



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS,

No. 4, Cornhill.

MARY

Children's Bks

Elizabeth C. Morland.

from Miss Nancy Gay

MARY AND HER CAT.

WORDS NOT EXCEEDING

TWO SYLLABLES.

Illustrated with Cuts.



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Mary C. B. B. B.

THE
STORY
OF
LITTLE MARY
AND
HER CAT.

THERE was once a pret-ty lit-
tle girl, call-ed Ma-ry, who was
ve-ry fond of an old wo-man, that
liv-ed in a small white cot-tage, just
at the end of her pa-pa's gar-den.
This old wo-man had nurs-ed this
pret-ty lit-tle girl, and ta-ken great
care of her, when she was but a
ba-by, and not a-ble to walk, or
put any thing in-to her mouth.
Nurse Brown, for that was her



name, was a kind good old woman. She lov-ed Ma-ry dear-ly, and Ma-ry lov-ed her nurse dear-ly, and she u-sed ve-ry of-ten to go to the cot-tage, where some-times she would read to her nurse, and some-times nurse Brown would tell sto-ries to her, or sing old songs, such as she had learn-ed

from the books that are sold at MUNROE and FRANCIS' book-store in Corn-hill, where all kinds of books that can a-muse or in-struct chil-dren are to be bought. And af-ter tel-ling these tales, or sing-ing these old 'songs, nurse Brown u-sed ve-ry of-ten to say, you have a good mam-ma, my sweet Ma-ry, and you say you love her. It is ve-ry ea-sy for a-ny lit-tle girl to say those words, but my Ma-ry must show that she loves her mam-ma by mind-ing all that her mam-ma says, and nev-er do-ing those things which her mam-ma tells her it is wrong to do. If a lit-tle girl will tell a lie, or do any thing which she is bid not to do, she gives her mam-ma great pain. Yes, when lit-tle girls are naugh-ty, mam-

mas have more pain in their hearts than all the little girls in the world ever felt with the tooth-ache, or head-ache, or sore fingers. But nurse Brown's dear Mary will never give her mam-ma such a pain in her heart. Mary's blue eyes, fixed up-on her nurse, used to shine brightly, while the good old wo-man talk-ed to her in this way; and she was always ready to jump for joy, when the hour came in which her mam-ma gave her leave to skip through the gar-den, and a-way to nurse Brown's neat clean cot-tage, where nurse, in a plain stuff gown, with a cap and a-pron as white as snow, was always to be found at her spin-ning wheel, with her cat sit-ting by her side.

The name of this cat was Muff, and Muff was as pret-ty a cat as any in the whole world. His back was stri-ped with black and grey stripes, his face was round, and broad, and his breast, and paws, were as white as nurse Brown's a-pron. * Muff was al-ways ve-ry glad to see Ma-ry. He would some-times watch for her at the win-dow ; and he would of-ten go to the door of the cot-tage, to meet her when she was com-ing a-cross the path. If Ma-ry play-ed with Muff, Muff nev-er put out her claws to scratch Ma-ry.

At last poor nurse Brown fell sick, and the Doc-tor thought she would not live. Ma-ry's mam-ma sent wine to the good old wo-man,

and phy-sic, and all things that were like-ly to do her ser-vice ; and she sent a per-son to take care of her, and at-tend up-on her night and day. Ma-ry pray-ed her mam-ma to let her go and at-tend up-on nurse Brown ; but her mam-ma said, No my dear child, you are not strong e-nough, nor old e-nough, to nurse a sick per-son. You may go to see her, and sit by her, and tell her how much you love her, and you may give her the cup with her phy-sic when you are there ; but if you were to stay all night, it would dis-tress her much, for she knows that sit-ting up at night would make you ve-ry ill too. So Ma-ry went once a day to the cot-tage, and tears u-sed to fill the eyes of the kind



heart-ed lit-tle girl to see how ve-ry bad her poor old friend was, but she turn-ed a-way her head, or went to the oth-er end of the room, to wipe a-way her tears, that she might not grieve her poor nurse with cry-ing.

Nurse Brown was in great pain all day and all night, but she did not e-ven groan. She pray-ed to God that he would bless her dear Ma-ry and make her a good girl, and a good wo-man. When she thought she should not live ma-ny hours long-er, she sent for Ma-ry, to take her last leave of her. My dear Ma-ry, she said, you must nev-er for-get that I die hap-py, be-cause I have al-ways been a good wo-man: you will be hap-py if you are good.

Think of me as you grow old-er. You know I am but a poor wo-man, I ne-ver had a fine house, nor any fine clothes, nor a coach, nor ser-vants to wait up-on me,

but I have al-ways done that which I knew to be right, and good per-sons have lov-ed me for so do-ing. I have been hap-py in my lit-tle cot-tage and in my stuff gown, be-cause I was good, and be-cause all good per-sons lov-ed me, and spoke well of me. You will see nurse Brown no more, my dear child; but you can al-ways love to think of her, and of all that she has said to you. I have no-thing to give my Ma-ry but my cat. He is as gen-tle, as kind, and as good as a cat can be. Take Muff home with you, take care of him, and if you should hap-pen at a-ny time to do wrong, when you look at Muff, you will think of me, and be sor-ry for your fault.



Ma-ry and Muff were ta-ken home by the ser-vant, and nurse Brown di-ed that night.

Ma-ry cri-ed sad-ly ; and poor Muff, who did not know at all why he was ta-ken from the cot-tage, and his old mis-tress, would

not eat the bread and milk that the ser-vant brought to him, but walk-ed round and round the room, and scratch-ed at the doors and win-dows, to find some place to get out at. If any one came in-to the room he hid him-self un-der a ta-ble or chair, but he would come out if Ma-ry call-ed him, for he knew her voice; and the most part of that af-ter-noon she let him lie in her lap, and then he was con-tent and qui-et, but the mo-ment she put him down from her lap, he crept a-bout cry-ing mew, mew, and looking up at her, as much as to say, pray take me to my own home a-gain.

But in a ve-ry few days Muff was as hap-py in his new home as he had been in the cot-tage,

for Ma-ry was ve-ry kind to him, and cats soon-er for-get their old friends than lit-tle girls do. Ma-ry did not for-get nurse Brown; she strove to be al-ways a good girl, she tri-ed not to be an-gry, or cross, or fret-ful; and when she got rid of any bad tem-per that was ri-sing in her heart, she u-sed to stroke Muff, while she thought of his old mis-tress. Some-times she would say a-loud, ah! Muff, if nurse Brown were a-live, how hap-py it would make her to see me such a good girl! Then Muff would purr a-bout her, and look up in her face, as if he too was made hap-py by Ma-ry's good-ness.

Ma-ry and Muff were the best of friends and play-fel-lows. If

Ma-ry play-ed with her ball, he u-sed to watch it; and if it fell to the ground, he would take it up in his mouth, and run a-way with it in-to a cor-ner as if to hide it. If Ma-ry dan-ced, he would run af-ter her feet. If she was in the gar-den, he would frisk a-bout her, and run up and down the trees like a squir-rel, as if he strove to di-vert her. But when Ma-ry took her skip-ping rope, Muff went as far from her as he could, for he once got a hard knock with the rope, and ev-er af-ter he was a-fraid of it.

Ma-ry's mam-ma was ve-ry fond of Muff, both for his own, and for poor nurse Brown's sake, and she gave him a lit-tle stool, with a piece of car-pet o-ver it, and when



Ma-ry was learn-ing her les-son or bu-sy with her work, there sat Muff up-on his lit-tle stool, close be-side her, and as grave as any judge.

One day Ma-ry was ve-ry sick ; she had a pain in her stom-ach, and a pain in her head. Her mam-ma held her in her lap, and laid

her head up-on her bo-som, think-
ing that if she sat quiet for some
time, she would be bet-ter; but
the pain did not go away, she grew
worse and worse. Then her mam-
ma said, my love, I must go and
pre-pare some-thing that will do
you good. When Ma-ry's mam-ma
came back with a cup of phy-sic,
Ma-ry be-gan to cry, and say, I
do not like phy-sic; it is so nas-
ty. My dear Ma-ry, said her mam-
ma, no one likes phy-sic; I do
not like it my-self; but when I
am un-well I take it to do me
good. You are in pain, and you
want to be rid of your pain. The
taste of the phy-sic will not be
in your mouth so much as a min-
ute, but the pain in your sto-mach
may last all day, or ma-n-y days.



I think my Ma-ry is too wise a lit-tle girl to re-fuse it, on-ly be-cause it has not a plea-sant taste. But Ma-ry was not wise just then. She was in-deed ve-ry fool-ish; for she cri-ed, which made the pain in her head much worse, and she would not take her phy-sic which would have made both her head

and her sto-mach bet-ter. Well, said her mam-ma, I did not think you would have been so sil-ly and so naugh-ty a child. But since you would rath-er be in pain, than well and hap-py, you must bear it as you can. I am ve-ry sor-ry for you, but I shall not nurse you in my lap a-ny lon-ger. Up-on this Ma-ry went in-to a cor-ner of the par-lour, sat down up-on the ground, and be-gan to cry and sob so loud that Muff heard her, who till then had been sleep-ing on the hearth, be-fore the fire. Muff start-ed up, look-ed a-bout him, and see-ing his lit-tle mis-tress cry-ing on the ground, he ran to her, and put-ting his fore paws up-on her shoul-der, be-gan to rub his head a-gainst her face,

and sing purr! purr! This made Ma-ry think of nurse Brown, and how of-ten she had seen her take dose af-ter dose of phy-sic. She stroak-ed Muff, and she was sor-ry for her fault. She kiss-ed her mam-ma, took her phy-sic, ate a piece of o-range peel af-ter it to take a-way the taste; and sat in her mam-ma's lap, who told her a sto-ry. She then fell a-sleep, and when she a-woke a-gain the pain was all gone, and she and Muff went to play.

As Ma-ry was once ta-king a walk, she found a half-starv-ed lit-tle kit-ten. A cru-el boy had thrown it in-to a pond to see how it could swim, and the poor lit-tle crea-ture had crawl-ed out of the wa-ter just as Ma-ry came by.



The boy ran a-way, and Ma-ry took the kit-ten home with her. Muff had nev-er seen a kit-ten be-fore, and at first could not tell what to make of it, but the kit-ten took Muff for its mo-ther, and ran up to him in a great hur-ry, but Muff ran back-ward half-a-fraid, and hid him-self un-der a ta-

ble. When the kit-ten had been fed, it lay down to sleep be-fore the fire. Muff came and look-ed at it, and af-ter some time he lay down by it, and at last be-gan to clean it, for it was ve-ry dir-ty. From that time Muff was quite fond of the kit-ten; and play-ed with it in the most gen-tle man-ner. It al-ways lay at night in his bas-ket. They ate out of the same plate, and Muff of-ten would sit still, and let the kit-ten eat first, as if he was a-fraid it would not have e-nough.

Ma-ry had an un-cle who was go-ing a great way off in a ship. He did not ex-pect to come back for three or four years, and when he said fare-well to Ma-ry, he gave her a ve-ry fine lock-et, with some of his hair in it, and set round with



gold and pearls. It was but a useless present for such a little girl. Ma-ry ti-ed it round her neck, with a black ribbon, and ta-king up her rope, she be-gan to skip, but then the lock-et jump-ed up and down on her neck, and once hit her on the mouth. Ma-ry ti-ed it tight-er, and then it made her too warm.

What shall I do with it, said Ma-ry? Oh! Muff shall wear the lock-et, and then I can al-ways see it. So she call-ed Muff, and ti-ed the lock-et round his neck. Muff shook his head a-gain and a-gain, he rub-bed his paw o-ver his ear, he could not think what was the mat-ter with his neck; then as the lock-et hung down be-low his breast, he pat-ted it from side to side, first with one paw, and then with the other, which made Ma-ry laugh ve-ry much. Ma-ry's mam-ma was that day go-ing out to din-ner, and while Ma-ry was laugh-ing to see Muff pat a-bout the lock-et, her mam-ma came in to kiss her, be-fore she went out. See-ing Muff with the lock-et on, she told Ma-ry to take it from him as it would be spoil-ed by Muff, and it was too good a lock-

et to be made into a play-thing. It would be best, she said, to wrap it in pa-per, and put it a-way in a draw-er, till Ma-ry was old e-nough to wear it her-self. Ma-ry took off the lock-et from Muff's neck, and her mam-ma went a-way to pay her vis-it.

Af-ter din-ner Ma-ry wish-ed she could show the maids how pret-ty Muff look-ed, when dress-ed in the lock-et, so she for-got to mind what her mam-ma had said, and a-gain put the lock-et round the cat's neck. Muff was soon ti-red of play-ing with it, and then he be-gan to bite it with his teeth, so Ma-ry ti-ed it tight un-der his chin, where he could not get at it to bite it, and she and the maids all laugh-ed to see what odd tricks he play-ed, as

he tri-ed to get rid of a thing he was not u-sed to, and which teas-ed him ve-ry much. At last some per-son came in whom Ma-ry was glad to see, and she for-got the cat and the lock-et. That per-son gave her a new book, and she read the book till it was time to go to bed, and still she nev-er thought of the cat, and her un-cle's pres-ent.

When Ma-ry got up the next morn-ing, Muff did not come to purr a-bout her feet as he u-sed to do. Ma-ry went down stairs, and there was no Muff in the par-lour. Ma-ry went up stairs, in-to the bed rooms, and in-to the gar-rets, and look-ed in-to all the clo-sets, and Seenen in-to the kitch-en, and the cel-lars, and the wash-house, and brew-house, but Muff was not to be found



in a-ny of these pla-ces. Ma-ry went sob-bing in-to the gar-den, and call-ed Muff! Muff! Muff! but Muff was not to be found in sum-mer house, or green-house, or coach-house, or sta-ble.

When Ma-ry went back to the par-lour, her mam-ma ask-ed her if she had a-gain ti-ed on the lock-et to Muff's neck. Ma-ry blush-ed;

but she al-ways told the truth ; and she said, yes, mam-ma, I did. You did ve-ry wrong, said her mam-ma. You see what mis-chiefs hap-pen, when lit-tle girls will not o-bey their mam-mas or those who are wi-ser than them-selves. Some bad peo-ple have found Muff out of doors, and have sto-len him for the sake of the lock-et. The cat you lov-ed so well may be ill-used, or e-ven kill-ed, and the lock-et is lost which your un-cle gave you to keep for his sake, when he was go-ing a-way for ma-ny years, and might per-haps nev-er see you a-gain.

Ma-ry was now rea-dy to break her heart with grief. She had made her mam-ma angry, she had lost her un-cle's pres-ent, and she had caus-ed poor Muff, who had been nurse Brown's cat, and who

was so fond, so gentle, and so good a cat, to be stolen, and perhaps starv-ed, or beat, or kick-ed, if not kill-ed, for she could not suppose that a-ny per-son who was so wicked as to steal Muff and the lock-et, would use him well. Ma-ry's mam-ma sent to all the hou-ses round a-bout to en-quire for Muff, but no news could be heard of him. One day, two days, three days pass-ed a-way, and Muff was not found. I shall nev-er, nev-er see him a-gain, said Ma-ry. Oh that I had mind-ed what my mam-ma said to me! then poor Muff would have been sit-ting on his stool be-side me here, and I should have been good and hap-py.

At the end of a week, a poor rag-ged boy of the vil-lage, to whom



Ma-ry had of-ten giv-en her cakes and her fruit, be-cause she had been told he was very kind to his sick fa-ther, and work-ed hard, to get mon-ey for his moth-er, to buy bread for his lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters; this poor boy came with some-thing un-der his coat, and ask-ed to see miss Ma-ry. Ma-ry's mam-ma told the ser-vant to bring **Rob-ert**, for that

was the boy's name, in-to the par-lour. He came in, and pull-ing off his hat, and ma-king his best bow, he said, miss, I have found your cat. Ma-ry jump-ed up, and so did Ma-ry's mam-ma, but they look-ed ve-ry sad, when they saw poor Muff al-most starv-ed to death, and so weak, that when Rob-ert put him on the ground he could scarce-ly stand up-on his legs.

Rob-ert work-ed at a farm-house, and had been sent that day, by his mas-ter, to sweep out an old sta-ble which had a hay loft o-ver it. While Rob-ert was sweep-ing the sta-ble, he thought he heard a cat cry. He look-ed a-bout, and saw no cat, but still he thought he heard it cry. So, at last he climb-ed up, and push-ed o-pen the door of the hay loft, and there he saw poor



Muff, ly-ing on the ground, and faint-ly cry-ing, mew, mew, just as if he was dy-ing. Rob-ert call-ed him by his name, for he knew it was the cat that nurse Brown had giv-en to miss Ma-ry, but Muff was so weak he could not get up to come to him. Rob-ert had his din-ner in his pock-et, it was on-ly a small bit of brown

bread, and a lit-tle bot-tle of milk and wa-ter, for his pa-rents were ve-ry poor. But he had a kind heart, and he broke his bread in-to ve-ry small pie-ces, and wet it with the milk and wa-ter, and put them bit by bit, in-to Muff's mouth. When Muff had eat the bread, he seem-ed bet-ter; and Rob-ert was so glad, that he took him in his arms, jump-ed down from the hay loft, and ran as fast as he could to car-ry him home to Ma-ry. The black string was still round Muff's neck, but the lock-et was gone, and the bad man that stole the lock-et must have shut the cat up in that emp-ty hay loft, where, but for Rob-ert, he would have di-ed of hun-ger.

With good care, and good food, Muff grew well, and fat a-gain, and was as hap-py and as mer-ry as ev-

er, and Ma-ry's mam-ma was so pleas-ed with Rob-ert's giv-ing up his own din-ner, to feed a starv-ed cat, that she said, she was sure such a kind boy would make a good man, she sent him to school, that he might learn to read and to write. She gave him new and warm clothes, and was kind to his fath-er, moth-er, broth-ers and sis-ters, for his sake. Ma-ry lent Rob-ert all her books as soon as he had learnt to read, and she u-sed to di-vide her mo-ney with him, that he might buy o-ther books, and o-ther play-things for his lit-tle sis-ters. She nev-er for-got that Rob-ert had sav-ed her dear Muff from death, and that it was the wis-est and the best thing she could do ev-er af-ter to o-bey her mam-ma, and nev-er do a-ny thing which her mam-ma bid her not to do.



When Ma-ry's un-cle gave her the Lock-et, she gave him the Kit-ten, which he car-ri-ed to sea with him. How this lit-tle Kit-ten be-ha-ved, and how the Lock-et was a-gain found, you can learn from a new Book called THE WHITE KITTEN, just printed by Munroe and Francis, in Cornhill, Boston.

