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THE MONTHS  
AND THE SEASONS.

WITH FIVE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:  
DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE STREET: AND  
A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL STREET.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.



FRONTISPIECE.



The Hours their journey onward take ; the Days succeed, the Month to make :  
The circling Months the Year complete, each following on the last's retreat.

THE MONTHS  
AND THE SEASONS;

OR, A

PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

BY J. BISHOP.



EMBELLISHED WITH SIX COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

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*Price Six-pence.*

[c. 1820]

THE MONTH

AND THE YEAR  
1850

OF THE YEAR

1850

1850

## JANUARY.

When January bids the days unfold,  
The frost and snow increase the cold;  
But new-year's day and twelfth-cake night  
To young and old still yield delight.  
From school released, the happy boy  
The skate and slide can now enjoy:  
The expert skater proves his skill,  
By tracing figures out at will;  
While humbler sliders now are seen  
To animate the wintry scene.

THIS month, the first of the new year, has, perhaps, as many charms for the school-boy as any other. New-year's

day, and twelfth-cake day, among others, sound particularly pleasant in his ear. But the holidays being over, Black Monday comes at last, and then he is the best off who has made proper use of his time.

Skating and sliding are healthy amusements, and are almost exclusively confined to this month; but unless great care be taken that the ice is very firm, and the water not deep, it is too often attended with danger.

Snow, which in this month usually falls in considerable quantity, serves as a warm covering to the plants on which it lies, and protects them from the frost, which would otherwise be likely to injure them.

## FEBRUARY.

When February melts the snow,  
The brooks and rivers overflow;  
So great sometimes the water's force,  
That sheep are drowned in its course.  
The grass puts on its robe of green,  
The pretty primrose now is seen;  
The snow-drop, and the crocus, too,  
Come forth in robes of varied hue;  
And, day, by day, new plants appear,  
And mark the progress of the year.

THOSE who live in the country knew well the meaning of "February fill dyke." When the "waters are out," as the overflows are usually termed, it is not uncom-

mon for whole districts to be laid under water, and the families of the poor labourers, who, many of them live in the most retired places, are often confined to their homes for days together.

Towards the end of this month, the grass begins to put on a fresh coat of green; and here and there, plants, the roots of which have been in the ground all the winter, one after the other, pop their heads out of the earth; while in the garden, the snow-drop and the crocus, with their pretty small flowers, remind us that Spring with all its pretty buds and blossoms, is about to visit us once more; and which the evident bustle among the birds gives us notice of also.

SPRING.—RETURN OF THE BIRDS.



Returned to cheer our groves again,  
We hear the pretty warbling train:  
And as they chirp, they seem to sing,  
We've come to welcome cheerful Spring.

## MARCH.

To dry the waters from the earth,  
The stormy winds of March break forth:  
And 'mong the vessels on the deep,  
Too oft tempestuous ruin sweep.  
The forest, now, again resumes  
Its new-year's dress and leafy plumes:  
And now the pretty warbling train  
Return to cheer our groves again;  
And as they chirp they seem to sing,  
We've come to herald welcome Spring.

“MARCH,” say the old country-people,  
“comes in like a lion, and goes out like a  
lomb;” thereby meaning that its high  
winds in some degree imitate the roaring

of that noble animal; whilst the mild way in which it finishes, more nearly resembles the gentle bleating of the playful lambkin.

These winds are, however, of greater use than many are aware; by drying the moisture quickly from the earth, they prepare the ground for the springs crops, and now the farmer and gardener are as busy as bees in a hive.

Many pretty birds also now return from their winter's journey, and again take up their abode in our woods and groves; when they remain till approaching winter warns them to seek a warmer climate.

The insect tribes now begin to awake from their winter sleep, and soon re-appear in every direction.

## APRIL.

The gentle showers that April gives,  
Each tree and herb alike receives;  
And, rising from the genial earth,  
New plants now daily spring to birth,  
For April's changeful sun and showers  
Bring forth May's many lovely flowers.  
The blackbird, woodlark, and the thrush  
Now warble from each grove and bush;  
And cause us, by your sprightly strains,  
To say—Spring now triumphant reigns.

SPRING has now indeed returned, and every part of the country looks cheerful and pleasant. Every day some new plant appears, or some fresh warbling visitor

arrives; the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, are now heard in the grove, and the voice of the cuckoo may be distinguished in the distance.

The days become longer and warmer, the sun is a more constant visitor; and were it not for the sudden showers of hail and rain to which this month is subject, we should almost imagine that the Summer was already come.

If we look at the orchard, we see the bursting blossoms of many summer and autumn fruits: a sight which awakens in the minds of many a youthful spectator, thoughts of the streaky-skinned apple, the juicy cherry, and the mellow pear.

## MAY.

MAY, with its beauteous, verdant charms,  
The eye delights, the bosom warms;  
The fields, arrayed in richest green,  
With nature's splendour clothes each scene:  
The blossoms of the whitethorn, now,  
Like clustering pearls, bedeck each bough:  
The buttercup and daisy, too,  
With pretty flowers the meads bestrew:  
And now the florist loves to trace  
The beauteous hues the tulips grace.

OF all the months of the year, May is indeed the loveliest. The grass now wears its richest green, the whitethorn is in full bloom, the cowslip and daisy bespangle the

meadows; and the hyacinth, the narciss, and the tulip give a splendor to the garden which no words can describe.

The sun now wears a peculiarly bright aspect; and shines with a grateful warmth upon the earth; giving health, life, and beauty, to every scene.

In older times, this month was ushered in by rural festivities: to gather dew and prepare a garland for the female whose character was without reproach, and particularly if her birth-day fell on this day, was a scene of happy pleasure and real enjoyment with which the refinements of modern times can scarcely be compared.—May-day, is now scarcely observed; either in town or country.

## JUNE.

'Tis pleasant, in the new-mown fields  
To wander in the month of JUNE;  
When Nature with profusion yields  
From richest flowers a sweet perfume.  
Now Summer's loveliest gem, the Rose,  
The garden's ornament and pride,  
In richest splendor radiant glows,  
Like rising sun o'er ocean's tide.  
The murmuring bee from every flower  
That culture rears, or Nature 'tends,  
Enriches now the general store,  
And, daily loaded, homeward wends.

IN this month Summer begins, and now the  
oppressive heat of the mid-day sun begins

to be felt; but to cool the parched lip, and quench the burning thirst, nature brings forth the sweet strawberry, the juicy currant, and the mellow cherry.

June has arrived, and the school-boy's heart beats high, for the Midsummer is near! Already he, in thought, is on the road: now he can almost fancy he sees his home, and hear his parents' voice. Each day he indulges in these fond thoughts till at last reality comes, and the school is again left for the Midsummer vacation.

The rose, the boast of the garden, in this month unfolds its beautiful leaves in every variety of shade and colour, while its beautiful fragrance perfumes every breath of wind.

SUMMER.—THE ROSE.



The lovely Rose is now in bloom,  
And sheds around its sweet perfume;  
Then, thoughtless little boy, forbear  
The flower from its stem to tear.

## JULY.

Throughout JULY's sun-shining days,  
Successive flowers fresh beauties raise:  
In fields, the waving corn appears  
With lengthen'd stalk and well-fill'd ears:  
Now, faint through the oppressive heat,  
The panting herds to shades retreat.  
Anon, is seen the black'ning cloud,  
The distant thunder grows more loud;  
The rain in torrents fast descends;  
The lightnings' glare the darkness rends:  
The gloom now breaks, the rainbow's seen,  
And freshness glads each verdant scene.

IN July, we are pleased with the appearance of the corn-fields, now coming into

full ear, and waving gracefully in the wind. Now sudden showers, and storms of thunder and lightning, come on; but no sooner are these storms over than the beautiful rainbow appears, and again cheers the heart, and restores animation.

The fields now often present a dry and parched appearance, and the cattle are seen herding together by the side of the brooks and streams, so grateful to them at this sultry season of the year. But the evenings are most delightfully pleasant, and a walk through the fields, is then, indeed, a treat.

In this month the gardens put on their richest dress, and the flowers are the prettiest of all the year.

## AUGUST.

When AUGUST cools the sultry air,  
The orchard claims our special care;  
The loaded boughs well charm the sight,  
And yield the taste the same delight.  
How many a school-boy, passing by  
The orchard, casts a longing eye!  
And though his tongue may yet be mute,  
He longs to taste the ripening fruit.  
And now the busied scenes appear,  
That Autumn makes the country wear,  
The harvest now gives full employ,  
And fills the farmer's heart with joy.

IN this month the principal fruits come to perfection, the time to which children are

generally looking anxiously forward. The artful fox now begins to look out for young fowls, ducks, and hares; and woe to the poor bird that happens to be in his way.

Nature now, both in the fields, the forest, and the garden, begins to put on a more sober countenance; the foliage of the trees gradually assumes a brown appearance, while in the gardens the walks, now, begin to be strewn with leaves. The nights too, grow longer and longer; yet still the evenings are fine, and enticing to those who love to walk in the fields, or wander in the forest.

AUTUMN.—THE GLEANER.



The Gleaning in the harvest field,  
A treasure does to many yield;  
And many a youthful heart beats high  
With pleasure, when the harvest's nigh.

## SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER sees the farming train  
In safety store the ripen'd grain;  
The rich reward of all their toil,  
Thus yielded by the fruitful soil.  
Again the sportman's gun is heard  
Conveying death to many a bird:  
Again the fleeting hounds prepare  
To chase the fox, or course the hare.  
The vines, the ripen'd clusters grace;  
The dhalia's beauties still we trace:  
Sweet, lovely flower! to Nature dear,  
Thy charms adorn the waning year.

AUTUMN has come, and the glad season of  
harvest is here. The hopes of the farmer

are crowned with a rich reward, and the sons of toil may now be seen in the fields from the earliest dawn of day to the latest glimmering of light, each one intent on the busy scene:

In this month the partridge shooting begins, and many a poor bird falls beneath the gunner's aim. Poor puss, the timid hare, too, is now chased from her peaceful stool: and although she flies before the hounds, like dust in the wind, she rarely escapes their persevering speed.

The vine now yields its delicious grapes, and the beautiful dhalia is in splendid bloom, so pleasing to the eye of those who delight to walk in the garden.

## OCTOBER.

The sports which brown OCTOBER yields,  
Now call the huntsmen to the fields;  
And now the woods and vales resound  
With sound of gun, or cry of hound.  
The trees now change their robe of green,  
And in their autumn's dress are seen;  
Their foliage, falling day by day,  
Depicture Autumn's quick decay.  
The garden does, its influence own,  
Its beauties leave us, one by one;  
And with their fading voice proclaim—  
“ Winter will soon resume its reign.”

THE brownish hue which the trees now  
assume, and the leaves which every gust

of wind blows to the ground, remind us that the Autumn is fast wearing away.

Cool evenings again make the fire-side desirable, and every thing proclaims that Winter is stealing on with near approach.

October is a month which may be considered as the link which unites, or rather comes between, the Autumn and Winter quarters: the days shorten, and the nights lengthen; the mornings are usually misty, and the evenings cloudy, and the cold winds and drizzling rains which now prevail, may be considered as the herald of Winter.

## NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER now resumes its reign,  
And brings once more its cheerless train  
Of irksome fog, and murky haze,  
And lengthened nights, and shorten'd days,  
The drizzling rain, the piercing blast,  
Now oft the traveller's path o'er-  
cast,  
And cause all those compelled to roam,  
To doubly prize the charms of home.  
The fire-side, now, all crowd around,  
There mirth and good-will now are found;  
The social joys that thence proceed,  
Convince us, Home is home indeed.

NOVEMBER is, perhaps, the most cheerless month of the year. The cold drizzling

rains prevent much out-door amusement, while the dark dreary days make us, in spite of ourselves, uncomfortable within the house. But reading will now afford us much pleasure, and be productive of real instruction.

In London, the Lord Mayor's show, with all its train of Gog and Magog, and men in armour, and golden coaches, and servants in handsome liveries, cause many a young boy or girl to take a holiday; and even the older branches think this an opportunity to leave business and enjoy a sight of the Lord Mayor's Show.

WINTER.—RELIEVING THE POOR.



When Winter's frosts and snows prevail,  
Who can resist the orphans tale?  
Who then would spurn the friendless poor,  
Or drive the widow from the door?

## DECEMBER.

DECEMBER now in turn succeeds,  
And clothes with snow the hills and meads;  
And, with its days dark, cold, and drear,  
Completes the circle of the year.  
But Christmas now, is near at hand,  
With all the joys it does command;  
These to the school-boy yield a charm  
That does his every feeling warm.  
But now, when frosts and snows prevail;  
Who can resist the orphan's tale?  
Who then would spurn the friendless poor?  
Or drive the widow from the door?

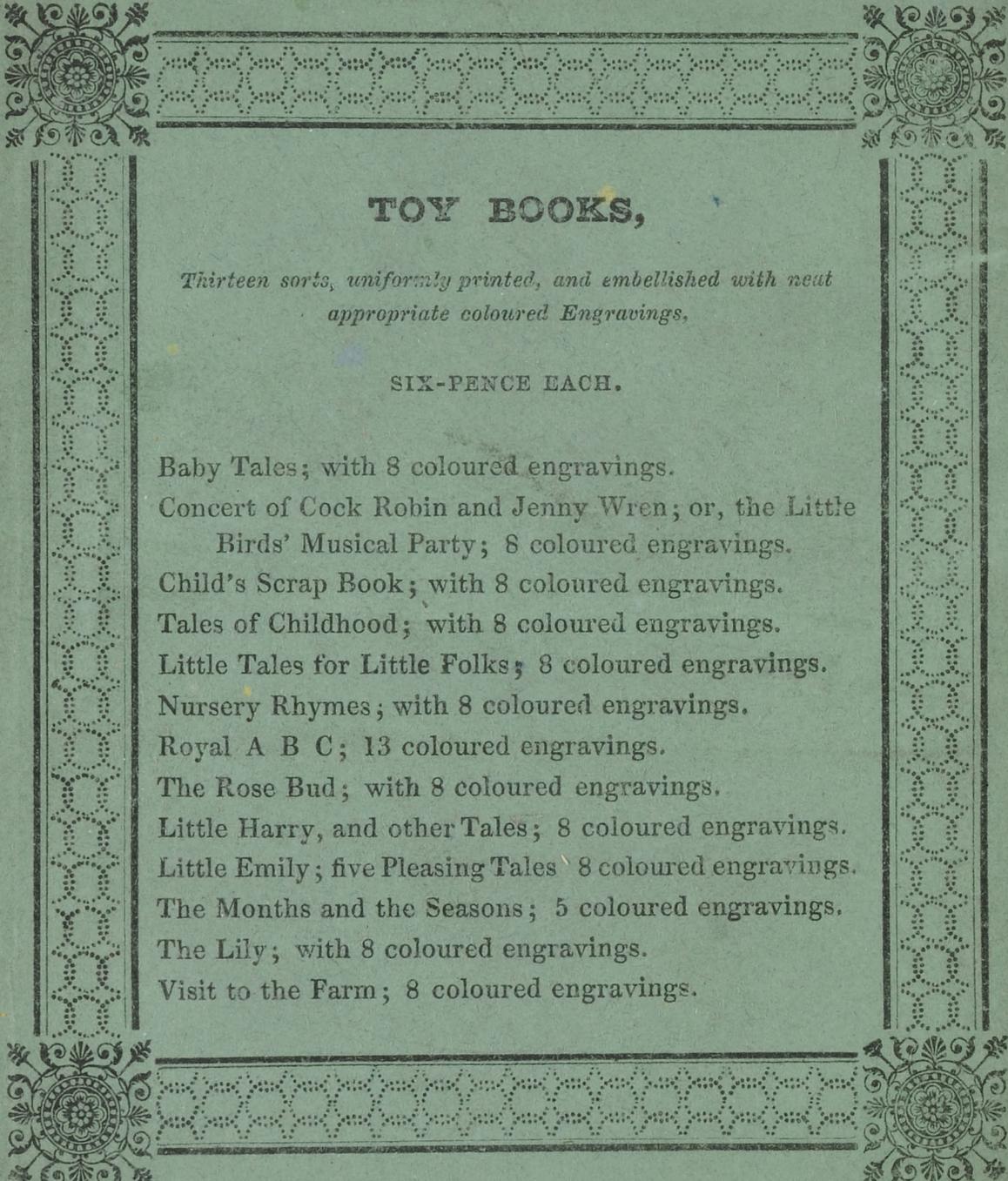
DECEMBER is the last month of the year;  
it is quite as cold and dark as November,

but it brings with it thoughts of Christmas and the holidays, of the plum-pudding, the wine, and the cake, the happy party, and so many other pleasant things, that we cannot but welcome it once more.

But amidst all their pleasures, youth should not forget that there are others who have not the means to be so gay or so happy; then will their sports give a pleasure, which otherwise they cannot enjoy.

Thus in each month throughout the year,  
Peculiar scenes and times appear;  
But all these times and seasons tend  
To realize the one great end  
That Nature always has in view—  
God's bounteous care for man below.

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