

# The Classic Fairy Tales

## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Iona + Peter Opie

The literary history of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' begins not with a telling of the tale, but with a skit upon the telling of the tale, which appeared in a facetious tract *Round about our Coal-Fire: or Christmas Entertainments*, first published in London by J. Roberts about 1730, although the chapter entitled 'Enchantment demonstrated in the Story of Jack Spriggins and the Enchanted Bean' does not seem to have been added until the edition of 1734.

The tale is there a fantastical one, even by fairy-tale standards; but it seems clear the author is familiar with the traditional story. He tells of 'a dirty, lazy, tatter-de-mallion' lad named Jack, who lives with his grandmother in an apartment

Woodcut from *Round about our Coal-Fire, 1734*, re-engraved



that is no more than a hovel. Nevertheless, the grandmother possesses an enchanted bean which Jack purloins and plants. Instantly the bean sprouts out of the earth, growing so quickly 'it gave Jack a Phillip on the Nose, and made him bleed furiously'. The grandmother, needless to say, is without sympathy, especially as she will now turn into a toad; and she chases Jack up 'the Bean' which is already a mile high. On the way up Jack goes into a tavern and calls for a pot of ale. The landlord is unable to provide light refreshment, but turns into a beautiful lady, 'and in pops a dozen pretty Youths, drest like Pages in green Satin, laced with Silver and white Feathers in their Caps, each of them mounted upon an Hobby-horse finely bedecked with Ribbons, Tinsel and Feathers'. Not even a Blanchard, a Planché, or a Ziegfeld could have devised a more dream-wishy script. Jack is addressed by the titles 'Sovereign Lord of the Manor' and 'Invincible Champion', and given the power of possessing all the pleasures he desires. He takes the metamorphized inn-keeper for wife by declaration, wishes for a bed which instantly materializes 'embroidered with gold and pearls', and subsequently, almost without rousing himself, destroys the giant Gogmagog, and releases a number of knights and several thousand virgins who were being fattened for the giant's breakfast table.

Nonsense such as this, the author suggests, 'some old women first set on foot to amuse children'; and he had finished the tale to show that 'Enchantment proceeds from nothing but the Chit-Chat of an old Nurse, or the Maggots in a Madman's Brain'. Indeed the pamphlet as a whole is a product of the New Enlightenment: an exposure of the raw manners, credulous beliefs, and lucrative impostures, still obtaining in the first half of the eighteenth century.

It is curious, however, that another seventy years were to pass before the story of Jack and the

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Beanstalk was to be printed in full, and that it should then, in 1807, appear twice. It appeared in *The History of Mother Twaddle, and the Marvellous Achievements of Her Son Jack*, by B. A. T., which was one of John Harris's superior copperplate books; and it appeared in a sixpenny booklet, one of a series which the impecunious philosopher William Godwin had edited for Benjamin Tabart.

Further, it is evident that the stories in the two publications emanated from separate sources. Whereas Tabart's publication *The History of Jack and the Bean-Stalk, Printed from the Original Manuscript, Never Before Published*, 1807, which is here reprinted, is the source of all substantial retellings of the story,<sup>1</sup> the tale by B. A. T. is based on a different narrative, even allowing for the fact that it is a metrical rendering. Thus Mother Twaddle finds a sixpence while sweeping her floor and sends her son Jack to market to buy a goose. Instead Jack buys a magical bean from a pedlar, is attacked by his mother when he gets home for his stupidity, plants the bean, and the next morning it has grown so tall 'the top was not seen'. Jack climbs up, and at the top finds a grand house. When he knocks, a damsel, who is apparently the giant's servant, opens the door. She hides Jack under a bed, and gives the 'fe-fo-fan' giant a draught of strong wine when he returns. When the giant has fallen asleep, Jack decapitates the monster with an expertise worthy of a professional giant-killer, sends for his mother, and marries the damsel.

The belief that there is, could be, or ought to be, a means of ascending to a land in the sky is, of course, as old or older than Jacob's Ladder and the Tower of Babel. It seems unnecessary to stress, as some mythologists have done, that to primitive man the sky appeared to be a dome placed on top of the world, when modern man can see this is so for himself, and has to use the full power of his intellect to disbelieve it. In the *Prose Edda* a description is given of the mighty ash tree Yggdrasill which stretched up to heaven; and in Asiatic fiction we can read of a branch of the

<sup>1</sup>Close examination shows that the version given by Jacobs in *English Fairy Tales*, as collected in Australia about 1860, is no more than a literary retelling of the text that had been in print for more than half a century.



Jack arriving at the top of the beanstalk. *The History of Mother Twaddle*, 1807

Bo-tree of Buddha, which on being planted in the ground, sprang upwards to the sky with extraordinary swiftness. Perhaps however a story collected by the Grimm brothers is more closely related.

A countryman carrying turnip seed on his back for which he was to receive a thaler per seed, lost one of his seeds, and received one thaler less than he would have done; but on his way home he found the seed had grown into a tree that reached up to the sky. He thought, as he had the chance, he would climb the tree to see what the angels were doing. So he climbed the tree, and found the angels were threshing oats. He was watching them when he realized the tree on which he was standing was tottering. He looked beneath him to the earth and saw someone was about to cut the tree down. He felt he would have a nasty fall, and did not know how better to save himself than by taking the chaff of the oats which lay in heaps and twisting a rope. He also snatched a hoe and a flail which were lying about in heaven, and let himself down by the rope; but landed on earth in the middle of an exceedingly deep hole. It was a real piece of luck he had brought the hoe, for he cut a flight of steps with it, and climbed up them, not forgetting to bring the flail with him as a token of veracity, so that no one could doubt his story. Anyone who can tell a tale as tall as this, it is unnecessary to add, deserves the hand of the old king's daughter.

## THE HISTORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

In the days of King Alfred, there lived a poor woman, whose cottage was situated in a remote country village, a great many miles from London.

She had been a widow some years, and had an only child, named Jack, whom she indulged to a fault; the consequence of her blind partiality was, that Jack did not pay the least attention to any thing she said, but was indolent, careless, and extravagant. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but that his mother had never checked him. By degrees, she disposed of all she possessed—scarcely any thing remained but a cow.

The poor woman one day met Jack with tears in her eyes; her distress was great, and, for the first time in her life, she could not help reproaching him, saying, 'Indeed, dear son, you have at last brought me to beggary and ruin; I have not money enough to purchase food for another day—nothing remains for me but to sell my cow. I am very sorry to part with her; it grieves me sadly, but we must not starve.'

For five minutes Jack felt a degree of remorse, but it was soon over, and he impertuned his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village. As he was going along, he met a butcher, who enquired why he was driving the cow from home? Jack replied, it was his intention to sell it. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colours, and attracted Jack's notice: this did not pass unnoticed by the butcher, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take advantage of it, and determined not to let slip so good an opportunity, asked what was the price of the cow, offering at the same time all the beans in his hat for her. The silly boy could not express his pleasure at what he supposed so great an offer: the bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached the house, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans, and heard Jack's account, her patience quite forsook her, she kicked the beans away in a passion—they flew in all directions, some were scattered into the garden. The poor woman reflected on her great loss, and was quite in despair. Not having any thing to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke very early in the morning, and, seeing something uncommon from the window of his bedchamber, ran downstairs into the garden, where he soon discovered that some of the beans had taken root, and sprung up surprisingly: the stalks were of an immense thickness, and had so entwined, that they formed a ladder nearly like a chain in appearance.

Looking upwards, he could not discern the top, it appeared to be lost in the clouds: he tried it, found it firm, and not to be shaken. He quickly formed the resolution of

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endeavouring to climb up to the top, in order to seek his fortune, and ran to communicate his intention to his mother, not doubting but she would be equally pleased with himself. She declared he should not go; said he would break her heart, entreated, and threatened, but all in vain. Jack set out, and, after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the bean-stalk, fatigued and quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country: it appeared to be a desert, quite barren: not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature to be seen; here and there were scattered fragments of unhewn stone, and, at unequal distances, small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together. Jack seated himself pensively upon a block of stone, thought of his mother, and reflected with sorrow on his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her inclination: he concluded that he must now die with hunger.

However he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink: presently an infirm looking woman appeared at a distance; as she approached, he saw that she was old, her skin much wrinkled, and her tattered garments

Illustration by Arthur Rackham from Flora Annie Steel's *English Fairy Tales*, 1918





proved poverty. She accosted Jack, enquiring how he came there; he related the circumstance of the bean-stalk. She then asked if he recollected his father? he replied he did not; and added, that there must be some mystery relating to him, for he had frequently asked his mother who his father was, but that she always burst into tears, and appeared violently agitated, nor did she recover herself for some days after; one thing, however, he could not avoid observing upon those occasions, which was, that she always carefully avoided answering him, and even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there were some secret connected with his father's history which she must not disclose.<sup>1</sup>

The old woman replied, 'I will reveal the whole story, your mother must not; but, before I begin, I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I command: I am a fairy, and if you do not perform exactly what I desire, your mother and yourself shall both be destroyed.' Jack was frightened at the old woman's menaces, and promised to fulfil her injunctions exactly, and the fairy thus addressed him:—'Your father was a rich man, his disposition remarkably benevolent; he was very good to the poor, and constantly relieving them: he made it a rule never to let a day pass without doing a kindness to some person. On one particular day in the week he kept open house, and invited only those who were reduced and had lived well. He always presided himself, and did all in his power to render his guests comfortable; the rich and the great were not invited. The servants were all happy, and greatly attached to their master and mistress. Your father, though only a private gentleman, was as rich as a prince, and he deserved all he possessed, for he only lived to do good. Such a man was soon known and talked of. A Giant lived a great many miles off; this man was altogether as wicked as your father was good: he was in his heart envious, covetous, and cruel; but he had the art of concealing those vices. He was poor, and wished to enrich himself at any rate.

'Hearing your father spoken of, he was determined to become acquainted with him, hoping to ingratiate himself into your father's favour. He removed quickly into your neighbourhood, caused it to be reported that he was a gentleman who had just lost all he possessed by an earthquake, and found it difficult to escape with his life; his wife was with him. Your father gave credit to his story and pitied him; he gave him handsome apartments in his own house, and caused himself and his wife to be treated like visitors of consequence, little imagining that the Giant was meditating a horrid return for all his favours. Things went on in this way some time, the Giant becoming daily more impatient to put his plan into execution; at last a favourable opportunity presented itself. Your father's house was at some distance from the sea-shore, but with a good glass the coast could be seen distinctly. The Giant was one day using the tele-

<sup>1</sup>In *The Child's Own Book*, c. 1837, the person Jack meets is 'a handsome young woman', dressed 'in the most elegant manner', and with 'a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold'. In *Merry Tales for Little Folk*, 1868, she is 'a young and beautiful woman hovering over him'. One reason for such changes was to make the character agree with illustrations which were already to hand.

'The Giant's Fall.' Colour wood-engraving from Gall and Inglis's Nursery Toy Book *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, 1871



scope; the wind was very high; he saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rocks; he hastened to your father, mentioned the circumstance, and eagerly requested he would send all the servants he could spare to relieve the sufferers. Every one was instantly dispatched, except the porter and your nurse; the Giant then joined your father in the study, and appeared to be delighted—he really was so. Your father recommended a favourite book, and was handing it down: the Giant took the opportunity and stabbed him, he instantly fell dead; the Giant left the body, found the porter and nurse, and presently dispatched them. You were then only three months old; your mother had you in her arms in a remote part of the house, and was ignorant of what was going on; she went into the study, but how was she shocked, on discovering your father a corpse, and weltering in his blood! She was stupified with horror and grief, and was motionless. The Giant, who was seeking her, found her in that state, and hastened to serve her and you as he had done her husband, but she fell at his feet, and in a pathetic manner besought him to spare your life and her's.

'The cruel Giant, for a short time, was struck with remorse, and spared your life and her's; but first he made her swear solemnly, that she never would inform you who your father was, or answer any questions concerning him: assuring her, that if she did he would certainly discover her, and put both of you to death in the most cruel manner. Your mother took you in her arms, and fled as quick as possible; she was scarcely gone, when the Giant repented that he had suffered her to escape; he would have pursued her instantly, but he had his own safety to provide for, as it was necessary he should be gone before the servants returned. Having gained your father's confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure: he soon loaded himself and his wife, set the house on fire in several places, and when the servants returned the house was burnt down to the ground.

'Your poor mother, forlorn, abandoned, and forsaken, wandered with you a great many miles from this scene of desolation; fear added to her haste: she settled in the cottage where you were brought up, and it was entirely owing to her fear of the giant that she has never mentioned your father to you.

'I became your father's guardian at his birth; but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the Giant went to your father's, I transgressed; my punishment was a total suspension of power for a limited time: an unfortunate circumstance, as it prevented my succouring your father. The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was restored. It was I who secretly prompted you to take the beans in exchange for your cow. By my power, the bean-stalk grew to so great a height and formed a ladder. I need not add, that I inspired you with a strong desire to ascend the ladder.

'The Giant lives in this country; you are the person appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will have dangers and difficulties to encounter, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father, or you will not prosper in any of your undertakings, but always be miserable. As to the Giant's possessions, you may seize

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upon all with impunity; for every thing he has is your's, though now you are unjustly deprived of it. One thing I strictly charge you—never let your mother be made acquainted with your journies beforehand; the thought of it would kill her, for she has not yet thoroughly overcome the fright she encountered at your father's death.\* Go along the direct road, you will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. Remember the severe punishment that awaits you if you disobey my commands.' So saying the fairy disappeared, leaving Jack to pursue his journey.

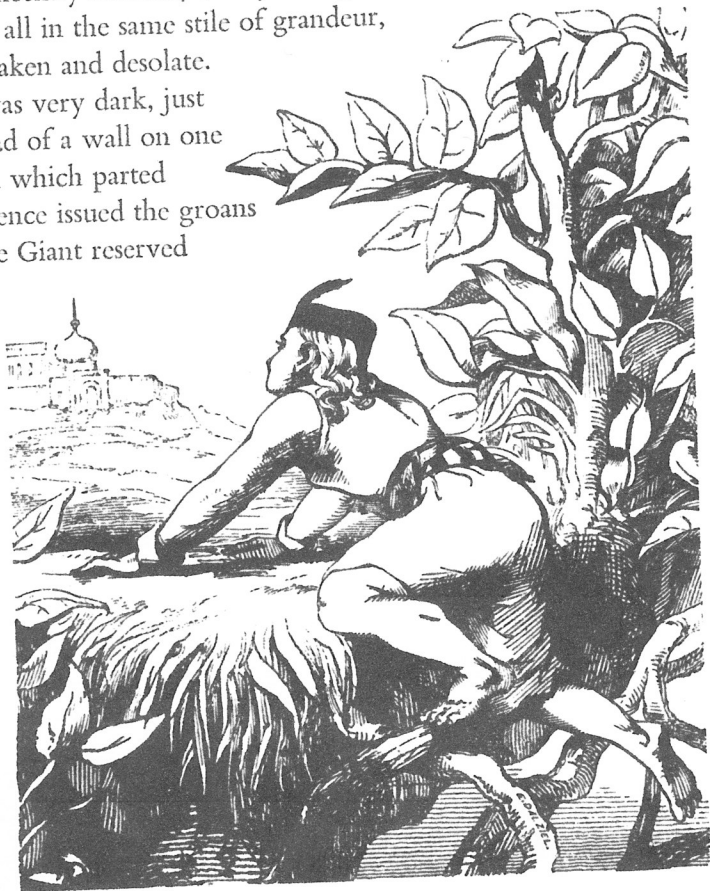
He walked until after sun-set, and soon, to his great joy, espied a large mansion. A plain looking woman was standing at the door, he accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed great surprise on seeing him, said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a large and powerful Giant, and that he would never eat any thing but human flesh, if he could possibly get it; that he did not think any thing of walking fifty miles to procure it, usually being out all day for that purpose.

This account terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the Giant, and therefore again he entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him in the oven. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a compassionate disposition. She gave him plenty to eat and drink, and took him into the house. First they entered a large hall, magnificently furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, all in the same stile of grandeur, though they appeared to be forsaken and desolate.

A long gallery was next; it was very dark, just light enough to shew that instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron which parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those poor victims whom the Giant reserved in confinement for his own voracious appetite. Poor Jack

\*Jack could not bear to deceive his mother, and besides, he knew it would make her more uneasy to set off clandestinely, than to inform her of his journey. The fairy, at first, strongly opposed this; but Jack entreated her so earnestly, that she reluctantly consented: he promised to make it appear as a frolic of his own, and not that he acted by her commands. [Editor's note 1807.]

Wood-engraving by E. Dalziel after C. W. Cope, for *The Lively History of Jack and the Beanstalk*, 1844







*The Giant & Jack in the Oven.*

Copperplate from Tabart's *History of Jack and the Bean-stalk*, 1807

was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to be with his mother again, but that he feared could never be; for he gave himself up for lost, and now mistrusted the good woman. At the farther end of the gallery there was a winding staircase, which led them into a spacious kitchen; a very good fire was burning in the grate, and Jack, not seeing any thing to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fears, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the street-door; the Giant's wife ran to secure him in the oven, and then made what haste she could to let her husband in, and Jack heard him accost her in a voice like thunder, saying, 'Wife, I smell fresh meat.' 'Oh! my dear,' she replied, 'it is nothing but the people in the dungeon.' The Giant appeared to believe her, and walked down stairs into the very kitchen, where poor Jack was, who shook, trembled, and was more terrified than he had yet been.

At last, the monster seated himself quietly by the fire-side, whilst his wife prepared supper. By degrees Jack recovered himself sufficiently to look at the Giant through a crevice; he was astonished to see how much he devoured, and thought he never would have done eating and drinking. When supper was ended, the Giant desired his wife to bring him his hen. A very beautiful hen was brought, and placed upon the table before him. Jack's curiosity was very great to see what would happen; he observed that every time the Giant said 'lay', the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The Giant amused himself a long time with the hen, meanwhile his wife went to bed. At length the Giant fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon. At day-break, Jack finding the Giant not likely to be soon roused, crept softly out of his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her.

He met with some difficulty in finding his way out the house, but at last he reached the road in safety, without fear of pursuit: he easily found the way to the bean-stalk, and descended it better and quicker than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him; he found her crying bitterly, and lamenting his fate, for she concluded he had come to some shocking end through his rashness.

Jack was impatient to shew his hen, and inform his mother how valuable it was. 'And now, mother,' said Jack, 'I have brought home that which will quickly make you rich without any trouble: I hope I have made you some amends for the affliction I have caused you through my idleness, extravagance, and folly.'—The hen produced

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them as many eggs as they desired; they sold them, and in a little time became very rich. For some months Jack and his mother lived happily together; but he being very desirous of travelling,\* longed to climb the bean-stalk and pay the Giant another visit, in order to carry off some more of his treasures; for during the time Jack was in the Giant's mansion, whilst he lay concealed in the oven, he learned from the conversation which took place between the Giant and his wife, that he possessed some great curiosities. Jack thought on his journey again and again; but still he could not determine how to break it to his mother, being well assured that she would be quite resolved to prevent his going. One day, he told her boldly that he must take a journey up the bean-stalk; she begged he would not think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him, saying, that the Giant could not fail of knowing him, and would desire no better than to get him into his power, that he might put him to a cruel death, in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen.

Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, pretended to give up the point, though resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared, which would disguise him, and with something to discolour his skin, he thought it impossible for any one to recollect him. In a few mornings after discoursing with his mother, he rose very early, put on his disguise, changed his complexion, and, unperceived by any one, climbed the bean-stalk. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top, and very hungry. Having rested some time on one of the stones, he pursued his journey to the Giant's mansion. He reached it late in the evening, the woman was standing at the door as usual; Jack accosted her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requested she would give him some victuals and drink, and a night's lodging. She told him what he knew before full well, concerning her husband, and also that she one night admitted a poor, hungry, distressed boy, who was half dead with travelling; that he stole one of the Giant's treasures, and, ever since that, her husband was worse than before, and used her very cruelly, continually upbraiding her with being the cause of his loss. Jack was at no loss to discover that he was attending to the account of a story in which he was the principal actor: he did his best to persuade the good woman to admit him, but he found it a very hard task.

At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack observed that every thing was just as he had found it before; she took him into the kitchen, and hid him in an old lumber-closet. The Giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to the foundation. He seated himself by a good fire, saying, 'I smell fresh meat;' the wife replied it was the crows, who had brought a piece of carrion, and laid it at the top of the house upon the leads.

Whilst supper was preparing, the Giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough; she,

\*Recollecting the fairy's commands, and fearing that if he delayed she would put her threats into execution. [Editor's note 1807.]

however, was always so fortunate as to elude the blow: he was also continually upbraiding her with the loss of his hen.

The Giant, at last, having finished his voracious supper, and eaten till he was quite satisfied, said to his wife—'I must have something to amuse me—either my bags of money or my harp.' After a great deal of ill-humour, and having teased his wife some time, he commanded her to bring his bags of gold and silver. Jack, as before, peeped out of his hiding-place, and presently the woman brought two bags into the room; they were of an immense size, one was filled with new guineas, the other with new shillings. They were both placed before the Giant, he reprimanded his wife most severely for staying so long; the poor woman replied, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy she could scarcely lift them, and concluded, at last, that she never could bring them down stairs, adding, that she had nearly fainted owing to their weight. This so exasperated the Giant, that he raised his hand to strike her; she, however, escaped and went to bed, leaving him to count over his treasures by way of amusement.

First, the bag containing the silver was emptied, and the contents placed upon the table. Jack viewed the glittering heaps with delight, and most heartily wished the contents in his own possession. The Giant (little thinking himself so narrowly watched) reckoned the silver over and over again, then put it all carefully into the bag, which he made very secure. The other bag was opened next, and the guineas placed upon the table. If Jack was pleased at sight of the silver, how much more delighted he felt when he saw such a heap of gold: he had the boldness even to think of gaining it; but soon recollecting himself, he feared the Giant would feign sleep, in order the better to entrap any one who might be concealed. The gold was put up as the silver had been before, and, if possible, more securely. The Giant snored aloud; Jack could compare his noise to nothing but the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in. At last Jack, concluding him to be asleep, and therefore secure, stole out of his hiding place, and approached the Giant, in order to carry off the two bags of money; but, just as he laid his hand upon one of the bags, a little dog, whom he had not perceived before, started out from under the Giant's chair, and barked at Jack most furiously, who gave himself up for lost; fear rivetted him to the spot—instead of running he stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every minute. Contrary, however, to expectation, the Giant continued in a sound sleep—the dog grew weary of barking; Jack, looking round, saw a large piece of meat, which he threw to the dog, who took it into the lumber-closet which Jack had just left.

He found himself thus delivered from a noisy and troublesome enemy; and, as the Giant did not awake, Jack seized both the bags, and carried them away; he reached the street-door in safety, and found it quite day-light. In his way to the top of the bean-stalk the only difficulty he had to encounter arose from the weight of the bags, and really they were so heavy he could hardly carry them. Jack was overjoyed when he found himself near the bean-stalk; he soon reached the bottom, and immediately ran to seek his mother. To his great surprise, the cottage was deserted, he went from

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one room to another, without being able to find any one; he then went out into the street, hoping to see some of the neighbours, who could inform him where he might find his mother. An old woman said she was at a neighbour's, ill of a fever, and directed him to the house where she was. He was shocked on finding her apparently dying, and could scarcely bear his own reflections on knowing himself to be the cause. On being told of his return, by degrees she revived, and began to recover gradually. Jack presented her with his two valuable bags; they lived happily and comfortably: the cottage was repaired and well furnished. For three years Jack heard no more of the bean-stalk, but he could not forget it; though he feared making his mother unhappy; she would not mention the bean-stalk, lest it might remind him of taking another journey. Notwithstanding the comforts Jack enjoyed, his mind dwelt upon the bean-stalk;\* he could not think of any thing else, it was in vain endeavouring to amuse himself. His mother found that something preyed upon his mind, and endeavoured to discover the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be to disclose the cause of his melancholy to her. He did his utmost therefore to conquer the great desire he felt for another journey up the bean-stalk; however, finding the inclination grew too powerful for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey, and, on the longest day, arose as soon as it was light, ascended the bean-stalk, and reached the top with some trouble. He found the road, journey, &c. much as it

\*For the fairy's menaces in case of disobedience on his part, were ever present to his imagination. [Editor's note 1807.]

Colour wood-engraving from  
*Our Nurse's Picture Book*, 1869



had been the two former times; he arrived at the Giant's mansion in the evening, and found his wife standing at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely, that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; however, when he pleaded hunger and poverty in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper. When the Giant returned in the evening, he said, 'I smell fresh meat,' but Jack felt quite composed, as he had said so before, and was soon satisfied; however, the Giant started up suddenly, and, notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all around the room. Whilst this was going on, Jack was terrified exceedingly, and ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times; but when the Giant approached the oven, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death-warrant was signed. The Giant ended his search there, without moving the lid of the copper, and seated himself quietly. This fright nearly overcame poor Jack; he was afraid of moving or even breathing, lest he should be heard. The Giant at last ate a great supper; when he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the copper-lid, and soon saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined; it was placed by the Giant, he said 'play,' and it instantly played of its own accord, without being touched. The music was very fine, Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp into his possession, than either of the former treasures. The Giant's soul was not attuned to harmony, and the music lulled him into a sound sleep. Now therefore was the time to carry off the harp, and the Giant appeared to be in a more profound sleep than usual. Jack quickly determined, got out of the oven, and took the harp. The harp was a fairy; it called out loudly 'master! master! master!' The Giant awoke, stood up, and tried to pursue Jack, but he had drunk so much that he could not stand. Poor Jack ran as fast as he could; in a little time the Giant was sufficiently recovered to walk slowly, or rather to reel, after him; had he been sober he must have overtaken Jack instantly; but, as he then was, Jack contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk, the Giant calling to him all the way he went, and sometimes he was very near him. The moment Jack set his foot on the bean-stalk, he called for a hatchet; one was brought directly; he soon reached the ground, just at that instant the Giant was beginning to come down; but Jack with his hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off to the root, which made the Giant fall into the garden—the fall killed him. Jack's mother was delighted when she saw the bean stalk destroyed;\* he heartily begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow and affliction he had caused her, promising faithfully to be very dutiful and obedient to her for the future. He proved as good as his word, and was a pattern of affectionate behaviour and attention to parents. His mother and he lived together a great many years, and continued to be always very happy.

\*At that instant the fairy appeared; she first addressed Jack's mother, and explained every circumstance relating to the journies up the bean-stalk. Jack was now fully cleared in the opinion of his mother. The fairy then charged Jack to be dutiful and affectionate to his mother, and to follow his father's good example, which was the only way to be respectable and happy. She then took her leave of them, and disappeared. [Editor's note 1807.]

The story of Jacob and Lotte from two sisters whose brother was Lotte. The spitefulness was in fact of the nineteenth century. It has been found from Ireland from North an

The tale European for an old story. influence. T which lay S beautiful as t of the story tale 8) pub was a novel or appeared stuck in her secretly in lovely, so discovered i intense jeal merone, prin throws light White whi one else—the fact that when aban not much of mature enc discovers he explained th incarceration girl, and th 'keeping p Pentamerone