

415

Verses by Others, 1859, 1877, n.d.

WARE MC4

Nonne natalis dies haec?

Nam ~~non~~^{but} scio — I know 'tis.

Congratulationem nunc

Accipe hanc nepotis.

Serus in collo videas —

Perennium oculosum

Parcais tui gaudium

Amantis "Regis Forum".

Lynn —

May 24 - 1877 -

From Will^d to

Uncle W.

The Ladies Battle.

In answer to the loud continued and enthusiastic plaudits of the delighted audience, the curtain rises upon the Company who bow, and exunt dispersedly. Manet De Grignon, loquitur:

The curtain falls upon the closing Play,

The happy Manager cries: Who but we!

The Actors gradually steal away,

And leave the Stage to silence & to me.

Now fade the glimmering foot-lights ^{floor,} on the
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save for the gentleman whispering by the door,
And the soft rustling of your ample folds.

Perchance, among the Audience, there may stand
Somebody Burning with Dramatic zeal
The applause of listening benches to command
And read their triumph in a thunder peal.

Full many a Star, of purest-ray serene
 Has never acted in the meanest Farce;
 Full many an actress born to rouse unseen
 And waste her smiles upon the ^{stage} looking-glass.

Some Brookline Gamick, whose untutored wit
 Torments the young, and misses the old maids,
 Some mute inglorious Siddons here may sit,
 A splendid hand at getting up Charades.

Go on — till you bring round that Golden Age
 Sung by the Bard, when, freed from sordid cares,
 We shall at last see All the World a Stage
 And all the Men and Women merely Players.
Exit De Crispin.

Then Lord calls for the Manager, who
 enters, bows and retires. The intelligent
 Public demand of him a Speech, to which
 he reluctantly consents.

Manager's Logarithm.

Ladies and Gentlemen: This gratifying summons is as unmerited as it is unexpected. For the Manager is but the showman of the Panorama, whose office it is to stand out of sight and turn the cylinder whereby the varied Scene is made to pass before your eyes, and transports you, or seems to, ~~and transports you beyond the sea.~~ It has been my happy task tonight, not to exhibit to you the rural beauties of England or the picturesque remains of France, but rather to unroll before your eyes the social & political aspect of those Realms. You have seen how that delicate flower, "Love at First Sight," a rare exotic upon our shores, buds and blossoms in the congenial atmosphere of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain. I need not remind you of the political lessons you have learned in the sister kingdom from the accomplished and chivalrous De Flavigneul, the high-souled Countess, the gloomy terrors of the feudal Baron, Leonie, spirituelle and debonnaire, De Gripon

with his sound heart and ambitious disposition. They are engraved upon your hearts.

Our Revels now are ended. These our Actors,

As was foretold you, are all Ladies and gentlemen in the circle of your private acquaintance who have now gone up stairs to change their dress. In their name I bid you farewell, hoping —

That like the baseless fabric of this Vision,
The Feudal Towers, the Royal Palaces,
The Ancient Temples, the Old World itself —
Yea, all that it inhabit —

May, some day,
afford you many an hour of intellectual
secreation.

Epit. Manager.

Brookline, Dec. 18, 1857.

(3)	C	A	R	(2)	D	(1)
	A	J	A		R	
	R	A	J		A	
	T	R	A		Y	(4)

By a simple inversion it is not hard
 To put the vehicle* into the yard:
 And yet by magic, as is his wont
 The caller's vehicle stands in front:
 And looking well there two between
 Behold the ARRA(S) swing to screen
 The little card-board on its way
 To find its resting-place the tray.
 But this^{is} the only kind of square
 With one side double another there;
 A tray in the yard is of great use
 When it aquarments the square on the hypotenusal.

*Dray.

J.D.S.

YARD
 RFA
 ARFA
 MARY

Oh uncle Will! dear uncle Will!
Return my hat of straw —
I can not think you meant me ill
When from its peg you bore
My hat, my beautiful straw hat
Which all the summer through
Atop my head has firmly sat
All white and nice and new.
How base and low that man must be
Who, having sat a while
Enjoying hospitality,
Will hook his host's best tile!
But now repent ere 'tis too late:
Send back by Mr. Shaw
(He's the express, I briefly state,
My perjured hat of straw.

Dear W. - Give before or
by 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, send as bet to
Roger's shore; otherwise
X mess it

Yours

by
Arthur I. Ware

He has been searching for me
To find a husband for his daughter
The first thought of his daughter
Name, was all the good she

And all the better for
But found that name of the
And he was a fine young man
For few days he was
There was a good woman
And she was very kind
To her and her family
When they had passed the
Some time, she was quite a
And she turned his eyes to
There was a fine girl
And she was all the more

E. A. H. Allen
The Greek
I sing of Venus and of Mars;

Of Cupid's darts and endless wars;
Of mighty deeds in bloody wars;
The making of a new world
At the fall of Troy,
With handsome wife and darling boy
Creusa and Iphigeneia
With men, Penates, gifts and all
That went to France, and there, while he
Was cutting branches from a tree
It shed and gazed fondly at his
And frightened him like all his
And his wife, and his children
And his friends, and his
To the sea, and his
Sun, Arcas, and his

His hair stood up his head atop,
His voice stuck in his mighty crop,
And so he thought he'd shut up shop,
And off without Creusa,
To sea he steered without delay,
Making a mile or two a day,
Till, in about six years, at last
Across to Africa he passed.

And there he found a handsome queen,
Beat all the girls he'd ever seen;
So there he staid, and thought no more
Of Troy or fair Helen's there.

But Jove, you see, was up to snuff;
And when he thought there'd been enough
Of love and such confounded stuff,
To Dido and Aeneas, and said

Because the government at home
From heaven to earth perhaps might fail,

He sent down Mercury express,
Who took two hours or more or less,

And when he found him talking out
Along the streets, he cried "O lo! "

"What are you up to? Jove told me
To tell you to put out the sea."

That made Aeneas mad, you see,
And frightened too, as he could be.

So off he went, and Dido the
Was left behind in Carthage.

And sailing over the foaming sea,
He found himself in Italy.

And King Latinus there could speak
The Trojan tongue. Loph says 'twas Greek

He had been searching land and water
To find a husband for his daughter.
He'd thought of Minotaurus, Jove,
Noms, and all the Gods above,

And all the deities below,
But found that none of them would go,
And he was in a fix, you know,
For fear she'd die a spinster.

Aeneas was a god's grandson,
And that's next door to being one.

So they were wed in peace; but soon,
When they had passed the honeymoon,

Came Turnus, who was quite a bear,
And almost turned his cake to dough.

Aeneas pinched him, tho' in fight,
And after that all went on right.

W. R. Ware

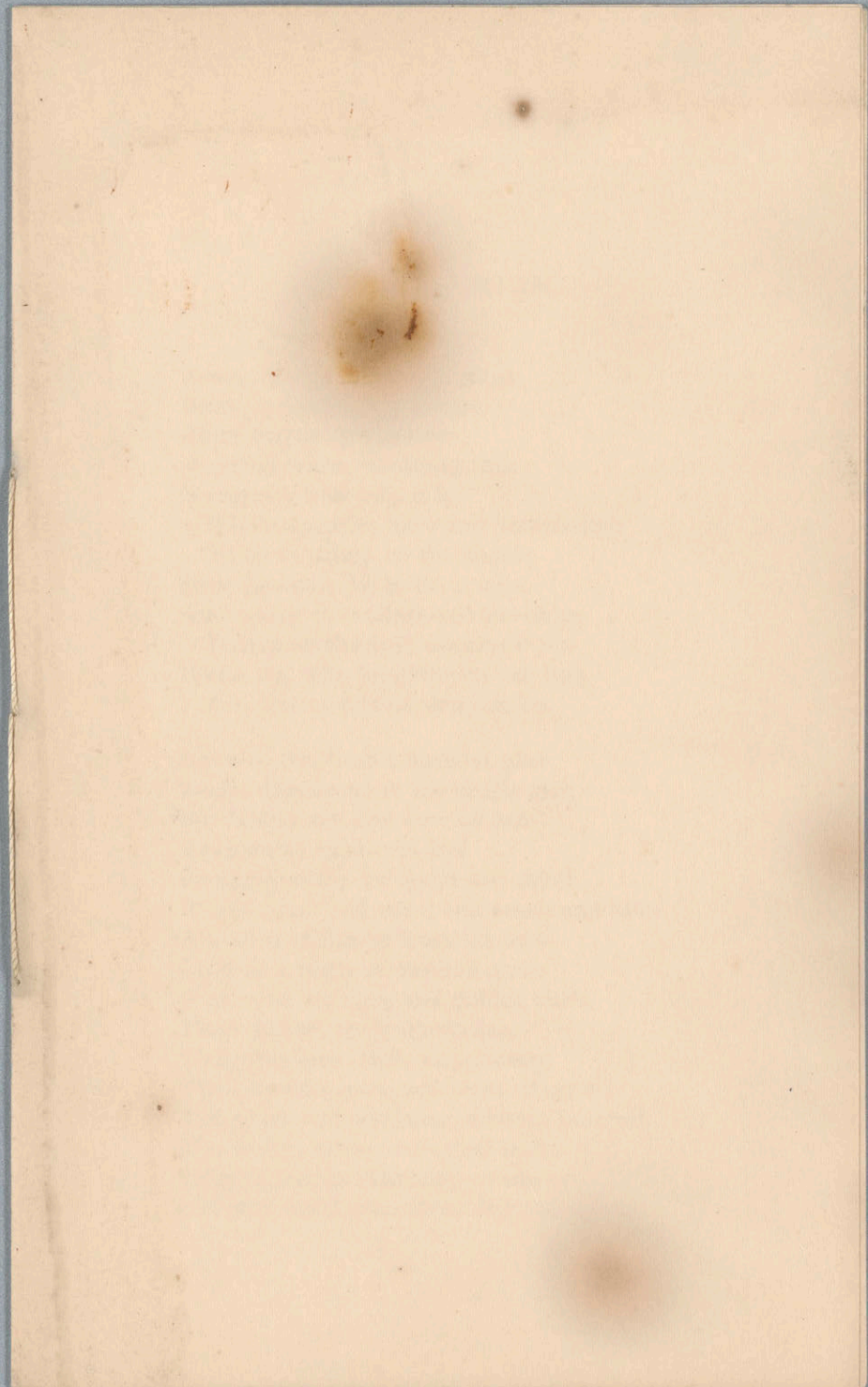


Reverses,

Fables,

etc. W.R.W

Duplicates



EPITHALAMIUM.

Suave Mari, LUCRETIUS sings,
Bent on elucidating things,
Mari magno turbantibus
Aegnora ventis, meaning thus
To signify how nice 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 heart and mind and touch and tone
Are all so different from his own.
Look at a troop of rosebud girls,
Blue eyes, red lips, and golden curls,
Their gaiety, their innocence,
Their modesty, their impudence,
Their knowingness and want of sense,
The grace and goodness, whence proceed
The lively, lovely lives they lead.
They're just as charming as can be,
But who could take them seriously.

One doubts whether they ever heard
Or ever spoke one serious word.
And though, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, they're sure 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,
But 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
Beneath the gaze of Grundydom,
What depths of shallowness, too late,
Each may be finding in his mate.
And some have even dared suppose
That if not blows, sometimes that blows
Rend the connubial atmosphere.
'T would seem that one is safer here,
Here in that single blessedness
Which is, 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 happier when on shore than when at sea.

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

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

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

Ships do go down. Yet still 'tis true
Most ships perform their journey through
And do what they set out to do.

The men who forth on shipboard fare
Are sure 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 native land

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.

