

# WINTER.



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ORNAMENTED WITH CUTS.

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*The Alphabet.*

A B C D E F

G H I J K L M N O

P Q R S T U V

W X Y Z &.



The Winter consists of three  
Months,

Twelfth,	} com- monly called	{	December,
First,			January,
Second,			February.

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Cold Winter now is come,  
The Summer's gone and past;  
Ah! think upon the tomb,  
Where all must land at last.

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The birds, quite mute,  
the trees, stripped of their  
green livery, the shortened  
days and lengthened nights,  
together with the piercing  
winds and pinching frosts,  
now show us that winter is  
come : stern Winter, which

## WOODMAN.



resembles Old Age, or the closing scene. Yet even this season is not void of its beauties and blessings. The new fallen snow caps the mountains, and covers the valleys, with a white and beautiful vesture, which is

thrown into many curious forms, folds, and ridges, by the rude blasts of the driving winds.

What can exceed the dazzling splendour of a rising sun, on the trees and bushes, after a night of rain and freezing, when every branch appears like a shining chrysal? a prospect grand indeed!

The severe frost of Winter with the agitated atmosphere, dispel the sickening fumes which arise from heated and stagnant pools, and

## THRESHING.



decaying vegetation. This gives health and vigour to the body, and as it were, new spring to thought.— Who but has observed the lively sensations of body and mind, on a clear frosty morning in winter? What a con-

trast to the languor experienced after a sultry night in summer or in autumn !

Although there are now no fields of corn to hoe, or harvest to cut, yet the winter is not a scene of inactivity. It is undoubtedly the will of Heaven, that man should labour—The constitutions of his body and mind are so formed, as greatly to need it. Moderate labour tends to the health of both.

The woodman, with his axe engages the sturdy oak, which, by his repeated

## FEEDING COWS



strokes, bows its ancient and venerable head, and comes tumbling to the ground.— It is then cut into suitable lengths, and carted home for the fire.

The grain is now threshed out from the straw, and cleared from the chaff, by



the wind, or a fan. The wheat, rye, and buckwheat, are then carried to the mill, ground into flour, brought home, and made into bread, pies, cakes, &c.

Barley is used to make beer: oats to feed horses: and Indian corn for both man and beast.

Much attention to the poor dumb animals is necessary, who look up to man for protection. The horses, cows, and sheep are to be foddered early and late, and provided with proper shelter.

The hogs are to be fed and furnished with a bed of straw. The turkeys, geese, and ducks, with the other poultry, will flock round the little boy or girl, who comes with a basket of corn to feed them.

The flax in the winter is broken with a crackle, and then dressed on a swingling-board by a long wooden knife: afterwards passed through a hatchel, and then, by the industrious country woman and her daughters, spun into yarn, for the pur-

## SITTING BY THE FIRE.



pose of making linen for our shirts, &c.

In the long winter evenings, how pleasant for a family to sit by a good fire, and hear the cold wind whistling without; when neighbour enjoys the company of neigh-

bour, and treats him with a drink of pabatable cider, and some good apples; while the little children are agreeably employed in cracking and eating the nuts which they gathered in the fall.

Some amuse themselves with riding in the sleigh, while the little boys glide swiftly, in many a curious curve upon the ice; and, when the weather is foul, the little folks can suitably exercise themselves within doors at shuttlecock.

## SKATING.



Behold the gay branches that  
 stretch from the trees,  
 Nor blossoms nor verdure they  
 wear;  
 They rattle and shake to the nor-  
 therly breeze,  
 And wave their long arms in  
 the air.  
 'The sun hides his face in a man-  
 tle of cloud,

Dark vapours roll over the sky,  
The wind through the wood hol-  
lows hoarsely and loud,  
And sea birds across the land  
fly.

Come in, little Charles, for the  
snow patters down,

No paths in the garden remain:  
The streets and the houses are  
white in the town,  
And white are the fields and the  
plain.

Come in, little Charles, from the  
tempest of snow;

'Tis dark and the shutters we'll  
close;

We'll put a fresh faggot to make  
the fire glow,

Secure from the storm as it  
blows;

But how many wretches without  
house or home



Are wandering naked and pale,  
 Oblig'd on the snow-covered com-  
 mon to roam,  
 And pierc'd by the pitiless gale!  
 No house for their shelter, no vict-  
 uals to eat,  
 No beds for their limbs to re-  
 pose;  
 Or a crust dry and mouldy, the  
 best of their meat,

And their pillow, a pillow of  
snows.

Be thankful, my child, that it is  
not thy lot,

To wander an orphan and poor,  
A father and mother, and home  
thou hast got,

And yet thou deservest them no  
more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget  
not to pay

Thy thanks to the Father above,  
Who giv's thee so many more  
blessings than they,

And crowns thy whole life with  
his love.