

THE
TWO COUSINS,
AND THE
WATER-CRESS GIRL.



Embellished with Cuts.

PROVIDENCE:
GEO. P. DANIELS.
1843.

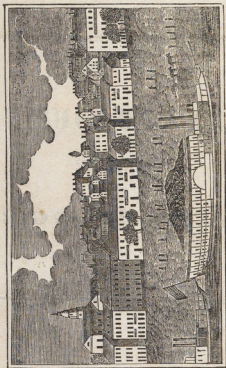
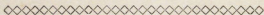
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Lucy at Strong's Book
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THE TWO COUSINS;
AND THE
WATER-CRESS GIRL.

FRONTISPIECE.



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James Brown and his Father.

the running brook. The maids meanwhile haste to milk the cows, then churn the butter, put the cheese into the cheese press, clean their dairy and feed the pigs, geese, turkeys, ducks and chickens.

James Brown did not work in the fields; so when he rose from his bed, his first care was to wash his face and hands, to comb and brush his hair: and when these things were done, and he had said his morning



James and Thomas.

prayers, he went with his father about the farm, or weeded the garden. Garden-work was very proper for a boy of his age and size.

James had a cousin named Thomas, and Thomas Brown once came to pay James a visit. The two boys were very glad to see each other; and Thomas told James of the famous city of New-York, where he lived. He spoke of the spacious paved streets, crowded all day by

throng of people, and lighted at night by rows of glass lamps on each side of the way. He told him of the fine toy-shops where all kinds of playthings for children are sold: such as bats, balls, kites, marbles, tops, drums, trumpets, whips, wheelbarrows, shuttles, dolls, and baby-houses. And of other great shops, where linens, muslins, silks, laces and ribands fill the windows.

He described also the noble buildings, and the North and East Rivers with their numerous ferries, where the steamboats are constantly in operation. He spoke of the immense number of boats, barges and vessels, that sail and row upon those beautiful rivers; and of the great ships that lie at anchor there, which bring stores of goods from all parts of the world. He told of the City Hall, and the Park, and of the Battery,

with its beautiful walks and luxuriant foliage, he described the rich prospect which there unfolds itself, captivating the sight of the beholder, and told how often he and his little sister indulged themselves in the delights it afforded. Nor did he forget to describe a large number of public buildings, which are to be met with in almost every street in New-York; besides long rows of private dwellings which strike the stranger with wonder and amazement.

He likewise told James of the Museums, where curiosities are collected from various parts of the world; and the grand Cosmoramas, which exhibit views of splendid edifices, cities, villages, landscapes, and natural wonders, of every variety which the world produces. He described his recent visit to a Menage-

rie, where he had seen lions, tigers, a wolf, a spotted panther, a white bear, and other wild beasts.



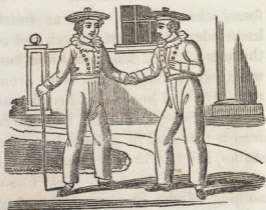
Rambling about the Farm.

Thomas talked very fast on these subjects, and as James, who had never seen any thing of the kind, was quite silent, and seemed so much surprised and pleased with all that he heard, Thomas began to think his cousin was but a dull stupid sort of a boy. But the next morning when they went out into the fields, he

found that James had as much knowledge as himself, though not of the same kind. Thomas knew not wheat from barley, nor oats from rye. He had heard that bread was made of wheat, but he had never seen it threshed in a barn from the stalks, nor had he ever seen a mill grinding it into flour. He knew nothing of the manner of brewing malt and hops into beer, or of the churning of butter. Nor did he even know that the skins of cows, calves, bulls, horses, sheep and goats were made into leather.

James knew all these and many other things of the same nature; and he willingly taught his cousin to understand some of the arts that belong to the practice of husbandry.

These friendly boys, after this time, met once a year; and they were eager to acquire knowledge,



Good-bye.

that they might impart it to each other at that time. So that Thomas, while living in a crowded city, gained a knowledge of farming and country life; and James, though dwelling a hundred miles from New-York, knew all the curious things that it contained.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

IN a pleasant village near Boston, there was a small white cottage, which stood on the bank of a brook in the clear water of which grew a great number of green and fresh water-cresses. A poor old woman lived in that cottage, who from age was almost blind; and she had one little girl, her grand daughter, named Susan, who waited on her, and read the Bible to her every evening; and Susan's grandmother was happy in having so good a child to comfort and console her in her old age, for before Susan went abroad to sell the water-cresses, by which she gained a living for herself and her grandmother, she always took great care



The Water-Cress Girl.

to make the bed, sweep up the hearth, and draw her grandmother's elbow chair into the warmth of the sun, that she might sit there in ease, till her return from the houses where she was in the habit of calling with her basket of water-cresses; and as Susan was known to be such a good girl, she did not want for friends, who were always glad to buy of her. A lady, of the name of Meadows, had lately come to reside in the village,

who had a little girl about Susan's age; a very pretty young lady indeed, but without half of Susan's merits; for instead of making every body happy about her, and trying to serve and oblige others, she was so idle that she would pout and stamp when the servant took her out of bed, and refuse to be either combed or washed. Mary Meadows was also a very proud girl, and thought herself much better than other people, because she was always finely dressed, and waited upon; even her mamma was uneasy at Mary's temper, although she was so weak as to indulge her in all her whims. One morning, while Mary was running in the garden, Susan came to the gate with her water-cresses; and although Susan was cleanly dressed, Mary took her for a beggar, because her clothes were darned and patched;



Mary Meadows.

and shrieking out, desired John, the servant, to set the dog Tray upon her, and drive her from the gate. But John, who knew Susan, said he would not set the dog on any one, and much less on a little girl, who sold water-cresses to maintain her aged grandmother. Mrs. Meadows; from the window, heard the servant's words, and instead of being angry, told him to open the gate, and conduct Susan to the parlor, which he

did, without heeding Mary, who began to stamp, and put herself in a rage. When Susan came in, she made a low courtesy to Mrs. Meadows, who asked her age, and several questions about her grandmother; all of which Susan answered so prettily and modestly, that Mrs. Meadows was both charmed and pleased; and desiring John to fill Susan's basket with cold meat and some fruit, she told her that she would call at the cottage in the afternoon, and sent her home with a glad heart. When Susan was gone away, Mary came from behind her mamma, and said, "Will you call on that little beggar?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Meadows, "and you shall attend me." At this, Mary began to pout and cry, for she did not like to enter so mean a place; and Mrs. Meadows, who had been much struck by the contrast between

the two children, could not but observe how much better Susan knew how to conduct herself, although she was poor and humble. In a few hours, when dinner was over, Mrs. Meadows took Mary, and bidding John prepare the chaise, away she went to Susan's cottage. Susan came and opened the door when she saw them, and Mrs. Meadows beheld every thing in the cottage clean and neat; and the poor old woman said that it was all owing to Susan's care and industry; and then she showed them Susan's needle work, in her own clothes, and told Mrs. Meadows how well Susan read the Bible, and desired her to read part of a chapter to the lady, which Susan did at once, as a good girl should. Mrs. Meadows saw the deep blush which stole across Mary's cheek at this, for Mary, although such a proud



The Ride.

child, could scarcely read a letter. At length Mary burst into tears, and cried, "O mamma! I have been a sad naughty girl, but I will be better in future; if you will but suffer Susan to come and see me often, I'll learn of her how to behave. Mrs. Meadows wept for joy at these words, and from that day, she took great notice of Susan and her grandmother, so that they wanted for noth-

ing which her bounty could supply; and Susan and Mary soon began to love each other like sisters, and Mary learned of Susan, that the only way to be happy is to be good.

O ! I FORGOT IT.

“ You won’t forget to ask Sarah for my History, will you ?” said Mary to her little sister Ellen, as she was going to school. “ You know I can’t learn my lesson if you do, and shall get behind the class.” “ I will remember,” said Ellen ; and away she ran, saying to herself, Mary’s History, Mary’s History ; I must ask Sarah for it as soon as I go into school, or I shall forget it.”

The short December afternoon soon closed, and before it was quite dark, Ellen came in as usual, cold, and very glad to reach her comfortable home. “ Oh ! how pretty !” said she, as she went to the table where



The Pink Bonnet.

her sister was at work. "Is this *my* doll?" "Yes, Ellen," said Mary, "it is the very doll whom you were pitying this morning because her frock was torn. Don't you think she looks genteel?" "Yes, I am sure she does," said Ellen.—"What a pretty pink bonnet this is, and this beautiful frock, and these little cunning green slippers; you didn't make them *all*, did you?"

"Yes; I made the shoes and the

bonnet as much as a week ago, but I thought I would not let you see them till I had done the other things."

"Well, Miss," said Ellen to her doll, "don't you think your aunt Mary is very kind to dress you so nicely? Say, *thank you, aunt Mary!*"

"Well," said Mary, "now go and play with Laura; and now I will study till tea time. Just bring me my history, will you?"

"Oh! Mary," said Ellen, as the smile of animation left her countenance, "don't you think I *forgot it.*"

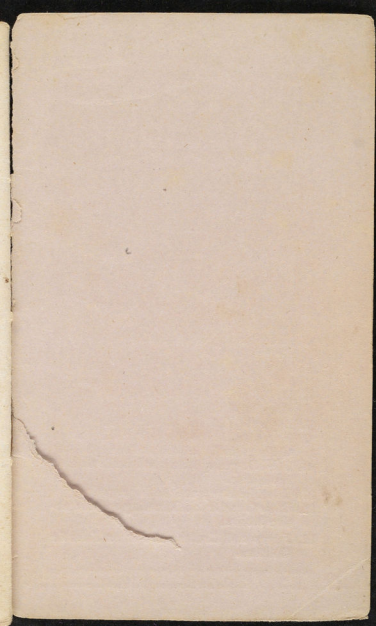
"*Forgot it,* Ellen, when you *promised* to-remember it."

"Well, I thought I should," said Ellen, half crying, "I am sure I tried not to forget it, and all the way to school, I kept saying 'Mary's History,' over and over again, to remem-

ber it. I was going to ask Sarah before school began, but she was busy, and I thought I would wait till I was ready to come home. After school, Lucy and Caroline wanted me to come and play, and we played until it was so dark that we had to run home ; and so I forgot it."

"Well," said Mary, "I am sorry, but we can't help it now. I must tell Miss S. why I am not prepared, and ask her to excuse me. But you must remember things that you promise to, for you might cause a great deal of trouble by forgetting."

Ellen thought that she would never do any thing again to grieve so kind a sister as Mary was.



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