

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Little GOODY TWO-SHOES;  
Otherwise called,  
Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES.

WITH  
The Means by which she acquired her  
Learning and Wisdom, and in consequence  
thereof her Estate; set forth  
at large for the Benefit of those,  
*Who from a State of Rags and Care,  
And having Shoes but half a Pair;  
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,  
And gallop in a Coach and Six.*  
See the Original Manuscript in the *Vatican*  
at *Rome*,, and the Cuts by *Michael Angelo*.  
Illustrated with the Comments of our  
great modern Critics.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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The Renowned  
HISTORY  
OF  
Little GOODY TWO-SHOES;  
Commonly called,  
Old GOODY TWO-SHOES.

**PART I.**

INTRODUCTION. By the Editor.

ALL the World must allow, that *Two Shoes* was not her real Name. No; her  
Father's Name was *Mearwell*; and he was for many Years a considerable Farmer in the  
Parish where *Margery* was born; but by the Misfortunes which he met with in Business,

and the wicked Persecutions of Sir *Timothy Gripe*, and an overgrown Farmer called *Graspall*, he was effectually ruined.

The Case was thus. The Parish of *Mouldwell* where they lived, had for many Ages been let by the Lord of the Manor into twelve different Farms, in which the Tenants lived comfortably, brought up large Families, and carefully supported the poor People who laboured for them; until the Estate by Marriage and by Death came into the Hands of Sir *Timothy*.

This Gentleman, who loved himself better than all his Neighbours, thought it less Trouble to write one Receipt for his Rent than twelve, and Farmer *Graspall* offering to take all the Farms as the Leases expired, Sir *Timothy* agreed with him, and in Process of Time he was possessed of every Farm, but that occupied by little *Margery's* Father, which he also wanted: for as Mr. *Meamwell* was a charitable good Man, he stood up for the Poor at the Parish Meetings, and was unwilling to have them oppressed by Sir *Timothy*, and this avaricious Farmer. — Judge, oh kind, humane and courteous Reader, what a terrible Situation the Poor must be in, when this covetous Man was perpetual Overseer, and every Thing for their Maintenance was drawn from his hard Heart and cruel Hand. But he was not only perpetual Overseer, but perpetual Churchwarden; and judge, oh ye Christians, what State the Church must be in, when supported by a Man without Religion or Virtue. He was also perpetual Surveyor of the highways, and what Sort of Roads he kept up for the Convenience of Travellers, those best know who have had the Misfortune to be obliged to pass thro' that Parish. - Complaints indeed were made, but to what Purpose are Complaints, when brought against a man, who can hunt, drink, and smoak with the Lord of the Manor, who is also the Justice of Peace?

The Opposition which little *Margery's* Father made to this Man's Tyranny, gave Offence to Sir *Timothy*, who endeavoured to force him out of his Farm; and to oblige him to throw up the Lease, ordered both a Brick Kiln and a Dog-kennel to be erected in the Farmer's Orchard. This was contrary to law, and a Suit was commenced, in which *Margery's* Father got the better. The same Offence was again committed three different Times, and as many Actions brought, in all of which the Farmer had a Verdict and Costs paid him; but notwithstanding these Advantages, the Law was so expensive, that he was ruined in the Contest, and obliged to give up all he had to his Creditors; which effectually answered the Purpose of Sir *Timothy*, who erected those Nuisances in the Farmer's Orchard with that Intention only. Ah, my dear Reader, we brag of Liberty, and boast of our Laws: but the Blessings of the one, and the Protection of the other, seldom fall to the Lot of the Poor; and especially when a rich Man is their Adversary. How, in the Name of Goodness, can a poor Wretch obtain Redress, when thirty Pounds are insufficient to try his Cause? Where is he to find Money to see Council, or how can he plead his Cause himself (even if he was permitted) when our Laws are so obscure, and so multiplied, that an Abridgment of them cannot be contained in fifty Volumes in Folio?

As soon as Mr. *Meamwell* had called together his Creditors, Sir *Timothy* seized for a Year's Rent, and turned the Farmer, his Wife, little *Margery*, and her Brother out of Doors, without any of the Necessaries of Life to support them.

This elated the Heart of Mr. *Graspall*, this crowned his Hopes, and filled the Measure of his Iniquity; for besides gratifying his Revenge, this Man's Overthrow gave him the sole Dominion of the Poor, whom he depressed and abused in a Manner too horrible to mention.

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Metaphors

*Margery's* Father flew into another Parish for Succour, and all those who were able to move left their Dwellings and sought Employment elsewhere, as they found it would be impossible to live under the Tyranny of two such People. The very old, the very lame and the blind were obliged to stay behind, and whether they were starved, or what became of them, History does not say; but the Character of the great Sir *Timothy*, and his avaricious Tenant, were so infamous, that nobody would work for them by the Day, and Servants were afraid to engage themselves by the Year, left any unforeseen Accident should leave them Parishioners in a Place, where they knew they must perish miserably; so that great Part of the Land lay untilled for some Years, which was deemed a just Reward for such diabolical Proceedings.

More  
Altruism

But what, says the Reader, can occasion all this? Do you intend this for Children, Mr. NEWBERY? Why, do you suppose this is written by Mr. NEWBERY, Sir? This may come from another Hand. This is not the Book, Sir, mentioned in the Title, but the Introduction to that book; and it is intended, Sir, not for those Sort of Children, but for Children of six Feet high, of which, as my Friend has justly observed, there are many Millions in the Kingdom; and these Reflections, Sir, have been rendered necessary, by the unaccountable and diabolical Scheme which many Gentlemen now give into, of laying a Number of Farms into one, and very often of a whole Parish into one Farm; which in the End must reduce the common People to a State of Vassalage, worse than that under the Barons of old, or of the Clans in *Scotland*, and will in Time depopulate the Kingdom. But as you are tired of the Subject, I shall take myself away, and you may visit *Little Margery*. So, Sir, your Servant,  
The EDITOR.

Metaphors

① We see Metaphors, a simple vocabulary, + flat characters  
②

## CHAP. I.

*How and about Little Margery and her Brother.*

CARE and Discontent shortened the Days of *Little Margery's* Father. —He was forced from his Family, and seized with a violent Fever in a place where Dr. *James's* Powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably. *Margery's* 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 heaved up her Head, while she lay speechless, to survey with languishing 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. Pray see them. [There's a picture!] They were both very ragged, and *Tommy* had two Shoes, but *Margery* had but one. They had nothing, poor Things, to support them (not being in their own Parish) but what they picked from the Hedges, or got from the poor People, and they lay every Night in a Barn. Their Relations took no Notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged Girl as *Margery*, and such a dirty little curl-pated Boy as *Tommy*. Our Relations and Friends seldom take Notice of us when we are poor, but as we grow rich they grow fond. And this will always be the Case, while People love Money better than Virtue, or better than

they do GOD Almighty. But such wicked Folks, who love nothing but Money, and are proud and despise the Poor, never come to any good in the End, as we shall see by and by.

## CHAP. II

*How and about Mr. Smith.*

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 Gentlemen ordered Little *Margery* a new Pair of Shoes, gave Mr. *Smith* some Money to buy her Cloathes; and said he would take *Tommy* and make him a little Sailor; and accordingly had a Jacket and Trowsers made for him, in which he now appears. Pray look at him. [There's a picture.]

After some Days the Gentleman intended to go to *London*, and take little *Tommy* with him, of whom you will know more by and by, for we shall at a proper Time present you with some Part of his History, his Travels and Adventures.

The Parting between these two little Children was very affecting, *Tommy* cried, and *Margery* cried, and they kissed each other an hundred Times. At last *Tommy* thus wiped off her Tears with the End of his Jacket, and bid her cry no mo re, for that he would come to her again, when he returned from Sea. However, as they were so very fond, the Gentleman would not suffer them to take Leave of each other, but told *Tommy* he should ride out with him, and come back at Night. When night came, Little *Margery* grew very uneasy about her Brother, and after sitting up as late as Mr. *Smith* would let her, she went crying to Bed.

## CHAP. III.

*How Little Margery obtained the Name of Goody Two-Shoes, and what happened in the Parish.*

AS soon as Little *Margery* got up in the Morning, which was very early, she ran all round the Village, crying for her Brother; and after some Time returned greatly distressed. However, at this Instant, the Shoemaker very opportunely came in with the new Shoes, for which she had been measured by the Gentleman's Order

Nothing could have supported Little *Margery* under the Affliction she was in for the Loss of her Brother, but the Pleasure she took in her *two Shoes*. She ran out to Mrs. *Smith* as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged Apron thus, [another picture], cried out, *Two Shoes, Mame, see two Shoes*. And so she behaved to all the People she met, and by that Means obtained the Name of *Goody Two-Shoes*, though her Playmates called her *Old Goody Two-Shoes*.

Little *Margery* was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. *Smith*, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to breed her up with their Family; but as soon as that Tyrant of the Parish, that *Graspall*, heard of her being there, he applied first to Mr. *Smith*, and threatened to reduce his Tythes if he kept her; and after that he spoke to Sir *Timothy*, who sent Mr. *Smith* a peremptory Message by his Servant, that *he should send back Meanwell's Girl to be kept by her Relations, and not harbour her in the Parish*. This so distressed Mr. *Smith* that he shed Tears, and cried, *Lord have Mercy on the Poor!*

The Prayers of the Righteous fly upwards, and reach unto the Throne of Heaven, as will be seen in the Sequel.

Mrs. *Smith* was also greatly concerned at being thus obliged to discard poor Little *Margery*. She kissed her and cried; as also did Mr. *Smith*, but they were obliged to send her away; for the People who had ruined her Father could at any Time have ruined them.

## CHAP. IV

*How Little Margery learned to read, and by Degrees taught others.*

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 Scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found, that only the following Letters were required to spell all the Words in the World; but as some of these Letters are large and some small, she with her Knife cut out of several Pieces of Wood ten Setts of each of these:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And six Setts of these:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

And having got an old Spelling-book, she made her Companions set up all the Words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose Sentences. You know what a Sentence is, my Dear, *I will be good*, is a Sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several Words.

The usual Manner of Spelling, or carrying off the Game, as they called it, was this: Suppose the Word to be spelt was Plumb 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 at their Play; and every Morning she used to go round to teach the Children with these Rattle-traps in a Basket, as you see in the Print. [Another picture!]

I once went her Rounds with her, and was highly diverted, as you may be, if you please to look into the next Chapter.

## CHAP. V.

*How Little Two-Shoes became a trotting Tutoresess, and how she taught her young Pupils.*

IT was about seven o'Clock in the Morning when we set out on this important Business, and the first House we came to was Farmer *Wilson's*. See here it is. [Another picture you're missing.]

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 all of 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 t his Alphabet mixed together thus:

b d f h k m o q s u w y z f  
a c e g I l n p r t v x j

and he picked them up, called them by their right Names, and put them all in order thus:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o  
p q r s t u v w x y z

She then threw down the Alphabet of Capital Letters in the Manner you here see them.

B D F H K M O Q S U W Y Z  
A C E G I L N P R T V X J

and he picked them all up, and having told their Names, placed them thus:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M  
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Now, pray little Reader, take this Bodkin, and see if you can point out the Letters from these mixed Alphabets, and tell how they should be placed as well as little Boy *Billy*.

The next place we came to was Farmer *Simpson's*, and here it is. [picture]

*Bow, wow, wow*, says the Dog at the Door. *Sirrah*, says his Mistress, what do you back at Little *Two-Shoes*. Come in *Madge*: here, *Sally* wants you sadly, she has learned all her Lesson. Then out came the little one: So *Madge!* says she; so *Sally!* answered the other, have you learned your 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:

ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu  
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu.

and gave them their exact Sounds as she composed them; after which she set up the following:

ac ec ic oc uc, ad ed id od ud  
af ef if of uf, ag eg ig og ug

And pronounced them likewise. She then sung the Cuzz's Chorus (which may be found in the *Little Pretty Play Thing*, published by Mr. NEWBERY), and to the same Tune to which it is there set.

After this, Little *Two-Shoes* taught her to spell Words of one Syllable, and she soon set up, Pear, Plumb, Top, Ball, Pin, Puss, Dog, Hog, Fawn, Buck, Doe, Lamb, Sheep, Ram, Cow, Bull, Cock, Hen, and many more.

The next Place we came to was *Gaffer Cook's* Cottage; there you see it before you. [no you don't.] Here a number of poor Children were met to learn; who all came round Little *Margery* at once; and, having pulled out her Letters, she asked the little Boy next her, what he had for Dinner? Who answered, *Bread* (the poor Children in many Places live very hard). Well then, says she, set the first Letter. He put up the Letter B. to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, *Bread*.

And what had you *Polly Comb* for your Dinner? *Apple-pye*, answered the little Girl: Upon which the next in Turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on till the two Words Apple and Pye were united and stood thus, *Apple-pye*.

The next had *Potatoes*, the next *Beef* and *Turnip*, which were spelt with many others, till the Game of Spelling was finished. She then set them another Task, and we proceeded.

The next Place we came to was Farmer *Thompson's*, where there were a great many little ones waiting for her.

So little Mrs. *Goody Two-Shoes*, says one of them, where have you been so long? I have been teaching, says she, longer than I intended, and am afraid I am come too soon for you now. No, but indeed you are not, replied the other; for I have got my Lesson, and so has *Sally Dawson*, and so has *Harry Wilson*, and so have we all; and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her. Why then, says she, you are all very good, and GOD Almighty will love you; so let us begin our Lessons. They all huddled round her, and though at the other Place they were employed about Words and Syllables, here we had People of much greater Understanding who dealt only in Sentences.

The Letters being brought upon the Table, one of the little ones set up the following Sentence.

*The Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and say my Prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my Heart, with all my Soul, and with all my Strength; and honour the King, and all good Men in Authority under him.*

Then the next took the Letters, and composed this Sentence.

*Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my Neighbour as myself, and do unto all Men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no Lies; but be honest and just in all my Dealings.*

The third composed the following Sentence.

*The Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may honour my Father and Mother, and love my Brothers and Sisters, Relations and Friends, and all my Playmates, and every Body, and endeavour to make them happy.*

The fourth composed the following.

*I pray GOD to bless this whole Company, and all our Friends, and all our Enemies.*

To this last *Polly Sullen* objected, and said, truly, she did not know why she should pray for her Enemies? Not pray for your Enemies, says Little *Margery*; yes, you must, you are no Christian, if you don't forgive your Enemies, and do Good for Evil. *Polly* still pouted; upon which Little *Margery* said, though she was poor, and obliged to lie in a Barn, she would not keep Company with such a naughty, proud, perverse Girl as *Polly*; and was going away; however, the Difference was made up, and she set them to compose the following

LESSONS  
For the CONDUCT of LIFE  
LESSON I.

He that will thrive,  
Must rise by Five.  
He that hath thriv'n,  
May life till Seven.  
Truth may be blamed,  
But cannot be sham'd.  
Tell me with whom you go;  
And I'll tell what you do.  
A friend in your Need  
Is a Friend indeed.

They ne'er can be wise,  
Who good Counsel despise.

## LESSON II.

A wise Head makes a close Mouth.  
Don't burn your Lips with another man's Broth.  
Wit is Folly, unless a wise Man hath the keeping of it.  
Use soft Words and hard Arguments.  
Industry is Fortune's right Hand, and Frugality her Left.  
Make much of Three pence, or you ne'er will be worth a Groat

① Metalepsis - again, regardless  
the situation of children when  
audience for a variation

② Flat Characters

③ Thematics: The given direction  
of life: Good + strength over  
evil

④ Material advantage  
flow from spiritual strength +  
good moral personelities  
(Mr Candy rules)

⑤ Very of ten, actual learning  
is wrapped up in games or  
actions performed by the  
characters