













# FLOWER IDYLS

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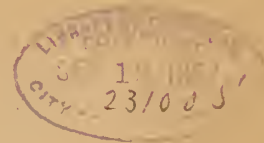
GERTRUDE STROHM

---

Oh, to what uses shall we put  
The wild weed flower that simply blows?  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the rose?

But any man that walks the mead,  
In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find,  
According as his humors lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.

— *Tennyson.*



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BOSTON



To the Dear Memory  
OF  
MY MOTHER,  
MARGARET GUTHRIE STROHM,  
AND OF  
MY AUNT,  
ELOISE GUTHRIE STROHM.



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## NOTE.

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G. S.



## THE CLERGYMAN

---

PULPIT-PLANT, ARUM.

BELL-FLOWER, ABUTILON.









THE pulpit, therefore (and I name it fill'd  
With solemn awe, that bids me well  
beware

With what intent I touch that holy thing),—  
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,  
Strutting and vapping in an empty school,  
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte),—  
I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall  
stand,

The most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.

There stands the messenger of truth. There  
stands

The legate of the skies. His theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear.

By him the violated law speaks out  
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet  
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

— *The Task.* — COWPER.

Bells are the voice of the Church :  
They have tones that touch and search  
    The hearts of the young and old ;  
One sound to all, yet each  
Lends a meaning to their speech,  
    And the meaning is manifold.

—*The Bells of San Blas*, H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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## THE DOCTOR

---

BONESET, EUPATORIUM PERFOLIATUM.  
SPEEDWELL, VERONICA.



“A SURGEON must have a lion’s heart,  
an eagle’s eye, and a lady’s hand.”

---

“It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man’s friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage-wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten!”

---

“What a fine thing it must be for a doctor to watch the return of health to a patient’s face, — to watch the color coming back, and the eyes looking happy again, and the spirits rising; and to think that maybe he has helped.”

—*White Wings*. — WILLIAM BLACK.





THE LAWYER

---

SOLOMON'S SEAL, CORNALLARIA  
RACEMOSA.



FULL of wise saws and modern instances.

— SHAKSPEARE.

Till thou canst rail the seals from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

— SHAKSPEARE.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays  
Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
Hail to the coming on of spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid — happy pairs —  
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs inshrines  
In freehold nests, themselves, their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest turn of Cupid's court,  
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring, —  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

— H. P. H. BROWNELL.



THE ARTIST

---

TUBE-ROSES, TUBEROSE.  
PAINT-BRUSHES, CACALIA.









## THE KING'S PICTURE.

BY NELLIE L. TINKHAM.

THE Artist painted the picture. It  
hung in the palace hall.  
Never had thing so radiant e'er shone  
on the burnished wall.  
The King, with head uncovered, gazed on the face  
so fair,  
And cried: "O painter! tell us thy secret, grand  
and rare.  
Tell us what isle Elysian, what fairyland of bliss,  
Holds in its magic keeping a vision such as this.  
Ah, the earth is low and fallen! there is no  
place or spot  
Where beauty is not marred by sin's foul stain  
and blot.  
Tell us this spot enchanted, far from the haunts  
of men,  
Where we may find perfection and dream  
our dreams again."

The Artist smiled and answered: "Wouldst thou  
my secret know?

Bid thy warden ope the gate to the crowd  
that waits below."

The brazen portal opened, and there poured  
with hurrying feet...

A throng of ragged beggars from out the  
dusty street.

The courtiers looked in wonder; the King stood  
in amaze;

Never before had sight so strange encountered his  
royal gaze.

Then said the Artist, kneeling: "O sire! give  
patient heed,

And the meaning of my riddle thine eyes can  
surely read.

No living thing upon God's earth so low and  
stained can be

That beauty rare may not be found by eyes  
that clearly see."

Ah! the crowd of ragged beggars — hungry,  
and gaunt, and sad —

Where in your wretched faces shall be  
found that vision glad?

Lo! a woman looked upon them with haggard  
eyes and wild,  
And they saw the brow He had painted,  
the brow of a trusting child;  
And one, sin-stained and fallen, with bold,  
unblushing stare,  
Stood crowned in the glancing sunlight,  
with the picture's golden hair;  
And one whose voice all day had rung with  
pitiful, hungry cries,  
Looked up with the beautiful pleading of the  
picture's wondrous eyes;  
And one who was blind and palsied begged for  
her bitter bread  
With the lips whose curving sweetness He had  
painted warm and red.  
And still the courtiers wondered, each held his  
bated breath,  
And through the lordly hall there fell a silence  
deep as death,  
While the sovereign, proud and haughty, low  
bowed his kingly head.  
"Thy riddle, cunning painter, mine eyes  
have plainly read!"

And he thought of another court than this; of  
a mightier King than he,  
Whose coming in His beauty his eye would  
one day see;  
Of the crowd of ragged beggars that, with  
pleading hands, would wait,  
Sinful, and poor, and wretched, outside the  
palace gate;  
And of the wondrous Master, who sees each  
hidden soul,  
And makes of the broken fragments the glorious,  
perfect whole.

— *From New York Independent.*

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THE POET

---

EGLANTINE, ROSA RUBIGINOSA.



“THE Eglantine, or wild-briar rose,  
more commonly called sweet  
briar, has ever been considered  
*the Poets' flower.*”

---

The Poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above;  
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love.

—TENNYSON.

---

Vex not thou the Poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit;  
Vex not thou the Poet's mind,  
For thou canst not fathom it.  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river,  
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

—TENNYSON.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

---

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist, —

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.



Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

— LONGFELLOW.

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THE MUSICIAN

---

OATS, SYMBOL OF MUSIC.



LET the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voic'd choir  
below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!

— *Il Penseroso*. — MILTON.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys  
Strayed in a fitful fantasy,  
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees  
Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,  
Or the drifting foam of a restless sea  
When the waves show their teeth in the flying  
breeze.

— *In the Gold Room*. — OSCAR WILDE.

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,  
Retir'd from all, reserv'd, and coy,  
    To musing prone,  
I woo'd my solitary joy, —  
    My harp alone.  
Ambition's dream I've seen depart,  
Have read of penury the smart,  
Have felt of love the venom'd dart  
    When hope was flown;  
Yet rests one solace to my heart, —  
    My harp alone.

— *Rokeby*. — SCOTT.

---

All night have the roses heard  
    The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
    To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
    And a hush with the setting moon.

— *Maud*. — TENNYSON.

## THE SOLDIER

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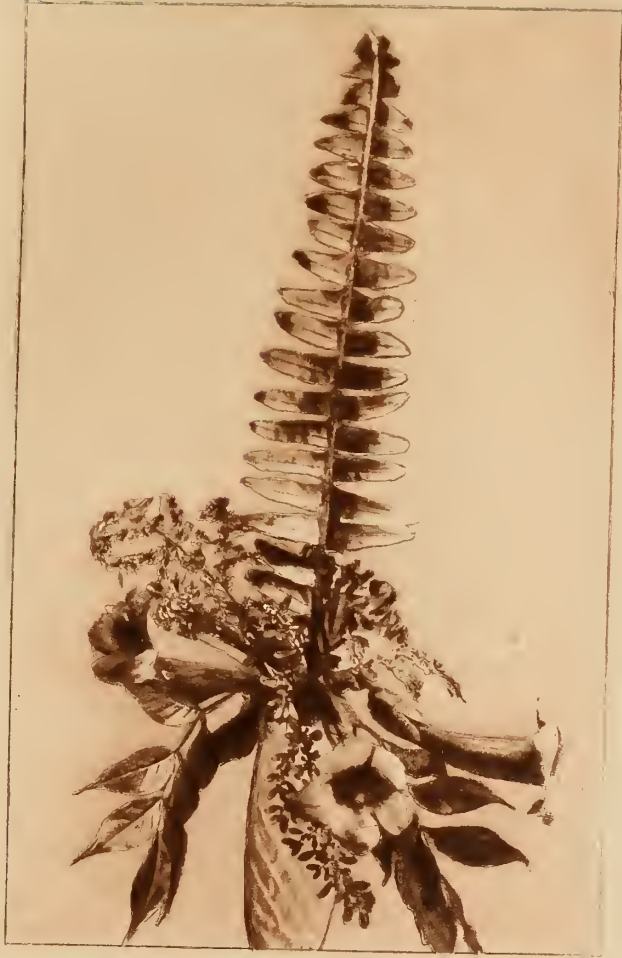
ARTILLERY-PLANT, PILEA.

SWORD-FERN, NEPHROLEPIS EXALTATA.

TRUMPET-FLOWER, TECOMA RADICANS









FOR gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize,—  
The soldier's wealth is honor.

—BURNS.

---

A soldier of the Legion  
Lay dying at Algiers;  
There was lack of woman's nursing—  
There was dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him,  
While his life-blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances,  
To hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered  
As he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land;  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions,  
When they meet and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story,  
In the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely,  
And that when the day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale  
Beneath the setting sun;  
And 'midst the dead and dying,  
Were some grown old in years—  
The death wounds on their gallant breasts,  
The last of many scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly  
Beheld life's morn decline,  
And one had come from Bingen—  
From Bingen on the Rhine!

“Tell my mother that her other sons  
Shall comfort her old age,  
For I was still a truant-bird  
That thought his home a cage;

For my father was a soldier,  
And even when a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell  
Of struggles fierce and wild;  
And when he died and left us  
To divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would,  
But kept my father's sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it  
Where the bright light used to shine,  
On the cottage hall at Bingen —  
Calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me,  
And sob with drooping head,  
When the troops come marching home  
again,  
With glad and gallant tread;  
But to look upon them proudly,  
With calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too,  
And not afraid to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love,  
I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly,  
Without regret or shame;  
And to hang the old sword in its place,  
My father's sword and mine,  
For the honor of old Bingen —  
Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another — not a sister —  
In happy days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment  
That sparkled in her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry,  
Too fond for idle scorning;  
O friend! I fear the lightest heart  
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning.  
Tell her the last night of my life —  
(For ere this moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain,  
My soul be out of prison),  
I dreamed I stood with her and saw  
The yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen —  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—  
I heard, or seem'd to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing  
In chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river,  
And up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded  
Through the evening calm and still;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me  
As we pass'd, with friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore,  
And well-remember'd walk;  
And her little hand lay lightly  
And confidingly in mine,—  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—  
Loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarse,  
His grasp was childish weak,  
His eyes put on a dying look,  
He sighed and ceased to speak.  
His comrade bent to lift him;  
But the spark of life had fled,

The soldier of the Legion  
In a foreign land was dead.  
And the soft moon rose up slowly,  
    And calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field  
    With bloody corpses strewn;  
Yes, calmly on the dreadful scene,  
    Her pale light seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen —  
    Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

—*Bingen on the Rhine.* — HON. MRS. NORTON.

---

Sleep, Soldiers! still in honored rest  
    Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest, —  
    The loving are the daring.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

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## THE SAILOR

---

SEA-PINK, ARMERIA MARITIMA.

COMPASS-PLANT, SILPHIUM LACINIATUM.

SHELL-FLOWER, MOLUCCA BALM,  
MOLUCELLA.







TAKE the bright shell  
From its home on the lea,  
And wherever it goes  
It will sing of the sea;

So take the fond heart  
From its home and its hearth,  
'Twill sing of the loved  
To the ends of the earth.

— ANON.

I love the sailor — his eventful life —  
His generous spirit — his contempt of dan-  
ger —  
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife ;  
And though a wild and reckless ocean-rangèr,  
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,  
Where storms are hushed, and billows break  
no more.

— REV. WALTER COLTON.

A BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

---

“Where go you, pretty Maggie, —  
Where go you in the rain?”

“I go to ask the sailors  
Who sailed the Spanish Main,

“If they have seen my Willie,  
If he’ll come back to me, —  
It is so sad to have him  
A-sailing on the sea!”

“O Maggie, pretty Maggie,  
Turn back to yonder town;  
Your Willie’s in the ocean,  
A hundred fathoms down!

“His hair is turned to sea-kelp,  
His eyes are changed to stones,  
And twice two years have knitted  
The coral round his bones!

## THE MERCHANT

---

RIBBON-GRASS, PHALARIS ARUNDI-  
NACEA.

FRINGE, CHIONANTHUS VIRGINICA.

LACE-PLANT, DANCUS CAROTA.

SILK-WEED, ASCLEPIAS SYRIACA.

VELVET-PLANT, MULLEIN.

SATIN-FLOWER, LUNARIA.









“The blossoms and the clover  
Shall bloom and bloom again,  
But never shall your lover  
Come o'er the Spanish Main!”

But Maggie never heeded,  
For mournfully said she:  
“It is so sad to have him  
A-sailing on the sea!”

She left me in the darkness;  
I heard the sea-gulls screech,  
And burly winds were growling  
With breakers on the beach.

The bells of old Nantucket, —  
What touching things they said,  
When Maggie lay a-sleeping  
With lilies round her head!

The parson preached a sermon,  
And prayed and preached again, —  
But she had gone to Willie  
Across the Spanish Main.

— T. B. ALDRICH.

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## THE JEWELLER

---

LADY'S EARDROPS, FUCHSIA.  
CORAL-PLANT, ERITHRINA.  
IVORY THISTLE, CHAMAEPENCE  
DIACANTHA.  
BLUE AMETHYST, BROWALLIA.



HE hath ribands of all the colours i' the  
rainbow.

— *Winter's Tale.* — SHAKSPEARE.

---

. . . All manner of things that a woman  
can put  
On the crown of her head, or the sole of  
her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her  
waist,  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below ;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;  
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall, —  
All of them different in color and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and  
satin.

— *Nothing to Wear.* — WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

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ROYALTY

---

CROWN IMPERIAL, FRITILLARIA  
IMPERIALIS.



— “**J**ASPER first,” I said,  
“And second, sapphire; third,  
Chalcedony;  
The rest in order, . . . last, an amethyst.”

— *Aurora Leigh*. — MRS. BROWNING.

---

There are no nobler earthly ornaments  
Than jewels of the city of the saved.

— *Festus*. — P. J. BAILEY.



God bless thee, weeping Queen,  
With blessing more divine!  
And fill with happier love than earth's  
That tender heart of thine!  
That when the thrones of earth shall be  
As low as graves brought down,  
A piercéd hand may give to thee  
The crown which angels shout to see!  
Thou wilt not *weep*  
To wear that heavenly crown!

— *Victoria's Tears.* — MRS. E. B. BROWNING.



SHE WEPT TO WEAR A CROWN!

---

“O maiden! heir of kings!  
A king has left his place!  
The majesty of death has swept  
All other from his face!  
And thou upon thy mother's breast  
No longer lean adown,  
But take the glory for the rest,  
And rule the land that loves thee best!”  
She heard and wept, —  
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls;  
They reined her hundred steeds;  
They shouted at her palace gate,  
“A noble queen succeeds!”  
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,  
Her praise has filled the town!  
And mourners God had stricken deep,  
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep,  
Alone she wept, —  
Who wept to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,  
For tears had dimmed her eyes;  
She only knew her childhood's flowers  
Were happier pageantries!  
And while her heralds played the  
part,  
For million shouts to drown —  
"God save the Queen" from hill to  
mart, —  
She heard through all her beating heart,  
And turned and wept, —  
She wept to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!  
Thou shalt be well beloved!  
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,  
As those pure tears have moved!  
The nature in thine eyes we see,  
That tyrants cannot own.  
The love that guardeth liberties!  
Strange blessing on the nation lies,  
Whose sovereign wept, —  
Yea! wept to wear its crown!



## BEAUTY'S FLORA

---

BLUE-EYED MARY, LOBELIA.

BELLE OF THE EVENING, MIRABILIS  
JALAPA.

QUAKER LADY, EUPHORBIA MARGINATA.



HER clear blue eyes beneath a forehead fair,  
Arched like an Iris, looked beneath their  
lashes  
Like morning-glories, and her curling hair  
Threw off such light as from the laurel  
flashes.

— RUFUS DAWES.

---

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
Such should, methinks, its music be;  
The sweetest names that mortals bear  
Were best befitting thee.

— O W. HOLMES.

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---

I saw her at a county ball;  
There, where the sound of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
Of hands across and down the middle.  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And when she danced — O Heaven, her  
dancing!

Dark was her hair ; her hand was white ;  
Her voice was exquisitely tender ;  
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;  
I never saw a waist so slender ;  
Her every look, her every smile,  
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;  
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,  
I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

—*The Belle of the Ball.* — WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

---

A native grace  
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorn'd the most ;  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.

— THOMSON.

---

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye, —  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky. \

— WADSWORTH.

FARMER'S WIFE.

---

BUTTER AND EGGS, ANTISSHINUM  
LINARIA.









THE sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands and called to  
Mary;  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,  
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm, eluding art, —  
Its spirit, not its letter;

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance, —  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter  
The paltry errand of her need,—  
To buy her fresh-churned butter?

She led the way with house-wife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

— *Among the Hills.* — JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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THE SEAMSTRESS

---

NEEDLE TREES, PINES.

THREADY YUCCA, YUCCA FILAMENTOSA.







## THE NEEDLE.

---

THE gay belles of fashion may boast  
of excelling

In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille,  
And seek admiration by bantingly telling  
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;  
But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
While plying the needle with exquisite art;  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman, ever resistless and true,  
A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,  
'Tis this; and his armory never has furnished  
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;

Let beauty direct it, so polished and burnished,  
And oh, it is certain of touching the heart!  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admira-  
tion,  
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;  
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
As gayly convened at the work-covered table,  
Each cheerfully active playing her part,  
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
And plying the needle with exquisite art:  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

—T. S. WOODWORTH.



# THE WASHERWOMAN

---

WATER IVY.

SOAP-WORT, SAPONARIA.

INDIGO-PLANT, PERILLA. . .







A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

---

QUEEN of my tub, I merrily sing,  
While the white foam rises high;  
And sturdily wash and rinse, and wring,  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,  
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls  
The stains of the week away,  
And let water and air by their magic make  
Ourselves as pure as they;  
Then on the earth there would be indeed  
A glorious washing-day!

Along the path of a useful life  
Will hearts-ease ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;  
And anxious thoughts may be swept away  
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given  
To labor at day by day;  
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,  
And I cheerfully learn to say, —  
“Head, you may think; heart, you may  
feel;  
But hand, you shall work away!”

— *Little Women.* — LOUISA M. ALCOTT.  
(By permission of Roberts Bros.)

## THE COOK

---

LOBSTER CACTUS, EPIPHYLLUM  
TRUNCATUM.

BEEF'S TONGUE CACTUS.

LAMB'S QUARTER, CHENOPODIUM  
ALBUM.

SWEET PEAS, LATHYRUS ODORATUS.

MINT VERBENA, PEPPER GERANIUM.

PALESTINE MUSTARD, ERYSIMUM.





WE may live without poetry, music, and  
art;

We may live without conscience, and live  
without heart;

We may live without friends; we may live without  
books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

— *Lucile.* — OWEN MEREDITH.

“ She's such a clever woman-cook!  
    . . . When she begins to speak,  
She asks such dreadful questions, — oh!  
    How many quarts of milk a week  
Shall I require? how *should* I know!  
    And what may be the price of coals?  
How many tons will be enough?  
    Shall she take quartern loaves, or rolls?  
And do I want the kitchen stuff?  
I've ordered dinner, — 'tis a fact  
That I was frightened at the act!  
Says I, ‘ A leg of lamb you'll get; ’  
Says she, ‘ It's not in season yet; ’  
So turning somewhere for relief,  
I said, ‘ Then get a leg of beef; ’  
She look'd so keenly in my face  
She made me feel the whole disgrace;  
And so I cried, ‘ Get anything! ’  
And ran upstairs to play and sing.”

— MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.

THE CONFECTIONER

---

CANDY-TUFT, IBERIS.



SWEETS to the sweet.

— *Hamlet.* — SHAKSPEARE.

---

Candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;  
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,  
And lucid syrups, tinct with cinnamon.

— *The Eve of St. Agnes.* — KEATS.



THE MILLER

---

DUSTY MILLER, CINERARIA MARITIMA.





I SEE the wealthy Miller yet,  
His double chin, his portly size,  
And who that knew him could forget  
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?  
The slow, wise smile that round about  
His dusty forehead dryly curl'd  
Seem'd half-within and half-without  
And full of dealings with the world.

I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Through quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,—  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door,  
Made misty with the floating meal.

— *The Miller's Daughter.* — TENNYSON.



## THE CARPENTER

---

PLANE TREE, PLATANUS.

SAW PALMETTO, SABAL SERRULATA.

USEFUL SCREW PINE, PANDANUS  
UTILIS.



THE sound of tools to a clever  
workman, who loves his work,  
is like the tentative sounds of  
the orchestra to the violinist who has to  
bear his part in the overture; the strong  
fibres begin their accustomed thrill.

— *Adam Bede.* — GEO. ELIOT.

---

What grand beeches! Adam delighted in a  
fine tree of all things. As the fisherman's sight  
is keenest on the sea, so Adam's perceptions  
were more at home with trees than with other  
objects. He kept them in his memory, as a  
painter does, with all the flecks and knots in  
their bark, all the curves and angles of their  
boughs; and had often calculated the height  
and contents of a trunk to a nicety, as he stood  
looking at it.

— *Adam Bede.* — GEO. ELIOT.

Much can he praise the trees so straight and high,  
The sapling pine; the cedar proud and tall;  
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;  
The builder oake; sole king of forrests all;  
The aspine good for staves.

—SPENSER.

## THE BLACKSMITH

---

HORSE-SHOE GERANIUM.

IRON-WEED, VERNONIA.

RED-HOT POKER, TRITOMA.





“HE is rich in the best of all metals,  
Yet silver he lacks, and gold;  
And he payeth his due, and his heart  
is true,  
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,  
Yet he laugheth and maketh more;  
And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,  
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then hurrah for the iron blacksmith!  
And hurrah for his iron crew!  
And whenever we go where his forges glow,  
We'll sing what a *Man* can do.”

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

— *The Village Blacksmith*.— H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
(By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

## THE SHOEMAKER

---

INDIA-RUBBER PLANT, FRICUS  
ELASTICA.

LADY'S SLIPPER, CYPRIPEDIUM.



THE foot is yours; where'er it falls  
It treads your well-wrought leather, —  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather.  
Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron grace or vestals,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap! — your stout and bluff brogan,  
With footsteps slow and weary,  
May wander where the sky's blue span  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
On beauty's foot, your slippers glance,  
By Saratoga's fountains,  
Or twinkle down the summer dance  
Beneath the crystal mountains.

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's;  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
Like fairy Cinderella's!

As they who shunned the household maid  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With hearth, and home, and honor.

— *The Shoemakers.* — JOHN G. WHITTIER.  
(By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

## LOVER'S BOUQUET

---

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS, PANSY, VIOLA  
TRICOLOR.

LOVE IN A MIST, NIGELLA.

LOVE IN A PUFF, CARDIOSPERMUM.









YET mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with  
love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

— *Midsummer Night's Dream* — SHAKESPEARE.

---

WHAT.

---

She was working a slipper, — but she didn't like  
*that*;

She sang a little melody, — *that* wouldn't do;  
She tried to read a little, then she played with the  
cat,

And then commenced a note, — “ Dearest, why  
didn't you?”

And then she tore it up, and then tried to  
keep still

And watch the spent sun till he dropped  
behind the hill.

He was reading a novel, — but he didn't like that ;  
So he took down his fishing-rod, — *that* wouldn't  
do ;  
Then he whistled to his dog, then he put  
on his hat,  
And then commenced a note, — “ Dear-  
est, why didn't you ? ”  
And then he tore it up, and then tried to  
keep still  
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind  
the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up  
the lane ;  
He too, quite by chance, of course, came along ;  
So they met, and they stopped ; not a look would  
either deign ;  
Then he said nothing, and naught had she to  
say.  
At last he looked up at her, and she looked  
up too —  
“ Why *didn't* you, dearest ? ” — “ Dearest,  
why didn't *you* ? ”

— ANON.

HE AND SHE.

---

“Should one of us remember,  
And one of us forget,  
I wish I knew what each would do,  
But who can tell as yet?”

“Should one of us remember,  
And one of us forget,  
I promise you what I will do—  
And I'm 'content to wait for you,  
And not be sure as yet.”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

LOVE SONGS OF THE PERIOD.

---

I love you, Love, for good or ill,  
As brown bees love sweet honey;  
I love you, Love, soul, heart, and will,  
For sombre skies or sunny;  
And yet I pause, I falter still,  
For, oh! one thought, one doubt doth thrill,—  
My darling, have you money?

I love you, Love, I love you, Love;  
But, oh, you must have money!  
A sweet rose is a rose, my love;  
Yet if it holds no honey  
The busy bee he will not stay,  
But, humming airs, he flies away,  
To find a rose with honey.

*Chorus :*

I love you, Love, I love you, Love;  
But, oh, you must have money!

— “*Memorie and Rime.*” — JOAQUIN MILLER.  
(By permission of Funk & Wagnalls.)

OLD BACHELORS

---

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS, GOMPHRENA.





## OLD MAIDS

---

MAIDEN'S HAIR, ADIANTUM.  
CURLS. CLEMATIS VIORNA.







## AUNT HANNAH.

---

SHE is known to all the town, in her  
quaintly-fashioned gown,  
And wide bonnet—you would guess it at the  
distance of a mile;  
With her little sprigs of smilax, and her lavender  
and lilacs,  
Snowy napkins and big basket, and serenely  
simple smile.

She is just a little queer; and few gentle-folk,  
I fear,  
In their drawing-rooms would welcome that  
benignant, beaming face;  
And the truth is, old Aunt Hannah's rather  
antiquated manners,  
In some fashionable circles, would seem  
sadly out of place.

Yet there's something quite refined in  
her manners and her mind,  
As you presently discover; and 'tis well enough  
to know,  
Everything that now so odd is in the bon-  
net and the bodice  
Was the very height of fashion five-and-  
forty years ago.

She was then a reigning belle; and I've heard old  
ladies tell  
How at all the balls and parties Hannah Amsden  
took the lead;  
Perfect bloom and maiden sweetness, lily grace of  
rare completeness,  
Though the stalk stands rather stiffly now the  
flower has gone to seed.

She had all that love could give,—all that  
makes it sweet to live,—  
Fond caresses, jewels, dresses; and with elo-  
quent appeal  
Many a proud and rich adorer knelt—in  
metaphor — before her;  
Metaphorically only does your modern  
lover kneel.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

---

MY fire is lit, my tea is fix'd,  
My curtains drawn, and all is snug,  
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
Last night I had a curious dream,  
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,  
I could but woo, and she was won;  
Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
The ring was placed, the deed was done!  
Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
As fast as grinning boys could flog; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *fête-a-têtes* to come!  
What *fête-a-têtes* must still defer!

When Susan came to live with me,  
Her mother came to live with her!  
With sister Belle she couldn't part,  
But all *my* ties had leave to jog; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll;  
A monkey, too, — what work he made!  
The sister introduced a beau;  
My Susan brought a favorite maid.  
She had a tabby of her own, —  
A snappish mongrel, christen'd Gog; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes, they were the queerest shape!  
Such coats and hats she never met!  
My ways, they were the oddest ways!  
My friends were such a vulgar set!  
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd,  
She could not bear that Mister Blogg; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

•



At times we had a spar, and then  
Mamma must mingle in the song;  
The sister took a sister's part;  
The maid declared her master wrong;  
The parrot learned to call me "Fool,"  
My life was like a London fog; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now, was not that an awful dream  
For one who single is and snug,  
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,  
And Tray reposing on the rug?  
If I must totter down the hill,  
'Tis safest done without a clog; —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

— THOMAS HOOD.



Glassy smiles and feeble chat, — then the  
parson took his hat,  
And the wedding-guests departed, glad to  
breathe the outer air;  
Till the last farewell was taken, kind word  
offered, kind hand shaken,  
And the great house stood forsaken in its  
shame and its despair.

With a firmness justified less by hope, perhaps, than  
pride,  
All her misery, all their pity, Hannah bore with-  
out complaint;  
Till her hasting mother met her, pale and breath-  
less, with a letter,  
And she saw the superscription, and shrieked,  
“Frederick!” and grew faint.

With quick hand the seal she broke, and she  
neither breathed nor spoke,  
But a sudden ashy paleness all her fair face  
overspread;  
And a terror seemed to hold her, and her  
cheek grew cold and colder,  
And her icy fingers rattled on the paper  
as she read.

In her chamber once alone, on the floor  
    she lay like stone,  
With her bridal gear about her, — all that idle,  
    fine array;  
And the white moon, white and holy, to  
    her chamber-bar climbed slowly,  
And looked in upon the lowly, wretched  
    lady where she lay.

Why the letter was delayed, what the poor excuse  
    he made,  
Mattered little there to Hannah, lying on the  
    moonlit floor.  
'Twas his heart that had miscarried; for some new  
    toy he had tarried;  
In a fortnight he was married, and she never saw  
    him more.

Came the glorious autumn days — golden hills,  
    cerulean haze —  
And still Hannah kept her chamber with her  
    shame and her despair;  
All the neighbors and relations came and  
    offered consolations,  
And the preacher preached up patience,  
    and remembered her in prayer.

Spite of all that they could say, Hannah  
Amsden pined away,  
Came the dull days of November, came the win-  
ter wild and white ;  
Lonely, listless, hours together she would  
sit and watch the heather,  
Or the cold bright constellations pulsing  
in the pallid night.

For a twelve-month and a day so poor Hannah  
pined away.  
Came once more the fatal morning, came the  
dread hours that had been ;  
All the anguish she lived over, waiting, waiting for  
her lover,  
Then the new dawn shone about her, and a  
sweeter dawn within.

All her soul bleached white and pure, taught  
by suffering to endure ;  
Taught by sorrow to know sorrow, and to  
bind the bleeding heart,  
Now a pale and placid sister in the world  
that lately missed her, —  
Sweetly pale where Peace had kissed her,  
— patient Hannah chose her part.

To do good was her delight, all her study  
day and night;  
And around her, like a fragrance in the halo  
round a saint,  
Breathed the holy exhalation of her life  
and occupation.  
But the rising generation soon began to  
call her quaint.

For her self-forgetfulness even extended to her  
dress;  
Milliner and mantua-maker never crossed her  
threshold more;  
But the bodice and the bonnet with the wondrous  
bow upon it,  
Kept their never-changing fashion of the faded  
years before.

So she still goes up and down on her errands  
through the town;  
And sometimes a school-girl titters, or an  
urchin stops to grin,  
Or a village cur barks at her, but to her 'tis  
little matter —  
You may flear or you may flatter — such  
deep peacé her soul is in.

If heeded, 'twas because, in their wor-  
ship, their applause,  
Her perfection was reflected, and a pleasing  
music heard;  
But she suffered them no nearer than her  
goldfinch or her mirror;  
And she hardly held them dearer than  
her pier-glass or her bird.

But at last there came a day when she gave her  
heart away, —  
If that rightly be called giving which is neither  
choice nor will,  
But a charm, a<sup>f</sup>fascination, and a wild, sweet ex-  
ultation, —  
All the fresh young life outgoing in a strange  
ecstatic thrill.

At a city ball, by chance, she first met his  
ardent glance.  
He was neither young nor handsome, but a  
man of subtle parts,  
With an eye of such expression as your  
lover by profession  
Finds an excellent possession when he  
goes a-hunting hearts.

It could trouble; it could burn; and when  
first he chanced to turn  
That fine glance on Hannah Amsden it lit up  
with swift desire,  
With a certain dilatation, and a radiant  
admiration,  
And shut down her soul's deep heaven,  
like a meteor trailing fire.

How was any one to know that those eyes had  
looked just so  
On a hundred other women with a gaze as  
bright and strange?  
There are men who change their<sup>s</sup> passions, even  
oftener than their fashions,  
And the best of loving always, to their mind, is  
still to change.

Nay, it was not base deceit; his own conquest  
seemed complete.  
They were soon affianced lovers; and her  
opening life was filled  
With the flush of flame-lit fancies, morning's  
rosy-hued romances,  
All the dews of hope and rapture love's  
delicious dawn distilled.



Home the country maiden went; and a  
    busy summer spent  
All in bridal preparations, blissful troubles,  
    happy woes;  
Fitting dresses, filling presses, little crosses  
    and distresses, —  
Those preliminary prickles to the hy-  
    meneal rose.

Never, since the world began, course of true love  
    smoother ran.

Not an eddy of dissension, nor the ripple of a  
    doubt;

All the neighbors and relations came with kind  
    congratulations,

And a hundred invitations to the wedding-feast  
    went out.

All the preparations thrived, and the wedding-  
    day arrived;

Pleased, but pensive, moved the mother; and  
    the father with a smile,

Broad and genial as the summer, gave a wel-  
    come to each comer.

All things turned on golden hinges, all  
    went merry for a while.

And the lovely bride, arrayed all in laces  
and brocade,  
Orange blossoms in her tresses (strange as now  
the story seems),  
Quite enchanting and enchanted, in her  
chamber blushed and panted,  
And but one thing now was wanted to  
fulfil her darling dreams.

For the clergyman was there, to unite the happy  
pair,  
And the guests were all assembled, and the  
company sat dumb ;  
And the banquet was belated, and the maid was  
still unmated,  
And the wedding waited, waited, for a coach  
that did not come.

Then a few began to sneer, and a horror and  
a fear  
Fell on friends and anxious parents ; and the  
bride, with cheek aflame,  
All too rudely disenchanted, in her chamber  
paced and panted,  
And the one thing still was wanted, and  
the one thing never came.

Among all the sick and poor there is  
nobody so sure  
Of a welcome and a blessing; and who sees her  
once appear,  
Coming round some poor man's trellis with  
her dainty pots of jellies,  
Or big basket brimmed with bounty,  
soon forgets that she is queer.

For her pleasant words addressed to the needy and  
distressed,  
Are so touching and so tender, full of sympathy  
and cheer,  
By the time your smile is ready for the simple, dear  
old lady,  
It is pretty sure to tremble in the balance with  
a tear.

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

(By permission of Lee & Shepard.)



## THE SHOWMAN

---

TIGER LILY, LILIUM TIGRINUM.

LEOPARD BEGONIA.

ZEBRA VINE, TRADESCANTIA ZEBRINA.

LION'S TONGUE, LILIUM.

ELEPHANT'S EARS, BEGONIA REX.

MONKEY FACES, MIMULUS.









THE tiger, darting fierce,  
Impetuous on the prey his  
glance has doom'd;  
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste.

— *The Seasons*. — THOMSON.

---

Th' unwieldy elephant  
To make them mirth, us'd all his might and  
wreathed  
His lithe proboscis.

— *Paradise Lost*. — MILTON.

---

#### TO A CAGED LION.

---

Monarch of India's burning plain!  
Where once in undisputed reign  
Thou held'st despotic sway;  
Lord of the desert once, and king,—  
Thou who a dauntless glance could fling  
Back to the god of day! —

There's terror still upon thy brow,  
And pomp about thee, even now.

How great, how fallen! Caged and chained  
By him on whom thou once disdain'd  
To cast contemptuous look;  
Those iron bars, that narrow floor,  
The confines of that prison-door,  
How can thy spirit brook?  
Throbs yet thy all-unconquered heart,  
As when it played the monarch's part?

Methinks, when fettered in a cage,  
With one resistless roar of rage  
And madness uncontrolled,  
Thy great heart, at the very first,  
Should in its agony have burst  
Beneath the captive hold.  
Worthy thy life, old king, would be  
Such death to set thy spirit free.

Yet here thou art, shut up and cramped,  
With all thy haughty ardor damped,  
Ignobly shown about;

A terror to each childish fear,  
The subject of full many a jeer,  
    From many a rabble rout,—  
A living lesson to the world,  
How low a monarch may be hurled.

Yet all thy greatness is not fled,—  
Thou hast a solemn, measured tread,  
    As in thy loftier days;  
Majestic still thine eyeballs flash,  
That sternly mortal eyes can dash  
    When they return thy gaze.  
Thou art Imperial! And no chains  
Can base the blood in royal veins.

Say what they may, thy spirit dwells  
Unconquered still, and freedom swells  
    Within thy breast till death;  
Thou, as thy sires, wast born to rule,  
And thy king-passion cannot cool,  
    But with thy latest breath;  
Though servile chains around thee cling,  
Still art thou “every inch a king!”

—*Undertow of a Trade-wind Surf.* — GEO. H. CLARK.

## THE MENAGERIE.

---

Johnny, darling, that's the bear  
As tore the naughty boys to pieces;  
Hornéd cattle! — only hear  
How the dreadful camel wheezes!  
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,  
Who stoops to hear the morning lark. —  
'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,  
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

There's the bell! The birds and beasts  
Now are going to be fed;  
So, my little darlings, come,  
It's time for you to be a-bed.  
Mother, 'tisin't nine o'clock, —  
You said we needn't go before;  
*Let us stay a little while, —*  
Want to see the monkeys more!

Cries the show-man: " Turn 'em out!  
Dim the lights! There, that will do;

Come again to-morrow, boys,  
Bring your little sisters, too."  
Exit mother, half distraught,  
Exit father, muttering " Bore ! "  
Exit children, blubbering still,—  
" Want to see the monkeys more ! "

— " *Undertow of a Trade-wind Surf.*" — GEORGE H. CLARK.



## THE SMOKER'S FLOWERS

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PIPE VINE, ARISTOLOCHIA SIPHO.

CIGAR-PLANT, CUPHEA PLATYCENTRA.









TO MY CIGAR.

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YES, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctor's spite ;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner passed?  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still ;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives  
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft, as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms thus rose, —  
Thus tumbled to decay.

A while, like thee, earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around ;  
And then, like thee, to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That, late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed ;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now? —  
A little moving heap,  
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow,—  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

— CHARLES SPRAGUE.

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THE DANDY

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COCK'S-COMB, CELOSIA.





THE glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

— SHAKSPEARE.

— With a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip.

— *Maud.* — TENNYSON.



## THE TRAMP

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RUN-AWAY-TOM, A SPECIES OF GILIA.

RAG-WEED, AMBROSIA ARTEMISIAE.

WAY-BREAD, PLANTAGO MAJOR.



“ WITH his nether garments fractured,  
And his coat so rent and tattered,  
With his shoes so very rusty,  
And his crownless hat so battered.”

Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die!

— *The Legend Beautiful.* — H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
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## YOUTH AND OLD AGE

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YOUTH AND OLD AGE, SINGLE TINNIA.

BABY FACES, LUPINUS.

OLD MAN, SOUTHERNWOOD, ARTEMESIA.





THERE he lay upon his back,  
The yearling creature, warm  
and moist with life  
To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face ;  
For, since he had been covered overmuch  
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks  
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose  
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into,  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
As instant: in the pretty baby-mouth,  
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked ;  
The little naked feet drawn up the way  
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft  
And tender, — to the tiny holdfast hands,  
Which, closing on the finger into sleep,  
Had kept the mould of 't.

— *Aurora Leigh*. — MRS. BROWNING.

“ Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;  
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ,  
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;  
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;  
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is  
gone ;  
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions  
are flown.

“ Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;  
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall ;  
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;  
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been ;  
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray ;  
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

“ Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;  
Pains of my age, yet a while you can last ;  
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;  
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;  
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;  
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your  
God !”

— ST. GEORGE TUCKER.











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