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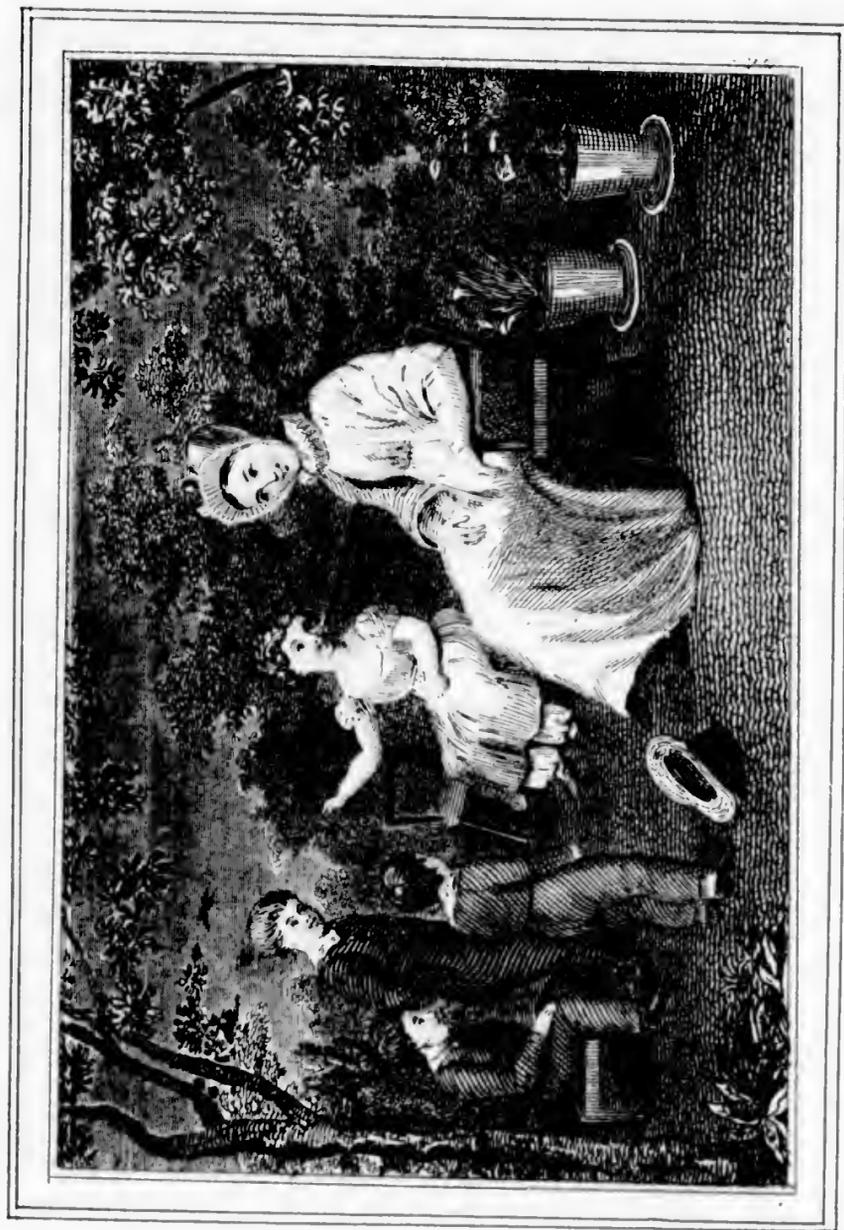
Title: The little gardener

Place of Publication: Philadelphia

Copyright Date: 1850

Master Negative Storage Number: MNS# PSt SNP aAg038.4

<271585> *OCLC* Form:mono 2 Input:BLN Edit:FMD
008 ENT: 980109 TYP: s DT1: 1850 DT2: LAN: eng
035 (OCoLC)38115371
037 PSt SNP a Ag038.4 \$bPreservation Office, The Pennsylvania State
University, Pattee Library, University Park, PA 16802-1805
090 00 SB91.A2 \$bL5836 1850 \$cbj*12268627
090 20 Microfilm D344 reel 38.4 \$cmc+(service copy, print master, archival
master)
245 04 The little gardener
260 Philadelphia \$bHenry F. Anners \$c1850.
300 ii, [5]-175 p., [1] leaf of plates \$bill. \$c15 cm.
500 "Preface to the American edition": p.[i]-ii
533 Microfilm \$bUniversity Park, Pa. : \$cPennsylvania State University
\$d1997. \$e1 microfilm reel ; 35 mm. \$f(USAIN state and local literature
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Little Gardner.

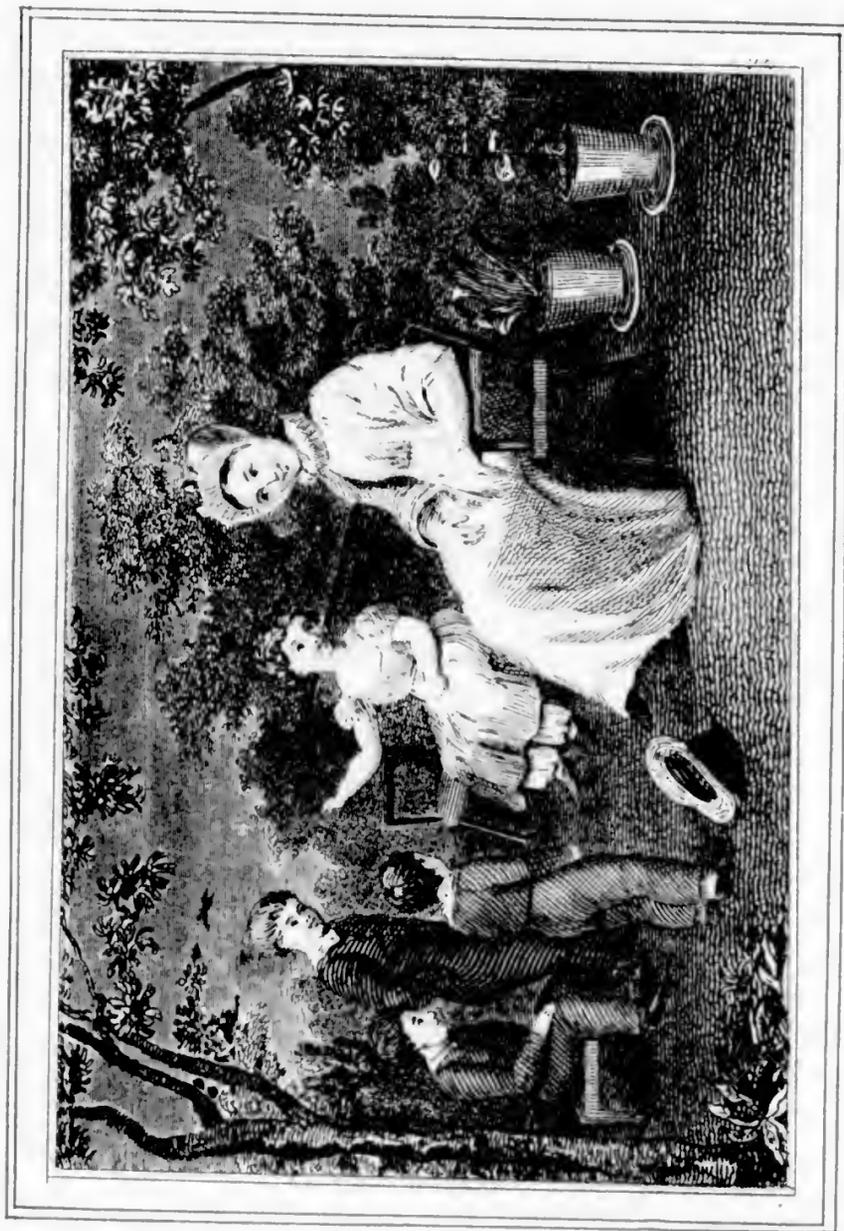
THE

LITTLE GARDENER.

“How various his employments whom the World
Calls idle; and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy World an idler too!
Friends, books, a *garden*, and perhaps his *pen*,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?”—*Cooper*

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY F. ANNERS.

1850.



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1850.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

P R E F A C E

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

IN selecting the following work as the first in a series to be devoted to the amusement and instruction of the young, we were influenced partly by the intrinsic interest and importance of the subject, and partly by the lively and graphic style in which it is here presented.

Gardening is an employment most happily adapted to occupy the hours devoted to recreation, and especially the leisure hours of those whose days are spent in sedentary pursuits. It invites to the study of natural history, with almost every department of which it holds an intimate relation. In the young it inspires a taste for quiet and rational pleasures, and an attachment to all the elegant arts of polished life.

In applying the instructions contained in this work to the circumstances of this country, some discretion is requisite. Such is the difference of climate between Great Britain and the United States, that the various employments appropriate to the several seasons must, in the two countries, be essentially different. During about one third of the year, the labors of the gardener in New England are necessarily suspended, on account of the severe frosts of winter; unless he is so fortu-

nate as to possess a green-house. This, however though not a common, is by no means a costly addition to a country residence, and when well managed goes far towards compensating for its expense, in the healthful and pleasant employment which it affords, in the amusement and the scientific information which it imparts to all who visit it, and in the real value of many of its productions.

“Who loves a garden, loves a green-house too
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.”—*Cowper.*

As we proceed from New England to the middle and southern states, the directions contained in this work, in regard to times and seasons, will admit of more direct application. A little experience, however, will enable our young friends everywhere to perform their horticultural labors at their appropriate seasons, and to derive health and happiness from their employment. While learning to admire the beauties of nature, we hope they will also accustom themselves “to look through nature up to nature’s God,” and to entertain habitual love and reverence for Him, whose power and goodness are so strikingly manifested in all his works. These they will never fully enjoy until, with hearts warmed with filial affection, they can say, “Our Father made them all.”

AM. Eds.

ADAM, THE GARDENER.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY.

“Dread *Winter* spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o’er the conquer’d year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful!”—*Thompson.*

ADAM STOCK was the eldest son of a gentleman, who, having retired from London to the southern coast of our island for the improvement of his health, had there purchased an estate consisting of a house, a large garden, a field, and a poultry-yard. He knew the value of industry, and that, to an independent and contented mind, few things are *really* necessary for our comfort; he therefore determined to cultivate his own ground; and, as nearly as he could, to do every thing for himself. This is the true meaning of being *independent*. He bought a cow, and some pigs; chickens, and ducks and geese. Mr. Stock understood the principles of gardening, and possessed great taste and knowledge in the cultivation of flowers; his garden was, therefore, always beautiful to look at, and the more so, because you knew that it was the work of his own hands, and that all you saw, was done with pleasure. This is the reason why a cottager’s garden is a more pleasant sight than a rich man’s: for though the rich man’s garden may be larger and much more

handsome, yet we do not know that he is pleased with it; because it is only his *money* which makes it look beautiful. But when we see a neat and pretty garden belonging to a poor man, we may be sure that that man is contented and happy; and a happy poor man is one of the most charming sights in the world.

Little Adam loved his father very much, and was fond of being near him whenever he was at work. When Mr. Stock was employed in the garden, little Adam would always be at his side, asking him the names of the different flowers that were in blossom, together with many questions about the way of cultivating them. He showed such delight in the amusement that his father told him one day, if he would be a good and obedient boy, he would teach him to become a complete gardener, so that by the time he grew up to be a man he should be able to do every thing for himself, and know how to direct others. Adam was delighted. "Well then," said his father, "this is now the first month in the year, and to-morrow we will begin. There is at present no snow upon the ground, and the frost has given way. I will buy you to-day a spade and a rake and a hoe; and then I think you will be set up. One thing only you must promise me;—that you will attend to what I tell you; and endeavor to do every thing in the best way you possibly can." This you may be sure he promised to do. He then wanted to know why the month was called *January*, and why not "First month." "Because," said his father, "the Romans, who gave the names to the months, (and which names we also have used, ever since they conquered this island,) gave them in honor of a particular god or goddess whom they worshipped: and on the first day of the month they performed sacri-

fices to that God, and regarded it as a *holy* day; in the same manner as people in our times call Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday, *holy* days. *January*, then, is called so, either in honor of the god *Janus*, whose picture you have seen, with his two faces, because one face is looking towards the old year, and one towards the new; or else it is called so from the Latin *janua*, a *gate* or *opening*, because it is the *gate* or *opening* of the year. You remember, I dare say, that on this day it is usual to make presents to our friends, called *new-year's gifts*. The Romans did the same thing at the same time of the year; and it is a very pleasant and innocent custom. Accordingly, Mr. Bourne, a kind-hearted writer, says, 'If I send a new-year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this time must never be forgotten, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS.'

"Now you may go and cut some of the evergreens for mamma to dress the rooms, in honor of new-year's day:—those which were put up on Christmas day have faded. Get some holly, and laurustinus, and evergreen oak, which, you know, is also called the ilex; some of the arbutus or strawberry-tree;* and

* Very few of the trees, shrubs, and flowers, mentioned in this and in subsequent chapters, are natives of this country. Many of them, however, are found in all our gardens, while other and rarer ones are cultivated in botanical gardens, and in other public and private collections. Most of them may be purchased of the nursery-man, or at the seed-stores, in our larger cities; but in general the directions given for cultivating them in England will be inapplicable to the climate of this country. Our youthful cultivators will therefore find it necessary to get directions from American works on gardening, before they venture upon the cultivation of the more tender exotics.—EDS.

whatever else you think will look beautifully. But be sure to cut the branches from those parts of the trees which will not be seen from the parlor window; and beg mamma not to forget to put her artificial flowers among them, in the vases, as she did on Christmas day. We may as well take a walk before dinner, and gather some more of that common broom which is now in flower. Its blossoms are very lovely, looking at a distance like drops of shining gold upon green velvet. Before we go, ask your sister Bella, or Mary, if the poultry have been fed this morning. I shall be very much displeased if they are ever forgotten; because I love to see every thing happy; and to animals, eating is perhaps the greatest enjoyment they have. Then desire Ward to give the cow some water; and get your hat, and let us go. Perhaps Arthur and Tom would like to walk with you—it is very dirty, but never mind! gardeners and countrymen must not care for dirt.” Away they all went; and the boys brought home such a quantity of broom, and holly, periwinkle, and ivy, with its beautiful grave-looking berries, that they were like little Jacks in the green at May-tide. So the parlor was dressed up, till it seemed as if you were going into an arbor. The fire burned brightly, and shone upon the green leaves. In the evening the whole family amused themselves with playing at blindman's-buff and forfeits; they had snap-dragon and wassail, roasted apples and chesnuts; and all went shouting to bed.*

* With the other new-year's amusements and entertainments here mentioned, our youthful readers on this side of the Atlantic are well acquainted; but some of them will perhaps be glad to see Dr. Johnson's account of *snap-dragon* and *wassail*.

“Snap-dragon” is “a kind of play in which brandy is set on fire, and raisins thrown into it, which those who are unused to the sport are

On the following morning, while they were at breakfast, the servant man, Ward, brought into the parlor a spade, a rake, and a hoe; Adam stared at them, and his countenance beamed with delight. They were not foolish little baby toys; but excellent strong tools, fit for such a gardener as Adam was to become. “Now,” said his father, “you are set up, and if you have finished your breakfast we will go into the garden.

“The first thing we will do shall be to dig up this bed under the south wall, to sow in it our first peas, beans, radishes, onions, and mustard and cress.” So Adam for a few minutes watched attentively his father's manner of turning the earth over, and levelling it with the spade. Then he tried to dig up one row, and with the help of his father afterwards contrived to keep the bed tolerably even. This was a work of some time, for it was a large bed; then his father, with his hoe, showed him how to make the small trench for sowing the peas, and what distance he was to keep them apart. When they had finished as many of these trenches as Mr. Stock thought sufficient, he showed Adam how thick it was proper to sow the seed; which he managed very carefully and well. They did the same with the beans; and afterwards raked the earth over them, first scattering some soot in the trenches, to prevent the slugs and mice from destroying the seed. After this they sowed some onions, radishes, and mustard and cress; which was done by scattering the seeds thinly upon the surface of the ground, and afterwards raking them in. “Now, Adam,”

afraid to take out; but which may be safely snatched by a quick motion, and put blazing into the mouth, which being closed, the fire is at once extinguished.”

“Wassail, a liquor made of apples, sugar, and ale.”—Eds.

said his father, "go and fetch some armfuls of that straw and pea-haulm out of the wood-house: we will lay it upon the beds of onions, and radishes, and mustard and cress, to keep the birds from picking up the seeds, and to shelter them from the cold winds which we may soon expect to have. We may as well sow that bed near the bullis-tree with carrots; which is to be done in the same way as we did with the onions; and we will put some straw round the glasses of young cauliflower plants, and upon the endive, in case a frost should come on suddenly, for that would kill them." The next thing they did was to prepare another bed by digging it up and raking it; upon which they sowed turnips. "We need not care if these should come up too thickly," said his father, "because we can thin them afterwards, and give them to the cow and the rabbits."

All this is very soon told, but it occupied them several days. Adam was allowed to get all the vegetables which were wanted for dinner. His mother told him how many she would require, and of what sort; and his father taught him how to select those fit for eating. Every day he used to dig up a few heads of celery, some endive, and some savoys; the potatoes, beet-root, carrots, and parsnips, were in the cellar. They were dug up in the latter part of the autumn, because the wet and frosty weather would render them unfit for eating if they were to remain in the earth. Therefore when they are grown to their full size, it is proper to dig them up and put them where neither water nor frost can come to them. Their next task was to turn up the remainder of the earth that had not been digged since the autumnal crops were gathered from it: but

they first covered it all over with manure, which they wheeled from the heap in the yard.

"Now, Adam," said his father, "I believe we have done nearly all that is required of us for the kitchen garden; we will go and see what *flowers* want our attention. You know which are the anemone plants. fetch some pea-straw from the wood-house, and cover them up in the same way you did the endive; then come to me, and I will show you how to mat and earth up the auriculas; we must preserve them against heavy rains and frost. We may as well also put matting round those beautiful carnations, which, you know, were so much admired last summer. You would be sorry to have them die, I think. When this is done, as the weather is still mild, we will plant what are called bulbous roots; such as crocuses, jonquils, narcissuses, snow-drops, and tulips. You will observe how deep I set them in the ground—about the depth of your hand. By the time we have finished all this work it will be nearly dusk, when we will go in doors, and you shall do some sums in arithmetic; and if you are diligent and attentive, I dare say your mamma will reward you by continuing her story of the Traveller, and show you the places on the map which he visited. Do you not feel a great deal more happy now you know that you have been industrious and useful, than when you used to crawl about and endeavor to escape doing any thing?" "Yes, papa," said Adam, "and I like to talk to you now, because you look more kind than you did." "To be sure," said his father, "because I love you better."

On the following morning the nursery-man sent in a number of trees that Mr. Stock had ordered, and Adam was shown where they were to be planted, and

desired to dig the holes for receiving them. This was a favorite job, for he liked digging better than any thing. There were some almond, and double-blossomed cherry-trees, and some mezereons;* all of which help to make the pleasant spring-time beautiful. There were lilacs and moss-roses, together with some apple and pear trees.

"I think, Adam," said his father, "we shall soon have a change of weather, for the air has become much colder. We must get all these trees into the ground to day, and I think it as much as we shall be able to do, for there are a great many of them." And it was well they did so; for all night the snow came softly down, making no noise like the pattering of rain; and in the morning Adam beheld, to his astonishment, that all his little flowers were covered, and the trees looked as if one part of their branches had been painted white, and the fir trees as if little white cushions had been laid upon them. Adam was rather impatient when he found that his work in the garden was at an end. "I cannot think," said he, "what is the use of snow: it is very pretty, to be sure, but I do not think it is of any use." "Of what use was it, Adam," said his father, "for us to mat† up the flowers, and to put pea-haulm round the cauliflower glasses?" "Oh! that was to keep them warm," said Adam, "and the frost from them." "Well," said his father, "the snow will answer the same purpose. I do not say that the snow will make them warm. It is rather foolish of people to say that the snow *warms* any thing:

* "Mezereon," a beautiful species of flowering shrub, the *cneorum tricoccum* of botanists.—Eds.

† "To mat," i. e. to cover with mats.—Eds.

but it shields them from those dreadful, sharp, withering winds, and black frosts; and that is all the use that the straw and matting could be of. The winds may now blow as fiercely as they please, our flowers and tender plants are doubly sheltered. However, do not fear that you will have nothing to do. I will find you plenty of employment, and if the afternoon be fine, we will take a walk." They went into the wood house, and Mr. Stock allowed Adam to chop some small wood for the fires; but he showed him first how to hold the sticks, and cautioned him to be very careful in striking with the bill. His father sawed some logs, and Adam piled them up. They then went to the store room, and looked over the fruit, taking out such as had become decayed; and to prevent the frosty wind from penetrating the room, they stopped up the cracks of the window, and nailed a carpet before it.

After dinner, according to his promise, Mr. Stock took Adam, with two of his brothers, a walk into the fields in his neighborhood. The air was very calm, and the sky was beautifully clear, with only a few small clouds here and there. As they were passing a thatched cottage, Adam observed a little bird under the thatch, which seemed very busy, and as if it were endeavoring to make a hole in it. He asked his father what it was doing, and what was its name. "It is called the tit-mouse," said he, "or tom-tit; and it is hunting for the insects which have taken shelter from the weather in the straw. And those birds you see there to the left, are called field-fares and red-wings. The severe winter in the north countries has driven them to take shelter with us. Many flocks come from Norway. You remember where Norway is. Mamma told you, the other evening, you know, about a dread-

ful whirlpool, called the Maalstroom, near the coast of it, and showed you the place upon the map. Those poor little birds live upon the berries of the hawthorn, and whatever other fruit of that sort they can find. You will therefore be pleased in future, when you see the hedges very full of blossoms, and afterwards of berries." "Oh, papa," said little Tom, "there was a large and beautiful bird came out of that tree!" "That," said his father, "is a wood-pigeon; it is called the ring-dove; it came to that tree to eat the berries on the ivy which grows up it. It also lives upon the fruit of the beech tree, called beech-mast. Almost all the beautiful pigeons you see in the farm yards have come originally from those wild ones that live in the woods."

The sun was now nearly set, and the clouds all about were tinged with a beautiful rose color. It went down behind the hills, which looked dark from the bright and burning gold that was behind them; and they soon saw nothing but the broad bars of light which shot from it up into the clouds. As they returned home, the children stopped to listen to a robin red-breast that was singing on a medlar tree* before a cottage door. They admired it very much. "Yes," said the father, "the robin is the most welcome of all the singing birds, for he keeps on in spite of the cold winds which have put to silence, or driven away to warmer countries, all the other songsters. He is like a true friend that stays to comfort us when we have no longer any thing to bestow. Do not you know, Adam, what I mean? He is like a school-fellow, who will be just as kind when you have nothing to

* "Medlar," a small fruit tree somewhat resembling the quince.—EDS.

give him, as when you have a large cake to share." Mr. Stock then told them the story of "The Children in the Wood;" and afterwards repeated to Adam the following lines, and asked him if he understood them, and whether he did not think them very pretty:—

"The redbreast warbles still, but is content,
With slender notes, and more than half-suppress'd:
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence."

Adam said he thought he could understand part of what was meant, and then observed how very silent every thing was. "It seems, papa," said he, "as if there was nobody in all the world talking but ourselves." "Yes, it does seem so, Adam," said his father; "and my old friend Mr. Keats, in one of his poems, speaks of the silence of a frosty evening. When you are a great boy, and have read many more books than you now have, you shall read the writings of all our great poets; at present you could not understand them."

By this time they had nearly reached home, when they saw a hare skip across the road into a field of turnips. Their father told them that he was going to make his supper of their tender green leaves. "When the weather becomes very severe," said he, "these poor timid little animals come into the gardens for the vegetables; and at this time of the year they are traced by the marks of their feet in the snow, and hunted down by greyhounds. When the dogs are close to them, and they become wearied with the violent running, they cry in the most piteous manner, and very

much like a little baby. I cannot think how any feeling man, who has ever seen the beautiful and gentle face of a hare, and heard its piercing shrieks when pursued by those cruel dogs, can take pleasure in hunting the poor feeble little thing to death. In the hard frosts rabbits also come into the gardens, and injure the trees by gnawing off the bark all round, as high as they can reach." The evening had now closed in; they were all snug at home round a warm blazing fire; and, after a hearty meal, the children went merrily to bed.

The following was a beautiful sunny morning, and the whole family were up as soon as the sun had risen. Mr. Stock told the girls and boys that they should all take a run down the road. There had been a slight thaw during the night, which had been followed at daybreak by a hoar-frost. Nothing could be more elegant than the appearance of the trees with the sun shining through them. The trunks looked like pillars of glass, and the little twigs were all covered with a sparkling silver fringe. Even the tall grass and weeds by the road-side were as if they had been swan-down feathers sprinkled with diamonds. The turnip leaves and the Scotch kale looked like green velvet adorned with gem. The children had never before seen such a sight, and they were quite delighted. After running about till they were out of breath, and their cheeks were as red as roses, they returned home to breakfast. While they were eating and talking of what they had seen, their father told them that *hoar-frost* was mist, or dew, which froze as it settled; that *hail* was drops of rain, also frozen suddenly in the fall; and that *snow* was the water of the clouds frozen before it descended. "What you have seen this morning," said he, "is

hoar-frost." He also observed to them, that if they had been in the king's palace, they would not have seen there so beautiful a sight as the trees and plants had afforded them that morning. "So that, you see, all the wealth that a king can command will not be able to create a more beautiful prospect than one hoar-frost will produce. And I assure you, that all the gold in the world would not make the king so happy as you have been to-day. You must not suppose that people are happy *because* they are *rich*. Many of those gaily-dressed folks that you see in handsome carriages are very wretched. And the reason is, because they are envious and discontented. You may depend upon it that no person can be very unhappy who is of a contented disposition; and a rich discontented one, is a burthen to himself, and hateful to every one who knows him. Now you may play for an hour, and then go to your lessons. Adam shall try to saw some logs for the fires."

At night, Adam read aloud the history of all the animals that sleep during the winter: such as the bear, the marmot, the sleeping rat found in the Alps, the bat, the snake, the frog, the tortoise, the dormouse, and several others, the names of which I do not immediately recollect: and his mamma showed him, upon the map of the world, the different countries in which those animals live.

This frosty and snowy weather continued for some days longer, and Adam had the pleasure of seeing a flock of wild geese and some wild ducks fly over their garden; and a black-bird used to come every morning to the parlor window at breakfast-time to be fed with crumbs from the table. Some redbreasts were their constant companions; and one became so familiar,

that upon the window being opened, it would fly into the room. One evening, while they were all at their books, they heard the wind rise, and after some minutes, a little sound of rain against the windows. "The weather is changing," said Mr. Stock; and upon looking at the barometer, he found that the quicksilver had fallen considerably. Adam wished to know how it was that the changing of the weather should make the glass rise or fall. His father told him that, if he were to explain it, he could not understand him. "When you are a little older you shall read a book which will make it clear to you. You must be contented at present with merely knowing that it is the state of the air, or the atmosphere, as it is called, which makes the quicksilver sink and rise in the glass tube. When the weather is moist or rainy, the air is light, and the quicksilver falls down; and in fine dry weather, then the air is heavy, and the quicksilver rises. Now, all skip up to bed. Good night!"

On the following morning they found that the snow was almost gone; and upon going into the air, they observed how very warm it felt. In some parts of the garden, and under the hedges in the fields which faced the north, there still remained small patches of snow, which no longer appeared of that beautifully dazzling whiteness, but was smeared with dirt, and full of little holes, that gave it the appearance of being sprinkled with soot. The ground was broken, as the country people call it; and it was almost impossible to walk, from the weight of mud which clung to their shoes. After a few days, the worms and grubs which had lain snug under the hard earth crept forth to the warm air, and afforded a welcome meal to the little birds, which, while the frost lasted, had been pinched with hunger.

"If this mild weather should continue," said Mr. Stock, "I must prune the apple and pear trees; the currant and gooseberries: and when I have finished those I shall attend to the vines. You are not gardener enough yet, Adam, to think of beginning to prune, but if you are very attentive to what I tell you, and observe how I do it, you shall next year try your skill upon some old currant and gooseberry trees. Now, take your knife, and carefully scrape off the moss from this espalier,* and then go on to the next, till you have finished them all. In two or three days I make no doubt that we shall have plenty of pretty and cheerful little flowers; among them, the daisy, bear's-foot, spurry, chickweed, &c.; and you, and your brothers and sisters, shall go out and gather them under the hedges. In our garden the hazel-trees will be preparing to flower; the honey-suckle pushing its pale-green buds into leaf; and among flowers, we may expect to see crocuses, both yellow and purple, the yellow ones bearing the grand name of 'Cloth of Gold.' Then there will be also the rosemary, the yellow aconite, and the Alpine alysson, the polyanthus, the wall-flower, the anemone, the cyclamen, hellebore, navelwort, periwinkle, your dear little favorite—the primrose; the name means, the rose of the spring, or the *first* rose, from the Latin word *primus*, which, you know, means *first*. And the delicate modest-looking snow-drop, which hangs down its head, and seems too tender to endure the cold season. So, what with our flowers and flowering shrubs; the laurustinus, that cheerful and lovely flower; the arbutus, than which no-

* "Espaliers," trees planted in rows about a garden, and trained regularly by being fastened to a lattice of wood-work, so as to form a kind of hedge.—Eds.

thing can be more elegant, both in the shape of the plant, and in its leaves and blossoms; the alaternus, brought into this country by a great and worthy man—Evelyn, whose book on the subject of Gardening you shall read when you are older; then there is the spurge-laurel, the Glastonbury thorn, the mezereon, the cornelian cherry, and the finely-varnished holly, with its red coral;—I say, what with our berries, flowers, and shrubs, the bare and wintry month of JANUARY, to a cheerful and happy mind, becomes a season of pleasantness.”



CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY.

“Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round.”—*Thompson.*

THE month of FEBRUARY had now set in; and the frost appeared to be quite gone, although there were patches of snow still remaining, under those hedges which sheltered it from the noonday sun: the roads were deep in mud, and the garden ground was soft; the wind was blustering, and the weather altogether very unpleasant; for the rain which came from time to time was cold, and now and then, being mingled with small snow, rendered it extremely disagreeable to be out: but when there was any work to be performed, Mr. Stock would not allow the weather to prevent him; and he brought up Adam to care for it as little as he did himself. If he was wet in his feet, or in any part of his dress, when he had finished his work, he never failed to change it; and Adam did so too, who thought it was being like a *mán* to keep at his work when it rained, and not to be sent in doors; so at first he fancied that he liked rainy weather better than

when it was fine; but he soon changed his opinion after he had been a few times wet through. At last he became a little peevish, and said "he hated rain." "Ay! ay!" said his father, "but you do not hate fruit and flowers, and good eating of all sorts. Now, if there were to be no rain at all, you would be starved to death. The earth would become a barren waste; the cattle would die for want of food; and you, also, would perish from the same cause. In those hot countries which your mamma has described to you, and where they scarcely ever have any rain, the trees, plants, and grass are every night refreshed by plentiful dews; so plentiful, that you would be astonished if you could see the quantity that falls in one night. If it were not for this moisture, all the vegetation would in a few days be as completely burnt as if you were to put a plant into our oven. It is a much more dreadful thing to have too little, than too much rain. In the Bible you will meet with several descriptions of the effects of drought; and they are very terrible. If you could once know what it is to be in severe want of rain, you would ever afterwards consider it a great blessing, and not be out of humor because it wet you. Come, let us set about our work." So they dugged up a bed, and prepared it for some of their spring crops; and the following day being fine, they sowed a fresh crop of beans in it. While they were employed, Adam asked why this month was called FEBRUARY. His father told him it was so called in honor of the goddess *Juno*, one of whose names was FEBRUA, given to her because she was said to preside over purification,* a

* *Februa* signifies *expiatory sacrifices*, and February was so called because in that month, which was anciently the last of the year, expiatory sacrifices were offered for the sins of the whole year.—EDS.

custom which prevailed among the Romans during this month, and lasted for twelve days.

They then prepared a bed for beet-roots, parsnips, and carrots, by digging it over again, and very deep; then, with a dibble, Mr. Stock made holes, at least a foot deep, and three inches wide at the top, at regular distances, nine inches apart, which holes he filled with light rich earth, and in each he placed two seeds, about an inch from the top. Adam inquired why his father made these beds so differently from turnip, radish, or cabbage beds; and why he put *two* seeds to each hole? His father told him, that a friend of his, who was very particular in his garden, always sowed his beets, parsnips, and carrots, in this way; "And he advised me to try it: cannot you guess why?" Adam thought for a minute as he leaned on his spade, and looked at the newly-made bed, and then cried out—"Oh yes! to be sure I can!—the holes are filled with light earth straight down, that the roots may find their way easily, and so grow *that* way instead of going out on each side like two legs. Oh! what funny *dumpty* carrots I have seen! Oh! and you put two seeds in case one should fail." "Right," said his father, "and if *both* should come up, the bed will be more easily *thinned* than if they were to be sown '*broad-cast*,' as we sow radish." These were for the general crop; those sown in the last month were for an early one, and for a delicacy. They then sowed some cabbages, and afterwards planted out some which had been sown in the last autumn.

Adam was allowed to do this after being shown the distance he was to keep between them, and how to manage the line. This job pleased him. They also sowed some lettuce seed, and fresh mustard and cress. The cauliflower plants, too, which were under the

glasses, Adam put out in the same manner as he did the cabbages; leaving only two or three under each glass, that they might ripen as early as possible. Also celery, leeks, parsley, and onions; and peas for a second crop. Towards the end of the month, as those which had been sown for the first crop had come forward, Mr. Stock showed Adam how to earth them up with his hoe; desiring him at the same time to be very careful not to draw the mould too high up the plants. They then staked them; Mr. Stock looking at each row as Adam finished it, to make such alterations as were necessary; for it is not to be supposed that he did every thing in the best possible manner at a first trial: however, he was a good boy, and managed very well, because he tried to do as well as he could whatever he attempted.

One day, after they had finished their dinner, Mr. Stock observed, that as it was fine overhead, and there had been a brisk drying wind for two or three days, they might all safely take a walk. So they went to a very pretty little dell, which was sheltered with beautiful trees, and almost covered with flowering shrubs and underwood. This was a favorite place with them. Whatever flowers they wanted, they knew that they should be plentifully supplied with, if they went to Hawthorndell. However, at this time they were disappointed at not finding any other than daisies, which Mr. Stock told Adam the old writers used to call "day's-eyes." The children were not satisfied with only one sort of flower; they wanted their old favorites, the primroses and violets, cowslips and buttercups: their father, however, told them that they had not yet begun to lift up their little heads after the winter weather. "If you look about carefully," said

he, "I dare say you will find all the plants you were speaking of, preparing to come into flower. And *that* is a pleasant sight. Then is it not delightful to see the trees all around us putting forth their tender buds, all preparing to come out into fresh green leaves as soon as the days shall become a little longer? Is it not pleasant, also, to consider the wonderfully curious manner in which those large leaves, that we are daily in the habit of looking on in summer, are folded up in that small bud? The bud in itself is a beautiful natural production; its shape is very elegant. The color is generally delicate—a light brown, tipped at the end with a soft green. And the bud of the horse-chestnut is richly colored; at the same time it is protected from the rain and damp, by being covered over with a natural varnish, something like turpentine, which no wet can penetrate. Have you not found that the buds of the chestnut, sycamore, and of some few other trees, stick to your fingers when you have touched them?" Adam answered that he had; "But," said he, "papa, if that *turpentine* stuff is of use to the chestnut buds, why have not *all* trees their buds covered, too?" "If it had been necessary for them to have been so supplied," said his father, "they would certainly have been protected in like manner. I should suppose that the leaves of other trees are less tender than those of the chestnut and sycamore, and perhaps would not suffer so much from wet. But you may depend upon it that a wise reason is to be given for the very smallest act of the Creator, even for the different covering of the buds of trees." After they had collected a variety of branches to take to their mamma, as they knew she would admire them, they returned home. In their way, they heard the pleasant song of the wood-lark; and amongst a

flock of sheep they observed that pretty lively little bird, the water-wagtail, running about in the most busy manner imaginable. The children wanted to know what he was doing. "He is catching the small insects or gnats," said their father, "which throng where sheep are closely assembled. The water-wagtail is one of those birds which leave our country during the winter, for a warmer climate; this is called migrating. This one has returned to us very early." As they approached the sheep more closely, they had an opportunity of beholding the bird's skill in catching its prey. When they had proceeded a little farther, they heard the loud and rich song of a throstle, or thrush, which was in a hazel-tree in flower, at the back of a little mud cottage. The children wondered whether it was happy because it was singing. "I dare say it is," said their father. "Some people, however, do not believe that birds are more joyful when they are singing, than when they are silent. But, as we cannot be sure of this, the best way is to believe that which is most pleasant; and I am sure it is pleasant to fancy that a bird, when singing, is happy." Bella wanted to know what beautiful little bird it was she saw flying out of the hedge. "There it is now, papa, in that tree. Oh! what a pretty red breast it has, and white and green wings!" "That is a chaffinch," said her father. "It has a merry little note, foretelling the approach of summer; and which is different from its song at this time of the year. It is a curious circumstance, that the *hen* chaffinch should migrate, and that the male bird should remain here: but so it is. At the close of the year the female has been traced through Holland into Italy. Do you know, Adam, where Italy and Holland are?" "O

yes! papa," said he, "mamma showed them to me on the map, when she told me about the men skating to market with their baskets on their heads: and about Romulus and Remus, who built the city of Rome, being suckled by a wolf." "Well," said his father, "all that way those poor little birds go, and come back again to us early in the spring. About this time of the year you will hear the wood-owl begin his hooting; and geese begin to lay eggs, and partridges to pair for the same purpose; and as we pass the end of the lane, by the rookery, I make no doubt we shall observe that the rooks are beginning to be busy. It will be very entertaining to watch them as the summer approaches, for they are almost the only birds that may be observed in the act of making their nests. In that beautiful book which you are now reading—the 'Evenings at Home,' you will meet with a very pleasant account of a rookery, and the birds' manner of building."

They now had arrived at home, and after tea went to their evening amusements, till bed time. On the following morning, Adam and his father began to attend to the flower-garden. As the weather was still mild and open, they sowed sweet-peas, lupines, candy-tuft, lark-spurs, Virginia stock, mignonette, major convolvulus, minor convolvulus, and other annuals. They generally sowed them in rings, about the size of a small plate, and but just below the surface of the ground. Adam managed tolerably well; but his father gave him the quantity of seed necessary for each little spot, for fear he should waste it; and as he covered it with the earth, he stuck in the place a small stick, to show that seed was there. While they were about this job, Adam asked his father what he meant when he called those flowers *annuals*. "All the flow-

ers," said his father, "which are obliged to be sown every year, and which produce seed in the autumn, and then die, are called annuals. The Latin word *annus*, you know, means *a year*; and they are only *yearly* plants. Those which endure *many years*, such as pinks, carnations, wall-flowers, and others, are called *perennials*, from the Latin *perennis*, which means continual, or unceasing. The *sweet pea* is an *annual*; the *everlasting pea* is a *perennial*. I will now go and prune the shrubbery; in the mean time you may plant out those young pinks and wall-flowers, which should have been done last autumn. I will make marks in the beds where you are to transplant them; and if by the time you have finished, I shall also have done pruning the shrubbery, we will collect the cuttings for the wood-house, and then dig it all over together." This was a noble task, and occupied them some days. While they were digging over the bed, they took the suckers from those shrubs which they wished to multiply, and planted them about a foot asunder, in a vacant spot of the garden. When this was finished, Mr. Stock told Adam to pull off the dead leaves, and to earth up afresh the auriculas, which they had matted the last month; and to cover them again carefully, for fear of the severe winds and rain which they must expect at this time of the year. He showed him how to earth the plants, bidding him take pains in doing it. His father at the same time finished pruning the apple and pear trees; he planted out cuttings of gooseberries and currants, for successors to the old worn-out plants; finished pruning the vines; and when he had also finished pruning the peach, nectarine, and apricot trees, Adam helped him to nail matting upon hurdles, which, being placed against the wall in a sloping direction,

and fastened to it, formed a defence for the young and tender blossoms of those delicious fruits, against the bleak and raging winds of early March.

The next thing attended to, was dressing the strawberry bed. This Adam could not yet pretend to; he therefore stood by, and watched his father while at work, at the same time asking him sensible and useful questions. While they were conversing, he observed a bee bustling about in the cup of a crocus; and after watching its manner of collecting its little golden store, he told his father he wished he would keep bees. "I think I should do so, Adam," said his father, "if I knew how to manage them. They are the most wonderful and the most entertaining little creatures that I know of." "Will you tell me about them?" said Adam. "I will tell you all I know respecting them," said his father; "but if you wish to become a manager of bees, when you are two or three years older, I will purchase you a book, written by a man who was very clever in the management of them, and who, strange to tell, kept some, if not all of his stock, at his house in Holborn. You have been many times in Holborn, and know very well whereabouts it is. Would you believe that this man (whose name was Wildman) was able to discover that his bees found their way from his house in London, as far as Hampstead heath, and back again? The way in which he proved it was as follows: as they were going through a hole cut for them in a pane of glass, he, with a small camel-hair pencil, (such a one as you paint your pictures with,) dipped in vermilion, touched the back of each bee in its passage out. After he had marked a great number in this manner, he walked to Hampstead, and on the next day he observed these same bees among the wild

flowers. Upon his return home, and at the close of the day, he found bees with the same mark returning to the hive. Is it not wonderful that those small creatures should be able to know his house from the great number that they flew over? But you will be more astonished when I tell you that bees have been known to fly a distance of thirty miles after wild thyme, a flower they are particularly fond of. They are also capable of being tamed, and made familiar, to a surprising degree; for this same Mr. Wildman was so well known to his little companions, and they were so attached to him, that when he called a hive of bees in a particular manner, you would, in a few minutes, see him covered with them; and upon a given signal they would return to their hive." "I have heard, papa," said Adam, "that the bees have a queen; is it true?" "There is one bee," said his father, "which is very different in its shape from all the rest, and larger in size, and which is called the queen; but there would be more propriety in calling it the mother; for it lays all the eggs that produce the bees. They are so fond of her, that if you were to kill her, the greater part, if not the whole of the swarm, would certainly die. At first you would see great confusion among them; they would be running hither and thither about the hive, among the cells; this commotion would increase into a loud and angry hum; they would hover round the hive in a manner very different from that when they are working. After some hours, this loud hum would be changed to a painful melancholy note, which no one could mistake for that of deep distress; and by the time the sun had set, you would see many on the ground near the hive, dying and dead: and on the following morning, if you were to lift up the hive, you

might see the dead lying in heaps; with, perhaps, here and there a straggler, whose complaining would be dwindled to a weak moan. I once saw a hive of bees that had lost their queen, and I assure you the sight was very distressing; there was scarcely a window in the house that had not several bees in it, making a shrill and angry hum; and they were so enraged at the loss they had experienced, that it was dangerous to be near them. On the following morning, the ground about the hive was covered with dead and dying bees; and on the succeeding day, not one of the whole swarm was living; but on the floor of the hive were more than two handfuls of the dead." "I should like to see bees at work," said Adam; "I have read in some book, that people have glass hives." "Yes," said his father, "I have seen them working, and it is a very curious sight to observe how regularly all perform the different tasks allotted to them. When they begin to work, they divide into four companies; one of which roves the fields in search of materials from the summer flowers. The honey they store in a little bag in their stomachs; and the wax they load on their thighs. The second company is employed at home in laying out the bottoms and partitions of the cells; the third is busied in making the inside smooth, and free from corners; and the fourth company bring food for the rest, or relieve those who return with their burthens. They often change their appointed tasks: those that have been at work in the hive, going abroad; and those that have been already in the fields, taking their places. There is no doubt that they have signs by which they understand each other; for when one of the laborers in the hive wants to be supplied by one that has been abroad, it bends down its trunk to the

bee from which it is expected; and this, opening its honey-bag, lets some drops fall into the other's mouth. How they prepare the honey for the cells, has not been discovered. You have seen a piece of honey-comb: well, in *one day*, these industrious and wonderful little creatures are able to build cells for *three thousand* young bees. But then you should be told, that there are in a full hive thirty thousand bees. Now, Adam, I think we will leave off work for to-day." So they put away their tools, and went in-doors. In the evening, after Adam had finished two or three sums in arithmetic, and had read one of Miss Edgeworth's beautiful little stories, he went happily to bed.

The following day was employed in sowing more flower seeds; such as lavatera, Venus' looking-glass, Venus' navel-wort, &c.; and for early blowing, mignonette in pots, and ten-week stocks, both under a hand glass. They also stirred up the earth around the bulbous roots, and watered those in pots.

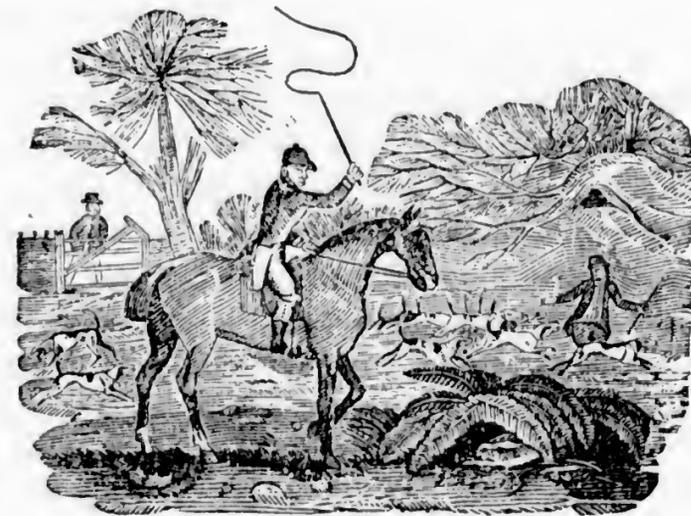
After dinner, his father told him he intended going to the mill, to order some barley meal, and that he might go with him if he wished. In their way, they observed men ploughing, sowing, and harrowing. Adam wanted to know what they were sowing now. His father said it was either beans, peas, rye, or spring wheat, which they also call *lent* corn, from its being sown about that time of the year.

Every thing was silent around them; the preparing for the seed, and the putting it into the ground, all seemed as quiet as when it was growing. They heard nothing but the soft shrill hum of a swarm of gnats above their heads, and the song of the poor plough-boy, as he waded by the side of the team. "How different is this scene, Adam," said his father, "from

what is called 'the seat of war;' which means the particular country where a war is carried on. How much more delightful is the sight of this quiet labor, and these green fields, than it would be for us to witness thousands of horse and foot soldiers treading down and destroying the fruit of the husbandman's industry: to hear the noise of the trumpets, the roaring of the guns, the 'thunder of the captains, and the shouting.' How much more pleasant is it to hear that simple plough-boy singing because he is happy and contented, than it would be to hear him raving and trying to cut down a fellow-creature with a sword, to stab him through the bowels with a bayonet, or to shoot him through the heart with a bullet. And how much more honorable is his present occupation, that of preparing food for his fellow-creatures, than is the life of a soldier! both are paid for what they do; the one for useful labor, the other to kill his own brother, if he be ordered to do so. The soldier, it is true, is dressed in finer clothes, and is altogether a smarter person than the ploughman; but then the clothes which the ploughman has on are *his own*, and purchased with his own money: the fine red or blue dresses in which the soldier is adorned are given to him to wear as long as he is a soldier, and if he is not very careful of them, he is severely punished." Adam said he should like to have such fine dresses as the soldier, and be able to buy them like the ploughman. "Well," said his father, "it is very natural that you, who are but a little boy, should like those fine gay clothes, for the soldiers themselves like them very much. You have only to be diligent and honest, and you will be able to purchase for yourself much handsomer clothes than a soldier's; and you will be a great deal more respected and beloved by good men.

“We are now come to the end of the month, and if you look round our garden, you will find many cheerful and lovely flowers in blossom. There is the aconite, the Alpine alysson, the beautiful anemone, the crocus, and the snow-drop still; the primrose too, the richly-colored wall-flower, which was known to the Romans, and bore the same name; the polyanthus, with its various bright colors; the periwinkle, with its delicate heavenly blue; the perennial adonis; the graceful Persian iris; hepatica; hellebore; the heart’s ease, as beautiful in its name as it is in its velvet blossom of gold and royal blue; the cheerful and long-lasting daisy; the daffodil, that seems to laugh at the cold, and dance with every wind that blows; and cyclamen, I believe, the last. Then among the shrubs, we have that elegant tree, the almond, which was a favorite of one of the sweetest poets that ever lived—SPENSER. Our cheerful and steady friend, the laurustinus, that begins to flower when the gay colors of summer leave us, and never ceases till they return to us again; the Glastonbury thorn, about whose blowing the artful and deceiving monks of old time told a foolish story of its having formerly been the walking-stick of a disciple of Jesus Christ; who planting it in the earth near the abbey of Glastonbury, it flowered at Christmas, in honor of his master Jesus, who was born at that time. Then follow the cornelian cherry and enerry plum, together with the mezereon, which is a beautiful little plant; and the phillyrea, spurge laurel, and pyracantha, with its clusters of bright red berries. Here is a famous catalogue of beauties for this season of the year! Who would think there was such a variety, when but a few weeks since the snow covered the ground, and the tender shoots of the flowers were

sound in by the frost? When we get home, you may, if you wish, gather a few of all, and take them to mamma, to adorn the parlor. If this month has been very stormy and wet, remember what I told you about rain. The inconveniences we meet in life are not to be compared with the delights; and when we think of the great good that rainy days will hereafter bring us, we must not be discontented with the month of FEBRUARY.” They now arrived at home, and Adam went immediately to gather the flowers for his mamma.



CHAPTER III.

MARCH.

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And *winter* oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day, delightless.
. At length, array'd
In all the colors of the flushing year,
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows."

THE last two or three days of February, and the first week of the present month, MARCH, were so stormy, and attended with such floods of rain, that Mr. Stock found it was of very little use attempting to do any thing in the garden; he therefore told Adam, that as the weather was so unfavorable, he should take advantage of it, and get on as fast as he could with his arithmetic and geography; "for," said he, "you know how often I have told you that the real meaning of *independence* is, our being able to do every thing for ourselves. Now, you are aware, that no man *could* be able to prepare and make *every thing* he wanted. A North American Indian, or any other wild man, would, because his wants are fewer than ours; every thing he requires, he *can* make. His mat for a bed; his bow and arrows, and fishing lines and nets, to procure him food; and he can build himself a hut. But we are brought up

in a different manner from these people, and our habits of life compel us to stand in need of many things that an Indian never thought of. Therefore an Indian is more independent than we are. But, if we choose, we may be very independent, too; and the way is, by getting all the useful knowledge we can; by being diligent in our business, and contented with what we gain. Now, Adam, you will never be an independent man if you know no more of arithmetic than you do at present; because you will not be able to calculate the value of the things which you wish to sell, but must have a person to do this for you; and then you will be *dependent* indeed. You cannot think of this too often, that if you wish not to be in the power of any man living, (for that is being *independent*,) you must acquire all the knowledge possible; be honest, and be contented."

This dreary week having passed, and Adam, to say the truth, tired of the confinement, the weather cleared, and a brisk wind sprung up, which, after a few hours, dried the surface of the ground so that they could go to work. Mr. Stock told Adam that this would be a very busy month for them. "In the first place," said he, "we must weed the beds which we sowed the last two months. The onions, the parsnips, the carrots, the lettuces, and, indeed, all the beds. And if we persevere now, while the weeds are young, we shall keep the garden clear, and benefit the plants. But you must be very careful, and distinguish the weeds." This was a tedious task, and Adam began to be wearied; but as his father helped him, and kept steadily at it, he did not complain. When they had finished, his father showed him how to dress the artichokes, and take off the suckers for fresh plants. Afterwards he

saw him fork up and rake up the asparagus, and sow the seeds for fresh beds. When this was done, they sowed some more beet-root, beans, and broccoli, for the first crop; carrots, parsnips, and onions, for the principal crop, and for the winter. His father showed him, too, how to prick out the celery, and plant it; and then they transplanted the young cauliflower plants which had been all the winter under glasses: they also sowed radishes and mustard and cress, covering up the beds from the cold winds. "Now, Adam," said his father, "you may take the barrow, and wheel in some manure from the yard, and we will make a cucumber bed. When we have finished this, we will plant out our potatoes; and I will show you how to cut them into quarters, so as to leave in each partition what is called an eye; for where there is an eye, there will be a shoot, and a fresh plant. And when this is done we will sow two or three more rows of our favorite peas; and we will have one or more beds of turnips." All this, I should suppose, occupied them nearly a fortnight. During the time they were at work, the season was very various. It might truly be called "March many weathers;" for in the course of one day they had wind, and sunshine, snow, rain, and fierce storms of hail. "It is well, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "that we covered up our tender flowers, and screened the fruit-trees; or the opening blossoms would have suffered bitterly from 'the slanting bullets of the storm.' But we must not complain; for all this violent weather had better come now than later in the year, when our blossoms would be more opened. And indeed it is pleasant to have the gleams of sunshine after the dark storms, and to see the great clouds moving before the wind like mountains of snow, and

to watch the shadows of them passing over the ploughed lands; and when they are far off, to see the showers descend in long streaks. See, now, how beautiful those pigeons look, hurrying home after their meal, with the black cloud behind them! Then we have the lively song of the chaffinch between the showers. It is of the greatest service to the rising vegetation to have these changes of rain, wind, and sunshine; because the moisture is allowed to sink to the roots of the plants, and the warmth of the sun brings them and the seeds forward. You forgot to ask me why this month March was so named, and I forgot to tell you. Romulus, who, you know, was the first king of Rome, divided the year into months; and as he appointed this to be the first month, he named it after the god MARS, who, he pretended, was his father. After the killing of Julius Cæsar, this was accounted by the Romans an unlucky month. If you have forgotten the account of that great man's death, you shall read it again in your Roman History. You will there see, that he was advised by one who knew of the plot that was formed against his life, to beware of the IDES of March; he neglected the warning, however, and was murdered." Adam asked the meaning of the word IDES. His father told him that the Romans called the 15th day of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th day of the other months, the IDES. The word comes from the Latin, *iduate*, which means *to divide*, because those days formed the halves of the months. "Come, you shall help me plant out these few sweet herbs, which I sowed last year; and here we will have a row of parsley; then if the weather be likely to hold up for the remainder of the day, we will dine early, and take a long walk." They did so, and

away they all went. By the side of a farm-yard, on a dead branch, at the top of an elm tree, they heard a thrush making the homestead ring with his fine note. Their father told them that, if they were now near some wood of beech trees, they would hear the ring-dove cooing, and perhaps the crowing of pheasants, the most beautiful birds in our country. "The rooks also are now in a great bustle," said he, "building their nests; and as the spring is fully set in, and the air mild, I make no doubt we shall see the bat fluttering like a butterfly around the farm-yards in search of gnats and other insects, its food. I told you, if you recollect, that the bat is one of the animals that remain *torpid* all the winter; that is, that it *sleeps* through the whole of that season. It is generally to be found in the roofs of thatched cottages, and in small holes in the walls of old out-houses, hanging by the hind legs, and covered over with its wings. If you had found one during the severe weather of January, and had kept it in your hand for some time, or placed it near the fire, it would have awakened and begun to fly about. But it would be a cruel thing to do so, for as there is no food for it at that time of the year, the little creature would certainly die." Adam said it could go to sleep again. "Yes," said his father, "so it could; and sometimes, when we have two or three warm days during the winter season, they will awake and come from their hiding-places; but then the same warmth brings forth the insects which are their food and when the frosty wind returns, they *do* go to sleep again, well fed. But if you were to rouse one by bringing him to the fire, he would wake almost starved from his long fasting, and would flutter about in search of food. If he did not soon meet with some,

being so weak with hunger, he would very shortly die.

"In this month, the beautiful little fish called the smelt, or sparling, comes up the rivers from the sea, to lay its spawn in the warm shallow places. It is so tender, that if it meet with any snow or ice in the river, it hurries back again to the sea. When caught, it has a delicate scent, as of cucumber sliced. It is from its singular smell that it derives its name, *smelt*."

As they were passing a field, they observed a man ploughing, and behind him a great number of rooks, picking up the worms and grubs of insects which the plough had turned over. Their father told them that these birds are very useful to the farmer, on account of the quantity of vermin they destroy; and, therefore, that it is not wise to shoot them, for they are easily scared from the land when the seed is in the ground.

Mr. Stock told Adam, if he took notice, he might observe different sorts of bees out now; because the weather had become warmer, and that there were many more flowers. "The one you saw," said he, "last month, in the crocus, was a very early visitor, for they seldom venture forth till the middle of this month. There are several species in this country, some of which are of a solitary nature, and bore for themselves a hole in banks of earth. These gather no honey. Others, like your friends, the *humblebees*, are *gregarious*; which means, that they live *in flocks*; from the Latin word *grex, gregis*, which, you ought to recollect, signifies a *flock*. These collect and lay up honey for the winter; and, lastly, those which we keep in hives, which partake of the same nature. About this time the different sorts of snakes come forth from their haunts, where they have lain coiled

up during the frost. Do you know the meaning of *coiled*, Adam? You should have asked, if you do not. It means rolled round and round, as you have seen the seamen serve their ropes. And they are called *coils* of rope. At the time these animals (the snakes) awake and come forth, the frogs and toads, their food, are prepared for them; for they are abroad too. The frogs and toads are also provided for; the spring weather having brought out the worms and insects which they live on. How wisely and completely every thing in nature is provided and arranged!"

They arrived at home long after sunset, and saw an owl flying into a barn. Just as he passed them he hooted, and Bella mocked him, saying, it was just as if he was laughing.

In the evening they read the beautiful story in the "Evenings at Home," called "Eyes and no Eyes."

The next day Mr. Stock told Adam that they must pay the necessary attention to their flower-garden; for that during this month all their annual flower-seeds should be sown. His father went round the beds, sticking into the earth little twigs to show Adam where he would have them sown. Each of these twigs they had prepared in the long evenings by slitting them at the top, and putting in a small piece of white paper. This simple arrangement showed conspicuously the places where seed was sown. They then proceeded, as I described last month, removing the earth in a circle about an inch deep; and Adam came to his father for the quantity requisite for each spot; Mr. Stock desiring him to be particular in scattering the seeds, so that they should not be close together. When they had finished, each took a small hoe, and weeded the flower beds; afterwards raking them over

neatly. They then took some of the layers from their finest carnations, and put them into pots.

One day Adam's mamma told him she wished some articles from a shop in the neighboring village, and gave him leave to go for them, telling him at the same time, that if he would promise to be very steady and bring her an account of all he saw, he might take his sisters with him. Adam was as good as his word; and when he had returned and given his mother the articles for which she had sent him, he began telling her what they had seen. "And in one field, mamma," said he, "I do think there were a hundred little lambs. Some were very little indeed, and their legs were almost as thick as the mothers'. I do not think them pretty when they are quite young. But there were some that were older, which got all together in one part of the field, and they were having such fun! they looked as if they were running a race; and their tails flew about so!" His mother pointed to Bloomfield's Poems, and desired him to reach them to her from the book-shelf. "Here, Adam," said she, "is what you have been telling me put into verse." The following simple and natural lines were then read by his mother:—

"Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles and soul enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?"

"I am sure," said she, "Adam, you cannot understand that line; but you will when you are a few years older." She then continued—

"Did your eye brighten when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?"

A few begin a short but vigorous race.

• • • • •

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly."

FARMER'S BOY—*Spring.*

"Well, Adam," said his mother, "and what else did you notice?" "Nothing more, I think," said he, "except that we stayed awhile to see the rooks building their nests. We watched one pair, and you cannot think how often they came to the nest with little branches in their beaks. I wonder the great winds do not blow their nests out of the trees, because they are all stuck on the top." "And yet," said his mother, "I never saw a nest blown down; and I dare say nothing but one of those storms which tear off large arms of the trees would endanger them. The rooks are clever builders; they contrive to weave the branches of the trees with their nests so strongly, that you would find it difficult to pull one away without destroying it. Therefore it is that you see them rock backwards and forwards in very high winds, without there being a chance that they will fall.

"When I said that 'you could not pull away a nest without destroying it,' I did not mean you to try. And, indeed, I should be sorry to see you take *any* bird's nest, because it is cruel to do so; as cruel as it would be for a very strong man to turn us all out of doors and pull down our house. Now we have no more right to give pain *unnecessarily* to *any* creature, than the strong

man would have a right to give us pain by driving us away from home. Some animals do us much mischief, and if they were not destroyed, our houses and gardens would be much injured: such as rats, mice, moles, weasels, sparrows, snails, slugs, and many other vermin. But then, if it could be so contrived, I would have them killed so quickly that they should not suffer for a moment. A boy or girl that could take delight in torturing a little bird, or any other weak creature, is no better than that cruel animal the cat, which will worry a poor mouse sometimes for half an hour before it kills and eats it. It used to be the custom on Shrove Tuesday—the day on which we eat pancakes, you know—for people to meet together and amuse themselves by throwing large sticks at cocks. The poor creatures were tied to a stake fixed in the ground, and the owners of them received a certain sum of money from the wretches who were inclined to throw at them. If the miserable bird received a blow on the head which stunned it, the barbarous master would put its head for a time into the ground in order to recover it, that it might be again in a state to be tortured afresh, and that he might receive more money for the fresh throws. I believe that this cruel and wicked amusement is no longer practised in this country; but the equally barbarous custom of setting game-cocks to fight with sharp steel spurs tied to their heels is still common. At one of these meetings there are no fewer than thirty of these cocks killed, and all this for the gratification of people who call themselves gentlemen. I will tell you a story—a *true* one, about cock-fighting: One wicked monster, who lived at Tottenham, named Ardesoif, a man of large fortune, had a favorite game-cock that had gained several battles;

at length, one day it was conquered, which so enraged him that he had the poor bird tied to a spit and roasted alive before a large fire! The screams of the suffering animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged the wretch that he seized a poker, and with the most furious oaths declared he would kill the first man who should dare to rescue the bird. But, in the midst of his rage and cursing, HE FELL DOWN DEAD ON THE SPOT! This dreadful event happened on the 4th of April, 1789. This man, no doubt, when he was a little boy, was fond of taking birds' nests, running pins through cock-chaffers, and tearing the legs and wings from flies; for cruel men were generally, perhaps always, cruel boys. On Shrove Tuesday it was also the custom, and I am sorry to say is now, in some parts of England, to worry a poor bull almost to death with dogs. They call it bull-baiting. The noble animal is tied to a post fixed very strongly in the ground, then the dogs are set at him, who fly at his nose; and, if they succeed in catching hold of it, such is their fierce and stubborn nature, that they will never quit the gripe till they are either worn out, or choked off by squeezing their throats. Sometimes the bull is torn and tormented to such a degree, that he becomes desperate and mad; and, if he break loose, revenges himself upon his persecutors. Oh! I hope, my dear Adam, you will never be cruel or unkind to any thing. If you wish to be beloved, study to be kind-hearted." Adam said he hoped he should never be so wicked as those men. "Well, then," said his mother, "learn to love and be gentle to every creature, and you will have many happy hours when you think of your conduct."

Adam now showed his mother what flowers they had found, coming home. "This branch," said she, "with its soft pretty tufts like velvet, is the *sallow*. Children call it *palm* and goslings; and in some parts of the country the people will adorn the churches with it next Sunday, which will be Palm Sunday; so called because on that day Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem on an ass, when the people collected branches of palm and strewed the road before him. This, however, is not the same tree, but is only so called in this country. Here comes your father. I dare say, if you ask him, he will tell you to what use the *sallow* is turned." Mr. Stock then told him that the wood made good fuel; also excellent charcoal for gunpowder and drawing-pencils. That the turners also use it for making trap and cricket bats, and other articles; and of the smaller boughs hurdles are made. And that some people make use of the bark in tanning. He likewise informed him, that, on account of its flowering so early, it formed a welcome store to the industrious bee. "And what else have you brought?" said Mrs. Stock. Mary showed nearly a handful of violets and primroses. "We are now come to the end of the month," said Mr. Stock, "and do but notice, Adam, how the flowers have increased upon us. There is the *sallow*, whose uses I have just described to you; then there is the *ALDER*, which is now in blossom. This tree flourishes best in marshy situations. The branches are cut down to make poles, and the trunks are used for water-pipes, and for other purposes, in which the wood is to be kept constantly wet. It is also used in making shoe-heels and clogs. The fishermen dye their nets brown with the bark; and, if copperas be added to the dye, it becomes a black."

“About this time, also, the YEW comes into blossom. This tree is now seldom to be seen but in very old church-yards, and it always appears as if it had been planted when the church itself was built. Its color is very sad; and, perhaps, that is one reason why it was usually chosen for that spot. I have heard that it was likewise planted there to furnish the inhabitants of the parish with its tough branches for their bows; you have heard that it was the wood best fitted for that purpose, and I think are not likely to forget it, for you have more than once reminded *some one* of his promise to take you over to that famous tree in Woodland’s church-yard, and assist you in cutting a branch of it for your crossbow. A yew-hedge in a garden is almost as good a fence as a wall; but it is seldom planted now, both because of the slowness of its growth, and because its leaves have been known to poison cows or horses that chanced to eat its clippings. Its wood is a fine red color, and richly veined; therefore much valued by cabinet-makers for inlaying their furniture. It is also serviceable for axles and cogs of mill-wheels, for floodgates to fish-ponds, and other works where strength and durability are required.

“Well, then, there is the almond-tree; the cornelian cherry; the larch; laurustinus; laurel; the Portugal, and spurge-laurel, also called the Daphne; the manna-ash; mezereon, a lovely shrub; peach, as lovely; Spanish traveller’s joy, and sea buckthorn. Among flowers, we have a noble catalogue: hyacinths, with their elegantly curled blossoms and fragrant scent; wall-flowers, that will grow anywhere, and are always grateful and cheering; the violet, which should have some heavenly name given to it, because it is so

exquisite, and yet makes so little show of its excellence. Then there is the hepatica, blue, red, and white; fritillary; dog’s-tooth violet; great snow-drop; scarlet ranunculus; daisy, ‘lovely on both sides;’ the delicate-scented ‘pale primrose;’ brisk daffodil; cyclamen; polyanthus, with its wonderful and rich varieties of color; the stately crown-imperial; our old friend the crocus, still; pilewort; periwinkle; pansy; auricula, which looks like embroidered velvet; Persian iris; alysson; anemone; and the graceful and richly-scented narcissus. So, you perceive, Adam, that owing to the showers of rain, the sun, and the wind, you have reason to admire the rough, but healthy month of MARCH.”

5



CHAPTER IV.

APRIL.

"Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellow'd soil."—*Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.*

"I SUPPOSE, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "as we have the month of APRIL come to us, you will wish to know the meaning of its name. Like the names of all the other months, the word is Latin, *Aprilis*, and signifies that which *opens*, from *aperire*, *to open*; because in this month the earth begins to open her bosom, and give us the summer flowers and vegetables. This is generally a beautiful month, on account of the sweet variety in the weather; the frequent soft rains, and the bright and warm shining of the sun. March and April might be called brother and sister, because they are very much alike. *March* is rude, rough, and boisterous; he seems to delight in high winds, dark clouds, and rain-storms: with beautiful gleams of sunshine between; like the kind actions which some noisy and violent brothers delight to show, in the midst of their

rudest and most tiresome behavior, to their sisters. *April* sports in lighter gales; clouds of majestic and lovely forms; short and merry showers of rain; with a warm sun, perhaps, shining all the time. *March* is full of variety, but he is almost always rough and violent. *April* is not less various; but, like a kind and gentle sister, whatever she does, it is done with a merry, smiling, and pleasant face. I dare say you remember that this is called 'April fool-day,' Adam. Have you not often been made a fool of, at school, on the 1st of April?" "Yes," said Adam; "and I once played a boy such a trick! I told him he was to go and put on his best clothes, because his father and mother were coming to see him. It was not a story, you know, because I did not say *when* they were coming. But when he found out that it was the 1st of April, and that I had made a fool of him, he gave me such a thumping! "Then he was a *double fool*," said his father, "because that showed that he was very much disappointed and vexed: the way would have been for him to have taken no notice when he found out the trick; then he would have spoiled your joke, and not been a fool." "He was older and bigger than I," said Adam, "or else he should not have thumped me." "I dare say he was a great cowardly booby," said his father. "I am pleased to hear you talk so, Adam. Both now that you are a little boy, and when you come to be a man, never yield to tyranny, if you can help it. At the same time, never tyrannize over others. Do not be the *first* to quarrel; and do not be the *last* to make it up. Yet I must add that you deserved your thumping, though the boy was a coward to beat you; for you should have considered that *you* would not have liked to be told that your mamma and I had come to

see *you*, and then to find yourself deceived. Boys at school never think of or practise the simple rule of—‘Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;’ and this is one reason why, when they become men, they feel so little scruple in cheating and over-reaching their fellow-men.”

This conversation took place in the garden, while they were planting out some balm, and mint, and sage. When they had finished, Adam was desired to weed the asparagus beds: “for,” said Mr. Stock, “we should never suffer weeds to spring higher than an inch, because the plants are much weakened by them.” Adam did not much like weeding; and sometimes he would complain that it made his back ache. But his father soon convinced him how much happier his lot was than if he had been brought up a stocking-weaver or cotton-spinner, when he would have been confined in a close room, breathing over and over again the breaths of a hundred other laborers, many of them unhealthy; and that he would have been compelled to keep at this work for nearly sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. “You never worked for sixteen hours together, in your life, Adam,” said Mr. Stock; “but there are thousands of poor little boys, younger than you, who do so every day. Think, then, how rejoiced one of those poor, pale, and sickly little creatures would be to come and take your place! think how happy he would be to breathe the sweet air we are now breathing; and to take the delightful walks we do so frequently. Whenever you feel discontented, and any thing crosses you, always think of that pretty little verse you used to repeat when you were much younger, and *then*, I believe, did not know its meaning; now you do:

‘Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve
And beg from door to door.’ ”

This rebuke made Adam look very serious; but as he was a boy of a most generous disposition, he set to work with all his might, and pleased his father very much by the quickness with which he had finished weeding the bed: who, for a reward, allowed him to sit up to supper and have poached eggs and salad, and a good draught of home-brewed bottled ale.

On the following day they planted out in rows their first crop of broccoli; and Mr. Stock sowed some for a second crop. Then Adam was shown how to tie up the leaves of the most forward early cabbages, in order to make them come into heart more quickly. After that they planted out the other cabbages from the seed-beds; such as the sugar-loaf cabbage; the red cabbage for pickling; and the savoys. When this task was finished, Mr. Stock, smiling, said, “Come, Adam, I have more *weeding* for you.” “Very well, papa,” said he, “I don’t mind it.” So they both went to work at the bed of early carrots; and Mr. Stock thinned the plants where too many had been sown together. And those which he pulled up, Adam carried to the rabbits and pigs. He was then desired to tell his sisters, when they had finished their morning’s work and lessons, to come into the garden and help to pick the caterpillars, and slugs, and snails, from the cabbages and apple-trees. In the course of an hour they had collected a watering-pot nearly half full. These they took into the poultry-yard, and they furnished a hearty meal to the ducks and chickens. They continued to do so every day for an hour or two, and

in the course of a few weeks their father pointed out to them the benefit they had rendered the garden, by desiring them to observe a neighbor's trees and plants, which were almost stripped bare by those destroying vermin, while their own looked beautifully fresh and clean. The next job for Adam and his father, was to plant out the cauliflowers from the seed-bed in rows, in the same manner as they did the cabbages. The very early ones, which had been planted under hand-glasses, they earthed up, and raised the glasses a little, to give them air. "They must not be raised *too* high," said Mr. Stock; "for if we should have any frosty mornings, which it is very probable we shall have, they will either be killed or much checked." Then Adam was allowed to sow mustard and cress, and to dig up the old beds after he had cut a sufficient quantity for dinner. In the middle of the day, when the weather was mild, the cucumber-frames were opened to inure the plants to the air, and in case there should be too much heat from the manure. But they were carefully shut up again in the evenings. They next sowed some endive-seed, which makes such pleasant winter salad. Then Adam was desired to take the line and hoe, and make some small trenches for sowing kidney and scarlet beans. His father had before shown him how to use the line, and how far apart to make the trenches. With a little assistance he managed very well: and when his father had sown one trench, he sowed another exactly like him. After this they weeded and thinned the onion-beds; also the lettuces; and those which they pulled out they gave to the pigs and rabbits. They also tied up the most forward to make their hearts fuller and of more pleasant flavor.

While Mr. Stock was sticking his early peas and

Adam was bringing the sticks to him, they heard the cuckoo for the first time. The well-known voice of the pleasant messenger, that comes to tell us he has brought with him the spring weather and the bright flowers, reminded Mr. Stock of the following beautiful verses of a little poem, which he repeated to Adam, and told him he should learn it:—

"O, blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice:
O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice.

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

The same which in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways;
In bush, and tree, and sky.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."—*Wordsworth.*

Adam wanted to know the meaning of the word "*blithe*." His father told him it meant glad, joyful, brisk. He then said, he could understand the poem, and thought it very pretty, all except the last part; and he did not know what that meant. His father then told him that the poet intended to say, that he could "lie and listen" to the happy bird till he fancied himself a thoughtless, careless, and merry schoolboy again. He calls that the "*golden time*" of life; "and when you are a man, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "you will think so too. You will never know how truly happy you now are, till the sorrows, and troubles, and

cares of life come upon you. I used to think, when I was a little boy, how happy I should be, if I were a man; and now that I *am* a man, I would give all that I am worth to be a little boy again. I know you cannot believe what I tell you, but you will think differently when you grow up. Now fetch your hat and let us take a walk: we have not been out this week. I have two or three places to call at in the village; and when I shall have finished what I have to do there, we will go into the fields. Ask your mamma and sisters if they will not go with us." In a few minutes the whole party were ready, and set out. On the road they observed, now and then, a solitary swallow darting by them. Mr. Stock said, they were the first he had seen that year. Adam wished to know where they came from. "It is not clearly ascertained," said his father. "However, they travel many hundred miles to visit us. It is supposed by some that they go to the continent of Africa; because, in the autumn, large flocks have been seen flying over Gibraltar, and across the straits to that continent. During the long continuance of stormy winds which sometimes happen while they are migrating, the poor little things are so worn out with fatigue, that they have been known to settle upon the rigging of ships, and suffer themselves to be taken by the sailors with the hand.* They are pretty pleasant birds to think of;—always following the sunshine and fine weather. It is curious to notice them while they are building their nests, how very quick and skilful they are; also to observe those sly rogues, the sparrows, watching them from the house-

*The migration of English birds, particularly of the swallow, is largely spoken of in White's History of Selborne.—Eds.

eaves, ready to rob them at the first opportunity. The wise and entertaining Mrs. Barbauld, in her delightful "Evenings at Home," tells of a sparrow who had watched a pair of martins building till the nest was finished, when he took possession of it, and the poor industrious little creatures could not drive him out, for he was too strong for them. Well, as he chose to stay in their nest, they determined that he *should* do so. Therefore they went to work, and fetched clay, with which you know they build their nests, and blockaded him in; so the unfortunate thief was terribly punished for his injustice.

As they passed by a farm-yard, they saw some young geese and ducks just hatched, swimming about in the dirty horse-pond. At a distance they looked almost like bunches of yellow silk upon the water. The party were amused with observing the quickness with which those young and tender little creatures hurried backwards and forwards amongst the green weed, which covered the surface of the pond, catching the water-flies. Presently after they saw a little bird standing upon a gate-post, which was making a loud cry, as if it said—"wick—wick," many times; and very quickly. The children wished to know what bird it was. "I believe," said the father, "it is called the wryneck. That name was given to it because it is used to twist back its head, and turn up its tail over it. It is a pretty little bird when you come close to it: the feathers are as if they were marked with a pencil. You would be very much astonished if you were to see a nest of the young ones: they would hiss at you as if they were so many snakes: and this custom that they have, when disturbed, has scared many a cowardly boy, who would have taken them, had he thought

they had been only poor tender birds. This bird feeds upon ants and other insects, which it catches by darting out its tongue upon them, and they stick to it in the same way as a crumb of bread would to your's. At this time of the year you would hear the bittern, if you were near any large marsh. The noise it makes, which is very loud, is something like the roaring of a bull, but much shorter. It is called *booming*. You must read the account of the bittern in your natural history, when you get home. In the reign of that horrid monster king Henry the Eighth, it was esteemed a great delicacy. I am told it tastes like hare." They were now passing a row of those beautiful trees—the birch, and all took notice how light they looked, and how pretty the trunks appeared among other trees. Mr. Stock told the children that the birch is a valuable tree in those tracts of soil which suit no other: such as bogs and mosses. The marshy parts of forests, which will scarcely produce a blade of grass, are frequently covered with this description of tree. The wood is not of much value; it was used for making arrows before firearms were invented, because of its lightness; and on this account it is still employed for scaffolding-poles. Birch-brooms, as they are called, are made of the twigs: so are the rods which are used at the great public schools. "You had no such unbecoming punishment at *your* school, Adam," said he; "if there had been, I should not have sent you there. The bark of this tree is used in the northern countries for covering houses, and many other purposes. It likewise makes good torches, because of the quantity of gum which it contains. The sap, too, of this tree makes a pleasant wine. People procure it by boring a hole into the middle of the trunk, in the

early spring, when the sap begins to rise. Take notice, and you will find, that the leaves of the birch have a pleasant smell."

On their way home, they observed that beautiful little bird, the redstart, darting from bough to bough, and the children remarked how quickly its tail trembled. They also heard a little jarring, or chirping noise in the grass near to their path, and upon inquiry were informed that it proceeded from that curious insect the mole-cricket; which, from the noise it makes, is called in some parts of England the "*churr-worm*," and "*eve-churr*." "If you remind me, Adam," said Mr. Stock. "after supper, you shall read, in White's History of Selborne, an entertaining account of this and of the common cricket, which you may hear every warm evening in our kitchen. The mole-cricket builds its nest just under the surface of the ground; and as the cold weather comes on, it burrows deeper, to be out of the reach of the frost. Nothing can be more careful of its young than this little insect. The female places herself at the entrance of the nest, to guard her offspring from black beetles, which are their enemies; and if one should enter, she catches it behind, and bites it asunder."

The party next remarked, that a few fieldfares were still flying about; and the father told them, that in the course of a week or ten days, they would leave our shores for those of Norway. As they were turning into their garden, they heard the sweet notes of two different birds, which they were informed were the whitethroat and blackcap.—"You must try and find me an account of the whitethroat, Adam," said his father; "for I have never been able to meet with any yet." After eating a hearty supper of radishes and

bread and butter, with eggs, and some of the delightful home-brewed ale, the whole family were in bed by ten o'clock.

The month was now nearly at its close; and Adam and his father employed it in attending to the flower-garden. They hoed and raked the beds and the shrubbery; tied up the crocus leaves in a knot, instead of cutting them down to the ground, which injures the young roots. They thinned out the larkspurs that were sown in the early part of the last month, and replanted those which they took up, in other beds. Mr. Stock then showed Adam how to make layers from the beautiful laurustinus trees: by pegging into the earth those branches that are close to the ground, which in a few months will take root, and become fresh trees; and in the autumn may be separated from the mother plant. They sowed a large quantity of the deliciously smelling mignonette in the warm borders near the parlor window, both for their own delight, and for the benefit of their friends the bees.

In dry weather they watered the beds of young plants that had been sown last month and the month before. This was done at this time of the year very early in the morning: in the hot weather of July and August it may be done at sunset. But, above all, they were careful to weed the beds where the young annuals were coming up. Mr. Stock asked Adam the meaning of *annual*, as it is used for plants; because he wished to see if he remembered what he had formerly told him: when he very readily answered—"Flowers that die every year, father: and *perennials* are those which live many years." "Very well!" said his father; "I see it is worth while to tell you any thing. I am pleased with you. Now let us reckon

how many trees and flowers we have in bloom this month. In the gardens, we have the apricot, the peach, the cherry, the service-tree, the double-flowering cherry, pear, and peach trees, which are extremely beautiful; the peach blossoms looking like the elegant little pomponne rose. Then there is the scorpion-senna, lilac, privet, and laurustinus still; the almond, early honey-suckle, the graceful bird-cherry, golden laburnum; which I think is also properly called *gold-chain* and golden rain; hypericum, barberry, and bay-tree. These are our garden shrubs; and in the fields, among the trees which flower at this time, you will find the *elm*; which, in its shape, is one of the handsomest of all our forest trees. In many of our country villages, on the green, may be seen very fine and enormous old elms: also in front of little country ale-houses, with a seat round them. I like to see the poor healthy harvest-men, with their brown faces and red hairy chests, when their broiling work is done for the day, enjoying their ale under the great shade of one of these trees. The elm used to be employed by the ancients as a helper or prop to the grape-vine: they trained the plant up the tree: for it is not like many others, which kill whatever grows under them. The wood of the elm is very hard and tough, and extremely useful for many purposes. On all occasions where it is to be kept constantly wet, it is of the greatest service: and as the trunk of the tree is generally very long and straight, it is used for water-pipes underground, the keels of ships, and the planking of them which is below the surface of the water. It is likewise used for axle-trees of carts, naves of wheels, (which, you know, is the round piece in the middle,) gate-posts, rails, ship-blocks, and a number of other things, which I do not remember.

“Then there is the *ash*, which has always been accounted so valuable, that one of our old poets says of it, ‘the *ash* for nothing *ill*.’ It is likewise very lovely in its *foliage*, (which means the leaves, you know,) particularly when it grows in shrubberies, or large clumps with other trees. It ought to be called the *farmer’s tree*, for it is made use of in almost all his utensils; such as the ploughs, harrows, wagons, carts, and various other rustic tools. Therefore every farmer should plant ash trees on his grounds. The ancients used it, on account of its toughness, for handles to their spears; it was therefore called the ‘martial (or warlike) ash.’ The spokes of wheels and handles of tools are made of it. Dairy utensils are made of ash. It makes good fuel; for it will burn whether fresh or dry, and with very little smoke. Its ashes make good *potash*, which is very serviceable to soap and glass makers, bleachers, and dyers. The bark is used in tanning calf-skin; and in dry seasons, when there is but little grass, the cattle very willingly eat its leaves. So, you find what a valuable tree the ash is. Then, let me see—there are the sycamore, the hornbeam, and the holly. I know of no others that flower yet. The *sycamore* is a soft and very white wood, and is therefore used by the turner in making bowls and trenchers, and other utensils. Because of its lightness, it is sometimes used for cart and plough timber. The *hornbeam* is as *tough* as the sycamore is *soft*. It is used for yokes, handles for tools, and cogs for mill-wheels; and is much valued by the turner. The wood will burn like a candle; for which purpose it was formerly used. The inner bark is much employed in the north of Europe for dyeing yellow. It is a quick-growing tree, and has a glossy greenness

which is very pleasant to look upon. Last of all, the *holly*, when full grown to the height of about thirty feet, is a very valuable tree. It is the whitest of all our hard woods, and therefore used for inlaying mahogany and other furniture; and sometimes it is stained black to imitate ebony. It is excellent for the uses of the turner, carver, and mill-wright, being extremely firm and durable: It is very beautiful to look at, with its bright scarlet berries; and, if it did but grow more quickly, would make the most valuable of all hedges.

“Well, and now what garden flowers have we in bloom? There is the tulip, with its gaudy colors. It is no favorite of mine, because it is all finery; and has none of the sweet smell which makes the more humble flowers so lovely. When I think of a tulip I always think of one of those foolish fops and silly flaring young ladies that we frequently meet in company. They look very gay indeed; but, begin to talk with them, and you will generally discover that they know but little more than how to dress themselves; they are almost always ignorant—no brains. They are the tulips in a party: very fine, but have no smell. And now, having dismissed the poor tulip, let us think of some more.” Adam said, “There are some auriculas out, and polyanthuses, and stocks.” “Very well,” said his father, “and what else are there?—think.” Adam looked round, and added, that there were wall-flowers, daffodils, daisies, jonquils, and ranunculuses. “And columbines, anemones, crown-imperials, and cyclamens,” said his father; “there are also the dog’s-tooth violet, gentianellas, hepaticas, and irises; the beautifully modest-looking lily of the valley; moth mullein; peonies; lychnis; pilewort; saxifrage; and the polyanthus-narcissus. There’s a hand-

some list! Then, if you were to take the trouble to examine the hedges and meadows, you would find a wonderful variety. There is the dog's-mercury, wood-strawberry, ground-ivy, wood-sorrel, marsh-marigold, spurge-laurel, called also the daphne, or wood-laurel; the white-campion, buckbean, needle-furze, stickwort, crab-apple, broom, sun-spurge, white and red nettle, wild cicely, wild germander, cuckoo-pint, harebell—a pretty little flower; the sweet wood-crow-foot, bugle-flower, and the wild chervil. Many of these are not worth searching; and I mention them only to show you what a variety the gardens and fields can now display."

This long conversation took place while the father was thinning the apricot trees, where the young fruit grew too thickly in clusters. Those which he took off were saved to make into tarts; and they are very agreeable. Adam was employed in looking for caterpillars among the apple trees, which are easily found at this time of the year, because they are folded up in their webs. After this, they planted out a fresh bed of that delicious strawberry, called the hautbois, (pronounced *hoboy*.) Mr. Stock showed Adam how to set them, and at a distance of nearly a foot and a half asunder. This, and two or three other little jobs; such as attending to the young trees which had been engrafted, plucking off such shoots as had grown under the grafts, and taking away the screens from those wall-trees where the bloom had gone off, and the fruit was set; were the last that occupied them in the sprightly month of APRIL.

CHAPTER V.

MAY.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long."—*Milton*.

By four o'clock Mr. Stock had aroused all the sleepers in his house, singing to them in the words of the motto to this chapter, "Now the bright morning-star," &c. "Up! up!" said he, "you slug-a-beds! the lark is awake, and the bee is stirring; all but you are preparing to meet the rising sun. The flowers are getting ready to open their dewy buds, and the morning air is blowing softly upon them. Here is *May-day* come in after the old fashion—cheerfully and bright: so we will *keep* it after the old fashion. Come! up with you! make haste; we shall not begin it properly if we do not see the sun rise. Get up! Adam, let me catch you in bed in five minutes time, and I will give you such a cold pig as shall make you re-

member May morning for some time to come." Who could sleep after being called in this manner? I know but of one; but he has reformed, and therefore shall be nameless. In about a quarter of an hour, the whole family were dressed, and hatted, and bonneted, and had started off,

"Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

All noticed how very grave every thing appeared; there was such a stillness, as if all the birds and beasts were waiting in fear, lest the sun should not rise again. Indeed, I have often thought that the first breaking of the dawn was very awful: the deep stillness—the solemn color—and the cautious unfolding of the light, is as if something very great and good was about to be done in heaven; and so there is; for we are to see the blessed sun. There is no solemnity like the first dawning of morn:—

. . . "That vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken."

Leigh Hunt.

When they arrived at the highest part of a rising ground behind their house, they looked over a tract of country, and the sea beyond it, and saw the great sun, slowly moving up, while all the clouds around were drawn up from it like long handfuls of wool, dyed rose color, and the edges of them dipped in gold; the wide sea was gold, and all the sky was gold. "We cannot wonder," said Mr. Stock, "that some people should worship the sun as their God, when we behold what a grand object it is, in its rising, and when it is at the height of noon, and in its setting: when we also

consider that there is not a single comfort we possess, but we have it by means of the sun. If the sun were to rise no more, every thing in the world that grows and has life would die; and *we* should die. There would be nothing in all the world but the ground; for without the light and heat of the sun, every thing would rot and become dust. Therefore, we cannot wonder, I say, that some people think that the sun is their only God and preserver. But then," continued the father, "I wonder they never thought that, since no *one*, and no *thing* that we know of, ever made itself, so the sun did not make itself; and that whoever made the sun, He was God."

They now continued their walk into some pretty, close, and winding lanes; and now and then passed some little cottages, the children of which were all up, and had been out Maying. Some were making their garlands, and some had finished them, hanging them across the lane before the door. Adam and his sisters said they should like to make a garland too. "Then pray do," said their father; "but I fear you will not find any white-thorn blown; it is as yet only in the bud; you must be contented with what field-flowers you can pick up; unless, indeed, you meet with some black-thorn; which, you know, comes into bloom before the other, but it is not so pretty, for the leaves come after the blossoms have gone off." So they hunted about, and plucked all the little flowers they could find, and put them into their handkerchiefs, because the heat of their hands would have soon killed them. While they were busy, little Tom was endeavoring to get some primroses that were on the top of a high bank: finding them, however, rather out of his reach, he asked Adam to pick them for him, who

refused; telling him to try and get them for himself. The father heard this, and rebuked Adam very sharply for being a selfish and unkind boy; and desired him to gather them for his little brother directly; which he did, though not very willingly. For some time after this, he seemed as if he had been thinking with himself; at last he said, "I thought you told us, papa, that we were to try and do every thing we could for ourselves; and that that was being *independent*." "Ay! ay!" said his father, "but I did not tell you to be unkind and disobliging. You *are* to endeavor to do all you can for *yourself*, but at the same time to be always ready to *help every one that wants your assistance*. If you were a man, and could swim very well, would you not try to save a fellow-creature, who could *not* swim, and was drowning? Would you tell him that he ought to help himself, or else he would not be '*independent*?' You would be a most wicked wretch if you were to do so: and yet that is being selfish: and if you become a selfish boy, you may depend upon it you will be a selfish man; and then you will be loved by no one but yourself. Besides, you did not refuse to help your little brother for the reason you have now given; you thought of that since I rebuked you, and believed you would silence me by reminding me of a piece of good advice that I had formerly given you; so that to the fault of selfishness and unkindness, you have added that of *falsehood*;—more hateful than all. I am ashamed of you!" Adam looked very unhappy; and walked behind without speaking a word. After some little time, Mr. Stock observed him creep to the side of his little brother Tom, and give him some flowers out of his handkerchief; which pretty action so pleased his father that he gave him his hand, and said he

would think no more of what had passed. "I dare say," said he, "you do not know that this custom of gathering flowers on May-day, and making garlands, has been continued from the time of the ancient Romans, who performed sacrifices on this day to the mother of the god Mercury, MAIA, in honor of whom the month was so named." After drinking some new milk at a neighbor's farm-yard, they returned home to breakfast, which when they had finished, their mother told them to look for two or three hoops in the brew-house, and she would show them how to make their garlands. The little party, with their mother, set to work, and when their task was completed and hung up between the trees on the grass-plot in front of the house, Mrs. Stock told them they might go and ask some young friends to come and spend a merry day with them. So, a fiddler from the neighboring town was hired to come and play to the party, who danced upon the green under the garlands till dinner-time. In the afternoon they had a game at romps and blindman's-buff; and the day was pleasantly finished by the whole company, little and great, partaking of an enormous bowl of syllabub.

On the following morning, Adam and his father went to work in the garden, and they continued their labor without interruption for several days. They first attended to the artichoke plants, because they knew that Mrs. Stock was very fond of them; pulling off the young shoots in order to strengthen the main one, and bring the fruit to a good size. Afterwards they weeded the asparagus beds; two or three times in a week watering them with the draining from the dung-hill in the stable-yard. They thinned out the lettuces a second time, giving those pulled up to the pigs and

rabbits; weeded and hoed the onion beds, also the carrots and parsnips; hoed round the cabbages, and earthed them up; cut off the tops of the bean-plants when they came into flower, in order to strengthen the bean itself, and to prevent the plant from running too much into stalk. They sowed fresh kidney-beans for a late crop, and put sticks to those peas that required them. Mr. Stock was obliged to alter many of the sticks which Adam had put in, for, as he was but a young beginner, he did it rather awkwardly. Every morning, for half an hour after breakfast, the whole of the younger part of the family still continued to search for snails and caterpillars, which always proved a welcome meal to the ducks and chickens. They still continued to plant out cauliflowers and broccoli; to hoe and thin the turnips: they also hoed the potato beds. While they were at work, Adam observed a large dragon-fly settle on the leaf of a cabbage, and, quickly popping his hat over, caught it. "Oh," said he, "I have caught such a dreadful large horse-stinger! Five of them will kill a horse." "Bless me!" said his father, "let us see this tremendous animal;" when Adam with great caution and alarm lifted up his hat; thinking, no doubt, that if five would kill a horse, *one* would be the death of *him*; and his father beheld that harmless and very beautiful insect, the dragon-fly. Adam had given it such a buffet that the poor little thing was quite disabled. Mr. Stock showed him how harmless it was, by laying it in the palm of his hand. To put it quickly out of misery, however, he killed, and then gave Adam the following account of it: "This is the largest of all the species of the dragon-fly that we have in this country, and is one of the most beautiful of the insect tribe. Only observe how hand-

somely the body is mottled with green, and yellow, and black; and what a lovely blue its large round eyes are: its wings, too, are like the finest gauze varnished. This fly will only destroy other insects, and it is a terrible enemy to them; it flies so very swiftly, that nothing can easily escape it. I saw one once catch a large butterfly as it was flying, and then settle on a twig close by, to eat its prey at leisure. After biting off the wings, he devoured the whole body in about a minute. He may be called the Bengal tiger among insects, for he is as beautiful as that noble-looking animal, and as nimble and cruel. I wonder to see this fly in our premises, because it is seldom to be found anywhere but by the sides of ponds and rivers, where it lays its eggs, dropping them into the water. These are soon hatched, and become creatures of the caterpillar species. They remain in this state for two years, at the end of which time they climb up some water-plant, and sit for a while in the sunshine, when the creature changes to the fly in its present shape: small at first, however, but in the course of an hour it will become as large as this is. The dragon-fly delights in the warmest sunshine; during cloudy weather, it will hide under leaves and branches of trees as long as the gloom continues."

"At this time, too," continued Mr. Stock, "you would be very much amused with the bustling labor of those hard-working little creatures, the horse-ants. In large groves or forests their nests may be found, generally at the foot of an old tree; on account of its furnishing them so readily with the materials with which they build their habitation; such as the small particles of rotten wood, dried bits of twigs, and dead leaves. Their industry and strength are amazing;

for the city which they form, and which from its large size is properly called an ant-hill, is as high in proportion to the bulk of the insect, as if the people of a city were to build a house like a mountain three or four thousand feet high, divided into rooms; and then, only think of those poor little creatures carrying sticks, much larger and heavier than themselves, to the top of this mountain; imagine to yourself a man dragging a tree thicker than his body and three times as long, up the top of such a hill as I have mentioned; and you will then have some idea of the uncommon strength of those wonderful insects. A gentleman told me, that he was once watching some ants at labor; and one, in particular, he observed toiling along with a large piece of twig which was too heavy for him. At last he arrived at a little rising in the ground, and he could not drag it any farther. Two or three others, observing this, came directly and helped him up the hill, by pushing the stick at the other end; and when they had got it upon level ground, they then left him to manage for himself. Well, the little creature dragged away till he got his piece of timber (which was larger at one end than the other) fixed between two sticks, and he was stopped again. Would you believe it, that he should have the sense to go to the *thick end* of the stick, pull it back a little way, turn it up on a narrower side, and then run round again to the thin end, and pull it through? Is not this wonderful? What little boy, or even man, could have managed better?—The ants are dreadfully violent and revengeful little animals, and will attack any thing that disturbs them. A large black beetle that is thirty times their size is sure to be killed, if he venture into their territory; and in a very few minutes they will

nave eaten out the whole of his inside. How long do you think it would be, Adam, before you could muster courage to attack an animal as large as the cow-house? You find a common sized dog quite enough for your valor, I am sure. In the latter part of the summer, or in the beginning of autumn, I think, the male ants have wings."

When this conversation was over, Mr. Stock told Adam to get the watering-pot, and water all the young cabbage-plants and broccoli, and other plants which they had lately set out in rows. "You may give each a pint of water at least," said he, "for we have had very little rain lately, and I fear they will become wilted, and die." While Adam was about this job, his father was thinning the spots of annual flowers, and drawing the earth up to them, leaving at the same time a hollow in the centre, to hold the rain that might fall. Afterwards, he hoed and raked the shrubbery and flower-beds; and finished by taking up the bulbous roots which had done blowing; such as the early tulips, crocuses, aconites, anemones, irises, snow-drops, and several others. These he spread upon a board in the tool-house to dry, before he put them away in paper bags. When Adam had finished his watering, a job which he liked very much, his father desired him to get the sticks for propping up the flowers out of the tool-house, and to bring some of the old Russia matting, and he would show him how to tie up the carnations, which were now beginning to shoot up into the long stalks for blowing. He also desired him to observe his manner of stirring up the earth round their roots, and to do so too, carefully. When this task was done, he was desired to roll the grass and gravel walks for an hour or two. During this time, his father

was sowing some flower seeds to blow late in the autumn; such as mignonette, sweet-peas, pansies, dwarf-stocks, alysson, yellow lupines, candy-tuft, cornbottles, lavateras, and larkspurs. The day being now nearly closed, Adam was desired to fetch his sisters and brothers, to help him gather gooseberries for their mamma, to make them some gooseberry-fool for supper. You may be sure how diligent they were, and how soon they had gathered three or four quarts of gooseberries, and cleared them from the tops and stalks. When they had finished their pleasant meal, and Adam had read to them Miss Edgeworth's story of "Lazy Lawrence," the whole family retired, and were in bed by ten o'clock.

On the following morning they went to work again; Mr. Stock attending to the apricot trees; thinning them a second time for tarts; and taking away such shoots as had come in improper places; and doing the same by buds upon other trees. The nectarines and peaches he also thinned for the first time. When this was finished, he attended to the vines, pulling off the weak shoots, and nailing up the branches that needed it. In the mean time, Adam was watering the strawberry beds, the plants of which were now coming into blossom. While they were employed, his father desired him to try and name how many trees and flowers had been, and were in bloom in that month. So, after a little thinking and looking about him, he numbered up the honey-suckle, the red-may, the jessamine, syringa, lilac, double-blossom cherry, laburnum, and the guelder-rose. "Well, how many more?" said his father; but he could think of no more than the sweet-briar. "You forget the beautiful and charming-scented rose," added Mr. Stock. "I thought the rose was such

a favorite with you: but I do not wonder at your remissness, for there is no one who does not sometimes forget for a moment those whom he loves the most. Then there is the kalmia, elder, barberry, and bay-tree, the dwarf-almond, and the azalea. Among the forest trees, you would find the oak, quicken, or mountain ash, Scotch fir, chestnut, maple, and lime. Also the quince and walnut, in the orchard. While you are going on with your work, I dare say you will like to hear what use people make of those trees I have mentioned. To begin, then, with the king of the trees, the grand and noble OAK. A large tree of this description is one of the handsomest sights that can be imagined: its vast arms; its thick and rugged trunk; its deep green leaves; and its giant-like height, strike one with astonishment, and even with awe. The oak will live to a very great age, even some hundred years; and at the last, when it has but few leaves, but one or two branches, and when its trunk is quite hollow, and crumbling away to dust, it still looks noble, and even beautiful.

"The oak grows best in a rich strong soil, in which its roots will pierce to a vast depth; and it prefers a hilly to a boggy ground. When it grows in woods, the trunk will rise tall and straight; but in pleasure-grounds, where it may be planted singly, it will frequently present a very curious appearance, having a short, crooked, and thick stem; sometimes with enormous round lumps growing out of its sides.

"Almost every portion of this noble tree is of use. The acorns, which are also called *mast*, are said to have been one of the earliest foods of mankind; and in some warm countries are still used as such. With us they are valuable for feeding hogs; and in various

parts of England, but more particularly in Hampshire, in the New Forest, the people turn their hogs into the oak forests for several weeks while the acorns are falling from the trees, and the animals return home *really* 'as fat as pigs.' Squirrels, and some other little animals, lay up acorns for their winter meals. A small branch of oak with a few acorns on it, while they are green, and their cups showing the beautiful carved work upon them in perfection, is one of the most elegant ornaments to a white vase on a chimney-piece.

"You know that they use the bark of the oak in tanning leather. The small twigs, and even the leaves, are used for the same purpose. The whole is ground down to a powder before it is put into the water: afterwards they fill the different pits in the yard with it, and, as you have seen, lay the hides in to soak; which remain for some months before they are fit for drying and for use as leather. What are called GALLS, are something which grows on the leaves by means of an insect; and are useful for dyeing a deep black, and for making ink. Oak saw-dust is used for dyeing drab-colored cloths, and fustians, such as our jackets and trousers are. The timber of this tree is most valuable in ship-building; and in house-building it is used for the door and window frames. In old family mansions you may see that the floors and staircases are all made of oak; indeed, scarcely any other wood was employed upon those occasions. All the frame-work of mills and steam-engines is made of oak. The bodies of carts and wagons; also gates, posts, and ladders. Country people have bedsteads, chests of drawers, and tables, made of oak. The poet Bloomfield wrote some excellent verses on his old oak table.

Coopers employ this wood in making their largest vessels, and for well-buckets and water-pails.

"The MOUNTAIN ASH is, as you know, a very beautiful tree, not only in its foliage, but in its blossoming, and its bright scarlet berries. This tree will thrive in any good soil, but it likes best a hilly situation. The wood is very tough, and was formerly reckoned next to the yew for making bows. Now the wheelwright and tool-maker use it. The berries are sometimes added to malt in brewing: and when dry and powdered, make wholesome bread. The thrushes are so fond of them, that in the hard winters they are scarcely to be driven away from the trees.

"The SCOTCH FIR does not grow in Scotland alone. In Norway, Sweden, and Russia, it reaches an enormous size, covering, in large and dark woods, the highest hills, almost out of the reach of man. The poorest sandy soil suits it best. Its wood we call *deal*, and it is used, as you must know, for many purposes; as the floors of our rooms, the beams and rafters of the houses, masts of ships, and many others, that I do not immediately recollect. I dare say you have seen the gum on the outside of the bark of the tree: well, that is turpentine; and when the oil of turpentine is taken from it by distilling, the remainder is what we call rosin. Tar is also turpentine, forced from the tree by means of fire; and this, when boiled, becomes pitch. So, you see how useful the fir-tree is. In Sweden and Norway, when there is a scarcity of provision, the poor people grind the inner bark of the fir, and mix it with their rye bread. The wind passing through a grove of firs, is exactly like the great roar of the sea at a distance.

"The CHESTNUT is a very beautiful tree, and will

live to as great an age as the oak. One tree in particular that I have heard of, can be proved to have stood in the year 1150; that is, nearly seven hundred years ago; and it was *then* considered an old tree. The chestnut thrives best in a rich soil. It is used for the same purposes that oak is; but it is not so valuable, because it is apt to split to pieces in working it. The HORSE-CHESTNUT is as handsome to look at as a fine nosegay, but its wood is not of much use.

"The MAPLE is much used by the turners; and among the Romans it was greatly prized in making cups; and on account of the beautiful variety of its knots, they used it for their tables. Some musical instruments are made of maple. It is not a favorite tree with me: I mean, I do not think it handsome, except in the autumn, when it makes amends for its want of beauty during the summer, by putting forth such clumps of golden beauty, as (among greener and lighter foliage) give to a woodland scene a rich, and even a gorgeous effect.*

"The LIME, or LINDEN, is a very lovely object; and in a rich soil, and if it be not cut or disfigured in any way, it will become a magnificent tree. It is one of the first to welcome the coming of spring, and its blossoms, as you know, have a most fragrant scent, and are the delight of the bees. It is very pleasant to stand under a fine lime-tree, to have the sweet smell of its flowers, and to hear the murmur of those industrious, and, no doubt, very happy little creatures. The wood of the lime is soft, and is used by the leather-cutters to cut leather upon, because it does not blunt

* The *sugar-maple* is a general favorite in this country, not less for the beauty of its foliage and the elegance of its form, than for the delicious sweetness of its sap, from which the finest sugar is made.—Eds.

the edge of their tools. Carvers also use it for the fine ornaments in churches and old halls, in palaces, and such places. The wood makes good charcoal for drawing-pencils.

"The WALNUT I am sure you know pretty well; I need not tell you what sort of a tree it is, nor what fruit it bears; but I dare say you are ignorant of what the wood is used for. If you ever thought of it, I make no doubt you supposed it was of no farther use than to bear nuts for you to eat. However, the cabinet-makers and gun-makers would tell you a different tale. Bedsteads, chairs, tables, bureaus, wainscots, and the stocks of muskets, are frequently made of walnut. Near the root, the wood is beautifully veined, and is employed in inlaying, and other ornamental cabinet works. By pressing the nut in a mill, a quantity of oil may be drawn from it, which is used by painters and varnishers; and in some countries also for food, instead of butter. You know what an excellent pickle the young walnuts make; and what a 'pretty pickle' the gathering and shelling of them make of your hands. Those curious people that you were formerly so dreadfully alarmed at—the Gipseys—are said to stain their skins with the juice of walnut; but I do not believe so, for they are foreigners, and their complexions are dark by nature. Some people put the husks and leaves of walnuts into water to soak, and pour the liquor upon their gravel-walks to kill the earth-worms and grubs.

"Well, Adam," said his father, "if you are tired of my talking, tell me so, and I will leave off." "Oh no!" said he, "I like you to talk to me; but I like best to hear about birds and beasts." "I do not wonder at that," said his father; "all young people are

fond of natural history. If you continue to be a diligent and good boy, I will make you a present of a large natural history. However, as I should like you to observe and remember what trees and flowers bloom in the different months, let us now try and make out together the list of them. We have gone through the trees and shrubs; now, *you* begin with the flowers: and let me see how many you can remember; for I wish to know what notice you take of these things." Adam said that there were peonies, and sweet-peas, and narcissuses, and poppies, and stocks, and tulips, and pinks, and Canterbury bells, and ranunculuses, and anemones, and hyacinths: then he stopped. "Well," said his father, "you have not got a quarter through the list yet, I think; try again." Adam added, that there were jonquils, and columbines, and bachelors' buttons; and then he could go on no farther. "That is pretty well, however," said Mr. Stock; "now let me try what I can add to your list. Only think of your forgetting the charming and elegant lily!

'The lovely lady lily looking gently down.'

Story of Rimini.

"Then there is the delicate candy-tuft; the solemn and well-named monkshood; curious catchfly; elegantly-colored American cowslip; feverfew; foxglove; polyanthus-narcissus; gentianella; honesty; saxifrage; 'iris of all hues;' scabious, with its fine scent; the modest-looking lily of the valley; scarlet lychnis; Solomon's seal; London pride, and spiderwort. In the fields you would find the crosswort; water-violet; lamb's lettuce; hound's-tongue; cowslips, which make nice puddings and pleasant wine; the great wild valerian; yellow rattle; tormentil; white saxifrage; ram-

sons; white nettle; wood-ruff; celandine; small wild bugloss; crowfoot; the children's old friend, the bur-nished buttercup; milk-wort; crane's-bill; hedge-mustard; black-bryony; moneywort; wild tansy; hen-bane; white-campion; clover; wild chervil; brook-lime; cuckoo-flower, and spurrey. There is a list for you! I do not say that all these are worth the trouble of looking for and gathering; some are ordinary, and would very readily escape your notice; but, again, others are exceedingly pretty and delicate, particularly the lovely little blue veronica, or speedwell, with its pretty flowers growing by *twos*; like kind and gentle eyes, watching our steps and welcoming us abroad. That is, you know, your mother's favorite wild flower; and here comes Bella out of the lane, with her hands full of them." "Look, papa and Adam! what bunches of mamma's eye-bright I have found for her! Good bye; I must run in with them, for they droop so soon after they are gathered. Poor little things! they look as if they were all tired and going to sleep." And away she ran. "I do not wonder," said Mr. Stock, "at your mother's admiration of that beautiful weed, or at her calling it '*eye-bright*,' for it looks much more like *bright eyes* than any thing else: the real eye-bright is, as you know, a very little, pale, lilac-colored, insignificant-looking weed, and takes its name from an old and foolish supposition that it was useful for weak eyes. So, that what with our show in the gardens, in the fields, and in the woods, this lovely month may well be called '*the flowery MAY*.'"

CHAPTER VI.

—
JUNE.

"Now come the rosy JUNE and blue-eyed hours,
 With song of birds and stir of leaves and wings,
 And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
 And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
 With buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers,
 And gushing lay of the loud lark who sings
 High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
 In frequent sheddings of the flying showers;
 With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
 And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
 Answered in far-off faintness by its dam;
 And cuckoo's call from green depths of all woods;
 And hum of many sounds, making one voice
 That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise."
"Lyric Leaves," by Cornelius Webbe.

ADAM and his father were at their work very early every morning: they generally began to rise with the sun; and they could do so with pleasure to themselves, because they went to rest early, and eat but light suppers; therefore they were always in good health and excellent spirits. I know of nothing which will make a person more light-spirited than early rising. I think it would make even an ill-natured one pleasant and good-humored; whereas, I am sure I have seen some people of excellent tempers very peevish and cross, from a habit they have acquired of lying late in bed. Early rising clears the understand-

ing and improves the memory. I have known some boys at school, whose memories were by no means good, able to repeat thirty or forty Latin lines after a very few times reading over. But then it was *early* in the morning, and they used to read them two or three times the last thing at night before going to sleep. The same boys could not have learned the same number of lines *after breakfast* in as short a time. This shows that the first hours in the morning are the time for study. Almost all the greatest men that ever lived were early risers! and if they had not been so they would not have been such eminent characters. I do not say that early rising will make a stupid man become a great genius, though it will improve him; but I know that lying late in bed will make a great genius become almost a stupid man." So Adam and his father were neither of them stupid, and they were very early risers.*

Adam was desired to give the cucumbers a little water, and during the day to tilt up the frames that they might have fresh air. His father desired him, however, not to forget on any account to close them again in the evening, for fear the coldness of the nights should check them. Adam likewise assisted in preparing and digging the trenches for transplanting the young celery plants. His father marked out the ground for him, and told him to observe his mode of digging, and making the trench look neatly. Then stretching the line from one end to the other, exactly in the centre, they both planted out the young plants a few inches apart,

* This appeal in favor of early rising deserves the most serious consideration of all, but particularly of the young. If they wish for health, respectability, and happiness, they cannot safely neglect the precept so often repeated, to "rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb."
 —Eds.

and at equal distances. While they were thus employed, Adam did not forget, *this month*, to ask his father why it was called JUNE; who informed him that it was generally supposed to have been so named in honor of the renowned JUNIUS BRUTUS, the Roman who drove out the hateful family of the Tarquins. Adam said he remembered the story in Adams' Roman History, which he was then reading. He also asked his father to "tell him something" while they were at work. "Well," said he, "but first let me, while I now think of it, desire you to remind me that I draw up the earth to these young celery plants every fortnight. And, now, what must I tell you? Something, I suppose, in natural history; or, shall it be an anecdote. Well, then, it has just entered my head, that you saw a wretch of a boy yesterday beating a poor ass; and though you did not think any one was looking at you, I was much pleased to hear you say that you wished the donkey would 'kick him down backwards.'* This reminds me, that many years ago, in another part of England, where your grandpapa lived, a boy was beating a poor ass most cruelly, and when some people scolded him for his brutality, he swore a horrid oath, saying the ass was his, and that if he pleased he would kill it. So he continued torturing the unhappy creature till it could bear his ill usage no longer; and running at him with enraged and frightfully flashing eyes, and mouth wide open and foaming, he dashed him to the ground, tearing him with his teeth, and stamping him till he was dead. The poor beast then went raving mad, and ran out upon a neigh-

* Adam's displeasure was highly to be commended, but we all have need of caution, lest a spirit of revenge usurp the place of a just indignation.—Eds.

boring moor, doing mischief to every person and animal that came in its way: at last it was freed from its torment by being shot dead. The ass by nature is not the dull, sluggish animal we daily witness. In its native soil, the desert of Arabia, it is a very fleet and fierce creature. It lives in society, or in herds; and so jealous are they of admitting strangers among them, that if a tame ass, or a horse, were to join the herd, they would very shortly kick him to death.*

"To-morrow, I understand, our neighbor, farmer Barter, intends shearing his sheep; it is very early to do so; but the season is an early one, and fine and warm, so I suppose he is right: besides, the farmers are generally guided in shearing their sheep by the elder tree being in flower; for that plant does not blow till the summer has set in. If you behave well, you and your sisters and brothers shall go. And now you may plant out some of the coss and Dutch and Capuchin lettuces. Take the line, and set them at the length of your dibble apart from each other: afterwards, do the same by the cauliflowers; and by the time you have finished that job, I shall be prepared to show you how to thin the turnip, and carrot, and parsley beds. This will be quite as much as we shall be able to finish to-day." While they were employed, Adam asked his father whether he would not some day

* Xenophon, in his "Expedition of Cyrus the Younger," gives a very interesting account of the wild asses with which he met in the desert of Arabia; and a very spirited sketch of the habits of the same animal is found in the book of Job:—

"Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass? Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing."—Eds.

take them out to dine in the fields : this he very readily promised, saying that they would choose some very warm day, and go and sit under his favorite plane-tree. Adam asked if the plane was not that tree which is so much like the sycamore. "The leaves are alike," said his father, "but the whole tree itself is far more elegant than the sycamore. There are two sorts of plane-tree : the oriental, which is so called because it comes from the *eastern* parts of the world, that is, Asia ; (*oriens*, you know, is the Latin for east ;) and the other called the *occidental* plane, (from the word *occidens*, meaning the *west*,) which was brought from North America. It is a most beautiful object, and was a great favorite with the ancient people of Asia, no doubt on account of its elegant appearance, and because it afforded them a thick shade with its thousands of noble, large, thick leaves, like kind and protecting hands turned into leaves by magic. In the warm climates of the East, where the natives live so much in the open air, these handsome ornaments to a country were much more admired than they are with us. It is reported that Xerxes halted his vast army for, I believe, more than a whole day, while he paid due honor to a grand tree of this description. The ancients also danced under its shade when they worshipped their god Bacchus, in gratitude for the protection they had received from the burning sun, as well as in compliment to its great beauty ; at the same time they were also accustomed to pour wine upon its roots. Many people in our country would laugh at their being so fond of a tree ; but they ought to recollect, with how much more reason these same people would laugh at some of our troublesome modes of procuring a little pleasure. How they would laugh at one of our dull

tea and card parties ! Besides, let us never forget that they are the happiest persons who procure delight with the least trouble, expense, and anxiety. In those warm climates, the plane grows to an enormous size ; and it has the curious property of shedding its bark every year."

On the following day, according to the promise they had received, they went to see farmer Barter's sheep washed, and afterwards sheared ;* and it was no small amusement to Adam to witness the violent struggling of the larger sheep, and of the old rams in particular ; how they leaped all four feet off the ground at once. The man employed to wash them was himself in the water ; but they were often too strong for him, and then he would get a good ducking, to the loud jesting and amusement of the spectators. After the wool was well cleansed from the dirt that had collected in it, each sheep was turned into a hurdle-cote that was fixed in a warm place, where they stood bleating, and the water dripping off into puddles from their spongy clothing ; and every now and then one would shake itself, and scatter a cloudy rain all around, sometimes making a little rainbow in the sun. When they were nearly dry, they were taken out one by one, and the wool clipped off with large scissors, the shearer kneeling upon the neck of the sheep to prevent its getting up ; for if any animal's head be kept down on the ground, it has no power to rise ; therefore it is, that when, in the frosty weather in London, a horse in a cart has fallen down, the men always hold his head against the ground while the harness is being unloosed, that it may rise again with ease.

* Sheep, we suspect, are not often sheared upon the same day that they are washed.—EDS.

As they were walking home, well pleased with what they had seen, they ran about collecting all the curiosities they could find, both animal and vegetable. They gathered wild roses and woodbine in abundance, and every now and then the sweetly delicate smell of a spacious beanfield came to them upon the soft summer wind, and added to their happiness. They also found several sorts of the green beetle, and examined them; and they caught one of that very large and rare kind which is called the stag-beetle, to the great horror of all the young party; for one or two nips which he gave those whose fingers came within reach of his great pincers, astonished them. They also caught one of those poor little creatures called the May-fly, which they were informed by their father is born at sunrise and dies at its setting. Adam said it was not worth being born, to have such a short life as that. "Do not suppose, Adam," said his father, "that real enjoyment of life consists in living a long while. That man and that animal lives the longest, that passes through the greatest variety of scenes, and who is capable of feeling in a lively manner both joy and sorrow; and no one can feel what true joy is who is not quick in perceiving sorrow. You will perhaps understand me when you grow older. The toad has been found inclosed and alive in the trunk of a tree, where it must have remained more than fifty years; and there is a wonderful instance related of one that was discovered in a block of marble, which—it would be useless to guess how long it had been there. Now, do you think that those two animals could have been as happy as the butterfly, which flutters so giddily over the meadows, and drinks the morning dew from the buttercup and honey-suckle; and which now and

then, when he is weary, will sleep upon some sweet blossom, and lay his wings at rest upon it? That little tender creature, however, has many more enemies than the long-living toad; and, if it should escape them all, lives but a few days. Yet, who would not rather be a butterfly than a toad? A cold and a stormy day is but a dreary blank in its little life; but then observe it in the bright sunshine, and the soft summer wind, and no creature seems more happy. The toad, on the other hand, appears to be indifferent to every thing around him. He remains in his hole all day, and in the evening comes shuffling along the dusty roads in search of insects. He is frequently trodden upon by the passengers, and blunders away at the same pace as he did before the accident happened to him. I do not say that the toad is in itself an unhappy animal, for I believe that God has given more happiness than misery to all his creatures; I only wished to show you that the May-fly, or butterfly, in its short but very varied career, experienced fully as much delight as the toad during its long-drawn and monotonous existence."*

While the father was talking, several cows and horses that were grazing in the meadow suddenly started off, and ran round it at their utmost speed, to

* We suspect that some of our readers will hardly be convinced by these remarks, that animals of different species enjoy an equal amount of happiness, whatever may be the comparative length of their lives. Happiness, not less than mental endowments and external advantages, seems, in this world at least, to be distributed in very different proportions to different individuals of the same race, and probably with still greater inequality to different species. It would be hard to believe, that the insect whose life is limited to a single day, enjoys in that briefspace an amount of happiness equaling, by its superior intensity, the protracted and reiterated pleasures of those animals, whose lives are, comparatively, whole centuries.—Eps.

the great amusement of the children, who could not imagine why they should do this, seeing that it was so hot. The manner too in which the cows held up their tails made the young party all laugh very heartily. The father told them that the cause was a very serious one to the animals, for that a gadfly had come among them, which was a great torment; and that the insect, after stinging them most bitterly, usually left its eggs in the skin; these the warmth of the cow's body hatched, and thus the poor creature was made unwillingly to provide for its own misery.

Before they reached home, they remarked the loud "clamor" of the stone-curlew, and admired the beauty of those small birds, the goldfinch, the yellow-hammer, and that very little creature, the golden-crested wren, called the English humming-bird; all fluttering about and singing to their mates, while these were gravely and fondly employed hatching their eggs. Little Bella found some of that curious substance called cuckoo-spittle, and which she was shown inclosed a small green insect. They now reached the end of their walk, and had their dinner of that beautiful fish the mackerel, which generally makes its appearance about this time in shoals of thousands and tens of thousands.

After work in the evening, while they were walking in the garden, they heard the loud screeching of the fern-owl, which is also called the goat-sucker; and in a few minutes the first two or three hurried notes of that sweetest of all songsters, the nightingale. It seemed as if it were aware that strangers were near, for it ceased for some time; and as the listeners remained quite silent, and without moving, it grew bolder, and ventured to give a little flourish. The quiet all around still continuing, their ears were next de-

lighted with all its sweet and wonderful variations: sometimes it dwelt upon one little melancholy tone for a considerable time; then it would change in an instant to a brilliant shower of notes, that quite astonished them to think that such loud and sweet tones should come from that little breast: for the bird is not so large as a sparrow.

Adam was told that when he became a few years older, he should read some beautiful lines about the nightingale, written by the kind playfellow of *his* infancy, John Keats; and others by the famous old poet, Chaucer, who died some hundred years ago. The shade of night having become more and more dark, the party were delighted to discover under the garden hedge the beautiful and tender light of the glow-worm, which looked as if one of the very smallest of the stars had fallen there. Upon searching closely they found a small ordinary-looking maggot; and that this delicate lamp was placed upon its tail. Mr. Stock informed them that the male worms had wings, but not lights; and that the females hung out those pretty beacons that their friends might the more easily find them in the dark. A large bowl of gooseberry-fool for supper, formed a very pleasant ending, to as pleasant a day spent by these happy children.

On the following morning, Adam and his father were occupied in digging a bed for some young endive plants, which they transplanted from the seed bed, and Adam was desired to observe how far apart he was to set them—about a foot. They then sowed some fresh seed for the winter stock. Afterwards Adam was trusted to transplant by himself a whole bed of lettuces, setting them at the same distance apart as those which he before had removed: he already knew how to ma-

nage the line ; that served as his guide in keeping them straight. He was likewise intrusted to sow a fresh bed of these pleasant vegetables for the autumn stock, being desired at the same time to scatter the seed very thinly, and all over the ground equally. This being done, they planted out some cauliflowers which they bought at a neighboring nursery ground ; and Adam was set about his favorite occupation of watering all these plants which had been removed, to prevent their withering.

"I think, Adam," said his father, "that we shall be able before dinner to sow a bed of turnips for the autumn use, and to weed the bed of parsnips and carrots : *weeding*, you know, is your chief delight ; you would leave your bed or your dinner to go and weed a carrot bed ; would'nt you ?" "Ah !" said Adam, "I don't mind your teasing me ; I weed much faster than I did." "So you do," said his father, "and I am pleased that you did not complain again."

After dinner they planted out some young cabbage and savoy plants : then weeded the onion and asparagus beds, and towards sunset watered again the young vegetables they had that day transplanted ; also the strawberries. "To-morrow," said his father, "I will look to our vines, and see whether they do not need a little pruning ; and now, since we have finished a good day's work, you may go and amuse yourself in any way you please, till bed time.

On the following morning, they occupied themselves in attending to their flower-beds, clearing away the weeds, and transplanting such annuals as they had sown in the month of March. The tulips having done blowing, and the weather being dry, they took up the roots, and laid them on a mat in the shade, and after

a few days, when they were quite dry, cleaned them thoroughly from dirt, separating the off-sets, and put them away in paper bags till the latter end of the autumn, when they were to be planted out again. They did the same likewise to the ranunculus, anemone, and hyacinth roots, which had done blowing. Afterwards, they planted from the seed beds some wall-flowers, stock July flowers, sweet-williams, columbines, and others I do not now recollect. Adam was also shown how to obtain fresh carnation plants, by laying the shoots under the earth after slitting them half through with a penknife, and pegging them down with little hooked sticks ; these, his father told him, would all take root, and become fresh plants by the next spring, when they should carefully cut them away, and transplant them about the beds. They likewise pursued the same plan with the double sweet-williams. The pinks they multiplied, by plucking out the first joints of the branches, and setting them in a light soil. This is called "piping." These they took care to water frequently. Adam's mamma and sisters took upon themselves to see that no flower was trailing upon the ground, but supported all that needed it with sticks. While they were hoeing up the weeds in the shrubbery, Adam, of his own accord, told his father, that he had been reckoning up the flowers that blow in this month, and he thought he could count them all. His father told him, if he could do so, he should have a holyday, and go to Woodlands, and cut himself a bow from the yew-tree in the church-yard. He began : "There are sunflowers, carnations, lupines, pinks, marigolds, golden-rods, larkspurs, hollyhocks, stocks, wall-flowers, snap-dragons:" then he stopped for a little while. "Well," said his father, "you will lose your wager,

if you can give me no larger list than that.”—“Ah! papa, but you have no right to hurry me,” said Adam. He then continued: “There are lady’s-slippers, nasturtiums, lilacs, campanulas, orchis, convolvulus, turk’s-caps, guelder-roses;” and here he could go no farther. “Well,” said his father, “you have lost your wager; though not shamefully; therefore, I dare say, we shall go to Woodlands, notwithstanding. You forgot your little favorite, the periwinkle; then there is the larkspur, rocket, apocynum, chrysanthemum, corn-flower, gladiolus, anemone; and, indeed, *I* do not remember any more garden flowers just now; though there are many which were blowing last month, and which still continue in flower. We forgot the water-lilies; both the yellow and white flower in this month, and they are very handsome too; the persicaria, also, and perhaps many more. In the fields, however, a long list, indeed, might be made out: and though I remember many, I dare say I shall not be able to tell you half. The deliciously-scented hawthorn (or, as you call it, ‘May’) we had for some days, if you remember, in this month; then there was the bramble, wildrose, elder-tree, acacia, barberry, pimpernel, wild thyme, of which, you remember, I told you the bees are so fond; and that they will fly so many miles to procure. The dwarf-mallow, the little bright-colored everlasting-tare, white-bryony, the different sorts of grasses that look like downy feathers. Darnel and poppy among the corn; which, with their pretty red coats, look like soldiers among the laboring men, and are of no more use than those spruce gentry. Then there is eye-bright, with its tasteful name; and the beautifully varied heath, field-scabious, butterfly-orchis, water-betony, cockle, deadly-nightshade, with its rich

royal purple and golden eye; that handsome yellow flower, called parkleaf St. John’s-wort; the white-mullein; corn-marigold; the delicate-looking, but destructive bear-bind; feverfew; yellow and white arch-angel; clover, that has so dainty a honeyed scent. A gentle wind coming over a field of clover after a shower affords almost as exquisite a delight as that of a bean-field. Well, Adam, I cannot remember any more, and I think you have a very good list; but there are a great many that I must have overlooked, for we have not a nobler show of blossoms and flowers in any month, than in the beautiful month of JUNE.”



CHAPTER VII.

JULY.

"Now the hot JULY hurries, half-array'd,
From tending his green work on sultry hill,
In bower and field, seeking the shrunken rill;
Or cave, or grot, or grove of pleasant shade,
But flings his length where huddled leaves have made
Cool covert for faint noon. Now not a bill
Of happiest bird breaks the grave silence, still,
With call to his song-fellows; and not a blade
O' the tall grass wags, so idle are the winds.
The bee with laden thighs yet dares not stir
For his far home; and the quick grasshopper,
Though amorous of the sun, yet haply finds
Deep shelter in green shades is better far
Than burning in the blaze of the malign dog-star."

"Lyric Leaves," by Cornelius Webbe.

"ADAM," said his father, "I think it will not be many hours before we have a thunder-storm; the weather is so close, and what little air there is, comes to one's face as if it passed through a bakehouse." Adam said he had been lying on his back under the mulberry tree without his coat and waistcoat, and with a wet towel on his face, but that it did not make him any cooler. His father said they would go down to the river and bathe. As they walked along, they remarked how very troublesome the flies were, stinging their hands and faces angrily, and as if spitefully.

They also noticed how bitterly they tormented some cows, which were standing half up their legs in a pond under the shade of some ash trees. They kept lashing their sides with their long tails to no purpose; the little persecutors returned to the same spot the moment the tail passed to the other side. Sometimes they remarked that the animals made all the skin of their bodies to shiver, and this action might rouse up for an instant one or two timid flies, but the remainder of the swarm stuck fast to the hides of the beasts. Now and then a cow would lift up one fore leg and stamp it down again; then, with a hind leg, she would kick her belly. Then she would shake one ear, then the other; toss up her head, wink with her eyes, in the corners of which a dozen tormentors were collected. All was to little purpose. "In the hot country of India," said Mr. Stock, "the buffaloes get into the pools in shady spots, and leave no part above the surface of the water but the nose, to allow them to breathe." "If I were one of these cows, I would do so too," said Adam.

Adam had been a courageous bather in the sea when an infant; he therefore jumped in very freely, but began to be frightened at first, because the water took away his breath, and he could not speak without sobbing: all this, however, went off in less than a minute, and he played about as happy as a duck, and tried to swim. When they came out, and while they were dressing, his father told him to bear in mind as long as he lived, that if he wished to be a healthy man, it was very necessary that he should be a cleanly one. "Next to kind and endearing manners," said he, "nothing is more pleasing in man or woman than a delicate cleanliness of person. And one of the surest

means of being so is, to bathe regularly during the summer months, and in the winter ones as regularly to use the warm bath. There are few people who do not spend in wine and other luxuries ten times the sum of money that it would cost to have a warm bath every other day all the year round."* As Mr. Stock finished speaking, they heard a very low rumbling, like the noise of a heavy cart on an iron road. Presently they observed, from a dark, lead-colored cloud, a bright flash, like a fiery snake, dart down upon a distant hill; after waiting for some time, the thunder followed, as if it had been the same heavy cart that had fallen, and was afterwards dragged rattling along; then had stopped, then fallen again, and ended by rumbling till it was out of hearing. The dark cloud all this time was changing its appearance and shape; sometimes it was very ragged at the edges, like wool, pulled or snatched off. Every thing around was quite silent; not even a little bird was heard to whistle. The sheep in the fields huddled their heads together, and bent them down towards the ground. Presently the wind rose all at once with a great roaring, and whirled up the dust of the road in a cloudy pillar; then ceased again, and all was silent. In a few seconds some large drops fell, and immediately after a broad flash burst out of the cloud, followed almost instantaneously by a crashing and tearing, as if houses were being overturned and dashed to pieces; and every

* Those who cannot avail themselves of the bath, may find a very easy and effectual substitute in the daily use of a sponge, moistened in pure water, and followed by the friction of a dry towel. In dwelling-houses, where the cold of the chambers is tempered by means of a stove in the main passage, the process may easily be continued throughout the year.—Eds.

now and then there were great bangs heard like cannon firing off. At the sudden bursting of this thunder-clap, some horses in a neighboring field snorted, started, and galloped away. For a moment or two after the thunder had ceased there was a dreadful stillness, and then the rain came down in a torrent, driving up the dust of the road, and making a soft noise as if it fell upon wool, till it was soaked through and beaten down; when it made a quick splashing, and seemed to be lashing the ground.

They now had to run for it, and did not reach home till they were nearly soaked through. The lightning and thunder still continued, and the rain seemed to smoke along the ground, and upon the thatched roof of a shed opposite to their house. Sometimes the thunder sounded very high in the air, as if above the clouds; at others, as if it were down in the road. That which but a few minutes before had been a lovely day, with a blue sky, and stately clouds like snowy rocks that scarcely moved at all, was now one dull, lead-colored covering. In about an hour it became lighter, and in another hour they had the pleasure to see that stormy cloud sailing away from them, still locking black, with its edges touched by the light of the golden sun. From time to time they heard that the storm had not ceased, though it was not so loud; at length it was so far off that the thunder made only a low surly rumbling; and the cloud which had before looked so angry, when over and near them, now shone like a snow-covered mountain, with crags and precipices, and deep hollows and caverns. The family all remarked how pleasantly cool the air had become, and how calm; and admired the fresh and glittering appearance of the grass, and the leaves of the trees,

and the flowers in the sunshine: and they snuffed up with delight the smell of the earth after the rain.

Adam asked a multitude of questions about thunder and lightning, of which his father told him it would be extremely difficult at his age to make him understand the explanation. He, however, informed him, that thunder was the report of the lightning, as the noise after the flash of a gun was the report of that. Then he wished to know how it was that it was so long after the flash before they heard the thunder. "Because," said his father, "sound occupies some time in coming to our ear from a distance. Do you not remember when you once saw a man driving an iron wedge into the root of a tree, that you heard the blow just after you saw him strike? It was because you were at a short distance from him, and the sound was that length of time in coming to you. Some clever person discovered, that sound flies one thousand one hundred and fifty feet in a second of time. Therefore with a watch you can tell how far off a storm is by counting the number of seconds between the flash of lightning and the hearing of the thunder. Or you may make a rough guess by counting the beatings of your pulse in your wrist. About seven beats of an ordinary pulse are equal to the time in which sound will travel one mile. If, therefore, the instant you see a flash of lightning, you were to put your fingers to your wrist, and count fourteen pulsations before you hear the thunder, you may know that the storm is somewhat more or less than two miles distant. You ought to know that rule in arithmetic, Adam; it is very easy."

Some time after this, the father told him that he had heard him a few days before reading aloud a part of the Roman history, from which he ought to be able

to tell the reason why this month was called JULY. Adam, however, had forgotten the circumstance, if he had ever noticed it. Mr. Stock told him it was so named in honor of *Julius Cæsar*, who, after he had obtained the government of the Roman empire, altered and corrected the calendar.

One of these days they were employed in planting out, for their winter table, some young savoys, winter cabbages, broccoli, and endive; of which two last plants they sowed some more seed for the principal winter and spring crops. "And, Adam," said his father, "as we are all fond of kidney-beans, we will sow a couple of rows, which will furnish our table through the month of September. If the ground had not been lately moistened with that heavy rain, it would have been as well to soak them for an hour or two in water before planting. Those cauliflower plants, too, which were sown in the month of May, should now be planted out in rows; they will be welcome to us in October and November. You may finish these two tasks, while I begin a trench for our winter celery; and as you will have done before I shall, you may sow some more mustard and cress, and hoe out the weeds, and thin that bed of turnips; but in managing this work you must be careful to pull away those only which are the most feeble-looking, and where they are growing too closely together. Choose the healthiest plants to remain, and let them stand at about a six inches' remove from each other. You will find sufficient occupation in the task I have here given you. In the evening, after our walk, we will all have a supper of currants and strawberries, and milk, with sugar."

When they had finished these tasks, Adam was allowed to sow two rows of the Charlton and Knight's

pea. Vegetables that come to table very late in season, and when it is supposed they have left us for the year, furnish almost as agreeable a surprise, as when they come before they are expected. Then he planted out in rows some coss and Silesian lettuces from the seed beds. The onions, too, that had attained their full size, and were beginning to change to a yellow color, his father desired him to bend down their tops to the earth, which prevents the vigor and juice of the plant from running all into the stems. Those which were perfectly ripe, he was told to take up and lay in the sun, upon a dry spot of ground, under a south wall. He did the same with the shalot and garlic plants. After this, they disposed the vines of the cucumbers, laying them in straight lines, and carefully dug up the earth about the stems of the plants. The latter portion of the month was occupied in gathering and tying up in bundles the winter herbs for drying; such as mint, balm, and sage. At the end of the month, too, as the peas, beans, and potatoes had grown up, they put sticks to the peas and scarlet-runners, and cropped off the tops from the kidney-beans and potatoes. At the same time, with their hoes, they drew the earth up to the stems. When the weather was hot, and the ground very dry, they employed every evening in watering the young crops, and those which had been lately transplanted.

In the early part of the month they once or twice heard the cuckoo, but he had nearly lost his voice; and instead of his two usual clear notes, he stuttered out three hoarse ones. Adam wanted to know the reason of this change in his song. "I do not know the cause," said his father; "neither have I heard a satisfactory one given. The common people say, that

the reason is, because there are no more little birds' eggs for him to suck. I believe, however, that there is no truth in this; and I also believe that the poor cuckoo has, through some foolish prejudice, acquired a disagreeable character which he does not deserve. Remember, Adam, that it is better, on all accounts, not to give hasty credit to reports which tend to injure another. In the first place, such a course is more honorable as well as generous; and, in the next place, it shows that you possess a spirit and an understanding superior to the common race of mankind, (and, I am sorry to say, of our countrymen in particular,) who take delight in gossiping about the errors, rather than the amiable qualities of their neighbors."

While they were thus discoursing, the slender chirp of a grasshopper, on the lawn, met their ears. "Ah! ah!" said Mr. Stock, "there is my pleasant little skipper in the summer grass. He is always welcome to me, because he brings to my mind two noble poets, who have delightfully described his happy nature;—Cowley and Keats. Only notice, Adam, how sweetly simple these lines, by Cowley, are. They were translated by him from an old Greek poem, by the famous Anacreon, who lived nearly two thousand five hundred years ago. I do not remember all the lines, but these are the prettiest:—

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.

• • • • •
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,

All the plants belong to thee :
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.

• • • • •
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.

• • • • •
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy ! thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among ;

• • • • •
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.'

"And now observe how charmingly our friend Keats has described this same little frisky insect :

'The poetry of earth is never dead ;
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
 That is the grasshopper's ; he takes the lead
 In summer luxury ; he has never done
 With his delights.' "

In the early part of this month, they were also entertained during their hours of labor with the notes of those two brilliant little songsters, the black-cap and white-throat ; and, in the course of one of their walks, they heard the curious and uncommon cry of the quail, which, as well as that of the very singular bird called the corn-crake, they particularly noticed after sunset. The voice of the latter bird greatly amused them ; for sometimes it appeared as though they must be so close to the creature as nearly to tread upon it, and in a few seconds after the sound seemed many yards removed. That corn-crake is a cunning fellow," said Mr. Stock ;

"for when he is caught, he will pretend to be dead, and will lie down without moving in the slightest degree. I knew a gentleman who was out sporting ; when his dog surprised and caught one, and all the while they stood over it, the creature lay perfectly still. He turned it over on the ground with his gun ; still it lay to all appearance dead. He moved away from it with the dog about a yard or two, and, after waiting some minutes, he observed it open an eye, upon which he returned and took it up in his hand, when it lay like a stone ; he then put it into his pocket and walked away. After some time, however, he felt a struggling, and the poor little thing, impatient of its confinement, was striving to escape." *

"Ay," said Adam, "that reminds me of the plover, which will run limping and screaming as though it were wounded, in order to lead you astray, in case you should happen to be near its nest. And sometimes, when I have caught a spider, and it has found that it cannot get away from me, it has tucked up its legs and folded itself up into a ball, and shammed to be dead ; and after watching it some time without meddling with it, the cunning little fellow has slyly put out his legs again, and run off."

While they were walking, and in conversation, they suddenly heard a loud rush as of a hundred pair of

* The opossum of the southern states is famed for exhibiting similar tricks to those of the corn-crake, whenever he is exposed to imminent danger, with no apparent means of escape. This trait in his character is so well known, that when the children in Virginia and Carolina wish to intimate that a person is aiming to practise deception, they say, "he is playing 'possum."

It is usual in describing such actions of animals, to speak of them as the result of shrewd calculation ; but it may be allowable to doubt whether it be not wholly the result of unreasoning instinct.—EDS.

wings, and close before them, at the border of a turnip field, arose into the air a small covey of partridges with their young; the latter were just able to fly above the ground.

“My gracious!” cried Adam, “how they made me jump! I should never have thought that a bird no bigger than a partridge could make such a noise as that.”

“The reason is,” said the father, “because their wings being very short in proportion to their size, they are obliged to move them with the greater rapidity in order to sustain themselves in the air. I am rather surprised, however, to see the young ones so strong at this early period of the month. The season must have been very favorable for them, for they cannot have been long hatched. Why, let me see, St. Swithin’s day has not passed more than a week.”

“Ay,” said Adam, “why do they say, that if it rain on St. Swithin’s day, it will rain for forty days afterwards? It is not true, papa, for we had no rain yesterday, and I do not think we shall have rain to-day.”

“The saying, my dear boy, is derived from an old tradition, of which the following is the substance: Swithin, or Swithum, bishop of Winchester, who died in the year 868, desired that he might be buried in the open church-yard, and not in the chancel of the minster,* as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized, (that is, made into a saint,) considering it disgraceful for a saint to lie in a public cemetery, (which means, you know, a burial-place,) resolved to

* “Chancel of the minster;” the east part of the cathedral.—Eds.

move his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July; it rained so violently for forty days together at this season, that the design was abandoned. And from this circumstance arose the saying, that if it rain on St. Swithin’s day, (the 15th of July,) there will be rain for forty days afterwards. The foolish people, however, who pretend to believe the tradition, when they find that the charm is broken by their having one or two perfectly clear and fine days, will endeavor to account for the miracle by asserting that it is raining *somewhere*; as if it did not rain somewhere every day throughout the year. Besides, how could it possibly rain in every place, all over the world, every day for forty days? You see how necessary it is to bring a little thought to your assistance upon occasions like these, and how easily the commonest reflection will show their absurdity.”

In the early part of the month, Mr. Stock busied himself, among other duties, with pruning and putting into trim order the various wall-fruit-trees and espaliers. He also showed Adam how the delicate operation of “*budding*” was performed, which is a more elegant mode of grafting one sort of fruit-tree upon another, than the old and more common system of inoculation, (for so it may be called.) The manner in which this is performed, consists in carefully cutting away a portion of the bark of the tree containing a bud, the fruit of which you desire to propagate upon another tree. On one of the branches of this tree you cut a slit in the bark, the length of the piece you have already taken away from the other, and cross-ways at each end of the slit you cut another, so that you may turn back the bark in two flaps like folding-doors;

then you place the piece containing the bud close against the inner wood of the branch, and lap the two folds over it, binding the whole tightly together with threads of bass or Russia matting. If the operation be performed neatly, the bud will adhere to the tree, be supported by its sap, and grow like the rest of the plant, bearing the fruit that the tree does from which it has been taken.

"I will plant out some of the new strawberries that have been sent us," said Mr. Stock, "and you may, every evening, when there has been no rain during the day, water those which are in blossom. You may also sow a few of the quickly-growing annuals for succession; we shall have them coming into blossom in the latter part of the autumn, and making our garden look like spring. You may also plant out the cuttings of the sweet-williams, pinks, and rockets. And we will make some layers from our best carnations. I think I showed you how to manage them; so you shall try to perform this operation yourself. With your penknife, you know, you must cut about half through one of the knots, sloping the cut upwards, where the stem is green—not hard and woody; then make a shallow trench near the root of the plant, and turning up the shoot that has been partly cut, peg it into the ground at the joint where it has been cut, with a forked twig, in order that it may remain in one position. After this, cover the stem over with mould, pressing it down rather closely. In the course of about three months, the layers will have made shoots, by which circumstance you may know that they have taken root at the cut joint; you can, therefore, with safety separate them from the mother plant, and transplant them into borders.

"When you have finished this task, you may as well look round, and see if there be not some late-sown annuals left in the seed bed, and plant them out; and I will help you to transplant some of the young hollyhocks, lychnises, and peonies, with some others. Then we will clip the box-edges with the shears; and the first thing to-morrow morning, before the dew is off the grass, I will mow the lawn. You ought to learn to mow; you are strong enough. All you have to do, is, first, to be careful not to cut yourself; and next, to keep the blade of the scythe nearly flat, turning the edge very slightly down towards the grass. If we keep our lawn mown twice or three times a week, so long as the grass continues growing, we shall have the turf looking as even, and smooth, and bright as Mrs. Dodwell's velvet pelisse. By the way, talking of mowing, after we have gathered some of the flower-seeds that have become ripe, we will all go and have a roll in our neighbor's hay-field; for we have not yet had a hay-holiday, and, by the color of the cocks, I think they will probably cart it home to-morrow."

Adam could no longer contain himself at these joyful tidings; so away he ran to the house, shouting like a scarecrow—"Bella, Mary, Arthur, Tom, John, Taunton! hurra! we are all going into the hay-field as soon as I have done my work; and I hav'nt much to do; go and tell mamma, and ask her if she will not go with us. Oh! what fun we will have! Ha! ha! ha! Who cares for old Buckthorne the bailiff? I don't; do you? We'll go and ask farmer Girnel if we may'nt amuse ourselves; we shan't do any harm you know; and then we'll laugh at old Buckthorne. I cry, being first smothered. Well, I say, you all get your lessons done, and I'll make haste too with my

task." So, with a smack of his hands, a jerk up of his trousers, and a kick-out behind, away he ran again to his work.

I know of no out-of-door occupation that is so much like an amusement as hay-making. The mowers, indeed, are the only real laborers, and their work, when the weather is hot, becomes a very severe trial of strength and endurance. Some mowers, when there chances to be a moon, will begin their task after sunset, and work through the night, till the morning sun has gained strength enough to make them weary and faint, when they will rest till the heat has again declined. These are the real workmen in hay-making; the others make holyday, and a delightful one it is! In the first place, they are occupied only in fine weather; then they are all the while in the open air; their business is merely to turn over the swath after the mowers, to scatter it thinly over the field, that the drying sun and wind may penetrate it, to rake it into rows, to pile it into heaps, to cart it home. And all the while they are working, every breeze that comes across them brings with it a delicious and wholesome smell. The jest, and the laugh, and the song, rise by turns; and the greatest of all earthly blessings, a healthy appetite, is their constant attendant. How pleasant a sight is a company of men and women in a hay-field, seated under the shade of a spreading oak, eating their meal of bread and cheese, or bacon; and passing from hand to hand their little barrel, or bottle, as they call it, of beer. Many an epicure has envied the relish with which he has beheld them attack their homely meal: many a wit, too, might envy the honest laugh of approbation that always rises with the hundred-times repeated jest.

After partaking of an early dinner, the whole family of Stocks, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, set out for the hay-field, where the young ones all galloped and tumbled about till they were out of breath. In the midst of their mirth, however, they did not overlook many objects of curiosity which presented themselves to their notice. One collected all the field-flowers she could find in the hedges: another found a mouse's nest with four young ones in it; an ingenious and pretty little structure, shaped like a ball, and lined in the inside with wool and fur. Having all admired the skill of the builders, their mother recommended them to place the nest again carefully where they found it. "The field-mouse," said she, "is an inoffensive creature, and the poor things you have in your hand would die if they had not their parents' care. So put them back, John; and if they have the good fortune to escape the sharp eyes and claws of the owl, many months of happiness are in store for them." After watching the flight of a humble-bee for some time, Taunton saw it pop into a hole in the ground; so he called the brothers, and with sticks they turned up the earth in the direction of the hole till they came to a space of some depth below the surface, about the dimensions of a pint basin, which was filled with cells, containing young bees, not yet hatched, and some with honey that was as pure-looking and colorless as water. But they did not perform this desperate feat of invasion without suffering from the vengeance of the assailed party, for Tom received a pretty sharp sting from one of the defenders of their citadel. The next object that engaged their attention, was one of those very handsome insects, the hornet, which they observed to fly into a small crack in the trunk of an oak tree.

"Here's another nest!" shouted Adam. "Yes," said his father, "and I recommend you to have nothing to do with it at this time of the day. The sting of a hornet is vastly more formidable than that of either a bee or a wasp. I promise you, that even Tom, brave as he is, will not easily forget the sting of an exasperated hornet. The only way of destroying those creatures, as well as wasps, is by suffocating them with burning sulphur at night.

When the hour came for the haymakers to take their afternoon's rest and draught, Mr. Stock desired he might have the pleasure of giving them all a treat of bread and cheese and home-brewed ale; two of the brothers, therefore, ran home and brought with them the provision and a noble can of liquor; and all the party sat down together and partook of the unexpected bounty. The ale was mightily relished; so much so, that an old wag, evidently the jester of the company, taking up the can, repeated the old repartee amid the applause of his fellow-laborers:—

"Well, neighbor Stiles, here's toward ye;
What I leave you won't lo—ad ye."

And, from the persevering manner with which he attacked the ale, they all began to think that his joke would prove to be a very serious one; for he pulled away and soaked it in, as if he had been a sand-bank.

In this agreeable manner did our young party pass the remainder of their day in the hay-field: and on their return home after sunset they amused themselves with watching a couple of barn owls, flapping with silent wings over the meadows in search of prey. Mary hoped they would not be able to find her little friends, the field-mice. They also ran after and caught seve-

ral cock-chaffers, which every now and then came blundering very unpleasantly against their faces. "You have been too well brought up, my dear boys," said their mother, "for me to caution you against torturing those harmless insects, as you have seen the ignorant and unfeeling lads in the village do, who thrust a pin through them tied to a piece of thread, and then grin with delight at the agonizing hum of the persecuted creatures. Boys who take delight in such cruelty, when they reach the state of manhood, according as their stations are cast in society, become huntsmen, soldiers, or common murderers; for, indifference to the feelings of our fellow-men usually follows hard-heartedness towards the brute creation." They now arrived at home, and the happy family were all soon fast asleep, by the hour that the gay and fashionable world are beginning the pleasures of the evening.

On the last morning of the month, while they were at breakfast, Mr. Stock set Adam the task of writing down a list of all the plants that came into flower during the month, desiring him, at the same time, to name the color of each. In about an hour he brought his father the following list, who smiled and was pleased, not only with the fulness of it, but at some of his good little boy's remarks; and he told him he gave two of the most favorable proofs that he would become a clever man: which were, that he was observant, and possessed a good memory. Here is Adam's catalogue:—"Speedwells of different kinds, deep blue, bright and dull blue, blue and pink, and pale pink; a very pretty little flower, I think. Bladderwort; gold yellow and pale yellow; not great favorites of mine; I am not *very* fond of yellow flowers. A great many sorts of grass, that are beautiful in shape, and some of

them pretty in color. The field-scabious; pale purple, a darling flower of mine. Bed-straw; a small white flower: it smells, when it is dried, like a hay-field. The hound's-tongue; a dullish red. Azalea; rose-color. Bell-flower of several sorts, and of different shades of blue: the shape of these flowers is very beautiful. Dog's violet; blue, with purple lines; but it has no smell. Bitter-sweet nightshade; purple, with green spots. The sweet, delicious honey-suckle, the friend of the bees, and my friend. The tall star of Bethlehem; greenish: I do not much care for it. The evening primrose; bright yellow. The crimson-colored persicaria. The pink, that every body must love. Catchfly; many sorts of them; red, white, rose-colored, and red and white. Navelwort; yellow. Stonecrop; gold-color. Champion; rose-color. Meadow-sweet; yellowish white. A great many sorts of roses and dog roses, of different shades of red. The bramble; white and pink. The strawberry; white. Poppies; bright red with black spots. The handsome white and yellow water-lily. The lime-tree, with very small pale yellow bunches of flowers, that smell so sweetly after a little shower of rain: it is very pleasant to stand under a lime-tree, and hear and see the bees humming and gathering their honey. The cistus; yellow, pale yellow, and white. The columbine; purple. Traveller's joy; white: it sometimes climbs all over a hedge. Pheasant's eye; dark red. Crowfoot; yellow. Wild thyme; purple and white: the flower that papa told us the bees will fly so far to suck. Mamma's favorite, the eye-bright; white and purple, with yellow streaks. Snap-dragon; blue and violet-colored, and purple and white. The foxglove; reddish and dotted: it is a tall and slender flower, and

looks very handsome with its rows of bells down the stalk. Crane's-bill; there are several sorts of this flower, of a blue, red, pale blue, and pale red: I am very fond of this flower. Marsh-mallow, and the other sorts; of a lilac-color, and striped. The everlasting-pea; a handsome red flower. Tares; blueish and gray. Trefoil; pale red and pale purple. St. John's-wort; there are many sorts, and all yellow: the park-leaf St. John's-wort I think the handsomest. Several kinds of the hawk-weed; yellow, bright yellow, and orange. Thistles; purple and crimson. The orchis; green and dull purple. These are all the field flowers I can recollect, papa; and I believe most of our garden flowers that were in blossom last month are still blowing."

"Well, Adam," said his father, "I did not expect that you could give me such a list as this. If there were no more flowers now than those you have named, we should still have reason to be proud of the month of JULY."



CHAPTER VIII.

AUGUST.

'Come to the yellow fields, golden with corn!
The brawny August, with fast-reaping hand,
Lays low the earth's tall plumes of pride; and blithe
Young gleaners, in bee-swarms, trample the shorn
Stout stubble down, with naked feet and torn,
In little laps garnering allowed tithes;
And wheaten sheaves are bound with strawy band,
And to the hungry barn brown Ceres' wain is borne.
With no more music than the woods afford,
No daintier food than is the wild strawberry,
With water from clear brooks which clean deer ford,
We may be fed, and pleased,——
And fear not but the day's sweet exercise
Will bring night's balmy slumber to our eyes."

Lyric Leaves.

"ADAM," said Mr. Stock, "do you remember what Octavius Cæsar, the first of the Roman emperors, was called?" "Yes, papa, he afterwards took the name of Augustus." "Well, then, the title of the present month was changed in honor of him. Before his advancement to the dominion of the Roman empire, July and August used to be called Quintilis and Sextilis, or fifth and sixth months, being the fifth and sixth in succession from March, which was, originally, the first of the year: and, in consequence, September, October

November, and December, were considered, as their names signify in Latin, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months.

"Come, my boy, we must set to work, and prepare yonder bed for the purpose of sowing some winter spinach for our early spring crop. That bed, I mean, under the south wall; it is a good piece of soil, and lies dry and well for the winter sun. Now, you shall do all this yourself; so dig it up in your neatest manner, and next week you shall sow the seed. Scatter it thinly over the surface, then tread it in, and, lastly, rake it over lightly. If we have good fortune with the seed, we shall have a fine crop of spinach for our dinners of early lamb, and many a good supper of it with poached eggs. I will now give you full directions for managing this spinach bed, in order that I may prove whether you bear in mind what I tell you. So, remember that you get the prickly-seeded spinach for the winter crop, because the plants are more hardy. Then, do not forget, when the plants have come up about an inch above the ground, to weed the bed, at the same time thinning it, leaving a space of about four inches between each plant of spinach. While you are performing this task, I will be preparing two beds for sowing cabbage seed for our next summer and autumn supply; and then I will prepare and manure that piece of ground for transplanting some of the young broccoli plants, which will be coming into perfection next spring with the lamb and spinach. I shall plant them about two feet asunder, and you must remind me to water them now and then, if the weather continue dry. I must also hoe up the earth round the stems of those which we planted out last month. After this job, I shall transplant some of those savoys, at the same dis-

tance from each other, and I expect many a fine dish from them, all through November, December, and January.

“The next thing will be to prepare a bed or two for onions, to come in with our spring salads, and some carrots. As you and your brothers and sisters are fond of radishes and small salad, you may prepare a small bed for each. They will be ready for cropping by the time you have consumed the last stock. And do not forget to remind me, towards the end of the month, that I sow some cauliflower seed for our spring supply.”

In the course of the present month, both father and son did not omit to clear the young asparagus plants from weeds, and to transplant more celery from the seed beds into trenches: also to keep carefully earthed up those which they had planted out a month or two previously, and which were growing. They were also careful in watering regularly, while the weather was dry, those young plants which they had last trenched. In the course of their employment, too, they examined every now and then the artichokes; and as the fruit began to fill, they cut off all the small heads that grew upon the suckers, in order that the whole vigor of the plant might be reserved for the principal fruit. And as these reached their full size, and were fit for the table, they broke the stems down to the ground, after cutting the produce. Then they planted out lettuces from the seed beds, and endive upon well-dug ground, setting the roots about a foot apart; first trimming the lower ends and the leaves. Those which had been put out last month, and had grown to a full size, they tied up closely with bass, in order that their inner leaves might become white and fit for salads.

“Papa,” said Adam, “why are the insides of the endive plants white after they have been tied up?” “Because,” said his father, “they are deprived of the benefit of the light of the sun, which is absolutely necessary for giving to them the green tinge which they acquire when growing in a natural state. Have you not observed that the stalks of potatoes, and of other vegetables immediately under the surface of the ground, are always white; and that the parts of the same stem above the ground are green: that is, when they are growing in the open air? To show you that this effect must arise from the action of the sun’s rays, you must remember to have noticed the long stalks from potatoes that we have found growing in the cellar where no light could come to them. They were always perfectly white, and the leaves were paler than the lightest straw-color. All plants become pale and feeble when shut up for a length of time in dark rooms. So earnestly, too, do they seem to desire the light, that potatoes and other vegetables with long stems, when laid in a dark corner of a cellar in which there is a small window at a distance, will uniformly stretch out and grow towards the light; and as soon as they reach it, the portion presented to the light will become green, while all the remainder of the stalk that is still in darkness will continue white. I cannot tell you why the light should make them green, any more than I can explain to you why one flower should always be red, another blue, and another yellow. A reason can, of course, be given for it, as a reason could be given for every thing that happens in nature; nothing takes place without a cause, and this cause was ordered by the same infinitely wise Being that created the plant. Some chemical philosophers have, with great ingenuity, ac-

counted for the different colors in flowers and plants, and when you are a few years older, you will do well to make yourself acquainted with their clever reasonings; at your present age it would be impossible to make you comprehend them.

“In the course of your other engagements, Adam, do not forget your weeding. Your hoe and your fingers must both be busily employed throughout this month. The young weeds must be cleared from the beds of young plants, and the old ones must be cut down before their seed ripens; since the wind would then scatter it all over the garden, and your labor next year would be greatly increased.

“While you are so employed, too, look round, and observe what annuals have ripened into seed; then cut them off carefully, and lay them upon a sheet under the shed in the sun. As soon as they have become thoroughly dry and hard, we will employ some evening in rubbing them out, and packing them away in parcels. We will also sow some corn-salad for our winter and early spring dinners.

“Every evening, so long as the weather continues dry, you may give each of the cucumber plants some water, and our crop will in consequence be the more abundant.

“I am not sure that I shall sow any more turnips this year; but I must make up my mind before the middle of this month, or it will be too late. You, however, may hoe that bed by the medlar tree, where those young ones are; and thin out the smallest plants for the cow, leaving the larger ones at about six inches' distance from each other.”

One day, while they were at work, they noticed how much they were troubled by wasps: at his father's de-

sire, therefore, Adam filled some phials about half full of treacle and water, and hung them in various quarters of the garden, upon branches of the wall trees. The quickness with which these little creatures discover any sweet provision (of which they are very fond) is truly surprising. It is worthy of remark, that at dinner, during the fruit season, wasps rarely intrude at table till the pies are opened; when, in the course of two or three minutes, they will be found to have made their way into the room and become a part of the guests, though uninvited and unwelcome. Their scent is as keen as that of a blood-hound.

“See if there be any manure-water, Adam,” said his father; “if we have none, get the two-gallon watering-pots; dip some of the soft pond-water and put a good handful of salt into each; and then give it to those vines against the house: in the mean time I will be removing the young shoots upon them, above the fruit. And after that I will trim and dispose the peach and nectarine trees. Remember, also, with your hoe and rake, to clear and remove the weeds from the fruit-borders. A neat appearance is not the only benefit that will be derived from this step; but the fruit itself will be more quickly ripened, and its flavor improved, by the rays of the sun being reflected from the smooth surface of the ground.”

They also from time to time attended to their flower-garden; watering the annuals regularly, and putting sticks to support those which required them. They cut down also the stalks of those perennials that had done blowing, and at the same time loosened the earth at the top of the roots, removing some of it and replacing it with new mould. They likewise propagated many others by dividing the roots; such as the

double rose campion, catchfly, double scarlet lychnis, and double rocket, gentianella, and polyanthuses. Their choicest auriculas they shifted into fresh pots, and sowed fresh seed in pots, sprinkling the seed closely, and covering it about an inch deep. They also transplanted bulbous roots, such as lilies, &c., and sowed some of the seed of the same. Young seedlings of wall-flowers, stocks, sweet-williams, and columbines, they transplanted out into the borders. This work they contrived when the ground was moist after rain.

In the nursery-ground they trimmed the evergreens, clearing the ground of weeds, and transplanting young seedlings. And those which had made strong shoots from their stems near to the ground they cut away close off. Upon those trees which Mr. Stock had budded about three weeks or a month before, he loosened the bass that bound them, to prevent the bud from being too closely pressed, as the branches had swelled.

One day, while they were at work, Adam directed the attention of his father to one of those long-winged species of the swallow, which go by the name of swift. It had been washing itself in the shallow part of a pond by the road-side, and was now grovelling in the dust. The creature had probably been performing this operation in order to clear itself from the vermin with which its body had been tormented. "Only observe, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "what difficulty it has to rise into the air, on account of the uncommon length of its wings. The swift is the last of the swallow tribe that visits this country, and it is the first to take leave of us. This is now the eleventh of the month. In about a week from this time, if you take notice, I make no doubt you will not see one in our neighborhood; they will all have taken their departure for foreign climates.

No one, however, has been able to find out where they go to. The great length of their wings, and the extraordinary speed of their flight, are favorable to their performing long journeys. You will suddenly miss them altogether; and instead of wheeling round and round the old ivy-crowned church steeple, screaming and darting to and fro like lightning, they will, perhaps, in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, be continuing the same occupation round the summit of a mosque or temple in Algiers or Ceuta, in Africa. They are happy creatures; wonderfully provided for their necessities, and enjoying a whole year of summer weather.

"If you make proper observation, you will find that new insects have come into existence this month, and are sporting away their sunny lives from flower to flower. In particular, you will see the elegant little blue butterfly fluttering about with remarkable activity; and another gay little beau, called by the zoologists (which name means, persons learned in the nature and qualities of animals) the '*papilio phleas*.' *Papilio* is the Latin name for butterfly: what *phleas* means, I am unable to say, unless it come from a Greek word of similar sound, and which signifies *clay* or *mud*; importing, perhaps, that this insect, like many others, derives its birth from wet and marshy districts. I have, upon many occasions, noticed that a violent enmity exists between these two little beauties. Frequenting the same tuft of clover, or blossom of the harebell, whenever they approach, they dart at the same moment at each other with courageous rapidity; they buffet and contend, till one is driven from the field, or to a considerable distance from his station, perhaps many hundred yards; when the conqueror returns to his post in triumph; and this strife is maintained as

long as the brilliancy of the sun animates their courage."

One evening, while the family were taking their usual walk, and admiring the beautiful shapes and colors of the clouds round the setting sun, and the dark tint of the trees as seen against the flaming gold of the sky, the children noticed the swarms of gnats above their heads, and which kept pace with them as they walked. "And what a noise they make," said Mary; "it is like the boys of the village at play, a good way off." "Yes," said her mother, "and those small, gray, and unseemly looking creatures, when examined closely with a microscope, make as fine a show, with lofty tufts of feathers, as any lady you ever saw going to a grand ball. The great and wise Creator of all things has shown the same minute attention in the formation and adorning of the smallest as of the largest of his creatures: and why not? The gnat and the ostrich, the ant and the elephant, are equally objects of his care; and large and small are only so by comparison, according to the formation of our eyes. If we make use of very powerful magnifying glasses, an ant may be made to appear the size of a dog or a sheep; and by the same instrument we discern creatures that the human eye could never have perceived without such assistance. The most astonishing circumstance, however, to reflect upon in the creation of these minute beings, is, that their internal formation is in all material points the same as that of the most gigantic creatures. They have a heart and lungs; and as they suffer from pain, there is no doubt that they are furnished with nerves. Now, when you hear, Adam, that in so large a creature as a man, his nerves are distributed over every portion of his frame, and that num-

bers of these nerves are more delicate than the finest hair on his head, what are we to think of the same organs of feeling being proportioned to the body of an animal so small as not to be visible without the help of a magnifying-glass! This thought alone is sufficient to make the deepest philosopher and the most ingenious mechanic feel the insignificance of all his discoveries, and skill in handicraft. The most perfect instrument that ever was invented by man, is a clumsy piece of work compared with that little solitary piece of mechanism that composes only a small part of the animal frame;—I mean the EYE."

In the course of the present month Adam and his father planted out many of the small seedling forest and other trees, where they were found too much crowded together. These they set in uniform rows in their nursery bed, both for future use, for their own shrubbery, and for sale. Towards the end of the month, too, they prepared a plot of ground for transplanting other trees in autumn, which is the fitter season. This they did by first clearing off all the large weeds and laying them in a heap; afterwards they dug the earth all over, and deep, trenching it up in high ridges, that it might derive all the benefit possible from the rains, the dew, and the sun.

In addition to the labors of the month already mentioned as performed by our two industrious and happy gardeners, they sowed the seeds of various bulbous plants, such as tulips, hyacinths, irises, and crown-imperials; also, the seed of anemone, ranunculus, mignonette, and auricula, in pots and boxes. They likewise planted out young sweet-williams, wall-flowers, scabious, stocks, and many other perennials, for autumnal flowering.

One afternoon, after they had finished as much work as Mr. Stock thought sufficient for the day, he summoned the family, and proposed that, as they had last month assisted in the hay-harvest, they should now go and witness the more important gathering in of the wheat.

"This used to be," said he, "a far more mirthful season with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and even with our own ancestors in this island, than it is in the present day. With them it was a season of great joy, and feasting, and dancing; not forgetting, at the same time, to offer the tribute of gratitude and thanksgiving for the bounteous wealth with which they were stored against the approaching season of wintry desolation. The Greeks and Romans, as you have heard and read, worshipped many gods, whom they represented under various forms and appearances, according to the object of their wants, praise, or prayer. For instance, Jupiter or Jove they considered the great and presiding father of the universe, the controller of all events; and, in order to impress the unlettered multitude with the most reverential sentiments of his majesty, bounty, and beneficent nature, as that of a parent and provider for his children, they represented him under the form of a mild, grave, thoughtful, and very handsome human being. He was supposed always to preside in heaven. Then all the other grand objects in nature they supposed to be controlled by distinct and separate deities, inferior in power, yet powerful in their several spheres. Thus, all the four elements had their several presiding deities, the fire, air, earth, and water. Others, again, were supposed to control the actions of men; and the regions of the dead, where reward or punishment was adjudged for a life passed in good or evil practices, had their separate divinities. All these, according to their

immediate wants and necessities, men were in the habit of intreating, or of celebrating in hymns of praise and thanksgiving for blessings received, or desires fulfilled. The deity presiding over the fruits of the earth most necessary for the sustenance of man, as corn, they represented under the form of a very beautiful woman, bearing in her hand a wheat-sheaf and a sickle, and they called her CERES. She was distinctly styled the goddess of harvest: and when the husbandman cast his seed into the earth, he would implore her assistance in bringing it to perfection: and when this was accomplished, he celebrated her goodness in thanksgiving and acts of joy, accompanied with dancing, and the crowning of her statue with flowers.

"You are aware that our island was formerly conquered by the Romans; those people, therefore, introduced many of their customs among our ancestors; and this ceremony of feasting and dancing at a harvest-home, together with the crowning of the last sheaves with flowers, is derived from them; and in some parts of England it has not wholly passed away, although the religion to which it gave rise never prevailed here, and has yielded to one which, in its pure state, is calculated to make men both wiser, and more like the benevolent Creator of all things, and therefore more happy.

"If these rejoicings and feastings have nearly passed away," said Mr. Stock; "if the one has been thought foolish, and the other has been discontinued from too great a love of gain, I do not find that people are wiser than they were in those simple times; I am sure they are not richer, for they have more wants; and they are certainly not happier, for overlabor and anxiety after riches do not produce peace of mind. I am sorry

for my countrymen, who seek happiness from aiming to be like their superiors in station, rather than in moderation and content; and I am more sorry for the poor laboring husbandmen, who are ground down in their wages, and no longer are suffered to rejoice in such merry-makings, on account of the pride and avarice of their rich employers. Old England is no longer the merry country it used to be to the working classes. There is more learning and less happiness among us; which should not, and I hope, ere long, will not be the case. However, master Oldfield, whom we shall visit to-day, is one of the few farmers who keep up the customs of their ancestors. He gives his men a good supper of beef and beer at harvest-home; he allows them moderate wages, yet better than many of his neighbors do; and the consequence is, that he is not only better served than they, but in the midst of all the burnings of ricks, and other violent outrages that have taken place in the county, his property has been spared."

After passing the afternoon in the wheat-field, the children amusing themselves with catching and examining the most curious butterflies and other insects that came under their notice, the whole party, harvestmen and all, when the last load of corn had been ricked, sat down to a famous old-English supper of beef, pudding, and home-brewed ale, that had been prepared for them in the barn.

After their homely but substantial meal, the men all had one mug of ale each, and a pipe of tobacco, and the whole party went singing home to bed, where they slept as many rich men do not; that is, all through the night. Mr. Stock and his family, on their return, were just able to notice two fern-owls flying round and round an old oak, uttering their loud and disagreeable

scream. The children wanted to know what they were doing there, and were informed that they were in search of their food, which consists of moths and cock-chaffers. They also heard the merry chattering of that little bird, the nut-hatch.

At breakfast the next morning Adam, unbidden, gave his father the following list of flowers that had come into bloom during the month: "Dear papa, among the shrubs that blossom in August, are, several kinds of roses, one of them the Chinese rose; though I think that seems to be almost always blowing; for I remember seeing a tree against a house, that was covered with flowers when the frost was on the ground. Then there is the althea-frutex, the shrubby cinquefoil, and that beautiful thing the passion-flower. Among the evergreens, there is the ever-blowing rose; that very grand flower and plant, the magnolia. And among the plants are, American groundsel; marvel of Peru; the beautiful cardinal-flower; a great many kinds of my favorite pinks and carnations; the sweet and yellow sultan; lady's-traces; and the beautiful blue campanulas. Among the bulbous roots, there is the meadow-saffron, which flowers before the leaves come up; the belladonna lily; and the Guernsey lily. In the fields are, the enchanter's nightshade, which is, I think, reddish and blue; several speedwells, all blue; but some very dark, and some pale. The red valerian, which is rose-colored. A great many sorts of rushes, but I like the bulrush the best. And a great many grasses too, and the shapes and colors of some are pretty. The scabious, a dark and light purple. The pleasant-smelling bed-straw, which is like a hay-field when it is dried. Wild madder, not very pretty; and plantains, not pretty too. Scorpion-grasses, bright

blue. Scarlet pimpernel, that has a violet-colored mouth; and the bog pimpernel, which is rose-colored. Seven or eight sorts of the bell-flower; all blue, or blue and white, and some of them rather large and handsome. Touch-me-not, yellow. Three sorts of violet; the dog's, heart's-ease, and yellow-mountain. Mulleins; one sort is tall and handsome, and of a bright yellow. The centaury, which is bright pink. The common woodbine, or honey-suckle; every body knows the color of that. Gentians, a deep blue, a bright blue, and purplish. Sea-eringo, bright blue; and field-eringo, which is white and purplish. The common shepherd's needle, white. Four or five sorts of the water-parsnip; they too are white and greenish. Water-hemlock, white again. Slender hare's-ear, yellowish. Common thrift, rose-colored. Matted thrift, of a purplish blue. The great broad-leaved docks; the leaves are finer than the flowers, which are not handsome. Water-plantains, white with yellow spots, and light purple. The common evening primrose, which is light yellow. Willow-herb, crimson. Heaths, rose and white, red and white. Persicaria, crimson; a very pretty flower. Saxifrage, bright yellow; and champions, which are white, rose, and yellow. Chick-weeds, a very little white flower. Blackberry. Strawberry. The bright yellow creeping cinquefoil. Pheasant's eye, a very handsome little flower, crimson with black spots. The golden crowfoots. Several sorts of mint, dark purple and reddish. Marjoram, light purple; and the sweet-smelling wild thyme. Common eye-bright; mamma's favorite again. Snap-dragons blue, white, rose-colored, and yellow. Purple sea-rock- et. Stork's-bill and crane's-bill, rose-colored, purple, and reddish purple. Mallows, pale rose; the boys at

school called them cheeses, and we used to eat them. Common furmitory, rose-colored, and dark red. The everlasting-pea. Tares, pale blue, and purple and white. Trefoils. Dutch clover and common clover; all these my friends, the bees, are very fond of; and if you pull out the little pipy blossoms and suck the ends, you may taste the honey. The St. John's-worts, which were in flower last month, are not yet out. The blossom, which is as shining as gold, and the leaves, that are of a bright and glossy green, are very handsome. There are nine or ten sorts of hawk-weed, and all of a yellow color. The common burdock, which is purple, and many kinds of thistle, which make the humble-bees tipsy. Goldy-locks and the common tansy, which are both a bright yellow. Sea-starwort, blue and yellow. The common golden-rod and the daisy. The ox-eye, yellow; and the corn bluebottle, the shape of which is like a wreath round mamma's head. Sweet lady's-traces, whitish; and the red-berried bryony, also white."

"Well, Adam," said his father, "this is, indeed, a long list, but I cannot think that you made it all out without any assistance." "No, papa," said he, smiling, "I looked into the '*Domestic Gardener's Manual*' the other day, and saw them there; so I copied them out; but I only took the names of those which I knew and liked."*

* To the adult reader of this little work, if he or she have a taste for studying the practical or scientific department of horticulture, the author would strongly recommend the above-named *Manual* as a *vade mecum*. The writer of the work is not a mere gardener, hackneyed in the beaten paths of the art, (although he is essentially so, too,) but he is a patient natural philosopher, and an admirable chemist; and he has, upon every possible occasion, brought the sublime speculations resulting from the study of those ennobling sciences to bear upon the improvement of his favorite occupation—that of horticulture.

“Ah—ah! you sly rogue!” said his father; “however, it was a very innocent cheat to put upon me. I hope, for your own sake, my dear boy, you may never be guilty of a more serious piece of deception, and then nothing can prevent your becoming a very happy man. Bear in mind, to your life’s end, the saying of your friend, Mr. Vincent, that ‘there is nothing in the whole world worth the cost and trouble of a LIE.’ The uniform simplicity and honesty of his character, throughout his valuable life, have gained him more admiration and love from those who have known him, than his shining musical talents; yet these of themselves alone would command the respect of mankind.

“Well, I think, if we look back, we shall not find any part of the year in which we have more cause for delight and gratitude, than in the brilliant harvest month of AUGUST.”



CHAPTER IX.

SEPTEMBER.

Ruddy SEPTEMBER, with wide wicker-maunds,
Treads his full orchards now, and at all hours
Gathers delicious sweets, where are no sour.
And numerous rural youth, in clamorous bands,
With nut-hooks armed, clamber with knees and hands
Old hazel trees, and brown nuts rain in showers,
Pattering and pelting every maid that stands
Within their sportive reach, who fall like flowers
When hard hails pelt, and feign alarming cries.

And thus the merry month wears well away,
With feast and fruit, revel and roundelay.”—*Cornelius Weble.*

At five o'clock in the morning of the 1st of September, while Adam and his father were at work in the garden, they heard the report of a gun. “This is the first day for partridge-shooting,” said Mr. Stock; “and probably with that shot some poor bird at this moment lies dead, or has flown away wounded and bleeding.” Adam inquired whether it was more cruel to kill birds than sheep and oxen. “Certainly not,” said his father; “I only object to the manner of doing the act. It seems to be as much the nature of man to require flesh for his support, as grass and other vegetables are necessary to the sheep and ox. If, therefore, life must be sacrificed that man may live, I would have life

• Baskets.

taken in the most easy and sudden way possible; and, above all things, I would not have it made a sport and a pastime. We should feel very much shocked if butchers were always to make the slaying of sheep and oxen a season of amusement and lengthened cruelty. The abominable custom of bull-baiting, and similar barbarities towards our domestic animals, has, indeed, been abolished by law; yet, although the common people are not permitted to hunt bulls to death, the gentlemen are allowed to worry with dogs a poor hare or stag, till its heart bursts with fright and agony. It may be said that these are wild creatures, and that there is no other mode of destroying them than by the gun or the hound. This is not true: many other ways may be pointed out, by which they could be as effectually as suddenly killed. But this is not the object of the sportsmen. Their delight is not merely in the death of the hare, fox, or stag, but the longer the time before that death is accomplished, the greater is their pleasure. If any one of those animals will run twenty or thirty miles before it is caught and killed, their happiness is complete. Besides, their object is not to destroy them as vermin and mischievous creatures; for the greater part of our sporting nobility have in their parks portions of land laid out for the only purpose of preserving foxes, that they may hunt them; and any poor little farmer who should kill one that has invaded his hen-roost, or a hare that has devoured the bark of his young fruit-trees, would, in all probability, be harassed and persecuted by the rich owner, for what is called the offence: yet the person who would prosecute him kills the creature himself, only in another and more cruel way. I myself knew an instance of a poor small farmer, who, with his

whole family, was deprived of their only means of livelihood, because he had killed a fox belonging to his rich landlord, although the animal had laid waste almost the whole stock of the poor fellow's young ducks and chickens. These, among many others, are the acts of injustice which make the common (that is, the poor) people reflect with so much bitterness upon their superiors in wealth.

“In partridge and other shooting, if the marksman could be as sure of his aim as he would be in wringing off the neck of the bird, it would be the most desirable mode of extinguishing life; for when the shot strikes a vital part, it is as sudden in effect as can be contrived. But the case is frequently otherwise, and many a poor bird flies away with a mangled body, and when exhausted through pain and loss of blood, it dies miserably.”

When they had finished this little dissertation upon hunting and shooting, “Now, Adam,” said Mr. Stock, “as soon as you have completed that job of weed-hoeing, I would have you dig up yonder bed of light loamy soil; and dig it as deep, and make it as light as you can; and then plant out about fifty or a hundred of those lettuces from the seed bed which we sowed last month; and do the same at the end of every week during the present month: we shall then have a good supply of sallad during autumn, winter, and early spring; but remember, that the last crop must be taken from those that were the last sown in August, and the best situation for them would be under the south wall there. Plant them all in rows, six inches apart, and at the same distance from each other.” While Adam was occupied with the above task, his father was preparing a nursery-bed to receive some

young cauliflower plants that had been sown in the latter end of the preceding month, and which he intended to remove in about ten days or a fortnight, setting them about three inches asunder. When he had planted out as many as he thought proper, he covered them with a frame and glass, shading them also from the sun till they had struck root; when this had taken place, the glass and covering were removed, and replaced only in cases of heavy rain. In about five weeks from that time he again planted them out in a sheltered bed, where they were to remain all winter. In the progress of this work they likewise hoed, weeded, and plentifully watered those cauliflowers which were intended for the table in October and November. The same course was also pursued with respect to the young broccoli plants; setting out seedlings, hoeing, weeding, and watering those that had already advanced. Young savoy and cabbage plants they pricked out for the late autumn and winter crops; and twice during the month they planted out celery for the spring supply; trimming the roots and tops, and setting them about four inches apart. Those rows which had been planted in former months, they took care to keep constantly earthed up, and on those days when the plants were dry; cautiously avoiding injury to the stalks, or burying them too deeply. Those endive plants that had reached their full growth they tied round with bass to whiten their hearts; and those which had been sown last month they planted out in a warm bed for winter salads. The spinach, onion, and turnip beds were thinned out and constantly weeded. In fine dry weather, too, they gathered the seeds of all such plants as had become fully ripe. Here was a great deal of work done, and it is not to be supposed that it was

done in an hour, or even a day; indeed, with their other duties in the garden, it occupied our laborers from time to time through the whole month.

During the first week they noticed, during the day, the loud and frequently repeated clamor of the stone-curlew; and Adam was pleased with watching the flights of those pretty little songsters, the goldfinches, with their broods of young ones; at one time flying from branch to branch of the gooseberry and currant trees, then hovering in the sunshine over a shallow brook that crept along at the bottom of their garden, where they

“ Would sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak.”—*John Keats.*

And all day long upon the chimney-tops some swallows would sit and twitter, and trill and take up the tune from one another like practised concert singers. Adam said, he supposed they were settling the time when they should fly away to another country. “Aye,” said his father, “they, and the linnets, the martins, and the starlings, will, in about a fortnight’s time, begin to gather in flocks, and leave us for pleasanter skies; and in their place we shall have the woodcock, fieldfare, and several other kinds of winter birds. The blackbird and the thrush remain constantly with us, and about this time make our homesteads ring again with their fine deep and mellow voices. It is delightful to hear the stillness of a woody dell broken at sunset by the rich and commanding note of a blackbird. These charming songsters formerly bore, and in some parts of the country still bear, the name of the ouzel cock, and the throstle: how agreeably Shakspeare has described them in the following simple words of a song!

' The ouzel cock so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill ;
The throstle with his note so true ;
The wren with little quill.'

The flight of the woodcock has long puzzled the English naturalists.* It is a bird not remarkable for length of wing, and when it has taken up its abode among us, is rarely seen flying; and even when disturbed by a dog and gun, will remove to but a very short distance; yet it almost always enters our island on the eastern coast, and is supposed to make the long journey over sea from the country of Norway. Large flocks congregate, and suddenly make their appearance among us on a bright moon-light night. Their departure too is as sudden, and as secret. It should seem, that, like moths, they are attracted by a strong light; for some twenty years ago, the keeper of the North Foreland light-house, in the Isle of Thanet, informed me that he had not unfrequently in a morning found one or two at the foot of the building, dead from the violence with which they struck their skulls against the windows." "I wonder they did not break the glass," said Adam. "The glass is so thick that it would almost break *your* head if you were to butt against it," said his father. "You are aware," he continued, "that the woodcock is considered to be so dainty a bird in its feeding, that when it is served up at table, the entrails also are cooked with it, and laid upon a toast. I know no other instance of the entrails of an animal being esteemed palatable; at least, by persons in civilized society: they are, however, thought to be a delicacy. That portion of the bird is called the *trail*. The woodcock very rarely breeds in England; when it does, the circumstance may arise from its having been

* See White's Natural History of Selborne.—Eds.

wounded in the winter by the sportsmen, and its being consequently unable to take its long journey in the spring, the time when it usually leaves us. The woodcock makes its nest upon the ground, and during the period of hatching its eggs is so tame, that a gentleman who discovered one upon the nest, often stood over, and even stroked it; notwithstanding which, it hatched its young ones, and disappeared with them at the regular time. The woodcock is called a silly bird, because of its gentle and trusting nature: men and women who put too much confidence in each other are frequently called silly, and always by knaves.

While Adam was employed about one or other of the tasks enumerated a page or two back, his father was engaged in superintending the fruit of the peach and nectarine trees, and vines, by removing superfluous leaves, which would cause too heavy a shade and prevent the ripening influence of the sun. A slight covering of leaves is advantageous to fruit, for they shield it from the sharp chills that arise an hour or two before sunrise. He also prepared ground for the transplanting of young fruit-trees, and laid out and digged beds for strawberry plants. One of the pleasantest occupations of this month, however, was the gathering of the apples and pears, which is always done when the weather is fine and very dry: but he, and his brothers and sisters who helped him, were particularly cautioned not to pull the fruit away roughly, for fear of injuring the bearing wood.

Towards the latter part of the month, our gardeners turned their attention to the various flower roots that required their care. They digged and prepared ground for hyacinth and tulip bulbs; planted out ranunculus and anemone roots; sowed seed of the same plants in

pots or boxes for the next spring, not forgetting to remove them under shelter when the storms and frosts of winter set in. They also cut away and planted out in beds and pots the strongest layers of carnations that had struck root; shifted auriculas in pots, and sowed fresh seed; transplanted perennials, such as carnations, sweet-williams, stocks, seedling wall-flowers, &c. They dugged up the flower borders, both for the purpose of neatness, and to destroy the weeds; clipped the box edgings, and planted out fresh where there were gaps and deficiencies. Adam kept the grass constantly mown once a week, and with his shears trimmed its edges. He also rolled the walks and destroyed the weeds. Never were such gardeners seen for neatness and punctuality.

One fine afternoon in the last week of the month, the whole family set off to a neighboring wood with sacks and satchels, upon a nutting expedition. Each was furnished with a hooked stick for the convenience of pulling down the boughs of the trees. On their way, Tom, like another St. George and the dragon, slew a snake that had crawled forth to bask on a sunny bank, and afterwards carried it in triumph on his staff, which had served him for a spear. Besides their two favorites, the blackbird and the thrush, they were entertained with the sweet little note of the wood-lark. "A very curious mode of taking the common field lark," said the father, "I read the other day in that beautiful work upon sporting and other amusements, entitled '*The Field Book.*' It is called '*twirling for larks,*' and is peculiar to the French. The following is the manner in which the author has described this sport: 'The larks are attracted in great numbers to any given spot, by a singular contrivance

called a mirror. This is a small machine made of a piece of mahogany, shaped like a chapeau bras, (what we term a cocked, or opera hat,) and highly polished, or else it is made of common wood, inlaid with small bits of looking-glass, so as to reflect the sun's rays upwards; it is fixed on the top of a thin iron rod, or an upright spindle, dropped through an iron loop or ring, attached to a piece of wood to drive into the ground. By pulling a string, fastened to the spindle, the mirror twirls, and the reflected light unaccountably attracts the larks, who hover over it, and become a mark for the sportsman. In this way, says an old sportsman, I have had capital sport. A friend of mine actually shot six dozen before breakfast. While he sat on the ground, he pulled the twirler himself, and his dogs fetched the birds as they dropped. Sometimes as many as ten or a dozen parties are out together, firing at a distance of five or six hundred yards; and in this way the larks are kept constantly on the wing. The most favorable mornings are, when there is a gentle light frost, with little or no wind, and a clear sky; for when there are clouds, the larks will not approach. One would think the birds themselves enjoyed their destruction; for the fascination of the twirler is so strong, as to rob them of the usual fruits of experience. After being fired at several times, they return to the twirler, and form again into groups above it; some of them even fly down and settle upon the ground within a yard or two of the astonishing instrument, looking at it this way, and that way, and all ways together, as if nothing had happened.' "

After they had rambled about and filled almost all their sacks, the boys collected a good store of beech nuts for their aunt's squirrel. "If we were now in

some parts of the New Forest in Hampshire," said Mrs. Stock, "we might hear the herdsman's horn calling his hogs home to bed after their day's meal of acorns and beech-mast. When we return home, one of the brothers shall read, in Gilpin's Forest Scenery, the entertaining account of the way in which they manage those swinish aldermen at this season of the year."

The sun had now drawn nearly to the close of his journey, and was shooting his level beams between the trunks of the trees. The party, therefore, began to bend their steps homeward, and upon reaching the outskirts of the wood, they all at once expressed their admiration and delight at the grandeur and beauty of the heavens. It was one of those gorgeous sunsets for which our climate is so remarkable during the first autumnal months. They saw above and around them nothing but the richest and most vivid colors. In the centre was the golden glory of the luminary; next to this, and mixed in streaks with gold, were dashes of pale green; at a greater distance, and circling the sun so as to form, as it were, the mouth of a vast cavern, were purple clouds deeply crimsoned towards their edges; and at the extreme edge nearest the sun they were of a bright copper-gold. Still farther removed, the clouds were mottled like tortoise-shell; their sides next the sun being rose-pink, and the opposite ones of a grave indigo tint. Above was one superb expanse of gold, green, purple, and crimson; and below, the rays of the orb were giving the surrounding trees gold for gold: for there were, in succession, the plane, the hazel, the maple, the ash, and the hornbeam, all of a fine bright yellow, and made brighter. The dull brown of the sycamore was enlivened; the orange-leaf of the

elm, the tawny yellow of the hawthorn, and fine red of the wild cherry, all showed to advantage. Besides these pleasant delights to the eye, they were regaled with the agreeable smell of the wood, and of the dried leaves which they crushed under foot in their passage. They also, from time to time, slightly caught the odor of burning weeds, brought in a long unbroken train by the evening breeze from some of the neighboring corn fields; for the harvest was all gathered in, even to the beans, which are the last to ripen.

"After the pleasures you have had this day, Adam," said his mother, "I think you cannot much regret the coming in of autumn. It is true that it is the first show of decay in the year; the mornings and evenings are sometimes chilly, and saddened by mists and fogs, and our merriest songsters have deserted us; yet, like the age of a well-spent youth, it has its beauties: each season of the year, and of life, bringing with it appropriate blessings. We never can be very unhappy so long as we possess one cheerful friend,—good health, with an innocent heart. To-morrow you will bring your father your monthly list of flowers; we shall then see whether we have great reason to be discontented with autumn. Here we are at home; and now you may all have some fruit or a syllabub for supper; perhaps you would not object to both: well, I believe I must indulge you, for you have all been good children."

On the following morning, at breakfast, Adam presented his father with the following list, which he had written out: "Among the shrubs in flower this month, papa, there are the China rose, both the pale and dark red color; the shrubby cinquefoil, and the laurustinus. Among plants and bulbous roots, are the Michaelmas

daisy, the autumnal gentian, golden-rod, sunflower, meadow-saffron, autumnal crocus, European cyclamen, and five or six kinds of lily. These are all in our garden. Then, in the fields, there is the spiked speedwell, of a deep blue color; the wild English clary, violet-colored; red valerian, crocus-saffron, purple; a great many grasses; lady's-mantle, green; lobelia, lightish blue; the pansy violet, and yellow mountain violet; the common nightshade, white; the dwarf-branched centaury, a fine pink; the common honey-suckle, or woodbine, red and buff; two or three sorts of gentian, all blue; the common shepherd's-needle, or Venus'-comb, white; slender hare's-ear, rather yellow; common meadow-saffron, light purple, or white; common evening primrose, a bright yellow; fine-leaved heath, crimson; biting persicaria, red, white, and green; blackbird weed, greenish white, or reddish; common strawberry tree, greenish white; yellow mountain saxifrage, yellow, or dotted with red; maiden pink, rose-color; campion, or catchfly, white, and white and red; common chick-weed, white; narrow-leaved chick-weed mouse-ear, white; Irish rose, a light blush; hautboy strawberry; pheasant's eye, or corn Adonis flower, crimson, and dotted with black; crowfoot, gold-color; common vervain, blueish; ten or eleven sorts of mint, all of different shades of purple and red; common eye-bright, white, yellow, and purple; two or three sorts of snap-dragon, either blue, violet, and yellow, or orange; toad-flax, gray, with blue stripes; sweet alysson, white; purple sea-rocket; crane's-bill, two or three sorts, crimson or purple; marsh-mallow and dwarf-mallow, pale rose or lilac; large-flowered St. John's-wort, yellow; hawk-weeds and hawk-beards, yellow; goldy-locks, bright yellow; common

chamomile, white, and yellow round the edge; sweet lady's-traces, white; spurge, reddish; red-berried bryony, white; jointed pipe-wort, white, and a little colored with purple. These are all I can find and think of, papa." "And your list is a very good one," said Mr. Stock, "though a botanist would have added nearly as many more specimens; when, therefore, we consider the fine show of colors in flowers, the beautiful varieties in the foliage of the trees, the brilliancy of the sunsets, with the well-tempered heat of the weather, and the delicious fruits that are ready to drop into our mouths, who could, with justice, feel dissatisfied with the month of SEPTEMBER?"

13



CHAPTER X.

OCTOBER.

"Few flowers, OCTOBER, coronal thy head,
 And those are loath'd by the love-kissing bee.

 Now all the honey of their mouths is shed.

 The violet, too, like an immortal mind,
 Lives, yet not breathes; and every nook and bower,
 Which sun and poets loved, withers—grass, leaf, and flower."
Lyric Leaves.

"THE month of October is frequently a very fine one in our climate," said Mr. Stock to his son Adam, as they were sowing some Mazagan beans in a seed bed under a south wall, hoping that they would survive the winter frosts, and, when transplanted, ripen early in the following spring. "The weather is often warm," he added, "but not too warm for work; for the nights have become longer, and therefore the heats of the day have decreased: yet the earth still retains some of the influence of the midsummer sun, and, in consequence, the temperature of October is more agreeable, although, perhaps, not so invigorating as it is three months before the coming on of the dog-days. The autumnal fogs are now come on; and it is pleasant to watch in the early morning, as the sun gains power, the gradu-

al lifting up of that thick, gray-colored veil, which afterwards forms itself into grand rocky clouds. The sunsets, too, are richly varied and beautiful in October. It is in many respects a cheerful month, for the hay and corn are all safely stored in the farmer's yard; the hops, too, that flavor and preserve our noble country ales, are picked and stowed away in the merchants' warehouses in their bulky sacks; (called pockets;) the fruits and vegetables, which are to serve for our winter feasting and repast, are also gathered. The oak and beech mast are ripe for the squirrels to hoard up against winter; also for the hogs, deer, and wood-pigeons. The hedges look red with the fruit of the hawthorn and dog-rose, which supply the blackbird, the fieldfare, and the thrush, with many a hearty meal in the bitter weather. Our forests are dressed in their richest colors, of sober and sunny auburn, and bright virgin gold; even our dull-looking heaths look gay with the golden blossoms of the prickly furze. Our cellars, too, are stored with cider; and the ale brewed in October is the finest of the year. Thus you see, Adam, that by using our eyes, with a little reflection, how much cause we may discover for delight and gratitude, where, in the first instance, we have felt some despondency or discontent. Every season of the year, even the least attractive, brings with it abundant food for admiration, and love of the Giver of all things.

"Now go and fetch your memorandum book, and while I am finishing this task of preparing the bed to sow the beans, I will dictate to you, as you write upon the arbor seat, all the operations I would have performed during the present month: you will then be at no uncertainty as to the right employment of your time. I will do the same each month to the end of the year;

and, in the next year, I shall wish you to keep a diary; that is, a daily record of all you have done in the garden: you will by this means more readily amend any errors you may hereafter commit. Besides, by acquiring the habit of setting down all you may have observed in the animal and vegetable world immediately around you, you will, by degrees, be laying up a large store of knowledge and useful experience; and some years hence, when you shall become a man, you may desire to write upon this, your favorite occupation, for the instruction of others: your diary will then be found useful to you for reference; in addition to which, the labor of writing for the public will cause you no greater effort than that of inditing a letter to a friend. All young persons should devote a few minutes to putting down upon paper the principal occurrences of the day, and, as often as possible, their thoughts upon those events; and, while doing this, they should strive to write in as clear and intelligible language as possible. Let them once acquire this habit, and all difficulty in after-life will vanish." In a few minutes Adam had brought his book and pencil, and prepared to receive his father's directions, who dictated to him as follows:—

"With respect to the beans I am now sowing to be transplanted hereafter, we must remember to cover them with hand-glasses, if the frosts should prove severe; and upon the first approach of mild weather, when they are about an inch or two above the ground, we shall take them up and set them in rows an inch and a half asunder.

"The next thing will be, during the last week in the month, to sow a few rows of the early Charlton peas in this same south border, about an inch and a

half below the surface. Should hard frosts visit us, we must cover them with straw, pea-haulm, or dry fern. These will come ripe early in May, if we have luck, and the season prove favorable.

"Transplant some of the lettuces that we sowed last month and in August. Some should be planted under frames; they will be finer when required for our winter salads. Those which are left in the seed beds must be cleared from weeds, and thinned when standing too near together. During the severe weather we must cover the beds with matting stretched over arched hoops.

"The small cauliflower plants to be covered with hand-glasses if the weather become wet and cold, particularly at night; raising the glasses during the day, to admit the fresh air. In the last week of the month we must transplant others from the seed bed into a well-manured south border under glasses, putting two or three under each glass. For about a week, or till they have taken root, the coverings must be kept close; afterwards, they may be raised during the day; and during frosty weather shut down again.

"For our cabbage plants we must select a piece of good ground, covering it over with rich and rotten manure. This we must dig in, one spade deep, taking care that the manure be properly buried in the bottom of the trenches; and then set out our plants in rows, two feet asunder, and the same distance between the rows. The weaker plants we will leave in the seed bed, and remove them when the frost has departed.

"Hoe between the broccoli plants, and draw up the earth around their stems: it will protect them during the winter, and promote their growth.

"The winter spinach must be kept perfectly clear

of weeds this month, and thinned, leaving the plants separated, at a distance of about four or five inches.

"Once a week, and when the weather is perfectly dry, we will tie up the endive with strings of bass, and draw the earth nearly to the top of the leaves. This is the best way of blanching that pleasant salad plant.

"Clear well the aromatic herb beds from weeds: I mean the sage, thyme, savory, mint, balm, and so forth. Then scatter some manure over the surface of the ground and dig it slightly in. Cut off the decayed flower stems, and the plants will be the finer for our care in the spring. The mint should be cut down close to the ground.

"We must, during this month, dress the asparagus beds. This will be done by cutting down all the stalks near to the ground; hoeing away all the weeds into the alleys; digging these one spade deep, and spreading the earth evenly over the beds. The old beds should be covered with quite rotten manure, and afterwards with the earth from the alleys. Remember to carry away immediately the stalks of the old plants and the weeds. When this has been done, you may plant in each of the alleys a row of cabbages.

"On dry days earth up the celery; but be careful not to break the leaves, or to bury the hearts of the plants.

"As we are all fond of small salad and radishes, you may sow some of each, with some cabbage-lettuce, to cut while it is young.

"In the latter part of the month, (if the weather be dry,) we will dig up the carrots and potatoes, and carry them into the cellar for winter use. All the spare ground, too, should be well dug and trenched.

"Gather the baking and other winter pears and apples; and let them be *carefully* gathered—not bruised.

"Remind me that, at the end of the month, I look over the wall trees, and prune and nail such as require those operations. All trees, too, that we wish to transplant, may be so done at the end of the month. We may plant out, too, and prune our gooseberries and currants. You yourself shall propagate some gooseberries and currants; and these are the directions you must follow in performing that operation: Select the best bearing trees, and cut off the shoots of the present year's wood: shorten these cuttings to the length of about eighteen inches each, and set them half-way in the earth in a shady border, three inches asunder, in rows of ten or twelve inches apart.

"On a dry day we will dress the strawberry beds: which is to be done by cutting away all the runners close to the mother plant; clearing the rubbish and weeds away; hoeing between the plants without disturbing the roots; then by digging up the alleys, and laying a portion of the earth neatly over the beds and closely round the plants. If we would have fine strawberries next year, we must on no account neglect this precaution.

"The raspberries must be pruned this month, and the young suckers removed to create new plants.

"The shoots of vines and filberts, &c., should be laid down about five or six inches deep in the earth, and they will have taken root by this time twelvemonth, and may be removed.

"Trim the auricula plants in pots; remove the dead leaves, and the plants themselves away from the assaults of wet and frost.

"Make fresh layers of carnations. Dress and dig up the flower borders, and transplant such flowers as we may find necessary to be so done. Divide the

roots of others that have too much increased. Plant bulbous roots. Prune and plant all flowering shrubs, and evergreens. In transplanting a tree, take it up, if possible, with its full ball of earth; when this cannot be done, make a hole sufficiently deep and wide to receive the roots every way with perfect freedom; then loosen the earth at the bottom of the hole. After having pruned the long and straggling roots of the plant, and cut away such as are dead or broken, place it perfectly upright in the hole, and having thrown a small quantity of loose earth, well broken, equally upon the roots, shake the plant gently to make the earth fall in closely about the fibres. When the hole is filled, tread softly round the plant, and water it directly.

"Mow the grass on the lawn, for the last time before next spring; and weed the gravel-walks frequently and thoroughly."

Having finished his instructions for the month, Mr. Stock observed, that plenty of work was provided for them, and that he had named nothing which was not of importance to be attended to.

A succession of beautifully clear and serene days, enabled the happy family to make several excursions in their neighborhood. In one spot they saw apples gathering, and visited the press in which the fruit was crushed to make cider. In another field they noticed the farmer at his employment of sowing corn for the succeeding year. Their father desired them to observe, that nature herself was engaged in the same task as the husbandman, for that every breeze which passed over some clumps of thistles, carried away a portion of its seed inclosed in a ball of down, nearly as light as the air itself. "When these have settled on the ground," said he, "the night dews or rain will

dabble and decay their wings of gauze; and perhaps some sheep, or even little hopping bird, will press the seed sufficiently into the earth to give it the opportunity of taking root, and next year becoming in turn a mother plant." Bella remarked, that the swallows were all gone. "Yes," said her mother, "we no longer see those pretty creatures that made their nest on one of the rafters of our barn, and used to fly in and out over Tom's head while he was carpentering. Familiarity, and the confidence that he would not disturb them, or their young, made them fearless. If they escape the many perils which surround them by sea and land, we shall no doubt welcome them again next spring, and perhaps their offspring. The hen chaffinches too are preparing to leave us; almost all our singing birds *have* gone, except the faithful blackbird, the wood-lark, and robin-red-breast; all of which sing now: but the redwing and the fieldfare have returned; so have the dainty snipe, the hooded crow, (useful to the farmer, though scared away by him,) and the wood-pigeon, who coos as long as the weather keeps mild. In some parts of North America, the flocks of wood-pigeons are so immense, that they have been known to darken the air for a distance of nine or ten miles; and have settled in such numbers upon the trees as to break down rather thick branches. At the end of this month, if the weather set in cold, the dormant animals, that is, those which go to sleep during the winter months, such as the snake, bat, and dormouse, will have prepared and folded themselves up in bed. I dare say the tortoises in the Zoological gardens, are already thinking about creeping under their sand-hillocks, if such a bed be provided for them. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, gives an interesting account of

a tortoise that had inhabited a garden, in his neighborhood, for nearly a hundred years. At this time of the year, if the winds were high, and you were in the neighborhood of a rookery, you would notice the birds dashing about as if in triumphant delight at the tumult of the gale; at the same time they would be busy in repairing their nests: while in serene and fine weather, you would see them equally calm, and sitting perfectly still upon their nest trees. Wild geese are now leaving the fens and coming up into the rye lands, where they will become fat against the approaching hard weather."

On the following morning, while the party who were collected in the garden, variously occupied, and were observing the singular appearance of the ground, particularly of the adjoining fields, which seemed to be covered with snow, from the innumerable webs of that wonderful little creature, the gossamer spider, one of the brothers caught one. It was very minute and short legged, and while they were examining it as it remained in the father's hand, it suddenly darted off, floating away upon the air, and leaving its tender thread attached to the place where it had lately rested. Their father told them, that the same elegant author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, mentioned above, had recorded, that, upon one occasion, when the weather had been unusually serene and cloudless, a shower of these webs continued falling almost the whole day, so that "a diligent person might have gathered baskets full from the grass, trees, and hedges."

Adam reminded his father that in two or three days the month would be concluded, and that his list of flowers ought to be written out. "Well," said Mr. Stock, "you get your catalogue prepared by the eve-

ning, and if it prove tolerably complete, you shall choose your own treat for yourself and brothers for supper." "And I," added their aunt, "if they approve my proposal, will read a little story I have lately written for their amusement."

At the appointed time, the good boy produced the following list, which his father decided to be worthy the promised reward. Adam's monthly record of flowers in bloom.—"I find nothing in blossom in our garden, papa, except the China rose, which, I think, is like the song of the robin, for we have it later than almost any other flower. Also the Michaelmas daisy; that is pretty, now there are so few to compare it with. The laurustinus; and that beautiful shrub, the snow-berry. In the fields, I remember the water-star-wort; its blossom is white: the wild clary, dull blue: the autumnal crocus, a handsome purple: some grasses: a scabious, purplish blue: the common woodbine, dull yellow, and red: the ivy, a pale green: the gentian, pale purple: a deep red heath: the maiden pink, pale rose-color: the common chick-weed, white: the Irish rose, rather pink: pheasant's eye, dark red, with black spots: the crowfoot, bright yellow: ivy-leaved snap-dragon, blue and yellow: crane's-bill, dark and light red: the tree-mallow, purple or dark red: furze, a gold color: the bearded St. John's-wort, yellow: ground-sels, (two or three sorts,) yellow: and the common daisy; every body knows the color of that." "Well," said his father, "with a little observance of the animal and vegetable creation, no one, I should think, could fail to draw a large store of improvement and delight during the month of OCTOBER."

Adam having creditably fulfilled his part of the agreement made in the morning, his aunt Mary made

ready to make good her promise: while the supper therefore, was preparing, she read to the assembled party the following story; which she prefaced by saying that she had written it for the purpose of inducing young people to make themselves masters of the French language.

CHAPTER XI.

NOVEMBER.

"There is a fearful spirit busy now:
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners; the great sea-wave is upcurled;
 The clouds come; the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go;
 And quickly will the pale-red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show."

Barry Cornwall.

"THE climate of England," said Mr. Stock, "particularly in the month of November, has always been a subject of complaint with foreigners, and persons of our own country who are not blessed with robust health. The poet Cowper, a man of a gentle and elegant mind, but of a feeble frame, speaking of our cloudy skies, fogs, and dripping rains, adds, 'disposing much all hearts to sadness, and none more than mine.' The weather at this season is indeed gloomy, but they who are blessed with a moderate share of good health, and possess a little energy and activity, can always defy its sullenness, and conquer it too. The man who resolves to seek out the most pleasant parts in untoward or disagreeable events, is a true philosopher: the true philosopher, therefore, while he contemplates the uncheerful appearance of our November

weather, will not forget that the mists and the rains are preparing the earth for the future growth of the seed lying in its bosom; that the storms of wind, and out-pouring of the waters, are purifying the atmosphere: and during the intervals of sunshine he will not fail to admire the majesty of the clouds sailing away in their state, and carrying their stores of moisture to other lands; and, as the elegant author of 'THE MONTHS' observes, when speaking of the contrast of sunshine and storm, 'though the sunshine appears more beautiful than grand, there is a power, not even to be looked upon, in the orb from which it flows; and though the storm is more grand than beautiful, there is always beauty where there is so much beneficence.*' Although, too, almost all our singing birds have deserted us, some few remain, and other species come to us. In the first week or ten days of the month, for instance, the latest born of the house martins will all have disappeared; but then we shall have the redwing thrush, and that beautiful bird, the golden plover: the snipe, too, will be with us; and the fieldfare, and the starlings, and greenfinches, will be assembling in flocks. The snail and the slug, like the tortoise and many other torpid creatures, will have buried themselves below the reach of the coming frosts. On fine days we shall continue the pleasant labor of storing our winter apples, pears, and potatoes. And, although our garden now makes so poor a show in flowers, and it should appear we have but little employment remaining for us; yet, when you take your memorandum book to receive my dictation, you will find that we shall have as little leisure during this as

* "Months," July, by Leigh Hunt.

any other month in the year; for we have to prepare all for the next spring.

After a day of wheeling out manure and of digging, in the evening, Adam, at his father's desire, produced his book of instructions, and proceeded to write the following:—

“In the first week we must plant some more maza-gan beans in a warm border under the south wall.* These will, in all probability, succeed, if the early frosts should cut off those which we sowed last month. They must be planted in the same manner as I before directed.

“A few rows of hotspur peas, also, must be sowed in the same warm border. We will prepare for them in the second week of the month. If those we sowed in October should fail, these may chance to succeed; and, if both escape through the winter, we shall have crops in succession next spring.

“If you are inclined to run the chance, you may sow some radish seed in a warm corner, but I cannot give you much prospect of success.

“Small salad, too, you may sow in small patches and cover them with hand glasses, giving them plenty of air during the day, and in mild weather.

“Give the lettuces, also, that you planted out under handglasses, free air both day and night while the weather is mild, but cover them when the nights become frosty.

“Carefully earth up the celery whenever the ground is dry, and do not lay the earth on too hastily or too high, lest you force it into the hearts of the plants, which will rot them.

* That is, the south side of the northern wall.—Eds.

“On dry days, tie up the finest endive plants with strings of bass to whiten them.

“About the middle or latter end of the month, we must cut down the leaves of the artichokes, and earth up the plants, leaving the young shoots in the centres free. When the frosts come on, the whole must be covered with litter.

“During wet weather, and when there is no frost, let the glasses over the cauliflower plants be kept raised. Clear them from dead leaves and weeds. And where any of the plants have run too long in the stems, lay some dry earth about them.

“In dry weather dig up the potatoes, and carry them into the cellar which has no window in it.* Those which have in them any specks of rottenness should be laid aside, as they will infect the sound ones.

“Wheel out manure, and dig and trench all the vacant pieces of ground. The soil will be greatly improved by this in the spring; for the frost, the sun, and the air, all contribute to render it fine and mellow for the spring crops.

“You may make the experiment of sowing some carrots in a warm border; but there is no dependence upon its proving a successful one.

“Carefully weed the spring-onion beds.

“During any time of the month prune and nail up the vines; also, peach, nectarine, pear, and other wall-trees; and prune espaliers and standards: we may also transplant seedlings and other trees.

“Clean, dress, and plant out those strawberries which were left unfinished last month. I have given

* Exposure to light, it is well known, is injurious to potatoes, and for this reason many farmers choose to dig them in cloudy or even in rainy weather.—Eds.

you the directions for performing this task; you have, therefore, only to look back at them.

“Remember, also, to look at my instructions for transplanting; and in pruning the standard-trees, we must cut out all dead, worn-out, and great rambling branches, that give but little sign of production: also clean the trees well from moss, and wash their trunks all over with quick-lime and water. They will repay our trouble next year in fruit.

“In the flower-garden, clear all the beds from dead annual plants, pulling them up by the roots.

“Cut down, too, all the dead stalks of perennials, then hoe the borders on a dry day; clear away the weeds; and rake the whole smooth.

“We may plant out in vacant places young perennials; such as sweet-williams, wall-flowers, and stock July-flowers. All bulbous roots, too, as tulips, hyacinths, tuberoses, crocuses, and narcissuses.

“Prune and transplant flowering shrubs; also, suckers. The young trees that have lately been removed should be propped and supported against the winter storms: for the wind rocks their roots and prevents them from striking.

“Clean the gravel-walks, and roll them and the lawn, to crush and clear away those unsightly worm-casts.”

“You perceive, Adam,” said his father, “that if we fulfil all our duty, we shall find enough work laid out for us this month. Every one, however, who performs all that is required at his hands, whatever may be his station in life, need not be idle for one hour. If the rich, and those who have no calling in the way of mercantile or other occupation, were but instructed in their duty, and did they honestly pursue it, their hours would be as actively employed as those of the me-

chanic. Every wealthy person owes a large debt to society; ‘much is given to him, and much will be required.’ The debt he owes is, to seek out and endeavor to promote the happiness of his poorer and less fortunate brethren; for all mankind are brethren; and that nation, like that private family, is in the most flourishing and happy state, where the successful and opulent members of it strive with the less prosperous and feeble to keep away want and misery. No man or woman ought to be in want; and no man ought to be idle, whether rich or poor. Employment should be provided for all; and it should be the business of the rich, and those who have most leisure, to provide labor for those who can work. This, of itself, would form a sufficiently active occupation for the wealthy; and even though the employing of their poor neighbors cause them unnecessary expense, they will be gainers in the end. They will first receive the approbation of their own hearts, and this alone will be no small gain; they will diminish the wretchedness of mean, unworthy dependence; they will improve their own and the public works; they will diminish crime; they will make their fellow-creatures happy; and they will insure the prosperity and tranquillity of their own possessions. As knowledge increases, and as men acquire the wisdom of seeking and procuring true happiness, excessive wealth and excessive poverty will be unknown; for they will learn that the one always causes the other, and that there can never be real prosperity in a country where it is divided into very rich and very poor; for the two classes become jealous of, and hate each other, while both feel that they are in danger.”

“But, papa,” said Adam, “there are rich people who are very idle, and there are poor people who

are so idle that they will not work when they can. And there are poor people who would rather steal than work."

"Yes, my dear boy!" said his father "and there are many *very* rich people who will steal; for there are many ways of thieving. Every rich man who deprives a poor one in his employment of a fair proportion of that which would be his gain from labor, is a cheat, and a cheat is only a cowardly thief. The man who will cheat, would rob if he were not afraid of punishment. People in general, particularly those who are in trade, unfortunately, do not hold in sufficient hatred the crime of cheating; they give it another name; they call it 'sharp dealing.' As education, however, improves, and becomes more generally diffused, I am sure that men will become more honest; in other words, they will be more wise: and the rich cheat, or thief, for you may call him which you please, will receive sufficient reward for his baseness in the contempt of his fellow-men. As for the poor man who will not work, and who will steal, he must be punished for his offence against his brethren in society; and I think, that if every man who has unjustly deprived his neighbor of his property, were put into prison and confined to hard daily labor till his earnings had paid the person whom he had robbed, we should have fewer thieves; for the crime of thieving, in poor people, almost always arises from one of two causes—inability to procure employment, or idleness. Now, as I said before, every poor person who is willing to labor for his bread, should have the means of occupation supplied him; he will then be providing his own maintenance, and will have the less leisure to do evil; for, as your little hymn-book truly says—

'Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.'

Every man or woman has a right to the support of their fellow-countrymen, either by being furnished with work, or by charity. Charity should be given to those only who are unable to work, either from sickness or the infirmity of age. As for the thief, he would be fully punished in being confined in prison till, by his labor, he had restored what he had stolen. And now, having finished my discourse, which I see you are glad of, we will have some of your favorite music! and dear little Mary, who has practised her lessons to-day very carefully, shall choose the first piece."

So, after a day spent in attending to their duties in the garden, the cow and poultry-yard, and in the dairy, this happy family finished their evening, like the best educated and tasteful people, by performing some of the choicest compositions of Haydn and Mozart; concluding their work of labor and of love with their friend Mr. N——'s fine "Hymn to God."

For several days at the close of the month, and when the weather was fine, the whole party, each with a sack or satchel, went into a neighboring wood hard by, to collect the fallen leaves to convert into a light soil, when decayed and mixed with mould, for some of the more delicate species of flowers. The two elder brothers each wheeled a barrow to bring home the sacks when well filled. Taunton undertook the office of ramming in and stamping down the leaves in the sacks, and of piling them in the barrows. They also looked about for some beech-nuts for their aunt's squirrel, but the season was too late for them; the little wild inhabitants of the wood had carried off a large share for their winter hoard; and the remainder, upon the ground, had become spoiled with the rains. "Never mind," said aunt Mary, "I am sure you sent me

a quite sufficient store last month, with wood-nuts, for many a week's provision for my little pet."

The following morning a strong hoar-frost had covered the ground, when Mr. Stock inquired of Adam if he had remembered the instructions he had given to him, to keep his hand glasses closed at night. Adam, however, had unfortunately neglected the precaution; and his father told him, that if the plants had received a check from the cold of the preceding night, he must endure the disgrace of having deprived the family of some pleasant early vegetables, owing to his neglect of duty. "This fault," said he, "has arisen from your having had a holyday in the wood yesterday. Remember in future, my dear boy, always in an evening, to walk once round the garden and observe what is to be done; either in attending to the plants that require our extra care, or in carrying to the garden-house any tools that may have been left out. Punctuality is the life of all business; and, indeed, I never knew any great success attend a person who was irregular in his habits and times of appointment. Neglect of order, like rust upon steel, increases with time, till the man or the metal becomes a useless lump.

"We will notice this year whether the author of the '*Domestic Gardener's Manual*' be correct in his observation respecting the hoar-frosts. He says, 'Hoar-frosts, it has been remarked, afford at this season of the year a criterion whereby to judge of the character of the ensuing winter; for if, after a frosty night, the wind veer to the southwest, and bring rain in a few hours, and this occur three or four times successively, or at short intervals, the succeeding winter will generally be mild and rainy.'—Now," said Mr. Stock, "let me recommend you to keep an account in your

memorandum book of the kind of weather we may have every day for the next month, and ask me if you do not know from which point of the compass the wind is blowing. Do this *punctually*, and I shall see whether you are desirous of making amends for your neglect of last night."

Adam, in a pretty and simple manner, showed his father that he had not been wholly inattentive to his directions, for he put into his hand the monthly list he had written out of the flowers in bloom.

"In our garden, papa, I do not recollect to have seen any plants in blossom but the China rose, the Michaelmas daisy, and the laurustinus, about the middle of the month; and, in the fields, the green and white meadow-grass; the common chick-weed, which is white; the Irish rose, which I put down last month; the ivy-leaved snap-dragon, blue and yellow; the common shepherd's-purse, that is white and a little brown; the furze; the yellow groundsel; and the daisy."

"Your list is indeed a small one," said his father, "but I think it is accurate. Well, what with our amusement in the garden, (for I hope you find such labor as we perform an amusement,) our fruit gathering, and our walks, you may well laugh at the good folks of London when they complain of 'GLOOMY NOVEMBER.'"

After tea, and when all their lessons had been learned for the following morning, Mrs. Stock informed them that she had just finished a little story for their amusement. The tidings produced a shout of delight from the young party, and all immediately crowded round her; one sitting on her footstool; another laying her head in her lap; a third squatting on the floor;

and a fourth leaning over the back of her chair with his arm round her neck. When all were comfortably arranged and silent, she read to them the following.

CHAPTER XII.

DECEMBER.

“ 'Tis dark DECEMBER now. The early eyes
 Are starless, long, and cold ;—the rain-winds moan
 Like pining spirits ;—night seems never gone ;
 The day delightless dies, and morning grieves ;—
 The robin perches most on household eaves,
 Craving the crumbs he sings for from the kind ;—
 The slim deer shelter from the bitter wind
 Behind broad trees, couching on withered leaves.
 But though all things seem sad without our door,
 Within sits Christmas at the board of cheer,
 Heaped with large tithings of the months and year ;—
 Wild wit hath now his whim ;—light laughter roars,
 Till music lifts her voice ;—and wealth's warm hearth
 Hath its bright eyes, old wines, brisk fires, dance, song, and
 mirth.” *Lyric Leaves.*

“ I CANNOT think,” said Mr. Stock, “ what poor Mrs. Parker will do to maintain her little family through the winter. She has but within these few weeks brought another babe into the world ; she has four little ones besides, not one of which is yet able to earn its bread ; she herself is not a strong woman, and her husband, who was formerly a kind and hard-working man, has, within these last twelve months, taken to that vile practice of gin-drinking. He will not now work more than two or three days in the week ; all the remainder of his time is passed in playing at skit-

bles and gambling at the ale house ; the little money he earns he spends there : not a farthing does he take home to his family. I know for a certainty that those poor creatures at home have not eaten a morsel of meat for nearly a month, except the few scraps that have gone to them from our own table.”

“ I cannot much wonder,” replied Mrs. Stock, “ at some men taking to drink, in their despair, when they are willing to work, and are unable to obtain employment ; for many have not sufficiently strong minds to bear up against misfortune ; they become hopeless, and drunkenness, for the time, makes them forget their troubles ; but I can find no excuse for Parker.”

“ No,” said Mr. Stock, “ he has always been able to get work, and the business to which he was brought up (that of a wheelwright) is one that never can stand still, particularly in the country, where there are so many farmers, and persons who keep market carts. Besides, he has not the excuse that some men unfortunately have—a bad wife and an uncomfortable home ; for Mrs. Parker, besides being a pretty woman, clean in her house, and mild-tempered, is so loving a wife, that I dare say you have never heard her complain of her husband's neglect.”

“ She has certainly never spoken a word to me,” said Mrs. Stock ; “ but then, I consider her too honorable and proud a woman to say any thing which would make her neighbors think ill of her husband. I make no doubt that she hopes to win him back from this bad habit of drinking ; and this she would have but little chance of doing if ever he discovered that she had been exposing his error to strangers. Till now I have always thought that the poorer women of England were in general better-principled people than their

husbands, and poor Mrs. Parker would almost cause me to think so still; but having observed, every time that I have visited London within these few years, how very much the habit of gin-drinking has increased among the lower order of females, I cannot feel surprised at the horrid misery that is now going on there, or at the splendid appearance of the gin-shops. Unless some plan be adopted to entice the common people away from this vice, by education, kindness, and rational amusements, (for the English have not half the joyous pleasures they had in former years,) I cannot but think that the character of our countrymen will become changed and degraded. As for our poor and worthy neighbor with her little family, we must do the best we can for them. She already washes for me, but her strength is not equal to the employment of all her time in that hard labor. The eldest girl shall come and stay with us. She can run on errands for the kitchen maid, and we will clothe and feed her till she is old enough for me to get her a place; and Bella and I (and little Mary shall help too) will make up some warm coarse winter dresses for the other children."

"Do so, my dear," said Mr. Stock, "and I will contrive to have some conversation with her husband. Without letting him suppose that I know how neglectful he has become, I will take the opportunity of praising the neat appearance of his home; and I will let him know how much his wife has gained the respect of all her neighbors. Then I will give him a job to do for us, for I remember that our barrows want repairing; and I will tell him that he may come to me when he wants to have any work: for I believe he has not a bad heart by nature, because till lately he has been a good husband; with such a man, therefore, kindness

and the showing that we have some care for him, may affect the generosity of his disposition, which harsh usage or punishment would perhaps never do. At all events, we ought never to omit an opportunity of making our brethren happier; and if we can make him a good and kind husband again, I hardly know which will be the happiest, he or we."

During the above conversation, Adam very gravely paid attention to all that was said; and being a boy of quick understanding, and a feeling heart, he comprehended the whole, and thought within himself that he never loved his parents so much as at that moment.

"Come along, Adam," said his father: "during the present month we must get all the spare ground trenched up: it will save us a great deal of labor in the spring, when there will be so many other things to do. I have but few instructions to give you, and those you can put down in your memorandum book this evening, after your day's work is over. Remember to keep a constant watch upon the cauliflower and other plants that are under the hand glasses." "I will not forget them again, papa," said he. "And when the days are at all mild, and there is no frost in the air, you may raise them; but always shut them down again at night; and if severe frosty weather should set in, the glasses must then be covered close round with straw, or pea-haulm. Once a week, too, look over the apples and pears in the store room; wipe them, and bring away those that have begun to decay, or they will corrupt the good ones. During the frost, we must cover them with straw, and stop out the cold air from the window with blankets. When the earth has become hard, so that we are unable to dig, you must wheel in manure, and lay it in heaps of barrowfuls

upon the ground that has to be dug up for the spring crops.

“In case our last crop of beans and peas, that we sowed in the warm border last month, and the month before, should fail, we will have two or three more rows. These we must sow when the weather happens to be mild. The same may be done with carrots: and in the cold weather cover them over with straw. If they escape the frost, we shall have them on the table early in the spring. Some of our peas and beans I see are just peeping above ground; and as they increase, draw the earth, in a dry day, gently up their stems. This will preserve them. Keep the celery well earthed up in dry weather; and during the cold, cover it with straw or litter. Also on fine dry days continue to tie up the best endive plants, to blanch them. Remind me to prune and transplant all trees that I was unable to attend to last month. Our most tender flowers and seedlings must be protected—the auriculas, fine hyacinth and tulip roots, anemones, and ranunculuses. Prune and dig between the shrubs; and whenever the weather will permit, dig over and prepare the flower borders; and roll the grass and gravel-walks.”

Thus, even in what is called the “dead season” of the year, Adam found that plenty of occupation was provided for the industrious gardener: and when the weather was too unfavorable for working out of doors, he employed himself in sawing, and splitting with the beetle and wedges, some trunks and arms of old apple and cherry trees that their uncle had amused himself in felling, when he was upon a visit to them in the autumn. He was constantly in exercise, and in strong exercise, too; he therefore became one of the

healthiest and most cheerful boys I ever knew. In the course of the twelvemonth that he had devoted his time and attention to the study of gardening, his father and mother noticed with pleasure that his mind had considerably enlarged; for he not only comprehended almost every topic of general conversation that occurred between them during their evening's relaxation, but they also observed that he was constantly attentive when they were conversing, and would frequently stop them to make some sensible inquiry: in short, having derived the great advantage, which so few young people enjoy, that of having his parents constantly for his companions, and I may say, playmates, he had acquired a great deal more useful knowledge than thousands of boys much older than himself, and who had not been in so excellent a school, had a chance of obtaining; for, without knowing it himself, he was always storing up new ideas of things; he was always learning something worthy to be known. There are no tutors for their children like a father and mother, particularly the latter, when she is a well-educated and a wise woman; for she first gives direction to the mind and habits of the child, even in its cradle: how necessary, then, is it that women should receive the best possible education, seeing that the future happiness of all rational beings depends so much upon their fine sense and judgment. A woman should, if possible, *know every thing*: first, in order that she may give a right direction to the studies of her children, and then, that she may be worthy to be their bosom friends and confidants when they are grown up; for there is no friend like a mother; and a clever mother is the most beautiful object in the world. There have been few great men

who have not owed a very considerable portion of their excellence to the blessing of having superior mothers. A useful book might be written for the example of young girls, (and I know no one who could fulfil the task so well as Mrs. GRIMSTONE,) which should give some account of the character and minds of the MOTHERS of the greatest men that have ever lived. Let me strongly advise you, therefore, my dear young *female* readers, to store up all the *useful knowledge* you possibly can. It will surely come up in after life, like good seed sown in a good soil, and yield you a hundred fold of profit. By it, you will become the worthy companions of the wisest men, and not the toys and contempt of coxcombs and villains. By it, also, you will be prepared to despise and avoid these, while your judgment and good sense will lead you to select only, as your companions for life, men who can understand and respect your talents; and if you are fated to become mothers yourselves, you will then be fitly prepared to render your children capable of filling any station in life to which they may hereafter be called; you will make them happy in themselves—happy in, and proud of *you*; and whatever may be their fate in after life, you will at all events be saved from the painful thought, that, although you possessed the ability, you did not instruct them in what was honorable, useful, and ornamental. To the best of your ability and judgment, you will have fulfilled your duties in creation; and this is the highest honor of which man or woman can boast. The wife or mother who just knows how to give directions, or even to make her husband's and children's apparel, to preside at the dinner-table, to receive company, to play a few airs on some musical instrument, is little better than her hus-

band's housekeeper, and her children's servant; and she will be very fortunate if both do not make her feel this. Let it be your early ambition and care to be superior to such a person. Endeavor to equal, and, if possible, to excel your husbands in worldly—I mean *useful*, knowledge; that is, to make yourselves competent to the keeping of accounts accurately, in order that you may not become dependent upon selfish persons and strangers, should the misfortune happen to you of being left alone with your children. Many a noble-minded woman has been able, by her superior knowledge and understanding, to bring up a large family after she has been deprived, by death, of the assistance of her partner. I know a lady whose husband was a farmer, and who, dying, left her with six children. She was naturally a very clever woman, and from constant observation had made herself so well acquainted with the nature of his business, that she undertook the noble task of carrying it on! This she did with so much care, good understanding, and success, that, after having brought up and provided for all her children, settling each in a respectable business, she sold the farm, and retired from her honorable labor, with a fortune of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS! Do you not think such a woman far more deserving of your esteem, than the creature who exhibits no ambition above making a show in a drawing-room, and whose mornings are wasted in lounging on a sofa, or turning over trinkets at a bazaar?

To my young brethren, I would only say: be wise, be mild, be virtuous, be diligent, be punctual in every thing you undertake to perform. Cultivate the society of the cleverest of your female acquaintance. Your minds and manners will greatly improve by their gen-

tie habits and sensible conversation. Avoid all intimacy with fools and coxcombs. You will probably see strange times in your native land; and then those silly, empty creatures, will be huffed and buffeted about like the drones in a hive, when the bees have stored up all their honey that they have been laboring to collect through the summer. I have already told you that we all have a duty to perform towards our fellow-creatures as well as towards ourselves: learn, therefore, to think with kindness of the poor; *be just towards all men*, and you will gain that greatest of blessings in this life,—the approbation of your own consciences; a blessing which no unkind or dishonest man ever can enjoy, however he may make a *show* of happiness and content.

At the end of the month, a strong frost having continued some days, so that all labor in the garden was at an end, Adam was allowed by his father to amuse himself upon a neighboring fish-pond, in learning to skate. He was already a respectable slider; he therefore soon learned, and at the expense only of a few falls, and bumps from the ice, to glide in a straightforward direction at a tolerable rate. The skilful accomplishments of making the outside stroke, of cutting out his name, and of making the spread-eagle, were all to come, and they require much practice. In the stillness of a frosty morning, it is agreeable to listen to the noise made by skaters upon a broad sheet of ice; and it is interesting to reflect upon the astonishing change that a difference in the air has produced in the element of water, rendering that which a little breath of wind would move about, in the course of a few hours, so solid that a wagon could be supported upon it. We know little, however, of the wonderful

power of frost in this country. In North America, the cold is excessively severe. During the first war in that country, the American general, Washington, with the whole of his army, and their cannon, passed over the river Delaware, which had become so solid as to sustain them, after a frost of one night.

In the evenings, after their active amusement, the party would assemble round their cheerful winter fire, and vary the hours with music, games of forfeits and romps; such as the good old ones of hunt the slipper, and blindman's-buff, which will never be out of fashion so long as there are people to admire that beautiful history of "The Vicar of Wakefield," or are wise enough to know the value of innocent play, and an uproarious laugh. On Christmas eve their joy and happiness ran over, like the bottles of October ale that their father had brewed for them. Every room in the house was ornamented with evergreens; the logs crackled in the fire, the apples hissed, the chestnuts bounced, the snap-dragon burnt their fingers, and made the little ones afraid to meddle with it; the candles and the fire (owing to the frost) glowed with double brilliancy, and their own hearts and eyes were as warm and bright as they.

**End of
Title**