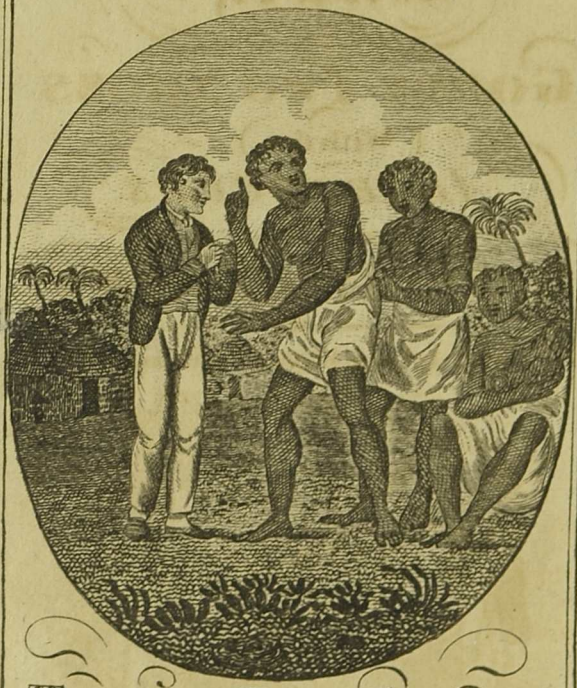
HISTORY OF GOODY TWO SHOES AND HER BROTHER TOMMY.



TOMMY TWO SHOES
Showing the Indians
THE WATCH

THE History OF GOODY TWO SHOES

With the

ADVENTURES

OF HER

BROTHER TOMMY

Embellish'd with Elegant Engravings

GLASGOW
Published by J. Lumsden & Son.
& SOLD by Stoddart & Craggs, HULL.
Price Sixpence.

IMPROVED EDITION.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF *GOODY TWO-SHOES* AND HER BROTHER TOMMY.

ALL the world must have heard of Goody Two-Shoes: so renowned did this little girl become, that her life has been written by more than one author, and her story has been told differently by different writers.

The father of Goody Two-Shoes was born in England; and every body knows, that, in this happy country, the poor are to the full as much protected by our excellent laws, as are the highest and the richest nobles in the land; and the humblest cottager enjoys an equal share of the blessings of English liberty with the sons of the King themselves.

The real name of Little Goody Two Shoes was Margery Meanwell. Her father was a farmer in the parish of Mouldwell, and at one time in very good circumstances; but it pleased Providence to afflict him with so many misfortunes, that he became very poor, and at last was reduced to want. The farm of poor Mr. Meanwell was sold to pay his creditors; for he was too noble-minded to retain a property which now could not justly be called his. His creditors admired such conduct, and all cheerfully accepted their dividend as a compensation of their debt, except Sir Thomas Gripe, who, though possessed of very great riches, was of a very miserable disposition: in short, he was a miser, and resolved to have a law-suit against poor Meanwell, in order to obtain the money which was due to him, or to throw him into prison.

Poor Meanwell, to avoid the persecutions of this unfeeling man, retired with his wife and children into another county; where his upright conduct not being known, he could not readily obtain employment; and having caught a severe cold for want of necessary ecovring, this, added to the grief and anxiety

LITTLE MARGERY & HER BROTHER

TOMMY RIGGED OUT AS A SAILOR

he felt for the distresses of his family, soon caused his death; his poor wife lived only two days after him, leaving Margery and her little brother Tommy to the wide world.

After their mother was dead, it would have done any one's heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about. They loved each other, though they were very poor; and having neither parents nor friends to provide for them, they were both very ragged: as for Tommy, he had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them for several days 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 a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly-pated boy as Tommy. Some people's relations and friends seldom take notice of them when they are poor; but as we grow rich they grow fond. And this will always be the case, while people love money better than virtue. But such wicked folks, who love nothing but

money, and are proud and despise the poor, seldom come to a good end, as we shall see by and by.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery was born; but having a very small curacy, he could not follow the dictates of his heart in relieving the distresses of his fellow-creatures. As he knew farmer Meanwell in his prosperous days, he wished much to be of service to his poor orphan children.

It happened that a relation came on a visit to him, who was a charitable good man, and Mr. Smith, by his desire, sent for these poor children to come to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave her some money to buy 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 went to London, and took little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more by and by; for we shall, at a proper time, present you with some part of his adventures.

The parting between these two little children was very affecting; Tommy cried, and

Margery cried, and they kissed each other a great number of 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. When night came, little Margery grew very uneasy about her brother; and after sitting up as late as Mr. Smith would let her, she went crying to bed.

Little Margery got up in the morning very early, and ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed. However, at this instant the shoe-maker came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in, but the pleasure she took in her new shoes: she ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and, strocking down her frock, 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 Goody Two-Shoes; though her playmates called her Old Goody Two-Shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith would have been very happy if they could have afforded to have kept poor little Margery; but finding that impossible they were obliged to leave her to the mercy of the all-wise Providence.

Little Margery, having seen how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, concluded that this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted, above all things, to learn to read. But then there were no Sunday-schools for children, and Margery was much at a loss, at first, how to learn, but at last concluded to ask Mr. Smith to have the goodness to teach her at his leisure moments. He very readily agreed to do so; and little Margery attended him one hour every evening, which was the only time he could spare.

By this means she soon got more learning than her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words in the world; but as some of these letters are large and some small, she cut out of several pieces of thin wood ten sets of each.

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 of several words.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this: Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding, which is a very good thing, 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 spelled; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine or play no more. This was getting instruction at their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children with these letters in a basket.

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted on the occasion. 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; and she accordingly went in, and proceeded in her usual manner to give Billy his lesson.

After leaving Farmer Wilson's house, 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, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all the alphabet; and after giving little Sally her lesson, away Two-shoes trotted to Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round Little Margery at once; and having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her, what he had for dinner? Who 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-Pye, answered the little girl: Upon which the next in turn set up a great

THE PARTING

THE NEW SHOES

A, the two next a p each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pye were united and stood thus, Apple-Pye.

As she passed through the village, she met with some wicked boys, who had got a young raven, which they were going to throw at; 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 his name Ralph, and a fine bird he is.

And remember what Solomon says, "The eye that despiseth his father, and regardeth not the distress of his mother, the ravens of the valley shall peck it out, and the young eagles eat it."

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

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.

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 animal 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, and he performed all these extraordinary things which are recorded of the famous bird that was sometime since advertised in the Haymarket, and visited by most of the great people of the kingdom. This pigeon 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, of which he composed this alphabet.

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.

Mrs. Williams, who kept a school for instructing little folks in the science of A, B, C, 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 favour, namely, that little Margery was "the best scholar, and had the best head and 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 Miss Margery; for so we must now call her.

Miss Margery thought this the happiest period of her life; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love him, and though for a time he may suffer them to be poor and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here, and no one can doubt that they are so hereafter.

No sooner was she settled in her office, than she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare of all her neighbours, and especially of her little ones, in whom she took great delight; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay, she taught

for nothing, but the pleasure she had in their company; for you are to observe, that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

We have already informed the reader, that the school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was large; 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 and the points firmly in their minds.

The school was in a very ruinous condition, which Sir William Dove being informed of, he ordered it to be rebuilt at his own expence; and, till that could be done, farmer Grove was so kind as to let Miss Two-Shoes have his large hall to teach in.

The house built by Sir William had a statue erected over the door, of a boy sliding on the ice; and under it were these lines, written by Miss Two-Shoes, and engraved at her expense.

ON SIN. A Simile.

As a poor urchin on the ice,
When he has tumbled once or twice;
With caution tries to seek the shore,
Resolved to trust the ice no more;
But, meeting with a daring mate,
Who often used to slide and skate,
Again is into danger led,
And falls again and breaks his head:
So youth, when first they're drawn to sin,
And see the danger they are in,
Would gladly quit the thorny way,
And think it is unfit to stay:
But, meeting with their wicked train,
Return with them to sin again;
With them the paths of vice explore,
With them are ruined ever more.

While Miss Two-Shoes was at Mr. Grove's, which was in the middle of the village, she not only taught the children in the day-time, but the farmers' servants, and all the neighbours, to read and write in the evening.

The neighbours knowing that Miss Two-Shoes was very good, as to be sure nobody was better, made her a present of a little sky-lark.

Now as many boys and girls had learne to lie in bed long in the morning, she thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when 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 it 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 (and a very good one, let me tell you) to

'Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb.

This lamb she called Will, and a pretty creature he was.

No sooner was Tippy the lark and Will the ba-lamb brought into the school, but that sensible rogue Ralph, the raven, composed the following verse, which every little good boy and girl should get by heart.

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

MARGERY AT HER BOOK

FARMER WILSON'S HOUSE

Soon after this, a present was made to Miss Margery of a little dog, who was always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, for he would let nobody go out, or 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 Miss Two-Shoes made it a rule that they who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel or basket on his back, and bring it in the morning.

It happened one day, when Miss Two-Shoes was diverting the children after school, as she usually did, with some innocent games, or entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones' father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery; nay, the messenger said, that he was seemingly dying when he came away. All the school was in tears, and the messenger was obliged to return; but before he went, Miss Two-Shoes, unknown to the children, ordered Tom

Pigeon to go home with the man, and bring a letter to inform her how Mr. Jones did.

Soon after the man was gone, the Pigeon was lost, and the concern the children were under for Mr. Jones and little Sally was in some measure diverted, and part of their attention turned after Tom, who was a great favourite, and consequently much bewailed. She then told them a story of Mr. Lovewell, father to Lady Lucy, and of the losses and misfortunes he met with.

After she had concluded the story, something was heard to flap at the window Bow, wow, wow, says Jumper, and attempted to leap up and open the door, at which the children were surprised; but Miss Margery knowing what it was, opened the casement, as Noah did the window of the ark, and drew in Tom Pigeon with the letter.

As soon as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried Co, co, coo; as much as to say, There read it. Now this poor pigeon had travelled fifty miles in about an hour, had brought the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Jones was out of danger.

Miss Margery was always doing good,

and thought she could never sufficiently recompense those who had done any thing to serve her. These grateful sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of Mr. Grove, and the rest of the neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by wet weather, she procured 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 neighbouring village was spoiled.

This occasioned a very great noise in the country; and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goose-cap (a busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find out evidence against her. The wise-acre 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 makes a droll figure, and so surprised

the man, that he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this she, laughing, answered, A conjuror! a conjuror! and so they parted; but it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Miss Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the Justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the Justices, who knew little of life, and less of the law, behaved very idly; 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 barometer or weather-glass on the table) it is with this, says she, that I have taught my neighbours 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!

It is true, continued he, many innocent and worthy people have been abused, and even murdered on this absurd and foolish supposition, which is a scandal to our religion, to our laws, to our nation, and to common sense; but I will tell you a story.

There was in the west of England a poor industrious woman, who laboured under the same evil report which this good woman is accused of. Every hog that died with the murrain, every cow that slipt her calf, she was accountable for; if a horse had the staggers, she was supposed to be in his head; and whenever the wind blew a little harder than ordinary, Goody Giles was playing her tricks, and riding upon a broomstick in the air. These, and a thousand other phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possesses the pates of the common people; horses' shoes were nailed with the heels upwards, and many tricks made use of, to mortify the poor creature; and such was their rage against her, that they petitioned Mr. Williams, the parson of the parish, not to let her come to church, and at last even insisted upon it: but this he over ruled, and allowed the poor old woman a nook in one of the aisles to herself,

where she muttered over her prayers in the best manner she could. This parish, thus disconcerted and enraged, withdrew the small pittance they allowed for her support, and would have reduced her to the necessity of starving; had she not been still assisted by the benevolent Mr. Williams.

But I hasten to the sequel of my story, in which you will find, that the true source from whence witchcraft springs is poverty, age, and ignorance; and that it is impossible for a woman to pass for a witch, unless she is very poor, very old, and lives in a neighbourhood where the people are void of common sense.

Some time after, a brother of her's died in London, who, though he would not part with a farthing while he lived, at his death was obliged to leave her five thousand pounds, that he could not carry with him.—This altered the face of Jane's affairs prodigiously; she was no longer Jane, alias Joan Giles the ugly old witch, but Madam Giles; her old ragged garb was exchanged for one that was new and genteel, her greatest enemies made their court to her, even the Justice himself came to wish her joy; and though several

hogs and horses died, and the wind frequently blew afterwards, yet Madam Giles was never supposed to have a hand in it; and from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a woman must be very poor, very old, and live in a neighbourhood where the people are very stupid, before she can possibly pass for a witch.

It was a saying of Mr. Williams, who would sometimes be jocose, and had the art of making even satire agreeable, that if ever Jane deserved the character of a witch, it was after this money was left her; for that with her five thousand pounds she did more acts of charity and friendly offices, than all the people of fortune within fifty miles of the place.

After this, Sir William inveighed against the absurd and foolish notions which the country people had imbibed concerning witches and witchcraft; and having proved that there was no such thing, but that all were the effects of folly and ignorance, he gave the court such an account of Miss Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentleman present were enamoured with her, and returned her public

thanks for the great service she had done the country.

Sir Charles Jones had by this time conceived such a high opinion of Miss Margery, 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 the house, but soon after, made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her: but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady, till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him, that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad, that one who had been such a good girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady: but just as the

FARMER SIMPSON'S HOUSE

RALPH THE RAVEN

clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried Stop! stop! This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately suceeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was the identical little boy, whom you before heard of wiping his poor sister's face with the corner of his sailor's jacket: in short, it was little Tommy Two-Shoes, Miss Margery's brother, who was just come from beyond sea, where he had made a large fortune; and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post, to see that a proper settlement was made on her; which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned and were married in tears—but they were tears of joy.

The affection that subsisted between this happy couple is inexpressible; but time, which dissolves the closest union, after six years severed Sir Charles from his lady; for, being seized with a violent fever, he died, and left her full of grief, though possessed of a large fortune.

We forgot to remark, that, after her marriage, Lady Jones ordered a house in the village to be fitted up for a school, and placed a poor man and his wife there, who were well acquainted with the English language, and set good examples to the whole village in sobriety and honesty: here she permitted all the poor children to be taught to read and write, strictly desiring the school-mistress to instruct the girls in useful needle-work—and the school-master, having been a turner by trade, taught many of the lads his art, so that they could make several useful articles; some of which were presented annually to Lady Jones as specimens of good workmanship, and which induced her to recommend several ingenious boys to tradesmen as apprentices, many of whom became good men, and had great cause for thankful ness to God, who had raised them a friend

in the late Goody Two-Shoes; and, by her care, had been instructed to fear their Maker to love their neighbours, and to be kind (not revengeful) to their enemies—and withal, to live soberly and honestly in this world. She not only furnished the house of the school-master and mistress, but allowed them a competent salary for their support, and supplied the school with books.

Lady Margaret Jones did not forget her old friend Mr. Smith, for whom she procured a very good living, which happened to become vacant in the gift of the family, and to which she added a good sum of money to furnish the parsonage, and to repair it.

She paid great regard to the poor; and, to induce them to come regularly to church, she ordered a loaf to be given to every one who would accept of it. This brought many to church, who by degrees learned their duty, and then came from a more noble principle. She also took care to encourage matrimony; and in order to induce her tenants and neighbours to enter into that happy state, she always gave the young couple something towards housekeeping; and was

kind to their children, whom she had frequently at her house on a Sunday evening, to instruct them in religion and morality; after which she treated them with a supper, and gave them such books as they wanted: nor did she forget them at her death, but left each a legacy. There is one bequest, however, so singular, that we cannot help taking some notice of it in this place; which is that of her giving so many acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor of any parish 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. And these roots were planted, from the rent arising from a farm which she had assigned over for that purpose. In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to all who were in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity, that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

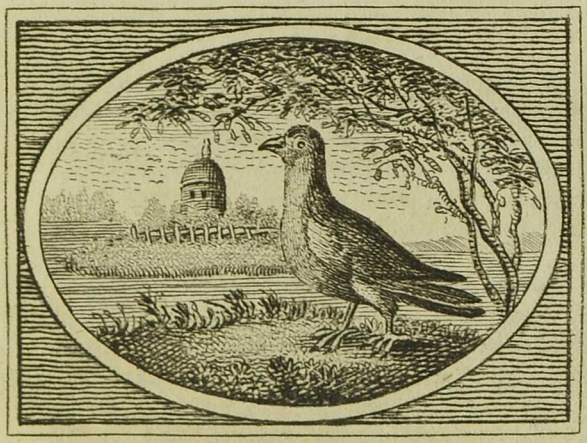
Tommy Two-Shoes.

In the remarkable history of Miss Margery Two-Shoes, it has been already related how many tears were shed by Tommy and his sister, when the little fellow, dressed in his sailor's jacket and trowsers, was taken from the village by the kind gentleman who was going to send him to sea. Tommy was then only a poor curly-headed boy, and nothing more was heard of him during many years; not indeed till the day on which his sister Margery was about to be married to Sir Charles Jones, when Tommy, grown a man, and richly dressed, caused such astonishment, pleasure and joy, by his sudden appearance in the church amongst them.

After the good Margery and Sir Charles were married, they all returned to Sir Charles' house, to partake of the wedding dinner. Then Tommy and his sister again embraced each other, and he presented her with some very beautiful diamonds and pearls he had purchased in a foreign country. After dinner the company retired to a pleasant summer-house in the garden; where, at Lady Jones' request, Tommy Two-Shoes related the history of his adventures.

He told them, that Mr. Smith's relation sent him to sea in a very fine ship called the COME AGAIN: after they had been at sea near two months, a violent storm arose, and the ship was cast away upon that part of the coast of Africa which is inhabited by wild Indians. Tommy was the only one of all the ship's crew who escaped with life. He swam to the shore with great difficulty, and for many days subsisted on the shell-fish he picked up on the sands. Here he was found by a party of Indians, who stripped and bound him, and then carried him along with them to their *wig wams*, which is the name of the huts they live in.

Tommy, most probably, would have been devoured by these wild Indians, but it happened that he had preserved a watch in his pocket, which had been given him by the captain on account of his very good behaviour on board ship: when the Indians saw this watch, and heard it tick, they thought it was some strange animal. The chief of the Indians took it into his own possession, and showed it to all the tribe; some were afraid to approach it, and others fell on their knees to worship it; but at last the watch stopped for want of winding-up. The Indian chief, no longer hearing the sound, shook it, but it made no more noise; he prayed and entreated it would speak, yet still it was silent. In great alarm and grief he brought it to Tommy, making signs that he feared it was dead. Tommy took the watch, and turning aside wound it up; when he presented it ticking as loud as ever again to the Indian chief, who was so overjoyed at its recovery, that he prostrated himself



TOM THE PIGEON

BILLY THE LAMB

on the ground before Tommy: then calling the tribe together, he made a long speech in his own language; upon which they all shouted and clapped their hands, and immediately unbound Tommy Two-Shoes. With many signs of reverence they now offered him rice and cocoa nuts, and seemed to think him a superior being to themselves.

From that time Tommy was treated with kindness among the Indians. He often went out a-tiger and wolf-hunting with them into the forests. One day the Indians attacked a lioness, who defended herself and her cub with great fury; but at length she was killed; and Tommy taking up the cub carried it home with him, and nursed and reared it with such tenderness, that it became at last as tame as any dog, and would follow him every where, and obey all his commands.

By the time the lion was full grown, Tommy Two-Shoes became tired of living among the wild Indians. He wished to return to his own country; and being a lad of uncommon spirit and resolution, he at last resolved to set out on foot, and cross the deserts of Africa, till he should arrive at some port where he might find an European vessel.

Accordingly he provided himself with an Indian axe, a bow, and plenty of arrows, and accompanied by his faithful lion, he set out on his perilous undertaking.

It was happy for Tommy that he had such a companion, for his road lay through large woods and forests, that were full of wild beasts; and he would certainly have been starved, or torn in pieces, had he

not been both fed and protected by this noble animal. When the lion roared, all the wild beasts fled away. The smaller ones, that were fit for food, the lion pursued and killed; and Tommy while the lion hunted, always took shelter on a tree, where he used to shoot birds with his bow and arrow. By these means they never wanted a meal; and it was pleasant enough to see them dress their meat, and then sit down side by side to dinner.

At length they came to an open plain of great extent, where Tommy Two-Shoes discovered a very large statue erected on a rising ground, which had this inscription on its pedestal—ON MAY-DAY IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE SUN RISES, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. As it was already the latter end of April, Tommy determined to continue in the neighbourhood till May-day, that he might be a witness of this most wonderful change. The same day he chanced to meet a poor shepherd, of whom he inquired what was the reason of that extraordinary statue being erected in the plain. The shepherd informed him that it was set up many years ago by an Arabian philosopher, who, after travelling all the world over in search of a real friend, lived with and was extremely fond of, a great man that inhabited the next mountain; but that on some occasion they quarrelled, and the philosopher. leaving the mountain, retired into the plain, where he erected this statue with his own hands, and soon after died.

To this he added, that all the people for many leagues round came there every May-morning, expecting to see the stone-head turned to gold.

Tommy got up very early on the first of May to behold this amazing change; and when he came near the statue he saw a great number of people gathered together, who all ran away from him in the utmost consternation, having never before seen a lion follow a man like a dog. Being thus left alone, Tommy fixed his eyes on the sun, then rising with resplendent majesty, and afterwards turned to the statue, but could see no change in the stone.—"Surely," says he to himself, "there is some mystical meaning in this: this inscription must be an ænigma, the hidden meaning of which I will endeavour to find, for a philosopher would never expect a stone to be turned to gold." Accordingly he measured the length of the shadow, which the statue gave on the ground by the sun shining on it, and marked that particular part where the head fell; then getting a chopness (a thing like a spade) and digging, he discovered a copper chest, full of gold, with this inscription engraved on the lid of it:

Thy Wit,
O Man, whoever thou art,
Hath disclosed the Ænigma,
And discovered the GOLDEN HEAD.
Take it and use it,
But use it with Wisdom;
For know
That Gold, properly employed,
May dispense Blessings,
And promote the Happiness of Mortals;
But when hoarded up,

Or misapplied,
Is but Trash, and makes Mankind miserable.
Remember
The unprofitable Servant,
Who hid his Talent in a Napkin;
And
The profligate Son,
Who squandered away his Substance, and
Fed with the Swine.
As thou hast got the GOLDEN HEAD,
Observe the *Golden Mean*;
Be *good* and be *happy*.

This lesson, coming as it were from the dead, struck him with such awe and reverence for piety and virtue, that, before he removed the treasure, he kneeled down, and earnestly and fervently prayed that he might make a prudent, just, and proper use of it.

Tommy Two-Shoes then conveyed the chest to the hut of a poor shepherd, where he had taken up his abode; and on further examining all its contents, he found a roll of paper, which having untied, he sat down and read as follows:

"To him, by whose ingenuity this treasure is discovered, I dedicate a short history of my life and disappointments; that he may profit by my experience, and learn to know that adversity is the trial of friendship.

"I had acquired a large fortune by trade: my parents and relations were all dead, and my riches afforded me no comfort, because I had no one whom

I loved, to share them with me. I travelled through Persia, India, Lybia, Utopia, and Arabia, in search of a real friend. Many offered me their friendship while they supposed I was rich; but if a pretended that I was in distress and required their assistance, they immediately deserted me. At last I arrived in this vast plain, where I became acquainted with a man who was reported to be wise, rich, and good.

" In him I concluded I had found the man to whom I ought to open both my purse and my heart; but disappointment had made me suspicious, and I resolved to try before I trusted him. I went therefore to him, and desired his assistance in hiding a large sum of money, lest the prince of the country, by the advice of a wicked minister, should put me to death to possess himself of my gold. We met and hid the money, which after some days I went to see, and found it gone.

" How was I struck to the heart, to know that a man who professed himself to be wise and virtuous, had broken through a sacred trust of friendship, and turned a thief for gold! Had I lost all I was worth and found a real friend, I had been happy in the exchange; but now I was truly miserable: I resolved, however, to punish his treachery.

" After drying the tears which the knowledge of his baseness had caused me to shed, I went to him. I told him I had more gold to hide, and desired him to appoint a time when we might go together, and open the earth to put it in the same pot with the rest. He seemed confused, and after a little hesitation named the next evening. Accordingly we went,

opened the ground, and found the money I had first placed there, which the artful wretch had returned to its hiding-place in hopes of obtaining more.

"I immediately took up the gold, put it in my pocket, and, turning to the false man, said with a severe look, I should bury no more gold till I had found a man worthy of my confidence.

"Soon after I placed this chest in the earth; and may it be found by some honest man, who is neither covetous nor profligate; and who will remember that gold is lent us to perform benevolent actions with; that all we receive is from the hand of God, and every person in distress has a just title to share it!"

The first good action Tommy performed with his treasure was to build a comfortable habitation for the poor shepherd, and to give him and his family clothing, and all things necessary to their comfort and happiness.

He then set out again on his travels, and had almost reached the sea-coast, when his fond and faithful companion the lion fell sick and died. Poor Tommy's grief cannot be described at this event, which deprived him at once of his protector and his only friend. When his affliction had a little subsided, he dug a deep grave at the foot of a high tree, in which he buried his beloved lion.

He now proceeded on his journey with a sorrowful heart; nor did he find any consolation for the loss of his lion, till he beheld an English ship which reminded him of his beloved sister, and the joy with which she would receive him.

THE PIGEON CARRYING THE LETTER

MARGERY SUSPECTED FOR A WITCH

He carried all his wealth on board the ship, which immediately set sail; and with a favourable wind all the way, they soon arrived in England.

The sea-port at which Tommy landed was not many miles distant from the residence of Margery Two-Shoes. All the country had talked of her goodness, and now every body was telling the news that she was going to be married to Sir Charles Jones. Tommy soon heard it; and instantly ordered a post-chaise with four horses, and dressing himself in a magnificent dress, he hastened to the church where his dear and excellent sister was to be married. The particulars of their interview are to be found in the history of Margery Two-Shoes.

Tommy, now called Mr. Two-Shoes, as he was grown a fine and rich gentleman, settled in the handsome city of York, where he was admired and belov-

ed both by the rich and the poor. To the former he was polite and respectful, and to the latter he was kind and benevolent. His reputation was so great, and his history had been so remarkable, as well as that of his sister, that numbers of people solicited his acquaintance; and others, who used to go to York-Minster, where he constantly attended divine service, spoke in the highest terms of the propriety and gracefulness of his behaviour.