

**GOODY TWO SHOES.**

Embellished with neat Engravings on Wood.



**COOPERSTOWN :**

Printed and published by H. & E. Phinney.

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1839.



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HISTORY

OF

**Goody Two Shoes.**



*The Alphabet.*

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A B C D E F G H I J K  
L M N O P Q R S T  
U V W X Y Z

—  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o  
p q r s t u v w x y z

—  
*A B C D E F G H I J K*  
*L M N O P Q R S T*  
*U V W X Y Z*

—  
*a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o*  
*p q r s t u v w x y z*

—  
fi ff ffi fff—fi ff ffi fff

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

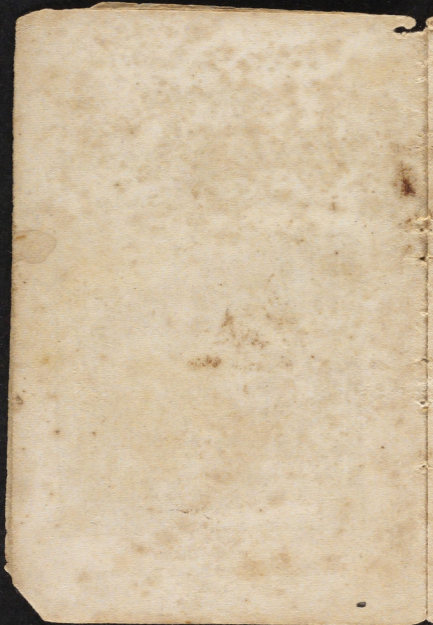
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## GOODY TWO SHOES.

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**I**T 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 Moidwell, 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 villainy, 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 favorable 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 little Tommy, to comfort her, 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 round to all the villagers to show her new shoes, addressing them in the same way, un

til 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 shewed 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 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, 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 Cook'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 further 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 country 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 into 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 could not help smiling at this ridiculous story. He 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 being 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 hear 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."

Margery, soon after, by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to take a permanent school, and 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 carrying letters, she called him Tom. It is a curious fact, that Tom showed as great a liking for 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 believed best, and bro't 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' 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, write, and cypher, and by degrees became so much 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 con-*



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

These caps got into great repute, for they produced reflection, which brought conviction, and prevented many from going to law ; but they are said to have hurt the lawyer trade very much. It was common to say, when a man was in a passion, and talking nonsense, “ He has no cap in his pocket.”

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. Altho' 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 on the table.

This simple defence pleased every one, and Sir William Dove, who was one of the justices, said, "I am sur-

prised that any person can be so foolish as to believe in the existence of witches." He then severely reprimanded her accusers for their foolish prejudice, and afterwards gave an account of the goodness, understanding, and prudence of Mrs. Margery; which raised her so high in the estimation of every one present, that she received public thanks for the good she had done.

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 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 ; she therefore finally consented to become Lady Jones.

While the marriage ceremony was proceeding, a young gentleman handsomely dressed, came running into the church, and asked to see the bride. It was no other than her brother Tommy, who had just returned from abroad,



having made a great fortune. She fainted away in his arms. He had 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.

