HEWET'S

Illuminated HOUSEHOLD STORIES, FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

W. H. THWAITES.

ENGRAVED BY THE BEST ARTISTS.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

VOL. X.

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GOODY TWO-SHOES.

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GOODY TWO-SHOES AND HER BROTHER TOMMY AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE CLERGYMAN.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

ALL the world must know that Goody Two-Shoes was not a little girl's real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a large farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and

the wickedness of Sir Timothy Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall, he was quite ruined.

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

It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other. They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they slept every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who

lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable, good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy, and make him a little sailor; and, accordingly, had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and they kissed each other a hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes.

She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out—"Two Shoes, Ma'am! see, Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted, of all things, to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following plan for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood

ten sets of each. And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the

GOODY TWO-SHOES PARTING WITH HER BROTHER.

game, as they called it, was this: Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding (and who can suppose a better?), the children were placed in a circle, and

the first brought the letter *p*, the next *l*, the next *u*, the next *m*, and so on till the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door—tap, tap, tap! "Who's there?" "Only little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy." "Oh, little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you! Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes?" says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the small

alphabet mixed together, and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order. She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters, and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them rightly.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. "Bow, wow, wow!" says the dog at the door. "Sirrah!" says his mistress, "why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here's Sally wants you sadly; she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters, she set up these syllables:

ba be bi bo bu	ma me mi mo mu
da de di do du	sa se si so su

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after which she set up many more, and pronounced them likewise.

After this, little Two-Shoes taught Sally to spell

words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, and all came round little Margery at once, who, having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner. He answered, "Bread." "Well, then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the *B*, to which the next added *r*, and the next *e*, the next *a*, the next *d*, and it stood thus, Bread.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great *A*, the two next a *p* each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus, Apple-Pie. The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were spelt, with many others, till the game

was finished. She then set them another task, and after the lessons were done, we returned home.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree, at the

"TWO SHOES, MA'AM; SEE, TWO SHOES!"

corner of his rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with little Margery, and said, laughingly, "So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little bag-

gage. Pray, can you tell me what I shall do to get well?"

"Yes, sir," says she; "go to bed when your rooks do. You see they are going to rest already. Do you so likewise, and get up with them in the morning. Earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn, and you will get health, and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houses, only but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? They never build over cottages or farm-houses, because they see that these people know how to live without their admonition."

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible little girl.

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or that she was buried in this parish? All the country

round came to see the burying, and it was late before it was over; after which, in the night, or rather very early in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously.

They flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but William would not open the door.

At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go into the church and see who was there.

"I go, sir!" says William; "why, I would be frightened out of my wits."

"Give me the key of the church," says Mr. Long.

Then he went to the church, all the people following him.

As soon as he had opened the door, who do you think appeared? Why, little Two-Shoes, who, being

weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night.

She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boult's man go whistling by, she was in hopes he would have gone for the key to let her out.

The people were ashamed to ask little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone, they desired she would give them an account of all that she had heard or seen.

"I went to the church," said Goody Two-Shoes, "as most of you did last night, to see the funeral, and being very weary, I sat down in Mr. Jones's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven o'clock I awoke. I started up, and soon found that I was shut up in the church. It was dismally dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew some-

thing jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. Then I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit pat, pit

GOODY TWO-SHOES LEARNING TO READ.

pat, pit pat, come after me, and something touched my hand that seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what it was, yet I knew it

could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which something rushed by me, and almost threw me down. At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid down on the mat and cushion to sleep, when something pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cried, 'Bow, wow, wow!' and I knew it must be Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to the church; so I opened the door, and called 'Snip! Snip!' and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap, for when I awoke it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm, and then I went to Lord Ducklington's tomb, and I stood looking at his cold mar-

ble face and his hands clasped together, till, hearing Farmer Boult's man go by, I went to the bells and rung them."

Goody Two-Shoes was so much liked, that most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; and if a man and his wife quarrelled (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom), both parties certainly came to her for advice.

Everybody knows that Martha Wilson was a passionate, scolding jade, and that John, her husband, was a surly, ill-tempered fellow. These were one day brought by the neighbors for Margery to talk to them, when they fairly quarrelled before her, and were going to blows, but she, stepping between them, thus addressed the husband:

"John," says she, "you are a man, and ought to have more sense than to fly in a passion at every word that is said amiss by your wife. And, Martha," says she, "you ought to know your duty bet-

ter than to say any thing to aggravate your husband's resentment. These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your violent passions; for I know you both love one another, notwithstanding what has passed between you. Now, pray tell me, John, and tell me, Martha, when you have had a quarrel overnight, are you not both sorry for it the next day?"

They both declared that they were.

"Why, then," says Goody, "I'll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you will both take my advice."

They both promised her.

"Then," continued Goody, "you must solemnly agree that, if one speaks an angry word, the other will not answer till he or she has counted twelve, and the other not reply till he or she has told twenty. By this means your passions will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule."

In short, as Margery grew in size, so she increased in goodness and wisdom, till she was the favorite of the whole village.

GOODY TWO-SHOES TEACHING THE CHILDREN THEIR LETTERS.

There was in the same parish a Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen

and ladies in the science of A, B, C, who was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favor: namely, that little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

The room in which Mrs. Margery taught her scholars was very large and spacious; and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell

a word, when it came to their turn, which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

One day, as Mrs. Margery was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys, who had taken a young raven, which they were going to pelt with stones. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called him by the name of Ralph; and a fine bird he was.

Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read; and as he was fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call them Ralph's Alphabet.

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys, who had taken a pigeon, and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again

when they pleased, and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbors knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little sky-lark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death."

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her

to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age to "rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb." This lamb she called Will.

GOODY TWO-SHOES AND HER DOG SNIP AT LORD DUCKLINGTON'S TOMB.

No sooner was Tippy, the lark, and Will, the ba-lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue Ralph, the raven, composed the following

verse, which every good little boy and girl should get by heart:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Soon after this a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door; so that he might have been called the porter of a college, for he would let nobody go out nor any one come in, without leave of his mistress.

Billy, the ba-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Two-Shoes made it a rule that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel on his back, and bring it in the morning.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently observed, was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done any thing to

serve her. Those generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbors; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while most of that in the neighboring village was spoiled. This occasioned a very great noise in the country; and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school, 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 by her side, which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out—"A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this, she laughingly answered, "A conjurer! a conjurer!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices, whither all the neighbors followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life and less of the law, behaved very badly, and, though nobody was able to prove any thing against her, asked who she could bring to her character.

"Who can you bring *against* my character, sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and" (laying a baro-

GOODY TWO-SHOES SHOWS HOW SHE TAUGHT THE FARMERS TO KNOW THE STATE OF THE WEATHER, AND CAME TO BE ARRESTED AS A CONJURER.

meter upon the table) "it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbors to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch. And then he gave such an account of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behavior, that the gentlemen present returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman, in particular, Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her, that he offered her a considerable sum to take the care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to

leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her, but would not consent to be made a lady till he had provided for his daughter.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbors came in crowds to see the wedding But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman, richly dressed, ran into the church, and cried, "Stop! stop!"

This greatly alarmed the congregation, and particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, desiring to speak with them apart. Presently the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms; for you must know that this gentleman so richly dressed was little Tommy Meanwell, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's

intended wedding, had ridden post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was able to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion-table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. Her ladyship continued to visit the school in which she had passed so many happy days, and always gave the prizes to the best scholars with her own hands. She also gave to the parish several acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor who would come and fetch them for the use of their families; but if any took them to sell, they were deprived of that privilege ever after.

In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to those in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the

greatest calamity that ever was felt in the neighborhood.

THE NEIGHBORS WAIT UPON GOODY TWO-SHOES WHEN SHE IS MARRIED TO SIR CHARLES.

Goody Two Shoes.

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