

**SMALL THINGS  
ANTIQUE**

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Small things antique by Mary Saltonstall Parker

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**MARY SALTONSTALL PARKER**

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ANTIQUE**



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THINGS  
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By

MARY SALTONSTALL PARKER

AUTHOR OF

At the Squire's in Old Salem  
Salem Scrap Book  
Rules for Salad, in rhyme  
A Baker's Dozen of Charades,  
Etc.

Salem, Massachusetts

MDCCCXCIX

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## The Yellow Mug.

Oft, my imagination feeds  
Upon a mug of yellow Leeds,  
It bears four printed words in black,  
Sure, naught of sentiment they smack,  
Perchance some teacher or adviser  
Bestowed this trifle on Eliza.

No record of a child's good deeds,  
Blazoned upon the mug one reads,  
No mention that for duties done,  
Or perfect tasks the prize was won;  
For growing saintlier, or wiser,  
But just "A Trifle for Eliza."

By it a parent may have sought,  
To show his love, yet felt he ought,  
To add no laudatory verse,  
No budding virtues to rehearse,  
Simply a present to surprise her,  
A birthday gift for young Eliza.

Perhaps some swain who'd tried the power  
In vain, of prayer and song and flower,  
Presented to his wearied fair  
This mug, and conquered then and there,  
At last, because of words a miser,  
He gained the day with dear Eliza.

Her history lost, let's recollect  
Whoe'er she was, we must respect,  
'Twixt giver and herself a bond  
Of friendship or affection fond,  
Then do not venture to despise her,  
Or smile at this unknown Eliza.





## Badges.

1850.

A satin badge of oblong shape  
Surmounted by a knot of crape,  
Made, when a nation had to mourn,  
From Presidential office torn.  
It's chief, presents his face, beneath  
A star, and sword, and laurel wreath.  
That hero snatched from peril's jaws  
Time and again, in bloody wars,  
Laid low, by an imprudent diet  
Could not recover, conquered by it.

1840.

Two badges tied with pink and blue  
Instruct the people what to do,  
In language strong, and lurid print  
At national collapse they hint.  
Unless they, to avert this fate  
Choose the "Log Cabin Candidate—"  
Thus steering in the right direction  
The voters for the next election.

## Warming Pans.

Once to Lord Timothy, of Newb'ryport  
Some wags proposed ('twas only meant in  
sport),

With warming pans of brass and copper, he  
A ship should load, bound for the Southern Sea.  
The man, a little simple, saw no fun,  
He liked the plan, accordingly 'twas done.  
With this strange cargo weighted down, the ship  
Made to some isle uncivilized, her trip.

Down to the beach, the swarming natives ran  
Each bargained for a glittering warming pan,  
Their shimmering beauty pleased the savage  
mood.

(They could not use them in that latitude).

In old New England homes their use is ended,  
They hang with ribbon from the wall suspended,  
They stood for so much comfort in the days  
When-all our heating came from log fires' blaze.

In frigid room our grandsire curled his toes  
On toasted sheets, and covered up his nose,  
Rather than warm our beds with heated metal,  
We fill hot water bags from steaming kettle.  
A bag may leak 'tis true (misfortune dire),  
But never could it set the bed on fire.