

Tea Time: Lydia Maria Child

post by Wende

Lydia Maria was born to Susannah and Convers Francis on February 11, 1802 in Medford, Massachusetts. Lydia went to a local school for girls, and later to a women's seminary. When her mother died, Lydia went to live with her older sister where she studied to be a teacher. After teaching at a seminary for one year, Lydia started her own school in 1824. In 1826, she founded the *Juvenile Miscellany*, the first monthly periodical for children published in the United States.



She continued teaching school until 1828, when she married David Lee Child, a lawyer, and moved to Boston.

Lydia Maria Child continued as editor of *Juvenile Miscellany* until 1834, and also wrote several novels, poetry, and instruction manuals for mothers and housewives. As her and her husband's interest in the anti-slavery cause grew, she also began writing numerous essays and books on this topic as well as the topics of women's rights and Native American rights. She was one of the earliest American women to earn a living from her writing.

Lydia Maria Child's best known work was a poem called "The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" which was written in 1844 and published in *Flowers for Children*, Part II. It is better known as "Over the River and Through the Wood", and was written to celebrate the author's childhood memories of visiting

her grandparents' house on Thanksgiving. The original poem had 12 stanzas, but most are not known today.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 't is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play —
Hear the bells ring
Ting a ling ding,
Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood —
No matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get
The sleigh upset
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all,
And play snowball,
And stay as long as we can.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound,
For 't is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river, and through the wood —
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow,
With a loud bow-wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood —
When Grandmother sees us come,
She will say, Oh dear,
The children are here,
Bring a pie for every one.

Over the river, and through the wood —
Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurra for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

Child died at the age of 78, on October 20, 1880, at her home in Massachusetts.

Learning Activities

Read a version of "Over the River and Through the Wood"

Recite or memorize the poem, "Over the River and Through the Wood"

Record what you learn about Lydia Maria Child on the notebooking page.

Analyze "Over the River" using the study notes.

Tea Time Treat

Pumpkin Spice Tea and pudding. Choose a recipe from Lydia Maria Child's "The American Frugal Housewife" published in 1832.

BREAD PUDDING

A nice pudding may be made of bits of bread. They should be crumbled and soaked in milk over night. In the morning, beat up three eggs with it, add a little salt, tie it up in a bag, or in a pan that will exclude every drop of water, and boil it little more than an hour. No puddings should be put into the pot, till the water boils. Bread prepared in the same way makes good plum-puddings. Milk enough to make it quite soft; four eggs; a little cinnamon; a spoonful of rose-water, or lemon-brandy, if you have it; a tea-cupful of molasses, or sugar to your taste, if you prefer it; a few dry, clean raisins, sprinkled in, and stirred up thoroughly, is all that is necessary. It should bake or boil two hours.

CUSTARD PUDDINGS

Custard puddings sufficiently good for common use can be made with five eggs to a quart of milk, sweetened with brown sugar, and spiced with cinnamon, or nutmeg, and very little salt. It is well to boil your milk, and set it away till it gets cold. Boiling milk enriches it so much, that boiled skim-milk is about as good as new milk. A little cinnamon, or lemon peel, or peach leaves, if you do not dislike the taste, boiled in the milk, and afterwards strained from it, give a pleasant flavor. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

RICE PUDDINGS

If you want a common rice pudding to retain its flavor, do not soak it, or put it in to boil when the water is cold. Wash it, tie it in a bag, leave plenty of room for it to swell, throw it in when the water boils, and let it boil about an hour and a half. The

same sauce answers for all these kinds of puddings. If you have rice left cold, break it up in a little warm milk, pour custard over it, and bake it as long as you should custard. It makes very good puddings and pies.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING

If you wish to make what is called 'bird's nest puddings,' prepare your custard,-- take eight or ten pleasant apples, pare them, and dig out the core, but leave them whole, set them in a pudding dish, pour your custard over them, and bake them about thirty minutes.

APPLE PUDDING

A plain, inexpensive apple pudding may be made by rolling out a bit of common pie-crust, and filling it full of quartered apples; tied up in a bag, and boiled an hour and a half; if the apples are sweet, it will take two hours; for acid things cook easily. Some people like little dumplings, made by rolling up one apple, pared and cored, in a piece of crust, and tying them up in spots all over the bag. These do not need to be boiled more than an hour: three quarters is enough, if the

apples are tender. Take sweet, or pleasant flavored apples, pare them, and bore out the core, without cutting the apple in two. Fill up the holes with washed rice, boil them in a bag, tied very tight, an hour, or hour and a half. Each apple should be tied up separately, in different corners of the pudding bag.

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"The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day"

By Lydia Marie Child

Over the river, and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 't is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play —
Hear the bells ring
Ting a ling ding,
Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood —
No matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get
The sleigh upset
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all,
And play snowball,
And stay as long as we can.



Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound,
For 't is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river, and through the wood —
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow,
With a loud bow-wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood —
When Grandmother sees us come,
She will say, Oh dear,
The children are here,
Bring a pie for every one.

Over the river, and through the wood —
Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurra for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurra for the pumpkin pie!



This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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by Lydia Marie Child

Study Notes

☐ Define:

Hark: _____

Dapple: _____

☐ Interpret:

What clue is given to tell the reader the poem was written long ago?

☐ Examine:

Look at the individual elements of the poem. Give examples of the following:

Repetition – when the same word(s) are used more than once in a line or poem

Onomatopoeia - the use of a word whose sound suggests its meaning

Consonance – the repetition of consonant sounds in a line of poetry

Internal Rhyme – when rhyming words appear in the same line of poetry

☐ Evaluate:

The value of a poem is determined by the impact it has on its reader. When you think of Thanksgiving, how does it compare to the poet's reflections?

"The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" **by Lydia Marie Child**

Study Notes

☐ **Define:**

Hark: to listen to; hear

Dapple: mottled or spotted markings, as on a horse's coat

☐ **Interpret:**

What clue is given to tell the reader the poem was written long ago?

They travel by sleigh

☐ **Examine:**

Look at the individual elements of the poem. Give examples of the following:

Repetition – when the same word(s) are used more than once in a line or poem

“Over the river, and through the wood” is repeated 12 times

“Thanksgiving Day” is repeated 3 times

“Hurra” is repeated 3 times

Onomatopoeia - the use of a word whose sound suggests its meaning

Ting a ling ding; bow-wow; Hurra

Consonance – the repetition of consonant sounds in a line of poetry

There are many examples in this poem. Some include:

Over the river, and through the wood

It stings the toes, And bites the nose,

It stings the toes, And bites the nose,

As over the ground we go

Internal Rhyme – when rhyming words appear in the same line of poetry

Ting a ling ding

And straight through the barnyard gate

With a loud bow-wow

☐ **Evaluate:**

The value of a poem is determined by the impact it has on its reader. When you think of Thanksgiving, how does it compare to the poet's reflections?

Answers will vary.