about to show him to his fellow servants, when he met the youth himself, who raised his stick and knocked out the brains of the poor monkey. Jack's blood was up in an instant, he broke the stick over the cockcomb's head, who lay bleeding on the ground, with his clothes spoiled and his person disgraced. This was followed by Jack's instant discharge, who again on the world, with only the clothes on his back, had not gone far, ere he met a recruiting serjeant. The beat of the drum brought his head upright, and small persuasion led him to enlist; not but the serjeant would have told him a fine tale of the advantages of a soldier's life, had not Jack silenced him by a recital of what he already knew on the subject: but circumstances led him to mount the cockade, and he was soon on his way to India, as a marine. The ship in which he sailed touched at the Corno Isles for water, and here Jack attending some officers on a shooting excursion, descended a valley in search of game, till they wounded a large bird, which fluttered into a wood; Jack followed it so far that he lost his way, and could not return to his party.

After many fruitless attempts to get out, night came on, and he

was glad to find a cave where he could rest till the morning.

Soon after sunrise, he by following its direction, reached the shore, where to his dismay he found the ship had left, under the idea that he had deserted. He remained in this situation some time, living on berries, nuts, and what little game he shot, undiscovered by the natives; till one day he saw a ship in the distance, which upon seeing his signal, sent a boat for his release.

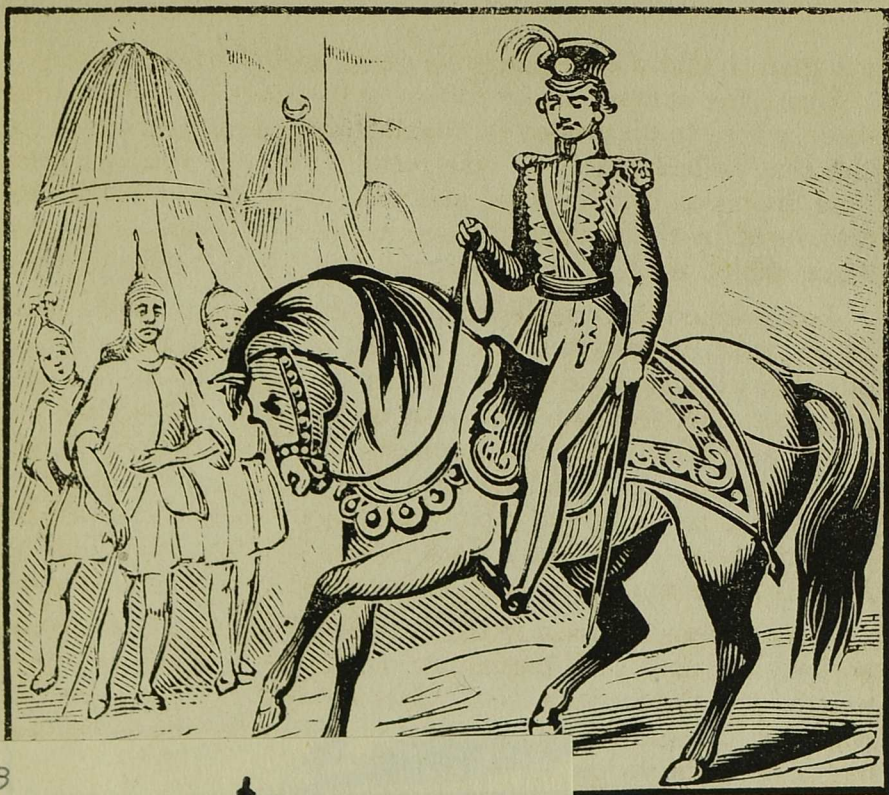
Jack worked the remainder of his passage out to India: here he was readily admitted into the first cavalry regiment he applied to, when he conducted himself so well, that he was soon promoted, and sent out with a small party to reconnoitre the enemy's position. On this occasion, his bravery led him into fresh troubles; for on following a large skirmishing party of Tartars too far, him and his few men were surrounded and taken prisoners. Now while Jack was a prisoner, the Chief or Khan's horse was taken very ill and appeared in a dying state.

No one offered to assist it, till Jack bled him, gave him a warm potion, and used such means for his recovery, as he had seen practised at the farrier's shop. His success was such, that he was now consulted on all occasions of illness in the stud, and had a fine, but vicious horse presented to him. This animal though ill usage had had no good effect on him, by Jack's address and kindness, was soon as good tempered as himself, and became the admiration of those who witnessed the graceful motion of him and his rider.

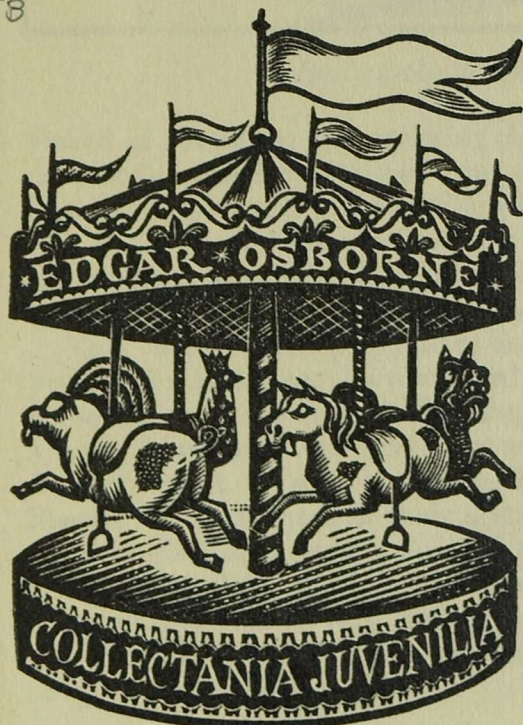
Jack then made a saddle in the english fashion, and many other things, so much to the satisfaction of the Khan, that when the war ceased he was very sorry to part with him. After many tokens of friendship, and loaded with presents from all the tribe, Jack started for England, having first obtained his discharge from the regiment.

In a few months he arrived at Plymouth, too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of forging: 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.

Jack was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office: inflexibly honest, where the interest of his master was concerned and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly con-



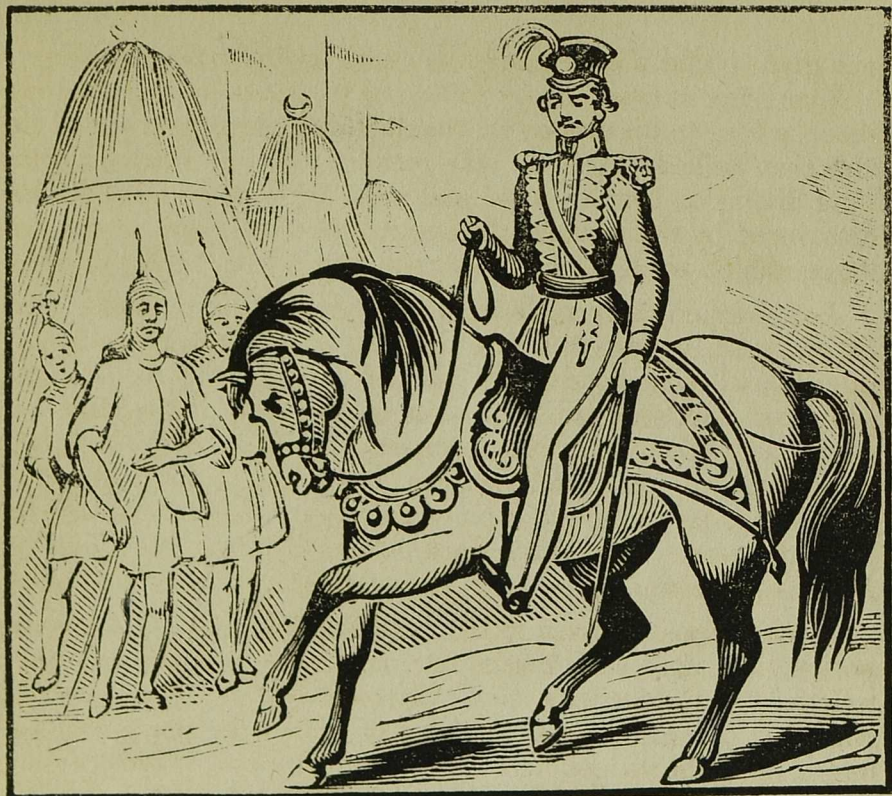
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THE END.



Jack on the Khan's horse.

vinced of his merit, that, growing old himself, 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 he had 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.

Now with all this prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness: he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he had formerly lived, and built himself a small house upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. 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 there.

THE END.

March's Penny Library.

- 1 Guy's Infant Spelling.
- 2 The Picture Alphabet.
- 3 Aladdin.
- 4 Forty Thieves.
- 5 Fairy Tales.
- 6 Blue Beard.
- 7 Little Jack and his Goat.
- 8 Toby Ticklepitcher.
- 9 Book of Trades.
- 10 Book of Sports.
- 11 History of England.
- 12 Book of Fun.
- 13 New Cries of London.
- 14 Peter Puzzle's Riddles
- 15 Puck's Riddles &c.
- 16 Watts's Moral & Divine Hymns
- 17 The Butterfly's Ball.
- 18 Remarkable Characters.
- 19 Little Red Riding Hood.
- 20 Cock Robin.
- 21 Mother Hubbard and her Dog.
- 22 Old Woman and her Silver Penny.
- 23 Children in the Wood.
- 24 Jack and his Bean-stalk.
- 25 Cinderella.
- 26 Jack the Giant Killer.
- 27 Mother Shipton's Fortune Teller.
- 28 The Dremers True Friend.
- 29 The Art of Swimming.
- 30 Napoleon's Book Fate.
- 31 Fun and Fire-works.
- 32 The Boy's Own Hand book of Angling.