

**JANUARY & JUNE: BEING
OUT-DOOR THINKINGS,
AND FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649617449

January & June: Being Out-Door Thinkings, and Fire-Side Musings by Benj. F. Taylor

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BENJ. F. TAYLOR

**JANUARY & JUNE: BEING
OUT-DOOR THINKINGS,
AND FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS**



JANUARY AND JUNE:

BRING

Out-Door Thinkings,

AND

Fire-Side Musings.

BY

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Illustrated.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET
BEWOOD & CO., DETROIT, MICH.
1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
PAUL M. L. USTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Northern District of New-York.

JOHN A. GRAY,
STEREOTYPOR AND PRINTER,
65 & 67 Clark Street.

TO

Stephen W. Taylor, M.D.,

PRESIDENT OF MADISON UNIVERSITY,

WHO HAS PASSED A LIFE, 'LOOKING KNOWN IN THE FACE,
AND IN INTERPRETING HIS EXPERIENCE, HIS LITTLE
VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Preface.

A LITTLE Preface to a little Book is a jewel: so these random sketches are not portionless.

Some body has declared that 'water runneth by the Mill, the Miller wots not of;' and, for proof thereof, lo! here a little, caught in the hollow of one's hand. Not enough, indeed, to turn a wheel, but to quench, may-be, a rose's or a robin's thirst; to baptize an infant love of Nature; to sparkle in dews, on opening leaves of Thought.

Hark! says the mother, as she soothes the restless child. Now, Nature is the mother, and I—the child.

