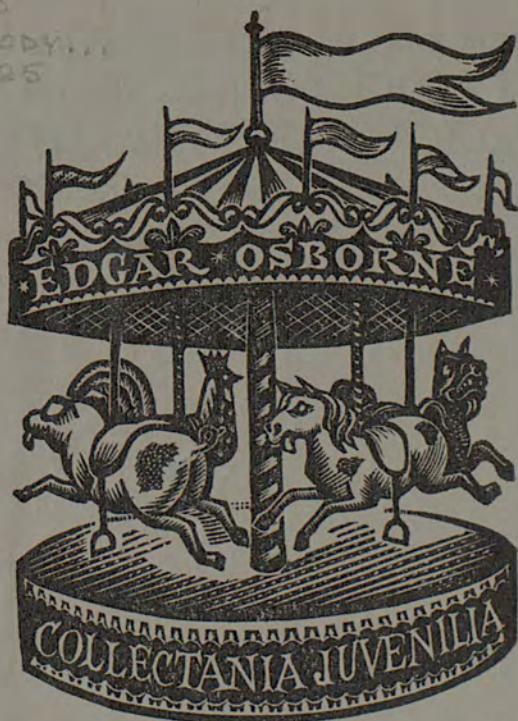


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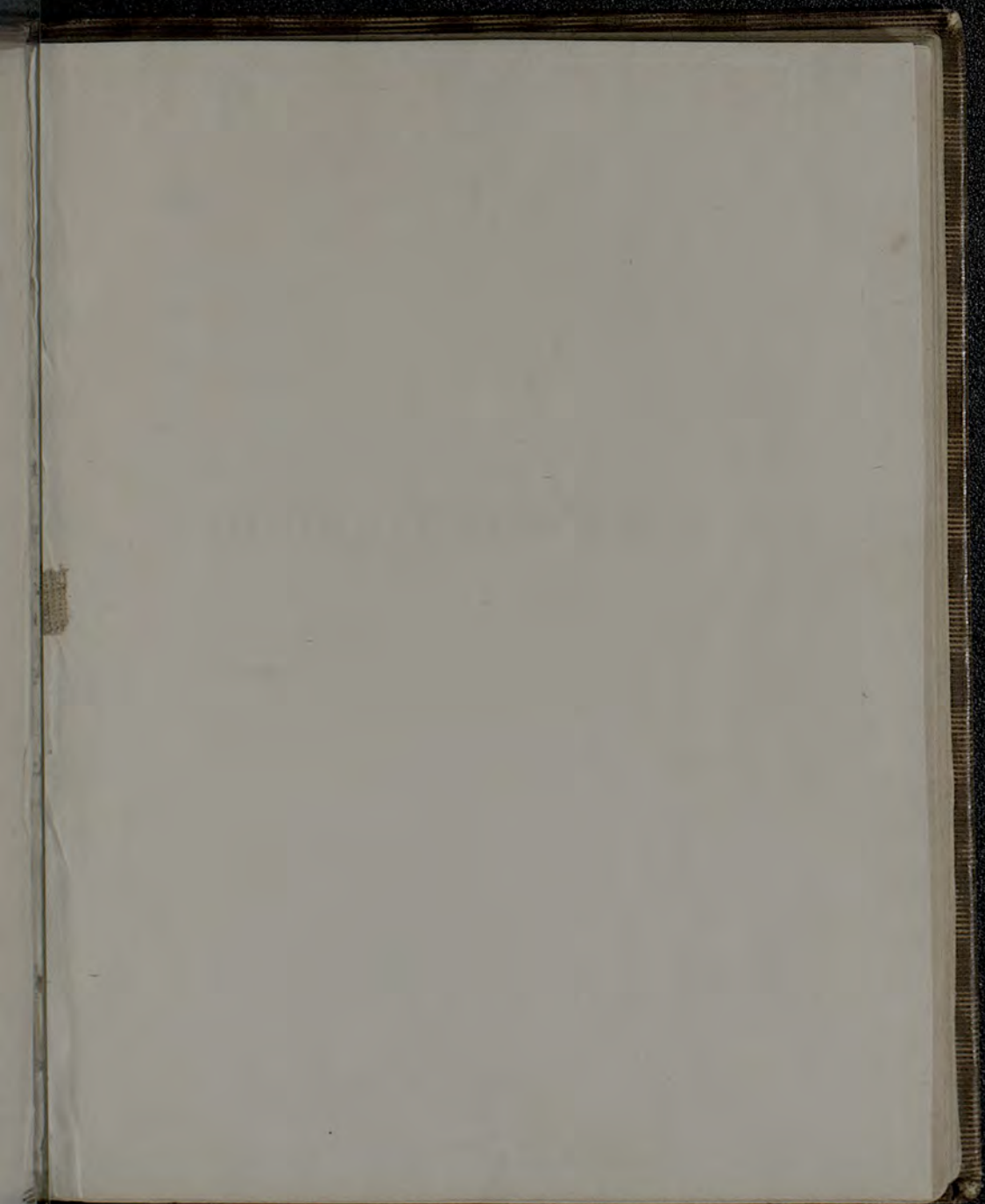
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GOODY TWO-SHOES.

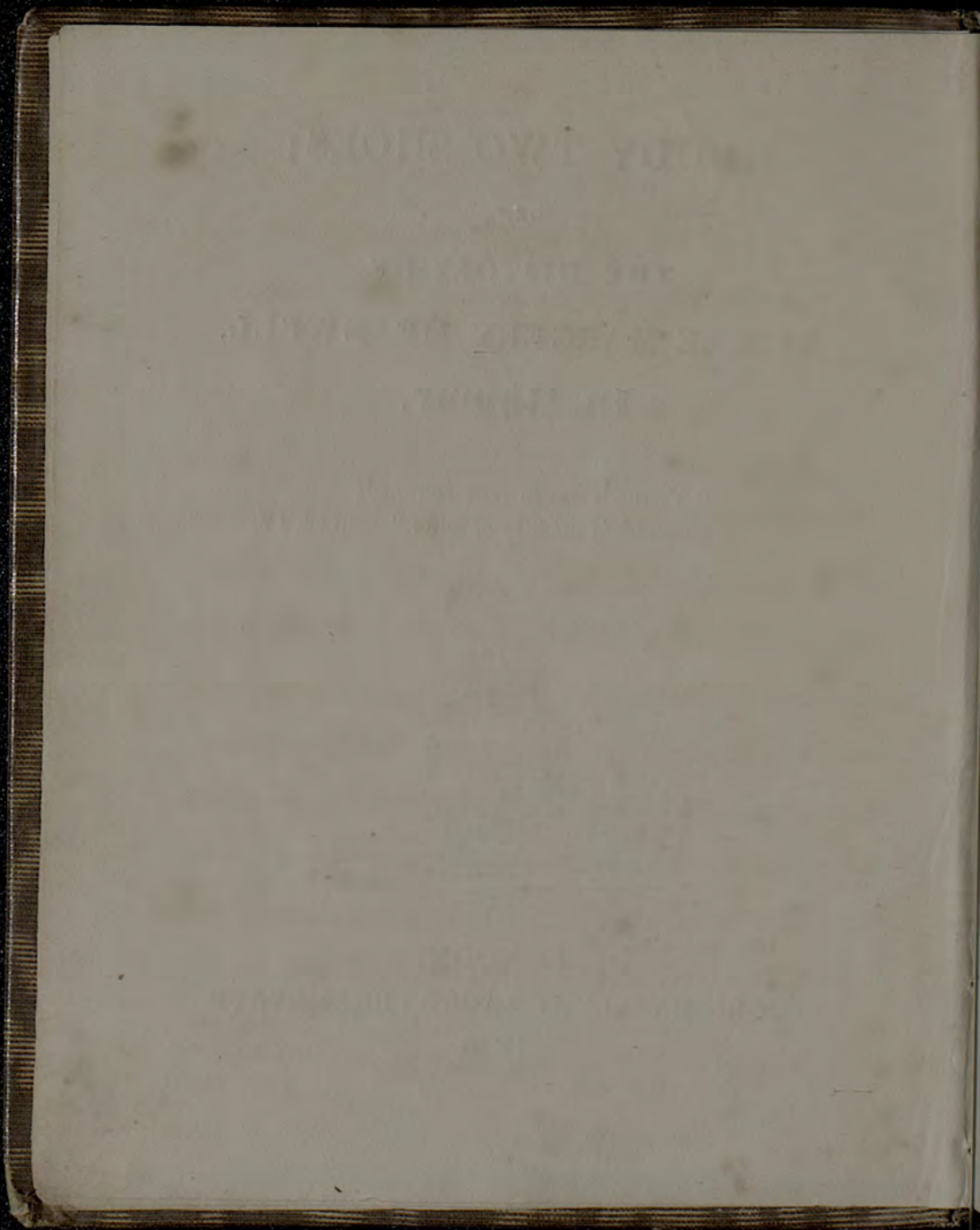
London:
Printed by S. and R. Bentley, Dorset Street.

GOODY TWO SHOES;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF
LITTLE MARGERY MEANWELL,
In Rhyme.

“Virtue is not to rank confined,
Worth is nobility of mind.”—CHAP. IV.



LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1825.



PREFACE.

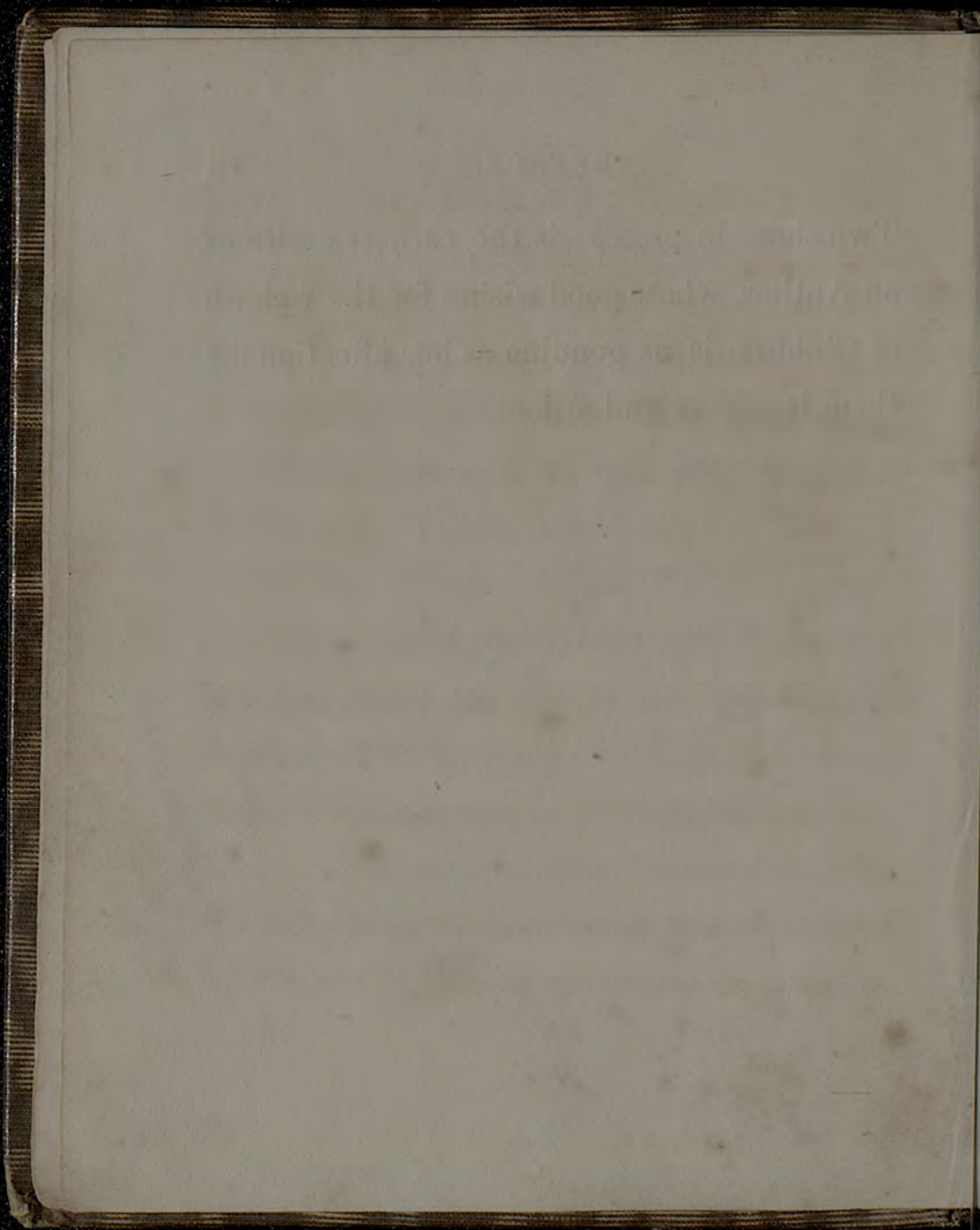
THE best motive that the Author of "Goody Two-shoes in Rhyme" can offer, for introducing this well-known history to the public in a new dress, is the excellence of the moral interwoven with its diversified incidents, and the admirable lessons it conveys under the form of amusement.

"Goody Two-shoes" has also claims on our affections, not only as one of our early

national tales, but also as the source of much innocent entertainment to our nursery hours ; and there are, perhaps, few parents who cannot recur with pleasure to the period when this simple little tale at once interested and instructed them.

That the history of Mrs. Margery may continue to instil precepts of activity, gentleness, and morality ; that it may enliven and animate the rising generation, and lead them forward in the practice of those virtues that at once ensure respect and success through life ; and that " Goody Two-shoes in Rhyme " may become as great a favourite as Goody

Two-shoes in prose,—is the earnest desire of an Author, whose good wishes for the welfare of Children is as genuine as her affection for them is sincere and ardent.



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GOODY TWO-SHOES.



CHAPTER I.

The History of little Margery Meanwell, with that of
her Father, Mother, and Brother.

UPON a certain village-green—
A rural, peaceful, pleasing scene—
John Meanwell dwelt some years ago,—
At least, historians tell us so ;

And, with his kind attentive wife,
He pass'd a sober useful life.

A charming son this couple had—
A rosy, strong, good-humour'd lad,—
And Thomas cheerfully would labour,
At any time, to help a neighbour.

Another child, a daughter fair,
Was given to the virtuous pair,
Whose pretty face and sparkling eyes
Excited pleasure and surprise;
But Marg'ry (so the girl was nam'd)
Was less for youthful beauty fam'd,
Than for the graces of her mind,
Which left all other charms behind.

Soft as the balmy summer gale,
Sweet as the flowers that scent the vale,
Blithe as the warbling lark, was she,—
Affectionate, and frank, and free.

Oft might be seen this little maid,
As o'er the village-green she stray'd,
Or, gard'ning by her mother's side,
The straggling pea or rose she tied,—
Or gave the fowls their ev'ning meal;—
For Marg'ry's heart had learnt to feel
That these must like herself be fed,
Or soon be number'd with the dead.

The little birds that flew along,
And charm'd her with their pretty song,

Were also sure some crumbs to gain,
When they alighted on the plain ;
For she, who thought their music sweet,
Was always pleas'd to see them eat.

Small acts of kindness, deeds of love,
A tenderness of heart will prove :
The Saviour bless'd the widow's mite,—
Mercy is pleasing in His sight.



CHAPTER II.

How old Mr. Graspall came to live in the village, and
how he seized Meanwell's farm, and turned him out.

THUS time pass'd on,—but care will come ;
And sorrow clouded Meanwell's home,
And happiness, so late his guest,
Forsook the honest farmer's breast :

For Graspall came, severe and proud—
Before his step the peasant bow'd ;
Yet the stern landlord seiz'd his shed,
And turn'd adrift his houseless head.

Farm after farm the miser's hand
Had added to his stock of land ;
And Meanwell's farm was seiz'd, and he
Thrown on the world in poverty.
The tenant trembled, as he took
At his dear cot one parting look,
Gaz'd on the woodbine bower, and bade
A farewell to his native glade :—
Hope, happiness, and peace, were flown,
And sorrow mark'd him for her own.



CHAPTER III.

The Death of Farmer Meanwell and his Wife.

WHY should I tell the mournful tale?

Heard ye not, through the hawthorn vale,

The deep vibrations of the bell

Upon the ev'ning breezes swell?

And mark'd ye not the fun'ral train

Wind slowly to the sacred fane?

And saw ye not the pious priest,
With open book and snowy vest,
Consign to yonder narrow bed
The coffin of the injur'd dead ?
And heard ye not the widow's cries,
As, lifting up her streaming eyes,
She said, " In pity grant redress,
Thou Father of the fatherless !
And let my orphan children be
Supported and preserv'd by Thee ?"

Then turning from her husband's tomb,
She sought her poor, her cheerless home ;
O'erwhelm'd with grief, sunk on the floor,
And clos'd her eyes—to wake no more !



CHAPTER IV.

How poor little Tom and Margery were turned upon
the world, with no friends to take care of them.

POOR Tom and Marg'ry now were hurl'd
Upon the cold unfeeling world :
They had no mother kind and dear,
To wipe away the falling tear,—
No father who, with words of truth,
Could guide their inexperience'd youth ;

But hungry, dirty, faint, and weak,
With ragged clothes and pallid cheek,
The orphans thro' the parish stray'd,
Heart-broken, and to beg afraid.
The berries from a neighb'ring wood
For days supplied them with their food;
And night beheld them lay their heads
In a rude barn, on straw—not beds :
Yet still the sister and the brother
Were kind and gentle to each other ;
No taunting speech, no angry word,
From the poor orphans e'er was heard.
Virtue is not to rank confin'd,—
Worth is nobility of mind.



CHAPTER V.

Tommy Meanwell becomes a Sailor under Captain Brown.

CHEER up my little friends, and dry
 The tear that glistens in your eye ;
 For brighter days may come in view,
 For Marg'ry and her brother too.

No human woe was ever seen
By the kind curate on the Green,
But to his utmost pow'r he strove,
By words of counsel, acts of love,
To tranquillize the suff'rer's grief,
And give, if possible, relief.

A friend of his, one Captain Brown,
Resided in a neighb'ring town,
Who, like himself, well understood
"The luxury of doing good."
To him the curate went, and pleaded
The cause of those who pity needed ;
The orphans' tale with tears he told,
And said, "My friend, this case behold !

Distress'd, dejected, and alone,
Unpitied, helpless, and unknown,
Without a meal their lives to save,—
Want soon must bring them to the grave !”

“No, no !” the gen'rous Captain cried,
“For *one*, at least, *I* can provide ;
And Tom, if he will go to sea,
May look for food and clothes to me.”

Away, well pleas'd, the curate went,
And Tom to Captain Brown's was sent :
There he receiv'd a jacket blue,
Hat, trowsers, shoes, and stockings too,
And, welcom'd to the kitchen, he
Almost forgot his misery.

Few smarter lads indeed were seen,
At wake—at fair—on village-green,
Than Thomas in his sailor's dress ;
But Marg'ry felt extreme distress,
To learn that he to sea must go,
Where billows rage and tempests blow ;
And when he went his leave to take,
She wept as if her heart would break.



CHAPTER VI.

Margery goes to live with the Curate's Wife ; her grief
at parting with her Brother.

THE night that Tommy went to town
With his good master, Captain Brown,
The curate's lady to a bed
The little weeping Marg'ry led ;

Bade her not cry, but said that she
Would, if she could, a mother be :
This kind assurance sooth'd her fears,
And sleep soon dried away her tears.

Next morning, when the child arose,
The light of day renew'd her woes :
Through the green field and lane she rov'd,
And call'd the brother whom she lov'd ;
But, finding that she call'd in vain,
She cried, " He 'll never come again !"
Then o'er his loss afresh she mourn'd,
And homeward, bath'd in tears, return'd.



CHAPTER VII.

How Margery obtained the name of Two-shoes ; and
how Mr. Graspall obliged Mr. Smith to send her to
the Parish.

JOHN MEANWELL, a long time before
He died, was so extremely poor,
A pair of shoes he could not buy
To keep the feet of Marg'ry dry :

One slipper, and that very old,
Kept one foot only from the cold.
Then what can now her tears beguile?
What has call'd forth that beaming smile?
“A pair of shoes!” for Marg’ry too!
With strings to tie them on, quite new!!
Away she runs, all full of glee,
“Look, Mr. Smith! do look at me!
A *pair* of shoes I’ve got!” Ah! never
Before did shoes confer such pleasure.

Through all the village now she goes,
And cries aloud, “*Two* shoes! *two* shoes!”
The neighbours smil’d to see her glee—
Her name, they said, “Two-shoes” must be.
And so through life the name she bore,
By those who knew her young and poor.

Meanwhile old Graspall heard with rage
Of Mrs. Smith's kind patronage,
And vow'd that she should rue the day,
If Marg'ry were not turn'd away :
She to the parish must be sent,
Or he should never be content.
So fearing worse might come, if they
Consented that the child should stay,
And anxious to avoid all strife,
The worthy curate and his wife,
With heavy hearts and bitter sighs,
Reluctant made the sacrifice—
And from their friendly home was she
Sent into parish poverty.



CHAPTER VIII.

The method by which little Margery learned to read,
and the curious means she adopted to teach others.

MARG'RY had often thought how good
Was Mr. Smith ! he understood
The Bible and the Prayer-book too,
And more than all the village knew :

And often to herself she said,
“I wish I had the parson’s head ;
If I could only spell and read,
Poor Two-shoes would be rich indeed !”
But how was she to learn ? you ask ;—
That was, indeed, no easy task ;
Yet those who have the *wish* will find
Some method to improve their mind.

So Marg’ry said, “I’ll try, to-morrow,
If I some little book can borrow ;
And if I persevering be,
I, perhaps, may learn the A, B, C.”
She did ; and found that ev’ry word
Which she had either seen or heard—

That all the spelling in the books,
So very difficult that looks,
Was form'd of letters great and small,
In number twenty-six in all ;
And that the Alphabet (for so
The children call'd this wond'rous row)
Could thus each secret thought discover,
And carry news the whole world over.

She had no books, nor could she buy :
But wit can always means supply ;
So from the soft wood of a tree
She cut ten sets of what you see,
And here they are—A, B, C, D,
With their next neighbours, E, F, G,

H, I, J, K, L, M, and N,
O, P, Q, like a file of men ;
And then R, S, T, U, and V,
With W, X, Y, Z, you see.

The key of knowledge thus obtain'd,
Improvement speedily was gain'd ;
And now commenc'd young Marg'ry's labours
In teaching her poor little neighbours.
Behold her seated on the ground,
Her rustic pupils rang'd around :
"Set up the letters !" would she say
To Willy Wright and Betsey Grey ;
"Now spell, my little maid, a word—
Then form some sentence you have heard."

“What is a sentence?” “‘I can spell’—
That is a sentence, Lucy Bell :
'Tis several words arrang'd with skill,
Such as, ‘I can be good, and will.’”

But Goody Two-shoes knew that play
Was lov'd by children young and gay ;
So she contriv'd, with study grave,
To form a game, which you shall have.

Suppose that, of plum-pudding nice,
Both Ann and Dick desir'd a slice—
“Come, children, range you in a ring,”
She then would say ; “and Nancy, bring
The letter which begins to spell
The pudding that you love so well ;

And now, if little Richard can
Fetch the next letter like a man,
Some charming verses I will read,
Or pretty tale ;—I will indeed.—
No, no, my lad,—that will not do ;
Don't you know W from U ?
Come, you must forfeit me a flower,
Or else sit still for the next hour.”

Thus she went on, till in a trice
They all could spell plum-pudding nice :
And ev'ry morning on the green
Our little governess was seen ;
And in her basket you might see
Her Alphabets cut from a tree.



CHAPTER IX.

Little Margery becomes a Walking Governess. The account of her Pupils and her Plans.

BUT Goody now increas'd her labours,
And went about to teach her neighbours,
Till she, so late unknown to fame,
A walking governess became.

A walking governess! you say ;—
Yes ; and I walk'd with her one day,
Her plan to see, (you need not doubt it,)
So I will tell you all about it.

The sun was shining bright and gay,
When forth we wander'd on our way ;
At seven o'clock we stood before
Good honest farmer Wilson's door,
And Goody Two-shoes gave a tap ;
“Bow wow—bow wow!” said little Snap.
“Who's there? Oh, Two-shoes! pray come in,”
Exclaim'd a friendly voice within :
“We're glad to see you,” said the dame ;
“We thought it long before you came ;

For Bill can all his lesson tell,
Great A, round O, and little I."

"Yes, that I can!" said Bill; "I said
Tall T, straight I, and crooked Z."

"That 's right!" said Marg'ry, and around
She threw her letters on the ground.

"Now pick them up, and in a row
Place them as they should be, you know."

The little fellow mus'd awhile,
Then rang'd them with a pleasing smile.

"Well done!" said Two-shoes; "thus proceed,
And in the Primer you shall read;

But now I cannot longer stay,—
I'll come again another day."

To Farmer Simpson's next we went—
That rustic seat of calm content ;
And here a pupil came in view,
Exclaiming, " Two-shoes ! how d'ye do ?
I've got my lesson ! " " Let me hear it."
" I know it all—you need not fear it."
The rosy cherub, at command,
Then took the letters in her hand,
And each she plac'd with so much care,
That nothing out of place was there,
When she was ask'd such words to spell,
As bat and cow, and puss and well.
" My child," said Goody, " here 's a kiss,
For well indeed you merit this."

But longer here we could not stay;
So o'er the heath we bent our way
To Gaffer Crook's, where, clean though poor,
We saw some children at the door.
Out they all ran—and quickly, too,
Their sets of letters came in view.
And great and small, and low and high,
Bread, butter, beef, and apple-pie,
Were nicely form'd.—Now try the game,
And see if *you* can do the same.
“Well, now,” said Two-shoes, “who can bring
Letters to form the *verse* you sing?”
“I,” said Bill Dawson, with delight;
And you shall see I'll place them right.”

But *could* he do so?—Yes, indeed ;
And here 's the verse, which you may read :—

“ Oh ! that I always may do right,
And love the Lord with all my heart,
Walk humbly in my Maker's sight,
Nor ever from the truth depart.”

“ Come, Polly Smith, these letters take,
Which will my fav'rite couplets make.”
Quickly she took them in her hand,
And here the lines intended stand :—

“ Thy neighbour as thyself to love,
Should be thy duty and thy care ;
And every hourly act should prove
Thy dealings honest, just, and fair.”

“ Now, Tommy Clark,—’tis your turn, lad !”
But Tommy plac’d them very bad,
And Marg’ry made him blush with shame,
When little Joe arrang’d the same
All in the order which you see,
And form’d these lines of poetry :—

“ He that will thrive,
Must rise by five ;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven.
Truth may be blam’d,
But can’t be sham’d ;
So ev’ry youth
Should speak the truth,

That they may find, in time of need,
A friend who is a friend indeed."

Homeward we now return'd with glee ;
But as we pass'd the rookery,
A gentleman to Marg'ry said,
" Come here, come here, my pretty maid !
I 'm very ill,—but folks assure me
That you are wise ;—now, what will cure me ?
What shall I do ? (don't blush so deep),
I want both appetite and sleep."
" Then, Sir," said Marg'ry, colouring high,
" Look at the birds that o'er you fly,
And do as they do—go to bed
When daylight closes round your head ;

Rise like them with the morning sun ;
Like them a course of duty run ;
Eat when you're hungry, and, when dry,
Let yonder sparkling rill supply
Your limpid bev'rage ; and ere long
You will be vigorous and strong.
Why think you that the rooks repair
Near lofty halls and mansions fair,
But that the inmates may forsake
Ill habits, and a lesson take ?
Despise it not ; from trifles spring
Truths which may future comfort bring."

Smiling, the Squire replied, " I see
You *can* prescribe, so here 's your fee :"
Then from his purse a sixpence drew,
And, as he gave it, said " Adieu !"



CHAPTER X.

The grand Funeral of Lady Ducklington, and the Fright
into which the whole Parish were thrown.

WHO that e'er liv'd upon the green,
But Lady Ducklington has seen,
With gilded coach and footmen gay—
Herself in costly rich array?

But great and poor must die—and she
Was carried to the church, you see.

And never, surely, in the land,
Could lady's fun'ral be more grand.
The horsemen who the hearse precede,
The gay escutcheons of the dead,
The nodding plumes, the velvets too,
The mourning-coaches—all in view,
The gazing villagers surprise ;
Who all, with open mouths and eyes,
Around the slow procession crowd,
And line the paths and fill the road.

At length they reach the church; and there
The clergyman, in solemn prayer,

With aspect grave and accent just,
Commits the corpse to kindred dust.

Well! all at once, on that same night,
Or rather just before 'twas light,
The bells within the steeple rung
As if a ghost the ropes had swung :
Up rose the peasants—no one staid ;—
Master and mistress, man and maid,
Turn'd pale with fright, and you might hear
How chatter'd all their teeth with fear,
And their hair stood erect :—a feather
But touch'd them, and all scream'd together,
As each suppos'd the ghost had hold
Of some one—and their blood ran cold.

As none durst stir alone, the crowd
Huddled together in the road,
And grop'd their way, for it was dark,
Down to Will Dobbins, who was clerk :
But William would not move—"Not he,
He could not bear a ghost to see ;
He felt that he should die with fright,
If the old lady dress'd in white,
With great round saucer-eyes, should stare
At him, and vanish into air."
His wife too, in a flood of tears,
Sobbing aloud, express'd her fears
That hungry ghosts, inclin'd to sup,
Might seize her Will, and snap him up !

At last the rector, Mr. Long,
Disturb'd by this tumultuous throng,
Came down, and laugh'd to hear the people
Declare a ghost was in the steeple :
" William," he said, " come take the key,
Open the door, and let us see
Who has disturb'd the village so !"
But Dobbins said, he " could not go."

" Pray," said the rector, " do you mean
To say a ghost was ever *seen* ?"

" My father saw one," cried the clerk ;
" He did indeed,—just by the park :
A sheet was o'er its shoulders flung,
A sabre from its girdle hung,

One hand a rusty musket bore,
And large jack-boots the goblin wore :—
This, Sir, you may believe," cried Will.
" Hush !" said the rector, " pray be still ;
The phantom and your tale are such,
I fear your father *drank too much* :
But now, good William, get the key,
And come—this moment, come with me !"

Poor Dobbins no more scruples started,
Though still reluctant and faint-hearted ;
But, closely follow'd by the people,
He sighing walk'd towards the steeple.
Well ! when the door was open'd, who
Or what, suppose ye, met their view ?

No ghost ! but *little Two-Shoes* ! she,
It seems, had come the sight to see ;
But curiosity forsook her,
As weariness and sleep o'ertook her ;
And when her eyes were shut, you know,
She could not see the people go ;
Nor could she, whilst inclin'd to snore,
Hear Dobbins shut and lock the door.

Now curtsyng almost to the ground,
As modestly she look'd around,
She said, that being very cold,
She certainly had made so bold
As just to ring the bells, that she
Might thus procure her liberty ;

Imagining, beyond a doubt,
The clerk would come and let her out.
“But, Sir,” said she to Mr. Long,
“I fear you think that I’ve done wrong ;
And had I known that I to-night
Should put the village in a fright,
I could have been content to stay,
At least until the break of day.”



CHAPTER XI.

On the departure of Mr. Long, the Rector, little Margery relates, at the desire of the Neighbours, the Account of all the Ghosts and Spirits that she saw.

“COME, now the parson’s gone, my dear,”
Said Mrs. Brooker, “let us hear
All that you saw and heard to-night.
Did Lady Ducklington, in white,

Dance in the church at all?—and, pray,
Saw you the ghost of Gaffer Grey?
I warrant you that he would stare
To see the proud old lady there.
Bless me! I should have died with fright,
If they had lock'd *me* in all night."

And so they all exclaim'd; and there
They stood and gaz'd with vacant stare,
And mouths wide open, all prepar'd
To hear what they desir'd—yet fear'd.

GOODY'S TALE.

Like you I went to church last night,
And sat me down to see the sight

In neighbour Jones's pew, for he
Was always kind, you know, to me.
There sleep o'ertook me by surprise,
And clos'd up both my ears and eyes,
So that I nothing saw or knew
Till the church-clock was striking *two* !
Surpris'd at the unusual sound,
I rais'd my head and look'd around ;
But not an object could I see,
Nor even guess where I could be.
I then began to grope about,
And soon the secret I found out—
Perceiv'd I still was in the pew,
And knew not what on earth to do.

'Twas dismal dark indeed, and now
A chilling damp o'erspread my brow,
For I was overwhelm'd with fear,
Footsteps repeatedly to hear :
I trembled very much—yet felt
God could protect me ; so I knelt,
And pray'd that in this dismal hour
He would preserve me by His power ;—
Still on my knees I staid, when, lo !
Something just touch'd me—cold as snow :
Yes, it was *icy cold*—and then
The damp came o'er my brow again,—
But gradually my terrors fled,
And to myself at length I said,

“What evil have I ever done?
I have not injur’d any one;
And therefore have no cause to fear,
Though something really should appear.”
So I resolv’d to quit my seat,
And walk about to warm my feet.

Before my eyes no form appear’d,
Yet footsteps I distinctly heard;—
Pit, pat—pit, pat,—it went just so,
And seem’d to run both to and fro.
“Well,” thought I, “this is very odd!
Yet still I put my trust in God,
And thinking nothing now could harm me,
I said, “This noise shall *not* alarm me!”

But, ah ! my courage soon was tried,—
The ghost came rustling by my side,
And overtook me as he ran !
Oh, judge my feelings, if you can !!
Stretch'd on the damp stone floor I lay,
Afraid to breathe, and cold as clay—
No tear burst forth to give relief—
I trembled like an aspen leaf.
I surely should have fainted now,
Had not the spectre cried, “Bow wow !”
But when his pretty throat distended,
My foolish terrors all were ended.
A neighbour's dog (his name was Trout),
Lock'd in, like me, could not get out:

His trotting footsteps in the night
Had put me in a dreadful fright,
But now he made my heart rejoice,—
And he, poor fellow, knew *my* voice ;
For though it still was very dark,
Yet I could speak, and he could bark.
So Trout and I agreed to lay
Together till the break of day,
My head upon his side reposing,—
But the cold kept my eyes from closing.

Again I walk'd the aisles, but there
I saw no goblin form appear ;
No apparition met my sight,
No tall thin spectre dress'd in white,

Though many of the dead, you know,
Rest in the gloomy vaults below.
And really it does seem to me
Unlikely such a thing should be ;—
For think you, those who rest in heav'n,
To whom such blessedness is giv'n,
Would leave their happiness to glide
Through cold damp aisles, or aught beside ?
And they who, in eternal woe,
Deplore the time they lost below,
Cannot return to wander here,
To raise reports, or waken fear.
If people would but coolly stay,
Ghost tales would soon be done away ;

Inquiry would the doubt dispel ;
Good sense a diff'rent story tell ;—
A *dog's cold nose* would prove to be
The ghost some people feel and see.

The neighbours thank'd the little maid,
And said they should not be afraid
Henceforth of goblin or of sprite,
Or being left alone at night ;
And Goody bade them keep their word,
And recollect what they had heard.



CHAPTER XII.

Of the Storm which drove little Margery into a Barn,
where she heard something more dreadful than the
Ghost in the Church ; and how she returns good for
evil.

THE day had been extremely warm,
And ev'ning brought an awful storm
Of thunder, light'ning, wind and rain,
When Goody came across the plain.

So to a barn the maid retir'd ;
And, as she felt extremely tir'd,
She threw herself upon some hay,
Thinking to sleep an hour away.
But scarcely had she clos'd her eyes,
When, to her terror and surprise,
Three men came in—with ragged dress,
Fierce looks, and words of wickedness.
Poor Two-shoes in the corner laid,
Almost to look or breathe afraid :
And soon she heard, in accents low,
That the next night they meant to go
To Graspall's house, and there break in,
The work of plunder to begin ;

And whilst, with a ferocious pleasure,
They talk'd of getting a rich treasure,
They swore each inmate that they found
Should die or be securely bound.

When they had ransack'd all they could,
One was to hide it in the wood;
Whilst to Sir William Dove's another,
Attended by his ruffian brother,
Was to proceed, through Woodbine Lane,
Another booty to obtain.
Poor Goody trembled till the hay
Appear'd to shake on which she lay :
She long'd yet fear'd returning light,
Lest she should meet the villains' sight ;

But to her joy they quickly went,
On some new scheme of mischief bent.
Two-shoes arose at break of day,
And to Sir William's took her way,
Told the whole plan, and bade them keep
A watch to guard them in their sleep:
Sir William thank'd her,—gave her then
Money, and bade her call again.

Next to old Graspall's house she goes,
Anxious to save both friends and foes ;
For even enemies, she knew,
We *should* forgive, and love them too.

Arriv'd, she tells what has occur'd :
But Graspall will not hear a word ;

His wife, however, far more wise,
Did not the warning kind despise,
But privately she set a guard,
To watch the house and keep the yard ;
Nor did they wait in vain—the clock
Struck twelve, and then they heard a knock,
And then a whistle, and the watch
Surpris'd them forcing up a latch,
And took them—when the thieves declar'd
The guilty scheme they had prepar'd.

Sir William Dove to Marg'ry gave
His thanks, and said that she should have
A better home ; but Graspall proud
Was vex'd to think his life he ow'd

To the poor child of one whom he
Had brought to abject poverty.

Alas ! no worth a wicked mind
To injur'd merit e'er can find.



CHAPTER XIII.

An Account of Mrs. Williams's House and Garden.—

She resigns the office of Governess to the Village School, and is succeeded by Goody Two-shoes.

AT the white house you yet may see,
Beneath that fine old spreading tree,
Where many a bush and fragrant flower
Once form'd around the porch a bower ;

And in the garden still may you
Observe the southernwood and rue,
And find, for aught that I can tell,
Some of the plants she lov'd so well,—
Woodbines that breath'd their mild perfume,
Roses and pinks of brightest bloom,
Sweet William, thrift, and daisies too,
And marigold of orange hue :—
Here Mrs. Williams long bore rule
As mistress of the village-school ;
But age came on, and time will bring
Infirmities upon his wing.—
Her eyes grew dim, her head and hand
Shook when she utter'd her command,

And very much she wish'd, she said,
To place another in her stead.

Sir William Dove was told, and he
Thought of his friend poor Margery.

Now, after due examination
As to her fitness for the station,
Dame Williams said, no girl she knew
Was half so grave and clever too,
Patient, industrious, unremitting,
Was skill'd in reading, sewing, knitting,—
Who practically understood
The benefit of being good,
And who, in teaching, like a friend,
Could pleasure and instruction blend.

Swift through a village rumour flies,
And it excited great surprise
That Mrs. Williams soon would be
Succeeded by young Margery ;
Yet all who heard it, heard with pleasure,
Esteeming Goody quite a treasure :
All prais'd her skill, and said how good
She was—how well she understood
Hard words, and that she did not spell
Long names, and seem'd to know them well ;
And each one gave Sir William Dove
Proofs of *her* wisdom and *their* love.

No longer *Goody* now was she—
'Twas "*Ma'am,*" or "*Mrs. Margery ;*"

And proud indeed was ev'ry one
Whom "Mrs. Two-shoes" call'd upon.

When settled in her habitation,
'Twas evident her elevation
Had neither turn'd her heart nor head ;
For, still, in all she did and said,
Humility was manifest
The cherish'd inmate of her breast :
Anxious to benefit her school,
She laid down many a prudent rule,
And many a plan, so good and wise,
The neighbours listen'd with surprise,
And marvell'd much that one so poor
Should have of wisdom such a store !



CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Two-shoes' Benevolence to Animals, with the
History of her remarkable Teachers or Assistants.

MERCY, my little friends, should sway
Alike the serious and the gay ;
Since all the creatures that we view
Possess'd of life have *feeling* too,—

The moth, the butterfly, the bee,
Which skimming o'er the lawn you see ;
The twitt'ring bird beneath the eaves,
Building her nest with straw and leaves ;
The grasshopper of curious form,—
Yes, and the scarlet-colour'd worm,—
By cries or movements make it plain
That they are sensible of pain.

Why was it, when, the other day,
A bird's nest Robert took away,
The old ones flutter'd round and round,
And utter'd such a mournful sound ?
And tell me, gentle reader, why
The nestlings made that chirping cry ?

Suppose a giant were to come
Some morning to your sleeping-room,
Seize you without remorse, and then
Bear you in triumph to his den ;
How frantic would your parents be
Such a distressing sight to see,
And how would you both weep and quake
As if your throbbing hearts would break !
Reflect on *this*, and you will guess
The *cause* of that uneasiness
Which little birds evince so clearly
When robb'd of those they love so dearly.

Good Mrs. Marg'ry's heart, we're told,
Was form'd in Nature's softest mould,

And tears would glisten in her eye
When hearing of such cruelty
As hunting cats—or coolly flinging
Sticks at poor harmless birds—or swinging
A wretched chaffer on a pin,
To hear it cry and see it spin.

In the next village, late one day,
As Mrs. Two-shoes chanc'd to stray,
She saw some naughty boys, and heard
Them talk of throwing at a bird :
She stopp'd them, and a penny gave
A glossy *raven's* life to save ;
And now they yielded up, with pleasure,
To Marg'ry's care the sable treasure.

This bird was ne'er inclin'd to roam
From Mrs. Meanwell's peaceful home ;
She taught it both to read and spell,
And it could ev'ry letter tell :
And as the raven much lov'd playing
With the *large letters* that were laying
Around the room, the children oft
Would call to him in accents soft,
And say, "Poor Ralph !" (that was his name),
"Come, now, you shall enjoy a game."

Ralph always by his Mistress stood ;
And when the children were not good,
"Come, Ralph, and put them right," said she,
And he would do it instantly.

Early one morning, in the spring,
She saw some cruel children bring
A pretty pigeon, and they tied
Some string about its leg: it tried,
Poor little thing! to fly,—but when
It rais'd its wing in air, just then
These cruel boys the string would strain,
And it came tumbling down again.

This bird she rescu'd—taught him, too,
Some very wond'rous things to do;
And Tom (for so she call'd him) would
Fly a great way and seek for food
Among the neighb'ring fields, and then
Contentedly fly back again.

Ralph the *large letters* lov'd : the care
Of *smaller* ones was Tommy's share ;
And oft their order he corrected,
When they had sadly been neglected.

A kind good-humour'd neighbour brought
A pretty sky-lark, which she thought
Would Mrs. Marg'ry please ; and she
Observ'd that it would useful be.
Some of her little friends, she said,
Were very loath to quit their bed ;
But now, if they should sleep too long,
She trusted that the sky-lark's song
Might rouse them from their sleep : for he
That wastes his time in bed, shall see

But half his days ;—his wasted powers,
His blighted hopes, his squander'd hours,
Shall rise before him, when no more
Hope can avail—for time is o'er !

Soon after this, a milk-white lamb,
Which recently had lost his dam,
Was sentenc'd to the butcher's knife ;
But Mrs. Two-shoes sav'd his life,
And Billy soon began to prove
That kindness will inspire love :
Around the school he'd skip and play,
For ever innocently gay ;
And by his own example taught
One lesson with importance fraught :

'Twas this,—good hours at night to keep,
And early to retire to sleep;
And so when Tip, the lark, and Will
Came into school—then Ralph would still
Point out the following verse, which all
Should learn by heart, both great 'and small:
TO GO TO BED EARLY, AND EARLY TO RISE,
IS THE WAY TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY,
AND WISE.

Another fav'rite had the dame,
And little Jumper was his name;
A pretty dog, whose curly coat
Was white, and spotted round the throat.
Oft on two legs he 'd gravely stand,
And beg a morsel from your hand;

Or sport and frolic, jump and play—
For never puppy was so gay.
Sometimes the saucy rogue would lie
Quite still—but if a hapless fly
Just buzz'd about his ears, he'd snap
And jump up from his seeming nap ;
Then whisk his tail, and frisk and run,
Or bask and slumber in the sun.

Now Mrs. Marg'ry said that he
The porter of the school should be ;
And so he was,—for at the gate
Our little Jumper daily sate ;
Nor would he let a stranger pass,
However smart the lad or lass,

Without exclaiming "Bow, wow, wow!"
Which meant, "Pray what's your bus'ness
now?"

But, if his mistress interfer'd,
The moment her lov'd voice he heard
His noise subsided—as the beauty
Knew that he now had done his duty.



CHAPTER XV.

A Letter arrives which throws the whole School into
distress.

It happen'd one bright summer day,
Just as the children were at play,
To Sally Jones a servant brought
A message, that with grief was fraught :

Her father from his horse was thrown,
And ev'ry hope of life had flown.

Tears only could express her grief—
Tears only could afford relief,
And all the pupils sigh'd to see
Their playmate weep so bitterly :
For all the school her virtues knew,
Her meekness and affection too,
And all deplor'd the sad event
Which *such* a heart with sorrow rent.

Now Mrs. Marg'ry slipp'd away,
But told the messenger to stay ;
And then, unseen, the pigeon brought,
Which, as a *carrier*, had been taught

A note beneath his wings to bear
With expedition and with care.
Whisp'ring she said, "You now may go ;
But let me very early know
If Mr. Jones be worse or better,—
For I shall long to get a letter."

Away the man and Tommy went ;
But scarcely half an hour was spent,
When heavy tidings spread around—
The *pigeon* could be no where found !
"Alas !" cried one, "he perhaps has flown—
A stranger, and of course unknown—
To some inhospitable spot,
Where he has cruelly been shot ;

Or, by a trap surrounded, he
May sigh in vain for liberty.
Distressing thought ! should this prove true,
O dear ! O dear ! what shall we do ?”
Now through the village, down the lane,
They ran—and look’d, and call’d in vain ;
Then ask’d the neighbours on the green
If they the wanderer had seen.
The neighbours shook their heads,—for they
Had not a single word to say ;
So homeward the inquirers turn’d,
And all the way their fav’rite mourn’d.
To soothe poor Sally’s grief meanwhile,
And strive her anguish to beguile,

Good Mrs. Margery explain'd
How mortals are by Heav'n sustain'd ;
And how th' Almighty deigns to bless,
And watch, and guard the fatherless.
“ Besides, my dearest girl,” said she,
“ You should not thus desponding be,
Nor let such streams of sorrow flow ;—
For while there's life, there's hope, you
 know ;
And, perhaps, we *yet* may have a letter,
To say your father is much better.”
Next morning, just as school began,
A buzz through all the pupils ran ;
And those who never us'd to chat

Now ask'd aloud, "What's that? what's that?"

"What's *that* indeed!" exclaim'd Belinda,—

"It is a *tapping* at the window!!"—

Some trembled,—some look'd quite aghast;

But Mrs. Marg'ry rose at last—

And when aside the sash she drew,

Upon the table Tommy flew,

And op'ning wide his wings, he sought

To show the letter he had brought.

The paper quickly was untied,—

"Heav'n send *good news*!" poor Sally cried,—

And tears of joy her teacher shed

Whilst she the following tidings read:—

THE LETTER.

“ My dearest Sally will be glad
To hear that her Papa has had
So good a night—that we discover
All danger now completely over.
Rejoice, my love ! and humbly give
Your thanks to God, who bade him live,
Who heard our sighs, who saw our fears,
And then vouchsaf’d to dry our tears.
Papa his blessing sends to you—
Your brother’s love awaits you too,
As does your mother’s—Fare you well !
No words a mother’s love can tell.

“ MARTHA JONES.”



CHAPTER XVI.

How Mrs. Two-shoes requited Farmer Grove's kindness, by teaching his Servants to read.—Her Method of settling Differences.—The Death of a Dormouse.

THE neat white house of which I spoke,
That stands beneath yon aged oak.

Was this year by Sir William Dove
Enlarg'd,—and honest Farmer Grove,
Whilst they were taking down the wall,
Lent, for the school, his spacious hall.
This was a room with oaken floor ;
A stag's huge antlers grac'd the door,
And in the vacant stove was seen
A pot of flow'rs with branches green.
Now Mrs. Marg'ry thought, one day,
“ The farmer's kindness I'll repay,
By giving to his maids and men
Useful instructions now and then :”
So thrice a week their books they brought,
And by our governess were taught

To say their letters, spell and read,
And greatly they improv'd indeed ;
While Farmer Grove rejoic'd to see
Their increas'd worth and industry.
And really all the parish grew
So fond of Mrs. Meanwell too,
They all consented to refer
Their troubles and disputes to her.
'Tis known that Wilson and his wife
Had pass'd, some time, a wretched life ;
For John was often sullen found,
And Martha's passion knew no bound.
One day this couple brought their tale
To Mrs. Meanwell ;—John was pale

With inward anger, as 'tis said,
Whilst Martha was with fury red.
Wise Mrs. Marg'ry heard their story,
Then said, "It is a wise man's glory
To rule his spirit: tell me now,
Have you, John Wilson, acted so?
You as a man should have more sense
Than hourly thus to take offence;
And Martha, as a wife, should bear
Trifles such as these; her care
Should daily be to live in peace,
And these disgraceful scenes would cease.
I know you love each other still:
John, your fault is a stubborn will;

And Martha, your ungovern'd ire
Is really like a spark of fire ;
While both are tinder ;—thus you see
The *cause* of all your misery.
Therefore, that you may henceforth live
More happily, the plan I give
Is this,—when anger rises high
Within your bosom, let John try
Aloud the alphabet to say ;
And Mrs. Martha, do, I pray,
Before you answer him, just strive
To count from one to twenty-five :
By this time reason may have rule,
And each one will be render'd cool."

They thought these observations true—
Promis'd her counsel to pursue:
And so they did—and I have heard
They never had an angry word.

Scarcely had Johnny and his wife
Retir'd to live a happier life,
When three dear children, out of breath,
And bath'd in tears, announc'd the death
Of their beloved dormouse, who
Was sleek, and soft, and lively too.
“ Oh! he was beautiful,” they said,
But now he's number'd with the dead ;
And we are come, dear ma'am, to crave
Permission just to dig his grave.”

“ Yes,” Mrs. Margery replied,
“ I give you leave, and ground beside ;
Nay, you shall have a little stone
To make your Dorry’s virtues known.”

Now in yon primrose bank he lies,
Where a neat tablet meets your eyes ;
And there (if you can see for tears)
The following epitaph appears :—

“ Mark yon pale primrose raise its head,
But pluck it not,—’tis Dorry’s bed!—
Dorry, whose span of life was spent
In gambols gay as innocent.
If aught disturb’d his peaceful bed,
He ’d curl his tail across his head,

And pass each little injury by
Unnotic'd, calm, and silently.
Go, reader ! learn from him to be
From malice and from passion free !”

Mrs.
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CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Margery invents a Cap, which she calls a Considering Cap.—The great fame it obtains, and the benefits it confers.

I TOLD you now Mrs. Marg'ry's fame
Was such, that for her counsel came
Her neighbours far and wide ;—for she
Settled each point so cleverly,

That all agreed they never knew
A woman that such good could do.—
A cap she so contriv'd, that it
All sizes and all ranks should fit:
Three equal sides it had, and each
Did thus a useful lesson teach :—
On one side there was written, “ I
Perhaps may in an error lie ;”
The other bore this warning true,
“ Fifty to one but that you do ;”
Whilst the third side, with equal wit,
Said, “ I will well consider it.”
Well ! this consid'ring cap, for so
The lady call'd it, you must know,

Soon grew into such reputation,
That many folks made application
For caps just like it; till at last
They multiplied so very fast,
That scarce a person on the green
Without this article was seen:
And wheresoe'er a quarrel rose,
"Cap" was the word, and on it goes;
And then ill humour instantly,
And care and discontent, would fly;
And peace and concord dwelt around
Where this consid'ring cap was found.
Judges and statesmen, it was said,
Would often put it on their head;

And the good parson on the green
Without the cap was rarely seen,—
And never was a man more lov'd,
Or by a parish more approv'd.



CHAPTER XVIII.

How Mrs. Margery, for her great wisdom, is accused by an envious person in the next village of Witchcraft.—Her Trial, and what happened on this occasion.

How can it be?—is it a fact,
That folks could so absurdly act?

What ! could the crime of *witchcraft* be
Imputed to our Margery ?

Why, reader, you may justly doubt it,—
But I will tell you all about it.

THE CASE OF MRS. MARGERY FULLY
SET FORTH.

The dame, as you have understood,
Was always trying to do good;
And much she wish'd that Farmer Grove,
This season, should his crop improve :
For many years his stock of hay,
Which in the neighb'ring meadow lay,
From rain had suffer'd so much harm,
'Twas scarce worth taking to the farm.

So Margery, with kind intent,
Purchas'd, one day, an instrument
So curiously put together,
As to denote each change of weather,
And accurately to explain
When there would be a fall of rain.
Now all the neighbours in a trice
Flock'd to Dame Two-shoes for advice;
No hay was spoil'd, 'twas dry and sweet,
Stack'd and arrang'd in order neat:
And whilst the pleasing change was seen
By all the neighbours on the green,
The rustics, in their several stations,
To Marg'ry own'd their obligations.

But envious people grieve to see
Their neighbours in prosperity,—
And Goosecap said he “would be bound
“Some witchcraft in her plan was found;”—
So to the village-school he came
To sully Mrs. Two-shoes’ fame;
And when he saw her, certainly
A curious sight was Margery:—
One shoulder bore the raven grave,
The other would Tom Pigeon have;
The lark was perch’d upon her hand,
And came and went at her command,
Whilst at her feet Bill took a nap,
And Jumper gambol’d in her lap.

“ A witch ! a conj’ror !” Gaffer cried :
“ A conjuror !” the dame replied,
And laughing walk’d away, nor thought
The old man’s words with mischief fraught :
But the next day a warrant came,
Issu’d in Justice Blunder’s name,
And all the neighbours ran to see
What the result of this would be.

THE TRIAL.

Now Blunder, with his well-wigg’d pate,
Was seated in his chair of state,
With ruby nose, and heavy eye,
And looks of wond’rous gravity ;

Whilst constables, and lawyers too,
Arrang'd in order met the view,—
And there th' accuser stood—and here
Did Marg'ry undismay'd appear.

Some moments were in silence past;
But the grave justice spake at last,
And said, “ My neighbours! who can tell
But we have liv'd beneath a spell?
This woman, as you all may see,
Is here accus'd of sorcery;
And people, be they poor or rich,
Have cause enough to dread a witch.
I fear the case is bad ;—but, pray,
Can Mrs. Two-shoes bring to-day

Some person who will speak for her?

I mean, in point of character."

Margery stepp'd forward, and replied

With dignity, though not with pride—

" My character does not depend,

I trust, upon a single friend;—

The country is by far too wise

To think that my poor plans arise

From any source but that which you

Or any other may pursue.—

A witch! why, surely, no one can

Prove himself such a silly man

As to believe the charge!—but here,"

She laughing added, " shall appear

My tools of witchcraft," (on the table
Laying the weather-glass): "I'm able,
With this wise instrument, to show
Whether we shall have frost and snow,
If rain will pour for days together,
Or if we may expect fair weather:
If this be witchcraft, then am I
Guilty—and at your mercy lie."

She ceas'd, and laughter fill'd the court
At Gaffer Goosecap's wise report;—
And good Sir William Dove arose,
And said he only should propose,
That the good people who had brought
The charge, should by the witch be taught:

“ But now,” said he, “ a tale I’ll tell,
Of what another dame befell.”

SIR WILLIAM DOVE’S STORY.

“ There liv’d long since, upon a green
Like ours, a widow, poor, but clean;—
Age, it is true, had bow’d her down,
And faded was her russet gown—
The clothes that wrapp’d her meagre form,
Though tidy, could not keep her warm—
Her cottage, too, seem’d tumbling down,
And mis’ry mark’d her for its own.

“ Now, as if hunger, cold, and woe,
Were not enough to lay her low,

Some wretched persons said that they
Had seen her with a broomstick play;
That up she flew into the air,
And danc'd, and sang, and gambol'd there.
These horrid falsehoods credence gain'd,
And she the name of *witch* obtain'd;
So that, whatever evil came,
The poor old widow bore the blame.
If but a pig, for instance, died,
'It was *bewitch'd*,' the neighbours cried;
Or if the staggers seiz'd a horse,
The sorceress was blam'd of course;
If winds more loud than usual blew,
Or if from home the poultry flew,

'Twas Goody Giles at her old tricks,
Riding upon her crooked sticks.

“ Well! now it was resolv'd to try
Some schemes to baffle sorcery ;
And in each house some charm appear'd,
To 'guard against the witch they fear'd:
Horse-shoes were nail'd upon the doors,
And straws were scatter'd on the floors;
Brooms in some secret place were laid,
And through each egg-shell holes were made ;
That neither steeds nor chariots might
To airy wanderings invite.

“ The next attempt was most unkind ;
They strove to prejudice the mind

Of the good rector, Mr. March,
And thus exclude her from the church.
But he (too pious and too wise
To listen to absurdities)
Said that, beneath his special care,
The widow still should worship there.

“ Foil’d in their aim, again they tried
To vex her spirit,—they denied
Ev’n the poor pittance which they gave,
And which scarce kept her from the grave;
And but for the kind rector, she
Had sunk in hopeless misery.

“ This winter died her brother rich,
And left his fortune to the witch!—

The witch no longer!—now no more
‘Joan Giles, the ugly and the poor!’—
But ‘Mistress, or perhaps Madam Giles,
The lady who so kindly smiles.’—
Well! she forgave all injuries,
And succour’d ev’n her enemies.
The poor, the lame, the blind around,
In her a benefactress found:
She listen’d to each tale of grief,
Wept, sympathiz’d, and gave relief;
Nor ever was there one before,
Who made such good use of her store.—
But mark! my neighbours; though the trees
Shook nightly with the winter breeze,

Though hogs and cattle died as fast
As they had done in seasons past ;
Yet never was it said that she
Rode on a broomstick merrily,
And no one ever thought the rich
Good Madam Giles could be a *witch*.

“ My honest friends ! you can but see
The charge sprung from her poverty ;
And that a weak and ignorant mind
In this sad state can sorcery find :
For witches, as I said before,
Are always found amongst the poor.”

Sir William then went on to state
That Mrs. Marg'ry's worth was great ;

And such a character he laid
Before them of the virtuous maid,
That one, a gentleman of rank,
Nam'd Sir Charles Jones, of Daisy Bank,
Offer'd a very handsome sum
If she would undertake to come,
His daughter's governess to be,
And manage in his family.

This offer, generous and kind,
Our Margery at first declin'd ;
But when Sir Charles was taken ill,
She went and nurs'd him with such skill,
That gratitude (indeed 'tis true !)
At length to warm affection grew ;

With her he wish'd to pass his life,
And ask'd her to become his wife.
But Mrs. Two-shoes, ere she gave
Consent, desir'd his child should have
A fortune fix'd on her ; " For ne'er
Can we," said she, " take too much care
To put temptation from our way,
Lest it should lead our steps astray ;—
For no one, in a dang'rous hour,
To act aright has always power."



CHAPTER XIX.

The Wedding, and the sudden Visit of a rich Captain,
who turns out to be Mrs. Margery's Brother.

THE neighbours came in crowds to see
The wedding of good Margery;
And all were glad that one so good
Should settle in the neighbourhood—

Be rais'd to rank, and wealth, and state,
And thus become a lady great.
Before the altar now they took
Their stations, and, with open book,
The minister to read began,—
When suddenly a gentleman,
Exclaiming, “Stop! O stop, I pray!”
To Mrs. Meanwell forc'd his way.
He spoke—she gaz'd on him, and cried
“My brother!” and the struggling tide
Of tears rush'd forth,—her arms she flung
Around his neck; and there she hung
Till nature found relief!—how blest,
Thus to her brother to be prest!

For it was Tom, the sailor-boy,
Return'd just in this hour of joy;
And richly dress'd was he, and fraught
With Indian wealth to England brought,—
And the brave Captain, in that hour,
Gave to the bride an ample dower,
And led her to the altar, where
The priest soon join'd the worthy pair.



CHAPTER XX.

The Death of Sir Charles Jones.—The Benevolence of his Lady, and the loss the whole neighbourhood experienced at her Death.

SIX years of happiness had shed
Their rays on Lady Jones's head,
When she was call'd to drop the tear
Of grief upon Sir Charles's bier:

And never had there been in life
A more devoted gen'rous wife ;
And never did a widow mourn
More truly o'er a husband's urn.

I should have told you, that the school,
O'er which the lady once bore rule,
Was now directed by a pair,
In whose judicious sober care
The Lady Marg'ry could confide,
As skill'd the youthful mind to guide ;
And many a pupil liv'd to bless
Her bounty and *their* tenderness.

Nor did the Lady Marg'ry e'er
Forget the gen'rous love and care

Of the good pastor, who had been
Kind to the orphan on the green,
When, all deserted and unknown,
No one would little Marg'ry own.—

Time, which to *him* did troubles bring,
For *her* had blessings on his wing;
And now it was her turn to raise,
And soothe, and bless his latter days:
And soon the village curate grew
To be the honour'd rector too.

One act remain'd, and *that* alone
Her genuine goodness would have shown:
Graspall—whose avarice, you know,
Had laid poor Farmer Meanwell low—

Was now despis'd—unpitied seen,
A beggar on the village-green;—
But the forgiving lady said,
“ I cannot see him wanting bread—
From such a state each foe I'd save :”
Then house, and food, and raiment gave ;
His boys apprentic'd to a trade,
And hir'd his daughter as her maid.

It is impossible to say
All that this lady gave away ;
She fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
And none went empty from her door.—
Blessings were blended with her name,
Where'er this benefactress came ;

And tears of rapture fill'd the eye,
When Lady Jones was passing by.

Think, then, my reader! what a scene
Occurr'd upon the village-green,
When first, in whispers, it was said,
“ The Lady Margery is dead !”

And when the fun'ral knell was heard,
And when the body was interr'd,—
Oh! had you then but look'd around,
All ages and all ranks were drown'd
In floods of tears—for none could speak,
But wept as if their hearts would break.

And now, though many years have past,
Since virtuous Marg'ry breath'd her last,

Her mem'ry and her name are dear
To ev'ry neighb'ring villager :
And where its head yon tablet rears,
Children are often seen in tears,
And heard, whilst pointing to the stones,
To say, " Here lies our Lady Jones !"

THE END.

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