

THE  
HINDOO FOUNDLING GIRL:  
OR  
THE HISTORY  
OF  
Little Polly S\*\*\*\*\*.





Little Polly in her English dress.

THE  
HINDOO FOUNDLING GIRL;

OR  
THE HISTORY

OF  
Little Polly S\*\*\*\*\*,

RELATED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

A TRUE TALE,

WRITTEN BY ELDER AMOS SUTTON, THE PERSON WHO  
FOUND HER, AND WITH WHOM SHE  
IS NOW LIVING.

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CALCUTTA.

Printed at the Baptist Mission Press.

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with an Appendix.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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The following story is perfectly true, as to all the facts mentioned relating to the little Girl. Mr. Sutton narrated them in this way, merely to allow of their being made more interesting to children. LITTLE POLLY is a charming Girl, about six years old, now in this country, but will probably return to India with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, next summer.

*Providence, January, 1834.*

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H. H. BROWN, PRINTER.



# THE HISTORY

OF

## The Hindoo Foundling Girl.

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“SEE, mamma!” said little George and his sister Eliza, as they ran into their mamma’s dressing room, “see, mamma, here is a picture of a little Hindoo girl, which papa says a gentleman found under a tree, when she was quite a little baby, and brought her to his house, and took great care of her. Papa says, that you knew her very well when in Orissa; and that if we are good children, he has no doubt but you will tell us all about her history.”

“With all my heart, my dear,” replied their mamma. So she desired them to sit very quiet, while she related to them the story of the little Hindoo girl.

Little George and Eliza got each of them their morah,\* and sat down quietly, while their mamma told them as follows:—

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\* Footstool.

In the country of Orissa, there is a very great Temple, containing a large wooden image of the idol Juggernath. The Hindoos are so silly as to think this great wooden image is a god, and therefore able to pardon all their sins, and give them riches and honors, and any thing they please to ask for. On this account, great numbers of people, both men and women, travel on pilgrimage from all parts of India to worship this idol, and make presents to it of money, jewels, and any thing else they can afford to give. And the Brahmans tell them, that by doing so they will have riches in this world, and when they die, will go to heaven.

Now there was in Upper Hindoosthan, more than 2000 miles from Juggernath, a goldsmith and his wife, who, for a long time, had no children. At last they had a little girl born to them, of whom they were very fond, and called her Pala; but they were very sorry it was not a little boy. At last there was one of Juggernath's priests, who go about the country to persuade people to go on pilgrimage, who heard of their sorrow, because they had no son; and he told them, if they would go on pilgrimage to Juggernath, and make him a handsome present, that the idol would be pleased, and give them a son.

The poor people were so foolish as to believe what the wicked Priest told them; and so they sold their cow, and collected together all their little property to go on pilgrimage to Juggernath. There were several of their neighbors also who were per-

suaded to go, in hopes of getting salvation by seeing this wooden god, and eating some of the rice, which they call Mahaprasad;\* so they all left their comfortable homes, and their pretty, retired village, and set off together on pilgrimage.

Well, as they had a very long way to travel, they were obliged to set out in the middle of the hot weather; and they went, creeping slowly on, for many a weary day, before they reached the country of Orissa. But just as they got within one hundred and fifty miles of Juggernath, after travelling for four or five months, the rainy season began, and they were, day after day, soaked to the very skin. Very often the poor people could not get any thing to eat, but the berries and wild fruits in the jungles, and no house to sleep in at night; so that several of them were taken ill, and died of the Cholera, and were left, by the way side, for the dogs and birds to devour.

There was one poor woman who had a little girl, just the age of Pala, that is, about eight months old, and she was taken ill, and her friends took all the money she had, and left her behind; so she sat down by the side of a bridge, and died, and the dogs came and ate her up. Now her poor little baby had no one to feed her, or give her suck, and she could not walk or speak: so she sat down on the cold

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\* Great grace.

ground, all day and all night, and cried most bitterly; but no one would take any notice of her, because she was a little girl. It came to pass that an English serjeant and his wife were travelling that way, and hearing a poor child cry, he went to see where it was, and found the poor little creature sitting on the ground covered with large black ants, which had eaten all the flesh of her legs and thighs. He was very much grieved to see the poor little thing suffer so much, so he took the little girl to his wife, and she took great care of her; but she only lived a fortnight longer, and then died of her sufferings.

Little George and Eliza were very much affected at this shocking tale, and talked a great deal with their mamma about this poor little girl; and they felt very thankful that God Almighty had given them so kind a papa and mamma, and such a nice house to live in, and so many things to play with. And they all agreed, that if they saw any poor people sitting down on the side of the road, they would ask them if they were ill, and give them some pence, and speak kindly to them. They then were desired to prepare for bed, and their kind mamma promised to tell them, in the morning, all about little Pala, the Hindoo foundling girl. So little George and Eliza sung this little hymn, and repeated their prayers, and then they each went to their cot, and slept till morning.

Come, dear Eliza, let us learn,  
To read our Bible well,



Then you and I shall always be  
A happy boy and girl.

Yes, George, and let us praise the Lord  
For our kind friends and home;  
And pity those poor children who  
On pilgrimages roam.

Thus shall we best in early life,  
Repay our parents' love,  
And when we die shall meet again  
In yonder heaven above.



## CHAPTER II.

Little George and Eliza arose very early the next morning, and went out, as usual, for their pleasant walk in the fields, after which they returned, full of health and innocent cheerfulness, to breakfast. It was the custom of the parents of little George and his sister, to have family worship, for they thought that little good could be expected in that family where the voice of prayer and praise did not regularly ascend to Heaven. So little George and Eliza sat very still while their papa read a chapter from the Bible; and afterwards they all kneeled down, and prayed for God's pardon and blessing, through Jesus Christ. After this they all sung together,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

When prayers were over, George and his sister flew to their study, and soon learned their lessons correctly; then they came to their mamma, and begged her to continue the history of little Pala. Their mamma was always glad to oblige them when they were good, so she continued the story as follows:—

The goldsmith and his wife with their little girl Pala, kept traveling on till they reached the town of Balasore; and then Pala's mother began to feel very ill, and unable to travel any farther. Now she did not know what to do, as she feared she should die; and to add to her distress, when she got up one morning, she found that all her friends, husband and all, were gone away, and left her alone, and no tidings could ever be heard of them, from that day to this. She therefore, wandered about from place to place, with no one to pity her, and her poor baby. At last she heard that there was a Hindoo doctor in a neighboring village, and she crawled off to his house; but although he was a Brahmun, and very rich, he would not have any compassion on her, nor give her any medicine. So she sunk down in despair, at the foot of a large tree, without any food to eat, or any shelter from the pelting storm. Ah, poor creature! she was very miserable.

It was, however, so ordered by a kind Providence, that a Missionary, who lived in Balasore, went that



evening to this village, in order to preach about Jesus Christ to the people. And when he saw the poor woman and her baby lying under the tree, he went up to her, and asked her what was the matter. so she told him how very ill she was with the cholera, and that she could get no medicine, nor any person to care for her; also, that on account of her illness, all her milk was dried up, so that she had no food for her poor little girl. Poor things! they had thus been all night, and all day, exposed to the heavy rain, and had no change of clothes, nor any food. This pierced the Missionary's heart, and as he had some medicines and brandy with him, he gave some to the poor woman, and also obtained a shelter for her, and some food. He then went to some vil-

lagers, and begged a little milk for the poor baby. But who can describe the look of the poor little thing when he gave her the milk to drink? She looked up in his face so earnestly, as much as to say, "O, Sir, pity me—pray pity me; there is no one else in the world to pity me, but you." This touched him to the very heart, and from that moment he determined to save the child. So he turned to the rich Brahmun, and said, "Sir, let some of your tenants' wives take this child and give her suck, and whatever the expense may be, I will pay it. But no one would listen to his request, because the child was a girl, and the mother had some silver ornaments which they wanted to get for themselves; so they would do nothing for the poor little creature. The Missionary then said, "You see this poor woman is dying, and what is to be done with the child?" To which the hard-hearted wretches replied, "O let her die too, what else should she do?" The Missionary went to see the poor woman and child twice a day, and gave her medicine, and begged food for her of her own cast of people; but the third day she died, and the poor little child was left alone; so the Missionary took a Hindoo woman along with him, and brought the little creature to his own house. But the Brahmuns and a Chuprassee\* took the ornaments and the money from the little girl and her

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\* Police officer.



mother, and the Missionary never saw them any more. This was what these cruel Hindoos wanted.

Little George and his sister could scarcely speak for weeping; at last Eliza said, "Dear mamma, I could not help thinking, if I and my brother were to be thus left without our kind mamma, how shocking it would be! And I do feel so thankful that the Missionary took care of poor little Pala, and was so kind to her. O mamma, I hope we shall always love our dear papa and you, and be very thankful for what God has done for us." Little George said, he thought the wicked Brahmun ought to be hanged for being so cruel to the little girl and her mother; and that he hoped the Missionary put him in prison for it. But his mamma told him, it was not proper to wish the man to be hung; he certainly was very much to blame for being so cruel, but we should not delight to punish the man, but rather to pray that these ignorant and hard-hearted Hindoos may be taught the true religion of Jesus Christ, and that they may become kind, and good, and gentle, as Jesus was.

## CHAPTER III.

Little George and Eliza very soon learned their lesson the next day, and hastened to request their mamma to continue the history of little Pala. So their mamma thus proceeded with the story:—

When the Missionary brought the little girl to his house, she was almost famished for want of something to eat, and so weak that she could not support herself: so the old woman sat down with her on the verandah, and the Missionary's wife brought out a plate of rice-pudding, which she put down beside the woman, while she went to fetch a spoon; but no sooner did the little creature see that it was food, than she crawled toward the plate, and began helping herself with all her might, and did not wait to be fed. It was enough to melt a heart of stone to see such a poor little starving thing helping herself so greedily, and afraid lest any one should take the plate away. But as we have now seen the little girl into safe hands, we may pause for a while and talk about her new parents.

As the Missionary and his wife had lost their little boy, the only child they ever had, they now had no children of their own to take care of. So they agreed that they would take charge of the little girl themselves, and call her by the name of Polly, so that we shall now call her by that name. Polly was for some time very weak, but by good care be-

ing taken of her, she gradually recovered, though she always continued very small for her age.

At first, little Polly was placed under the charge of an old Hindoo woman; but as the woman took very bad care of her, Mrs. S. had at length a little cot made for Polly, and let her sleep in her own bed-room; and she took great pains to keep her clean, and attend to her when she was cutting her teeth. She also had her vaccinated, and in short took as much care of her as if she had been her own child. So little Polly never knew the loss of her own father and mother. Do you remember, my dear Eliza, the text Mr. C. preached from last Sabbath day? "O yes, mamma, and it was just as though God had made that promise on purpose for little Polly: 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' And just so it was, mamma." "Yes, my dear, and I hope you will treasure up in your mind those texts of scripture which I have set you to learn. They will be of use to you some day." Little Eliza promised that she would pay attention to her mamma's advice, and we should hope that all little boys and girls who read this book, will do so too.

There are a very great number of poor little boys and girls in India, who have no papa and no mamma, and no house, and nobody to care anything about them. So they run about the streets, and beg a little food here and there; but they are in a very sad condition, and become very wicked

children. There are no work-houses, nor any Orphan Asylums, nor any such places where poor children are taken care of and educated, as they are in England. But they are obliged to beg any where that they can; and a great many Hindoos sell their own children to be slaves, when they cannot keep them.

Little Polly continued to grow in age and stature, though she was always very small for her age, probably in consequence of the hardships she suffered in her infancy. At first she learned to speak the Oriya language, but Mrs. S. soon taught her to speak English; and as soon as she could talk a little, Mr. S. made a little prayer for her, which she learned to repeat every day. Perhaps my dear children will like to learn it also: It was this—

Lord, I am a little child,  
Teach me how to pray;  
Make me gentle, meek, and mild;  
Take my sins away.

Little Polly soon knew what sin meant, and if she was asked what the prayer meant, she would say, "To take all bad away, and make me a good child." Little Polly then learned to read, and was very soon able to read all the alphabet, and then she learned to read words of one syllable, and so on. All good boys and girls, who mind what their papa and mamma say to them, will soon learn to read their books, which will be very good for them, and make them wise



men and wise women when they grow up. But if they do not learn to read and pray, they will be naughty children, and grow up to be bad men and women, and nobody will love them, and when they die God will not take them to live with him in heaven. When Polly grew a little larger, her papa made her another little hymn, which my dear young readers may learn if they please.

### POLLY'S 2<sup>D</sup> HYMN.

When Jesus was a little child,  
 He was gentle, meek, and mild;  
 His parents dear he did obey,  
 Grew in grace from day to day.  
 If I like the Savior grow,  
 God and man will love me too.

Mr. and Mrs. S. took care to tell little Polly about Jesus Christ, how he came down from heaven to earth to save us from sin and misery, and make us good and holy and happy in this world, and when we die, to receive us to his heavenly kingdom of glory forever. I am sure my dear children wish to go to heaven, do you not, my dears?

"O yes! mamma," exclaimed little George and his sister; "indeed we do not wish to go to that dark, shocking place, where only wicked men and naughty children go and are miserable forever." "But, my dears, do you know what the Lord Jesus did for us, that we might go to heaven?"

"Yes," replied Eliza, "papa told us that he suffered very much for our sins; that he was so poor, that he had no place in which to lay his head; that he was mocked and spit upon by wicked men; and that at last, he was nailed by his hands and feet to the cruel cross, until he died; and all this was out of love to us, that we might be pardoned and go unpunished."

"Well, George," said his mamma, "and what did the Lord Jesus Christ do, after he died for our sins on the cross?"

Little George said, that he rose from the dead on the third day, and afterwards, he went up to heaven in a cloud, where he lives to pray for us and bless us, if we love and serve him.

"Well, my dear Eliza, and what ought you to do in return for all the Lord Jesus has done for you and all mankind?" Eliza replied, that we ought to love him with all our heart for it; and that we should pray to God to forgive us all our sins, for Christ's sake, and give us a new heart to serve him and keep his commandments.

"And, my dear George, in what way should we learn to serve God and keep his commandments?" "By praying to him every day, and reading his holy word, and being kind and good, and telling the truth always, and doing every thing to please him." So their mamma kissed her dear children, and desired them to go and play for a little while.

## CHAPTER IV.

We must now finish the history of little Polly. You may be sure, my dear children, said their mamma, that as Polly was a good girl, Mr. and Mrs. S. loved her and took great care of her, so that little Polly was very happy, and she always called Mr. and Mrs. S. papa and mamma, and did not know but what they were her own parents. Little Polly used to ride out in the poney carriage with Mrs. S. when she went to teach the little Hindoo boys and girls to read, and was very fond of learning to sing with them; so her papa made her another little hymn, which I will repeat to you.

## HYMN.

The great and blessed God  
Made me and all mankind;  
He gives me life; He gives me food,  
And is so very kind.

He made the pretty sky,  
And stars so sparkling bright;  
The sun to give us light by day,  
And moon to shine by night;

Made every flower and tree;  
Made every beast and bird;  
Made every thing that we can see,  
By his almighty word.

O may I learn to pray,  
And love my Maker well:  
To serve him truly every day,  
And be a happy girl.

Little Polly was now three years of age, and was very fond of flowers and trees, and she loved very much to look at the sparkling stars; so she soon learned to repeat her little hymn, and understand all that it meant. All good children should learn to read about their Maker, the great God who made all things, and keeps us every day and every night from harm, and gives us all the good things we have. And as soon as they can, they should learn to read the Bible, which tells us all about these things. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. S. thus to teach little Polly; and it is to be hoped, that God will bless their endeavors, and listen to their prayers. It is very delightful to think, that this little Hindoo girl has been snatched from the grave, and taken out of the midst of idolators, and is now learning to read the Bible; and we hope she will not only read it, but love it, and love that Savior who shed his blood for Hindoos as well as Christians, that she may grow up to be useful to others also, as the hymn says:

“ Grace is a plant where’er it grows  
Of pure and heavenly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.”



But we must now bid good bye to little Polly, said the mamma to her dear children; but I hope we shall at some future time hear more about her, and be able to tell you, that she continues to grow better as she grows older, and that Mr. and Mrs. S. have no reason to regret that they took care of little Polly.

Little George and Eliza thanked their mamma for telling them this interesting history, and said, that they hoped they should never cease to be thankful for the great and precious blessings which God had given them more than to the poor Hindoos.

Their mamma then gave them some good advice, which my dear young friends, who read this book, will do well to remember. First, she told them, that it was very proper they should be thankful for the great mercy of being born of Christian parents, since they have so many comforts and blessings more than others; but that they also ought to remember, that if they have so many more helps and mercies than others, they ought to be so much better; for the Bible says, 'From them to whom much is given, much is required.'

Secondly. Their mamma said, that she was pleased her dear children felt so sorry for the poor wicked and ignorant Hindoo children. But she wished them always to feel, that by nature they were no better than others, for we are 'all by nature the children of wrath;' and that she had been grieved, that her own dear children had sometimes

been naughty, and shewn very bad tempers and dispositions. If therefore they would be good and holy, and made fit to go to heaven, they must learn to pray that God would forgive all their sins for Christ's sake, and by his Holy Spirit give them a new heart to love him and keep his commandments.

Thirdly. She said, she hoped her dear children would do all the good in their power to others ; and if they had any opportunity, she should be pleased to see them help the poor heathen children to read the Bible. She said, it gave her much pleasure that they admired the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. S. to this little orphan girl, and she hoped they would do the like if ever it should become their duty. But she added, that true kindness to our fellow-creatures did not consist in doing them good, when it would excite the attention of others only ; so much as doing them any little acts of kindness which perhaps nobody would ever know any thing about. Yet, she added, God knows it, and Jesus has said that ' a cup of cold water given to one of the least of his disciples, shall not lose its reward.' We hope, therefore, all little boys and girls who read this book, will do all the good they can, both by speaking kind words, and doing kind actions to their fellow-men.

FINIS.

# APPENDIX.

## ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,

You have here a little book, which tells you about a little Hindoo Girl that was saved from death by a Missionary. You recollect that her hard-hearted father ran away from her and her poor sick mother, leaving them to die in a strange land, without any kind friend to help them. How then do you think that little Girl feels towards those who say it is wrong to send Missionaries to the heathen? Ah! she best knows her own feelings. She knows she had died by the road side, with her poor, forsaken, neglected, unpitied and distressed mother, had all the people in Christian lands been like the enemies and luke-warm friends of missions.

The heathen have not the sacred Bible and the true gospel. Therefore they have no right views of God, his requirements or their duty to one another. Consequently they worship idols, and are very wicked, superstitious and cruel. Many that go on pilgrimage to some of their great idolatrous festivals, unable to proceed any farther, are left to die on the road, as little Polly and her mother were.

In some places, particularly in Ceylon, children are sometimes murdered by their unnatural

parents, as an acceptable service to their gods. In the northern parts of Bengal, if an infant is unwell, it is thought to be under the influence of some malignant spirit. To pacify the evil spirit, such a child is put into a basket, and hung up in a tree, where the spirit is supposed to live. In that deplorable situation, the child is generally destroyed by ants or birds of prey!

In the eastern parts of the same country, parents sometimes devote their eldest child to a female god. This is done in the following manner: On a day appointed for bathing in a holy part of a river, they take the child into the water with them: they encourage it to go farther and farther, till it is carried away by the current, or is pushed off into the stream by its cruel parents!

“In the north-western parts of Hindoostan, the shocking practice of sacrificing female children as soon as born, has been known from time immemorial.”

Now, children, do you think it is right to send the Bible and Missionaries to those barbarous, ignorant people, to teach them to do better—or do you think it is best to let them destroy their children, and continue their other wicked practices, without doing any thing to prevent such things?





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