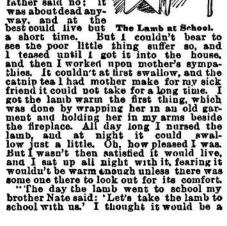
Mary and Her Lamb

Special to The Morning Journal. BOSTON. December 14.—The death of Mrs. Mary Tyler in Somerville Tuesday took from the world a character more widely known to the children of English-speaking communities than any other ever known except, perhaps, Mother Goose.

She was the original Mary who had a little lamb. All the children in Somerville knew her. She was eighty-three years old and had survived her husband, Columbus Tyler, eight years. In her early life she attended school in the town of Sterling, where the episode of the historic little lamb occurred, and where the little old school-house to which the lamb took so strong a liking is still pointed out to strangers.



"I saw it had a little life and want-ed to take it into the house, but father said no; it was about dead any-



good idea, and I consented, and she followed along right behind me. When the schoolhouse was reached the teacher had not arrived, and but few scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded-up seats then. Well. I put the lamb under the seat, put on her blanket, and she lay down just as quietly as could be.

"By and by I had to go out to recite and left the lamb all right, but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor, fand I knew it was the pettering of the hoofs of my lamb. Oh, how mortified I folt. The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was the mother of Loring, the circulating library man of Boston. She laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I couldn't find appthing mirthful in the sit. outright, and of course all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I
couldn't find anything mirthful in the situation. I was too embarressed and ashamed
to laugh, or even smile, at the unlooked-for
appearance of my sheep out on the floor.
I took the lamb out and putit in a shed
until I was ready to go home at noon, when
it followed me back. Usually I did not go
home until night, as we carried our lunch
with us, but I thought I would go at noon
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"Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, who was a nephew of the Rev. Lemuel Capin, who was then in Sterling. The young man was much pleased with the school incident, and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback, came to the little old schoolhouse and handed me a slip of paper which had written upon it three verses, which are the original lines, but since then there have been two verses added by a Mrs. Townsend. The verses were written together when I got them, as follows:

""Mary had a little lamb:

"' Mary had a little lamb; It's flooce was white as snow; And everywhere that Mary went The lamb was sure to go.

"'It followed her to school one day, Which was against the rule.

It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at solvol.

"' And so the teacher turned it out, But still it lingered near. And waited patiently about Till Mary did appear.'

"From the fleece sheared from my ewe my mother knit two pairs of nice stockings, which for years I kept in memory of my lamb. When the ladies were raising money for the preservation of the old South Church I was asked to contribute one pair of these stockings, which I did for the benefit of the fund. The stockings were ravelled out, pieces of the yarn being attached to cards having my antograph, and these cards were sold at quite a sum apiece, realizing, I am told, about \$100.

"I have not told you about the death of my little playmate. It was Thanksgiving morning. We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had follewed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened in the stanchions, running along the feed-box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss, then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave a piercing, agonizing bleat, and came toward me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head on my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dving moments it would turn its little head, look up into my face in a most appeasing manner, as though it would ask, if it could, if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me, for my companion of many of my romps, my playfellow of many a long Summer's day, had given up

Editor's Note: This article came from a worn scrapbook with no date, but Mrs. Tyler died in 1889. Sadly, the last lines were buried under another article. For more information, visit http://tinyurl.com/kpeyk2x

From the same scrap album...

HOUSE-CLEANING

Taking down the pictures, Dusting off the wall — "Not at home this morning Should there be a call!"

Toast and eggs for breakfast— Things turned upside-down — Wife and girl a-jawing-Husband skips for town.

Taking up the carpets — Tacks and dust for lunch— Boy, for asking questions, Gets from me a punch.

Washing off the windows— Doors all open—wide— She with pail and dust-pan Used to be my bride.

No fire in the furnace — Bell goes on the ring— "Cleaning house to-day, m'm, First day of the spring."

Night! a doctor calling— Wife done up in bed, Husband scoots for drugstore; Clerk asks who is dead.

Night reporter's item: "Coroner had a ring For a 'stiff' found floating-First one of the spring."

Verdict of the jury — Foreman, sly old mouse— "Suicide from torment, Caused by cleaning house." Chicago Herald

THE PASTOR'S APPEAL

I have sixteen pairs of slippers, And they're all of them too small; I own twenty-one watch cases, And they're mostly on the wall; I have thirty-five penwipers In my desk quite safely stored; So I modestly request you, When you add unto my hoard Of sweet Christmas gifts and wishes, To recall these facts are so; And I'd humbly like to mention I've one watch, which doesn't go. — "Judge"