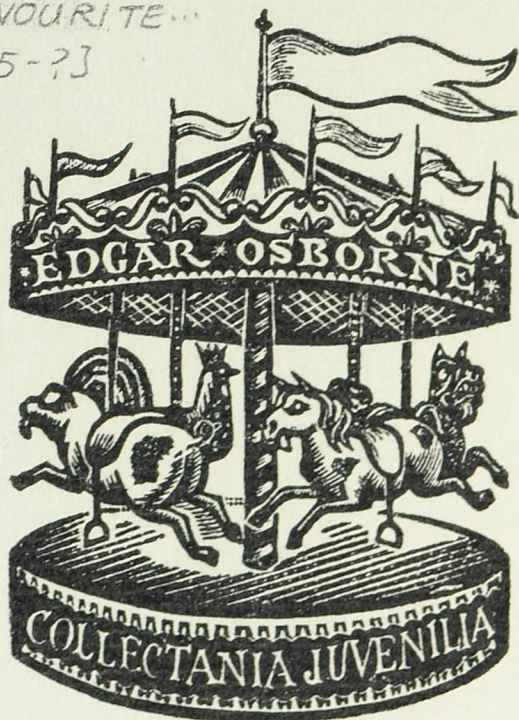
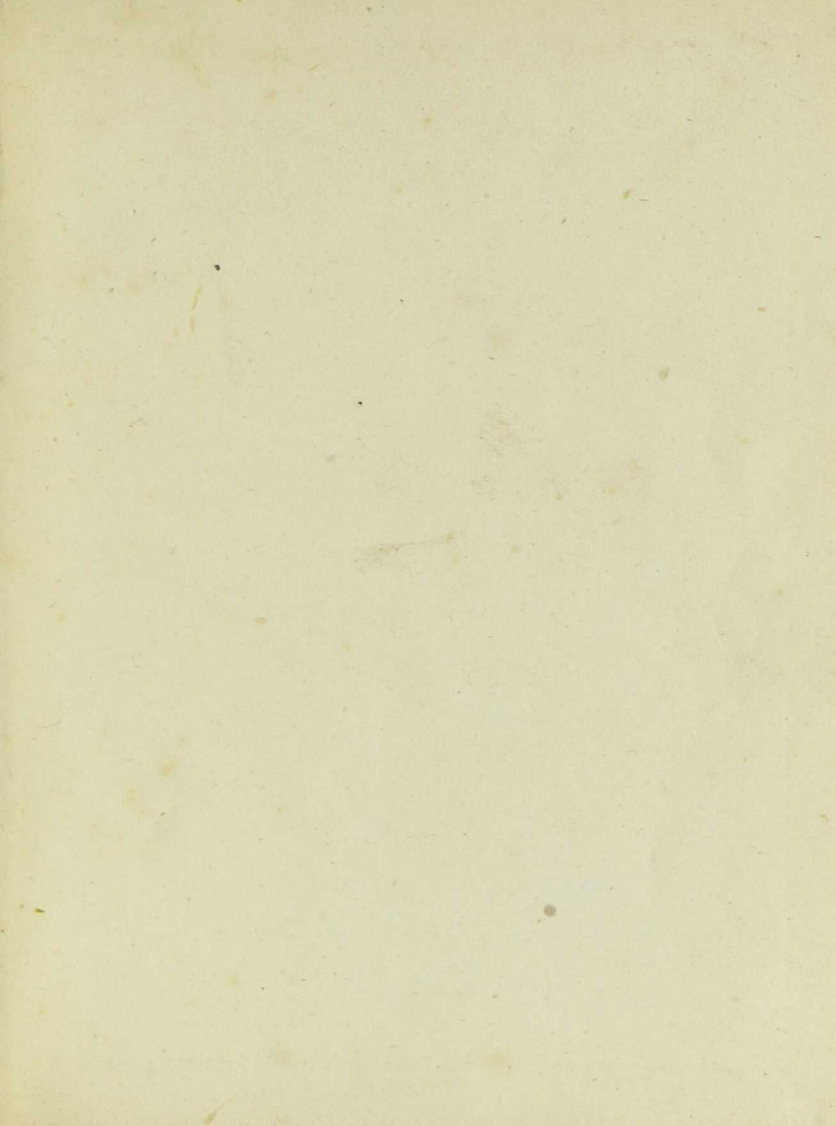


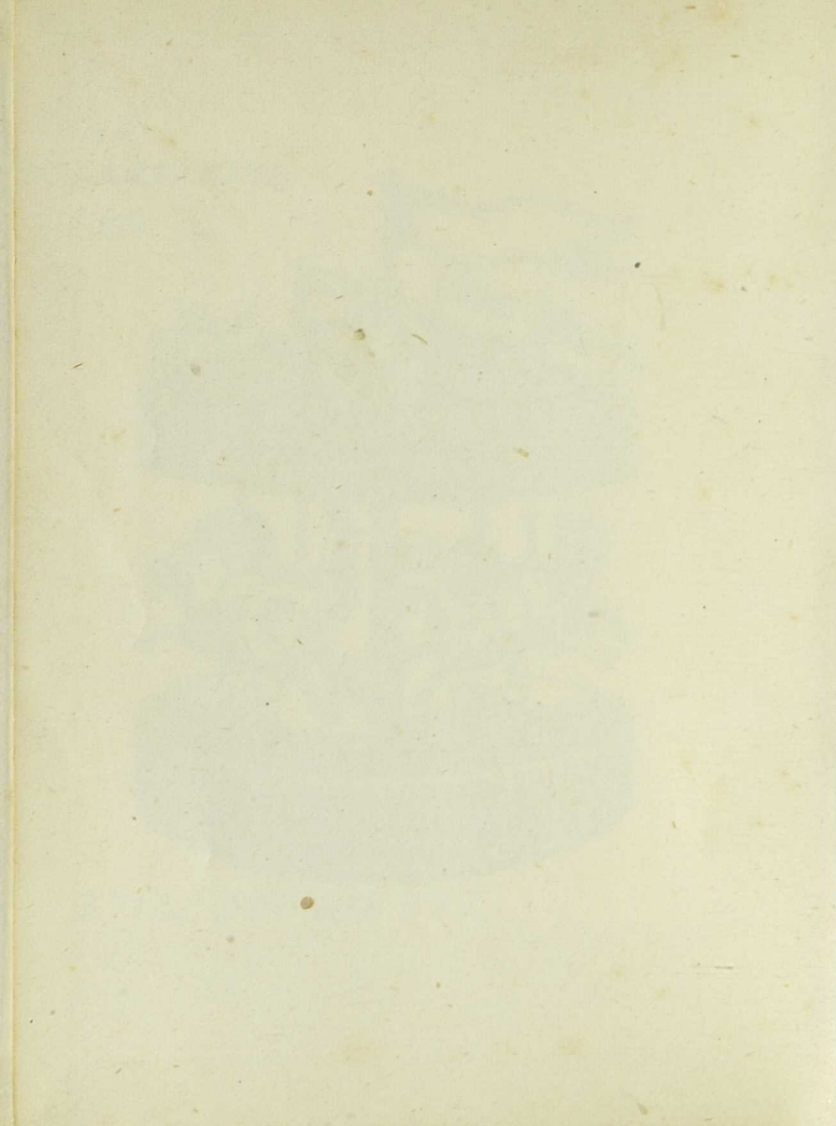


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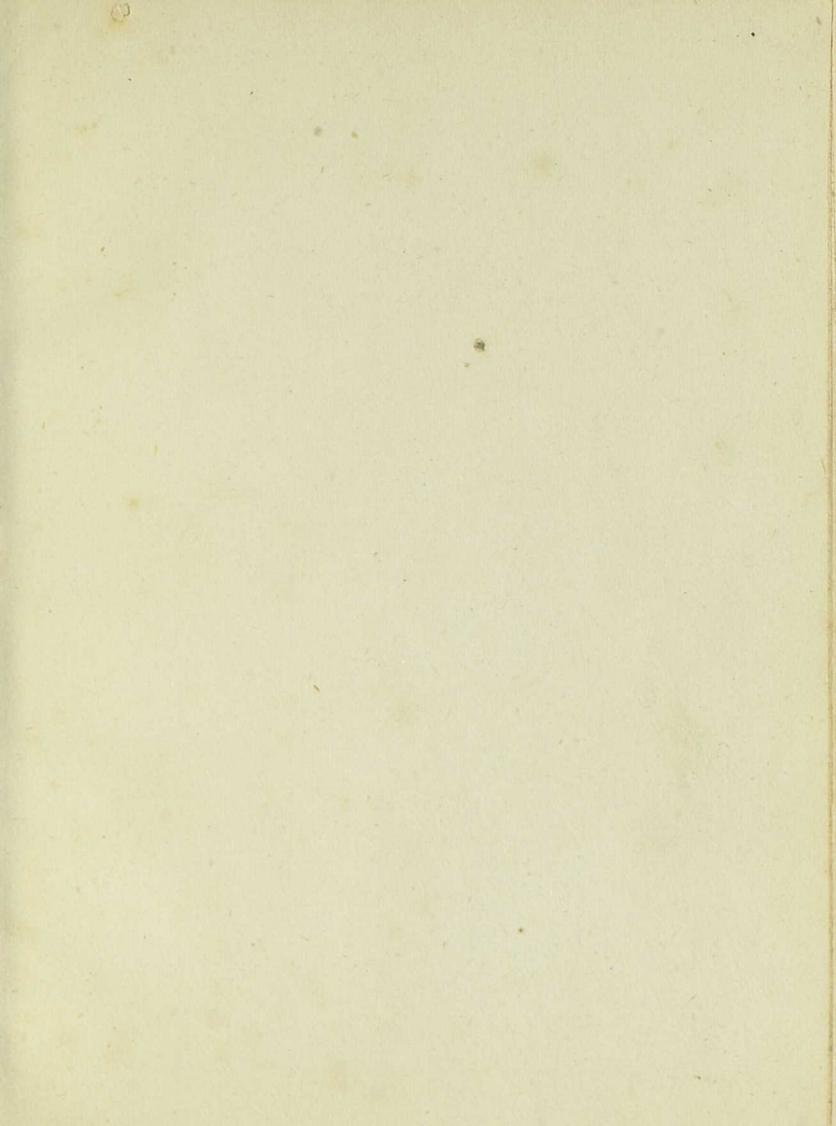


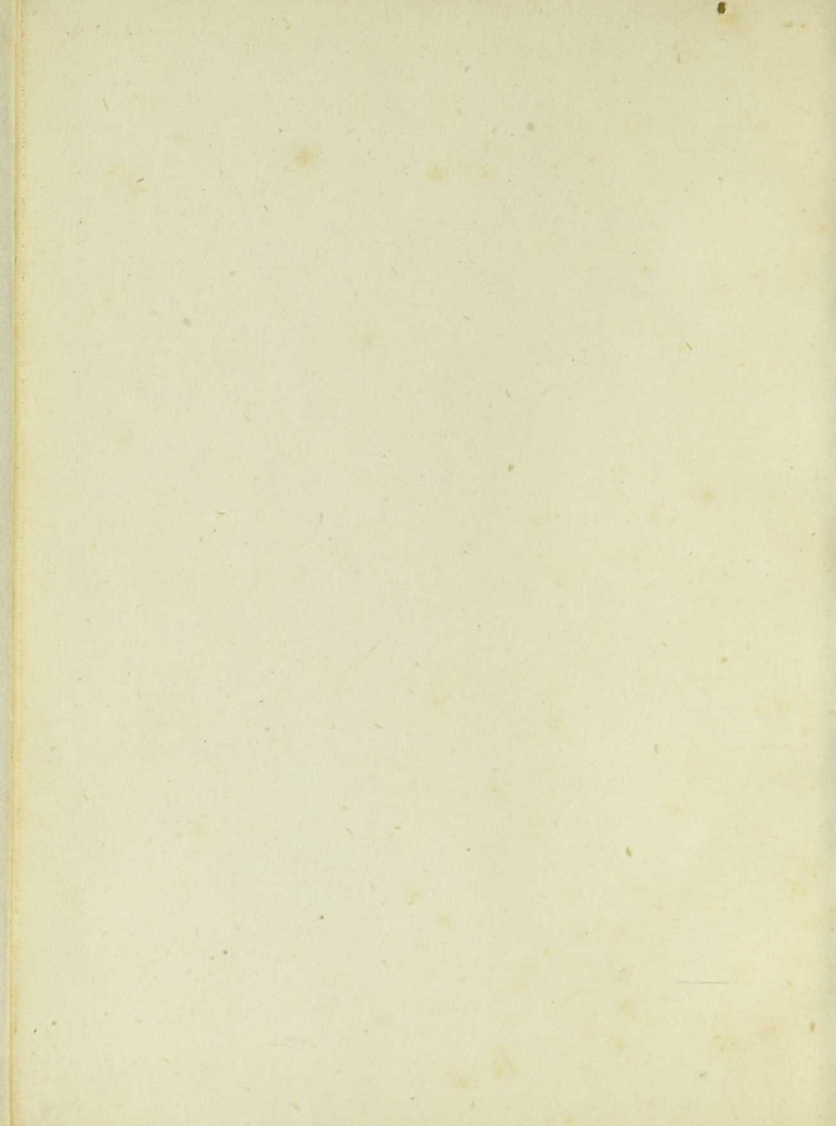
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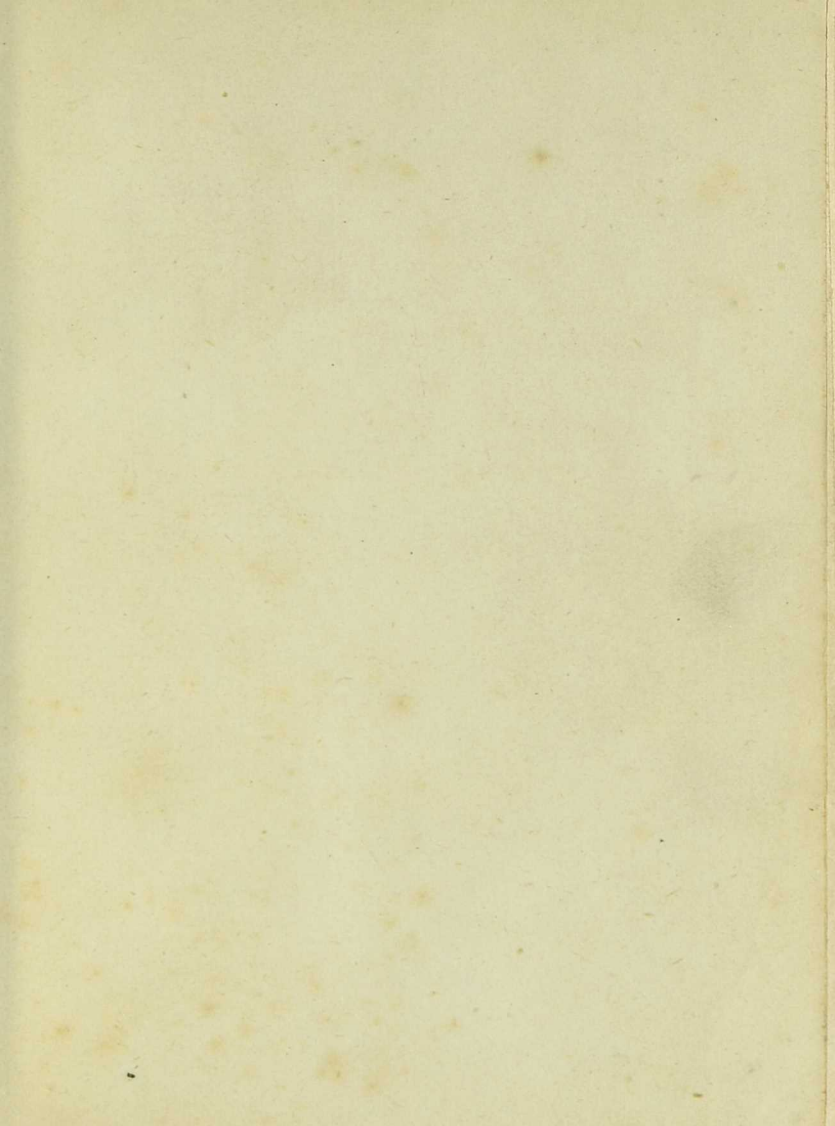














GOODY TWO-SHOES.

*H. J. Chapman*

FAVOURITE  
NURSERY RHYMES  
AND  
STORIES.

---

Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

---

WITH THIRTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS.

Published for the Proprietor by  
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LONDON.



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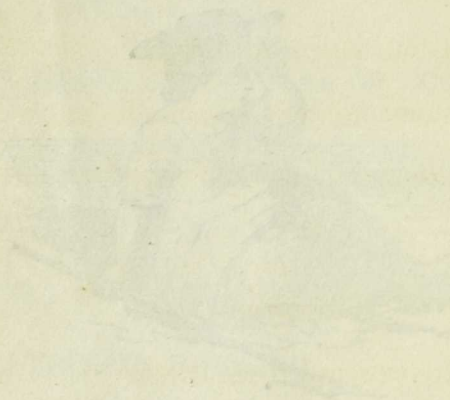


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1874

## Little Bo-Peep.



LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find 'em;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind 'em.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
When she awoke, she found it a joke,  
For still they all were fleeing.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determin'd for to find them ;  
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,  
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray  
Unto a meadow hard by ;  
There she espied their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
And over the hillocks she raced ;  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
That each tail should be properly placed.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.





## The Old Woman and her Eggs.

---



THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,  
She went to the market her eggs for to sell,  
She went to the market, all on a market day,  
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER EGGS.

There came a little pedlar, his name it was Stout,  
He cut off her petticoats all round about ;  
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,  
Until her poor knees began for to freeze.

When the little old woman began to awake,  
She began to shiver, and she began to shake ;  
Her knees began to freeze, and she began to cry,  
“ Oh lawk ! oh mercy on me ! this surely can't be I.

“ If it be not I, as I suppose it be,  
I have a little dog at home, and he knows me ;  
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,  
But if it be not I, he'll bark and he'll rail.”



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER EGGS.

Up jump'd the little woman, all in the dark,  
Up jump'd the little dog, and he began to bark ;  
The dog began to bark, and she began to cry,  
“ O lawk! oh mercy on me! I see it is not I.”







# Old Mother Goose.



OLD Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine gander.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Mother Goose had a house,  
'Twas built in a wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,  
A plain-looking lad,  
He is not very good,  
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,  
A live goose he bought;  
“Here, mother,” says he,  
“It will not go for nought.”

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack's goose and her gander  
Grew very fond,  
They'd both eat together,  
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,  
As I have been told,  
His goose had laid him  
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,  
The news for to tell;  
She call'd him a good boy,  
And said it was well.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack sold his gold egg  
To a rogue of a Jew,  
Who cheated him out of  
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting  
A lady so gay,  
As fair as the lily  
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire  
Came close at his back,  
And began to belabour  
The sides of poor Jack.



OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

They threw the gold egg  
In the midst of the sea;  
But Jack he jump'd in,  
And got it back presently.

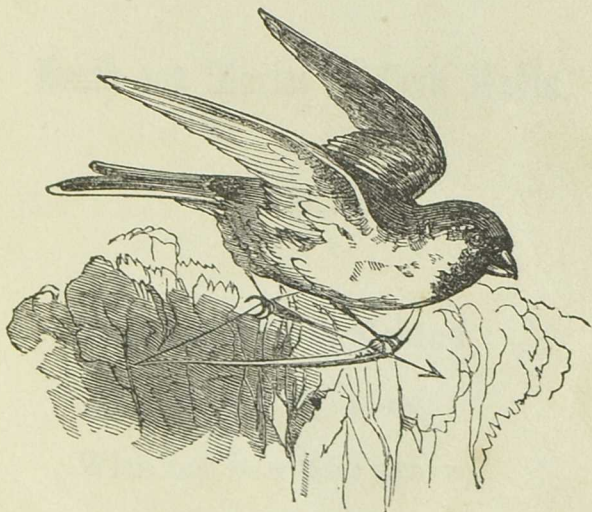
The Jew got the goose,  
Which he vow'd he would kill,  
Resolving at once  
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,  
And caught the goose soon,  
And, mounting its back,  
Flew up to the moon.



Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY  
OF THE  
Death & Burial of Cock Robin.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.



THE STORY  
OF THE  
Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

---

Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

I kill'd Cock Robin.



DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,

With my little eye,

I saw him die.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



Who caught his blood ?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,

I caught his blood.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



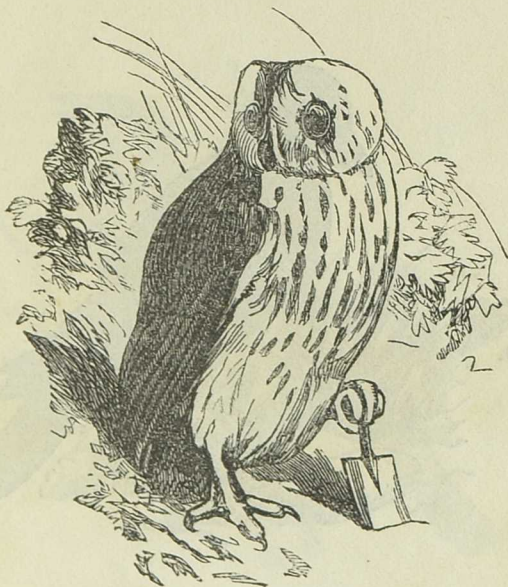
Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,

With my little needle,

I'll make his shroud.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



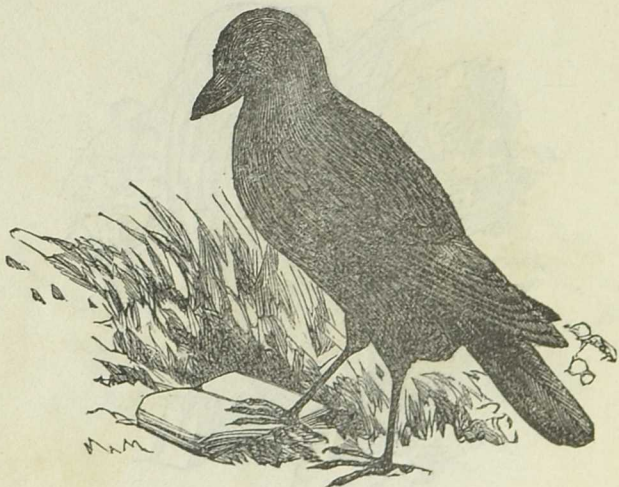
Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,

With my spade and shawl,

I'll dig his grave.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



Who'll be the parson?

I, said the Rook,  
With my little book,  
I'll be the parson.



DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



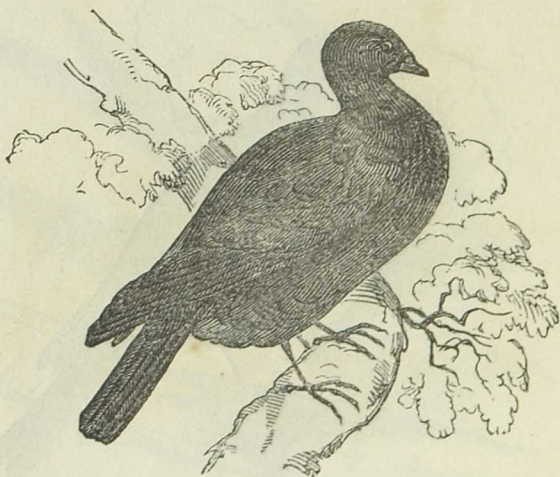
Who'll be the clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the clerk.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



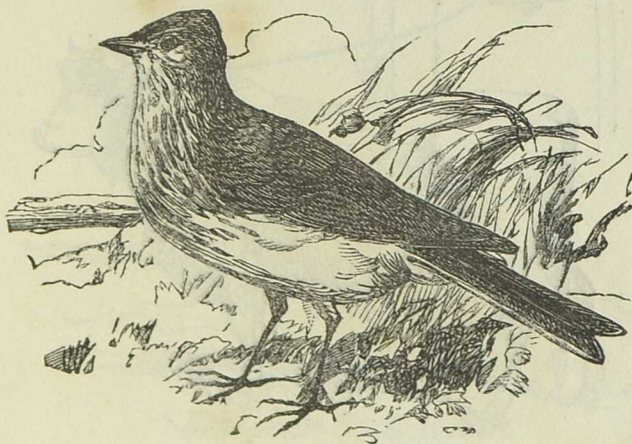
Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said the Dove,

For I mourn for my love,

I'll be chief mourner.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



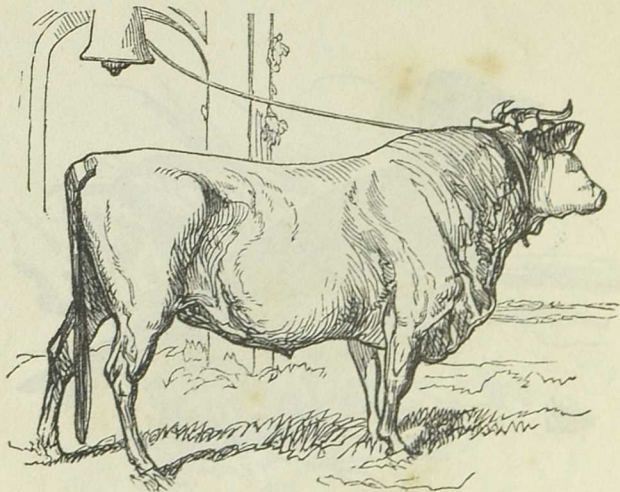
Who'll sing a psalm?

I, said the Thrush,

As I sit in a bush,

I'll sing a psalm.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN,



Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,

So, Cock Robin, farewell.

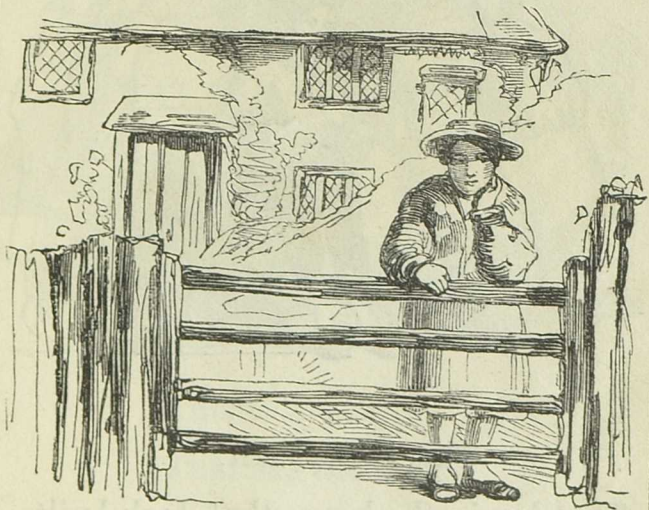
*All the birds of the air  
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.*





Little Folk's Books.

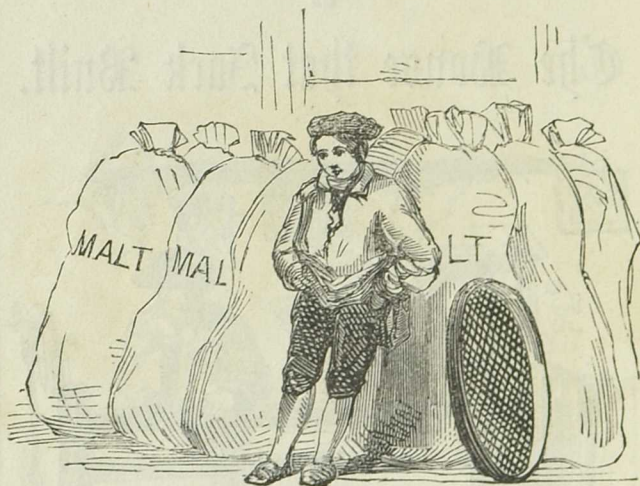
THE STORY  
OF  
The House that Jack Built.



THIS is the house that Jack built.

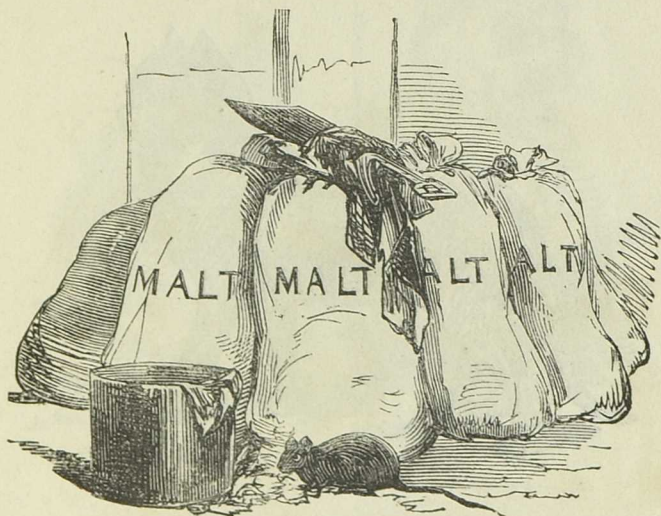
Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



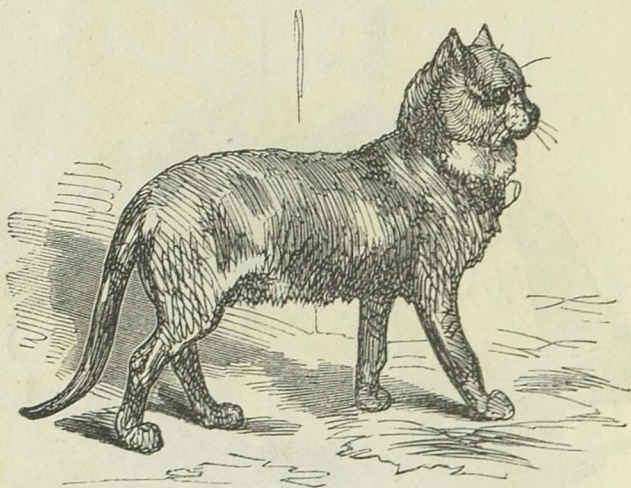
This is the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

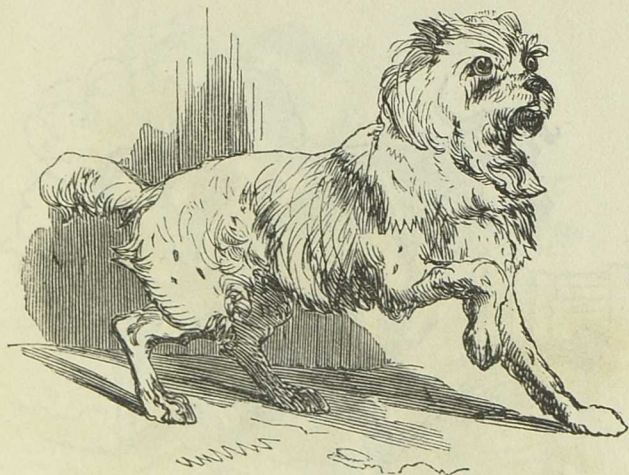
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

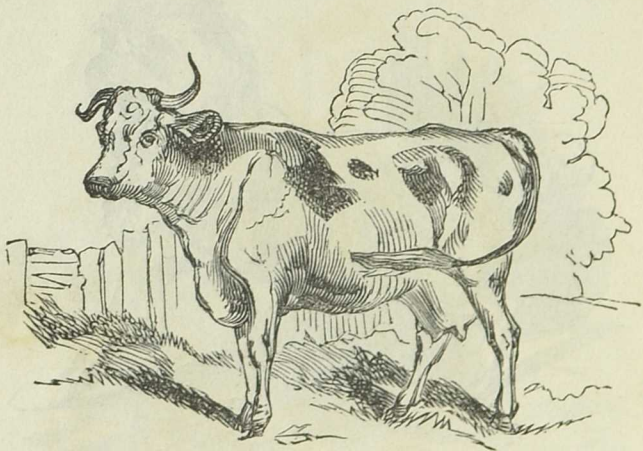


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



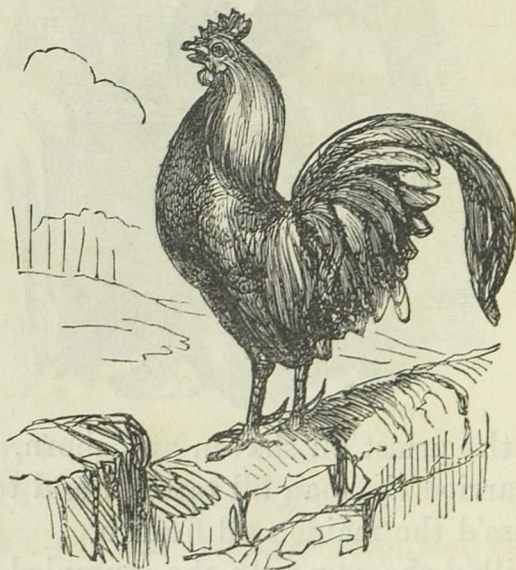
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
    That toss'd the dog,  
    That worried the cat,  
    That kill'd the rat,  
    That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

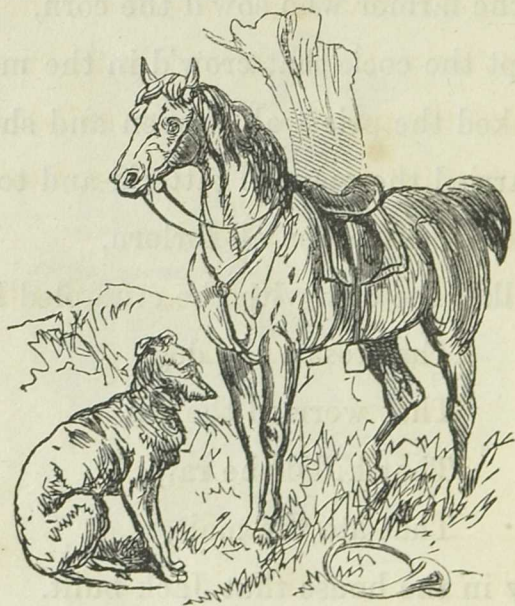
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the farmer who sow'd the corn,  
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
    That toss'd the dog,  
    That worried the cat,  
    That kill'd the rat,  
    That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.





THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the horse, and the hound, and the horn,  
That belong'd to the farmer who sow'd the corn,  
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
    That toss'd the dog,  
    That worried the cat,  
    That kill'd the rat,  
    That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the house and the house and the house  
That belong'd to the farmer who sow'd the corn,  
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden all frowny and frown,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That trotted the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY  
OF  
The Three Bears.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

## The Story of the Three Bears.

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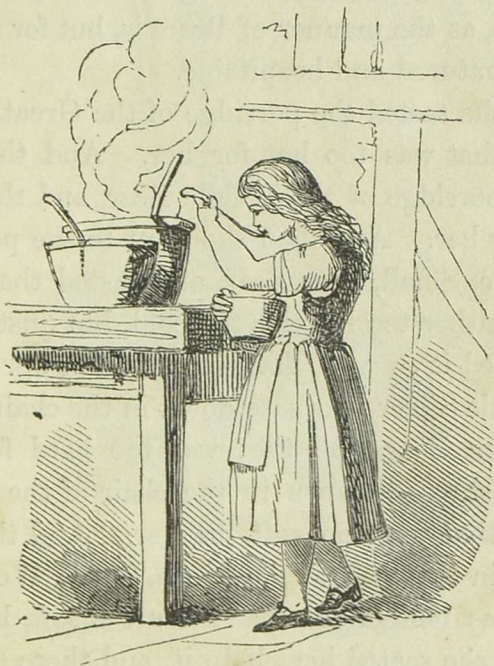
ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the



## THE THREE BEARS.

house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did



nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the



## THE THREE BEARS.

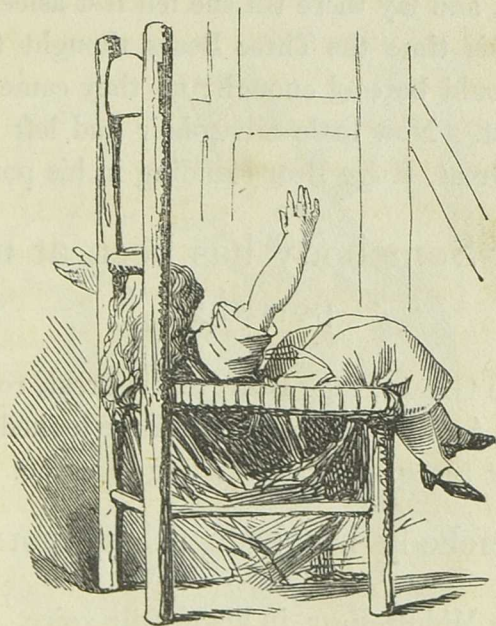
door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came her's, plump upon the ground.

## THE THREE BEARS.

Then little Silver-hair went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first



she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear ; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear ; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear ;

## THE THREE BEARS.

and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

“Somebody has been at my  
porridge!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

“*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it  
all up!*”

## THE THREE BEARS.

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.



Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard



### THE THREE BEARS.

cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

*“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out!”*

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went up



## THE THREE BEARS.

stairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

“*Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!*”

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

## THE THREE BEARS.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she



was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speak-

## THE THREE BEARS.

ing in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once.



Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other,

## THE THREE BEARS.

and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.



Little Fulk's Books.

THE STORY  
OF  
Little Gooey Two-Shoes.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.



## Little Goody Two-Shoes.

---

ALL the world must know that Goody Two-Shoes was not a little girl's real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a large farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and the wickedness of Sir Timothy Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall, he was quite ruined.

Care and discontent shortened the life of little Margery's father. Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world; but, poor woman! it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she raised her head while she lay speechless, to survey with pitying looks her little orphans, as much as to say: "Do, Tommy,—do, Margery, come with me." They cried, poor things, and she sighed away her soul, and, I hope, is happy.

It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about. They were both very ragged, and

Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they slept every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them: no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable, good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy, and make him a little sailor; and, accordingly, had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and they kissed each other a hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

## LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out: "Two Shoes, Ma'am! see Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following plan for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each. And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the



## LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

game, as they called it, was this: suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding (and who can suppose a



better?), the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter *p*, the next *l*, the next *u*, the next *m*, and so on till the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning, when we

## LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door,—tap, tap, tap! “Who's there?” “Only little Goody Two-Shoes,” answered Margery, “come to teach Billy.” “Oh, little Goody,” says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, “I am glad to see you! Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson.” Then out came the little boy. “How do, Doody Two-Shoes?” says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the small alphabet mixed together, and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order. She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters, and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them rightly.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. “Bow, wow, wow!” says the dog at the door. “Sirrah!” says his Mistress, “why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here's Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson.” “Yes, that's what I have,” replied the little one, in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters, she set up these syllables;—



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ba be bi bo bu      ma me mi mo mu  
da de di do du      sa se si so su



and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after which she set up many more, and pronounced them likewise.

After this, little Two-Shoes taught Sally to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum,

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top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, and all came round little Margery at once; who having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner. He answered "Bread." "Well, then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p, each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus, Apple-Pie. The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were spelt, with many others, till the game was finished. She then set them another task, and after the lessons were done we returned home.

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Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried in this parish? Well, I never saw so grand a funeral. All the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before

it was over ; after which, in the night, or rather very early in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously.



They flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was ; but William would not open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the

clerk to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. "I go, sir!" says William; "why, I would be frightened out of my wits." "Give me the key of the church," says Mr. Long. Then he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, who do you think appeared? Why, little Two-Shoes, who, being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boulton's man go whistling by, she was in hopes he would have gone for the key to let her out.

The people were ashamed to ask little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all that she had heard or seen.

"I went to the church," said Goody Two-Shoes, "as most of you did last night, to see the funeral, and being very weary, I sat down in Mr. Jones's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven o'clock I awoke; I started up, and could not at first tell where I was, but



after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut up in the church. It was dimly dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew something jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. Then I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit pat, pit pat, pit pat, come after me, and something touched my hand that seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what it was, yet I knew it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which something rushed by me, and almost threw me down. At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid down on the mat and cushion to sleep, when something pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cried: 'Bow, wow, wow!' and I knew it must be Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to the church; so I opened the door and called, 'Snip! Snip!' and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap; for when



I awoke it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm; and then I went to Lord Ducklington's tomb, and I stood looking at his cold marble face and his hands clasped together, till hearing Farmer Boulton's man go by, I went to the bells and rung them."

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There was in the same parish a Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A B C, who was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour: namely, that little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

The room in which Mrs. Margery taught her scholars was very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action,

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she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word, when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

One day as Mrs. Margery was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys who had taken a young raven, which they were going to throw



at. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him,

and brought him home. She called him by the name of Ralph, and a fine bird he was.

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

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little skylark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death."

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam,



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and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age (and a very good one, let me tell you) to "Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb." This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was.

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

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

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper. He was always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he might have been called the porter of a college, for he would let nobody go out nor any one come in, without leave of his mistress.

Billy, the ba-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Two-

Shoes made it a rule that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel on his back, and bring it in the morning.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently observed, was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled. This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school when she was walking about with the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her



hand, and the lamb and the dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out: "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this, she laughingly answered: "A conjuror! a conjuror!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life and less of the law, behaved very badly, and though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring *against* my character, sir," says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer upon the table) it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch. And then he gave such an account

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of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present returned



her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her, that he offered her a considerable sum to take the care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for

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her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her, but would not consent to be made a lady till he had provided for his daughter.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried: "Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, and particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, desiring to speak with them apart. After they had been talking a few moments, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy, which immediately succeeded; for you must know that this gentleman so richly dressed was little Tommy



Meanwell, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had ridden post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was able to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion-table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. Her ladyship continued to visit the school in which she had passed so many happy days, and always gave the prizes to the best scholars with her own hands. She also gave to the parish several acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor who would come and fetch them for the use of their families; but if any took them to sell, they were deprived of that privilege ever after. And these roots were planted and raised from the rent arising from a farm which she had assigned over for that purpose. In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to those in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY  
OF  
Old Mother Hubbard.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.



## Old Mother Hubbard.



OLD Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To give her poor dog a bone;  
But when she came there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the baker's  
To buy him some bread,  
And when she came back  
Poor doggy was dead.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the joiner's  
To buy him a coffin,  
And when she came back  
The dog was a-laughing.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
And when she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the ale-house  
To get him some beer,  
And when she came back  
Doggy sat in a chair.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red,  
And when she came back  
The dog stood on his head.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat,  
And when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig,  
And when she came back  
He was dancing a jig.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the fruiterer's

To buy him some fruit,

And when she came back

He was playing the flute



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the tailor's  
To buy him a coat,  
And when she came back  
He was riding a goat.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes,  
And when she came back  
He was reading the news.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the sempstress

To buy him some linen,

And when she came back

The dog was a-spinning.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose,  
And when she came back  
He was dress'd in his clothes.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



The dame made a curtsy,

The dog made a bow;

The dame said, "Your servant,"

The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

