



A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
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LOS ANGELES

THE HISTORY

Little Goody

TWO-SHOES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Rhyming Alphabet,

OR

TOM THUMB'S DELIGHT,



Price One Penny.

10-13

Nov 1869

Frontispiece.



Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES
Governess of
A. B. C. College.

THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE GOODY
TWO-SHOES.

To which is added, the
RHYMING ALPHABET;
OR,
Tom Thumb's Delight.



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LOS ANGELES

History of Little

Goody Two-Shoes.



ALL the world must allow that Two-Shoes was not her real name: No, her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer, called Graspall, he was effectually ruined. A little time put

a period to his existence, and his two children, Tommy and Margery, were left orphans.

It would have excited your pity and done your heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of one another,



and how, hand in hand, they trotted about; Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one;

they had nothing, poor things! to support them, but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such poor little children. However, a gentleman, whose name was Kindheart, took Tommy and made him a sailor.



Mr. Smith, a worthy clergyman, sent for a shoemaker, and ordered Madge a pair of new ones. As soon as she received them, and had put them on, she was mightily pleased with them, and ran to Mrs. Smith, and stroking down her apron, cried out, "Two Shoes, Mame, see Two Shoes!" and so she behaved to every one she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two Shoes.

Little Margery saw how wise and good Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning; she therefore wanted above all other things to learn to read. For this pur-

pose she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and read them till they returned. By this means she got more learning than any of her playmates, and then laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters are required to spell all the words in the world; but as some of these letters are large and some small, she with a knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these:

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

And six sets of these :

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

And having got an old spelling book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose sentences.—

You know what a sentence is, my dear, I will be good, is a sentence, and is made up, as you see, of several words.

The usual manner of spelling or carrying on the game, as they call it, was this: Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding, the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter P, 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 at their play. And every morning she used to go round to



teach the children with these rattle traps. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly divert-

ed, as you may be, if you read on.

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 we stopped, and Margery went up to the door, 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 all his lesson." Then out came the little boy: "How do, Doody Two Shoes," says he, not able to

she speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the alphabet mixed together thus:

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

and he picked them all up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus:

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

She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters in the manner you here see them:

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

and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them thus:

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

Now, pray little reader, take this bodkin, and see if you can point out the letters from these mixed alphabets, and tell how they should be placed as well as the little boy Billy.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. Bow wow-wow, says the dog at the house

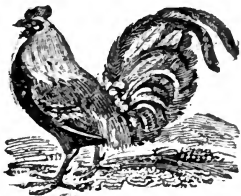


door: "Sirrah!" says his mistress, why do you bark at little Two Shoes? Come in, Madge; here is Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson. Then out came the little one. "So Madge!" said she; "So Sally!" answered the other, have you learned your lesson?" "Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters, she set up these syllables:

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	ca	ce	ci	co	cu
da	de	di	do	du	fa	fe	fi	fo	fu

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after this, she set up the following -

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That wak'd the Priest all shaven and shorn.



As we were returning home we saw a gentleman who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of his rookery. Tho' ill, he began to joke with little Margery, and said, laughing, "So Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; 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 you will get health and keep it.—What should induce 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.

Thus health and wit you may improve,
 Taught by the tenants of the grove.

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

Goody Two-Shoes continued to go her rounds for some time; at length a Tutoress was wanted in A B C College, and she was elected without opposition. Here her wisdom and goodness was obvious to every body, and her fame spread far and wide.

Having an uncommon understanding, the neighbours courted her company, and she frequently favoured them with it. While at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the day-time, but the farmer's servants, and all the neighbours to read and write in the evening; and it was the common practice

before they went away, to make them all go to prayers and sing psalms. By these means the people grew extremely regular, his servants were always at home, instead of being at the ale-house they strictly attended church, and he had more work done than ever.

This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbours, an high opinion of her sense and prudent behaviour, and she was so much esteemed that most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; even when children fell out at play, and could not settle it among themselves, they must needs refer it to Mrs.

Margery for the satisfaction of all parties; and if any man and wife quarrelled, (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom) both parties certainly came to her for advice.



Every body knows that Martha Wilson was a very passionate scolding jade, and that John her husband, was a surly, ill-

tempered fellow; these were once brought by the neighbours, for Margery to talk with, when they fairly quarrelled before her face, and were going to blows, but she stepping between them, said to the husband, John, says she, you are a man, and you ought to know your duty better than to fly in a passion at every word that is said amiss by your wife; and you Martha, says she, ought to have more sense than to say any thing to aggravate your husband's resentment.— These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your very violent passions: for I know you both love one another, notwith-

standing all that has passed between you: now pray tell me John, and tell me Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night, are you not both sorry for it the next day? They both declared that they were. Why then, says she, I will tell you how to prevent it in future, if you will promise to take my advice: they both promised they would. You know, says she, that a small spark will set fire to tinder, and that tinder properly placed will fire an house; an angry word is with you as that spark, for you are both as touchy as tinder, and often make your house too hot to hold you.

To prevent this in future, and to live happily, you must solemnly agree, that if one speak an angry word the other will not answer till he or she has distinctly called over all the letters in the alphabet, and that the other shall not reply till he or she has told twenty; by these means your passion will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule.

This is the best recipe ever given for a married couple to live in peace: though John and his wife frequently attempted to quarrel afterwards, they could never get their passions to any considerable height, for there

was something so uncommonly droll in thus carrying on the dispute, that before they got to the end of the argument, they saw the absurdity of it, laughed, kissed, and were friends.

Just as Mrs. Margaret had settled the difference between John and his wife, the children who had been sent out to play while that business was transacting, returned, some in tears, and others very disconsolate, for the loss of a little dormouse they were fond of, and which was just dead.

Mrs. Margery who had the art of moralizing and drawing instruction from every accident

in life, took this opportunity of reading them a lecture on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being always prepared for death.

After this she permitted the children to bury the little dormouse, and desired one of the little boys to write the following

Epitaph on a Dormouse.

In paper case,
Hard by this place,
Dead a poor dormouse lies;
And soon or late,
Summon'd by fate,
Each prince, each monarch dies.

Ye sons of verse,
While I rehearse,
Attend instructive rhyme :
No sins had Dor
To answer for :
Repent of yours in time.



End of Goody Two-Shoes.

THE

Rhyming Alphabet;

Or, Tom Thumb's Delight.



A Was an Angler,
And he caught a Fish;

B Was a Brazier,
And he made a Dish.

C Was a Cook,
And he fill'd it with Broth;

D Was a Driver,
Quite sullen in Sloth.

E Was an Eater,
And gorg'd all Day long;

F Was a Fiddler,
And sung a good song.

G Was a Giant,
Both surly and stout;

H Was a Huntsman,
And rov'd all about.

I Was an Innkeeper,
Who sold us good Ale;

K Was a King,
That would often regale.

L Was a Liar,
By all men abhorr'd;

M Was a Merchant,
As rich as a Lord.

N Was a Noodle,
And fond of the Bow;

O Was an Oaf,
Who follow'd the Plough.

P Was a Ploughman,
That work'd all the day;

Q Was a Queen,
That went to the Play.

R Run a Race by himself,
And was beat;

S Was a Slut,
And spoil'd all the Meat.

T Was a Traitor,
And deserved to swing:

V Vow'd him Vengeance,
And told it the King.

W Was a Warrior,
Stout, active, and bold;

X Was Xantippe,
That arrant old Scold.

Y Was a Youth,
A pretty good Lad;

Z Was a Zany,
Altogether quite bad.

FINIS.

PKXX

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