

THE
HISTORY
OF
GOODY TWO-SHOES.



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OF
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DERBY:

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THOMAS RICHARDSON, FRIAR-GATE,

GOODY TWO SHOES

It will be readily understood by our young readers, that the real name of the little girl who is the heroine of this story was not Goody Two-Shoes, but Margery Mowwell. Her father, Mr. Mowwell, was for many years a very respectable lawyer in the Kingdom of Mowdwell, where Margery was born; but misfortune, and the cruel persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, his landlord, and the rich Farmer Caspall, ruined the family estate, and was the source of all her father's troubles. The estate was formerly divided into small farms; but when it came into the possession of the selfish and avaricious Sir Timothy, he expelled the poor of Mowdwell, to take the place of his own farms, and which were at an advanced rate, and they had succeeded in getting all the tenants out, except Margery's father. The unfortunate girl, with her mother and little brother, and the old nurse, came of the poor passed through the ranks; the mother, who was very anxious to get the money, had a great desire

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

IT will be readily understood by our young readers, that the real name of the little girl who is the heroine of this story was not Goody Two-Shoes, but Margery Meanwell. Her father, Mr. Meanwell, was for many years a very respectable farmer in the parish of Mouldwell, where Margery was born; but misfortunes, and the cruel persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, his landlord, and the rich Farmer Graspall, ruined this worthy man, and was the source of all poor Margery's troubles.

The estate was formerly divided into small farms; but when it came into the possession of the selfish and avaricious Sir Timothy, he accepted the offer of Farmer Graspall, to take the whole farms at an advanced rent; and they had succeeded in getting all the tenants out, except Margery's father. The overbearing Graspall was overseer and churchwarden, and the maintenance of the poor passed through his hands; therefore, besides being anxious to get this farm, he had a great hatred

to Mr. Meanwell, who always befriended the poor, when oppressed by him or Sir Timothy. At last, after various schemes of villany, with the assistance of this wicked baronet, he succeeded in driving the worthy Meanwell out of his farm, and utterly ruining him. Sir Timothy, after selling off all their goods for the rent, turned the whole family out of doors; and they left the village in a state of beggary.

Farmer Meanwell died soon after of a broken heart, and his poor wife, unable to struggle with misfortunes, only survived him a few days, leaving their unfortunate offspring, Margery and Tommy, friendless orphans in an un-pitying world.

The loss of their parents seemed to endear these orphans more to each other, and they were continually seen strolling hand in hand about the village, as if they were afraid of being separated. Having no mother to take care of them, they were both in rags, and those of the meanest description. Tommy, indeed, had a pair of shoes, but poor Margery had only one. Their



only sustenance was the haws which they pulled off the hedges, or a small morsel received from the poor villagers, and they slept every night in a barn. They had relations, but, as they were rich, they took no notice of these poor children; being ashamed to own such a little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-headed boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith, the clergyman of the parish where Margery and Tommy were born, was a very worthy man, and being at this time visited by a rich and charitable friend, he told him the story of the poor orphans. The gentleman expressed a desire to see them,

and Mr. Smith sent a person to bring them to the parsonage. They soon arrived at the house, where their appearance made a favourable impression on the stranger, who gave Mr. Smith money to buy some clothes for Margery, and said that he would make Tommy a little sailor. Tommy was happy to hear this, and next day the gentleman bought him a jacket and trowsers, of which he was very proud. Margery could never give over admiring Tommy in his new dress; but her happiness met with a severe check, for the gentleman was to return to London in a few days, and to take Tommy along with him.

The parting of these children was very affecting; poor Margery's eyes were red with crying, and her cheeks pale with grief; while little Tommy, by way of consolation, said he would never forget his dear sister, and kissed her a hundred times over. As Tommy left his sister, he wiped her eyes with the corner of his jacket, and promised to return, and bring her fine things from abroad.

When Margery found that Tommy did not come back, she cried all day until she went to bed, and next morning she went round to every one in the village, weeping and lamenting that her brother Tommy was gone. Fortunately, while she was in this distress, the shoemaker came with a pair of new shoes, which the gentleman had ordered for her, and it being so long since little Margery wore a pair of shoes, her attention was so engaged as to give a new turn to her thoughts. Nothing but the pleasure of examining her two shoes could have put a stop to the violence of her grief. She immediately



put on the shoes, and then went to let Mrs. Smith see them. It was with delight that little Margery exhibited them to her benefactress, saying, "Two shoes, Ma'am! see, two shoes!" She then went through the whole villagers to show her new shoes, addressing them in the same way, until she got the name of "Little Two-Shoes;" but, being a very good child, they usually called her "Little Goody Two-Shoes," and she never entirely lost that name.

Little Margery could have passed her life happily with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very kind to her; but the cruel Farmer Graspall, whose hatred to Mr. Meanwell even descended to his offspring, told Mr. Smith, that he must turn Margery away, or he would reduce his tithes, and also added the commands of Sir Timothy Gripe. The worthy clergyman and his wife were sorry to part with Margery, but being so much in the power of their landlord, they were obliged to send her away.

Poor Margery was again destitute of friends; but, although very young, she had observed the goodness and wisdom

of Mr. Smith, and believing that it was owing to his great learning, she became very desirous to know how to read. Therefore she contrived to meet the children as they returned from school, and prevailed on one of them to learn her the alphabet. She used to borrow their books, and sit down and read till they came from dinner. It was by these means that she soon acquired more learning than her playmates at school, and in a short time she formed a little plan for instructing children who had not yet learned to read.

She found that there were twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and every word spelled with them; but as these letters might be either large or small, she cut, out of little pieces of wood, ten sets of the alphabet in small letters, and ten of the large, or capitals. With the assistance of an old spelling-book she made her companions arrange the words they wanted to spell out of her wooden alphabets, and then showed them how to make sentences. When they wished to play at this game, she placed the children around her, and gave them a

word to spell. If the word was plum-pudding, the first brought the letter *p*, the second *l*, the third *u*, the fourth *m*, and so on, till the whole was completed.

By this method, in a short time Margery gained such great credit among the parents of the children, that they were all happy when she appeared with the basket of letters in her hand, which proved a source of amusement, as well as instruction, and she at last had a regular set of scholars.

Margery usually left home at seven o'clock in the morning, and the first house she called at was Farmer Wilson's. Mrs. Wilson always received her with pleasure, saying, "O Little Goody, I am glad to see you — Billy has learned his lesson." The little boy was equally happy to see her; and after giving 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," said Mrs. Simpson, "Sally wants you very much, for she has learned her lesson." Little Sally began her lesson, by placing the syllables of two letters,



which she did very correctly, and pronounced them as Goody Two-Shoes had taught her.

After giving her a new lesson in words of four letters, Goody took leave, and proceeded to Farmer Cooke's, where a number of poor children were assembled to receive her instructions. The moment she appeared, they all flocked round her, and she made them spell what they had got to dinner. Goody gave them another lesson, and then went to Farmer Thompson's, where she had a great many scholars waiting for her. These children were farther advanced, and not only able to spell words, but some of them put long sentences

together, and they all acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their little instructress.

It was during the time that Goody Two-Shoes went about teaching the children, that the rich Lady Ducklington died, and was buried in the parish church-yard.

The whole county seemed to be assembled on this occasion, and it was late before the funeral was over. In the night-time, when every one was in bed, the bells in the church-steeple were heard to jingle, which frightened the villagers very much, for they thought it must be the ghost of Lady Ducklington amusing itself with the bell-ropes.

The people all flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and begged him to go and see what it was; but Will said he knew it was a ghost, and therefore he would not open the door. However, the rector, Mr. Long, hearing such an uproar, came to the clerk, and inquired why he did not go to the church. "I go to the church, Sir!" said he; "bless me! the ghost would frighten me to death."

“Did you ever see a ghost?” said Mr. Long.

“My father once saw one in the shape of a windmill, and it walked round the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots, and a sword by its side.”

Mr. Long, who could not help smiling at this ridiculous story, requested the key of the church; and on receiving it, went away, followed by a great number of the villagers, and opened the door, when out came Little Goody Two-Shoes, who, being tired with walking about all the day, had fallen asleep during the funeral service, and been shut up in the church.

Goody begged Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him; and said, that when she found herself locked into the church, she did not wish to ring the bells; but growing very cold, and hearing Farmer Dawson's man pass by, she thought he would have gone to the clerk for the key. When Mr. Long went away, the people all crowded about little Margery, to learn what she had heard or seen, and she told them as follows:—

“I went to the church with you all to the funeral, and fell asleep in Mr. Jones’s pew; the striking of the clock awakened me, and I scarcely knew where I was. It was very 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, and I knelt down and said my prayers; but something very cold 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 that it was Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had come with me to the church. When I heard Farmer Dawson's man, I immediately went to the belfry, and made the noise you heard."



Some days after this, as Little Goody was returning from her pupils rather later than usual, she was overtaken by a violent storm of thunder and lightning; but she took refuge in a farmer's barn, and lay down among some straw at the farther end. She had not remained long, before four robbers also sought shelter from the storm in the same place, and not observing Little Goody, who was at some distance, they

began to arrange their future plans of depredation.

Among other schemes of villany, they formed the resolution of breaking into the houses of Sir William Dove and Sir Timothy Gripe on the night following, and to plunder them of all their money, plate, and jewels.

During their conversation, Little Goody listened with great attention; but the tempest being over, the robbers left the barn, without discovering that they had been overheard. When she thought they were fairly gone, Goody made the best of her way home; and, rising early next morning, went to Sir William Dove, and told him all that she had heard. The knight asked her name, and then giving her some money, desired her to call on him next day. — Goody next proceeded to Sir Timothy Gripe's, and sent in her name by the servant; but, as he refused to see her, she, with some difficulty, got admittance to Lady Gripe, and related what she had heard in the barn. This lady was a very sensible woman, and did not despise the infor-

mation; but she secretly engaged people to guard the house; and when the robbers came in two parties to attack both houses, they were all taken and sent to gaol.

Sir William Dove, who was grateful for the service Little Goody had done him, said she should no longer sleep in a barn, as he would try to get some proper situation for her; but the wicked Sir Timothy was vexed that his life had been saved by her means, and never rewarded, or even thanked her.

The most respectable school in that neighbourhood was conducted by a Mrs. Williams, a very good lady; but old age induced her to resign the situation, which Sir William Dove getting notice of, sent for her, and recommended Little Goody as a person worthy to succeed her. As Mrs. Williams already knew that Margery had a good heart, she found, upon examination, her head to be equally so; and being every way qualified for the place, Margery was, at the old lady's request, appointed to succeed her.

This event Margery always consider-

ed as the happiest of her life, and she made every exertion to be useful to the children who were put under her charge. She was now no longer called *Margery*, or *Little Goody Two-Shoes*, but only known by the name of *Mrs. Margery*.

The school-room was large, and she hung her old wooden letters around it; so that every scholar had to bring a letter in turn, which she considered as conducive to health. As her chief object was not to gain money, but to be of service to the children, she taught all those for nothing whose parents could not afford to pay for their instruction.

Margery had a very feeling heart, and could not endure to see even a dumb animal used with cruelty, without trying to prevent it. As she was one day walking through the village, her attention was drawn to some boys, who were tying a poor raven, which they had caught, to a post, on purpose to amuse themselves with the cruel diversion of shying, or throwing a stick at it. Margery, to get the raven out of their hands, gave them a penny, and



brought it home with her. She called the raven Ralph; taught him to speak and spell; and as he was fond of playing with the capital letters, the children called them "Ralph's Alphabet."

Shortly after, when rambling in the fields, she saw two boys torturing a beautiful dove, by allowing it to fly a little way, and then pulling it back again, with a string which was tied to its foot. Margery also rescued this bird for a mere trifle, and carried it away with her. She likewise learned the dove to spell with her letters, besides many other curious things; and being very useful in carry letters, she called him Tom. It is a most cu-

rious fact, that Tom showed as great a liking to the small letters as Ralph had for the large, and the scholars used to give them the appellation of "Tom's Alphabet."

Another useful assistant of Mrs. Margery's was a fine skylark, which some of the neighbours made her a present of. As some children are very fond of lying in bed too long in the morning, she sent this pretty bird, which sung sweetly at their window, and taught them when to rise.

A poor little lamb, which had lost its dam, was about to be killed by the butcher, when Margery making a bargain with him for it, took it home, and



called it Will. He taught the children when to go to bed, and being very gentle, was a great favourite; but he only carried home the satchel of those who behaved best, and brought it again in the morning. She also got a present of a little dog, called Jumper, who was very sagacious, and might have been termed Porter of the School, for he never allowed any unknown person to enter.

One day, as Mrs. Margery was amusing the children after school-time with some innocent diversion, a man brought the sad news, that Sally Jones's father was thrown from his horse, and in great danger, which affected the poor girl very much. Margery gave Tom, the pigeon, to the messenger, unknown to the children, that he might bring back an account of Mr. Jones's health, and then did every thing she could to sooth Sally. It was not long before the pigeon returned with a letter in his bill, which informed them that he was considered out of danger.

A few days afterwards, little Jumper gave a wonderful proof of his sagacity.



The children had just finished their lessons, when the dog ran in, and, seizing Margery's apron, tried to pull her out of the school-room. She allowed the dog to drag her out to the garden, and he returned and brought out one of the children in the same manner; upon which Mrs. Margery called them all into the garden. This saved all their lives, for in less than five minutes after the roof of the house fell in.

This was a great loss to Mrs. Margery, who had now no place to teach in; but Sir William Dove caused another school to be built at his own expense, and she got the use of Farmer Grove's hall till it was ready, which was in the centre of the village. While there, she



learned the farmer's servants and neighbours to read and write, and by degrees became so esteemed in the parish, that almost every one consulted her, and many serious disputes were settled by her advice. Mrs. Margery was so frequently employed in making up differences, that she invented what she called, a Charm for the Passions, or a Considering Cap, which had three equal sides. On the first 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 were covered with curious hieroglyphics, and in the inside a direction for using it. The possessor was requested to put on the cap when-

ever he found his passion rising, and not to speak a single word, but with coolness and deliberation.

Most of the grounds farmed by Mr. Grove, and in that neighbourhood, were meadows, and the great dependence of the farmers was on their hay, which for some years had been much injured by the rain. Mrs. Margery, who was always doing good, contrived an instrument to tell when the weather was to continue favourable or unfavourable; by which means she told the farmers when to mow their grass and gather in the hay with safety. Several persons, who suffered in their crops by not consulting Margery, were so angry at their losses, that they accused her of being a witch, and sent Gaffer Goosecap, a silly old meddling fool, to obtain evidence against her.

This old fellow entered the school as Margery was walking about, having the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and dog at her side, and he was so frightened, that he cried, "A witch! a witch!" Margery exclaimed,



smiling, "A conjurer! a conjurer!" and he ran off; but soon after a warrant was issued against her, and she was carried before a meeting of the justices, followed by all the neighbours. Although this accusation met with the contempt it deserved, yet one of the magistrates was silly enough to believe the slander, and asked, who could give her a character. Margery inquired if any one there could speak against it; and told them, that she had many friends both able and willing to defend her, but she could not think of troubling them on such a silly business, for if she was a witch, she would show them her charm. She then took out

her weather-glass, and placed it upon the table.

This simple defence pleased every one, and Sir William Dove, who was one of the justices, said, "I am surprised that any person can be so foolish as to believe in the existence of witches.

This puts me in mind of a story of a poor industrious widow, against whom the same silly charge was made. The foolish people had got it into their heads that she was a witch, and requested the parson not to allow her to come to church. He very properly refused their request; but the poor woman, to avoid insult, was forced to sit in some obscure corner. However, some time after this, she was left five thousand pounds by a



brother, which changed the public opinion so much, that they all treated her with respect.'

Sir Charles Jones, who was present on this occasion, was so delighted with her conduct, that he offered her a handsome annuity to superintend his family and the education of his daughter. This she refused at first, but Sir Charles being seized with a severe fit of illness, and again entreating her, she at last consented. In this situation, she conducted herself with so much propriety, and behaved so tenderly to his daughter, that, on his recovery, when she proposed to leave him, he made her an offer of his hand. Margery was neither ambitious of title nor wealth, but she knew the real value of the worthy baronet, and esteemed him as he deserved; therefore, after he had amply provided for his daughter, she consented to become Lady Jones.

When this circumstance was understood in the neighbourhood, it diffused a general joy throughout the village, where Margery was greatly beloved, and brought crowds to witness the mar-



riage. The clergyman was proceeding with the ceremony, when a young gentleman, handsomely dressed, came running into the church, and requested that the ceremony might be stopped until he had a conversation with the bride. The whole assembly were astonished at his request, particularly the bride and bridegroom, who stood motionless without having power to return an answer to the stranger. However, the gentleman coming forward, discovered himself to be Tommy, her brother, and she fainted away in his arms.

Tommy Meanwell had just landed from abroad, where he had made a great fortune, which he intended to

share with his dear sister, when he heard of her intended marriage, and posted to be present on the occasion. After mutual congratulations, this happy pair were united, and lived happily together many years, doing all the good in their power.

Sir Timothy Gripe was struck off the list of justices; and one of his relations gained possession of his estates, which he sold to Lady Jones, who divided them again into small farms. In the course of time, both Sir Timothy and Farmer Graspall were so reduced as to be supported by the charity of Lady Jones, who delighted in relieving the indigent, rewarding the industrious, and instructing the children in the neighbourhood.

Having lived to an advanced age in the constant practice of virtue, and having made some liberal bequests in favour of her fellow-creatures, her spirit returned to God who gave it, leaving all who knew her to mourn her departure.

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