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THE
HISTORY
OF
Goody Two Shoes.

Ornamented with elegant coloured engravings



FROM
Miller's Juvenile Library.

ONE SHILLING.

2527 f.
1473

Charles Grosley.

From his affectionate
Mamma

June 10th 1813.

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Two Shoes going her rounds
to teach the Farmers children.

THE
HISTORY OF
GOODY TWO SHOES

Embellished with Col^d Engravings.



Published by R. Miller, Old Fish Street.



Goody Two Shoes.



THE real name of the little girl who was called "Goody Two Shoes," was Margery Meanwell. Her father was for many years a respectable farmer in the parish where she was born; but misfortunes, and the persecutions of his oppressed landlord, Sir Timothy Gripe, and an over-rich neighbouring farmer, called Graspall, effectually ruined the worthy Meanwell.

Margery's father took pains to protect the poor; and his activity for

the unfortunate, offended these two unfeeling persons: who resolved to ruin him, that they may get rid of one who controled their wickedness.

No opportunity was omitted to harass the worthy farmer; and at length Sir Timothy, having found him in arrear for the rent, sold all his goods; and Farmer Meanwell and his family were at once reduced to ruin. They left the village, but what could they do without money.

Care and grief shortened the days of Margery's father. Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and then died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the troubles of the world.

Margery and Tommy were very fond of each other, and trotted about

hand in hand, scarcely ever being apart. They were both in rags: Tommy had two shoes, but poor Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or received from poor people; and they laid every night in a barn.

They had relations, but as they were rich, they took no notice of these children: they were ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-headed boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith, was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish in which little Margery and Tommy were born. A friend of Mr. Smith's having come to visit him for a few days, and being a worthy charitable

man, he sent for these poor little children.

The gentleman gave Mr. Smith money to buy Margery some clothes, and said he would make Tommy a sailor; for which purpose he bought for him a jacket and trowsers.

Within a few days the gentleman was to return to London; and he intended to take Tommy with him. What became of the little boy we shall learn hereafter.

The parting between this little brother and sister was very affecting. They both cried, and kissed each other over and over again. At last Tommy wiped her eyes with the corner of his jacket, and bade her not cry any more, for that he should return.

When Tommy was gone, and Mar-

gery found that he did not return, she cried very much, and continued to do so until she went to bed. In the morning she was much distressed as she had been the preceding night; and went lamenting to every one that her brother Tommy was gone.

The shoemaker, however, just then brought her a pair of shoes, for which she had been measured at the desire of Mr. Smith's friend. It had been so long since little Margery had worn a pair of new shoes, and these engaged her attention and suspended her grief.

She went to Mrs. Smith to show them, "Two shoes, ma'am, two shoes" said the poor little girl; and so she said to almost every person she met, until she soon acquired the name of "Little Two Shoes," and being a

good girl, she was more commonly called, "Little Goody Two Shoes."

It will hardly be believed that the enemies of her father should also become the enemies of an orphan child: but Sir Timothy Gripe, and Mr. Graspall, chose to inform Mr. Smith, that he must let that girl go about her business. Unfortunately these two men had so much power, that they could have injured the worthy clergyman; and he was obliged to submit to them.

Both he and Mrs. Smith had been very kind to Margery; and when they sent her away, it was with tears in their eyes.

Little Margery observed how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and believing that it was owing to his great learning, she therefore used to bor-

row the books of little boys and girls, as they came from school, and would sit down and read until they returned. By this means she got more forward than her playmates who went to school; and in time she formed a little plan for instructing those who were not yet acquainted with their letters, and very easy words.

She knew that all words were spelled of letters; but that letters might be either great or small. She therefore went to work, and cut out of pieces of wood, ten sets of the alphabet in small letters, and six sets in large or capital letters.

Having obtained an old spelling book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell out of her little wooden alphabets; and she afterwards shewed them how to make sentences.

When she had several companions to play at this game, she gave a word to spell, and one of them brought the first letter, another the second, and so on. If the word were plum-pudding, one of them would bring a *p*, another would bring *l*, another would produce *u*, and a fourth would show *m*: and thus they went on until the whole was finished.

In a short time, this method of little Margery's obtained her so much credit, that the parents of all the boys and girls were pleased when they saw her coming; and at last she had a regular set of scholars, as a doctor has patients.

She used to begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and the first house to which she went was Farmer Wilson's. When she knocked at the door,

Mrs. Wilson used to receive her with pleasure. "O, little Goody," she used to say, "I am glad to see you. Billy has learned his lesson."

The little boy was equally glad to see his young instructress; and when she had given him his lesson, she went to Farmer Simpson's. A dog used to bark at her when she first went to that house, but he soon learned to know her. "Come in Margery," Mrs. Simpson said, "Sally wants you very much, for she has learned her lesson."

The little girl, Sally, immediately began, and set up all the syllables of two letters which she had been desired to do; and pronounced them rightly, as Goody Two Shoes taught her.

Goody then went to Gaffer Cook's, where a number of little boys and

girls were waiting for her; they all spelt what they had each for dinner. She set them another task, and then proceeded.

Her next scholars were at Farmer Thompson's, where a great many were always waiting for her: these were more advanced in learning, and therefore were not only able to spell words, but even to make sentences, by putting words together so as to make sense.

During the time that Goody Two Shoes was in the habit of going about to give instructions, it happened that Lady Ducklington, who was extremely rich, was buried in the same parish.

All the people of the country, for miles round, came to see the burying; and it was late before the funeral was

over. In the night after the burying was finished, at about twelve o'clock the bells in the steeple of the church were heard to jingle ; which frightened the people much, who thought it must be Lady Ducklington's ghost playing with the bell ropes.

The people went in great numbers to Will. Dobbins, the clerk, and wished him to go and see what it was ; but he said he was sure it was a ghost, and therefore he would not open the door. Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go and see who was in the church. " I go, Sir," said William, " why the ghost would frighten me to death.

" A ghost, you blockhead" said Mr. Long, " did either of you ever see a ghost?" " My father did once, Sir,"

said the clerk, "it was in the shape of a windmill, and it walked round the church in a white sheet."

"Give me the keys of the church," said Mr. Long. Having the keys, he went to the church, the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, out came Little Goody Two Shoes, who had fallen asleep during the service, and had been shut up in the church.

She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him; and having told him how she had been accidentally locked in the church, said she would not have rung the bells, but she was very cold: and having heard Farmer Dawson's man pass by, she was in hopes he would have gone to the clerk for the key.

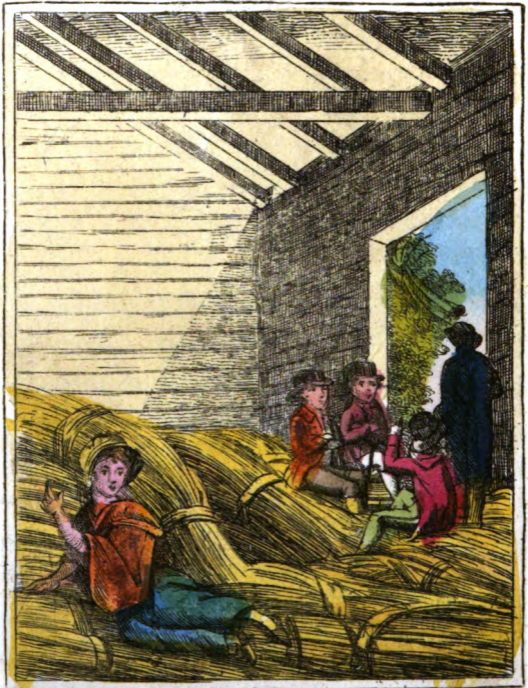
When Mr. Long was gone, the people crowded around little Margery to have a particular account of what she had heard or seen.

“I went to the church with you all to the funeral, and fell asleep in Mr. Jones’s pew; the striking of the clock at eleven awoke me, and I then scarcely knew where I was. It was dark, and while I was in the pew, something jumped upon me behind, and I thought it placed its hands upon my shoulders; I was afraid at first, but knelt down and said my prayers: something very cold then touched my neck and made me start. I walked down the church aisle, and something followed me, the feet of which went pit, pat; something then touched my hand: however, as I was very cold, I felt my way up into the

pulpit. I then meant to go to sleep on the mat and cushion, but something pushed against the door, and presently I found it was Mr. Sander-son's dog, which had come with me to the church. When I heard Farmer Dawson's man, I went to the belfry, and made the noise you heard."

Some days after this, little Margery was going home rather late, after having been teaching, when it began to thunder and rain very much; she therefore ran into a barn which was not far off, and went to the furthest end of it.

Soon afterwards four men came in, who did not observe little Margery, and therefore they talked without any restraint. She soon discovered that they were robbers, who were talking not only of the exploits they had per-



Margery in the Barn.

formed, but also of the plans which they meant to execute.

Among other projects, they came to a resolution to break into the houses of Sir William Dove, and Sir Timothy Gripe, and to take all their money, plate, and jewels; these two attempts they determined to make on the morrow night.

Soon afterwards they went away: and early little Margery went to Sir William Dove, and told him what she had heard. Sir William Dove asked her name, gave her something, and desired her to call upon him the next day.

She likewise went to Sir Timothy Gripe, but when the servant mentioned her name to him, he would not see her; she however obtained admittance to Lady Gripe, and having

informed her ladyship of the circumstance, she went away.

Lady Gripe set people to watch the house; and thus the thieves were all taken by the vigilance of little Goody Two Shoes.

Sir William Dove would no longer let her live in a barn, but was very good to her : Sir Timothy Gripe said, that he could not think of owning that he was under any obligation to the daughter of his enemy.

There had been a very useful school kept a long time in this neighbourhood by Mrs. Williams, who had now become too old and infirm to continue it.

This having been mentioned to Sir William Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and requested her to examine little

Goody Two Shoes, and see whether she was qualified to take charge of this little seminary.

This was done, and Mrs. Williams informed Sir William Dove, that she had known that Margery had an excellent heart; and she had now found that no other whom she had examined, had so good a head. Without much more ceremony Margery was appointed to succeed Mrs. Williams.

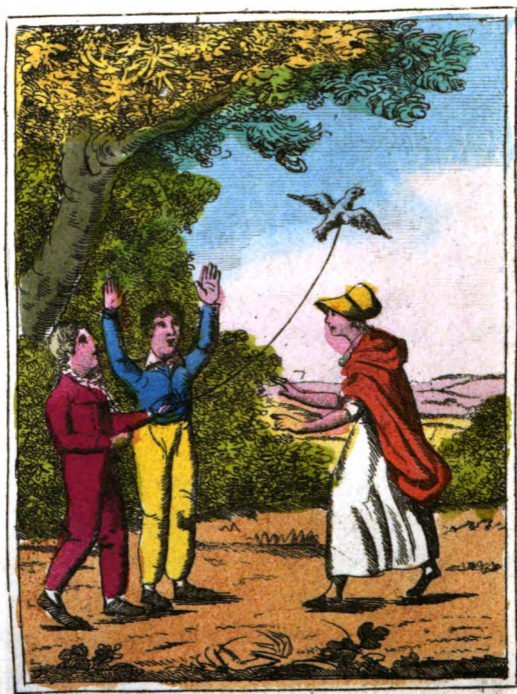
She was therefore no longer called "Margery." or "Little Two Shoes," but was now known only as Mrs. Margery.

This event she always thought was the happiest in her life. She was no sooner settled in this new appointment, than she made every possible exertion to be useful to the little boys and girls who were placed under her care.

The parents of those who could afford it, paid her for their instruction : but she did not disregard those who were not so well off; if they could not afford to pay her, she taught their children for nothing.

The school room was large, and her old wooden letters she now hung up around it; so that those who had to spell a word, were to go and fetch the letters from the wall in their regular order.

One day, as she was going through a neighbouring village, she met with some mischievous boys who had a raven; they were just going to amuse themselves by throwing stones at it: she wanted to get the poor creature out of their hands, and therefore gave them a penny for it. She brought the bird home, and called it "Ralph."



Margery buying the pigeon.

She taught the raven to speak and to spell; and as he was fond of playing with the capital letters, they were called Ralph's alphabet.

Not a great while after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some boys who had taken a piegion; and having tied a string to one of its legs, were amusing themselves with letting it fly, and then pulling it back again; by which means they tortured the poor bird. She therefore purchased the piegion also.

She taught it to spell with her letters, and he also performed many of the extraordinary things of which accounts have been given respecting other piegions. She called his name "Tom.

As Ralph had taken a liking to the

large letters, she trained Tom to employ the small ones.

One of Mrs. Margery's neighbours also made her a present of a beautiful skylark. Now, as some young people are too fond of lying in bed in the mornings, this pretty bird was her deputy in teaching them when to rise.

A poor lamb, that had lost its mother, being about to be killed by the butcher, she bought it of him; the lamb was brought home, and called "Will." He taught them when they should go to bed.

A pretty little dog was also given to Mrs. Margery, which she named "Jumper." The duty of Jumper was that of attending the door; so that he might have been called the porter of the cottage; for he never

suffered any one to come in or go out without leave of his mistress.

Billy, the lamb, was cheerful and good natured, and all the young folks were very fond of him. Mrs. Margery therefore made it a rule, that whoever behaved best, should have Will to go home with them at night to carry their satchel or basket on his back, and to bring it the next morning.

One day, when Mrs. Margery was amusing the children after school-time, as she often did, with some innocent game of play, a man arrived with the sad news of Sally Jones's father having been thrown from his horse, and it was thought that he could not recover.

When the man was going back, Mrs. Margery gave the pigeon to

the man, that the bird may bring back an account of Mr. Jones's health. She did not say a word to the young people of what she had done; but endeavoured to make poor Sally as easy as she could. She told them some very entertaining and instructive tales, until at last Tom faithfully returned: for while she was talking, something flapped against the window, which surprised the children; but Mrs. Margery, knowing what it was, opened the window and let in the pigeon, who brought a letter. This letter informed them that Mr. Jones was now so much better, that no immediate danger was dreaded.

Some time afterwards, the little dog Jumper gave an astonishing proof of his sagacity. The children having learned their lessons, were running

about the school-room at play. At this time the dog run in and laid hold of his mistress's apron, and endeavoured to pull her out of the school.

Although she did not understand what the little animal meant, she followed him into the garden. He then went back and fetched out one of the children, upon which Mrs. Margery called them all into the garden.

Within five minutes after this, the roof of the house fell in; by which they must all have been killed, if they had been within doors.

Some of the neighbours, who saw the roof fall in, spread the alarm; and all the village, particularly the children's parents, ran full of terror, to the school: they had the satisfaction to find them all safe.

The downfall of the school was a

great loss to Mrs. Margery, who not only lost her books and other things, but was now destitute of a place to teach in; but Sir William Dove ordered another school to be built at his own expence; and, in the mean time, Farmer Grove was so good as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

All the neighbours were likewise very good to her, for she was so much respected, that every one tried how they might serve her, and what they could do to oblige her.

While she was at Mr. Groves's, whose house was in the centre of the village, she not only had the children during the day time to instruct, but the farmer's seravnts and neighbours used to go to her in the evening, that they might learn to read and write.

She soon became much esteemed throughout the parish. Upon almost every subject, and on every occasion, Mrs. Margery was consulted; and her opinion was decisive.

The great credit she obtained for settling almost every kind of difference, induced her to make a contrivance, which is said to be extremely useful—It is neither more or less than a considering cap.

This cap was almost as large as a grenadier's, but had three equal sides: on one of which was written, "I may be wrong;" on the second, "It is fifty to one but you are;" and on the third, "I will consider of it." The other parts of the cap were covered with strange figures, somewhat resembling the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Withinside were written directions

for its use. The possessor was directed to put the cap on whenever he found his anger rising into passion; and he was never to speak a word whilst it was on his head, but with great coolness and deliberation.

This cap it was thought also hurt the trade of the lawyers in the neighbourhood: for as people were obliged to think before they became intemperate, they were seldom foolish enough to run for the ruinous revenge of the law.

These caps at last obtained such repute, that people of understanding always had them; and it was very common in that country, when an irritable man made his appearance and talked nonsense, to say, "He has no cap in his pocket!"

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequent-

ly observed, was always doing good; and particularly thought she could never do sufficient for those who had been kind to her. These generous sentiments naturally induced her to consult the interest of Mr. Grove, and the rest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadows, and they depended much on their hay, which for many successive years had been greatly injured by the rain, she contrived an instrument by which she could tell them when they might mow their grass with safety, without being in immediate apprehension of wet weather.

They all came to her for advice; and by that means she used to gather in their hay without damage, whilst that of many in the neighbouring villages were spoiled.

This occasioned a great deal of conversation in the neighbourhood, and so greatly provoked even some of the people who had suffered, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch; and actually sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy foolish man, to find out evidence against her.

This meddling ignorant fellow happened to come into the school-room when she was walking about with the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other; the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog, at her side; which indeed made a droll appearance, and so surprised the man, that he cried out, "A witch! a witch!"

To which she, laughing, answered, "A conjuror! a conjuror!" and so they parted; but it did not thus end:

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Caffer Goosecap terrified at Margery's appearance.



for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried before the magistrates, whither all the neighbours followed her.

On this occasion, one of the justices, who knew but very little, behaved in rather an unbecoming manner; and though no one was able to prove any thing against her, he asked her who she could bring to her character. But Sir William Dove, who was also on the bench, interposed; and asked the people how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch.

“It reminds me,” said this worthy magistrate, “of a circumstance that once took place. There was in the west of England, a poor industrious woman, against whom the same idle

charge was made. The silly people having got possession of the ridiculous opinion that she was a witch, petitioned the parson of the parish not to let her come into the church ; this he properly refused : but the poor old woman was obliged to go into some obscure corner to say prayers. This continued a great length of time, until a brother of this poor woman, who had lived in London, died, and left her five thousand pounds. This altered their opinions amazingly ; and as soon as she became rich they all treated her with respect.

Sir William Dove then severely reprimanded the people for having entertained this foolish prejudice towards Mrs. Margery ; he then gave such an account of her, her goodness

of heart, excellent understanding and prudent conduct, that the gentlemen present were delighted with her, and returned her public thanks for the great good she had done.

One gentleman in particular, Sir Charles Jones, formed so high an opinion of her, that he offered her a considerable sum of money to take care of his family, and the education of his daughter : but she declined his liberal offer.

This gentleman, some time afterwards, was seized with a dangerous fit of illness ; and he sent to Mrs Margery, intreating her in this exigence, to superintend his domestic concerns.

Under such peculiar circumstances she could not refuse ; she therefore went, and behaved with so much pru-

dence and propriety, and attended with so much tenderness to his daughter, that he would not consent to her departure; but soon afterwards made her proposals of marriage.

She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her; but though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady by rank, until he had effectually provided for his daughter: for she said that power was dangerous, and that no good man, or worthy woman, would incur its temptations.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding: but just as the clergyman was about to begin the ceremony, a gentleman, elegantly dressed, ran into the church, and cried, "Stop! stop!"

This astonished the congregation, and particularly the bride and bridegroom, with whom he requested to speak for a moment. After they had been talking a very short time, Sir Charles stood motionless, and the bride fainted away in the stranger's arms.

This gentleman was no other than him who once was little Tommy, Margery's brother. He had just come from sea, having made a large fortune abroad; and having heard, almost as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, he rode post, to see that a proper settlement was made for her. But every thing being satisfactory, they soon returned to the altar, and the marriage was performed amidst tears of joy.

This couple lived many years in great harmony; and doing every possible good in their power. Some time afterwards, Lady Jones, (for so she must now be called) heard that Mr. Smith, the worthy clergyman, was oppressed by Sir Timothy Gripe, and Farmer Graspall; she therefore defended him, and in a trial that took place on account of it, there was such evident misconduct in Sir Timothy, that he was struck from off the list of justices.

Not long after this, a relation of Sir Timothy's having discovered a claim to his estates, brought his suit for it, and recovered the whole of Sir Timothy's manor; which he afterwards sold to Lady Jones; who di-



Lady Jones relieving Gripe.

vided it into small farms for the benefit of her poor neighbours.

In progress of time, both Sir Timothy and Graspall fell to ruin, and the first person to relieve them was Lady Jones ; who took care of their children in particular, nor even suffered these oppressive men to be in real want, now that old old age had reached them.

The constant delight of this worthy woman was to do good. She provided for the aged and the helpless ; she rewarded the industrious ; she had the children instructed and clothed : and her pride was, on every Sunday, to distribute rewards to those who had deserved them.

She often had the poor to little festivities, and was delighted to see

them all happy ; attending them herself with good nature and liveliness.

She lived to an advanced age in the constant practice of piety and goodness ; and when she died, she made some magnificent bequests for the relief and comfort of her fellow creatures, even when she could no longer attend them in person.



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