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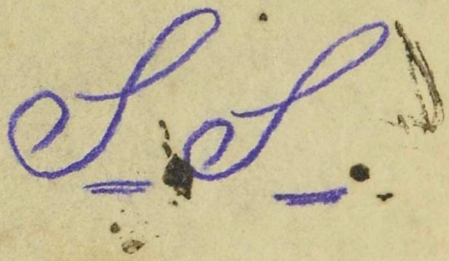

To Elizabeth George.
with Aunt Anne Elizabeth's
best love.
Oct 4. 1831.

R/B/II
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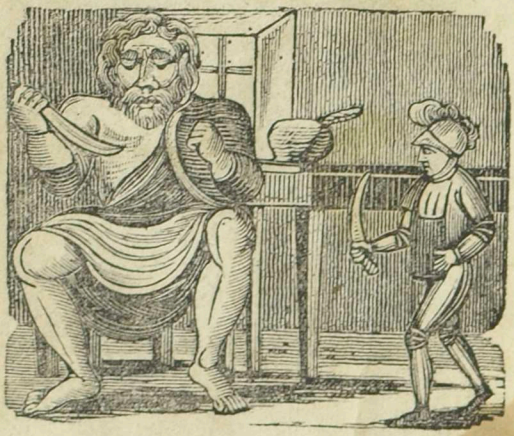
Reeve
Cat
31
May 194

198 **FAIRY TALES: containing Jack the Giant Killer; Cinderella, or The Little Glass Slipper; Goody Two-Shoes.** Thomas Richardson, Derby nd insc. 1831. The 1st 2 stories have a frontis with 2 illus, a title vignette & 8 excellent interesting text engrs, the last has a frontis, title vignette & 12 text engrs. The illus to Jack the Giant Killer are particularly dramatic & well executed. 140 x 90, quarter roan, marbled bds, each story paginated (1)-31. Sp worn lacking 20 mm at h & tail, crns rubbed, inner hinges cracked. Text grubby, a few sm margin tears, tiny crns torn off. £45.00 $42.40 with discount + postage.

All 3 also issued separately as penny booklets with the same number of pages (see O,I,33 & 257).

The death of Cormoran.



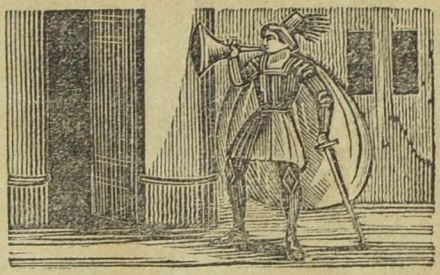
Jack and the Welch Giant.

FAIRY TALES:

Containing

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER;
CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER;
GOODY TWO-SHOES;

With numerous Engravings.



DERBY:

Printed and Published by
THOMAS RICHARDSON;
AND SOLD BY HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., LONDON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE HISTORY

OF

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

In the reign of the famous king Arthur, there lived in Cornwall a lad named Jack, who was a boy of a bold temper; and took delight in hearing or reading of conjurers, giants, and fairies; and used to listen eagerly to the deeds of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

In those days, there lived on St. Michael's Mount, off Cornwall, a huge giant, eighteen feet high, and nine feet round; his fierce and savage looks were the terror of all who beheld him.

He dwelt in a gloomy cavern on the top of the mountain, and used to wade over to the main land in search of prey; when he would throw half-a-dozen oxen upon his back, and tie three times as many sheep and hogs round

his waist, and march back to his own abode.

The giant had done this for many years, when Jack resolved to destroy him.

Jack took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, his armour, and a dark lantern, and, one winter's evening, he went to the mount. There he dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and twenty broad. He covered the top over so as to make it look like solid ground. He then blew such a tantivy,

that the giant awoke, and came out of his den, crying out, "You saucy villain, you shall pay for this! I'll broil you for my breakfast!"

He had just finished, when taking one step further, he tumbled headlong into the pit, and Jack struck him a blow

on the head with his pick-axe, which killed him. Jack then returned home to cheer his friends with the news.

Another giant, called Blunderbore, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if ever he should have him in his power. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood; and sometime after the death of Cormoran, Jack was passing through a wood, and being weary sat down and went to sleep.

The giant passing by and seeing Jack, carried him to his castle, where he locked him up in a large room, the floor of which was covered with the bodies, sculls, and bones of men and women.

Soon after the giant went to fetch his brother, who was

likewise a giant, to take a meal off his flesh: and Jack saw with terror, through the bars of his prison, the two giants approaching.

Jack perceiving in one corner of the room a strong cord, he took courage, and making a slip-knot at each end, he

threw them over their heads, and tied it to the window bars; he then pulled till he had choked them. When they were black in the face, he slid down the rope, and stabbed them to the heart.

Jack next took a great bunch of keys from the pocket of Blunderbore, and went into the castle again. He made a strict search through all the rooms, and in one of them found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death.

They told him that their husbands had been killed by the giants, who had then condemned them to be starved to death, because they would not eat the flesh of their own dead husbands.

"Ladies," says Jack, "I have put an end to the mon-

ster and his wicked brother; and I give you this castle, and all the riches it contains, to make some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt." He then very politely gave them the keys of the castle, and went further on his journey to Wales.

As Jack had but little money he went on as fast as possible. At length he came to a handsome house. Jack knocked at the door, when there came forth a Welsh giant. Jack said he was a

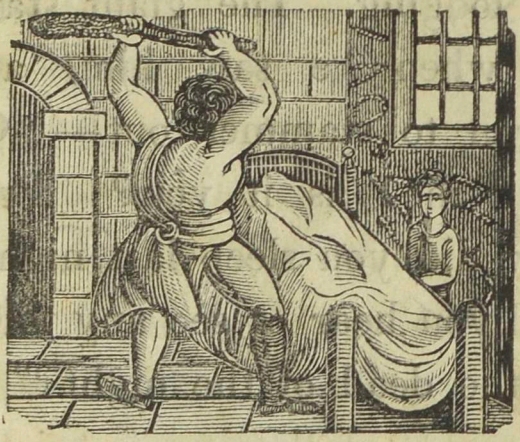
traveller, who had lost his way, on which the giant made him welcome, and led him into a room where there was a good bed to sleep in.

Jack took off his clothes quickly, but though he was weary, he could not go to sleep. Soon after this he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself,

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" thought Jack. "Are these your tricks upon travellers? But I hope to prove as cunning as you are."—Then getting out of bed, he groped about the room; and at last found a large thick billet of wood. He laid it in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room.

The giant, about midnight, entered the apartment, and with his bludgeon struck a many blows on the bed, in the very place where Jack



had laid the log; and then he went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all Jack's bones.

Early in the morning Jack put a bold face upon the matter, and walked into the giant's room to thank him for

his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and began to stammer out—"O! dear me! is it you? Pray how did you sleep last night? Did you hear or see any thing in the dead of the night?"

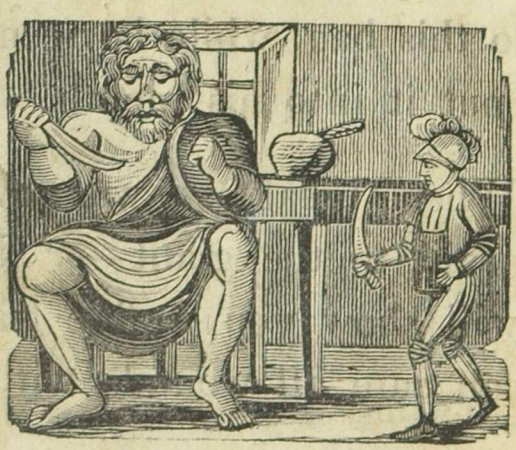
"Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack carelessly; "a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with its tail, and disturbed me a little; but I soon went to sleep again."

The giant wondered more

and more at this; yet he did not answer a word, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty-pudding for their breakfast. Jack wanted to make the giant believe, that he could eat as much as himself; so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipt the hasty-pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it into his mouth.

When breakfast was over, he said to the giant—"Now I will show you a fine trick. I can cure all wounds with a

touch: I could cut off my head in one minute, and the next put it sound again on my shoulders. You shall see an example." He then took hold of the knife, ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty-pudding tumbled out upon the floor.



"Ods splutter hur nails," cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, "hur can do that hurself;" so he snatched up the knife, plunged it into his own stomach, and in a moment dropped down dead.

Jack having hitherto been successful in all his undertakings, resolved not to be idle in future; he therefore furnished himself with a horse, a cap of knowledge, a sword of sharpness, shoes of swift-

ness, and an invisible coat, the better to perform the wonderful enterprises that lay before him.

He travelled over high hills, and on the third day he came to a large and spacious forest, through which his road lay. Scarcely had he entered the forest, when he beheld a monstrous giant dragging along by the hair of their heads a handsome knight and his lady. Jack alighted from his horse, and tying him to an oak-tree, put on his invisible coat, un-

der which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant he made several strokes at him, but could not reach his body, but wounded his thighs in several places; and at length putting both hands to his sword and aiming with all his might, he cut off both his legs; then Jack setting his foot upon his neck, plunged his sword into the giant's body, when the monster gave a groan, and expired.

The knight and his lady thanked Jack for their deliverance, and invited him to their house, to receive a proper reward for his services. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be easy till I find out this monster's habitation." So taking the knight's directions, he mounted his horse, and soon after came in sight of another giant, who was sitting on a block of timber waiting for his brother's return.

Jack alighted from his horse, and putting on his invisible

coat, approached, and aimed a blow at the giant's head, but missing his aim, he only cut off his nose. On this the giant seized his club, and laid about him most unmercifully.

"Nay," said Jack, "if this be the case, I'd better dispatch

you;" so jumping upon the block, he stabbed him in the back, when he dropped down dead.

Jack then proceeded on his journey, and travelled over hills and dales, till arriving at the foot of a high mountain, he knocked at the door

of a lonely house, when an old man let him in.

When Jack was seated, the hermit thus addressed him: "My son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by giant Galligantus and a vile magician. I lament the fate of a duke's daughter, whom they seized as she was walking in her father's garden, and brought hither transformed into a deer."

Jack promised that in the morning, at the risk of his

life, he would break the enchantment; and, after a sound sleep, he rose early, put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the attempt.

When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him, because of his invisible coat. On the castle-gate he found a golden trumpet, under which were written these lines:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

As soon as Jack had read this, he seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open, and the very castle itself tremble.

The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs, and shaking with fear. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, soon killed the giant, and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind; and every knight and beautiful lady, who had been changed into

birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Galligantus was then sent to King Arthur.

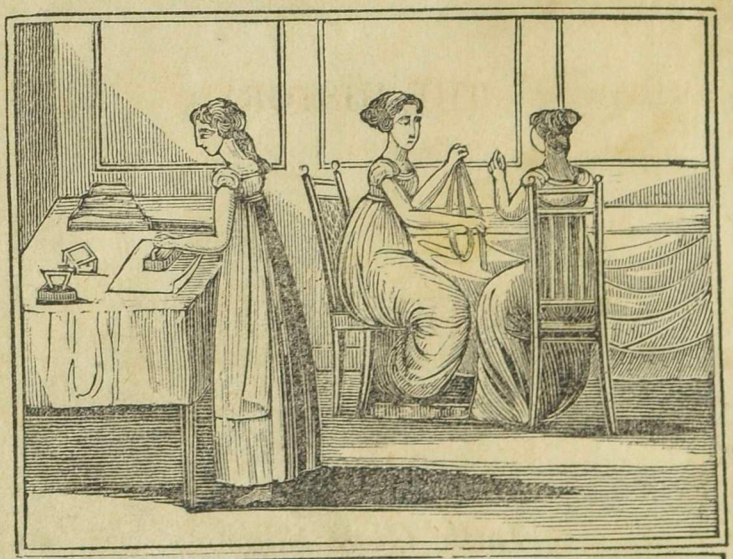
The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and next day they set out for the court. Jack then went up to the king, and gave his majesty an account of all his fierce battles.

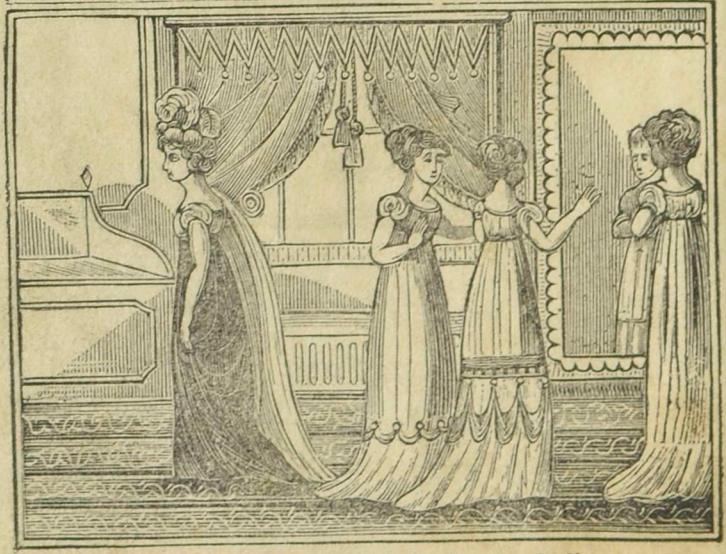
Jack's fame had now spread through the whole country,

and at the king's desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all his kingdom. After this, the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and contentment.

Printed by Thomas Richardson, Derby.

Cinderella preparing her Sisters' Linen.





The two Sisters dressing for the Ball.

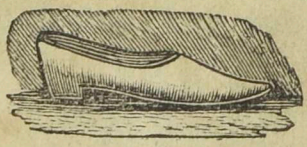
THE HISTORY

OF

CINDERELLA;

OR, THE

Little Glass Slipper.



DERBY:

Printed by and for

THOMAS RICHARDSON, FRIAR-GATE;

AND FOR HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., LONDON.

THE HISTORY

OF

CINDERELLA.

THERE was a gentleman married for his second wife the proudest and most haughty woman ever seen. She had by a former husband two daughters of her own, who were indeed exactly like her in all things. He had like-

wise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over, than the mother-in-law began to show herself in her true colours. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the less, because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work in the house: she scoured the dishes, tables, &c. and rubbed Madam's chamber, and those of the Misses her daughters; she lay in a sorry gar-

ret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full length from head to foot. The poor girl bore all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have rattled her off, for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she went into the chimney-corner, and sat down among the cinders and ashes, which made her commonly called Cinderbreech; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called

her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always very richly dressed.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young Misses were also invited; for they cut a grand figure among the quality.

They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-dresses, as might become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles: they talked all day long of nothing but how they would be dressed. "For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimmings." "And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered mantua, and my diamond stomacher, which

is far from being the most ordinary one in the world." They sent for the best tire-woman they could get, to make up their head-dresses, and adjust their double pinners and they had their red brushes and patches from Mademoiselle de la Pache.

Cinderella was likewise called up by them to be consulted in all those matters, for she had excellent notions, and advised them always for the best: nay, she offered her service to dress their heads, which they willingly accepted. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the

ball?" "Ah!" said she, "you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go thither." "Thou art in the right of it," replied they; "it would make the people laugh to see a Cinderbreech at a ball." Any one but Cinderella would have dressed their heads awry; but she was good, and dressed them perfectly well. They broke above a dozen la-

ces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking-glasses. At last the happy day came, they went to court, and Cinderella looked after them as long as she could, and when she lost sight of them, she fell a-crying.

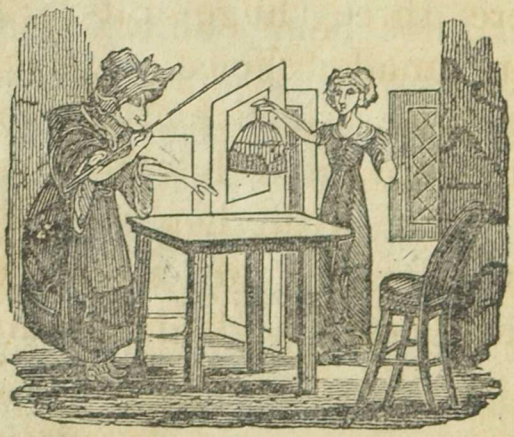
Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter. "I wish I cou-ld, I wish I cou-ld," she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing. Her godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "Thou wishest thou

couldst go to the ball: is it not so?" "Ye-s," cried Cinderella, with a great sigh. "Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden and bring me a pompion." Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pompion could make her go to the ball.

Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done she struck it with

her wand, and the pompion was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found two mice all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up the trap-door, when giving each mouse as it went out a little tap with her wand, the mouse that moment turned



into a fair horse, which together, made a very fine pair of horses, of a beautiful mouse-coloured dapple-grey. Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go, and see," says Cinderella, "if there be never a rat in the trap; we may make a coachman of him." "Thou art in the right," replied her godmother; "go and look." Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard, and having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat jolly coachman, who had the smart-

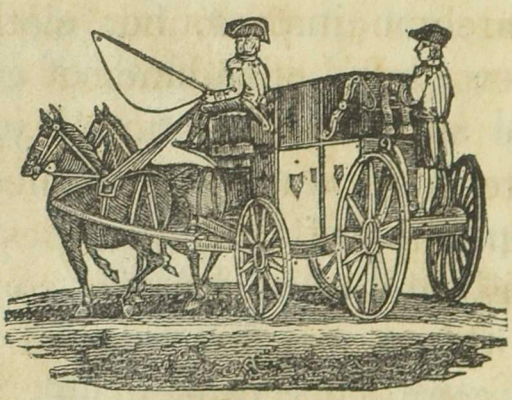
est whiskers and eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said unto her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find a lizard behind the watering-pot, bring it to me." She had no sooner done so, but her godmother turned it into a smart footman, who immediately skipped up behind the coach, with his livery all covered with rich gold and silver, and clung as close behind the coach, as if he had done nothing else all his whole life. The kind fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see an equipage fit to go to the ball with: are you pleased with

it?" "O, yes," cried she; "but must I go thither as I am, in these nasty dirty rags?" Her godmother only touched her with her wand, and at the same instant, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Being thus decked out, she got into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her, at the same time, if she stayed at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pompion again, her hor-

ses mice, her coachman a rat, her footman a lizard, and her clothes become just as they were before.



She promised her godmother she would not fail leaving the ball before midnight, and then away she drives, scarcely able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, ran

out to receive her. He gave her his hand as she alighted out of the coach, and led her into the hall among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence, they left off dancing, and the music ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the beauties of this unknown new comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of — "Ah! how handsome she is! ah! how handsome she is!" The king himself could not help ogling her, and telling the queen softly, that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful a creature. All the ladies were busied in consid-

ering her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made the next day after the same pattern, providing they could meet with so fine materials, and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honourable seat, and afterwards took her to dance with him: she danced so gracefully, that they

all more and more admired her. A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company, and hastened away as fast as she could. Being got home, she ran to seek out her

godmother, and after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her. As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened. "How long you have stayed!" cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself, as if just awakened out of sleep. She had not had however any inclination to sleep since they went from home. "If thou hadst been at the ball," says one of her sisters, thou wouldst not have been tired with it: there came thither the finest

princess, the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes, she showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons." Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter; indeed, she asked the name of the princess, but they told her they did not know it; and that the king's son was uneasy on her account, and would give all the world to know who she was.

At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must be very beautiful indeed: O, how happy you have been! could I not see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes, which

you wear every day." "Ah! indeed!" cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderbreech as thou art: who's the fool then?" Cinderella, indeed, expected some such answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for in jest.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but drest more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome,

that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her; so she at last counted the clock strike twelve, when she took it to be no more than eleven: she then rose up, and fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind her one of her glass slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footman, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing of all her finery, but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she had dropped. The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had seen a princess go out; who said,

they had seen nobody go out, but a young girl very meanly dressed; who had more the air of a poor country wench, than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there. They told her, yes, but that she hurried away with so much haste, that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, which the king's son had taken up; and that he was in love with the beautiful person who owned the slipper.

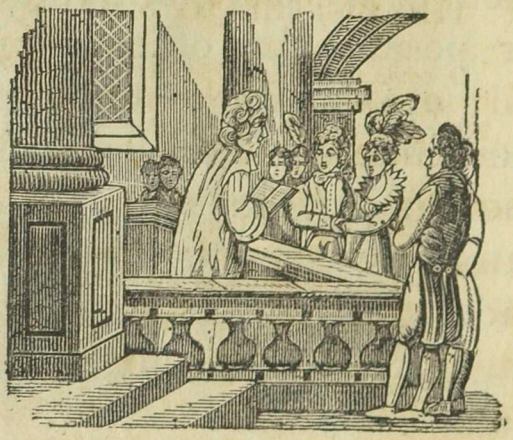
What they said was very

true; for a few days after, the king's son caused it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it upon the princesses, then the dutchesses, and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the slipper, but they could not effect it. Cinderella said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me." Her sisters burst out a laughing, and began to buffet her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper, looked earnestly at Cinderella, and finding

her very handsome, said, it was but just she should try, and that he had orders to let every one make trial. He desired Cinderella to sit down, and putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went on very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater,

when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her foot. Thereupon in came her godmother, who having touched with her wand Cinderella's clothes, made them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, to beg pardon for the ill treatment they made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and embracing them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them al-



ways to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, who, a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her sisters lodgings in the palace, and matched them with two great lords of the court.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

O, come to the Butterfly's ball,
  O, come to the Grasshopper's feast,
The Gad-fly with trumpet does call,
  To welcome the biggest and least.

There's the Beetle so blind and so black,
  Who carries the Emmet his friend,
The Dragon-fly too and the Gnat,
  And relations without any end.

The downy-plum'd Moth too is there,
  And Hornet with jacket of yellow,
And the Wasp who has laid by his spear,
  With which he's a dang'rous fellow.

The Dormouse has left his dark hole,
  To lead the poor Mole who is blind,
And the Snail with horns like a pole,
  Sadly tir'd came crawling behind.

Their table a Mushroom so chaste,
  A water-dock leaf was their cloth,
Their food it well suited each taste,
  For the Bee all his Honey pour'd forth.

The Snail then quite grand did advance,
  Thinking he could his friends entertain,
By attempting a little to dance,
  But they all laugh'd to find him so vain.

The ev'ning gives way to the night,
  Let us hasten home ere it be dark,
The Glow-worm will lend us his light,
  And to-morrow we'll rise with the Lark.

Printed by Thomas Richardson, Derby.

"As Tommy left his sister, he wiped her eyes with the corner of his jacket, and promised to return."

THE

HISTORY

OF

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

DERBY:

Printed by and for

THOMAS RICHARDSON, FRIAR-GATE;

AND FOR HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., LONDON.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

It will be readily understood by our young readers, that the real name of the little girl who is the heroine of this story was not Goody Two-Shoes, but Margery Meanwell. Her father, Mr. Meanwell, was for many years a very respectable farmer in the parish of Mouldwell, where Margery was born; but misfortunes, and the cruel persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, his landlord, and the rich Farmer Graspall, ruined this worthy man, and was the source of all poor Margery's troubles.

The estate was formerly divided into small farms; but when it came into the possession of the selfish and avaricious Sir Timothy, he accepted the offer of Farmer Graspall, to take the whole farms at an advanced rent; and they had succeeded in getting all the tenants out, except Margery's father. The overbearing Graspall was overseer and churchwarden, and the maintenance of the poor passed through his hands; therefore, besides being anxious to get this farm, he had a great hatred

to Mr. Meanwell, who always befriended the poor, when oppressed by him or Sir Timothy. At last, after various schemes of villany, with the assistance of this wicked baronet, he succeeded in driving the worthy Meanwell out of his farm, and utterly ruining him. Sir Timothy, after selling off all their goods for the rent, turned the whole family out of doors; and they left the village in a state of beggary.

Farmer Meanwell died soon after of a broken heart, and his poor wife, unable to struggle with misfortunes, only survived him a few days, leaving their unfortunate offspring, Margery and Tommy, friendless orphans in an unpitying world.

The loss of their parents seemed to endear these orphans more to each other, and they were continually seen strolling hand in hand about the village, as if they were afraid of being separated. Having no mother to take care of them, they were both in rags, and those of the meanest description. Tommy, indeed, had a pair of shoes, but poor Margery had only one. Their

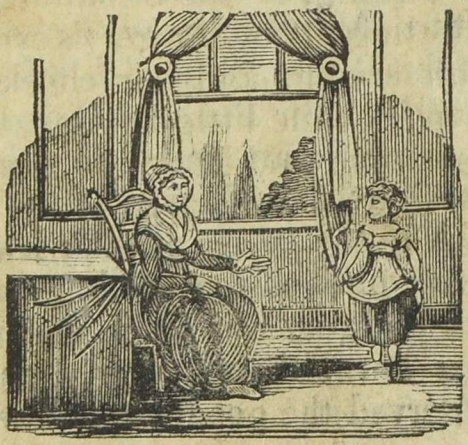
only sustenance was the haws which they pulled off the hedges, or a small morsel received from the poor villagers, and they slept every night in a barn. They had relations, but, as they were rich, they took no notice of these poor children; being ashamed to own such a little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-headed boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith, the clergyman of the parish where Margery and Tommy were born, was a very worthy man, and being at this time visited by a rich and charitable friend, he told him the story of the poor orphans. The gentleman expressed a desire to see them,

and Mr. Smith sent a person to bring them to the parsonage. They soon arrived at the house, where their appearance made a favourable impression on the stranger, who gave Mr. Smith money to buy some clothes for Margery, and said that he would make Tommy a little sailor. Tommy was happy to hear this, and next day the gentleman bought him a jacket and trowsers, of which he was very proud. Margery could never give over admiring Tommy in his new dress; but her happiness met with a severe check, for the gentleman was to return to London in a few days, and to take Tommy along with him.

The parting of these children was very affecting; poor Margery's eyes were red with crying, and her cheeks pale with grief; while little Tommy, by way of consolation, said he would never forget his dear sister, and kissed her a hundred times over. As Tommy left his sister, he wiped her eyes with the corner of his jacket, and promised to return, and bring her fine things from abroad.

When Margery found that Tommy did not come back, she cried all day until she went to bed, and next morning she went round to every one in the village, weeping and lamenting that her brother Tommy was gone. Fortunately, while she was in this distress, the shoemaker came with a pair of new shoes, which the gentleman had ordered for her, and it being so long since little Margery wore a pair of shoes, her attention was so engaged as to give a new turn to her thoughts. Nothing but the pleasure of examining her two shoes could have put a stop to the violence of her grief. She immediately



put on the shoes, and then went to let Mrs. Smith see them. It was with delight that little Margery exhibited them to her benefactress, saying, "Two shoes, Ma'am! see, two shoes!" She then went through the whole villagers to show her new shoes, addressing them in the same way, until she got the name of "Little Two-Shoes;" but, being a very good child, they usually called her "Little Goody Two-Shoes," and she never entirely lost that name.

Little Margery could have passed her life happily with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very kind to her; but the cruel Farmer Graspall, whose hatred to Mr. Meanwell even descended to his offspring, told Mr. Smith, that he must turn Margery away, or he would reduce his tithes, and also added the commands of Sir Timothy Gripe. The worthy clergyman and his wife were sorry to part with Margery, but being so much in the power of their landlord, they were obliged to send her away.

Poor Margery was again destitute of friends; but, although very young, she had observed the goodness and wisdom

of Mr. Smith, and believing that it was owing to his great learning, she became very desirous to know how to read. Therefore she contrived to meet the children as they returned from school, and prevailed on one of them to learn her the alphabet. She used to borrow their books, and sit down and read till they came from dinner. It was by these means that she soon acquired more learning than her playmates at school, and in a short time she formed a little plan for instructing children who had not yet learned to read.

She found that there were twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and every word spelled with them; but as these letters might be either large or small, she cut, out of little pieces of wood, ten sets of the alphabet in small letters, and ten of the large, or capitals. With the assistance of an old spelling-book she made her companions arrange the words they wanted to spell out of her wooden alphabets, and then showed them how to make sentences. When they wished to play at this game, she placed the children around her, and gave them a

word to spell. If the word was plum-pudding, the first brought the letter *p*, the second *l*, the third *u*, the fourth *m*, and so on, till the whole was completed.

By this method, in a short time Margery gained such great credit among the parents of the children, that they were all happy when she appeared with the basket of letters in her hand, which proved a source of amusement, as well as instruction, and she at last had a regular set of scholars.

Margery usually left home at seven o'clock in the morning, and the first house she called at was Farmer Wilson's. Mrs. Wilson always received her with pleasure, saying, "O Little Goody, I am glad to see you — Billy has learned his lesson." The little boy was equally happy to see her; and after giving him his lesson, she went to Farmer Simpson's. A dog used to bark at her when she first went to that house, but he soon learned to know her. "Come in, Margery," said Mrs. Simpson, "Sally wants you very much, for she has learned her lesson." Little Sally began her lesson, by placing the syllables of two letters,

which she did very correctly, and pronounced them as Goody Two-Shoes had taught her.

After giving her a new lesson in words of four letters, Goody took leave, and proceeded to Farmer Cooke's, where a number of poor children were assembled to receive her instructions. The moment she appeared, they all flocked round her, and she made them spell what they had got to dinner. Goody gave them another lesson, and then went to Farmer Thompson's, where she had a great many scholars waiting for her. These children were farther advanced, and not only able to spell words, but some of them put long sentences

together, and they all acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their little instructress.

It was during the time that Goody Two-Shoes went about teaching the children, that the rich Lady Ducklington died, and was buried in the parish church-yard.

The whole county seemed to be assembled on this occasion, and it was late before the funeral was over. In the night-time, when every one was in bed, the bells in the church-steeple were heard to jingle, which frightened the villagers very much, for they thought it must be the ghost of Lady Ducklington amusing itself with the bell-ropes.

The people all flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and begged him to go and see what it was; but Will said he knew it was a ghost, and therefore he would not open the door. However, the rector, Mr. Long, hearing such an uproar, came to the clerk, and inquired why he did not go to the church. "I go to the church, Sir! said he; "bless me! the ghost would frighten me to death."

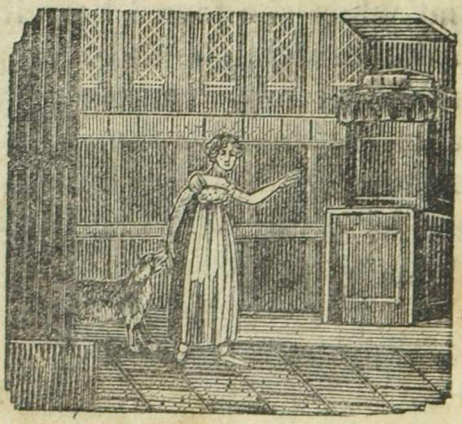
"Did you ever see a ghost?" said Mr. Long.

"My father once saw one in the shape of a windmill, and it walked round the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots, and a sword by its side."

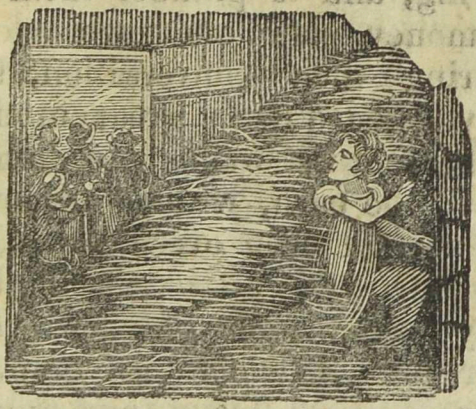
Mr. Long, who could not help smiling at this ridiculous story, requested the key of the church; and on receiving it, went away, followed by a great number of the villagers, and opened the door, when out came Little Goody Two-Shoes, who, being tired with walking about all the day, had fallen asleep during the funeral service, and been shut up in the church.

Goody begged Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him; and said, that when she found herself locked into the church, she did not wish to ring the bells; but growing very cold, and hearing Farmer Dawson's man pass by, she thought he would have gone to the clerk for the key. When Mr. Long went away, the people all crowded about little Margery, to learn what she had heard or seen, and she told them as follows:—

"I went to the church with you all to the funeral, and fell asleep in Mr. Jones's pew; the striking of the clock awakened me, and I scarcely knew where I was. It was very dark, and while I was in the pew, something jumped upon me behind, and I thought it placed its hands upon my shoulders; I was afraid, at first, and I knelt down and said my prayers; but something very cold touched my neck, and made me start. I walked down the church aisle, and something followed me, the feet of which went pit pat; something then touched my hand; however, as I was very cold, I felt my way up into the pulpit. I then meant to go to sleep on the mat and cushion, but something



pushed against the door, and presently I found that it was Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had come with me to the church. When I heard Farmer Dawson's man, I immediately went to the belfry, and made the noise you heard."



Some days after this, as Little Goody was returning from her pupils rather later than usual, she was overtaken by a voilent storm of thunder and lightning; but she took refuge in a farmer's barn, and lay down among some straw at the farther end. She had not remained long, before four robbers also sought shelter from the storm in the same place, and not observing Little Goody, who was at some distance, they

began to arrange their future plans of depredation.

Among other schemes of villany, they formed the resolution of breaking into the houses of Sir William Dove and Sir Timothy Gripe on the night following, and to plunder them of all their money, plate, and jewels.

During their conversation, Little Goody listened with great attention; but the tempest being over, the robbers left the barn, without discovering that they had been overheard. When she thought they were fairly gone, Goody made the best of her way home; and, rising early next morning, went to Sir William Dove, and told him all that she had heard. The knight asked her name, and then giving her some money, desired her to call on him next day.—Goody next proceeded to Sir Timothy Gripe's, and sent in her name by the servant; but, as he refused to see her, she, with some difficulty, got admittance to Lady Gripe, and related what she had heard in the barn. This lady was a very sensible woman, and did not despise the infor-

mation; but she secretly engaged people to guard the house; and when the robbers came in two parties to attack both houses, they were all taken and sent to gaol.

Sir William Dove, who was grateful for the service Little Goody had done him, said she should no longer sleep in a barn, as he would try to get some proper situation for her; but the wicked Sir Timothy was vexed that his life had been saved by her means, and never rewarded, or even thanked her.

The most respectable school in that neighbourhood was conducted by a Mrs. Williams, a very good lady; but old age induced her to resign the situation, which Sir William Dove getting notice of, sent for her, and recommended Little Goody as a person worthy to succeed her. As Mrs. Williams already knew that Margery had a good heart, she found, upon examination, her head to be equally so; and being every way qualified for the place, Margery was, at the old lady's request, appointed to succeed her.

This event Margery always consider-

ed as the happiest of her life, and she made every exertion to be useful to the children who were put under her charge. She was now no longer called *Margery*, or *Little Goody Two-Shoes*, but only known by the name of *Mrs. Margery*.

The school-room was large, and she hung her old wooden letters around it; so that every scholar had to bring a letter in turn, which she considered as conducive to health. As her chief object was not to gain money, but to be of service to the children, she taught all those for nothing whose parents could not afford to pay for their instruction.

Margery had a very feeling heart, and could not endure to see even a dumb animal used with cruelty, without trying to prevent it. As she was one day walking through the village, her attention was drawn to some boys, who were tying a poor raven, which they had caught, to a post, on purpose to amuse themselves with the cruel diversion of shying, or throwing a stick at it. Margery, to get the raven out of their hands, gave them a penny, and

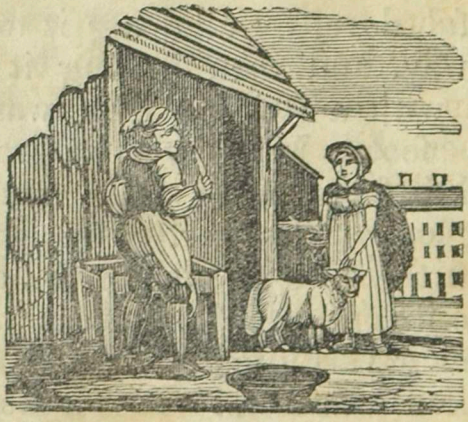
brought it home with her. She called the raven Ralph; taught him to speak and spell; and as he was fond of playing with the capital letters, the children called them "Ralph's Alphabet."

Shortly after, when rambling in the fields, she saw two boys torturing a beautiful dove, by allowing it to fly a little way, and then pulling it back again, with a string which was tied to its foot. Margery also rescued this bird for a mere trifle, and carried it away with her. She likewise learned the dove to spell with her letters, besides many other curious things; and being very useful in carry letters, she called him Tom. It is a most cu-

rious fact, that Tom showed as great a liking to the small letters as Ralph had for the large, and the scholars used to give them the appellation of "Tom's Alphabet."

Another useful assistant of Mrs. Margery's was a fine skylark, which some of the neighbours made her a present of. As some children are very fond of lying in bed too long in the morning, she sent this pretty bird, which sung sweetly at their window, and taught them when to rise.

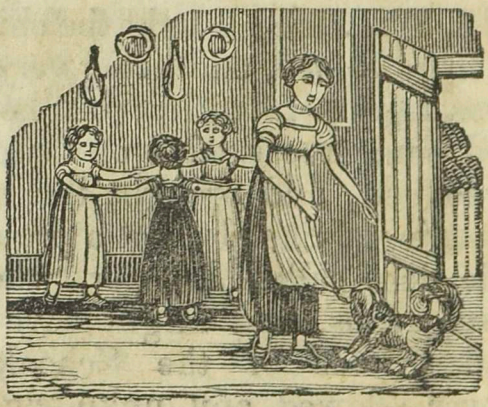
A poor little lamb, which had lost its dam, was about to be killed by the butcher, when Margery making a bargain with him for it, took it home, and



called it Will. He taught the children when to go to bed, and being very gentle, was a great favourite; but he only carried home the satchel of those who behaved best, and brought it again in the morning. She also got a present of a little dog, called Jumper, who was very sagacious, and might have been termed Porter of the School, for he never allowed any unknown person to enter.

One day, as Mrs. Margery was amusing the children after school-time with some innocent diversion, a man brought the sad news, that Sally Jones's father was thrown from his horse, and in great danger, which affected the poor girl very much. Margery gave Tom, the pigeon, to the messenger, unknown to the children, that he might bring back an account of Mr. Jones's health, and then did every thing she could to sooth Sally. It was not long before the pigeon returned with a letter in his bill, which informed them that he was considered out of danger.

A few days afterwards, little Jumper gave a wonderful proof of his sagacity.



The children had just finished their lessons, when the dog ran in, and, seizing Margery's apron, tried to pull her out of the school-room. She allowed the dog to drag her out to the garden, and he returned and brought out one of the children in the same manner; upon which Mrs. Margery called them all into the garden. This saved all their lives, for in less than five minutes after the roof of the house fell in.

This was a great loss to Mrs. Margery, who had now no place to teach in; but Sir William Dove caused another school to be built at his own expense, and she got the use of Farmer Grove's hall till it was ready, which was in the centre of the village. While there, she

learned the farmer's servants and neighbours to read and write, and by degrees became so esteemed in the parish, that almost every one consulted her, and many serious disputes were settled by her advice. Mrs. Margery was so frequently employed in making up differences, that she invented what she called, a Charm for the Passions, or a Considering Cap, which had three equal sides. On the first was written, "I may be wrong;" on the second, "It is fifty to one but you are;" and on the third, "I will consider of it:" the other parts were covered with curious hieroglyphics, and in the inside a direction for using it. The possessor was requested to put on the cap when-

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

Most of the grounds farmed by Mr. Grove, and in that neighbourhood, were meadows, and the great dependence of the farmers was on their hay, which for some years had been much injured by the rain. Mrs. Margery, who was always doing good, contrived an instrument to tell when the weather was to continue favourable or unfavourable; by which means she told the farmers when to mow their grass and gather in the hay with safety. Several persons, who suffered in their crops by not consulting Margery, were so angry at their losses, that they accused her of being a witch, and sent Gaffer Goosecap, a silly old meddling fool, to obtain evidence against her.

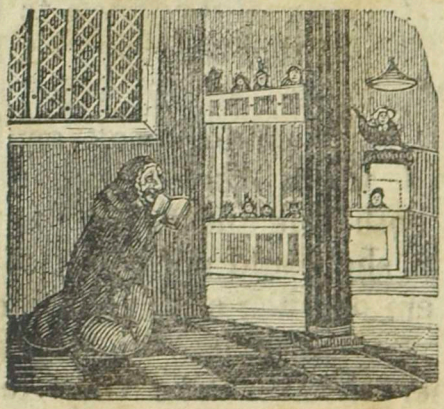
This old fellow entered the school as Margery was walking about, having the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and dog at her side, and he was so frightened, that he cried, "A witch! a witch!" Margery exclaimed,

smiling, "A conjurer! a conjurer!" and he ran off; but soon after a warrant was issued against her, and she was carried before a meeting of the justices, followed by all the neighbours. Although this accusation met with the contempt it deserved, yet one of the magistrates was silly enough to believe the slander, and asked, who could give her a character. Margery inquired if any one there could speak against it; and told them, that she had many friends both able and willing to defend her, but she could not think of troubling them on such a silly business, for if she was a witch, she would show them her charm. She then took out

her weather-glass, and placed it upon the table.

This simple defence pleased every one, and Sir William Dove, who was one of the justices, said, "I am surprised that any person can be so foolish as to believe in the existence of witches.

This puts me in mind of a story of a poor industrious widow, against whom the same silly charge was made. The foolish people had got it into their heads that she was a witch, and requested the parson not to allow her to come to church. He very properly refused their request; but the poor woman, to avoid insult, was forced to sit in some obscure corner. However, some time after this, she was left five thousand pounds by a



brother, which changed the public opinion so much, that they all treated her with respect."

Sir Charles Jones, who was present on this occason, was so delighted with her conduct, that he offered her a handsome annuity to superintend his family and the education of his daughter. This she refused at first, but Sir Charles being seized with a severe fit of illness, and again entreating her, she at last consented. In this situation, she conducted herself with so much propriety, and behaved so tenderly to his daughter, that, on his recovery, when she proposed to leave him, he made her an offer of his hand. Margery was neither ambitious of title nor wealth, but she knew the real value of the worthy baronet, and esteemed him as he deserved; therefore, after he had amply provided for his daughter, she consented to become Lady Jones.

When this circumstance was understood in the neighbourhood, it diffused a general joy throughout the village, where Margery was greatly beloved, and brought crowds to witness the mar-

riage. The clergyman was proceeding with the ceremony, when a young gentleman, handsomely dressed, came running into the church, and requested that the ceremony might be stopped until he had a conversation with the bride. The whole assembly were astonished at his request, particularly the bride and bridegroom, who stood motionless without having power to return an answer to the stranger. However, the gentleman coming forward, discovered himself to be Tommy, her brother, and she fainted away in his arms.

Tommy Meanwell had just landed from abroad, where he had made a great fortune, which he intended to

share with his dear sister, when he heard of her intended marriage, and posted to be present on the occasion. After mutual congratulations, this happy pair were united, and lived happily together many years, doing all the good in their power.

Sir Timothy Gripe was struck off the list of justices; and one of his relations gained possession of his estates, which he sold to Lady Jones, who divided them again into small farms. In the course of time, both Sir Timothy and Farmer Graspall were so reduced as to be supported by the charity of Lady Jones, who delighted in relieving the indigent, rewarding the industrious, and instructing the children in the neighbourhood.

Having lived to an advanced age in the constant practice of virtue, and having made some liberal bequests in favour of her fellow-creatures, her spirit returned to God who gave it, leaving all who knew her to mourn her departure.

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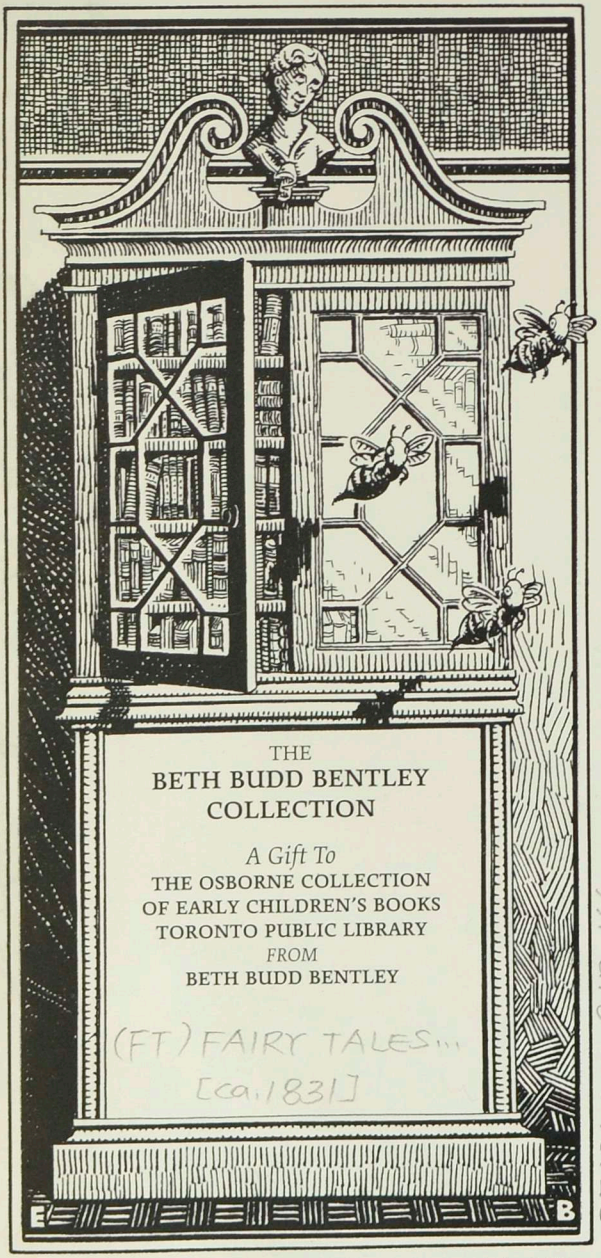

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