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THE  
HOME TREASURY



JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

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# *The Home Treasury.*

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## The Lively History of *JACK & the BEANSTALK:*

Setting forth for the first time during many years

A faithful and particular Account of that  
*Hero's Wonderful Adventures in the Coun-*  
*try of the Beanstalk, and his Triumph*  
over the murderous *Giant*  
who inhabited it:

*The History being told by* HARRIET JACKSON *the posses-*  
*sor of the MS. Documents of Jack's Family,*  
*and the Pictures painted by a*  
*young Master,*



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## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

**I**N a small village, at some distance from London, lived a poor widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. He delighted in scrambling along the steepest and most inaccessible parts of the rocks and cliffs, in search of birds' eggs, or anything else which caught his fancy or his eye; he cared not a rush for tumbles or disasters of any kind. He would climb to the top of one of the highest trees overhanging some steep precipice, and lying along the swinging branches, wave his

hat above his head, and scream with delight. All the boys in the neighbourhood acknowledged him as their leader in all feats of dexterity and daring. Many a time he got into sad disgrace for enticing them from their work to follow him over hill and dale, through brooks and hedges, in some wild freak or other.

But it was very idle of Jack to spend all his time in fun and frolic; he would not work or do anything useful, by which he might assist his mother in earning money to buy them food and clothing. This was partly owing to the foolish manner in which his mother had brought him up, for she had not courage or good sense to make him do anything which was disagreeable to him: she was so foolishly fond of him, that she only thought of the present moment, and as she liked to see him look smiling and happy, she did not consider what



would be the consequence, when he became a man, of the idleness in which she now indulged him ; or how miserable and unhappy an idle, useless person always becomes.

As Jack grew older, and cost more money than he used to do when he was a little child, his mother became poorer every year, so that she was obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another, until she had little else remaining in her house except her bed, a table, and a couple of chairs.

She had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. It supplied them with milk and butter, which she used to carry to market to sell, after setting aside a small quantity for their own use.

But now the time had arrived when she must part with that too ; and as, with tears in her eyes, she brought out the cow to feed it

for the last time, before Jack should drive it to market, she could not forbear reproaching him, and saying, "Ah! my child, if you had not been so idle, and had worked ever so little to help me, we need not have sold my poor Brindle. But now it must be sold. It is a great grief to me to part with her; take her, Jack, and be sure, that you make the best bargain you can; she is a famous cow, and ought to fetch us a good round sum."

Jack, too, felt very sorry to part with poor Brindle; so he walked along rather sadly for some time, driving the cow before him: by degrees he forgot his grief, and then began to whistle, and loiter to pick blackberries. On the road he met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought very pretty, and which he thought he should like to have to play with; they were speckled, and Jack could not take his eyes off them.



The butcher, who was a bit of a rogue, saw how eagerly Jack eyed his Beans, and said, "Do you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow!"

"Yes," answered Jack, "I do."

"Well," said the butcher, "I will buy her of you, if you like, which will save you the trouble of driving her any farther; and as you seem to have taken such a fancy to these Beans, I will give you the whole hat-full, in exchange for your cow."

Jack was delighted, he seized the hat, and ran back to his mother. His mother had so constantly given him whatever he wished for, that he now always expected every whim to be gratified; and he had become so selfish that he thought of no one but himself. In this instance, he only thought of the pleasure of possessing the Beans, and never once thought of the distress his mother would feel when he

should return without the money which she so much needed. “What! back so soon, Jack!” said his mother to herself, when she saw him running towards her,—“then I guess you have had good luck;” and she called out as he came towards her, “What luck, Jack? what luck?”

Jack was too much out of breath to answer; but as he ran forward heedlessly, his foot slipped, and he fell at his mother’s feet, while the Beans rolled out of the hat, and covered the ground.

“Jack, Jack!” said his mother, “why are you so careless? Get up and give me the money;” and she held out her hand to assist him to rise: but Jack, without answering, turned over on his hands and knees, and began to pick up the Beans.

“What signify the Beans?” said his mother impatiently, “get up and give me the money.”



Jack's tumble had sobered him a little, and when he heard his mother ask for the money so impatiently, he felt afraid to speak, and the colour rose to his cheeks as he thought that perhaps his mother would not like his bargain; however, he soon shook off these thoughts, and called out in his usual reckless way, "It's of no use to fret, mother, but I haven't brought you any money."

"Not brought me any money!" said his mother distractedly, "why, Jack, you cannot mean it; then where is my cow?"

"Sold, mother; and see what I have got for it," and he offered the hat of Beans to his mother. His mother sobbed as if her heart would break; and saying, "Of what use are these foolish beans?" she opened the window, and threw them all out into the garden.

Jack burst into tears, and went to bed with a sad heart, feeling at last very sorry for his

folly, and wishing that he could do something to comfort his mother and earn some money for her. At last he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the room had an unusual look about it. He hardly knew if it was morning yet: some little random gleams of sunshine played upon the wall, though the room seemed generally shadowed. He sprang out of bed, and walked to the window, and found, to his great astonishment, that one of the Beans which his mother had thrown out into the garden, had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds, and he could not see where it ended. The stalks were so closely entwined that he thought he could easily climb up, and he felt a very strong desire to do so, and to see what was at the top. He scrambled on his clothes, and was in such a hurry that he forgot to put his stockings on. He crept softly



down stairs, in order that he should not disturb his mother so early, and he quietly lifted the latch of the cottage door.

The morning air was cool and fresh, and Jack felt full of spirits and eagerness to mount the Beanstalk. He put his foot on a branch and found that it would bear him—then he tried another—then another—“It will bear me, I find,” exclaimed Jack. “So here goes.” And he tore off his cloak and flung it down, lest it should be in his way.

Up! up! up! he goes, climbing as nimbly as a squirrel. He put forth all his strength, and got on famously. After some time he rested, and, looking down, could only just see his mother’s cottage, but he could see the spires of many churches a long way off. Up! up! again he goes—the Beanstalk seemed to get steeper and steeper, yet he did not reach the top. Jack’s heart begins to beat more

quickly, and his breath gets shorter. His legs and arms tremble, and his foot often slips. Jack began to despair, and thought he could go no further; but after resting for a short time he resolved not to lose his courage, so he again put forth his strength, and at last he reached the very top. He fell down on the ground quite exhausted. He lay in this state some minutes, when he raised himself to look about him. Every thing looked so dreary and gloomy that he became quite melancholy, and began to wish heartily that he was back again with his mother.

He was exceedingly hungry as well as fatigued. At last he fell asleep, and all at once he seemed to be carried through the air, until he came to a beautiful garden, where he was placed on a bed of the softest moss; he looked around in surprise, and began to wonder to whom this beautiful place belonged,





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when hearing a rustling noise, he looked up, and beheld, floating in the air, a slight but beautiful creature, in robes of lily white, spangled with gold, which looked like glistening stars. A long train floated behind her, richly fringed with gold and pearls, and supported by two beautiful little cherubs; her golden pinions struck the air, and her long flowing hair, crowned with roses, danced in the sunshine. As she came near, she seemed to smile sweetly upon Jack, and at last alighting on a rosebud which grew near, she turned to him, and said in a silvery toned voice, "If thou art wise, look and learn."

She waved her wand and Jack saw a magnificent house, in the hall of which he could perceive a crowd of poor people, to whom the master of the house was distributing money, clothes, and food; there was a lady too, with a baby in her arms. The fairy again waved

her wand, and Jack saw an enormous Giant advance to the door, he was welcomed like the rest, and feasted with all manner of dainties. The fairy waved her wand a third time; all became dark, as if night had set in, and Jack saw the Giant stalk stealthily to the room where his host lay, and with one blow of his club lay him lifeless before him. The fairy waved her wand once more, and Jack saw the lady, whom he now perceived to resemble his own mother, rush out of the house, with her baby in her arms, and run as fast as if her feet were winged, whilst the Giant loaded himself with bags of money, a golden hen, a beautiful harp, and every thing that was valuable, and then set fire to the house.

All vanished: Jack started, and opening his eyes, found that the daylight was nearly gone; he felt stiff and almost famished with hunger; looking round the plain he saw a large house



as far off as he could see. He crawled on until he came to the door, at which he knocked.

The door was opened by a timid looking woman, who started when she saw him, and cried out, "Oh, fly, fly, poor boy, before my husband comes back, do you not know that he is a cruel Giant, and that if he find you here, he will eat you up? Run child, run quick!" and the woman pushed him away gently but earnestly. Jack looked at her with curiosity; her face was frightfully pale and thin; her cheekbones projected, while her eyes were sunken and hollow: she stooped, and her head drooped like that of a person who lives in constant fear and dread. Jack shuddered, but there was a kind, pitying look about her, which made him determine not to give up the point.

"I cannot run away," said he, "because I am quite tired out with a long day's journey,

and I have had nothing to eat all day ; pray, pray, good woman, let me in, you may put me anywhere, if you will but give me some supper and a place to sleep in. There is no other house to be seen, and it is almost dark ; pray, good mother, take me in, said Jack, taking hold of her gown and looking in her face entreatingly. I cannot go any farther to-night, indeed I cannot,”

The woman, who was very kind hearted, saw how tired Jack looked, and how sore and swollen his feet were, she therefore told him, though very reluctantly, that she would do the best she could for him. She brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread and meat, and a fine foaming jug of ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed : he watched the woman who was basting an enormous ox roasting before the fire, and Jack was just thinking what



a large appetite the Giant must have, when the woman suddenly stopped and listened; she started, and saying, “My husband! quick, quick; he comes—he comes:” she opened the door of the oven and bid Jack jump in: but before she could shut it close, the knocker fell with a noise that made Jack’s heart leap in his bosom: he could feel the whole house rock as knock succeeded knock—louder and yet louder; for the poor woman could not open the door until she had hastily swept the remains of Jack’s dinner into her apron, and thrown them at the bottom of the cupboard. At last she went, trembling in every limb, to open the door.

“How dost thou dare keep me waiting at the door?” bellowed the Giant in a voice of thunder; “I have a great mind to grind thy bones to flour! Woman, tell me what mischief thou wast brewing, whilst I was away.”

He raised his club to give her a blow, which

she avoided by falling suddenly on her knees before him; she escaped the blow, but the wind which it caused threw her prostrate on the floor. She raised herself on her knees again, and with many tears entreated his mercy, saying that she was so busy about his dinner, that she did not think it was time for him to come back.

The Giant listened for an instant, and then snuffing up the air and striking his club with force against the ground, cried out, as he gnashed his teeth, and darted fire from his eyes:

“Snouk but, Snouk ben,  
I smell the smell of earthly men.”

Jack trembled in his hiding place; his heart beat so violently that he thought he should be suffocated, as he listened for the poor woman's answer.



“ Oh no,” said the wife, trembling more and more, “ the hide of the ox smells very fresh, which I threw out before it was cold.” The Giant was both tired and hungry, so that when he turned to the fire, towards which his wife pointed, and saw the fine fat ox, his passion cooled a little, and he demanded, in an angry voice, what she had got so wonderful for his dinner, to keep him waiting at the door for it. The poor woman, who now began to breathe more freely, answered that she would show him soon. Then she made haste to set before him an immense barrel of strong ale ; he seized it greedily, and putting the bunghole to his mouth, drained it to the bottom, whilst she placed upon the table a tub of soup. This was followed by eight fine salmon, which were quickly eaten ; then came an ox, then a sheep, then a sucking pig ; then the wife brought in a fine fat buck. As the Giant struck his great

knife into the white muscle of the haunch, his mouth seemed to water again. There was a basket of loaves, and to crown all a hasty pudding full of plums, and so large was it, that if all the children you know had sat down to it, they could not have finished it at a meal. She then rolled in two more barrels of ale, and three of mead, the sight of which so delighted the greedy Giant, that he quite forgot his anger. With eager looks and gaping mouth he swallowed the contents of one dish after another, laughing hideously and crying out, "Oh, rare wife, what next, what next?" until he became so stupified that he could go on no longer.

When Jack had recovered a little from his fright, he ventured to open the door of the oven very gently, in order to get a peep at the Giant, but he was very near betraying himself, for he was so terrified, he nearly slammed the door, and could hardly help screaming out.



The Giant seemed to him exactly like the one he had seen in his dream. The Giant's enormous head, which was covered with shaggy hair, just like a black bear's, seemed nearly to reach the ceiling; his large eyes were red and swollen with excess, and seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire; his huge mouth was tusked like that of a wild boar, and his teeth grinned fearfully, as he bolted the enormous lumps of flesh which his wife placed before him. His legs were extended so far from him that he did not seem to know where to put them; and when Jack saw him throw back his head and brandish his great knife as he began to eat, he shut the door, and fairly wished himself at home once more in his mother's cottage.

After the Giant could swallow no more he called out to his wife. "Wife, bring me my hen, that I may amuse myself before I go to sleep."

Jack peeped out again, and saw the wife place a hen—the same he had seen in his dream, on the table; he noticed that when the Giant said “lay,” the hen laid a golden egg. The Giant repeated the word “lay” several times, until he had collected as many eggs as he wanted; he then called out with such loud merriment, that it made Jack jump even in the oven. “Ah, ah, wasn’t it the best day’s work I ever did, to knock out the brains of your master, my pretty hen, and get all the good things for myself?”

He soon fell asleep, and Jack, who watched him as he lay snoring and grunting in his chair, pushed open the door of the oven, and creeping out softly seized the hen off the table, and putting it under his arm, opened the door and ran off without disturbing the Giant.

Away ran Jack scouring along the ground,



till he came to the Beanstalk; he was much sooner and easier at the bottom of it now than at its top in the morning; and running to his mother, he told her all his adventure.

His mother recognised the hen to have belonged to her husband, Jack's father. The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and another house, and every thing which she desired.

But Jack soon got tired of leading so easy a life; he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk once more. His mother tried to persuade him not to go; she said the Giant would surely eat him this time: "Pray be content, my dear Jack," said she, "with what you have already got."

But Jack could not rest, so he got up early the next morning, and disguising himself that he might not be known, he climbed the Bean-

stalk, which it was much easier to do this time, and went straight to the Giant's house.

He knocked at the door, and when the Giant's wife opened it, he spoke in a feigned voice, and asked her for pity's sake to give him a night's lodging. He found it very difficult to persuade her; she said a youth, whom she had taken in once before, had stolen her husband's hen, and that he had never forgiven her. However, at last Jack prevailed, and she hid him in the cupboard; he could not help trembling when he heard the stalking strides of the Giant as he approached the door. He seemed more savage to his wife than before, and as he growled out,

"Snouk but, Snouk ben,  
I smell the smell of earthly men"

he glared so fearfully upon her, that Jack felt as much afraid for her as for himself. She



said, however, timidly, "It's a piece of flesh which the crows have brought to the top of the house," and hastened away directly to set his dinner before him. Jack peeped out of the cupboard, and saw him feed as voraciously as before.

The whole time he was eating his dinner he upbraided his wife because he had lost his hen; and this time, when he had finished his dinner, he gave her a push which sent her flying before him, and said, "Now bring me my bags of money, that I may count them before I sleep: I suppose I shall lose them next; beware if I do!"

The woman flew up the stairs, but returned very slowly with two immense bags, which were so heavy that she could hardly carry them.

Jack peeped out and saw the Giant open one of the bags and roll out upon the table a quantity of silver coins, which he counted twice

over, and then putting them back into the bag, he tied it tightly up; he then emptied the other bag, and Jack saw that these coins were all of gold; the Giant played with them for some time, and then tying up the bag again, he said exultingly. “Wasn’t it the best day’s work I ever did, to knock your master’s brains out, and get all the good things for myself?”

Soon after he fell asleep, and Jack came out softly and seized the bags of money; but just as he had got hold of them “bow wow,” barked a little dog belonging to the Giant’s wife, most violently.

Jack felt rooted to the spot: he could move neither hand nor foot. Still the Giant continued snoring. Jack took courage, and putting the bags of money under his arm, opened the door, and ran as fast as he could; he descended the Beanstalk and was soon at his mother’s door.

His mother was delighted to see him with



the bags of money, which she also knew to be her husband's: but she said, "Ah, my dear Jack, in what terror I have been all day, for fear I should never see you more!"

They were now quite rich, and could buy whatever they desired, but Jack again became fidgetty and restless, and again he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk. His mother's tears and entreaties had no effect, and Jack, having first stained his face and hands with walnut juice until they were quite brown, and put on another coloured jacket, climbed up the Beanstalk a third time.

He knocked at the Giant's door, but had still more trouble than before to persuade the woman to let him in; she said that the Giant had had his money and a favourite hen stolen by some boys whom she had taken compassion on, and that he was so cross and ill-tempered, that she was sure he would kill her if he found

her out again. However Jack begged and prayed so much that she at last let him go in, and hid him this time in the copper ; the Giant came stalking in as before, and directly he set his foot in the kitchen he sniffed up the air—and looked cunningly about the room saying very slowly,

“ Snouk but—Snouk ben,—Snouk-be-e-n,  
I smell—I smell the smell of earthly men.”

But his wife said, “ It is the young kid which I have been skinning for to-morrow’s breakfast.” The giant growled fiercely, and taunting her for the loss of his hen and his money, said, “ If I lose any thing more, thy life shall pay for it.”

When he had finished his dinner he said, “ Wife, bring me my harp, that it may play me to sleep.” His wife brought a very beautiful harp, which she placed on the table, and



to Jack's great astonishment, when the Giant said "play," the harp began to play of itself, the most beautiful music imaginable.

Jack waited until the Giant was fast asleep and snoring loudly, and then crept out of the copper, and taking the harp off the table, he opened the door; but just as he was going to shut it again, the harp, which was itself a fairy, called out "Master! master!"

The Giant started up, but was so stupified with the quantity of dinner which he had eaten, and the ale and mead which he had drunk, that it was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but he could not walk straight, so that Jack, who ran very nimbly, got to the top of the Beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great was his horror to see the huge hand of the Giant stretched down to seize him by the

hair of his head! He was so terrified, that his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head; he slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk hardly knowing how, and seeing the Giant just putting his feet over the top as if he were coming down too, he called out, "Quick, mother, dear mother! A hatchet, a hatchet!"

His mother heard his voice and ran out directly with a hatchet. Jack seized the hatchet, and began to chop away at the trunk of the Beanstalk: when he had chopped it quite through, down it fell, bringing along with it the enormous giant. He fell so heavily that he was killed in the fall, and lay on the ground like some huge mountain. Jack cut off his head.

That night as Jack was asleep in his bed the fairy appeared again, and said: "Now, my dear Jack, you may take possession of all your father's property again, as I see that you will





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make a good use of it, and become a useful and good man. It was I who made the Beanstalk grow to such an astonishing height, in order to see whether you would have the courage to mount it. If you had remained as idle and lazy as you once were, I should not have exerted my power to help you to recover your property, and enable you to take care of your mother in her old age. I trust that you will make as good a use of it as your father once did : and now farewell."

What became of the Giant's house, or his wife, or the country at the top of the Beanstalk, I have never been able to learn.

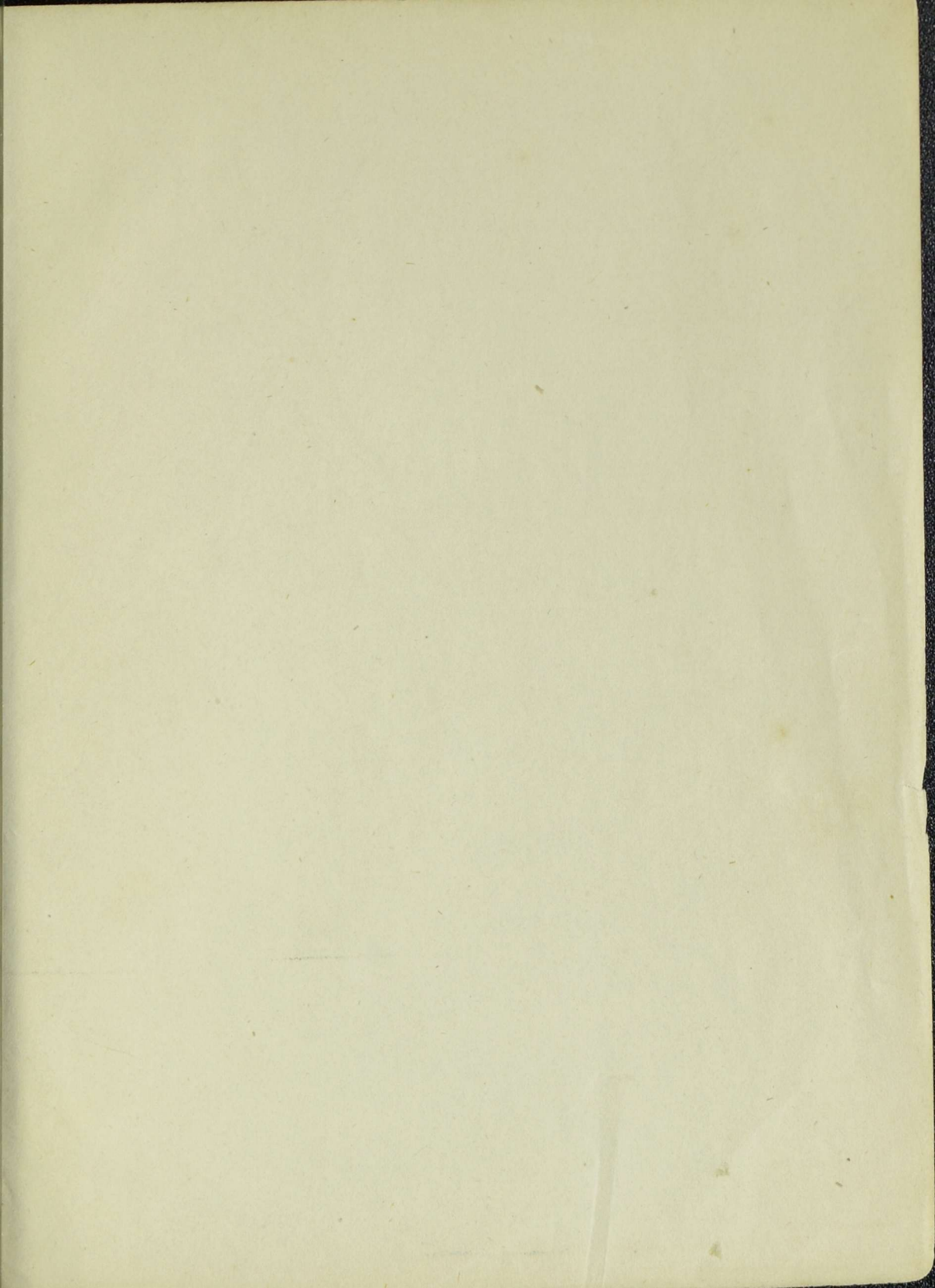
*The End of Jack and the Beanstalk.*

31  
I have a good use of it and become a useful  
and good man. It was I who made the house  
and grew to such an astonishing height in  
order to see whether you would have the con-  
fidence to entrust me. If you had remained as idle  
and lazy as you once were, I should not have  
exercised my power to help you to recover your  
property, and enable you to take care of your  
mother in her old age. I trust that you will  
make a good use of it as your father once did,  
and now I will.

What I mean is the Great Power, or his  
will, or the coming of the top of the House.  
I have never been able to learn.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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