

Get all my intellects ablaze,
Exhaust my powers in fruitless toil
And ~~propertys~~ in midnight oil.

Which brings my Second point, Sir,
"Write" —

"Write me no more 'you say' at night."
Cold, heartless critic! When the day
In honest toil has worn away
And seeking to refresh my mind
In correspondence with ~~my~~ kind
I choose out some beloved youth
To share my wisdom, then, forsooth
Because my weary hand must need
Make strokes a little hard to read
This youth fastidious must cry
"Write me no more 'o' nights." My eye!
And has it come to this! Must all
The beauties and the waltz that call

I
Boston. Nov. 10. 1863.

A lively vein of quiet humor
Always did distinguish you, my
Dear Gambell; the ~~consumer~~, at
times, seems powerless to abate
Or care impair, this charming trait;
Even neglect, that fills with gall
The sweetest temper of us all
Arduous at last, to bring from you
Only ~~frigid~~ jests and ~~frigid~~ new,
Only suffices to provoke off
A sharp, ~~but~~ not ~~unpleasant~~ joke.

What though in solemn ~~silence~~ all
The months roll round from Spring
to Fall?

What though no real note is found
When what looks like one does come
round ~~again~~.

2.

This that we harshly call neglect
All correspondents must expect.

Perpetual intercourse by mail
Is well, where silence might prevail
To breed estrangement, otherwise
What real satisfaction lies —

How you enters the ample ease
Of writing or not as you damp please.
One then can briskly make reply
Before his friend's quill-stickum's dry,
Or suffer month on month to go
Unchronicled, and fast or slow,
Prompt or recalcitrant, shall find

The same old sympathizing mind
Just as he left it — even more

Th' identical Gambrell than before.

All which remarks you understand
Are relative to the case in hand.

3.

Yet the real cause of this delay
Is ambidextrous, one might say,
In Saxon twofold: First, there lays
A real preventive in the way
Of prompt rejoinder. When you ask
A question that 't would be a task
To answer, don't you see that still
Must take my leisure to reply!

One never can compute the bore
Of work he's never done before
And naturally counts "igro-
Jum onne depro magnifico".

How do I know, once I begin
I expound in black and white the
Prin-

Ciples of Short Perspective, I
May not keep writing till I die;
Enveloped in a hopeless maze
Of radiating and convergent rays

In daily quest my graceful thoughts
 Stand shivering in my outer courts
 In one inevitable queue,
 While I elaborate for you.

As wisely as Panic times,
 My Mathematics, or my Rhymes?

Rather than ~~in~~ ~~dispute~~ ~~this~~ ~~offer~~
 The friendliest letter ever penned
 Must lie unaccessed to the end;
 Sooner shall this right hand forget
 Its skill and draw with a template,
 My left its T-square, or my tongue
 The praise of Richard, ever young;
 Not till the English cease to rustle,
 Women to buy, or Jews to sell,
 Till Boston folks desert their Mall
 New Yorkers learn the use of "shall"
 Or Philadelphians the law
 That rules the sounds of "Pā + Mā";

Or, clearer to your mind to bring
 Some most improbable-est thing,
 Till by some stroke of Providence
 Pre-Raphaelites get common sense
 Or, not too much to stir your wrath
 My Gambrell takes to the New Path,
 Or I, attempting the sublime
 Develop first rate powers of rhyme
 [Tide ones of "That's so, every time"]
 So long as men about to build
 Pass coldly by our gentle guild
 And choose, their hard earned wealth
 To waste,

For real brilliants talking paste,
 Practical fools, devoid of taste,
 The prophets of the "classic" school
 Who spoil their work by line + rule;
 Until these wonders shall come true
 Still desisting regard for you

W. G. S.

I'll write when I find time to write
 But it shall be by candle-light.
 For you my Pegasus shall again
 Spread his pinions, and my pen
 The neatly written page shall fill
 With Science Art or what you will:
 I'll say, sir, what I find to say
 But not by day, no, not by day.

These somewhat too protracted lines
 I humbly offer at the shrines
 Of the vest Lares and Penates
 Of which you are the proper Vates.
 I once kneath their gracious reign
 Prospered in much and I would fain
 Be on good terms with them again;
 So that if e'er again these eyes
 Intrace the 10th Street Paradise
 I may be welcome as if gone
 And find the latch outside the door.

GAMBRILL & POST,
ARCHITECTS,

Rooms 21 & 23, Fourth Floor,

19 NASSAU STREET.

New-York, November 16. 1864

'Tis so long, my dear Ware, since I wrote any verses,
That I crave for this effort your tenderest mercies —
Be not hypercritical with too critical criticisms,
Nor too wittingly witty o'er any wee criticisms.

Not too lightly to soar on Pegasus wings
Let me plunge without preface into the middle of things.
You owe me ten dollars — for which I am pledged,
And with promises, like a King with Divinity, hedged,
That you'll pay your arrears with all interest to boot,
To Watfield, the Treasurer of the Architect's Institute.
Not that so paltry a sum by that body is needed —
But our number will lately has been ruthlessly needed
Of all who, though signing the I 'tween two A. s,
Represent a small number that actually pays,
But strut 'fore the world with the spurious aroma,
Of those who can claim a genuine diploma.

2
But with Hatfield I pleaded, all tearful, to spare
From the list of dishonour the name of dear Ware,
And so to my confidence your gratitude's due,
For your A. J. and A, though hitched to an I. O. U.

Once more does kind Fortune enshroud us her grace,
And the jobs that were lacking, are wading apace.
For soon shall the traveller who is wending his way
'Mid the rocks, that Charybdis-and-Scylla-like, lay,
Near the shores of Astoria - behold with surprise,
The walls of a building with grandeur to rise,
Which shall make all the neighbourhood eager to boast,
Of the skill and the genius of Gambrell and Post!

On the unweary lawn of Ward's generous isle,
We're commissioned at length to erect an Asyl-
-um for those who too often have quaffed the red cyp,
Or, of Alcohol innocent, have inherited hiccuph.

Its skilful arrangements I fain would rehearse
By your method of 'Specification in Verse' -
But that privilege is Post's, to whom is assigned
The work of describing what his pencil designed.

3
And as soon as the narrative comes from the printer,
(Either late in the Autumn or early in Winter)
We shall send it forthwith with some general sketches,
Of the way that we house the Inebriate wretches.

As my time is so precious, I will mention but briefly
The jobs that have come and are coming - and chiefly,
An eccentric conception of Mannwright's, the broker -
(The brother, ye ken, of Burn Waddy, the jester.)
Though whaling was prosperous once - by bad luck, it
Was gilded to Ker's end, and ruined Nantucket,
Whence that place is deserted - its shipping decayed -
Its houses all tenanted - and its taxes unpaid.
The tale is far's a sad one - but the denouement's quite funny,
Causing Mannwright to save, and our firm to make money.

Now my friend is the lord of some ninety broad acres
On a pretty peninsula, lashed by the breakers
Of Long Island Sound - at a point very nigh
To a summer resort - the famed beaches of Rye.
Close at hand some strowed Yankee's existing by scores
Cosy cottages brought from Nantucket's low shores.

The expense is but trifling, and the bargain will thrive,
 For we build for two-thousand what, if new, would cost five!

And so, for Nantucket to-morrow I start,
 To buy what is left of that once wealthy mart —
 To dismantle its dwellings, and ship them to Rye —
 (If haply they 'scape from the pirates who ply
 Their buccaner trade with such daring impunity,
 Full within sight of that helpless community.)

With a trifling expense on the cost of each building —
 With gables, and turrets — and painting and gilding,
 It's within the resources of science and art,
 To dress 'em with some feeling of grace to impart.

But oh! if the craft that shall carry me over,
 Should be seized by some rebel piratical rover!
 For e'en from mid-ocean can those dogs-of-war detect,
 So tempting a prize as a freshly fed Architect!

But if prosperous my journey — and all groundless my fears
 Of shipwreck and nausea — and bold privateers —
 I return to a shop full of work for next season,
 As much as any man can expect in good seasons,
 When we wage such war with rebellion and treason.

We have stores in the city - chateaux in each suburb -
 Our draughtsmen are frantic - so wild is the hubbub
 Of T. squares and angles - and men estimating -
 And clients, impatient, our leisure awaiting!

But 'tis time a new subject my pen should essay,
 Nor linger on business or private delay -
 I've been selfish I fear, and too egotistic -
 Too general on some points, and on some too statistic.
 The fault's partly mine, and yet partly the Muse's;
 Whose dactyls and trochees my thinking confuses -
 For I've tried my nose, and sworn many a damn at her,
 While choosing my measure - pentameter - or hexameter,
 And concluded at length that I'd write 'cross the sheet,
 Without stopping to think of the ictus or feet!

Frank Sumner has come to resume his possession,
 Full sick of the glory of fighting excesses -
 And yet sicker at heart, and as blue as the devil,
 To descend from command to a subordinate level.

Yet so fearful his whiskers and so martial his bearing -
 The dragon thro' and thro' in superfluous swearing,

That Dick Hunt will appear like a lamb in comparison,
With a disband'd soldier, who so fearfully carries on.
And while listening now to his thundering anathemas,
I look back to the days when a gentle young lad he was,
And remember full well his fond mother's anxious
To commit his young soul to the risk of perversion,
So far from her eye, 'mid our city's seductions -
And am grieved that the end has confirmed her deductions.

There's much that I'd speak of - but paper and time,
Must soon put an end to my discursive rhyme -
There was Bryant's receipt - a glorious affair,
Of Century festivals, beyond all compare -
There were poems and singing - and witty orations,
And hunting and flowers in fit decorations,
But a book will be written, and when it is printed,
You can read at your leisure, what I've only hinted.

I meant to conclude with a fervid effusion
On Lincoln's elective - Mc Clellan's confusion -
But my paper is failing - tho' not my good will, -
So I save my last verse to declare that I'm still,
As ever, dear Mary, yours truly, Garrison.