f14 Verses by WRW, 1870-1907, n.d.

W. R. W.
1890

Epimetheus –

"Too late I stayed, forgive the crime",
It seemed the hour that last had rung
Was Nine! Unheeded flew the hours"
While on Italian themes we hung.

"How noiseless falls the foot of time"
When Memory tempts one to retrace
The path; "that only treads on flowers;"
Which leads to Imoa's lordly place.

"Or who with curious eye remarks"
Time's flight, when come, to vex one's sense,
As in "the passage the glass;"
Reflections on one's Presidents.

"When all the sands are diamond sparks;"
And all the geese are swans, the wits,
With jests, "that dazzle as they pass;"
Shall comprehend these comparites.

"What eye to strict admeasurement"
Would bring them, should, perhaps, divine
The growth "time's happy swiftness brings"
And ease his doubts, as I do mine.

"When birds of Paradise have lent"
Any Pegasus their shining tails
And given "their plumage to his wings"
Then by the earliest morning mails —

But here th' inspiring Spencer ends his lay.
Sifts out his wheat and throws my chaff away.

Nov. 26. 1850.

The Fugitive Piece.

I.

Too late I stayed! Forgive the crime!
Methought the Love that Last had rung
Was Mine. Unheeded flew the hours
While on Italia's shore we hung.

How noiseless falls the foot of time
When memory tempts one to retrace
The path, that only treads on flowers,
Which leads to Love's happy place!

What eye with curious care remarks
Rude jests, meanwhile, or asks from whence
Flash, like the passage of the glass,
Reflections on our Residents?

When all the sands are diamond sparks
And brass is gold, and mud is grit,
These gibes, that dazzle as they pass,
May win the hilarious ~~name~~ of ~~[illegible]~~ wit.

For who to strict admeasurement
Owed bring their virtues must forecast
The day, time's happy swiftness brings,
When justice shall ~~prevail~~ be done, at last.

II.

When birds of Paradise have lent
My Pegasus their shining tails,
And given their plumage to his wings,
Then, once again, the morning wails—

But here the inspiring poet ends his Lay.
Sifts out his golden grain and throws
my chaff away.

1870

Argument —

The poet, being at once by his cousin and by his sister bidden to the feast of the New Year, addresses to the former, with whom he had previously entertained a jest regarding a certain cake, these verses, and also sends them for her information to the latter, setting forth his hard case, and, under the form of a chorus, imputed to certain of his fellows, some further reflections naturally arising.

I.

Come, dine, his cousin cried, and rest
Between your calls. A ~~piece~~ bit of breast,
Side-bone, or wing,
Is just the thing
For ~~such a days~~ a wholesome days philandering.
And bye-and-bye,
After the pie,
No less a personage than I
Will give you a —
What, I can't say,
But something fit for New Year's Day.

Chorus of Epicures.

Pat it and roll it and fill it and turn it
Over and over and over again,
Crimp it and bake it and don't let 'em
burn it,
For this is the goody ~~that~~ best pleases
the men. (Turn-over.)

II.

Come, dine, his sister cried, come dine.
The day belongs to me and mine.
'To ~~was~~ spend it ~~over~~ thus,
~~To~~ away ~~part~~ from us
Were perfectly ridiculous.
On New Year's Day
Our games we play
And give our little gifts away;
And yours from me —
Well, ~~you~~ come ~~will~~ and see;
You cannot guess what it can be.

Chorus of Bachelors.

Why should you puzzle to twist it and
turn it
Over and over and over again.
~~'I will be something so nice that you~~
You never need hope by mere guessing to
~~never could~~ learn it,
~~For~~ The women are always ~~to~~ so good to the men.

III.

His heart-strings creaked beneath the strain;
He cudgelled his distracted brain;
And first he sighed,
And then he cried,
Oh, would I could with both abide!
Ah! both I'll do,
I'll come to you,
Dear Coz, and yet to Anne be true.
You dine at three,
And I can be
At Winchester, by six, to tea.

Chorus of Architects.

Eye it and try it and fix it and turn it
Over and over and over again,
There's always a way if ~~you only can~~ one can but
~~learn it~~ discern it
of perfectly suiting ~~both~~ women and men,
girls,
Dec. ~~17~~ 24. 1874.

I.

Come, dine, his Cousin cried and rest
Between your calls. A ~~piece~~ bit of breast,
Side-bone, or wing,
Is just the thing
For ~~such~~ a whoee day's philandering.
And bye-and bye,
After the pie,
No less a personage than I
Will give you a —
What, I can't say,
But some thing fit for New Year's day.

(Chorus of ~~cooks~~ Epicures)
Pat it and roll it and fill it and turn it
Over and over and over again.
Crimp it and bake it and don't let 'em burn it!
~~For These are the cookies that tickle~~ the men.
This is the goody ~~Best~~ pleeses
(Turn-over-)

II.

Come, dine, his Sister cried, come dine,
The day belongs to me and mine.
'To spend it ~~so~~ ~~ever~~ thus.
~~To part~~ away from us
Were perfectly ridiculous.
On New Year's day
Our games we play
And give our little gifts away.
And yours from me —
Well, ~~you will~~ come and see.
You cannot guess what it can be!
(Chorus of ~~Husbands and Fathers~~ Bachelors.)
Why should you puzzle to twist it and turn it
Over and over and over again.
'~~Still be something so nice~~ that you never could
You never need hope by mere guessing to learn it,
For the women are always too good to the men.

III.

His heart-strings creaked beneath the strain;
He cudgelled his distracted brain.
And first he sighed
And then he cried
Oh! would I could with both abide!
Oh! both I'll do
I'll come to you
Over Cz, and get to Anne be true.
You dine at three
And I can be
By six, at Winchester to tea!

Chorus of Architects.

Eye it and try it and fix it and turn it
Over and over and over again
There's always a way if we ~~only can learn~~ can but discern it
Of perfectly ~~pleasing~~ ~~both~~ women, and men.
visiting girls,

Dec. 27. 1874.

To Mrs. C.B.C. Xmas. 1876.

A is an Article, from the Centennial;
B is its Beauty, ~~which must be~~ unfading, perennial;
C is the Crackle that seems to pervade it;
D is for Dunmore, the person who made it;
E is the Evergreen hue that imbues it;
F is the Flowers for which you will use it;
G is the Gratitude 'tis meant for revealing;
H is the Heart that expands to that feeling;
I am the last man from whom you'd expect it;
J is the Judgment required to select it;
K is your Kindness, of which 'tis the token;
L your Lament when it comes to be broken;
M is the Monsters with which you attack one;
N is the name of the big one, the black one;
O! is the Oblivion that makes me forget it!
P is for Punch, and your Pride as you get it;
Q is the Quarrels of those two Hyperions;
R is the Rage that the neighbors experience;
S is for Stirling, the home of these Scotch pots;
T is the Trouble bestowed on this hodge-podge;
U is the Use of the thing I enclose;
V is its name:- Vase, Vaze, Valuze, Vauze or Voze;
W is when I am next coming on to tea;
X is the Expression for that unknown quantity;
Y is the Year with these verses that's ending;
Z is the Zany that dinks them worth sending.

X.

And the last held a mirror, like Banquo's,
and showed,

Many Birthdays to come
That shall each bring her some
fresh gift, — all the best gifts that can
be bestowed.

Jan. 7. 1879.

The Laggard Muse
both still refuse
Though thrice have I invited her.
And I suspect
'Tis my neglect
of old, that so has spited her.

But 'tis not so
with me, you know;
I go, whenever sends for me.
The cruel past
Is now, at last,
Void of all offence for me.

Many be merrily merry,
Say if you want me — be sure I shall come.
Warily warily wave,
If you hair want me dire sure I shall care.

W. R. Ware to Mary Lee Ware
1879.

Queen Mailee's Party —

I.

Queen Mailee ~~sat~~ stood in her best New York gown,
Her Mother was by her,
And also her Sire,
~~About~~ Prepared to receive the Beau Monde and Haut Ton.

II.

When what to her wondering eyes should appear
Two and two through the dark,
Like the birds to the Ark,
But a visitor come from such long-vanished year.

III.

All her previous Birthdays — each natal Aurora —
At least a full score
And one or two more
All bringing the presents that they had made
for her.

IV.

The first two a dozen came from Temple Place Eaden
With Innocence white
And childlike delight
As good as two doves to present to a maiden.

V.

Then the birthdays in West Street almost half a score
Bringing real home-made Goodness,
Spiced with Fun — as a puddin' is —
From a family receipt, handed down from of yore.

VI.

Then two that bestow "Recollections of Travel";
An illustrated book
That she only can look
In ~~At~~, — the story perhaps rather hard to
unravel.

VII.

Then the years that come after giving Knowledge
and Skill, —
Maturer Capacities, —
Very much as it is
When people in general grind through the
school mill.

VIII.

Though of all that was brought by this gracious
procession,
Country Life, Mountain Air,
And friends sojourning there
Seemed to be, on the whole, the most welcome possession.

IX.

But the last two years brought the most splendid of all,
The Teles and the beaux,
And the parties she goes
To, her own party first, which was almost a Ball.

W. R. W.
to Mary Lee Ware.
Birthday
1871

"We love girls for what they are, boys
for what we take they will be"
Southey.

Dear Mary

'Tis not every day
The wayward muse will come my way,
And when she comes, the very thing
I most desire she will not sing.
I said, Come, sing the Praise of Girls,
Blue eyes, red lips and yellow curls,
The gaiety, the common sense,
The modesty, the impudence,
The guilelessness and the pretence,
The knowledge and the innocence,
The ~~joy~~ grace and goodness, whence proceed
The lively, lovely lives they lead.
I will not, cannot brook delay;
It must be done by New Year's Day.
She seemed to say, By Christmas time
You shall receive the wished for rhyme,
And lo! when Christmas' time was near
She seemed to whisper in my ear

Line after line of charming stuff
Till I exclaimed, ~~Enough~~ Thank, thank, enough!
But when, awakened from my trance
I turned my pleased, expectant glance
To read what 'twas my faithful pen
Had chanted in your honor, then,
O horror, grief and mad surprise,
The lines that met my wakened eyes,
In place of wit and poesie,
Were just as foolish as could be!
Instead of singing woman's praise —
The muse's theme from ancient days
Since erst she ~~sang~~ told the tale of Troy's
Defeat, — they sang the Praise of Boys!

Jan. 7. 1881.

Two Receipts

Dec. 1881

for the Dinner of the Architectural Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Have ~~Patience~~ good People!"
Shakespeare.

I

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery
Commonly known as the Style of Queen Anne,
You must first study up architectural history
Then ~~miss~~ remember as much as you can

Drawings and photographs, prints and descriptions
Sift all the real art and keep all the bran,
Temples & tombs of the ancient Egyptians,
[That is the country where building began,]
Sphynxes and pyramids (nothing more solemn is)
Built by the Jews when they left Canaan

Gardens and palaces made by the Ptolemies,
Pagodas and so forth ~~about~~ in Hindostan;
Towers and asylums, the Louvre & Tuileries;
Gothic Cathedrals from Cork to Milan;
Domes and basilicas, prisons and pillories,
Houses of all sorts, from here to Japan;
The wood-work of Cairo, the stucco of
Cordova;
Chairs and four-posters the May-
flower brought over;
Every old curious ~~door-way~~ timber-room staircase and
~~fire-place~~ mantlepiece,
~~The cruder of all more deserving~~
~~the higher place;~~ sunflower, griffin, or peacock-eyed
fountain piece,
Stir in particular as to the names,
Francis, Elizabeth, Henry, or James,
Take of these elements all
that's adaptable
& likely to make habitations more
hab'table
Tomasde neither for reason nor criticism cri'ticism!
and the things that you get will be far beyond

II.

So you must a receipt for the
capital article
Known as the "Architect Artist or Man",
from all the best things take of
each the best particle,
Then let them match the result if they can.

The classical taste of Italian Palladio,
Skill of Sir Christopher marking a plan,
Knowledge of mortar & bricks <u>àla</u>
paddy. "!",
Knowledge of Style of Fabricate or Brian.
Judgment morning in pictures, or pottery,
Patterns a Persian niger paint on a pan,
Figures for friezes, or glazed terra-cotta-ry
Dainty Nymphs for the face of a fan.

All one can master at home or at
college he
Never must stop off at the
school of Salamanca,

Algebra, Drawing and Plane Trigonometry,
German and French and Descriptive Geometry
Graphical Statics, Dynamics or both of them, —
Physics and Chemistry — get out too much of them —
Courage, Constitution, and Love of the work,
Spurs of a Mentor and goal of a Task,
Take of these elements all that is desirable
Cure all the faults that are not quite incurable
Strain, and refine, just as much as can be
and the cream of the whole's
the A. & M. S.

Cincinnati. Dec. 28. 1881.

Mountain and forest lie between
~~Her distant voice still~~
I feel her whisper stir my blood.
and ~~II~~ III
~~But~~ still, as I am wont, to do.
I seem to hear a two-fold voice,
One singing madrigals for you,
One nonsense verses for my boys.

~~VI~~

And still, sustained by Past grace,
~~Though crude~~ verses are ~~and incomplete,~~
~~Unworthy of so high a place~~
~~I have been bold, both of staff & wheel,~~
~~Above unworthy of such place~~
I ~~and~~ lay them humbly at your
feet.

Madison, Wisconsin. Jan. 2. 1882.

To Mary Lee Ware

I

Dear Mary,

As the pathetical year
Brings round your punctual natal day
The punctual muse I seem to hear
Trill forth her annual roundelay,
The whole ~~II~~
~~Only~~ th' unpunctual sun, whose ray
Stretches to reach this distant clime,
Grown weary of the lengthened way
~~And~~ lags as hour shined his time
~~II~~
~~But still in this~~ heads,
Through strange the sky that over me
The inward impulse still endures,
The muse and I are still good friends
And still desired friends of yours.
~~So in this unaccustomed~~ scene,
Though sweet from the festal
Through miles and miles of field & flood

Accable'.

"Goddess Fortune!"

Old Play.

The Afghan came on, like a lamb,
~~from the~~ in a fold,
Its wool was all gleaming with
crimson and gold;
Old gold was the hue that pervaded
the fleece,
Like the one that the Argonauts
carried to Greece

From the land of the sunrise their
journey began
Not far from the borders of
Afghanistan,
A princess and sorcerers gave them
the prize, —
And now that first Afghan il-
luminates the skies.

How manners and customs have
altered since then!
Yet still 'tis the women that give
things to men!
And there vain for Medea in
charms to contend
With the Princess who reigns in
the house of my friend.

Her goodness and graciousness,
these are the arts
Whose natural magic entrances
our hearts,
And the gifts of her bounty we
jealously hold
As the Dragon offended that
wonder of old.

New York.
Jan. 19. 1882.

W. R. W.

To?

The Worm to the Early Bird.

The silkworm spins his gold, content
to wait
Till cunning heads and hands
at Art's behest
With looms and needles, North,
South, East, and West,
The splendid fabric shall at
last create.

The while the early bird,
Early and late
Over various mission flies
with ceaseless quest,

Or turns to smoothe the
roughness of her nest,
Or tends her chicks, or cheer
her anxious mate,

Herself the life and light of
all the wood,
Bright, quick, clear-eyed,
self-poised, steady of wing,
Creation's masterpiece, with
grace endued
To make work happier, rest
more quieting,

And just by being herself
stronger for good
Than all the comfort seven
she can bring.

Easter. 1882.

W. R. W

to ?

The silkworm spins his gold,
content to wait
Till cunning heads and
hands, at Art's behest,
With looms and needles,
North South East and West,
The splendid fabric shall at
last create.
The while the early bird,
Early and Late,
Her various mission plies
with ceaseless quest,

Or turns to smoothe the
roughness of her nest,
Or tend her chicks, or cheer
her anxious mate,

Herself the life and light of all
the wood,
Bright, quick, clear-eyed,
self-poised, steady of wing,
Creation's masterpiece, with
grace endued
To make work happier,
rest more quieting,

And just by being herself
stronger for good
Than all the comfort even
she can bring.

Easter Monday. 1882.

49. West 35 Street.

The early bird feels singu-
larly as if she moved-
here to get behind her
own tail feathers, but
nevertheless is once
more most cordially

& gratefully yours —

Easter Monday

[1882?]

Epithalamium

Guests at a feast should always do
What their kind hosts ~~desire~~ request them to,
And while the kindly cup is filled
I would not, if I could, decline
To swell this chorus of good will
With some poor syllable of mine
Such as a bachelor may pen
~~Scanning~~ Touching the lot of married men.

Quat

"Suave mari", the Poet sings,
Seeking the real truth of things,
"Mari magno turbantibus
"Aequora ventis", meaning thus
To signify how sweet it is
When tempests blow and waters roar
To sit in safety on the shore;
How pleasant 'tis to lie at ease
And watch the sailors and the ships
Tossed on the wild uncertain sea
While we, with laughter on our lips,
Are just as safe as safe can be.

Even so the double-harness plan
Looks dangerous to the single man.
He doesn't see just how he can

Reasonably expect to find
Companionship for heart and mind
Where mind and heart and tastes and tone
Are all so different from his own.
Look at a ~~bunch~~ troop of rosebud girls,
Blue eyes, red lips, and golden curls,
~~Their gayety, their innocence,~~
~~Their modesty, their impudence,~~
~~Their knowingness, and want of sense,~~
~~Their grace and goodness, whence proceed~~
~~The lively lovely lives they lead.~~
They're just as charming as can be
~~And~~ Who could take them seriously?
One doubts whether they ever heard
Or ever spoke one serious word.
Now though they in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, are one to please,
When pain and anguish rend the brows
What could one do with such a spouse?
Women indeed we often find
Perfect in face and heart and mind,
Yet these seem, so to speak, somewhat aged,
Or married, or, at least, engaged.
Perhaps they can't be all they can
Unless they're fastened to some man!
Besides, although a married pair
Preserve a Joan and Darby air

Even for the form's sake, when they come
Under the gaze of Grundydom,
Stet. ~~Who knows what shallowness, too late,~~
~~Each may be finding in his mate.~~
~~And~~ some have even dared suppose
That if not blows ~~at least~~ sometimes that blows
Round the connubial atmosphere,—
Time's scene that one is safer here
Here in that single blessedness ~~that~~
Which is, ~~the~~ as all must needs confess,
However seemingly forlorn,
The state to which a man is born—

Just as the Roman poet thought that he
Was ~~safer~~ happier when on shore ~~than~~ ~~when~~ at sea.
if

Yet though at times the tempests blow
Most winds are gentle soft and low
~~Friendly~~ Helpful to all, ~~who~~ ~~to~~ come ~~and~~ or go.

Clouds sometimes veil the sky. But light
And beauty are the sky's with-night,
Blue depths by day, the stars at night.

Waves ~~do~~ will run high. But most we see
Sparkle and dance in harmless glee,
~~Emblems of pure~~ felicity.
~~Been~~ Pictures of peace

Ships do go down. Yet still 'tis true
Most ships ~~perform~~ carry their journey through
And do just what they have to do.

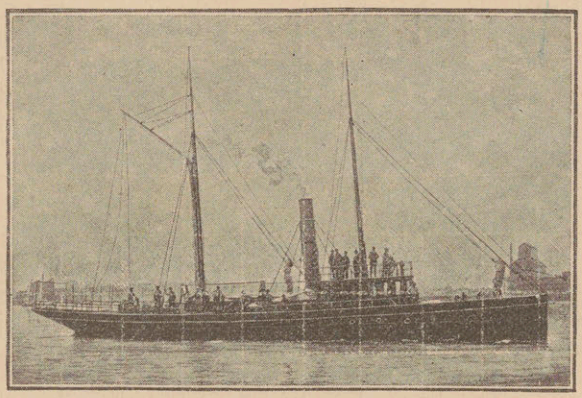
The men who forth on Shipbound face
Are one to find a purer air
A larger life, and nobler, there.

And he who from his lonely strand
Watches this strong and happy band
Suddenly finds his ~~ship to~~ ~~mistake~~ land (slot)

Grown narrow, longs for fuller life;
Just as a bachelor's mind is rife
With ~~thoughts~~ of children, home, and wife.

Blest then is he his fate who tries,
The wisely bold and boldly wise,
Who risks the seas and trusts the skies.

Feb. 2. 1884.



"Entwined about the columns of this old
Hostel and home, the Honeysuckle sprays
A cloud of aromatic perfume raise,
Where bees & humming-birds their revels hold.

"The clustering blossoms one by one unfold
Their silver horns, while cruel Time delays
His withering touches, and the lengthening days
Serve but to turn their silver into gold.

"So stands a pillar of our social state,
Firm, modest, just, sagacious, generous, strong,
Whose left hand knows not what his
right-hand gives,

"While to his side still clings his boyhood's mate,

Encompassed by an ever-grateful throng,
Kindlier and lovelier every year she lives."

Nanshon, July 13, 1889
By W. R. Ware.

Sonnet

Transtrum. July 13. 1889.

Sonnet

Entwined about the columns of this old
Hostel and home, the Honeysuckle sprays
A cloud of aromatic perfume raise,
Where bees and humming-birds their rests hold.
As the
~~The~~ clustering blossoms one by one unfold
Their silver ~~horns~~ trumpets, ~~while~~ cruel Time delays
His withering touches, and the lengthening days
Serve but to turn their silver into gold.
So ~~stands~~ ~~with~~ this pillar of our social state,
Firm, modest, just, sagacious, generous, strong,
Whose left-hand knows not what his right-hand gives,
~~While~~ So to his side still clings his boyhood's mate,
~~While children's children with the~~
~~Encompassed by an ever grateful throng~~,
Kindlier & Lovelier every year she lives.

Easter Monday, 1895.

"Too late I stayed. Forgive the crime".—
The hours flew unheeded.
I was waiting for Mrs. Crowninshield,—
meaning to go when She did.

Forgetfulness tied up this snarl,—
Forgetting shall unknot it!
I forgot she was staying in the house,—
Forget that I forgot it!

Sept 16, 1900.

Dear Mrs. Sharpe (Apostrophe)

I stood upon the porch at Atlantic
And thinking on my wandering
I shaped the morning's retrospect
to this: — (Strophe)

I had not walked a mile and a mile
(And a mile and a mile makes two,)
When I spied a rift of sky-blue sky
Where the sun was peeping through.

II (Antistrophe)

I had not walked a league and a half
which makes three miles or four,
When the water-gates of the storm-clouds burst
And the rain began to pour.

III (Epistrophe)

I had not gone a Russian Verst
Which means four miles or six
When the heaven and water under my feet
Began a muddy mix.

IV (Paeostrophe)

I had not got to the Russian Verst
Which means seven miles or eight
The flesh upon my spirit were worn
In a more wholesome state.

V (Sphrastrophe)

And then, I reached my journey end,
Which makes nine miles or ten
With the added mass of the mass
Bright

Ready to start again.

Yesterday I came for the first
time, but were they as numerous
as the leaves of the trees or the drops
of the showers among which I
found myself? I left your hotel for,
they would not let us
go to my house so early I am
as ever
your his sincerely
& grateful friend

Lord Kelvin

"If then the Soul's Eye lay buried in a marsh of barbarous Ignorance, would it not be for the Arts, its Handmaids, quickly to dig it out?"

"Every body must agree, Socrates, that what you say is exactly so."

(From the Republic of Plato.)

A Shakespearian Sonnet.

When I recall the cause of my distress,
The treacherous, all-too-smooth-enamelled bowl, —
Proportioned, in its ~~nice adap-~~ tiveness,
Much like this mortal frame that frames my soul, —

I mind me then that then that soul's own eye,
Buried within the quagmire, and swamps,

And marsh, of barbarous ignorance
did lie;
The while the appointed handmaids of its pomp,

The self-concentred ~~inattentive~~ Arts, forgot their care,
All disregardful of the perils nigh.
For though lead-plumbing, with its poisonous snare,
And copper bathing-tubes,
have long gone by,

Even nickelled pipes can deal
a dangerous blow,
And porcelain linings lay
the bather low.

West Ridge.
June 28, 1907.

Nov. 23. 1907.

First, she
~~Athens~~ was first in War. The Persian power
Was powerless to quench "The Eye of Greece."
Arts followed Arms. Then she was first in Peace.
Wisdom and Freedom had she for her dower.

Europe was saved. So here. From yonder tower
Flashed ~~fires~~ lights that gave this continent's release,
Bade arbitrary dominations cease,
And prophesied a more fraternal hour.

Blue hills, not violet, salute our skies;
Granite, not marble, quarries crown their brow;
But ~~from~~ in the meadows schools and temples rise
As then and there, so also here and now.

Where then but here should spring the quest for more
Light, and more Life, from that Aegean shore.

MOSAIC VERSES.

I only know she came and went	Lowell
Like troutlets in a pool;	Hood
She was a phantom of delight,	Wordsworth
And I was like a fool.	Eastman
"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and sighed,	Coleridge
My heart with anguish torn.	Gilbert
She shook her ringlets round her head,	Stoddard
And laughed in merry scorn.	Tennyson
"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky;-	Tennyson
You hear them, O my heart!	Alice Cary
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock:-	Coleridge
Beloved, we must part."	Alice Cary
"Come back, come back," she cried in grief;	Campbell
"My eyes are dim with tears;	Bayard Taylor
How shall I live through all the days,-	Mrs. Osgood
All through a ~~thousand~~ hundred years!"	T.S.Perry
'Twas in the prime of summer time	Hood
She blessed me with her hand;	Hoyt
We strayed together, deeply blest,	Mrs. Edwards
Into the Dreaming Land.	Cornwall
The laughing bridal roses blow	Patmore
To dress her dark brown hair,-	Bayard Taylor
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,-	Scott
Most beautiful, most rare.	Read
I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand,	Browning
The precious, golden link;	Smith
I calmed her fears, and she was calm;-	Coleridge
The stars began to blink.	Wordsworth
And so I won my Genevieve,	Coleridge
And walked in Paradise;-	J. Aldrich
The fairest thing that ever grew	Wordsworth
Atween me and the skies.	Osgood

Mosaic

Verses

W. R. W.

I am a word of plural number,
A foe to joy and peaceful slumber —
Add but to me the letter S,
When stranger the metamorphasis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

I am a plural word, — redeeming
With single eye a life of seeming.
Add but the letter S to me,
Strange transformation you shall see —
Plural is plural now no more,
Useless what useful was before —

W.R.W.

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to tell,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my head, cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail, cut off? A flowing river,
Amid whose eddying depths I peaceful play,
Parent of ~~all sweet~~ softest sounds, though mute forever.

Praed.

Amici, fratres, classici,
(Of classmates, friends & brothers)
~~Ex~~ ante annis dilectissimi
(Beloved before all others)
Bibamus redeuntes post
Annos viginti-quinque
(After a quarter-century past
Drawn met we and now drink we)
~~Fr~~ near and dear — indeed it is,)
Et ~~potum~~ cibum atque potum
Videre vos (To see your phys-
iognomies and note-em
Little by little time goes by,
Ut avis rubrum fingit,
And stroke by stroke we build our lines
Ut Pictor picturas pingit.
And warm within our hearts remain
Ut vivus vivum vido
And in our hearts, I fondly trust,
(In cordibus confido)
As in Pure Hall crystallotypes
Rechore, for their their cabin is
So in such heart shall safely rest
Carissimae imagines.

Ne spere prematurum
(Scire rem this little sonnet)
Animadversionibus
(Nor make remarks upon it.)

~~Turned~~
With one accord directed their attention
To her nice minds of whom I just made mention,
Who sat upon the right hand, in the rear.
O! who is deaf as those who will not hear!

At or a railway station when the train
That ~~was~~ to take us, ~~to~~ my Stones, O Rome,
Hisses the signal, ~~fails to make a step~~ not or bye us home again
Leaving ~~us~~ ~~Disappointed~~ ~~all~~ one hitches hopes and goes by despairs ~~emptiness~~ ~~hitches~~ —
So as the light ~~convoy~~ array swept swiftly by
And nobody was left alone but I,
Day sped to darken, ~~and the last ray~~
The regardant sun,
Bend shrinkd, to utters what had just been done
And ~~white~~ clouds, which are great nature's handkerchiefs,
Dropped fewer tears of sympathetic grief.
Deep in the stream I plunged to drown my woe,
Felt better, quite refreshed indeed, O so,
Became ~~and~~ mellowing slow,
~~Went to the place~~ where I got out to go.
Arrived at last

The Reflections of a Crushed Pedestrian —

How cried you, cried you, cried you, treat me so!
So this the band that, one short sun gone by,
Like ~~Amazonian~~ Chieftain Brigands, so to speak,
Rapt from there maiden arms the portly pack,
Where wiser mercurs with the lengthing way
This amazonian colonel ~~carried off~~, safely bore
~~Only to leave~~ safely ~~carry~~ to its destiny,
The Mountain's House, O Bland President!
What fell enchantment ~~changed that~~ ~~Mind~~ mines
Which date seems ~~death~~?
What, elf, what spirit, what witch, what leprechaun,
Sorcerer or Gnome or, sylph, Sheltarse Dwarf,
Blighted the ~~ancient~~ old time shiny flower of ancient friendship
Sprouts of old in well-meaned jests,
Verses, charades & literary chaff, —
Blighted the bud of new acquaintanceship
~~Just~~ ~~Just~~ planted in the tender recollections
Of Amazons, Casino, Cities ~~stopped~~ Cream Tour,
Turning ~~all~~ this kindness into ~~pale disdain~~ cruelty
~~And~~ ~~White~~ ~~the place to cool~~ disdain
Frightfulness and my cried heart.

For as I journeyed by the sacred stream
Where Israel once ~~had dwelt~~ spread & left his name,
Hard by the base ~~[illegible]~~ of [Deception's Mount] but
— ~~Henceforth~~ the Mount of Base Deception ~~[illegible]~~,
home

Lo ~~on the~~ upon yonder hoary hill
What heavenly vision ~~presents~~ my wondering gaze?
Borne on a chariot swifter than the wind
~~Drawn fiery coursers~~
~~Other~~
Are there the native nymphs of wood or stream,
Or say does Dian thus, surprised at day,
Her ~~watchful~~ witchful maidens comparing her round,
Haste to over-take the laggard hamet moon;
~~For or in Pallas~~
Or does Minerva, on the hinder seat,
Goddess of letters, skilful to descry
~~The hidden~~
What ~~works lie~~ lurks hidden in the names of things,
Mindful of time-tried quietly now at hand
Speed thus to Yale or Harvard vaunted shades,
Say rather hie to Vassar's cool retreats
Or to Northampton to my halls, o Smith.
Phoebus & Mercury, attendant gods,
Skiff on their heels conveyed in massive chests
The future ~~bards~~ seers of the respective sweet
As gorgeous can, ~~like~~ red as the hues of dawn,
Being this night of being twice a flower.
Bride, before her, bit her ministers,
Quick to anticipate her every wish,
Skilful to guide the coursers' fiery speed.
Lightly the ~~the~~ ribbons flirt upon the breeze
~~They have to~~

Our fiery ~~their~~ steeds, controlled their ~~fiery~~ rage.
Our road ~~reach~~ the path they seem to tread,
The music of their campaign gave me pause;
O ~~turned~~ gods & Sweethearts, bowed my head low
And waving high my hat, in act of homage,
For though they kept the road they knew it not,
So that no noise no rattling of the wheels
Disturbed the silence of the autumn morn,
Waited with eyes upturned the coming god.
O Chief, of Rage, o Wine Dionysus!
Be Sanchiony's distant mountain top
Eight visual orbs with me concent were too.
Rays that were made to glad the heart of man
Thus lost upon the incessant stirs & shifts.
Then ~~from~~ did my aching heart half faith in me,
The WEEK is my, and Shelley's echo spoke
Mountains in the ~~from all the heavens of all the forests,~~
~~Including Franklin Clinton and old Clay.~~
In vain! Eight heavens, Eard ~~as deaf as any post~~
on either side
~~As far as~~
Of half as many hat-surmounted heads,
Save one which seemed cleft to bear upon it
The ~~far superior~~ ~~much more stately Cortain of the~~ horned,
Statelier splendors of a regular

Life without Health.

Behold life builded as a goodly house
And grown a mansion minous
With winter blowing through its
crumbling walls.
The master paces up and down his halls,
And in the empty hours
Can hear the tottering of his towers
And tremor of their bases underground.
And oft he starts and looks around
At creaking of a distant door
Or echo of his footfall on the floor,
Thinking it may be one whom he
awaits
And hath for many days awaited,
Coming to lead him through the mould-
ering gates
Out somewhere, from his home dilapidated.

When the Jewish cymbals clash my Day
When the huge trumpets shrilly play
The slave in vain
Shall then complain
Of Tyranny and Knavery.

We need no know
The time to go
And slyly slip from slavery.

When the little drummer ~~hangs~~ beats to bed his head
When the little piper hangs his head
Still and mute
Is the Jewish flute
And mocking guards mute mainly, —
Oh then shall we
From prison free
March on by moonlight cheerily —

"Too Late I stayed, Forgive the Crime."

Non bene cunctabar; sed culpam ignosce fatenti;
Oblitus horarum fui:
Quam tacito incedit Tempus pede, nil nisi molles
Quorum calce flores proterit!

Lui, sensim ut refluunt, ita grana fidelis ocellus
In vitreo notat globo,
Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena minutis,
Nitore quae fallunt suo?

Luis facilem certa metitur lege volatum
Inter serena Temporis,
Quum Paradisiacae plumae suffuderit alis
Tempus colores aureos?

— " —

Arundines Cami.

Mica, Mica.

Mica, mica, parva Stella;
Miror, quaenam sis tam bella!
Splendens eminus in illo
Alba velut gemma, coelo.
Quando fervens Sol discessit,
Nec calore prata pascit,
Mox ostendis lumen purum,
Micans, micans, per obscurum.
Tibi, nocte qui vagatur,
Ob scintillulam gratatur;
Ni micares tu, non sciret
Quas per vias errans iret.
Meum saepe thalamum luce
Specularis curiosa:
Neque carpseris soporem,
Donec venit Sol per auram.

Arundines Cami.

"Unthinking, Idle, Wild and Young."

Inconstans, hilaris, procax, vacabam
Choris, cantubus, omnibus cachinnis.
Libertatis amans, vigore laeta, et
Maerori medium nigrisque curis
Ostentans digitum, superba dixi:
Haec est tota mihi creata tellus.

Sed quum maestior ingruebat hora,
Quum morbus tremulos gravabat artus,
Nec vano poteram vacare ludo,
Nec cantus renovare nec choreas,
Tum dixi fore triste, si creatum
Nil esset mihi, ni caduca tellus.

Sabinae Coralla.

— " —

"Oh! Ever thus, from Childhood's Hour."

Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliciter annis,
Et vota et cupidae praeteriere preces!
Arbusta in silvis, in aprico floscculus horto —
Sub manibus marcent omnia pulcra meis.
Si forte effusi mirantem fulgur ocelli,
Iam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, piteret mea basia, mecum
Luderet — invidet quilibet: illa perit.

— " —

"God! that madest Earth and Heaven."

O Deus, o Tu, qui terras coelosque parasti,
Quique diem et tenebras,
Qui perferre jubes laeta sub luce labores,
Otia nocte refers;
Angelicis functos operum tueare ministris,
Dum sopor altus habet;
Spesque hilares adstent et longa noctis in hora
Somnia sancta toris.

— " —

I stayed too late, the crime
forgive.
The hours unheeded flew.
But really I had just as lief
Time stayed with me, or two.

Ah! who to study and measurement
Time's happy swiftness wings
While contemplating all content.
Such lots of pretty things!

How swiftly run the rounds of
time
Who questions, or who cares,
With such a hostess, such a host,
Such food, and such chums!

W. E. W.

To,

Dies natalis meus hic
(vel haec) non is, (vel ea;)
[auctor lexicographicus
dicit autem, my dear;]
Die quarto vigesimo
Natus erat Robertus
Nanny nono, et ipse tu
Vigesimo. Num sum certus?
Non mirror, tum, si inter hos
Tam numerosos casus
Memoria errat, ut posset
Inter florum apis vasus.
Sed non-cum-statione hanc
Errorem naturalem
Gratias ago propter hunc
Cantum tam specialem.
Versatio mea venit nunc,
(Novis my tum,) et versatim

Hos pauperes versiculos
Nunc verto abs paullatim;
(Turn 'em off slowly,) simul ac
Avis qui nidos fingit
Aut cara valde auxia
Picturas pictor pingit.
Hec spesne paenatulum
(Your scorn my little sonnet,)
Terquiversationibus,
(Nor turn your back upon it.)
Preco ~~in~~ hoc invenias,
Quod ei nunc confido,
Cor meum tibi fervidum
Ut ovum novum nido;
Et legas his in tabulis
Non lineamenta oris
Sed pallidam imaginem
Animuli amoris.
Salve, valveto. Veluti
Nocte ~~splendet~~ mirror Arcturus
Sic nomen tuum animo
Praescintillat securus.

Die Dominica —
A. D. VI. Kal. Jun.