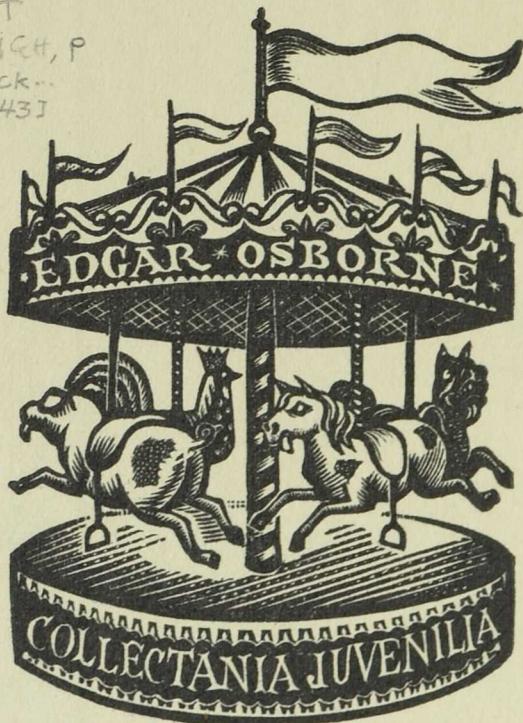




FT  
LEIGH, P  
JACK...  
[1843]



3713 1032 410 581

I, 36





JACK

THE GIANT KILLER.







JACK  
THE  
GIANT KILLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR."

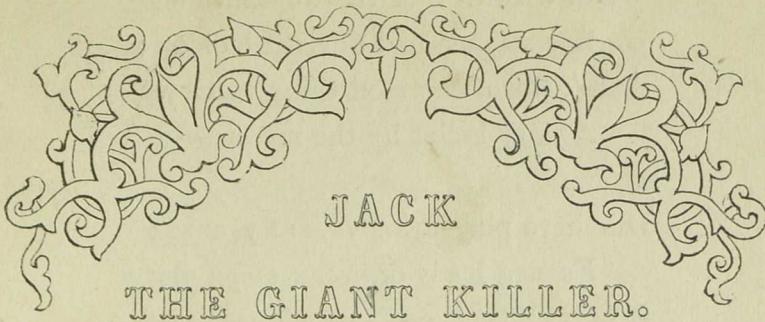
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH,



LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

Wm Walker

A decorative floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, arching over the title.

JACK  
THE GIANT KILLER.

THE ARGUMENT.

---

I sing the deeds of famous Jack,  
The doughty Giant Killer hight ;  
How he did various monsters "whack,"  
And so became a gallant knight.

In Arthur's days of splendid fun  
(His Queen was Guenever the Pliant),—  
Ere Britain's sorrows had begun ;  
When every cave contained its giant ;

When griffins fierce as bats were rife ;  
And till a knight had slain his dragon,  
At trifling risk of limbs and life,  
He did n't think he'd much to brag on ;

When wizards o'er the welkin flew ;  
 Ere science had devised balloon ;  
 And 't was a common thing to view  
 A fairy ballet by the moon ;—

Our hero played his valiant pranks ;  
 Earned loads of κῦδος, *vulgó* glory,  
 A lady, “ tin,” and lots of thanks ;—  
 Relate, oh Muse ! his wondrous story.

---

OF GIANTS IN GENERAL.

A Giant was, I should premise,  
 A hulking lout of monstrous size ;  
 He mostly stood—I know you'll laugh—  
 About as high as a giraffe.  
 His waist was some three yards in girth :  
 When he walked he shook the earth.  
 His eyes were of the class called “ goggle,”  
 Fitter for the scowl than ogle.  
 His mouth, decidedly carnivorous,  
 Like a shark's,—the Saints deliver us !  
 He yawned like a huge sarcophagus,  
 For he was an Anthropophagus,  
 And his tusks were huge and craggy ;  
 His hair, and his brows, and his beard, were shaggy.

I ween on the whole he was aught but a Cupid,  
 And exceedingly fierce, and remarkably stupid ;  
     His brain partaking strongly of lead,  
 How well soe'er he was off for head ;  
     Having frequently one or two  
 Crania more than I or you.  
 He was bare of arm and leg,  
 But buskins had, and a philabeg ;  
 Also a body-coat of mail  
 That shone with steel or brazen scale,  
 Like to the back of a crocodile's tail ;  
     A crown he wore,  
     And a mace he bore  
 That was knobbed and spiked with adamant ;  
     It would smash the skull  
     Of the mountain bull,  
 Or scatter the brains of the elephant.  
 His voice than the tempest was louder and gruffer—  
 Well ; so much for the uncouth “ buffer.”

---

JACK'S BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND EARLY PURSUITS.

Of a right noble race was Jack,  
 For kith and kin he did not lack,  
     Whom tuneful bards have puffed ;  
 The Seven bold Champions ranked among  
 That highly celebrated throng,  
     And Riquet with the Tuft.

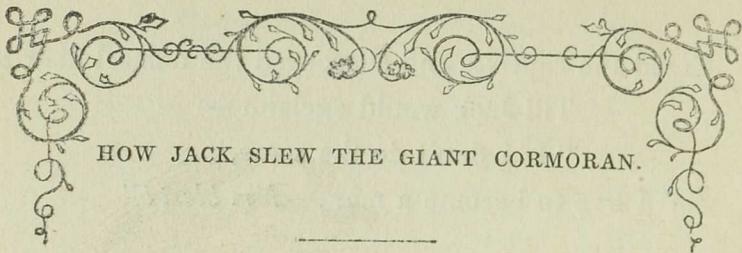
Jack of the Beanstalk, too, was one ;  
 And Beauty's Beast ; and Valour's son,  
     Sir Amadis de Gaul :  
 But if I had a thousand tongues,  
 A throat of brass, and iron lungs,  
     I could not sing them all.

His sire was a farmer hearty and free ;  
 He dwelt where the Land's End frowns on the sea,  
 And the sea at the Land's End roars again,  
 Tit for tat, land and main.  
 He was a worthy wight, and so  
 He brought up his son in the way he should go ;  
 He sought not—not he !—to make him a “ muff ; ”  
 He never taught him a parcel of stuff ;  
 He bothered him not with trees and plants,  
 Nor told him to study the manners of ants.  
 He himself had never been  
 Bored with the Saturday Magazine ;  
 The world might be flat, or round, or square,  
 He knew not, and he did not care ;  
 Nor wished that a boy of his should be  
 A Cornish “ Infant Prodigy.”  
 But he stored his mind with learning stable,  
 The deeds of the Knights of the famed Round Table ;  
 Legends and stories, chants and lays,  
 Of witches and warlocks, goblins and fays ;  
     How champions of might  
     Defended the right,

Freed the captive, and succoured the damsel distrest ;  
Till Jack would exclaim—  
“ If I don't do the same,  
An' I live to become a man,—*I'm blest!*”

Jack lightly recked of sport or play  
Wherein young gentlemen delight,  
But he would wrestle any day,  
Box, or at backsword fight.  
He was a lad of special “ pluck,”  
And strength beyond his years,  
Or science, gave him aye the luck  
To drub his young compeers.  
His task assigned, like Giles or Hodge,  
The woolly flocks to tend,  
His wits to warlike fray or “ dodge”  
Wool-gathering oft would wend.  
And then he 'd wink his sparkling eye,  
And nod his head right knowingly,  
And sometimes “ Won't I just!” would cry,  
Or “ At him, Bill, again!”  
Now this behaviour did evince  
A longing for a foe to mince ;  
An instinct fittèr for a Prince  
Than for a shepherd swain.

---



HOW JACK SLEW THE GIANT CORMORAN.

I.

Where good Saint Michael's craggy mount  
    Rose Venus-like from out the sea,  
A giant dwelt ; a mighty Count  
    In his own view, forsooth, was he ;  
And not unlike one, verily,  
(A foreign Count, like those we meet  
In Leicester Square, or Regent Street),  
I mean with respect to his style of hair,  
Mustachios, and beard, and ferocious air,—  
His figure was quite another affair.

    This odd-looking "bird"  
    Was a Richard the Third,  
Four times taller and five as wide ;  
    Or a clumsy Punch,  
    With his cudgel and hunch,  
Into a monster magnified !

    In quest of prey across the sea  
He'd wade, with ponderous club ;  
    For not the slightest "bones" made he  
Of "boning" people's "grub."

There was screaming and crying "Oh dear !" and "Oh law !"  
When the terrified maids the monster saw ;

As he stalked—tramp! tramp!  
 Stamp! stamp! stamp! stamp!  
 Coming on like the statue in “Don Giovanni.”  
 “Oh my!” they would cry,  
 “Here he comes; let us fly!  
 Did you ever behold such a horrid old brawny?—  
 A—h!” and off they would run  
 Like “blazes,” or “fun,”  
 Followed, pell-mell, by man and master;  
 While the grisly old fellow  
 Would after them bellow,  
 To make them scamper away the faster.

## II.

When this mountain bugaboo  
 Had filled his belly, what would he do?  
 He 'd shoulder his club with an ox or two,  
 Stick pigs and sheep in his belt a few,—  
 There were two or three in it, and two or three under  
 (I hope ye have all the “organ of wonder”);  
 Then back again to his mountain cave  
 He would stump o'er the dry land and stride through the wave.

## III.

What was to be done?  
 For this was no fun;  
 And it must be clear to every one,  
 The new Tariff itself would assuredly not  
 Have supplied much longer the monstrous pot  
 Of this beef-eating, bull-headed, “son-of-a-gun.”

## IV.

Upon a night as dark as pitch  
 A light was dancing on the sea ;—  
 Marked it the track of the Water Witch ?  
 Could it a Jack-a-lantern be ?  
 A lantern it was, and borne by Jack ;  
 A spade and a pickaxe he had at his back ;  
 In his belt a good cow-horn ;  
 He was up to some game you may safely be sworn.  
 Saint Michael's Mount he quickly gained,  
 And there the livelong night remained.

What he did  
 The darkness hid ;  
 Nor needeth it that I should say :  
 Nor would you have seen,  
 If there you had been  
 Looking on at the break of day.

## V.

Morning dawned on the ocean blue ;  
 Shrieked the gull and the wild sea-mew ;  
 The donkey brayed, and the grey cock crew ;  
 Jack put to his mouth his good cow-horn,  
 And a blast therewith did blow.  
 The Giant heard the note of scorn,  
 And woke and cried " Hallo !"  
 He popped out his head with his night-cap on,  
 To look who his friend might be,  
 And eke his spectacles did don,  
 That he mote the better see.





“ I’ll broil thee for breakfast,” he roared amain,  
 “ For breaking my repose.”  
 “ Yaa !” valiant Jack returned again,  
 With his fingers at his nose.

## VI.

Forward the monster tramps apace,  
 Like to an elephant running a race ;  
 Like a walking-stick he handles his mace.  
 Away, too venturous wight, decamp !  
 In two more strides your skull he smashes ;—  
 One ! Gracious goodness ! what a stamp !  
 Two ! Ha ! the plain beneath him crashes :  
 Down he goes, full fathoms three.  
 “ How feel ye now,” cried Jack, “ old chap ?  
 It is plain, I wot, to see  
 You ’re by no means up to trap.”  
 The Giant answered with such a roar,  
 It was like the Atlantic at war with its shore ;  
 A thousand times worse than the hullaballoo  
 Of carnivora, fed,  
 Ere going to bed,  
 At the Regent’s Park, or the Surrey “ Zoo.”  
 “ So ho ! Sir Giant,” said Jack, with a bow,  
 “ Of breakfast art thou fain ?  
 For a tit-bit wilt thou broil me now,  
 An’ I let thee out again ?”  
 Gnashing his teeth, and rolling his eyes,  
 The furious lubber strives to rise.  
 “ Don’t you wish you my get it ?” our hero cries ;—



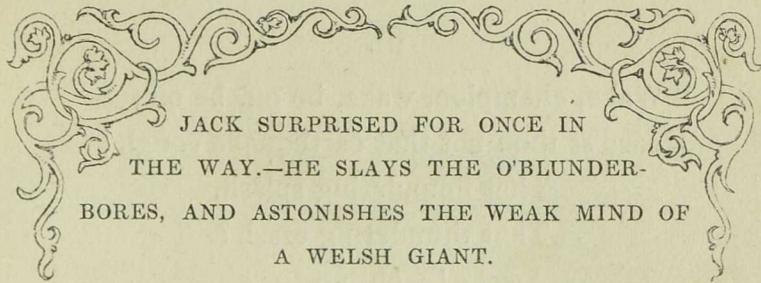
And he drives the pickaxe into his skull :  
 Giving him thus a belly-full,  
 If the expression is n't a bull.

## VII.

Old Cormoran dead,  
 Jack cut off his head,  
 And hired a boat to transport it home.  
 On the "bumps" of the brute,  
 At the Institute,

A lecture was read by a MR. COMBE.  
 Their Worships, the Justices of the Peace,  
 Called the death of the monster a "happy release :"  
 Sent for the champion who had drubbed him,  
 And "JACK THE GIANT KILLER" dubbed him ;  
 And they gave him a sword, and a baldric, whereon,  
 For all who could read them, these versicles shone :—

"Thys is ye balyant Cornyshe man  
 Who slewe ye Giant Cormoran."



JACK SURPRISED FOR ONCE IN  
THE WAY.—HE SLAYS THE O'BLUNDER-  
BORES, AND ASTONISHES THE WEAK MIND OF  
A WELSH GIANT.

---

I.

Now, as Jack was a lion, and hero of rhymes,  
His exploit very soon made a noise in the "Times;"  
All over the west  
He was *fêted*, caressed,  
And to dinners and *soirées* eternally pressed :  
Though 't is true Giants did n't move much in society,  
And at "twigging" were slow,  
Yet they could n't but know  
Of a thing that was matter of such notoriety.  
Your Giants were famous for *esprit de corps* ;  
And a huge one, whose name was O'Blunderbore,  
From the Emerald Isle, who had waded o'er,  
Revenge, "by the pow'rs!" on our hero swore.

II.

Sound beneath a forest oak  
Was a beardless warrior dozing,  
By a babbling rill, that woke  
Echo—not the youth reposing.  
What a chance for lady loves  
Now to win a "pair of gloves!"

## III.

“Wake, champion, wake, be off, be off;  
 Heard'st thou not that earthquake cough!  
     That floundering splash,  
     That thundering crash?  
 Awake!—oh, no,  
 It is no go!”

So sang a little woodland fairy;  
     'T was O'Blunderbore coming  
     And the blackguard was humming  
 The tune of “Paddy Carey.”

## IV.

Beholding the sleeper,  
 He open'd each peeper  
 To about the size of the crown of your hat;  
     “ Oh, oh!” says he,  
     “ Is it clear I see  
 Hallo! ye young spalpeen, come out o' that.”  
     So he took him up  
     As ye mote a pup,  
 Or an impudent varlet about to “pop” him:  
     “ Wake up, ye young baste;  
     What's this round your waist?  
 Och! murder!”—I wonder he did n't drop him.  
 He might, to be sure, have exclaimed “Oh, Law!”  
 But then he preferred his own *patois*;  
 And “Murder!” though coarse, was expressive, no doubt,  
 Inasmuch as the murder was certainly out.



H.V.



He had pounced upon Jack,  
 In his cosy bivouack,  
 And so he made off with him over his back.

## v.

Still was Jack in slumber sunk ;  
 Was he Mesmerised or drunk ?  
 I know not in sooth, but he did not awake  
 Till, borne through a coppice of briar and brake,  
 He was roused by the brambles that tore his skin,  
 Then he woke up and found what a mess he was in ;  
 He spoke not a word that his fear might shew,  
 But said to himself—"What a precious go !"

## vi.

Whither was the hero bound,  
 Napping by the Ogre caught ?  
 Unto Cambrian Taffy's ground  
 Where adventures fresh he sought.

## vii.

They gained the Giant's castle hall,  
 Which seemed a sort of Guy's museum ;  
 With skulls and bones 'twas crowded all—  
 You would have blessed yourself to see 'em.  
 The larder was stored with human hearts,  
 Quarters, and limbs, and other parts,—  
 A grisly sight to see ;  
 There Jack the cannibal monster led,  
 "I lave you there, my lad," he said,  
 "To larn anatomy !—"



I'm partial to this kind of mate,  
 And hearts with salt and spice to ate  
     Is just what plases me ;  
 I mane to night on yours to sup,  
 Stay here until you 're aten up :"  
 He spoke, and turned the key.

## VIII.

"A pretty business this!" quoth Jack,  
 When he was left alone ;  
     "Old Paddy Whack,  
     I say! come back—  
 I wonder where he's gone?"





H.V.

Leech

In ghastly moans and sounds of wail,  
 The castle's cells replied ;  
 Jack, whose high spirits ne'er could quail,  
 Whistled like blackbird in the vale,  
 And, " Bravo, Weber ! " cried.  
 When, lo ! a dismal voice, in verse,  
 This pleasant warning did rehearse :—

" Haste, valyant straunger, haste away,  
 Lest ye become ye Gyant's prey.  
 On hys retorne he 'll bryng another  
 Styll more saubage than hys brother ;  
 A horrid cruel monster, who  
 Before he kylls will torture you.  
 Oh, valyant straunger, haste away,  
 Or you 'll become ye Gyant's prey."

## IX.

" Haste ! " quoth the hero, " yes, but how ?  
 They come, the brutes !—I hear them now."  
 He flew to the window with mickle speed,  
 There was the pretty pair indeed,  
 Arm-in-arm in the court below,  
 O'Blunderbore and his brother O.  
 " Now then," thought Jack, " I plainly see  
 I'm booked for death or liberty ;—  
 Hallo ! those cords are ' the jockeys for me. ' "

## X.

Jack was nimble of finger and thumb—  
 The cords in a moment have halters become :

Deft at noosing the speckled trout,  
 So hath he caught each ill-favoured lout:  
 He hath tethered the ropes to a rafter tight,  
 And he tugs and he pulls with all his might,  
 "Pully-oi! Pully-oi!" till each Yahoo  
 In the face is black and blue;

Till each Paddy Whack

Is blue and black;

"Now, I think you 're done *brown*," said courageous Jack.

Down the tight rope he slides,

And his good sword hides

In the hearts of the monsters up to the hilt;

So he settled them each:

O'Blunderbore's speech,

Ere he gave up the ghost was, "Och, murder, I'm kilt!"

#### XI.

The dungeons are burst and the captives freed;

Three princesses were among them found—

Very beautiful indeed;

Their lily white hands were behind them bound:

They were dangling in the air,

Strung up to a hook by their dear "back hair."

Their stomachs too weak

On bubble and squeak,

From their slaughtered lords prepared, to dine

(A delicate rarity);

With horrid barbarity,

The Giants had hung them up there to pine.





H. VISSELEY. \*\*

## XII.

Jack, the monsters having "licked,"  
 Had, of course, their pockets picked,  
 And their keys and eke their riches  
 Had abstracted from their breeches.

"Ladies," he said, with a Chesterfield's ease,  
 Permit me, I pray you, to present you with these,"  
 And he placed in their hands the coin and the keys:

"So long having swung,  
 By your poor tresses hung,

Sure your nerves are unhinged though yourselves are unstrung;

To make you amends,  
 Take these few odds and ends,

This nice little castle, I mean, and its wealth;

And I've only to say,

That I hope that you may

For the future enjoy the most excellent health."

Said the ladies—"Oh, thank you!—expressions we lack"—

"Do n't mention it pray," said the complaisant Jack.

## XIII.

Jack knelt and kissed the snow-white hands

Of the lovely ladies three;

Oh! who these matters that understands

But thinks, "would that I'd been he!"

Then he bids them adieu; "*Au revoir*," they cry.

"Take care of yourselves," he exclaims, "good bye!"

## XIV.

Away, like Bonaparte in chase,  
O'er mount and moor goes Jack ;  
With his trusty sword before his face,  
And its scabbard behind his back.  
    Away he goes,  
    And follows his nose ;  
No wonder, then, that at close of day,  
    He found himself out  
    In his whereabouts ;—  
“Dash my buttons,” he cried, “I have lost my way !”  
Before him stretched a lonely vale—  
Just the place for robbing the mail  
Ere that conveyance went by “rail”—  
On either side a mount of granite  
Outfaced indignant star and planet ;  
Its thunder-braving head and shoulders,  
And threatening crags, and monstrous boulders,  
    Ten times as high as the cliffs at Brighton,  
    Uprearing like a “bumptious” Titan,  
Very imposing to beholders.  
Now the red sun went darkly down,  
More gloomy grew the mountains' frown,  
And all around waxed deeper brown,—  
    Jack's visage deeper blue ;  
Said he, “I guess I'm in a fix,”—  
Using a phrase of Mr. SLICK'S,—  
    “What *on earth* shall I do ?”

He wandered about till late at night,  
At last he made for a distant light ;  
“Here’s a gentleman’s mansion,” thought Jack, “all right.”  
    He knocked at the wicket,  
    Crying, “That’s the ticket !”  
When lo ! the portal open flew,  
    And a monster came out,  
    Enormously stout  
And of stature tremendous, with heads for two.  
    Jack was rather alarmed,  
    But the Giant was charmed,  
He declared with both tongues, the young hero to see :  
    “What a double-tongued speech !  
    But you wo n’t overreach  
*Me,*” thought Jack ; as the Giant said—“Walk in, to tea.”  
    But he saw that to fly  
    Would be quite “all his eye,”  
    He could n’t, and so it was useless to try ;  
So he bowed, and complied with the monster’s “walk in !”  
With a sort of a kind of hysterical grin.  
Now this Giant, you know, was a Welshman, *and so,*  
'T was by stealth he indulged in each mischievous “lark ;”  
    His name was Ap Morgan,  
    He had a large organ  
Of “secretiveness,” wherefore he killed in the dark.  
“He was sorry that Jack was benighted,” he said,  
“Might he fenture to peg he ’d accept of a ped ?”

And he then led the way,  
 All smiling and gay,  
 To the couch where his guest might rest his head ;  
 And he bade him good night, politely quite,  
 Jack answered—" I wish you a very good night."

## XV.

Though his eyes were heavy, and legs did ache,  
 Jack was far too wide awake  
 To trust himself to the arms of sleep ;—  
 I mean to say he was much too deep.  
 Stumping, through the midnight gloom,  
 Up and down in the neighbouring room,  
 Like a pavior's rammer, Ap Morgan goes.  
 " I should n't much like him to tread on my toes !"  
 Thought Jack as he listened with mind perplexed ;—  
 " I wonder what he 's up to next ?"

## XVI.

Short was our hero's marvelling ;  
 For, deeming him in slumber locked,  
 The monstrous oaf began to sing :  
 Gracious, how the timbers rocked !  
 From double throat  
 He poured each note,  
 So his voice was a species of double bass,  
 Slightly hoarse,  
 Rather coarse,

And decidedly wanting *a little* in grace :  
 A circumstance which unluckily smashes  
     A comparison I was about to make  
 Between it and the great Lablache's,—  
     Just for an allusion's sake.  
 Thus warbled the gigantic host,  
 To the well-known air of "Giles Scroggins' Ghost :"—

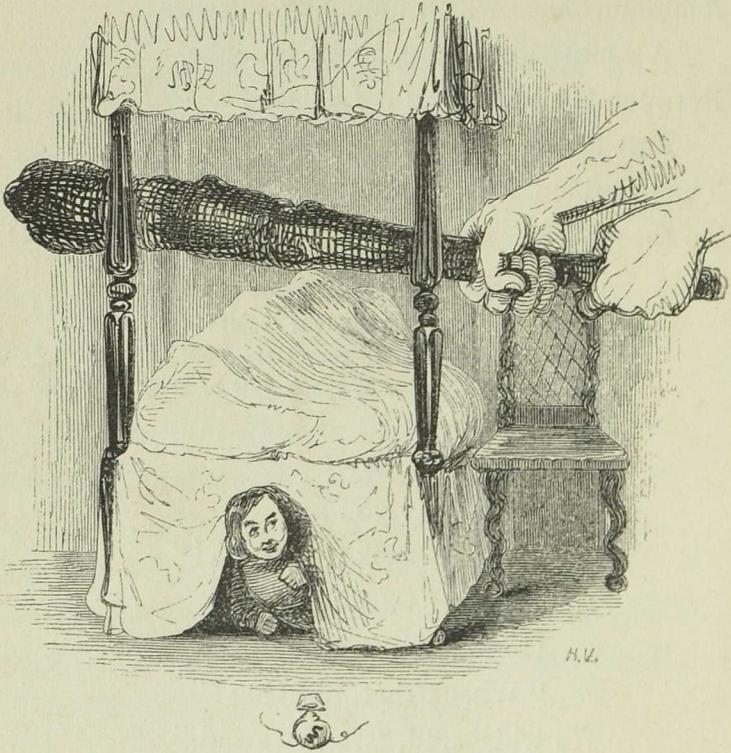
"Though here you lodge w<sup>th</sup> mee alle nyghte,  
 Ye shall not see ye mornynge lychte;  
 My clubbe shall dash your braines out quite :  
     Nyght folle de ryddle lolle de daie."

## XVII.

"Ha! say you so,"  
 Thought Jack; "oh, oh!"  
 And, getting out of bed,  
 He found a log;—  
 "Whack that, old Gog!"  
 He whispered, "in my stead."

## XVIII.

In steals the Giant, crafty old fox!  
 His buskins he'd doffed, and he walked in his socks,  
 And he fetches the bed some tremendous knocks  
     With his great big mace,  
     I' th' identical place  
 Where Jack's wooden substitute quietly lay;  
 And, chuckling as he went away,  
 He said to himself, "How Griffith Ap Jones  
 Will laugh when he hears that I've broken his bones!"



## XIX.

The morning shone brightly, all nature was gay ;  
 And the Giant at breakfast was pegging away :  
 On pantomime rolls all so fiercely fed he,  
 And he ate hasty-pudding along with his tea.  
 Oh, why starts the monster in terror and fright ?  
 Why gapes and why stares he when Jack meets his sight ?  
 Why mutters he wildly, o'ercome with dismay,  
 " How long have ghosts taken to walking by day ? "





## XX.

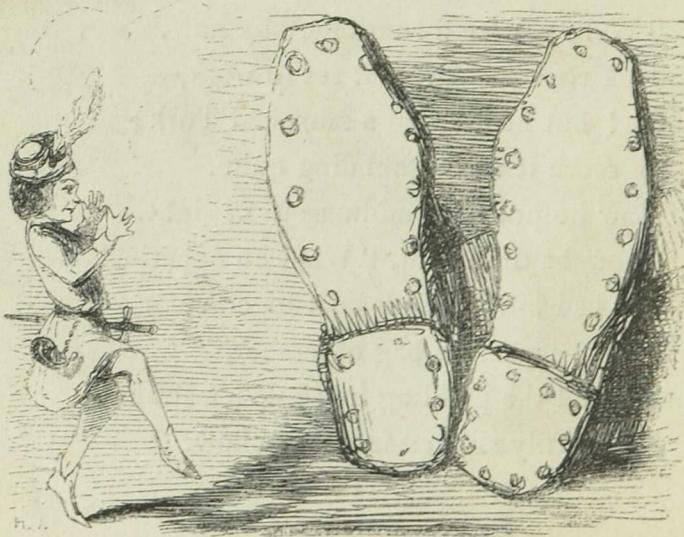
“Pless us!” he cried, “it can’t be;—no!”  
“’T is I,” said Jack, “old fellow, though.”  
“How slept you?” asked the monster gruff.  
“Tol lol,” he answered;—“well enough:  
About twelve, or one, I awoke with a rat,—  
At least, I fancied it was that,—  
Which fetched me with its tail a ‘whop;’  
But I went off again as sound as a top.”

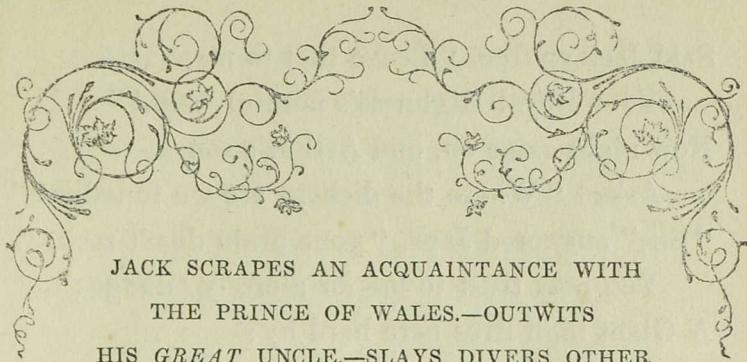
## XXI.

Jack’s feet the Giant did n’t scan,  
Because he was a Pagan man;  
And knew no more than a mining lad  
What kind of a foot Apollyon had;  
But he thought to himself, with a puzzled brow,  
“Well, you’re a rum one, any how.”  
Jack took a chair, and set to work,—  
Oh! but he ate like a famished Turk;  
In sooth it was astounding quite,  
How he put the pudding out of sight.  
Thought the Giant, “What an appetite!”  
He had buttoned his coat together  
O’er a capacious bag of leather,  
And all the pudding he could n’t swallow  
He craftily slipped into its hollow.

## XXII.

When breakfast was finished, he said, "Old brick,  
See here; I'll show you a crafty trick;  
You dare not try it for your life:"  
And he ripped up the bag with a table-knife.  
Squash! tumbled the smoking mess on the floor,  
But Jack was no worse than he was before.  
"Odds splutter hur nails!" swore the monster Welch,  
And he gashed his belly with fearful squelch;  
    Let the daylight in  
    Through the hole in his skin,—  
The daylight in and the pudding out,  
With twenty gallons of blood about;  
And his soul with a terrific "Oh!"  
Indignant sought the shades below.





JACK SCRAPES AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH  
THE PRINCE OF WALES.—OUTWITS  
HIS *GREAT* UNCLE.—SLAYS DIVERS OTHER  
GIANTS.—AND IS KNIGHTED BY KING ARTHUR.

---

I.

Safe and sound o'er leagues of ground  
Jack so merrily capers away,  
Till Arthur's son (he had but one)  
He runs against at the close of day.  
The Prince, you know, was going to blow  
A conjuror's castle about his ears,  
Who bullied there a lady fair,  
And I don't know how many worthy peers.  
Said Jack, "My lord, my trusty sword  
And self at your princely feet I lay;  
'Tis my desire to be your squire:"  
His Royal Highness replied "You may."  
The Prince was *suave*, and comely, and brave,  
And freely scattered his money about;  
"Tipped" every one he met like fun,  
And so he was very soon "cleared out."  
Then he turned to Jack, and cried "Good lack!  
I wonder how we're to purchase 'grub?'"

Said Jack so free, "Leave that to me,  
 Your Royal Highness's faithful 'sub.'"  
 Now night came on, and Arthur's son  
 Asked "Where the dickens are we to lodge?"  
 "Sir," answered Jack, "your brain do n't rack,  
 You may trust to me for a crafty 'dodge:'  
 A Giant high lives here hard by;  
 The monster I've the pleasure to know:  
 Three heads he's got, and would send to pot  
 Five hundred men!" The Prince said, "Oh!"  
 "My lord," Jack said, "I'll pledge my head  
 To manage the matter completely right.  
 In the Giant's nest to-night we'll rest,  
 As sure as a gun, or—*blow me tight!*"  
 Off scampers Jack, the Prince aback  
 With his palfrey waits beneath a rock;  
 At the castle-gate, at a footman's rate,  
 Jack hammers and raps with a stylish knock.

## II.

Rat-tat-tat-tat, tat-tat,—  
 "Rather impudent that,"  
 Said Jack to himself; "but *I* do n't care!"  
 The Giant within,  
 Alarmed at the din,  
 Roared out like thunder, "I say, who's there!"  
 "Only me," whispered Jack. Cried the Giant, "Who's *me?*"  
 Pitching his voice in a treble key.  
 "Your poor cousin Jack," said the hero. "Eh!"  
 Said the Giant, "what news, cousin Jack, to-day?"

“Bad,” answered Jack, “as bad can be.”  
 “Pooh!” responded the Giant; “fiddle-de-dee!  
 I wonder what news can be bad to me!  
 What! an’t I a Giant whose heads are three,  
 And can’t I lick five hundred men?  
 Do n’t talk to me of bad tidings, then!”

## III.

“Alas!” Jack whimpered, “uncle dear,  
 The Prince of Wales is coming here,  
 Yourself to kill, and your castle to sack,—  
 Two thousand knights are at his back.  
 If I tell you a lie never credit me more.”  
 The Giant replied, “What a deuce of a bore!  
     But I’ll hide in my cellar,  
     And, like a good ‘feller,’  
 You’ll lock it and bolt it, and bar it secure.”  
 Jack answered, “I will;  
     Only keep yourself still.”  
 Said the Giant, “Of that, my boy, be sure.”

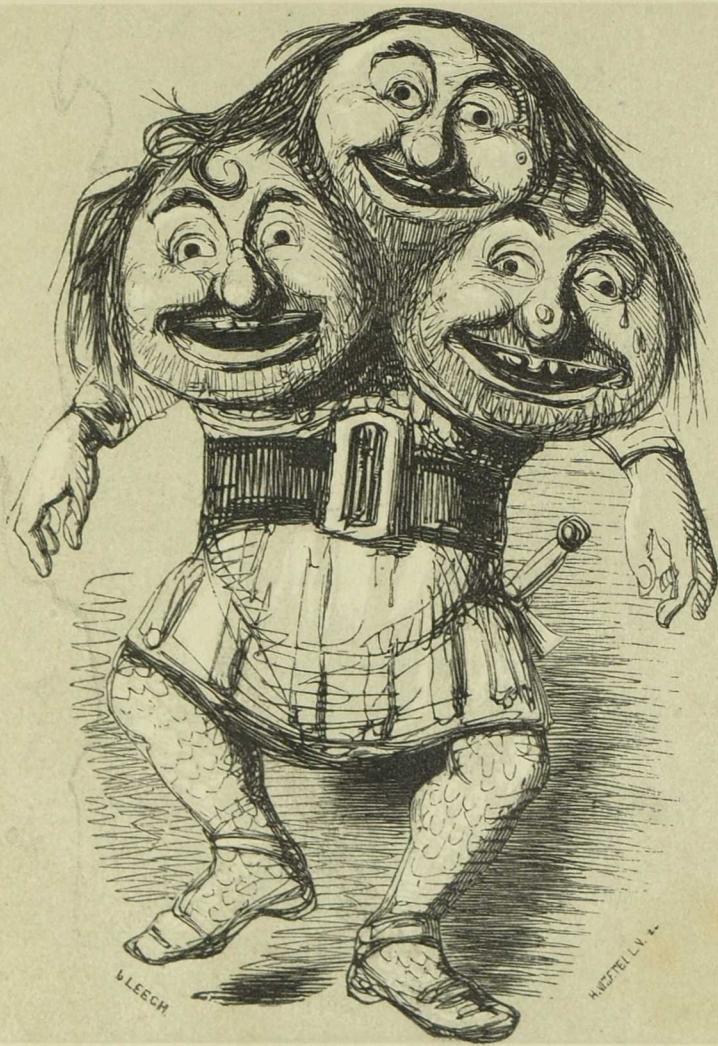
## IV.

While the stupid old Giant, locked up with the beer,  
 Lies shivering and shaking in bodily fear,  
     Young Jack and young Arthur  
     Enjoy themselves—rather,  
 Blowing out their two skins with the best of good cheer.  
 Their banquet o’er, to roost they creep,  
 And in the dreamy world of sleep

Eat all their supper o'er again.—  
 Such blissful fancies haunt the brain  
     Of Aldermen of London Town,  
 When, after feed on Lord Mayor's day,  
 Their portly bulk supine they lay  
     On couch of eider-down.

## v.

The morning comes ; the small birds sing ;  
 The sun shines out like—anything ;  
 Jack speeds the son of Britain's King,  
 The heavier by full many a wing  
     And leg of pullet, on his way,  
 And many a slice of ham and tongue,  
 Whereon the heroes, bold and young,  
 As by good right, I should have sung,  
     Did breakfast on that day.  
 And then he seeks the Giant's cell,  
 Forgetting not to cram him well,  
 How he had plied the foe with prog,  
 Disarmed his wrath by dint of grog,  
 And, at the head of all his men,  
 Had sent him reeling home again.  
 The Giant was pleased as Punch might be,  
 And he capered about with clumsy glee  
 (It was a comical sight to see),—  
     Very like unto a whale  
 When he founders a skiff with his frolicksome tail.





Then he cocked his big eye with a playful wink,  
And roared out, "What'll you take to drink?"  
"Well," Jack replied, "I'll tell you what,  
I think I should n't mind a pot;  
But, nunky,—could you be so kind?—  
I wish I had those traps behind  
The nest wherein you take your nap:—  
That seedy coat and tattered cap;  
That ancient sword, of blade right rusty;  
And those old high-lows all so dusty,  
That look as though for years they'd been  
In pop-shop hung, or store marine;  
No other meed I ask than those,  
So *may* I have the sword and clothes?"  
"Jack," said the Giant, "yes, you may,  
And let them be a keepsake, pray;  
They're queer, and would n't suit a 'gent';  
But what to use is ornament?  
The sword will cut through hardest stuff,  
The cap will make you up to snuff,—  
Worth something more than 'eight and six,'—  
The shoes will carry you like 'bricks,'  
At pace outspeeding swiftest stalkers—  
(They were a certain Mr. WALKER'S);  
The coat excels art's best results,  
Burckhardt outvies, out-Stultzes Stultz;  
No mortal man, whate'er his note,  
Was ever seen in such a coat;

For when you put it on your shoulders  
You vanish, straight, from all beholders!"  
"Well, hang it! surely you, old chap,  
Had not got on your knowing cap  
When you proposed last night to hide,  
Or *you* the magic coat had tried:  
You might have strapped it on your back;"  
So thought, but said not, cunning Jack,  
Thanked his three-headed relative,  
And toddled, whistling "Jack's Alive."

## VI.

His cap of wit, the Giant's gift,  
Informed him where the Prince to find;  
And he has donned his "Walker's" swift,  
And, leaving chough and crow behind,  
His Royal Highness soon has joined.  
"Jack," said the Prince, for fun agog,  
"Get up behind, you jolly dog!"  
So up he jumps, and on they jog.  
They soon have gained the secret bower,  
Where, spell-bound by the warlock's power,  
Was kept in "quod" that lady bright:  
She was remarkably polite,  
Displayed before them such a spread!  
Oh! gracious goodness, how they fed!  
No lack of turtle-soup was there,  
Of flesh, and fowl, and fish,





Of choicest dainties, rich and rare ;  
Turbot and lobster-sauce, and hare ;  
And turtle, plenty, and to spare ;  
And sweets enough to make you stare,  
    And every sort of dish.  
And there were floods of Malvoisie,  
Champagne, and Hock, and Burgundy,  
Sauterne, and Rhein-wine, and Moselle ;—  
It was a bouquet, sooth, to smell ;  
And there was Port and Sherry ;—well ;  
And more liqueurs than I can tell.

## VII.

When the banquet was ended the lady arose,  
And her cherry lips wiped, and her lily white nose ;  
And she gazed on the gallant young Prince with a sigh,  
And a smile on her cheek, and a drop in her eye.  
“ My lord,” she addressed him, “ I beg you ’ll excuse  
What I ’m going to say, for alas ! I can ’t choose ;  
You must guess who this handkerchief pockets to-night  
To-morrow, or die if you don ’t guess aright ! ”  
She poured out a bumper, and drank it up half,  
And gave the bold Prince the remainder to quaff ;  
Wherewith through the “ back-flat ” her exit she made,  
And left the young gentleman rather afraid.

## VIII.

When the Prince retired to bed,  
He scratched, and thus bespoke his head :—

"Where, oh! where, my upper story,  
 Wilt thou be to-morrow night?  
 Into what a mess, for glory,  
 Rushes bold and amorous wight!"  
 Jack dons, meanwhile,  
 His "knowing tile,"—  
 How ripe he looked for a regular "lark;"  
 He asks about,  
 And soon finds out,  
 That the lady was forced to go out in the dark  
 Every night,  
 By the pale moon light,  
 To give the magician, fierce and fell,  
 All so late,  
 A *tête-à-tête*,  
 In the gloomy depth of a forest dell.  
 In his coat and his shoes at mail-train pace,  
 He hies him to the trysting place.  
 He travels so fast that he does n't get there  
 Too late, as the saying is, for the fair;  
 But he has to wait before she comes,  
 Cooling his heels and biting his thumbs.

## IX.

At length appears the warlock, dight  
 In dressing gown of gramarye;  
 And, like a spirit of the night,  
 Elegantly dressed in white,  
 Approaches now the fair ladye,  
 And gives him the handkerchief, you see;

“Now!” cried courageous Jack, “or never!  
 Die, catiff, die!”  
 (And he lets fly)  
 “Thus from its trunk thy head I sever.”

## X.

To be a conjuror, 't is said,  
 In sooth a man requires a head ;  
 So Jack, by this decapitation,  
 Dissolved, of course, the conjuration.  
 The damsel fair, bewitched no more,  
 Becomes bewitching as before ;  
 Restored to virtue's blooming grace,  
 Which so improves the female face—  
 A kalydor of high perfection,  
 That beautifies the worst complexion.

## XI.

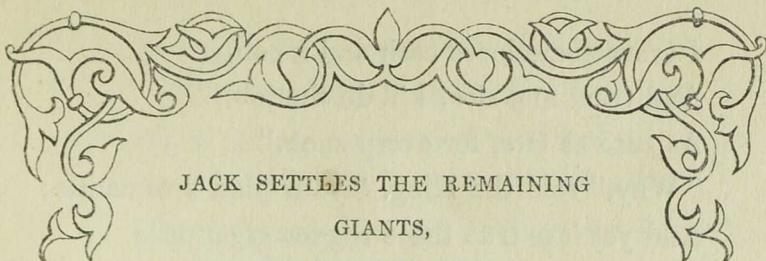
The licence was bought, and, the bells ringing gay,  
 The prince and the lady were married next day,  
 All decked out so smart in their bridal array.  
 The happy pair, the nuptials o'er,  
 Start in a handsome coach-and-four  
 For good King Arthur's court ;  
 Jack, on the box in easy pride,  
 Sits by the portly coachman's side—  
 Oh, my ! what bows they sport.  
 The train behind that followed—oh !  
 It far outshone the Lord Mayor's show ;

And e'en the grand display  
 When, to our Prince to give a name,  
 His Majesty of Prussia came  
 To England t' other day.

## XII.

Now Arthur's seat they reach : not that  
 Where royal Arthur never sat—  
 Dun Edin's famous mound.  
 Loud shouts of joy the welkin crack,  
 And Arthur dubs our hero Jack,  
 Knight of the Table Round.  
 And now, in Pleasure's syren lap,  
 Sir Jack indulges in a nap—  
 I crave his grace—Sir John!  
 Flirts with the fairest dames at court,  
 And drinks, of noblest lords, the port—  
 This comes of "getting on."





JACK SETTLES THE REMAINING  
GIANTS,  
AND SETTLES DOWN.

---

I.

“Tantara tara, tantara tara, tantara tara,—ra!  
Tara tara, tara, tara, tara, tantararan ta—ta!”

II.

Hark to the warlike trumpet blast, the clarion call of fame!  
Bounds not the hero's heart if he is worthy of the name?  
What time the trump and kettle-drum at glorious Drury Lane,  
Call bold King Dick to bide the brunt of Bosworth's battle plain;  
So, to the soul of stout Sir Jack, Adventure's summon spoke,  
And from her dream of luxury his martial spirit woke.  
Before King Arthur's royal throne he knelt upon his knee,  
And thus with courtly speech addressed his gracious Majesty:—

III.

“Illustrious Arthur, King of Trumps,  
My duty bids me stir my stumps;  
Fell Giants yet, your country's pest,  
Your faithful liegemen much molest;  
'T is my intention, if you will,  
Their uncouth *highnesses* to kill.

I crave some loose cash and a cob,  
 And trust me, sire, I'll do the job,  
 As sure as fate, for every snob."  
 "Why," said the King, "your plan's romantic;  
 And yet 't is true those rogues gigantic  
 Have wrought my subjects much annoy:—  
 Well; go and prosper, Jack, my boy;  
 I hope and trust you'll put them down;  
 So here's a horse, and—half-a-crown.

## IV.

With cap and brand,—  
 You understand  
 Well what their virtues were,—  
 And shoes so swift,  
 His uncle's gift,  
 Jack canters off like air:  
 Like air as fleet, and as viewless too,  
 Intent on doing "deeds of do."  
 "Over hill and over mountain,  
 Thorough forest and by fountain,"  
 Jack flies by day,  
 Gallant and gay.  
 Jack flies by day, though none can spy him—  
 Learn every one  
 Bored by a dun,  
 And take a lesson, debtors, by him—  
 Jack flies by night,  
 In the moonlight,  
 No "four-year-old" could have come nigh him.

At length he came to a forest vast,  
 Through which his journey led ;  
 When shrieks arose upon the blast,—  
 “Hallo,” said Jack, “who’s dead ?”  
 Like a fern owl he flits through the forest trees,  
 And, as he expected, a Giant he sees,  
 Dragging a couple along by the hair—  
 They were a knight and a lady fair,  
 And theirs was the row that rent the air.

The heart of Jack,  
 No way slack,  
 Was melted by their tears and cries ;  
 Benevolent lad !  
 So he jumps off his prad,  
 And unto an oak the animal ties :  
 So Hampshire Squire, when, at the din,  
 Of hare entrapped in poacher’s gin,  
 His gentle pity melts ;  
 Dismounts him from his gallant steed,  
 Murmuring, “A purty joak, indeed !”  
 And to the rescue pelts.

## v.

Jack approached the Giant nigh,  
 But the monster was so deucedly high,  
 He could n’t reach to his philabeg ;  
 But he cut him a little about the leg.  
 The Giant, swearing, roared, “This is  
 A twinge of that beastly ‘rheumatis.’”

I'll take a dose of 'Blair' to-night;  
 If I don't, I'm ——!" Said Sir Jack, "You're right!"  
 And he fetched him a blow with all his might;  
 The ham-strings gave, the monster fell,  
 Did n't he screech, and did n't he yell!  
 Did n't the trees around him shake!  
 Did n't the earth to the centre quake!  
 Jack lent him a kick on his loggerhead,  
 And trod on his brawny neck, and said—  
     " Oh, barbarous wretch!  
     I'm Jack—Jack Ketch;  
 I am come for thy crimes to serve thee out;  
     Take this, and this,  
     Iss! iss! iss! iss!"  
 And he riddled the heart of the prostrate lout—  
 Dear me! how the blood did spout!

## VI.

The lady fair, and the gentle knight,  
 Scarcely could believe their sight,  
 When they beheld the Giant "kick;"  
     Unseen the hand that struck the blow,  
     And one cried "Ha!" the other "O—h!"  
 Both making sure it was old Nick.  
 But joy illumes their wondering mien,  
 When, doffing his coat of "invisible green,"  
 Sir Jack appears before their eyes.  
 "Thanks!" cried the knight, "thou valour's pink!"  
 "Well!" said the lady, "only think!

Oh! thank you, saviour of our life!"

"Come home, sir, with myself and wife:—

After such work," the knight pursued—

"A little ale—" "You'll think me rude,"

Said Jack, "but know, oh worthy peer!

I thirst for glory—not for beer.

I must rout out this monster's den,

Nor can I be at ease till then."

"Do n't," begged the knight, "now do n't, sir, pray,

Nor run another risk to-day;

Yon mount o'erhangs the monster's lair,

And his big brother waits him there,

A brute more savage than himself;

Then lay your courage on the shelf."

"No!" Sir Jack answered, "if I do,

May I be hanged! Now, mark me, you!

Were there twice ten in yonder hole,

Ere sinks behind yon crag the sun,

The gory head of every one

Before my feet should roll!

Farewell—I'll call as I come back."

"Adieu," the knight replied; "Alack!

I had forgotten; here's my card."

"Thank you," said Jack, and "bolted hard."

#### VII.

Away, away, to the mountain cave,

Rides Jack at a spanking trot;

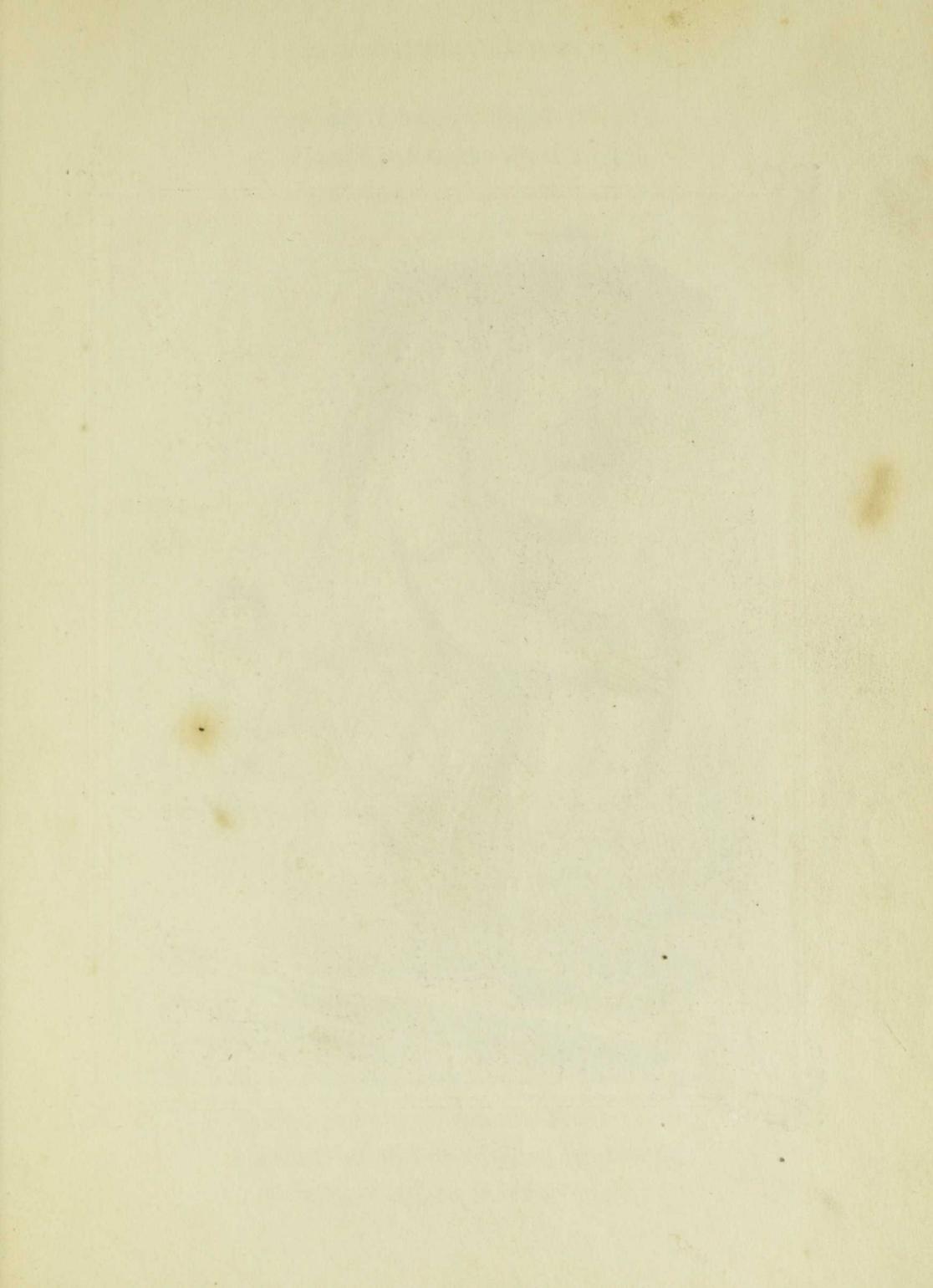
No Knight of the Poll-axe, all so brave,

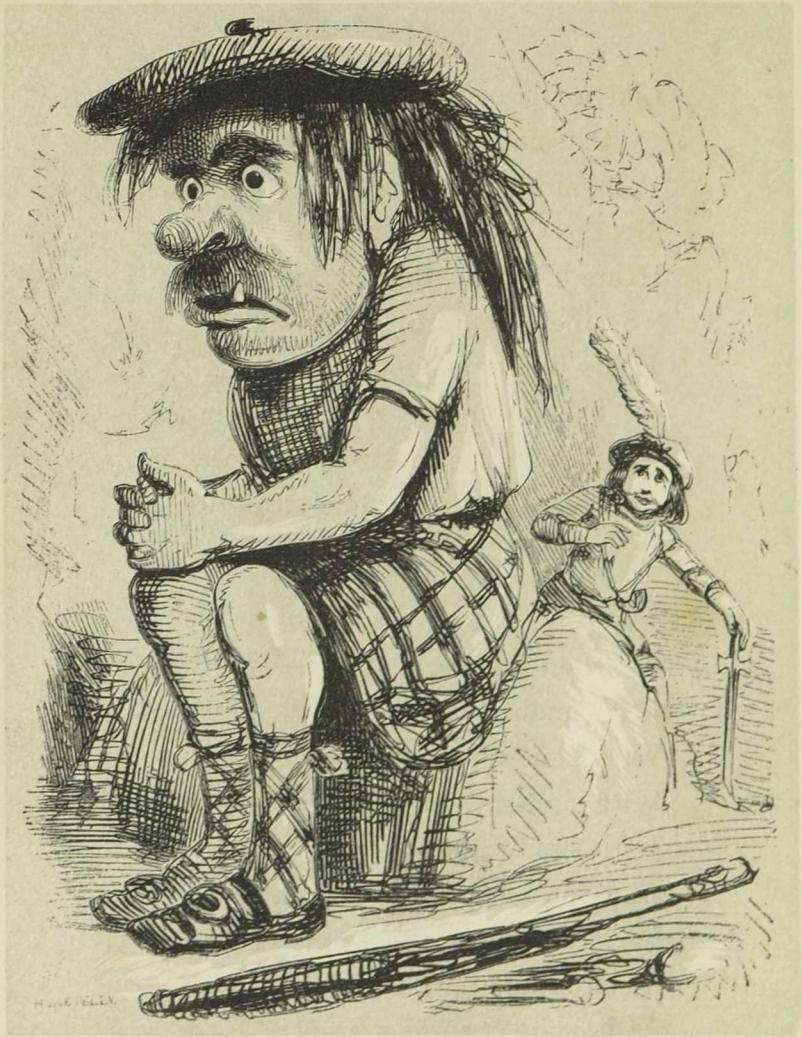
Could have distanced him I wot!

The Gorgon's head you ne'er have seen—  
     Nor would it much avail,  
 To marble ears, I rather ween,  
     The bard to sing his tale.  
 But oft the Saracen's, I know,  
     Hath horrified your sight  
 On London's famous Hill of Snow,  
     Which is n't often white.  
 Such was the visage, but four times its size,  
 With a trunk to match, that our champion spies.  
     By the mouth of the cave on a chopping-block sitting,  
     Grinding his teeth and his shaggy brows knitting,  
 Was the Giant;—and rolling his terrible eyes  
     Like portentous meteors, they  
     Glimmered, glowed, and flashed away;  
     His cheeks and nose were fiery too;  
     Like wire on his chin the bristles grew;  
     And his tangled locks hung down his back,  
     Like the legs of a Brobdignag spider so black;  
     Ready, the thickest skull to crack  
     That ever county member wore,  
     His iron club beside him lay.  
     He was in a terrible way,  
 For he voted his brother's not coming a bore.

## VIII.

The hero, Jack, dismounts to dress—  
 What was his toilet you may guess;





H. C. KELLY.

So may I be ever dight  
When I bowne me for the fight.

## IX.

Like a cliff o'er ocean lowering,  
Or some old and cross curmudgeon  
Waiting, dinnerless, in dudgeon,  
Sits the Giant glumly glowering.  
Hears he not a whisper say,  
"So there you are, old rascal, eh?"  
Hears he not a step approaching,  
Though he may n't the comer see?  
No; like rogue by streamlet poaching,  
Creeps Jack near him stealthily.

## X.

As when some school-boy—idle thief—  
With double-knotted handkerchief,  
What time his comrade stooping low,  
With tightened skin invites the blow;  
With sundry feints, delays to smite,  
And baulks, to linger out delight;  
So Jack, with thorough-going blade,  
Stood aiming at the Giant's head.  
At last the champion cried, "Here goes!"  
Struck, and cut off the monster's—nose.  
Like a thousand bulls all roaring mad,  
Was the furious Giant's shout,

With the iron club, which I said he had,  
 Oh! how he laid about!  
 "Oho! if that's your way, old cock,  
 We must finish the game," quoth Jack;  
 So he vaulted upon the chopping-block,  
 And ran him through the back.  
 The Giant howled; the rocks around  
 Thrilled with his demon squall,  
 Then flat he fell upon the ground,  
 As the Monument might fall.

## XI.

The Giants slain, the Cornish man  
 Despatched their gory heads by van  
 To great King Arthur;—gifts more queer  
 Have ne'er been sent to our Sovereign dear.  
 She gets gigantic cheeses, cakes,  
 Which loyal-hearted subject makes;  
 Gigantic peaches, melons, pumpkins,  
 Presented by her faithful bumpkins;  
 And giant heads of brocoli—not  
 The heads of Giants sent to pot—  
 Long may such heads, and such alone,  
 Be laid before her stainless throne!

## XII.

Now Jack the darksome den explores,  
 And through its turns and windings pores  
 Till to a spacious hall he comes,  
 Where, o'er the hearth, a cauldron hums,  
 Much like a knacker's in the slums;

Hard by, a squalid table stood,  
 All foul with fat, and brains, and blood ;  
 The two great Ogres' carrion food.  
 Through iron grate, the board beside,  
 Pale captive wretches he descried ;  
 Who, when they saw the hero, cried,  
 " Alas ! here comes another, booked,  
 Like us, poor pris'ners, to be cooked."  
 " Thank you," said Jack ; " the Giants twain  
     Have *had* their bellyful of me ;  
 To prove I do not boast in vain,  
     Behold, my bucks of brass, you 're free !"  
     And he brast the bars right speedily.  
 To meat they went, and, supper done,  
 To the treasury they hied each one  
     And filled their pockets full of money.  
 What Giants could want with silver and gold,  
 In sooth tradition hath not told :—  
     'T is a question rather funny.

## XIII.

    The very next day  
     The rest went away,  
 To their dear little wives and their daughters,  
     But Jack to the knight's  
     Repairs with delights  
 To recruit himself after his slaughters.  
 The lady fair and the gentle knight  
 Were glad to see Sir Jack " all right ;"

Resolved to "do the handsome thing,"  
 They decked his finger with a ring  
 Of gold that with the diamond shone—  
 This motto was engraved thereon:—

"Behold yn dire dystresse war we,  
 Under a Giant's fierce command;  
 Bot gayed owre lyses and libertye,  
 From valhante Jacke's victorious hande."

## XIV.

The feast is spread in the knightly hall,  
 And the guests are uproarious, one and all,  
 Drinking success to the hero stout  
 Who larruped the Giants out-and-out;  
 When, lo! all their mirth was changed to gloom,  
 For a herald, all whey-faced, rushed into the room.

Oh, the horrified wight!

What a terrible sight!

He spoke—five hundred jaws were still;  
 Eyes, twice five hundred, staring wide—

"Mac Thundel's coming, bent to kill

You, valiant champion—hide, sir, hide!"

The cry of the crowd without they hear,

"Mac Thundel is coming, oh dear! oh dear!"

"And who the deuce is this Mac Thundel,

That I," Sir Jack replied, "should bundle?"

"Mac Thundel, Sir Knight, is a two-headed beggar,

You have slain his two kinsmen, the Giants Mac Gregor:

That he'll kill you and eat you he swears, or 'de'il tak' him,"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed bold Jack, "let him come—I shall whack him."





“Gentles and ladies, pray walk below  
 To the castle yard with me ;  
 You do n't object to sport I know,  
 And rare sport you shall see.”

“Success to gallant Jack !” they shout,  
 And follow, straight, the champion stout.  
 The knight's retainers he summons, all hands,  
 And thus with hasty speech commands :—

“Ho ! merry men, all, to the castle moat,  
 Cut the drawbridge well nigh through ;  
 While I put on this elegant coat :”  
 The knaves his bidding do.  
 The form of the hero dissolves in air,  
 And the ladies exclaim and the gentlemen stare.

## XV.

Stumping, thumping, blundering, lo !  
 Comes the Giant Scot in sight ;  
 All the people screaming “ Oh !”  
 Fly before him in affright.

Look, he snorts and sniffs, as though  
 His nose had ken'd an unseen foe ;  
 And hearken what he thunders forth,  
 In guttural accent of the north !

“Faw, fap, fee, fo, foon,  
 A smell ye brath o' an English mon ;  
 Lat 'um be alibe or lat 'um be dead,  
 A'll grind his bones to mak' ma bread.”

## XVI.

“Indeed!” replied the Giant Killer;  
 “Old fellow, you ’re a monstrous miller!”  
 Disclosing his form to Mac Thundel’s sight,  
 Who foamed at the mouth with fury outright.

“Are ye the traitor loon,” he cried,  
 “By wham my twa bauld brithers died?  
 Then ’a will tear thee wi’ my fangs,  
 And quaff thy bluid to quit thy wrangs!”

“You must catch me first, old stupid ass!”  
 Said Jack—he quoted Mrs. Glass;  
 And he scampers away in his nimble shoes:  
 Like a walking Ben Lomond, Mac Thundel pursues.

In and out,  
 Round about,  
 Jack dodges the Giant apace,  
 Round the castle wall,  
 That the guests may all  
 Enjoy the stirring chase.

O’er the drawbridge he courses, mid shouts of laughter;  
 Mac Thundel heavily flounders after,  
 Whirling his mace around his head:—  
 The drawbridge groans beneath his tread—  
 It creaks—it crashes—he tumbles in,  
 Very nearly up to his chin,  
 Amid the assembled company’s jeers,  
 Who hail his fall with “ironical cheers.”

He roars, rolls, splashes, and behaves  
Much like some monster of the waves,  
When "sleeping on the Norway foam,"  
The barbéd harpoon strikes him home.  
By the side of the moat Jack, standing safe,  
Begins the Giant thus to chafe;—  
"Just now, old chap, I thought you said  
You'd grind my bones to make your bread."  
Mac Thundel plunged from side to side,  
But he could n't get out although he tried;  
Sooth to say, he was thoroughly done—  
"Now," said Jack, "we'll end the fun.  
    Yon cart rope bring,  
    Ay—that's the thing!"  
And he cast it o'er the heads so big;  
    A team was at hand,  
    And he drew him to land,  
While all the spectators cried, "That's the rig!"  
    His falchion gleams aloft in air,  
    It falls; the monster's heads, I ween,  
Are off as quick as Frenchmen's e'er  
    Were severed by the guillotine.  
With shouts of joy the castle rang,  
    And they hied them again to the festal cheer;  
Long life to brave Sir Jack they sang,  
    And they drank his health in floods of beer.

## XVII.

Awhile the hero now reposes,  
In knightly hall an honoured guest ;  
His brow by beauty crowned with roses,  
And filled his belly with the best.  
But soon the life of idlesse palls,  
For daring deeds his heart is "game ;"  
"Farewell," he cries, "ye lordly walls !"  
And starts anew in quest of fame.

Over hill and dale he wends ;  
Fate no fresh adventure sends  
To reward him for his pains,  
Till a mountain's foot he gains.  
Underneath that hill prodigious  
Dwelt an anchorite religious :  
He batter'd the door with divers knocks ;  
He did n't make a little din ;  
And the hermit old, with his hoary locks,  
Came forth at the summons to let him in.  
"Reverend sire," cried Jack, "I say,  
Can you lodge a chap who has lost his way ?"  
The grey-beard eremite answered "Yea—  
That is if thou cans't take 'pot luck.'"  
"I rather think I can, old buck !"  
The hero answer made, and went  
To supper with no small content.

## XX.

When Jack had eaten all he could,  
Bespoke him thus the hermit good,—  
“ My son, I think I ‘twig’ the man  
Who ‘slew the Giant Cormoran.’  
On yonder hill-top a regular bad’un  
Dwells in a castle just like Haddon  
(Haddon!—thou know’st its time-worn towers,  
Drawn by a certain friend of ‘ours’);  
That Giant’s name is Catawampus;  
And much I fear he soon will swamp us,  
Unless that arm—” Cried Jack “Enow;  
He dies!” The hermit said, “Allow  
Me to remark—you wo n’t be daunted—  
But know his castle is enchanted;  
Him aids a sorcerer of might  
Slockdollagos the villain’s hight;  
They crossed the main from western climes;  
And here, confederate in crimes  
(They term them ‘notion’s’), play their tricks;  
Bold knights (to use their slang) they ‘fix,’  
Transforming them, at treacherous feasts,  
With stuff called ‘julep,’ into beasts.  
They served a duke’s fair daughter so,  
Whom they transmuted to a doe;  
Hither they brought the maid forlorn,  
On car by fiery dragons borne;  
To free her, champions not a few  
Have tried, but found it would n’t do;

Two griffins, breathing sulph'rous fire,  
 Destroy all those who venture nigh her ;  
 But thee thy coat will keep secure."  
 Jack answered gaily, " To be sure ;"  
 And swore that when the morning came,  
 He 'd lose his life or free the dame.

## XXI.

Now Night o'er earth her pall had spread,  
 And dauntless Jack repaired to bed.  
     O'er the hero as he slumbers ,  
     Spirits hymn aerial numbers ;  
     In a chorus manifold,  
     Of the deeds and days of old ;  
     Fairy dreams his rest beguile,  
     Till he feels Aurora's smile.

## XXII.

" Hallo !" cries Jack, as he awakes,  
 Just as the early morning breaks,  
     And rubs his eyes,—  
     " 'T is time to rise."  
 And ready for mischief he gaily makes.

## XXIII.

With the mist of the morning, a little bit  
 More transparent, I trow, than it,  
 He climbs the mountain's craggy side ;  
 Anon the castle's lordly pride

He braves with free and fearless brow,  
 And mutters, "Now then for the row!"  
 Before the gates on either side,  
 A "formidable shape" he spied;  
 A monstrous griffin right and left,  
 Like to an antediluvian eft;  
 Green of back and yellow of maw,  
 Forked of tongue, and crooked of claw;  
 Belching and snivelling flame and fire,—  
 A regular pair of chimeras dire.  
 "Oh!" said Jack, and he made a face,  
 "I never saw such a scaly brace!"  
 Unharm'd he 'scaped, because unseen,  
 Those monsters all so fierce and green;  
 Through files of reptile guards he passed,  
 Scolopendras black and vast;  
 Many a hydra, many a lizard,  
 Heros' tomb its filthy gizzard;  
 Dragon with mouth like Ætna's crater,  
 Crocodile and alligator;  
 Huge spiders and scorpions round him crawled,  
 Monstrous toads before him sprawled;  
 Great rattle-snakes their fangs displayed—  
 "Hurrah!" he shouted, "who's afraid?"  
 And now upon the inner gate  
 He reads these mystic words of fate:—

"Woher kan thys trompet blowe,  
 Schalle cause ye Gyant's oberihrowe."

## XXIV.

Above the distich hung the trump :—  
 The hero got it with a jump,  
 And shouting gallantly, “ Ya—hips ! ”  
 Applied the mouth-piece to his lips.

A blast he blew,—

Asunder flew

The portals with a brazen clang :

Windows were smashed,

And chains were clashed,

While a thousand gongs in discordrang.

A voice within, that seemed the note

Of some prodigious magpie’s throat,

In ranc’ous tone cried, “ Hallo, now !

I say, what means this tarnel row ? ”

And out came Catawampus, cross ;

Behind him slunk Slockdollagos ;

The Great Sea Serpent, trailing slim

His coils tremendous, after him.

## XXV.

Six of the tallest men that e’er

Raised in old Kentucky were,

Each standing on the other’s head,

Had scarce o’ertopped the monster dread ;

The brim of his hat, so *considerable*,

Was half as big round as the King’s Round Table ;

His massive club was a maple’s trunk :—

He might have made great Arthur “ funk.”

Arthur the First, or Arthur the Second,  
 AS ARTHUR OF WELLINGTON may be reckoned.  
 Slockdollagos was rather less,  
 But he was n't very short, I guess :—  
 He was fashionably drest,  
 In the style of a Wizard of the West.

## XXVI.

“Clear off, now,” was the Giant's cry ;  
 “The oldest man in all Kentucky  
 My father whopp'd—my father, I :—  
 Absquotilate, and cut your lucky !”  
 Catawampus looked on every side,  
 But not a single soul espied ;  
 To the right and left he grimly grinned,  
 Till the trunks of the very trees were skinned.  
 “Come out !” he bawled, “or I swear I'll dash  
 Your brains into an immortal smash !  
 Don't raise my dander ; if you do,  
 You wo n't much like me,—*I* tell you.”

## XXVII.

Jack laughed this bootless brag to hear,  
 And thus he sang in the Giant's ear :—  
 “Yankee doodle doodle doo,  
 Yankee doodle dandy ;  
 Prepare your knavish deeds to rue,  
 For know, your fate is handy !”

## XXVIII.

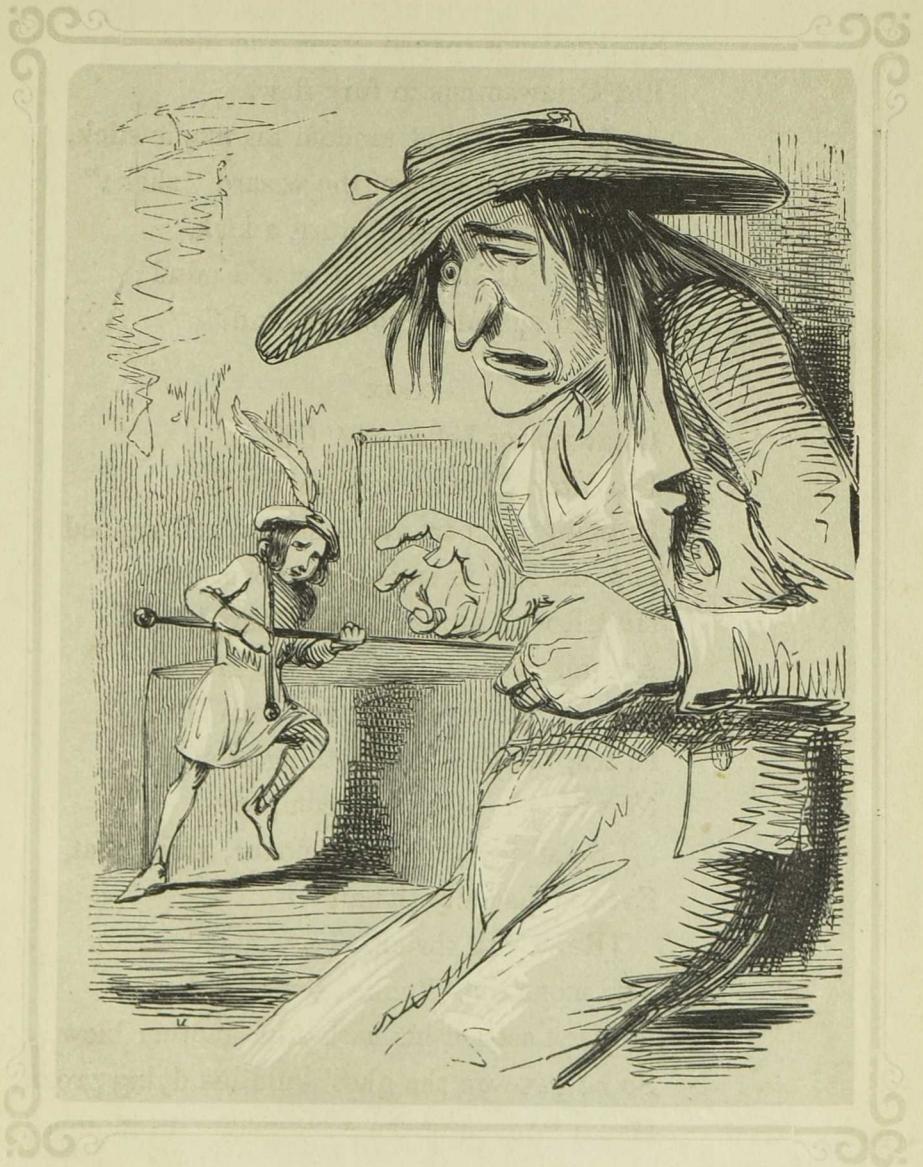
Slockdollagos turned green and blue,  
 But Catawampus in fury flew,  
 And brandished at random his maple stick,  
 Smashing the nose of the wizard "slick;"  
 Who fetched him in return a kick,  
 Crying, "Hallo! I wish you'd mind;  
 I rather speculate you're blind."

## XXIX.

Catawampus bellowed "Oh!  
 I say, tarnation sieze your toe!"  
 Rubbing the part as he limped and hopped:  
 Jack his legs in sunder chopped.  
 He fell with an astounding sound,  
 And his castle tottered to the ground.  
 In faith, the most "tremendous fall  
 In tea," to this, was nothing at all.  
 No wallop'd nigger, to compare  
     Small things, for the nonce, with great,  
 Ever so dismally the air  
     Rent with shrieks, I estimate.  
 The monstrous Yankee thus laid low,  
     Jack settled his hash with another blow;  
 So he gave up the ghost, and his dying groan  
 Had a "touch of the earthquake" in its tone.

## XXX.

Biting his nails, and shaking with fear,  
 The wizard vile was standing near;





When he saw Catawampus fall and die,  
He knew that the end of his course was nigh.  
“My flint,” he cried, “is fixed, I snore!”  
He rent his hair and his garments tore,  
Blasphemed and cursed, and vowed and swore.  
Jack felt half frightened and greatly shocked,  
When, behold! the mountain rocked:  
Sudden night overspread the sky;  
Pale blue lightnings glimmered by;  
Roared the thunder, yawned the earth;  
And with yells of hideous mirth,  
Mid serpents and skeletons ghastly and dire,  
The spirits of evil came in fire;—  
Beelzebub and Zatanai,  
Asdramelech and Asmodai,  
Zamiel and Ashtaroth, with legions  
Of frightful shapes from Pluto’s regions;  
And, the sorceror shrieking with frantic dismay,  
On the wings of a whirlwind they bore him away.  
When once again the daylight broke,  
The castle had vanished away like smoke.

## XXXI.

“My eye!” said Jack, a little serious;  
“Upon my word, that *was* mysterious!”  
But cheers and joyous gratulations  
Cut short the hero’s meditations;  
The “deformed transformed” round him press,  
Knights and ladies numberless;

Who each, as Jack, you know, had heard,  
 The warlock had changed to beast and bird ;  
 And who straight had recovered their pristine condition  
 When Old Nick flew away with the wicked magician.

## XXXII.

Hurrah ! Jack's labours now are done,  
 He hath slain the Giants all, save one ;  
 I mean his great uncle ; and he's bound o'er  
 To keep the peace for evermore.

## XXXIII.

To ancient Venta's city fair  
 Forthwith the champion makes resort ;  
 For Arthur kept his castle there  
 (Still, in the *Nisi Prius* Court,  
 The Table Round of his famous hall  
 Gaily flaunts upon the wall).  
 Through the King's gate he took his way  
 (He had come by sea to Hampton town,  
 Where he called, just "How d' ye do?" to say,  
 On Bevis, knight of high renown).  
 As he passed through the Close, all the friars, to see him,  
 Came out in canonicals, singing "Te Deum ;"  
 As he rode up the High Street, the little boys followed,  
 And they flung up their caps, cheered, and shouted, and h alloed.  
 The windows were crowded with ladies so bright,  
 All smiling and waving their kerchiefs of white.  
 Jack with dignity bowed  
 Right and left to the crowd,  
 Gracefully mingling the humble and proud.

## XXXIV.

He now before King Arthur's throne,  
Knelt with obeisance grave;  
A thousand bright eyes on him shone,  
As they shine upon the brave.



"Rise up," the noble Arthur said,  
 "Sir Jack, a Baron bold ;"  
 And he placed upon the champion's head  
 A coronet of gold.  
 "This Princess fair shall be thy bride,  
 Our cousin, by my fay ;  
 And let the nuptial knot be tied  
 This morn without delay."

## XXXV.

The holy wedding mass was sung,  
 And the cathedral's bells were rung ;  
 A banquet was made in the royal hall,  
 And after that there was a ball.  
 There waltzed Sir Lancelot du Lac,  
 And eke Sir Tristram bold ;  
 Likewise the stout Sir Caradoc,  
 "That won the cup of gold."  
 But none among King Arthur's court,  
 For style, and grace, and air,  
 And noble mien, and knightly port,  
 Could with Sir Jack compare.

## XXXVI.

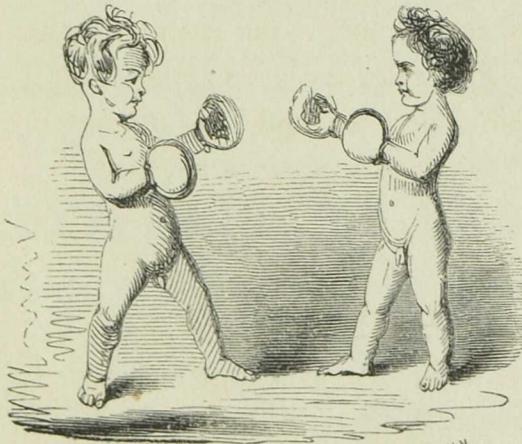
Together with a beauteous mate  
 The King gave Jack a great estate :  
 In bliss the hero, with his wife,  
 Lived the remainder of his life.

“In story shall he live for aye:”

Such is the say of Merlin, sage;  
 And by Saint George! fair England's stay,  
 His name, till time shall pass away,  
 Shall never fade from glory's page.  
 For all your march of intellect,  
 Your pumps so prim, and blues so clever,  
 The useful-knowledge-mongering sect,—  
 Jack, famous Jack, shall live for ever!

---

Youth of merry England, fight,  
 Ever faithful for the right;  
 Let your hearts be bold and stout,  
 And for danger,—face it out.





LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS & Co. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS.

PETERBOROUGH COURT 135 FLEET STREET.

## COMIC NURSERY TALES:

*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence each.*

---

### BLUE BEARD :

With Twenty-eight Illustrations.

### LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD :

By the Author of the "NEW TALE OF A TUB," with Twenty-six Illustrations.

"While we admit the ability of the artist and the poet here associated, we are not quite content to have this tale turned into burlesque. Mr. Bayley, however, has done his spiring gently; and we have occasional touches of tenderness and grace not unworthy of the original."

—ATHENEUM.

"The rhymes are felicitous as ever—the illustrations are excellent."—SUNDAY TIMES.

"Every one has read Mr. Bayley's 'Bluebeard,' and enjoyed a hearty laugh over it; and if he do not enjoy an equally hearty laugh over the *deeply tragical* history of 'Little Red Riding Hood' it will not be the author's fault. The tinted illustrations of this beautiful little volume are exceedingly piquant."—COURT JOURNAL.

### SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE WOOD :

With Twenty-five humorous Illustrations.

"The illustrations are capital; and the readers of the 'Sleeping Beauty' will ensure themselves a few hearty laughs from the letterpress and the cuts."—SUNDAY TIMES.

*In a few days*

### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST :

By ALBERT SMITH, Author of "LEDBURY'S TOUR," with Illustrations by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

---

WM. S. ORR & CO. AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

*Just Published,*

# THE COMIC ALBUM FOR EVERY TABLE

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

WITH

**THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS:**

PRINTED IN LARGE QUARTO, ON TINTED PAPERS, AND BOUND IN A NOVEL AND  
SPLENDID ARABESQUE PATTERN OF COLOURS AND GOLD. PRICE 12s.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—

“This is by far the best of Comic Albums that we have seen. There is such a variety in the book, so many good things of every sort, that the most fastidious will find something to his taste, and the most experienced something new. Indeed the whole abounds with that sort of fun, frolic, wit, humour, and facetiousness, which well becomes the season of holiday, and which will amuse not only the rising generation but that generation which has, for some time, risen to its extreme elevation.”—TIMES.

“This is an amusing book, and well adapted for a present. It combines the splendid getting-up of the Annuals with the drollery of exclusively comic publications. The illustrations, however, are the principal feature of the work, and form a series of cleverly-designed and exquisitely-finished wood-cuts. The Chinese and their peculiarities form admirable subjects for the pencil of the comic artist; and we do not envy the man who can glance over the grotesque oddities of the Celestial Empire without indulging himself in a hearty laugh.”—MORNING CHRONICLE.

“Every page is mirth-exciting, and the comic cuts are as many and irresistible as the thwacks and tumbles of a pantomime. It is a book to set every table in a roar.”—SPECTATOR.

“Had the season produced no humorous volume but this, the *one* comic offering would still have rescued Christmas from literary dulness. As it is, with several competitors, the Comic Album scarcely stands less alone, for, except in the purposes of mirth for which it was formed, it bears little resemblance to anything that has gone before it. Its beauties begin with the outside, and the marvels of its illuminated cover. The mere printing and ‘getting-up’ of the volume render it a book to excite both curiosity and pleasure. Its humours, graces, and frolic fancies, ‘give delight and hurt not.’ From its beautifully simple title-page, all through its many-coloured and ornamented leaves, so harmoniously arranged, to the close, there is nothing out of taste, nothing coarse or vulgar.”—EXAMINER.

“This Comic Album almost makes us giddy with its flash of gold and humours, both literary and pictorial. The exuberance of the pencil more than keeps pace with the fun and frolic of the pen; and he must be a stoic indeed who does not enjoy many a hearty laugh at this entertaining volume.”—LITERARY GAZETTE.

“This is a cleverly got up and very amply illustrated volume, with enough illustrations to gratify the most gluttonous in search of pictorial embellishment. The written portion of the Comic Album has many papers of sterling wit and humour.”—MORNING HERALD.

“The genius of merriment assuredly inspired the idea of this mirth-moving, laughter-provoking assemblage of comic conceits, picturesque and poetical.”—GLOBE.

"The Comic Album is lavishly embellished with a variety of most humorous engraving, and contains numerous lively articles in verse as well as prose, not a few of which—such as the hits at the Income Tax, and the Chinese War—will be sure to create infinite diversion, if only by reason of their apt and seasonable character."—SUN.

"This work is replete with fun from the commencement to the conclusion. The jokes are numerous, and the witticisms of a superior character. We can safely say, it is one of the most entertaining volumes ever offered to the public; and we feel great pleasure in recommending it to our readers, as being calculated, at all times, to dispel the 'blue devils' and cure them of *ennui*."—AGE.

"A seasonable present. The cuts are very numerous, and many of them very good,—the Shaksperian fancies are capital. The Comic Album will be found an agreeable companion in the drawing-room, the boudoir, the cabin, or the snuggery."—SUNDAY TIMES.

"Its exterior is elegant in the extreme, gorgeous enough to attract any eye; and, on unfolding the volume, it is at once perceived, from its crowd of illustrations, that it is one on which the designer's art has lavished some of its richest stores, superadded to which, whether in prose or verse, is a full ocean-tide of wit, humour, epigram, and caricature, such as Punch himself need not blush at, nor could do more than emulate."—MORNING ADVERTISER.

"In the Comic Album we are presented with a mine of fun, as rich in quality as it appears to be inexhaustible; every page teems with frolic, wit, and humour, while its letter-press forms a running commentary worthy the pictorial embellishments. Though all is conceived and executed in the spirit of rollicking funniment, there is nothing to alarm the most sensitive delicacy; in fine, open the book where you will, you encounter enough to put to flight a whole legion of blue devils."—ERA.

"It strikes the eye with such an aspect of newness,—of complete and distinct novelty, that a wide and speedy circulation of the fun-diffusing volume may be safely prophesied."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

"This is undoubtedly the most tastefully got-up of the comic productions, the illustration, being the most finished, as well as comic of their class; if it do not surpass its rivals in the brilliancy of its wit, it certainly outshines them in the style of its engravings. Many articles however, possess a full share of drollery and satire, the shorter ones, taking them generally, being more replete with whim and humour. Nothing can be better in its way than the 'Black Letter Romance,' aptly printed on 'blue' paper; or than the 'Recollections of an Opera-glass,' the 'Income Tax,' 'Artificial Ice,' and 'Our Street,' with a multitude of other amusing comicalities."—SATIRIST.

"Fun, for the first time, has ascended to the dignity of a quarto; and never has Momus donned a garb more varied, fantastic, and beautiful withal, than that in which the brothers Vizetelly have robed him here."—ILLUSTRATED POLYTECHNIC REVIEW.

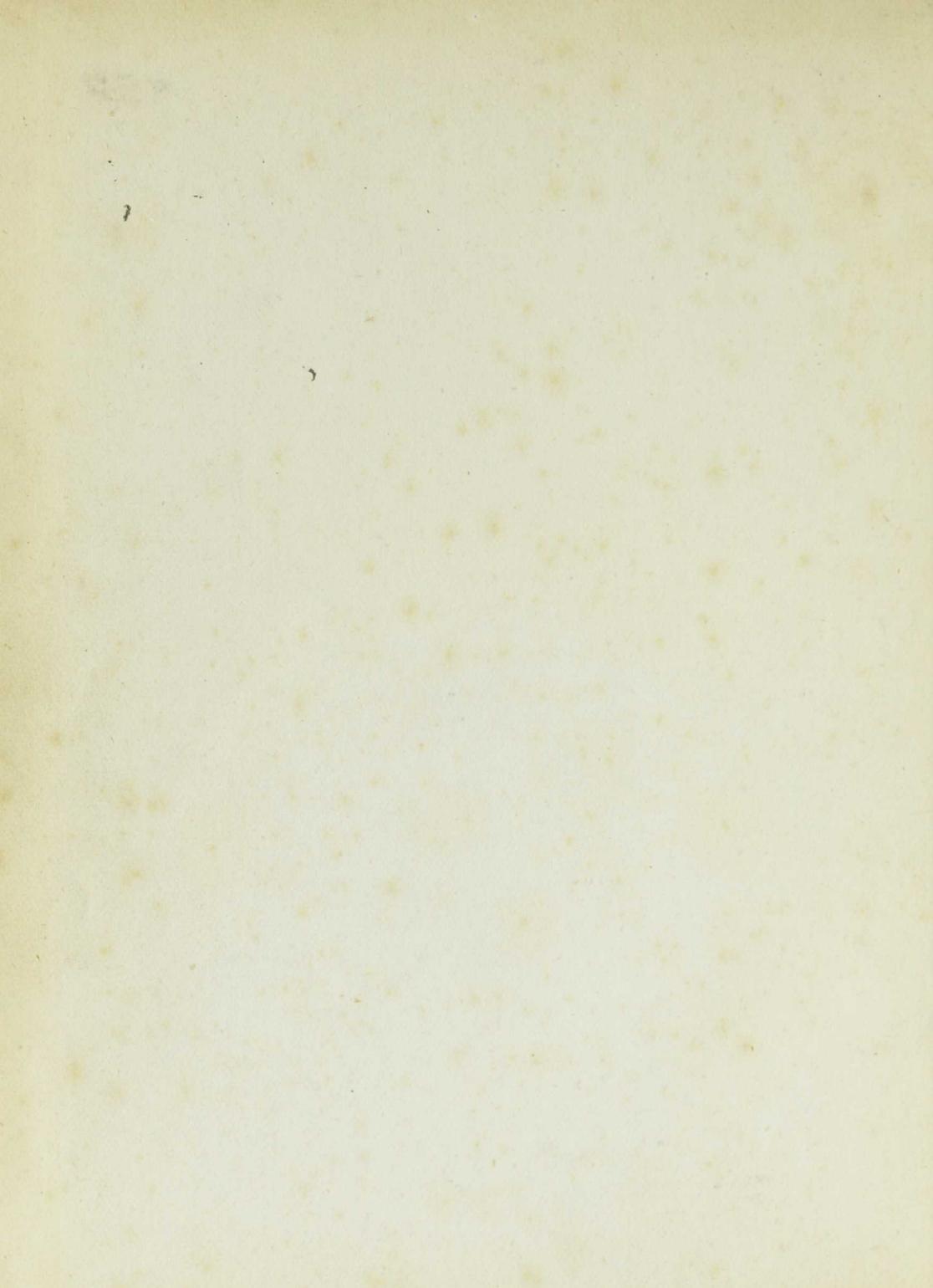
"A very fortunate idea, very cleverly carried out. The volume is an imitation of one of those inimitable things called Albums—'the terror of lack-wits, the delight of small wits, and the hate of great wits.' It is printed on leaves of various coloured paper, prettily bordered, as in the originals, and with its gilt edges and illuminated covers (choice specimens of the glories of Messrs. Vizetelly's art), it forms a very charming ornament for every table."—ARGUS.

"It seems as if the *élite* of English and French caricaturists, with the redoubtable George Cruikshank at their head, had combined with some of our distinguished writers, led by Laman Blanchard, to produce a feast of all that is rich and rare, in the way of wit and humour, fun, drollery, and comic extravaganza."—NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

"Every page of this volume is distinguished for graphic and literary humour. The sketches, which are irresistibly comic, are executed in a style, in many instances, not equalled by any of our modern illustrators, and in others, far exceeding them in point and eccentricity."—BELL'S LIFE.







height, Renewal

ERB

D21092

