

No. 6.

THE
LITTLE, BUT AFFECTING

History

OF

MARY HOWARD.



SANDBORNTON PRESS.

1836.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

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MARY HOWARD.

MARY HOWARD was the daughter of wealthy parents in England. They loved her very much, and were willing to grant every wish of her little heart. Indeed, all around her became extremely attached to her, she was so quiet and affectionate, and looked so much like a little dove.

She always wanted to share every thing she had with others. As soon as she could speak, she would carry her box of sugar-plums from one to another, saying "Mamma, too"—"Pappa, too"—"Nurse, too." She

was so tender-hearted, that one day, when the cat mewed because she pulled her fur, she ran and hid her head in her mother's lap, and grieved sadly; when her mother wiped her eyes and kissed her, she tried to look cheerful; but as soon as she saw puss, her little lips puckered again, and she would sob out, "*Mamy* hurt kitty—kitty *ky*."

No wonder this sweet child was the darling of the whole house. She was indeed tended with as much care as her own pet lamb, whose neck she daily dressed with fresh flowers. But a sad change, was

in store for poor Mary! Her father was thrown from his carriage, and killed suddenly. She saw him brought into the house, and laid upon his bed, and she cried bitterly, because he did not speak to her. After they had put him in his tomb, it almost broke her mother's heart to hear the questions she asked. When told that her father had gone to heaven, where God would take care of him, she asked "what made him go, mother? We loved him—why did he not stay with us? And when her mother told her that God made good people happy in another world, she said with

great earnestness, "But he won't have any little Mary there to kiss." She was not old enough then to know, that when we die we only go to the home God has provided for us that the good, who are left on the earth, may grieve, but that the good, who have gone before them are happy. Her mother told her all this; but it was too big for her little mind to understand.

Before a year had passed away, Mrs. Howard died of consumption; and poor little Mary was left an orphan, without brother or sister. Oh! then it was a heart-breaking sight to

see the little creature roaming about the house, now sitting in a corner to sob all alone, and now running to hide her head in nurse's lap, and begging to go to heaven, where she could see her father and mother. Mary had but two relations in the world; one was her mother's brother, who lived in Calcutta; the other, her father's brother. The latter was appointed her guardian. He was very wicked. He did not love his gentle and pretty niece; for he wanted his brother's wealth; and he knew if she were dead, he should have large houses, and a plenty of silver.

and gold, and jewels. The more he thought of these things, the more he hated the lovely child, who had been placed under his care by her dying parents; for if we let bad thoughts stay in our minds, they grow stronger and stronger every hour. One by one, this wicked man dismissed all the old domestics, and then he carried Mary away in a carriage, saying he was going to live in a country-house a great many miles from London.

The old nurse wept bitterly at parting with her darling. She offered to go and live with her without wages: and when

the cruel uncle denied this, her heart misgave her that all was not right. Not long after, this faithful domestic heard the news that Mary Howard was lost—that the gipsies had stolen her, for the sake of an amber necklace, which was around her neck, when she was last seen. Betty Morris, (that was the nurse's name) did not believe this story. She believed the uncle had killed her, for the sake of the silver and gold; and Betty wrote as good a letter as she could to Mary's uncle in Calcutta, and told him all that happened, and how much she felt afraid that his sister's

orphan had fallen into cruel hands.

But Calcutta is a great distance from London—it would take many, many months, for an answer to return to Betty's letter—and what was to be done for poor little Mary all this time? Mortals could not do any thing to help her; but when I have told you my story, you will see how her Heavenly Father took care of her.

Mr. Howard was indeed as wicked as Betty suspected. By promises of large sums of money, persuaded a poor sailor to drown the child. This sailor had a soft heart; but he had

not been taught when young to remember that the eye of God was upon all of his actions.

He wanted money very much ; and not having the fear of God before his eyes, he thought to make himself rich by drowning the helpless orphan. He coaxed her away from her uncle's house by means of a new doll ; and then, when he pretended he was carrying her back again, he was conveying her a-far off into Wales. Mary was then only four years old ; and the country new to her ; she did not know where she was going ; she cried sometimes, but

a few words of kindness soon comforted her.

One day he led her down to the sea-beach to gather shells. The sight of the water made him shudder—for he thought of his own wicked intentions; and while he was thinking of these things, Mary, who had hold of his hand, looked up in his face, and said, “where are you going?” “Where do you want to go?” asked the sailor. Mary replied, “I should like to go to heaven, for father and mother have gone there and nobody loves Mary now.”

Robert did not know what to do with her; at last he conclu-

ded to take her to New-Zealand with him. The ship in which they sailed was the Sea-Bird. There was on board a savage boy, the son of a New-Zealand Chief, whose name was Duaterra. He had been to England, and was now on his way home. One day, he was so lazy and saucy, that the Captain ordered him to be flogged. He thought it was a great insult to treat the son of a Chief in such a manner. He resolved to kill all on board, except Robert and little Mary.

After a long voyage, they arrived at New-Zealand. Duaterra still laid up in his heart

the remembrance of the whipping he had received. He told his father of it, and made him promise to kill all on board, except Robert and his child. One day when they were all on shore, the Chief sounded a great horn, and the savages gathered round him, and rushed on the white people and killed them, all but Robert and Mary. The New-Zealanders are frightful looking creatures. They had their faces tattooed all over with strange marks; they wore their hair tied very tight on the top of their heads.

Duaterra tattooed one side of Mary's forehead, notwithstand-

ing Robert had forbidden it. When Mary was about eight years old a wonderful opportunity occurred for sending her home. An English ship put in at New-Zealand, and John Morris, one of Robert's old shipmates, and Betty's own brother was on board. So Robert told him the whole story; and he agreed to take care of her, and deliver her safely into the hands of her old nurse Betty.

Robert did not know how to write; but folded up the tattered remains of the black gown Mary wore when he first took her way, and sent it to Betty

as a proof that she was her own little Mary Howard.

As soon as they arrived in London he sent off to Devonshire for Betty. And when she arrived she said she should have known her little favourite, "for all she had grown so large, and was tanned, and had that shameful tattooing on one temple.

As for the rude habits she naturally acquired she soon learned to change them. You would not believe she was ever among the savages, unless you raised a cluster of curls, and discovered Duaterra's tattooing.

