





*Mrs. Beautiful taking Goody Goosecap from among the Charity Children.*

THE  
ENTERTAINING HISTORY



OF

Little Goody Goosecap.

CONTAINING  
A VARIETY of ADVENTURES

Calculated to

*AMUSE and INSTRUCT.*

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*By* TOBY TEACH'EM.

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While Goody Goosecap we pursue,  
Let's strive to imitate her too.

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Adorned with Cuts by Bewick.

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Y O R K:

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Wm. C. C.



# The History of Goody Goosecap.

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## CHAP. I.

*Containing some Account of her Family, and other Matters necessary for the Reader to know.*

THE parents of this little Lady, whose history we are going to relate, were people of a small independent fortune, and lived retired near a little town, in the North of England; they were happy in every thing but one,—that of having no child.

But that blessing was, though late, granted, and Little Goosecap made her appearance in the world, to the great joy of her parents; yet here they were in some measure disappointed, as their hopes were fixed upon a boy; however, their good sense made them contented with what Providence had bestowed on them: She was christened after her mother, whose name was Frances,

Little Fanny grew every day in strength and beauty, so that she was the delight of all who saw her.

She was now two years of age, (see here she is) she could waddle about, and talk pretty



plainly, and would instantly repeat whatever was said to her, by which means she gained the name she was afterwards known by. Her nurse used often to be saying to her. Ah! you Goosecap. She soon caught the word, and repeated it to every body, crying, Ah! you Goosecap. So that when she went to school, being of a very dexterous turn, her companions used to call her Little Goody Goosecap; which name she afterwards went by. And let every little girl remember, that she was as good as she was pretty. She never fell out with her bread and butter, or cried, unless a pin pricked her, or something gave her pain. She never

was known to be in the pouts; for sullenness is a sad thing in a child, and if not curbed in time, may prove of very bad consequence, and is, indeed, very often destructive to happiness, and hurtful to others; little folks should be cured of it as early as possible, as young minds, it has been observed, are like wax, ready to take any impression, either good or bad, according to that saying of the poet,

Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines.

Goody Goosecap was now about four years of age, when a fatal stroke put an end to her future prospects; this was no other than the death of her parents. She was too young to be truly sensible of the loss; but used afterwards to cry at the thoughts of her Daddy and Mammy's being in the pit hole.

These worthy people, whose name was Fairchild, had caught a disorder which was then rife, and died the same day, and were buried in the same grave, over which was this short epitaph:

Here lies a kind and loving pair,  
The paths of virtue still they trod;  
Their souls are gone that bliss to share,  
The good may still expect from God.

Mr. Fairchild left his own brother executor and guardian to little Fanny, to whom he left his small fortune, which was sufficient to settle her



decently when she came of age. But this unnatural uncle soon sold the estate, under a pretence of putting the money in the stocks for his niece's portion, as he said he was obliged to go abroad; and so he did, and took every penny along with him, and left little Goosecap with the old nurse, but through distress, at last, she was obliged to go to the parish; but Goosecap bore it with wonderful patience; and patience is a most necessary virtue: for as the high may fall, and the low may rise, patience enables us to bear every misfortune, and converts even adversity into a blessing. Here she is in her parish dress.



Goody Goosecap was sent to a variety of schools, where she distinguished herself by her

good qualities. She worked very pretty with her needle, read extremely well, and could sing a hymn better than any girl in the school. As she was now advanced to a higher form, she was appointed to instruct the younger children, which she did in a very extraordinary manner for one of her years; and also composed the following verses for the little ones.

Whoever their Alphabet strives right to learn,  
A piece of plum-cake and a farthing shall earn;  
But those who neglect, nor to learn it take care,  
Shall be jeer'd and despis'd like the Dunce you see here.



Goody Goosecap was very successful with her little scholars, who were fond of their young governess. It was now the time when the yearly sermon was preached for the bene-

fit of the charity, on which occasion there is always a hymn sung by the children, and this was a time which happened very lucky to little Goody Goosecap.

It happened that Mrs. Bountiful, a widow gentlewoman, who lived just by, was at church; as she generally was a strict attendant on her devotion, and never missed an opportunity of assisting in any charitable affair, she took particular notice of Goody Goosecap's decent deportment, and her manner of singing the hymn. When the service was over, and the girls walked two and two before their governess, she took an opportunity of inquiring who that child was which had given her so much pleasure? The governess, after making a low curtsy to Mrs. Bountiful, desired she would show her which it was, as she did not know rightly what she meant. The children were ordered to pass by her, and when little Goosecap came, she took her by the hand, and asked her what her name was? to which she very simply replied—Goody Goosecap.

Mrs. Bountiful smiled, and inquired of the Governess if that was her real name, and was informed it was not, but that her real one was Fanny Fairchild; and moreover, that she was the daughter of a very worthy Gentleman, who was dead, as was likewise her mother; and that her uncle, who was her guardian, had deserted



flowers growing, and thought she could reach them, and make herself a nosegay; but, unfortunately, reaching for some that hang over a ditch, in she fell, and was covered over with water all but her head.

She screamed out as she fell in, and it luckily happened that Miss Sally Scramble and her maid were walking to pick butter-flowers and daisies, they ran to the place, and soon knew who she was, because she wore a goose's feather in her cap, as she always did when she was at play.

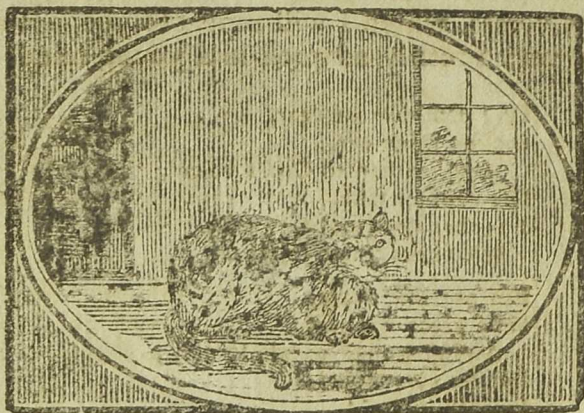
The maid with some difficulty pulled her out, and carried her home in her arms. Her Mamma was sadly terrified at seeing her in such a condition, and stripping off her clothes, put her to bed.

When she had recovered her fright a little, so as to be able to speak, her Mamma asked her how the affair happened? Poor Goody Goosecap told the truth, as she always did, which every body used to commend her for. When she had done, she cried and sobbed again at remembrance of it, and begged her Mamma's pardon for being so giddy.

Her Mamma kissed her, and bid her not cry any more, but thank God for preserving her. She told her she did not blame her for being fond of these weeds, as every one must confess there were many beautiful colours among them;

but that she should have asked somebody to pluck them for her.

Next day, when Goody Goosecap went to school, one of her school-fellows, who was a very pretty girl, and good besides, asked her how she did after her fright? and said, she hoped she had said her prayers to thank God for her preservation: for, continued she, even my cat, which is but a brute, was thankful to those who saved him. I will tell you how it was, my dear. Last night our old Tom puss fell into the well, which is very deep; we heard him cry a great while, but could not tell where he was; at last we found he was in the well, so my Papa, who was always very fond of him, as he had had him twelve years, got a man to go down in the bucket with a candle and lantern in his hand, where he found the poor creature clinging to the bricks: he took him out, and brought him into the house almost dead; they laid him by the fire and dried him; but had you seen him when he came to himself, he jumped upon my Papa's knee, and purred out his thanks to every one round. When we go home I will show you what a handsome cat it is, and as fat as a lamb. Accordingly Goody Goosecap went with her; and if you please you may see him.



Now I would not have my little readers imagine that these young Ladies made a practice of talking at school, instead of minding their work; no, no; but this was an extraordinary affair; for Miss Goody Goosecap was working herself a very curious pocket, with silk of all colours; there were roses, carnations, and lilies, naturally drawn, and finely shaded, and her Mamma had promised her, when she had done it, she would make her a present of a set of Mr. Publisher's books for children; now though she was never idle, and would have done it without any reward, yet the thoughts of those entertaining books spurred her on.

Her companion and school-fellow, whose name was Miss Grace Goodman, was working



a Sampler, at the bottom of which was to be two verses, which I will repeat to you, as they are very prettily adapted to a young mind.

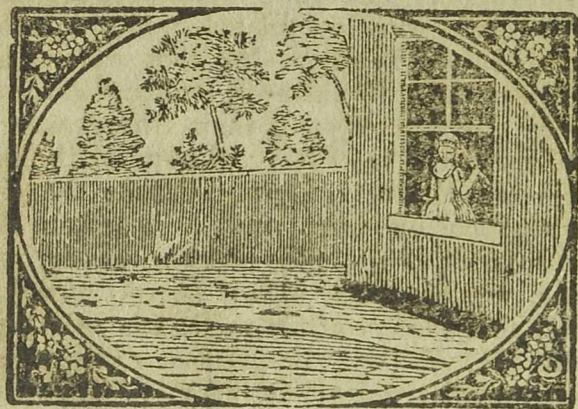
Oh! Child most dear,  
Incline thine ear,  
And hearken to God's voice;  
His counsel take,  
For that does make,  
His saints for to rejoice.

But not like those,  
Who grace oppose,  
And give their minds to play;  
But let your mind,  
Be well inclin'd,  
In seeking Wisdom's way.

This good little girl had lost her Mamma when she was quite an infant, and her Papa, instead of marrying again, had taken a widow into the house, to assist in bringing her up, as he knew it was necessary to have a woman's help, though he himself took the greatest care of her education.

As Miss Grace had told her Papa and her Nurse (as she called the good woman) what encouragement Miss Goody Goosecap was to have when she had done her pocket, they promised her she should have a fine gilt Prayer Book to carry to Church with her. This she was very proud of, not because it would make her look like a woman, so much as that it would help her in

her devotion. Accordingly, in time, their different tasks were completed, and they both received their rewards; but that was not all, for they met with universal applause from all the neighbourhood, and their Governess told the Ladies that visited her, they were the best scholars in the school, which made them be very much caressed, and were continually having fruit, or something or other given them, while several of the Misses hung down their heads for shame, and in particular Miss Sally Scramble, who was the greatest dunce of all, and minded nothing but hoity-toitying about, and had nothing but play in her head; she could hardly tell her letters; as to her work, she had got a coarse sampler to learn on, but had so soiled it, and broke the threads with picking out, that it was quite spoiled. When her mamma heard of it, she sent to her Governess, and desired she would put on the fool's cap and bells; which, indeed, she very well deserved. So her Mistress set her up in the window with it on her head, and a bunch of rods in her hand, where she stood till school was done, to her great mortification; for it happened that several Ladies and Gentlemen passed by the house, who, when they saw her stand in that ridiculous posture, could not help



laughing at her, and at the same time gave some fine ripe cherries to Miss Goody Goosecap and Miss Grace Goodman, who were standing at the door; but they agreed to keep their fruit till they went home, for fear it should make their fingers sticky; however, as soon as it was pulled off, and she got home, she went to her play again, without once reflecting on the scandalous name she had left behind her.

To be sure it is proper for children to have some recreation, otherwise as the old adage says, *All work and no play, will make Jack a dull boy*; therefore, when their school hours are over, they ought to be indulged in some innocent amusement, such as will not tear their clothes,



or overheat their blood, but such as will give them health as well as spirits.

Next day when Miss Sally went to school, and happened to cast her eye on the fool's cap, she began to recollect her disgrace, and a thought came into her head which she intended to execute the first opportunity. And she had one soon after; for her Governess going out of the room, she very artfully seized the cap, and cramming it into her pockets, went into the garden, where, with her scissars, she cut it all to pieces, and hid it in the mould under a rose-bush, the bells she put into her pocket, to play with; when she had done this trick, in she went, and making a curtesy, sat down in her place. She thought herself safe now, and that she should never undergo that shame any more, but never remembered her fingers were dirty with the mould; however, the Miss that sat next her took notice, which the Governess overheard, and asked her, in a sharp manner, how her hands came so dirty? Miss Sally blushed, and had not a word to say for herself, which made it appear she was somehow or other guilty of what she should not. The Governess took her into close examination, when she confessed the truth; she showed where the cap was hid, but was very unwilling to part with the bells: The Governess could hardly help smiling at the artful manner she

had taken to destroy her enemy; however, she put on a look of severity, and told her, she should be confined till she had sent for her Mamma, to consider what punishment should be inflicted on her for stealing; she was accordingly shut in a dark closet, and terrified out of her wits almost.

When her Mamma came, and had heard the accusation, she went with the Governess to the closet; poor Sally immediately threw herself on her knees before them, and with tears and sobs protested she was innocent of stealing, for that she never did, nor never would, take a pin away from any body, but that she did it to get rid of that odious cap; but, continued she, folding her hands together, if you will please to pardon me, I will promise never to be guilty of any thing amiss, but that I will try to learn to read and work as well as any other Miss.

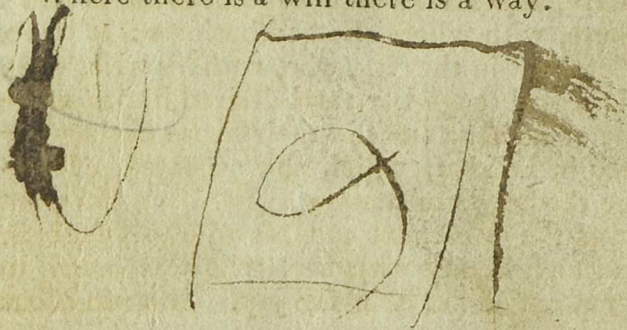
Her Mamma and Governess both forgave her, and said, if she would keep her promise, she should want for no encouragement.

She began from that day to apply herself very closely to her needle-work; she worked ruffs, aprons, and handkerchiefs, and beside all these embroidered herself a very handsome sack and petticoat. She was not less assiduous with respect to learning: she took much pains with her reading, and wrote a very fine hand: to say

all in a few words, she in a short time became a verry pretty scholar. Here she is.



Thus my little readers may see, by the example of Miss Sally Scramble, how possible it is to grow good, if they will but take pains to become so; for, according to the old proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way."





## CHAP. III.

*Containing Mrs. Bountiful's Journey to London,  
and how Goody Goosecap was delighted with  
what she saw.*

MRS. Bountiful having some affairs to transact at London, was determined to take Fanny with her, as she grew more fond of her than ever. She was about thirteen years old, and a fine girl she was of her age; besides what she had learned at school, she had her taught music and dancing at home. Fanny was charmed with the thoughts of seeing London, as she believed, like many others that were older than herself, that the streets were paved with gold. She took leave of her Governess and school-fellows, who were all very sorry to part with her, and after necessary preparations set out with her adopted Mamma. They arrived there safely, and Mrs. Bountiful went to the person's house, with whom she had business: It was a Merchant in the city, who, with his wife, were very glad to see her, and desired her to make use of an apartment in their house during her stay in London, which she accepted. It being the height of summer, Mrs. Bountiful went with the Merchant and his wife to Vauxhall, and took Fanny with her, who was ready to jump out of her skin for joy. She run about

the gardens, crying out, Ah! dear Mamma, what fine pictures are here! Mrs. Bountiful could hardly restrain her, but said, with a smile, Why, Fanny, I thought had left off being Little Goody Goosecap; you must behave with more decorum here, child. Fanny begged her Mamma pardon, but said she never was in such a fine place in her life, and that she was almost out of her wits.

What a pity it is, said Mrs. Bountiful to the Merchant's Lady, that nature must be restrained in a young mind, when it is innocent and free from blame, to be obliged to be tied down to rules; but my dear, you must not show the pleasure you feel when you are in a polite assembly, for fear of being ridiculed by the rest of the young Ladies in the gardens, who would make no scruple of calling you a Little Country Dowdy.

After this Miss Fanny walked between her Mamma and the Merchant's Lady in a very genteel manner; when they were tired they sat down, and had a little repast, in which tarts were not forgot. When the songs were over, and the company began to depart, they got into the coach that waited for them, and returned home.

Next day Mrs. Bountiful took Fanny to see Westminster-Abbey, where they were shown the Wax-work, and many Monuments; in short,

not a day passed without the pleasure of seeing something curious. In about a month, Mrs Bountiful having finished her business, returned into the country again, and the Sunday fol-



lowing Miss Fanny was dressed in the most fashionable manner, as her Mamma had every thing made at London. She had likewise a little gold watch hung by her side, which was made a present of to her by the Merchant's Lady, in recompense for Miss Fanny's working some children caps for her, which she had many opportunities of doing, besides taking her pleasure. As she was dressed genteeler than ever she was before, so she looked more charming

She accompanied her Mamma to church where she was admired by every one, even the



parson took notice of her, not for her dress alone, but because she showed no signs of pride, and minded what he said, instead of looking at her clothes.

When service was over, Mr. Preachwell, the parson of the parish, presented his daughter to Miss Fanny. Polly, says he, this is the young lady I have so often mentioned to you, and whom I should be pleased you would copy, as she bids fair to make a shining figure in the world. What the good man said pleased Mrs. Bountiful so much, that she invited him and his daughter home to dinner. The gentleman was a widower, and had three daughters, two of whom were apprentices to a milliner in London; the youngest was Polly, who lived with him and an old housekeeper. She was about fourteen, and a very fit companion for Fanny, as their tempers were much alike, and both of them having been fond of learning were excellent scholars; Polly had indeed the advantage of Fanny, because she could speak French very well, and had some notion of Latin.

Mrs. Bountiful, who was willing her adopted child should possess every accomplishment, agreed with Mr. Preachwell to instruct Fanny, which he promised to do in the best manner, and he was very capable, being a man of great

sense and abilities; the two young ladies become intimate friends, and Miss Fanny soon acquired these two languages.

Fanny went no more to school, but worked caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, ruffles, &c. by her Mamma's side, who would repeat many good things to her, to instil the principles of virtue in her heart, and as she was very fond of poetry, she frequently would make her read pieces from the poems of Dr. Watts and other authors.

In this happy manner Miss Fanny Fairchild passed the time with good Mrs. Bountiful, whose love for her increased daily; sometimes she would sing her a song, sometimes dance before her, and paid her as much respect and duty as if she had been her mother: If she was ill at any time, Fanny would nurse her as well as she could, so that the old Lady would often say, What a good child she had got?

Though Fanny did not go to school, yet she kept up some acquaintance with her old school-fellows, especially Miss Grace Goodman, and Miss Sally Scramble; the first of these she always loved, the other had partly saved her life; besides, she was now a very good girl, and took some pains to learn, so that though she was older than the rest of the Misses before she could work or read, yet she bid fair to be a tolerable scholar at last; and to be sure

it is better late than never ; however she never deserved the fool's cap any more, nor was there any occasion for another to be made in the room of that she cut to pieces, as all the children were uncommonly good : and the Governess has often been heard to say, It was through the example of little Goody Goosecap.

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## CHAP. IV.

*Containing the History of Miss Patty Wilson,  
and other curious affairs.*

**M**ISS Polly and Goody Goosecap were very often together, and in fine weather they would walk in the fields behind the house, or go into the Church-yard to read the Tombstones, and so improved each other's minds with moral and pleasing conversation ; how innocent and happy must their lives be ! for happiness must attend on virtue and innocence, to be sure. One evening they had been taking a walk in the grove which leads down to the river side, when they beheld a little girl sitting crying under a tree.

Goody Goosecap proposed going to her, to inquire what was the matter, which was agreed





to by Miss Polly. As soon as they came near they begged to know what was the matter, but Miss Pride, for that was her name, arose to be gone without giving any answer: but they insisted on knowing the cause of her grief, which at last, though with a deal of sobbing and crying, she did; and what was it do you think? Why, one of the school-fellows had got finer clothes than she. O! you Goosecap, says Fanny, is that all; and is it worth crying about! I wish you may never have any thing worse to cry for, than the want of a French petticoat or pink shoes. Come, sit down by me on the grass, and I will tell you a tale shall make you despise such trifles; accordingly she made her sit down by her, and then repeated

the following, selected from the celebrated  
Dr. Watts.

## The BUTTERFLY.

### I.

**W**HY should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin,  
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin,

### II.

When first she put the covering on,  
Her robe of innocence was gone;  
And yet her children vainly boast,  
In the sad marks of glory lost.

### III.

How proud are we! How fond to show  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;  
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
That very clothing long before.

### IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly  
Appear in better coats than I;  
Let me be drest fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

### V.

Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind,  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.

Miss Pride was not very well pleased with this address, yet put on a calmer countenance, and promised she would no longer be governed by vanity, which has been the ruin of many a pretty young Lady. Goody Goosecap gave her many more lessons, which she promised to observe, arose, made a curtsy, thanked her for her advice, and took her leave. When she was gone, her folly gave scope to a conversation on the bad effects which often arise from too great a fondness for dress. Decency, it was allowed on all hands, was necessary, and some little difference according to the different stations of life which fortune has allotted. This introduced the history of Miss Patty Wilson, which Miss Polly related in the following manner:

I cannot say I remember the person of whom I am going to speak, but had it from my Mamma, as a lesson to direct me from falling into the same folly.

Miss Wilson was the daughter of a Clergyman, who had a small living a few miles distant from my Father's. He was a very pious and worthy man, but his wife was altogether as proud. They had but one child, which was Miss Patty. Mr. Wilson took care to give her a virtuous education, and early to instil into her mind the duties of a Christian, and such moral instructions as would be of use to her in life:



but her mother, whose head was filled with notions of grandeur, still dressed her up in a style, which she had not the least prospect in the world to imagine she could support through life, and by her means she was introduced into what is called the polite world: Balls and Assemblies were her sole delight; and the good man, her Father, with sorrow, observed all his precepts thrown away on one who had made vanity her study: Her mother, however, still encouraged her passion for dress and pleasure, and as she had a great share of beauty, and an agreeable turn in conversation, she expected her accomplishments might captivate some person of fortune, who would marry her and support her in all her gait and extravagance. But this random idea was the ruin of her daugh-



ter. Mr. Tinsel paid his devoirs to her, gained her affections, and persuaded her to elope, under pretence of being married in private, for fear of disobliging a rich uncle, who had declared him his heir, who certainly would cut him off if he should know that he married a poor Clergyman's daughter: The consequence of such a fatal compliance was, that he, by the most solemn promises, and every art that villany could invent, ruined her, and in a short time left her to make the tour of Europe, and left her to all the agonies of a guilty conscience. She wrote to her Mother, who had been privy to her elopement, and informed her of all that had happened. Till now her Mother believed her married to 'Squire Tinsel, and so had informed her husband; but this letter coming to his knowledge had such an effect on him, that he pined away, and in a short time died. Poor Miss Patty could not survive her loss of honour and her lover too, but died of a broken heart in London, not daring ever to show her face in those parts where once her gaiety had given liberty for many to prophecy what had now happened in earnest.

However she had obtained full pardon from her Papa before he died, and she wrote several very moving letters to many of her young friends, to warn them of vanity, and the fatal effects of flattery, especially from those in a

higher sphere than themselves; as it may with more reason be expected that such have some sinister views, and never intend to perform what they so earnestly promise.

Tis hoped that this little story of Miss Wilson, and some others in the course of this work, will not be deemed improper, as it is to be supposed, that all little characters are intended to be men and women, when such tales may be of service to their future conduct.

It now growing towards the dusk of the evening, the young Ladies thought proper to begin their walk back again through the grove, to Miss Polly's Father's, where, after some little ceremonies were passed, they parted, with a promise of seeing each other again as soon as possible.

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## CHAP. V.

*Containing the Arrival of Mrs. Bountiful's Brother and her Son; in which another young Character will be introduced.*

**I**N this innocent manner did Fanny live till she was sixteen years of age. She had lived with Mrs. Bountiful ten years, for she was about six years old when that Lady took her into her house. As Miss Fanny understood



music, she would often play upon the Harpsichord, and sing to it, which gave Mrs. Bountiful great delight.



One day as she was sitting with her work, they were informed two Gentlemen desired to speak with Mrs. Bountiful. She ordered the servant to ask them to come in, which they did.

One was a comely elderly man, and had much the appearance of a Gentleman, the other was a very handsome young Gentleman of about two and twenty. As soon as they advanced into the room, Mrs. Bountiful started up, and cried out, Oh! my brother, and I think my dear son.

The young Gentleman bent his knee to ask his Mother's blessing, when she clasped her

arms round his neck, and burst into tears of joy; she then embraced her Brother. When they had a little recollected themselves, they began to talk of their affairs. Mr. Goodchild was her Brother's name: and it was Mrs. Bountiful's maiden name, and a very just one, as she had always been a good child, which made her so good a woman.

Her brother informed her that he had lately lost the best of wives, and that he could not bear to live on the same spot where she died, so had settled his affairs, and was come over to England, with an intention to settle there the rest of his life; he said he had brought over with him not only all his money, but a jewel that was dearer to him than all the world. Nay, brother, don't say that, said Mrs. Bountiful, I have always flattered myself that you loved me. And so I do, sister, replied he with a smile, but the jewel I mean is my little daughter, my only child; she is but six years old. Where is she? said Mrs. Bountiful hastily. In London, said he, with her good nurse Mrs. Teach'em. I left them there to come and seek after you, and if it is agreeable to you, will bring my little Harriot and settle in these parts. Mrs. Bountiful said nothing could give her greater pleasure. Mr. Goodchild then informed her, that he had put her son James in a way of business that had

gained him a good fortune, and said, he intended to make some addition to it at his death, as he should give his Harriot no more than thirty thousand pounds; which he thought sufficient for a girl, especially if she married a man with an equal fortune.

Mrs. Bountiful then caressed her son again which he returned with all duty and respect. She said, she hardly knew him after so long an absence, as he was but twelve years old when he went abroad with his uncle, after the death of his father; he was now in his third and twentieth year, and a fine genteel handsome figure he was. Here he is. There is a great deal of sweetness in his looks.



Fanny Fairchild was in the room all the time, and kept silence, but she had shed tears, which



Mrs. Bountiful observed on turning towards her: What is the matter, child? says she; Nothing, Mamma, says Fanny, I only wept for joy to see you so happy.

Mr. Goodchild and young Bountiful looked earnestly at Fanny; and the former said, Sister, have you changed your condition? when I left England you was a widow. So I am still, Brother, said she. Then what is the meaning, said he, of that fine young creature calling you Mother? Because, replied she, I have been a Mother to her. She then related all the particulars of Fanny's story, not forgetting her name of Goody Goosecap, when she was little.

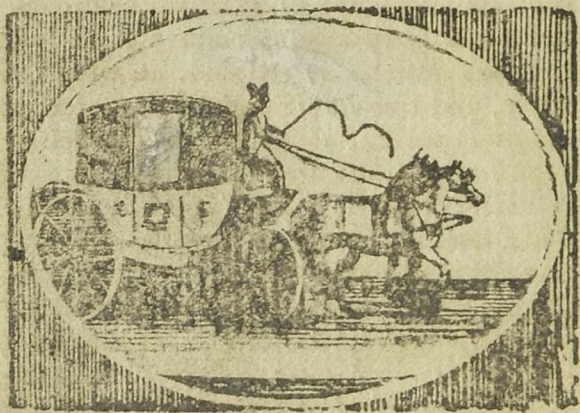
Fanny blushed at the recital, but it was a blush of modesty, not of guilt, to hear herself praised for so many accomplishments. The old Gentleman saluted her, and said, he would call her niece, and the young one did the same, and said he was sure he should love her as well as a sister. They passed a week in great happiness, when Mr. Goodchild returned to London to fetch his daughter and her nurse.

Young Bountiful passed this time with Fanny and her companions: He took a part in all their amusements, and they were mightily pleased with him, as he was very polite and good-humoured, and had a great share of sense and ready wit.

In about a month, Mr. Goodchild came to them again, and brought Mrs. Teach'em and his darling child. Harriot was the sweetest, engaging little creature that ever was seen. She paid her duty to her aunt in a very pretty manner, as she had been instructed by Mrs. Teach'em.

Mrs. Bountiful caressed and fondled her; Fanny kissed and hugged her; she took her into the garden, then into the town, and bought her some toys.

Among the rest was a little chariot and pair, with the coachman on the box. It was very finely painted and gilt, and a Lady sitting in it. Here it is, and for the size of it I never saw any thing so curious.



She bought her likewise a little wax baby

full dressed, which delighted Miss Harriot very much. When they came home she ran to her Father. Papa, says she, that pretty Lady gave me these fine things! Sure, says he, the young Lady is very good. Yes, she is indeed, Papa; and I will always love her. That is a good girl, says he, you should always be grateful for favours received, and I will make her a present for her kindness to you which shall be worth her acceptance. Upon saying this he opened a small ebony casket, and taking out a very fine diamond necklace and ear-rings, presented them to Miss Fanny Fairchild. She curtsied very low when she received them, and made her acknowledgments in a very genteel and graceful manner.

Mrs. Bountiful looked upon her brother with a smile of approbation: Thank you, Sir, says she, I am glad to see you take notice of my Orphan, for I assure you she is very dear to me; upon which Fanny took hold of her benefactress's hand, and kissed it with tears in her eyes. Don't cry, my dear child, says this good Lady, I have reason to love you, having brought you up from a child, just such another as little Harriot. I had neither husband, child, or any relation near me for many years, and though, by God's mercy, I am blest with the sight of my son again, that cannot take off the regard I shall



always have for you ; and I believe no one will blame me who knows your tenderness for me, your piety, and sweet disposition, besides all other amiable qualifications.

Fanny's heart was overcome with tenderness and gratitude, and that she might be at liberty to let fall a flood of tears, begged leave to withdraw to compose herself.

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## CHAP. IV.

*Giving an Account of Goody Goosecap's Instructions to little Miss Harriot.*

**M**R. Goodchild intended, when he came to England, to put his little daughter to some reputable boarding-school, but was prevented from so doing by the entreaties of Goody Goosecap, who begged the honour of being her instructress, and from the good account Mrs. Bountiful, his sister, gave of her abilities, he was prevailed on to let her continue under her direction ; and he was the more pleased, as she would be continually near him ; a circumstance not a little pleasing to a parent who was so fond of his child.

Miss Fanny, otherwise Goody Goosecap, began her office in this manner : As Miss Harriot

had learned to read and work a little, she thought proper to improve such useful qualifications, as well as instruct her in others necessary in the polite world. The business of the morning, after prayers, was reading and Fanny generally picked out some select pieces in prose and verse, which were of moral tendency as well as entertaining. Application, she said, was the only way to make her learn whatever she took delight in; and to excite her to industry, she repeated the following verses on the industrious Bee.

## I.

**H**OW doth the little busy Bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

## II.

How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neat she spreads the wax;  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

## III.

In works of labour, or of skill  
I would be busy too;  
For folly finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

## IV.

In books, or works, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

Thus was the first part of the morning spent; the next, the needle came in play, and some pleasing device served to discover her ingenuity. After dinner the harpsichord was taught to speak in the most pleasing sounds: Miss Harriot was as yet a stranger to that enchanting art, yet she soon became a very apt scholar, and received her lessons thankfully, which was very right, as there is nothing so commendable in children as humility, and makes every body love them, and more ready to do any thing to serve them. Mr. Goodchild was not a little pleased with Fanny's kindness to his daughter, and would often attend their music, which he was very fond of. Fanny had some taste for poetry, and had wrote a song which she set to music; and one day when they were all together, she played and sung it, which gave great satisfaction; and as we have been favoured with a copy of the words, the reader, perhaps, may not be displeased at seeing them.

### S O N G.

**H**OW sweetly smiles the infant Spring !  
 How gay each prospect round !  
 The birds their pleasing carols sing,  
 And Flora spreads the ground.

Come, let us seek the happy grove,  
 Or kind sequester'd bow'r;  
 With sports, and inoffensive love,  
 Improve the fleeting hour.



For Youth and Beauty can be gay,  
 While Vice and Folly mourn,  
 Taste all the sweets of blooming May,  
 And hail its blest return.

Miss Fanny received great applause, not only for her singing, but the words, which they did not think she was capable of. What could be more happy than this family! How pleasing is sense, virtue, and goodness! It is what I hope every little Miss will strive to imitate, and then they will be agreeable not only to themselves, but every one else.



Thus did every day pass in the most pleasing communion. It was delightful to see them all in a room together, as they are here.

Miss Harriot was so attentive to the friendly instructions of Miss Fanny, that she soon became excellent, not only with her needle, but likewise in every other accomplishment. Dancing was not left out, as it was conducive to health, as well as giving a peculiar grace to every motion. Little parties were formed of the most innocent nature, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another; and at these friendly assemblies the young folks were sure to give great pleasure to the old ones, as every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum.

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## CHAP. VII.

*Giving some Account of Fanny's Uncle, and of the Fortune which was left her.*

**T**HIS happy family had just dined one day, when a servant let them know an old Gentleman desired to speak with Mrs. Bountiful. She desired he might be admitted. When he came in, he bowed to Mrs. Bountiful, and said, Madam, my business is of a very extraordinary nature. I am but lately arrived from the West Indies, where I have left the remains of a man, who, however unworthy, as by his own confession he was when he was young, yet for

some years past has led a life of piety and strict honesty, his name was Thomas Fairchild. At that name Mrs. Bountiful started, and Fanny was ready to faint. Seeing nobody attempted to interrupt him, as indeed their surprise was so great they had not power, he resumed his discourse.

Finding himself draw near his end, he sent for me, and told me he had something lay



heavy at his conscience, and he could not die in peace if I did not promise to comply with his last desires. I accordingly gave him my word ; then he laid before me the whole affair of his baseness in wronging his niece, and he told me that he hoped God would accept his



penitence, and what I have further to say, continued he, is to fulfil the promise you have made me, when I am dead, to go to England, and take, instead of the five thousand I wronged her out of, ten thousand pounds, which I have gained by trade, the rest of my effects keep yourself for your trouble, only lay me decently in the ground; after speaking these words he gave a dismal groan and expired.

After the funeral was over, I came to England. I reached this town yesterday, and went to the Churchwarden to inquire concerning one Fanny Fairchild; for he had told me her name, and the place she was born in. They informed me such a child was with them some time, but was taken away by a very good Lady, mentioning your name, Madam. I waited upon you to beg the favour you would let me see Miss Fairchild, that I may pay the money into her own hands. Mrs. Bountiful then presented Fanny to him.

She was drowned in tears, and the pleasure of having ten thousand pounds fortune paid down to her immediately, did not compensate for the pain she felt, at hearing of the penitence and death of so near a relation.

They pressed the gentleman to stay some time with them, but he said he would go to London, and if the wind permitted would return as soon as possible to his own country,

where he had left every thing in confusion: he said his affairs would suffer by the loss of his time, but as he had made a solemn promise, he would not be worse than his word, especially with a dying person.


Mrs. Bountiful said he had proved himself a man of honour and humanity, and, said she, had Mr. Fairchild been so, there would have been no occasion for his late repentance, or your trouble and hindrance. His promise was to a brother, your's only to an acquaintance: He was on the same spot, you in a foreign country; however, we will not rake up the ashes of the dead. No, Madam, by no means, said the tender-hearted forgiving Fanny.

Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you for your goodness in seeking after a poor undeserving girl. Nay, Miss, said the good man, don't say so; by what little I have seen of you, I think you deserving of every blessing. My friend said you were a beautiful child, but I believe you are an angel of a woman. I wish my dear son Tom could see you; but he is too far off, and besides he is wild.

They prevailed with him to stay that night, but in the morning he departed betimes, though with some reluctance, but he said business must be minded.

Fanny was now a ten thousand pounds for-

tune. She was seventeen years old, and a finer form was never seen. There were several Gentlemen would have paid their respects to her, but she gave no encouragement to any. She was wholly taken up with the company of her foster-brother, young Bountiful, who would lead her by the hand through woods and groves of an evening. Her companions were always with them, yet still it so happened that he and she always walked arm in arm.



## CHAP. VIII.

*Mrs. Bountiful taken ill, and given over: the consequences thereof.*

**T**HE pleasures of this life are but of a short date, and therefore we should not fix our minds upon them.

The good, the worthy Mrs. Bountiful was suddenly taken ill; this cast a sudden damp over every countenance.

The family Apothecary was sent for, as he knew her constitution; but he advised them to send for a Physician. The Physician wrote for



her, the Apothecary made up the prescription, but all to no purpose, she grew worse every day. Her disorder was a violent pain in her side; and a fever on the spirits, which took away her appetite, and deprived her of sleep. She had laid in this manner for a fortnight, and was wasted away to a very skeleton. Her son, brother, and poor Fanny, were terribly alarmed at her danger, and privately asked the Physician's opinion, who said, the constant pain she laboured under augmented the fever, but if he could procure her some sleep it would ease the pain, and be the only means of saving her life. He said, he had something to propose to them, which, if they would agree to, she might have a chance to get the better of it, otherwise he could do no more for her. They eagerly asked what that was? He replied, to give her a dose, which will either kill or cure her. He said it was of very dangerous consequence, but there was a chance in it, and if they would not consent she must die.



Fanny, who was ready to sink when she heard this, begged Mr. Goodchild and Mr. Bountiful would agree with the Physician to endeavour to save her life. To be sure it is dangerous, but yet there is a chance. Oh! let us try every means to save her precious life, for I cannot bear to part with her! They accordingly agreed to it, and the mixture was sent. When she had taken it, not knowing what it was, she said, in a faint voice, God grant this may do me good, and raise me up again, that I may see accomplished what my heart is set upon; then stopping a while to breathe, as she was so weak as hardly to be heard to speak, she desired them to draw

nearer to her, and speaking to her son: It was my intention, said she, if I had lived, for you to have married my virtuous Fanny, as I have a great desire to call her daughter in earnest. I would not force your inclination, but if you can sincerely love her, which I have some reason to think you do, and she, I am convinced, has no objection, it would be satisfaction to me to see you join hands in my sight, with a strict promise of fulfilling my desire after my decease.

Young Bountiful, though full of affliction at the thoughts of losing his mother, received her dying injunctions with transport, as he loved the charming Fanny from his first seeing her, but was fearful his mother would not consent to his happiness, as her fortune was not equal to his.

He took Fanny's hand, which trembled between joy and sorrow, and in the presence of mother and uncle, promised to make her his wife.

Fanny, with a modest blush, gave her consent; for she found in her heart he was conducive to her happiness.

Mrs. Bountiful seemed greatly pleased at their compliance with her request, and joining their hands, said, May Heaven bless you, my dear children. I desire you will not show



unnecessary grief at my death, so as to make you defer your mutual happiness, but console yourselves with the thought that I am happy in a better place; for as I have nothing to reproach myself with in my last moments, I shall not fear to meet my Judge.

Having quite exhausted herself with speaking so much, she laid her head gently on the pillow, and fell into a fine slumber, a blessing she had not enjoyed a long time before, and which was owing to the mixture she had taken.

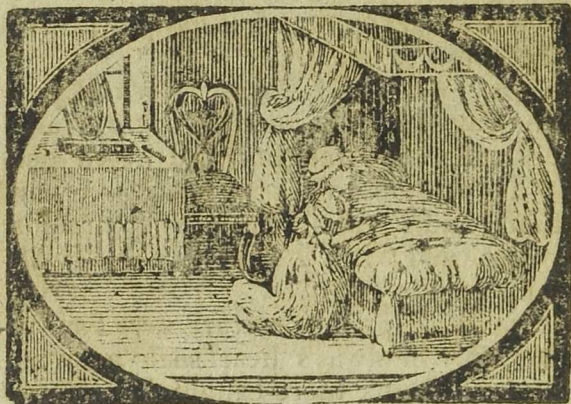
When Fanny arose in the morning, she went with a deal of anxiety to her Manima's chamber, where she found her still asleep; but a few hours after she began to stir, and open her eyes, spoke very cheerfully to them: They inquired how she did? She said she was quite easy from pain, for which they all returned thanks to God.

Fanny had no more leisure to attend to the instruction of little Harriot, who was in the room when she heard her aunt say she was better; but they missed her all on a sudden. Fanny went to her chamber to look for her, as she always lay with her, where she found her; but what do you think she was doing? Why, on her knees at the bed-side. That's a good girl, says Fanny; but, my dear, will you tell me what you was praying for? You know

we both said our prayers together when we got up ; but I can't guess what has put you in that pretty posture again.

Why, my dear Miss, says Harriot, you know we prayed for my aunt's recovery, and when I found God Almighty had heard our prayers, I could do no less, you know, than thank him ; and I will always pray to him for what I want, and when I have got it, I will return him thanks.

Oh ! thou dear, pretty creature, says Fanny, no doubt God will always hear such a sweet innocent, as I think there cannot be a finer sight than so young a Miss at prayers. I will show you how she looked with her little hands folded, Pray look as her.



Fanny, as we said before, had some notion of writing verse. She went to her closet, and wrote the following, which when she had done, she read it to Harriot, who desired to have it to learn by art; She did so, and in three days she could repeat it every word.

#### ON RECOVERING from SICKNESS.

**A** GAIN the purple tide of health,  
That blessing dearer far than wealth,  
Returns,—and bids each hope revive,  
With every joy which she can give.



Then to the Lord let's raise the voice,  
 In strains of gratitude rejoice ;  
 'Twas he who kindly sought the bed,  
 And rais'd the sad dejected head.

To him then let our prayers ascend,  
 Who sav'd our parent and our friend :  
 Still let the voice in concert join  
 To praise, who only is divine.

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## CHAP. IX.

*Arrival of Strangers, and various other Matters  
 necessary to be known in order to understand  
 the History.*

IN the former part of our history, we mentioned Mrs. Bountiful's taking Fanny to London, and of the gold watch that was given her by the Merchant's Lady, for working some caps for her little daughter, who was now five years old, that Lady, as she had not seen Mrs. Bountiful for some years, had a fancy to visit her old friend. She accordingly arrived at the house in a post-chaise, with little Miss sitting by her. Here they are.



Mrs. Bountiful, who was just got about again, was walking in the garden for air, leaning on Fanny's arm. Mrs. Friendly, for that was the Lady's name, went to her. Mrs. Bountiful was greatly surprised to see her; however, she received her with a great deal of pleasure and politeness. Mrs. Friendly took notice how Miss Fanny was grown, so that she hardly knew her. Yes, Madam, says she, this is my little Goody Goosecap, as she called herself the first time I spoke to her; but we have left off that name now she is grown a woman.

She then informed her how Fanny's uncle had left her ten thousand pounds, and likewise

her intentions of making her her daughter as soon as she was quite well.

Mrs. Friendly was very much pleased to hear all this, as she had taken a great liking to Miss Fairchild, and had often mentioned her to her friends in London, and showed them the fine work she did for her, which was very much admired.

They then went to dinner, which was very elegant, as Mrs. Bountiful kept a very good house, and the remains that was left every day she gave to a poor family in the neighbourhood, who were hard-working people, but got very little money, and had a daughter lame, and a son that was born blind.

Miss Patty Friendly was very much caressed by them all, and a pretty Miss she was, and very well behaved, only she had little childish tricks; but she did not do any thing for the sake of mischief. She had got Miss Harriot's wax doll to play with, which she had indulged her with, because she was a stranger. She, like a little simpleton, thinking the doll was cold, carried it to the kitchen fire to warm it; and she did indeed, for as soon as it was warm, the face melted off. Just then Miss Harriot came running in, Oh! says she, don't hold her by the fire! She perceived the wax dropping down. She coloured like scarlet, and, with-





out speaking a word, took the doll from Miss Patty, and went into the garden, where she burst into tears.

Miss Fanny who was sitting in an arbour reading, saw her, and calling her, desired to know what was the matter? Ah! Miss Fanny, says she, look here! my pretty doll has lost her face. Fanny asked her how it happened? and she told her: and says she, I can't be angry with her, because I know she did not do it on purpose; besides, you have told me I should be particularly civil to strangers; but what troubles me is, I intended to keep it for your sake. I was always very careful of it, and should not have taken it out now but

( 55 )  
to oblige Miss Patty. Well, my dear, says Miss Fanny, don't grieve about it, and I will buy you another so much like it, you shan't know one from the other. This pleased Harriot, and they went into the parlour. Patty was there, and had told her Mamina of the accident, who made many apologies to Harriot for what her daughter had done; but, she said, Pray, Madam, don't mention it, it does not signify.

Mrs. Friendly had brought with her a pretty little lap-dog, with a silver collar about his neck, she insisted on Miss Harriot accepting that in recompense for her doll. Here he is.



Matters being now made up between these young folks, they went to play together again. Patty had got a dormouse in a box, which her Papa bought her in London.

This creature, it is said, sleeps half the year. Its colour was much like a fawn, with two little eyes like beads; it was as fat as a mole. She had a small chain fastened round the neck, no thicker than a thread, to which she had tied a ribbon, so she used every now and then to let it run about the grass plat, she holding the ribbon.

It happened that the cat, which was in the garden at the same time, as she often was, (for she had watched for, and caught many a bird) jumped out of a tree. Harriot cried out, Oh! Miss, take care of the dormouse! the cat will eat it! at which Miss Patty laughed. No she wont Miss, said she, she will only play with it: So she called Puss! Puss! The cat came to her, and looking at the dormouse, her mouth watered to be at it; but Patty had taken it up. Miss, says she, now you shall see them play together; with that she put it down on the grass again, the cat gave a sudden spring, caught it in her mouth, and run away. Patty had hold of the chain, but her mouse was gone. The two Misses looked at each other some time, and then both run after the cat, who had made off with her booty, and



eat it, which was a nice tit-bit, such as she had never eat before. Poor Patty cried sadly, and could hardly be pacified all the evening.

At last her Mamma comforted her by telling her she should have a tame Robin Red-Breast: Then, says she, I will cry no more about him, for I love birds, Mamma, especially a Robin. My dormouse used to sleep half its life away, but a bird will sing to me.

Accordingly, next day, her Mamma bought her one that was so tame he would eat out of her hand; and besides, was very beautiful. Here he is.



This Robin delighted her and Harriot very much: He would hop about the house from room to room, and eat any thing. They used to call him Bob; and if they cried, Come, Bob! he would come to them directly. In this innocent manner they diverted themselves, till Mrs. Friendly thought it was time to think of home, as she thought Mr. Friendly would be uneasy; accordingly, after a visit of a fortnight, in which time she had taken all the pleasure of the place, she took leave of Mrs. Bountiful, with great reluctance, making her promise, when Miss Fanny Fairchild was married, for them all to come to London, and set out on her journey, with her daughter Patty, who had made such a friendship with Harriot, that she desired her to come with them.

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## CHAP. X.

*Variety of Matter, entertaining and instructive.*

THE company of Miss Patty Friendly had not hindered Miss Harriot in the instructions she received from Miss Fanny. She had learned her to write a very pretty hand; she had worked herself a set of linen; she could

play tolerably on the harpsichord, and dance a minuet; she could read to admiration; and as she lay with Miss Fanny, they always joined in prayer night and morning, and on Sunday this excellent family all went to church together.

Mr. Goodchild was quite charmed with Fanny's prudence and goodness. He often said, that though she was so young herself, she had been a Mother to his Harriot. These praises pleased Mrs. Bountiful, and young Bountiful doated on her.

As it was with his Mother's consent, he did not scruple to own his love for her, and as she had given her promise, she heard him with pleasure. They often walked out in the cool of the evening, talking in the most innocent manner.

One evening Fanny complained of a violent pain in her head, which made Mrs. Bountiful very uneasy. Mr. Bountiful said, perhaps, my dear Fanny, the air will do you good, let us take our usual evening's walk. They did so. When they came to the gate that led into the fields, there stood an old man, with grey hairs, who opened the gate for them, and said, God bless you both together! Mr. Bountiful smiled and thanked him, and Fanny put a shilling in his hand. On receiving it, the old man's tears trickled down his face. Here he is.



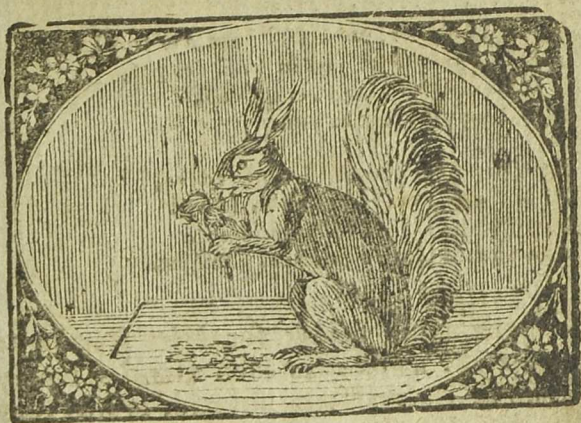


As they walked on, Mr. Bountiful took her by the hand, and said, every body loves and blesses you, my charming Panny, you are so good, so pious, so charitable. Oh! how happy shall I be with such a wife.

I believe you do not flatter me, Sir, says she, and I think I shall be equally blest in a husband, for your temper is so much like your dear excellent Mother's.

To be sure she had some knowledge of my parents, but it was her humanity to me in my infant state that made her my benefactress, or else it was Providence working in her to bring me to a sight of you.

In this manner did these lovers talk, till something rustling in the hedge interrupted them. Mr. Bountiful with his stick moved the leaves, and saw a fine squirrel, which was some how or other entangled in the boughs. He took hold of, disengaged it, and put it in his pocket. When they came home he took it out of his pocket and showed it to his Mother. See how pretty it cracks the nuts.



As Fanny said she was very fond of such animals, he said he would tame it for her, for fear it should bite her pretty fingers. She smiled and thanked him. Fanny's head-ach

still continuing, she could not rest much that night; but getting up by break of day, looked out of her window, which was over the dove-house, and amused herself with hearing the cooing of the harmless turtles. When she was weary of that, she sat herself down in her closet, and wrote what follows on the subject.

### On the DOVE.

SWEET pair, who still from day to night,  
The moments pass in kind delight,  
And fondly bill, and gently coo,  
May I be innocent as you.

Emblems of peace and harmless love,  
How pure, how spotless is a Dove!  
Such to the ark the olive brought,  
And such a blessed business wrought.

This was another task for Miss Harriot to learn, for she awoke as soon as Miss Fanny had done it. Mrs. Bountiful said, It was very pretty; and Mr. Bountiful said, there was not such another young Lady in the world as his dear Fanny.

Mrs. Bountiful had now recovered her health pretty well, but was weak. The Physician advised her to ride on horseback, which he said



was the best exercise in the world: In which Mr. Goodchild agreed, and said he would accompany her. Accordingly they rode out every morning, which she found of great service to her. Miss Fanny sometimes went with them, attended by Mr. Bountiful. Poor little Harriot was ready to cry sometimes to go with them, but could not ride by herself. Her kind Papa, who never liked to see her uneasy, told her he would buy her a little nag to learn to ride on against she grew older and bigger to ride by herself. This was the thing to please her. He was as good as his word, as every person should be. It was a very little one, with a fine mane and long tail.

Mr. Goodchild set her on its back, and led him round the paddock; but after a few days riding she could manage him herself. He was as gentle as a lamb; and Harriot would have him called Bob. They kept him in the Paddock, and you may see what a long tail he has got. Here he is.



When Harriot could manage her little horse, she used to go with them sometimes, when the weather was very fine; but her Papa made her always ride close by his side, that he might have his eye upon her; for never Father loved a child better than Mr. Goodchild did Harriot; and there was a very good reason for it, for she was one of the most dutiful of children, and so she deserved all encouragement; besides, she had lately worked her Papa a pair of ruffles that looked like lace.

Mrs. Bountiful had now got her strength, and was as well as ever. She was thankful to her brother and her son for their care of her, and

as to Fanny she was dearer, if possible, than ever. She could hardly bear her to be out of her sight; and if she went a visiting, or a walking, Fanny went with her: Thus in peace and happiness did they spend their time.

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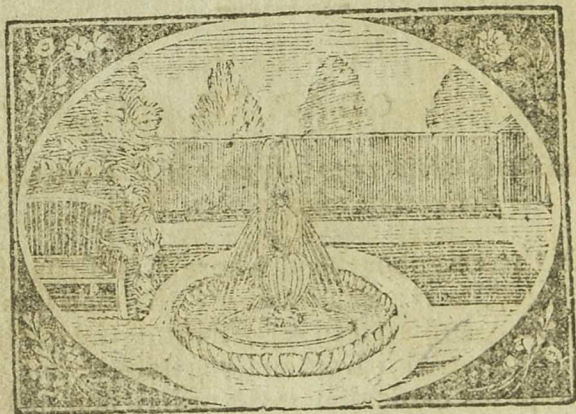
## CHAP. XI.

*Cautions to Children to take care of Strangers, and not ramble too far from Home.*

**I**N the neighbourhood where Mrs. Bountiful lived, was a small family; the man was a gardener, and used to serve most of the gentry round about with fruit and vegetables; and as he kept his garden in great order, and had a variety of flowers in it, Mrs. Bountiful used often to pay them a visit for the sake of walking in it, and to encourage industry. The gardener's wife was a cleanly, notable woman; they had six children, who always went very decent, were put to school, and were very fond of their books and their work, as every little girl and boy should, as it is not only for their own advantage, but shows a good example for others to follow.



One day when Mrs. Bountiful with Fanny and Harriot, were taking the pleasure of the garden, walking through the flower-beds, or sometimes sitting by the side of a fountain, as there was a very fine one. Here you may see it.



All of a sudden they heard a terrible squall, and soon after the gardener's wife appeared wringing her hands and crying most bitterly ; her little daughter Betsey was lost, and she could not find her any where in the neighbourhood. O ! poor Betsey ! what could she do ? her Betsey was lost.—The gardener left his work and went directly in search of her : The biggest boy went

another way, and all the family were in confusion. Mrs. Bountiful endeavoured to comfort the poor woman all in her power; told her there was no doubt but the child would be found again; that she could not be a great way off. But she still continued crying, the gypsey had stole her; and it seems there had been a set of those vagabonds seen in the neighbourhood for some time past, to the disgrace of those who have authority to disperse them.

The gardener was gone some hours and returned almost distracted, without any notice of her, and soon after the boy came in and brought one of her shoes and a garter. The mother on seeing this began to lament more than ever: She thought, to be sure, little Betsey was murdered, and thrown into a pond. The gardener set out again immediately along with the boy towards the place where he found the shoe and garter, when, as they pursued their way, of a sudden they heard something like a child sobbing and crying, but could not guess whence it came from. They stopped short, and listened with the greatest attention; they heard the same again, but could not discover from whence it proceeded; however, imagining it was certainly her they were in search of, the gardener called out pretty loud, Betsey! several times. The child at last heard, and answered as loud as she

could, Here, Daddy ! Where ? said he ; for yet he could see nothing of her ; he then called again, and went, as well as his ear would direct him, towards the place where the voice came from, and at last discovered her face through a hole in the trunk of an old oak tree. Here it is.



He then said, Is it you Betsey ? Yes, Daddy, said she. How came you there ? The woman put me in, Daddy. The gardener then drew her up stark naked, and her hands tied behind her. He did not question her then, but wrapped her up in his coat, and went home as fast as he could to comfort her mother.

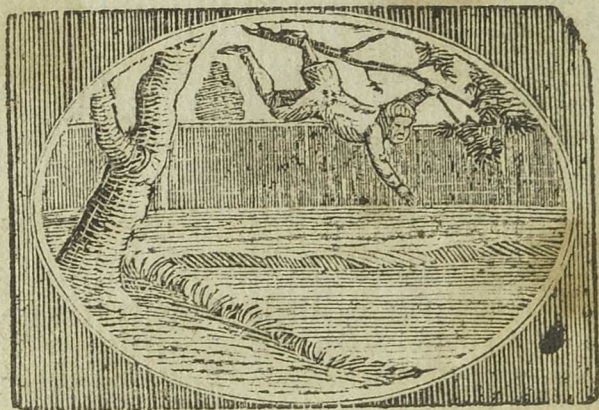


## CHAP. XII.

*Stories of Children, with proposals to make them good and wise.*

THE next day Fanny began to get her instructions ready, she packed up her alphabet, and other necessary affairs, which she made use of in her manner of teaching, and after breakfast set out for the gardener's house, where they were all very glad to see her, especially little Betsey.

And now she began to display her talents in teaching, when just as she had begun with her alphabet to the youngest, a great noise was heard in the garden; all wondered what it could be, but the cause was soon known; one of the boys had got up a tree to gather some plums, and striving to reach some upon a slight branch, which hung over a pond, it broke, and he fell in.



It happened that his father was just by, and hearing him souse into the water, immediately pulled him out ; but it was enough to make any body laugh to have seen him. The pond was full of duck-weed, with which he was covered from head to foot, like the sign of the Green Man.

While the poor boy had dry clothes put on, Fanny sent the gardener's eldest daughter, with the youngest child, and Miss Harriot, to take a little walk. See how pretty they look.



Matters being once more settled, the boy had dry clothes on, and Miss Harriot and her companions returning, Fanny proceeded to her instructions. After she had done with the youngest, who were yet only capable of learning their A, B, C, she made the rest stand up in a row, and repeat after her what follows :

*Instructions to make Children Good and Wise.*

**T**O be good and be wise, you must folly despise.  
 Keep constant to school, and ne'er play the fool.  
 Shun all that is evil : Be modest and civil.  
 When at church never play, for that's a bad way.  
 Get your task still in time, to neglect is a crime.  
 Be always polite, good manners are right.  
 When you're sent never stay, but make your best way



Give your parents your duty, for that's a great beauty.  
 Give your worship and love to God, who's above.  
 Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good.  
 When you're at your play, take heed what you say.  
 'Tis a dangerous folly, to jest with things holy.  
 Keep your books without blot, and your clothes without  
 spot.

In all that you do, be honest and true.  
 Be quiet and easy, when fools strive to tease ye.  
 Attend the advice, of the aged and wise.  
 Be not angry or fret, but forgive and forget.  
 Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.  
 These rules if you mind, great advantage you'll find.  
 For if these rules are well pursu'd,  
 They'll make you all both wise and good.

These Miss Fanny made them repeat every day till they had got it by heart; and she not only improved them in necessary reading and writing, but she set them tasks of working with their needles, or knitting, which was very useful in such a family.

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*Mirth and Matrimony,—social Happiness,—with  
 all Parties satisfied.*

**Y**OUNG Mr. Bountiful now began to grow impatient to call Fanny his own. He took an opportunity to speak to his Mother concerning it; and that Lady being as willing as

her son to have matters concluded, she gave orders for the usual preparations to be made.

The day arrived. Mrs. Bountiful and her brother, Mr. Goodchild, the Bride-men and Bride-maids, with Harriot, all attended the Bride and Bridegroom to church, They made a very gay appearance, and had all of them favours.



When the ceremony was over, Mr. Bountiful made Mr. Preachwell a handsome present, and invited him to dinner, which was very sumptuous. Nothing but wishes of joy and happiness came from every mouth, not only from all the company, but the whole town; for this couple was admired by every body.

Miss Harriot was now a fine tall genteel girl for her age. If you please you may see how she is grown of late.

young readers. Their diversions were such as chiefly tended to their instruction. How pleasant it must be to blend amusement with edification, and sprightliness with wisdom!

A short time after their return into the country, Mr. Bountiful took a house as near as possible to his Mother's, in order to settle his dear Fanny more to his mind, and as their fortunes were plentiful he set up his coach.

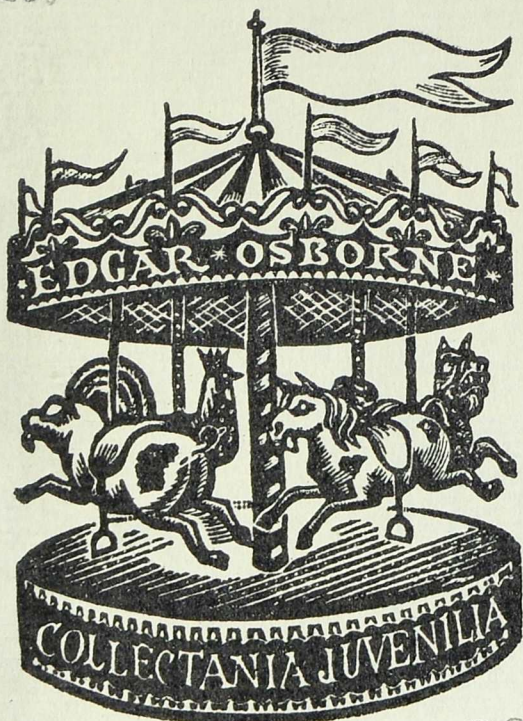
Thus leaving our fair Orphan we have only to add, that she lived an example of virtue and charity, beloved by all who knew her.

THE END.



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