

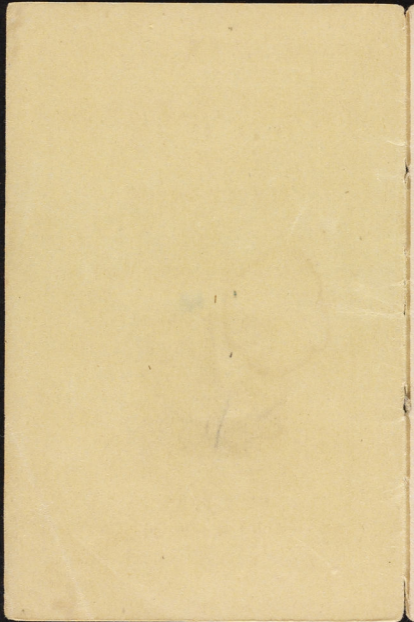
*Cora V. Huntington*

THIRD SERIES.—No. 11.

THE  
**FLOWER-VASE;**  
OR,  
PRETTY POEMS  
FOR  
GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN.



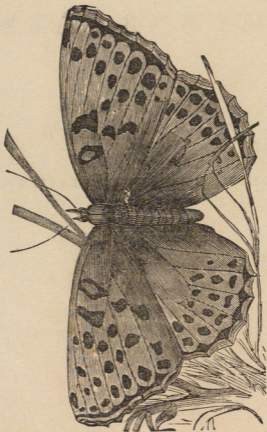
NEW YORK:  
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,  
123 & 125 William St.



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NEW YORK:  
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28 JOHN STREET.



THE  
FLOWER-VASE.



THE BUTTERFLY.

THE butterfly, an idle thing,  
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,  
Like to the bee, and bird ;  
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,  
Lay up the grain for times of want,  
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day,  
Then like the bee, and ant, I'll lay  
A store of learning by ;  
And though from flower to flower I rove,  
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,  
Nor be a butterfly.



## THE SWING.

SEE how gracefully to and fro,  
Little Emma sweeps the air—  
Her garments floating to the breeze,  
And unconfined her hair ;  
She keeps her playmates on the run,  
Working till their turn shall come,  
While every footfall seems a song,  
Sent forth to gladden them along.

Here are the very looks wherein,  
The sunbeams always lie,  
And faces, such as painters love  
To sketch their cherubs by.  
On such a scene we love to gaze,  
It calls to mind our early days ;  
When we could swing, and jump, and  
play,  
And be as free from care as they.

A kind of halo like a beam  
From Eden's realms set free,  
Surrounds them with its viewless folds,  
A robe of sanctity.  
And even we half seem to share  
The childhood's sunshine where they are ;  
For we can feel the living spring  
Its ministering angels bring.

THE FLOWER-VASE.





MY GRANDFATHER.<sup>x</sup>

GRANDFATHER'S very old ; his eye  
Looks dimly on the page,  
His scanty locks and lengthened beard  
Are silvered o'er by age ;  
My heart has learned too well the tale  
Which other lips have told,  
His years and strength begin to fail—  
Grandfather's very old.

They tell me, in my tender years,  
He led me by his side,  
And strove to calm my infant fears,  
My tottering steps to guide.  
But years, with all their scenes of change,  
Above us both have rolled.  
I now must guide *his* faltering steps—  
Grandfather's very old.

When sunset's rosy glow departs,  
With voices full of mirth,  
Our household band, with joyous hearts,  
Will gather round the hearth.  
They look upon his trembling form,  
His pallid face behold,  
And turn away with chastened tones—  
Grandfather's very old.

And when each tuneful voice we raise,  
In songs of "long ago,"  
*His* voice which mingles in our lays,  
Is tremulous and low,  
It used to seem a clarion's tone,  
So musical and bold,  
But weaker, fainter has it grown—  
Grandfather's very old.

The same fond smile he used to wear,  
Still wreaths his pale lips now ;  
But time, with lines of age and care,  
Has traced his placid brow.  
But yet amid the lapse of years,  
His *heart* has not grown cold,  
Though voice and footsteps plainly tell  
Grandfather's very old.

Dear grandfather ! thou didst strive to  
share  
My joys and calm my fears,  
Thy grandchild now, with grateful care,  
In thy declining years  
Shall smooth thy path, and brighter scenes  
By faith and hope unfold ;  
And love thee with a holier love,  
Since thou art now grown old.

## POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

Down in this ditch poor Donkey lies,  
Who jogged with many a load ;  
And till the day death closed his eyes,  
Browsed up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,  
Whatever winds might blow ;  
A neighboring common was his bed,  
Though dressed in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often strayed  
To nip the dainty grass ;  
And friendly invitations brayed,  
To some more hungry ass.

Each market day he jogged along,  
Beneath his master's goad,



And snored out many a Donkey's song  
To friends upon the road.

A turf of grass, a thistle green,  
Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,  
Were all the dainties he was seen  
For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport—the sober soul  
Was such a steady Jack,  
He only now and then would roll,  
His rider from his back.

But all his sport and dainties too,  
And labors now are o'er,  
Last night so bleak a tempest blew,  
He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs benumbed,  
His blood was freezing slow,  
And presently he tumbled plump,  
Stone dead upon the snow.

Poor Donkey! travellers passing by,  
Thy cold remains shall see;  
And 'twould be well, if all who die  
Had worked as hard as thee.

## THE VILLAGE GREEN.

On the cheerful village green,  
Scattered around with houses neat,  
All the boys and girls are seen,  
Playing there with busy feet.  
Now they frolic, hand in hand ;  
Making many a merry chain ;  
Then they form a warlike band,  
Marching o'er the level plain.  
Then ascends the worsted ball ;  
High it rises in the air ;  
Or against the cottage wall,  
Up and down it bounces there.  
Or the hoop, with even pace,  
Runs before the merry crowd ;  
Joy is seen in every face,  
Joy is heard in clamors loud.  
For among the rich and gay,  
Fine, and grand, and decked in laces,  
None appear more glad than they,  
With happier hearts, or happier faces.  
Then contented with my state,  
Let me envy not the great ;  
Since true pleasure may be seen  
On a cheerful village green.



## THE MOTHER'S PETS.

How happily the little child  
Enjoys the summer air ;  
How cheerily, with accents mild ;  
She greets her sister there.

How sweet to see the mother fair,  
Sustain that cherub form,  
Mingling, with a parent's care,  
Words of affection warm.

Right merrily, these little ones  
Will sport this sunny morn ;  
But mother's eyes where Clara runs,  
Still anxiously is borne.

Should Clara fall, would mother fly,  
To raise her to her feet ;  
And mother's voice, should Clara cry,  
Words of comfort would repeat.

So, o'er my path through this vain world,  
May guardian hosts keep ward ;  
And when life's fleeting flag is flurled,  
My flight to heaven guard.





## THE COTTAGE GIRL.

WITH resolute and dauntless air  
See the fearless heroine dare,  
Upon a log to cross the stream,  
To reach her home ere twilight's gleam.

Next upon the village green,  
The pretty cottage girl is seen ;  
Then besides her cottage neat,  
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door,  
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,  
Where, upon the wall so white,  
Hang her coppers polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,  
She either sews, or spins, or knits,  
Hard she labors all the week,  
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday, Mary goes,  
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,  
Says her prayers (a constant rule)  
And hastens to the Sunday school.

O how good should we be found,  
Who lived on liberty's happy ground !  
Where rich and poor and wretched may  
Al! learn to walk in wisdom's way.

## THE YELLOW LEAF.

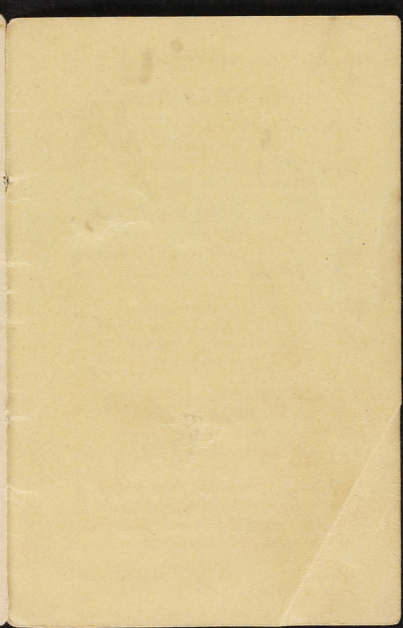
I SAW a leaf come tilting down,  
From a bare, withered bough;  
The leaf was dead, the branch was brown,  
No fruit was left it now.

This leaf, they tell me, once was green,  
Washed by the showers soft:  
High on the topmost bough 'twas seen,  
And flourished up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,  
Wrinkled, and weak, and gray;  
He'd hardly strength enough to go  
Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,  
He leaned on crutches high;  
But while I stayed to pity him,  
I saw him gasp and die.

This poor old man was once as gay  
As rosy health could be;  
Yes, and the youngest head must lay,  
Ere long as low as he.



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