

Thanksgiving Verses

Ware Family

1835 - 1902

Milton

plus

Winchester, 1883

- Complete -

collected and printed 1903
by Harriet Ware

THANKSGIVING VERSES

THANKGIVING VERBS

THE FAMILY

THE FAMILY

JULY, 1903.

HENRY WARE, Junior; born April 21, 1794; died Sept. 22, 1843. Married, Oct. 15, 1817, Elizabeth Watson Waterhouse; born March 14, 1793; died Feb. 5, 1824. Married, June 11, 1827, Mary Lovell Pickard; born Oct. 2, 1798; died April 4, 1849.

JOHN FOTHERGILL WATERHOUSE WARE; born Aug. 31, 1818; died Feb. 26, 1881. Married, May 27, 1844, Caroline Parsons Rice; born Sept. 27, 1820; died Sept. 18, 1848. Married, Oct. 10, 1849, Helen Ware Rice; born Sept. 21, 1822; died June 17, 1892.

HENRY WARE; born Jan. 21, 1846; died Aug. 9, 1862.

WILLIAM ROTCH WARE; born Sept. 6, 1848. Married, May 17, 1877, Alice Hathaway Cunningham; born May 5, 1851.

John Ware; born May 2, 1878.

Francis Cunningham Ware; born May 18, 1879.

Richard Cunningham Ware; born May 10, 1882.

Malcolm Cunningham Ware; born Oct. 13, 1883.

Philip Cunningham Ware; born Nov. 5, 1885.

Edward Cunningham Ware; born Sept. 26, 1888.

Stephen Cunningham Ware; born Sept. 7, 1891.

ARTHUR LOVELL WARE; born May 30, 1851. Married, Nov. 25, 1885,

Alice Jaques; born Dec. 6, 1852.

Gordon Ware; born Sept. 21, 1886.

Margaret Ware; born Nov. 12, 1889.

FRANCIS MORGAN WARE; born Feb. 3, 1857. Married, Nov. 18, 1896,

Eva J. M. Hughes; born Aug. 1, 1875.

Robert Hughes Ware; born Feb. 20, 1898.

CAROLINE PARSONS WARE; born Oct. 13, 1859. Married, March 5, 1889,

Henry Percy Jaques; born Dec. 22, 1854.

MARY ELIZABETH WARE; born Feb. 8, 1820; died Sept. 13, 1870.

HENRY WARE; born March 6, 1822; died March 6, 1823.

ROBERT WARE; born July 13, 1828; died Dec. 24, 1831.

ANN BENT WARE; born March 23, 1830. Married, August 10, 1857, Frederick Winsor; born Oct. 2, 1829; died Feb. 25, 1889.

ROBERT WINSOR; born May 24, 1858. Married, October 27, 1883, Eleanor May Magee; born Sept. 15, 1855.

Robert Winsor; born Aug. 10, 1884.

Frederick Winsor; born March 15, 1889; died April 12, 1894.

Philip Winsor; born Feb. 6, 1893.

Alexander Winsor; born Sept. 22, 1894.

Mary Pickard Winsor; born Aug. 6, 1896.

— Winsor; born April 11, 1900; died Dec. 22, 1900.

MARY PICKARD WINSOR; born Oct. 31, 1860.

PAUL WINSOR; born June 12, 1863. Married, September 27, 1888,

Jessie Baldwin; born Aug. 7, 1863.

Paul Winsor; born March 27, 1900.

Felix Winsor; born Aug. 14, 1901.

ANNIE WARE WINSOR; born May 26, 1865. Married, June 4, 1900,

Joseph Allen; born March 21, 1870.

Dorothea Teulon Allen; born March 1, 1901.

Annie Winsor Allen; born June 8, 1902.

JANE LORING WINSOR; born Nov. 8, 1868. Married, March 12, 1895,

Lyman Whitman Gale; born Jan. 1, 1873.

Priscilla Gale; born Aug. 7, 1896.

Emma Whitman Gale; born Jan. 2, 1900.

Winsor Gale; born Jan. 1, 1901.

ELIZABETH WARE WINSOR; born Nov. 15, 1870. Married, Sept. 6, 1898,

Henry Greenleaf Pearson; born Dec. 26, 1870.

Anne Winsor Pearson; born Nov. 13, 1899; died Aug. 11, 1901.

Theodore Pearson; born July 7, 1903.

FREDERICK WINSOR; born March 29, 1872. Married, June 18, 1894,

Mary Anne Paine; born July 23, 1873.

Charles Paine Winsor; born June 19, 1895.

Dorothy Winsor; born Aug. 27, 1896.

Frederick Winsor; born Oct. 15, 1900.

John Bryant Winsor; born April 28, 1903.

WILLIAM ROBERT WARE; born May 27, 1832.

HARRIET WARE; born Sept. 9, 1834.

EMMA FORBES WARE; born Feb. 13, 1838; died Oct. 23, 1898.

CHARLES PICKARD WARE; born June 11, 1840. Married, Sept. 1, 1870, Elizabeth Lawrence Appleton; born March 6, 1843.

HENRY WARE; born Dec. 26, 1871. Married, June 9, 1898, Louisa Fuller Wilson; born Oct. 4, 1871.

Caroline Farrar Ware; born Aug. 14, 1899.

MARY APPLETON WARE; born May 17, 1877.

CHILDREN, 9; GRANDCHILDREN, 14; great-grandchildren, 30. Total, 53.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
 And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth ;
 He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
 But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day.

Then praise for the Past and the Present we sing,
 And trustful await what the Future may bring.
 Let doubt and repining be banished away,
 And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING SONG

CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 25, 1841.

I remember, I remember, when I was a little boy,
 How the last week in November always filled my heart with joy ;
 For then Thanksgiving always came with every kind of pie,
 And I for once could eat my fill, though father *did* sit by.

I remember, I remember, how on Monday they began
 With rolling paste, and chopping meat, and buttering patty-pan ;
 And proud was I to pound the crackers, or to stone the plums,
 Or crack the shagbarks with flatirons that often cracked my thumbs.

I remember, I remember, how the two next busy days
 Kept the kitchen in an uproar, and the oven in a blaze ;
 Till all was done and cleared away by Wednesday's evening skies,
 And the proud tea-table smoked with four premonitory pies.

I remember, I remember, when the morning came at last,
 How joyfully at breakfast I perceived it was not Fast ;
 But loaded plates and smoking bowls assailed our winking sight,
 With Johnny-cakes and chocolate hot, to whet the appetite.

I remember, I remember, when the Dinner came at last,
 How, like the kings of Banquo's race, the dishes came and passed ;
 The exhaustless line seemed threatening to run on till crack of doom,
 While still a voice from every stomach cried, " There yet is room ! "

I remember, I remember, how those lessons in Gastronomy
 Were sometimes mixt with questions upon Latin and Astronomy,
 And in Geography, how John did once, in accents murky,
 Reply that Canaan was in Ham, and Paradise in Turkey.

I remember, I remember, then how tight my jacket grew,
 As if 't would burst a button off with every breath I drew ;
 And so, to settle all, we boys kicked football down in town,
 Or went to see the marksmen *try* to shoot the tied hens down.

I remember, I remember — *not* — what happened after tea,
 For we had then no Grandfather whom we could go and see ;
 I only know we went to bed when nine o'clock was rung ; —
 And you had better do the same, now that my song is sung.

1862

NOVEMBER 27

1844

First Thanksgiving in the Cottage. The family numbered nine. After dinner Ellen, Alice, and Willie Forbes came down and played games. John and Carrie came over from Cambridge the next day.

1860

Sixteen in the family; five present — Sister, William, Harriet, Emma, and Charles. Fred and Annie in Salem, with Robert and Mary (born Oct. 31.) "Dined at home, we five; in evening to Uncle Barnard's." (H. W.'s diary.)

1861

Sixteen in the family. "Walked to church with William, Emma, and Charles. John, Helen, and all the children to tea, and played games in the evening. Fred, Annie, and the children out at 9, John at 3. Dined then, sixteen. Had magic lantern in the evening, in dining-room, the same we had had in Cambridge in Father's study twenty-one years before. Sang in the evening Father's songs and 'Oppression shall not always reign.' John home; Annie, Helen, and the children spent the night. W. and C. slept at the Thayers' house." (H. W.'s diary.)

1862

"Fred, with Annie, Robert, and Mary, came up from Rainsford Island on Wednesday, their final leaving. Fred was going to the war. Thursday Fred, Annie, Robert, and William walked to Margaret's with a turkey. John's family came from Cambridge Port. All over by noon. Dined in dining-room, Fred in regimentals. Played 'I Spy,' 'Red Lion,' and 'Prisoner's Bar' out of doors; talked and games in eve. Very pleasant and satisfactory. Wrote C. P. a round robin." (H. W.'s diary.) Fred off on Saturday, 29th, as Surgeon, 49th M. V. M.; Harriet to join Charles at Coffin Point on Monday, Dec. 1.

HENRY WARE, JR.

FAMILY MEETING

CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST 20, 1835.

In this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

For all the faithful, loved, and dear,
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven;

For every past and present joy,
For honor, competence, and health;
For hopes which time may not destroy,
Our souls' imperishable wealth, —

For all, accept our humble praise;
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love,
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one Home above.

THANKSGIVING SONG

CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 26, 1840.

Tune — *Sandy and Jenny.*

Come, uncles and cousins, come, nieces and aunts,
Come, nephews and brothers, — no *won'ts* and no *can'ts*.
Put business and shopping and schoolbooks away ;
The year has rolled round, — it is Thanksgiving Day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth ;
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth ;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away ;
Home, home with you, home, — it is Thanksgiving Day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed ;
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best.
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving Day

Pies, puddings, and custards, figs, oysters, and nuts, —
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* or *buts*.
Bring none of your slim little appetites here ;
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round !
What treasures of love in its bosom are found !
New England's high Holiday, ancient and dear !
'T would be twice as welcome if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace ;
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

TO CHARLES, AT COFFIN POINT, S. C.

Dear Charles, 't is the end of Thanksgiving Day.
I am sure I don't know what to say.
The folks have concluded all here to stay,
Nor stir out of doors to-night, not they.
So we write to you, so far away ;
For absence don't make our affection decay,
As I prove by following you away.
If this letter finds you jocose and gay,
I hope it won't drive your spirits away.
This is no time for the making of hay,
But a very good time for children to play.
And now, as the old folks have all had their say,
The small folks, who have n't one hair turned gray,
In closing their love and veneration display.

Our names here we carve,
Yours, sir, to sarve.

John	William	Frank
M. E. W.	Harriet	Robert
Helen	Emma	Carrie
Fred	Will	Mary
Annie	Arkie	

By J. F. W. W.

THE FIFTH AT CORBIN POINT 20

In the Chapter, 'tis the end of the world,
 I am sure I have heard of it
 The folks here are all of the same
 Now all sort of things are
 So, which is good or bad
 For a man that is
 As a man by the way
 If this fellow had you
 I hope it won't be
 This is a fine
 But a very good
 And now, as the old
 The small folks
 In doing their
 On some part
 Yours

John	Willie	John
M. E. W.	John	M. E. W.
John	John	John
Fred	Willie	Fred

TO HARRIET AND CHARLES, AT COFFIN POINT, S. C.

J. F. W. W.

This crambo
Sent to the land of Sambo
For Ambo.

Dear Sister, 'way down South,
Like the man who burned his mouth,
We here in the old home place,
Longing to see your face,
Send greeting.
This our meeting
Would be brighter,
And all hearts lighter,
Were but you
Both here too.

The chicks are abed,
All about house spread ;
The rest sit round
On chair or ground,
Scratching brain —
Some in vain —
With poet's pain,
That you may gain
A liquid strain,
Wisdom or wit,
From us here at Thanksgiving
Evening assembled, —
And to stay all night,
And to-morrow a bit.

- M. E. W. They tell me I must write to you.
 W. R. W. Says Sister : she 's too busy to,
 However, occupied with prose
 Epistles ; and, while this one goes,
 A specimen of so much time
 As we have given this day to rhyme,
 Hers will undoubtedly portray
 The earlier labors of the day.
- F. W. Speed on the sheet, like fiery cross !
 Impromptu rhymes are hard to toss
 To one whose mental battledoor
 The shuttlecock lets drop to floor.
 But why not say it in a word, —
 The wish each ear, each heart, has heard
 From morn to eve, at sport, at board, —
 " Were they but here who are far away,
 'T would be yet more Thanksgiving Day."
- H. W. W. I am tired and sleepy, and not able to write :
 So shall only wish you a happy good-night.
- A. B. W. You, in your southern island
 So many miles away
 Form easily a picture
 Of your home Thanksgiving Day.
 You see the little parlor
 Of the dear familiar place ;
 You hear the well-known voices
 Recall each well-loved face.
 But we in vain endeavor,
 By the aid our fancy gives,
 To form some vivid image
 Of the way a planter lives.

- We know you have your " niggahs,"
 Your cotton-field and fleas ;
 But in thoughts of your Thanksgiving
 There seems no place for these.
- Then satisfy our longings,
 And tell us every one
 Of your doings and your sayings,
 Of your eating and your fun.
 And when the year comes round again,
 All loyal hearts will pray,
 " May North and South again unite
 To keep Thanksgiving Day."
- E. F. W. I must seem presumptuous
 To write after that ;
 But that you will pardon,
 My dear sister Hat.
 For you know that I love you
 Too well to be still
 While the others send greetings
 From our dear Milton Hill.
- W. R. W. If I knew what to say,
 I could write all day.
 You must take the good will for the deed.
 They won't let me write prose, I'll write poetry
 instead.
 My wits do not brighten with seeking a jingle,
 And so in the sports of the day I can't mingle.
 I hope you had a good dinner,
 And by eating you did n't grow thinner.
 My thoughts don't flow,
 So here I'll say " Whoa ! "

A. L. W. I see by your letters you are troubled with fleas ;
 I 'm sorry for you, for I know that they be's
 Most troublesome things,
 And I know that their stings
 Do very much plague you,
 And leave you quite black and blue.
 Our Thanksgiving Day
 Is fast passing away,
 And the evening we spend
 In games which we lend
 To please one another,
 To please sister and brother.
 The next one to write is Will ;
 So good-by, from Cot-on-the-Hill.

A. B. W. I write for my children who sleep overhead,
 One in a clothes-basket, two in trundle-bed.
 The two love Aunt Hattie, the one is too small ;
 They 're Robin and Mary, and he 's little Paul.

RHAPSODY

J. F. W. W. Dear Charley, in that lonely isle,
 Where dwells, I s'pose, the *crocodile*,
 Where, too, perhaps, you see a ghost
 In every dreary wayside *post*,
 Here comes, without misgiving,
 My greeting this Thanksgiving.

M. E. W. How very *thankful* we should be
 For food and every victory.
 We only wish that you were here,
 Because you both to us are dear.
Yangste Kiang is said to be a ship ;
 It might have been as well, I think, a whip.
 In childhood, when I studied from a map,
 A river 't was called. — Let me take a nap !

H. W. W. Charley dear,
 Would you were here
 To help me write this letter.
 It must be in rhyme,
 They say, this time,
 Because it 's so much better.
 If you 're ever on *picket*,
 Pray think of us here,
 Or while raising the cotton
 To make *cloth* so dear.
 We 've thought of you often this Thanksgiving Day,
 And hope you 've done the same, so far, far away.

F. W. Not Robert Small, my brother Charles,
 The word which now my thought-web snarls ;
 But *small piano* 't is my fate
 In rhyme epistolary, " nate,"
 Acceptable to exiled friend,
 Across the seas forthwith to send.
 Now well you know there 's nothing small
 In my regard for you ; 't is all
 Big-hearted, free, and jovial.
 Still, not to sound it forth too loud,
 I 'll softly say, This loving crowd
 Thanksgiving greeting sends to thee,
 Of which receive this much from me.

- W. R. W. Oh, who among us could refuse,
 Dear Charley, to participate
 In these endeavors to amuse
 Your somewhat too secluded state.
 Shall I bear witness that the pews
 Were, as is usual, desolate?
 Or recapitulate the news
 That makes to-day our hearts elate?
 'T is gradually getting late;
 'T is time we all went off *to snooze*.
 Your rhyming trials will be *great*
 If you return us each our dues.
- E. F. W. What do you think we have played to-night,
 My *darling*, 'way in the South?
 Nothing less than *Dumb Crambo*, but (this in your ear)
 Don't you be down in the mouth.
 One word was *bat*, and to rhyme with this
 William the rat did he;
 Then out upon him sprang Franky the *cat*,
 And that was the end of he.
- W. R. W. They have told me to rhyme *imcomprehensibility*,
 And I can't do it in rhyme or ditty.
 And also *Thanksgiving* they have given to me
 Without rhyme or reason; nor do I see
 How I shall get out of this fix,
 Unless in other matters I shall mix.
 Uncle Will and the rest are as busy as bees;
 So I'll bid you good-night and good-by, if you please.
- A. L. W. We are not in the *library* of your old house,
 But we are in the parlor, where we always carouse.
Electricity is lightning,
 So I have heard say;
 And my wits are not brightening,
 So I'll leave you to-day.

1868

NOVEMBER 26

1864
The family met in Winchester.

1865
There was no Thanksgiving meeting. John's family was in Baltimore, and Emma was very ill. This year the Cottage was enlarged to its present size.

1866
John was still in Baltimore; William was in Paris.

1867
Dr. Henry I. Bowditch was in the Cottage, and the Ware family was in Dr. Bowditch's house, 113 Boylston Street, Boston, where they had their Thanksgiving dinner.

1868
Eighteen in the family. All were present except John, Annie, and the baby, Jane, who was born November 8.

TO J. F. W. W., IN BALTIMORE

M. E. W. For five long years we have not all met
H. W. W. For Thanksgiving Day, and to-day is so wet
That we've not been outdoors the livelong day,
And the boys are unable their ball to play.

W. R. W. But, in spite of the rain and your absence and Annie's,
H. W. Not to mention the infant whose life a short span is,
E. F. W. We think we've been merry and had a gay time,
Till the soft bells of midnight will soon 'gin to chime.

C. P. W. Emma's line is so long,
And her statement so strong,
Not to say wholly wrong,
That, to shorten this song,
W. R. W. We'll say we've been merry
In spite of George Perry.

A. L. W. My part
Comes from the heart.
(This "short metre"
Is from Peter.)
I wish
You were here
To pass this day,
My daddy dear.
Perhaps
Next year
All the gaps
Of the family
Which have for so long been separated, may be filled by
All being here.

1876

NOVEMBER 30

1869

Eighteen in the family; fourteen present. Emma was in Europe with the Langs.

1870

Nineteen in the family; fourteen present. First Thanksgiving without Sister; first time E. L. W. was present. Lizzie was born Nov. 15. "Charley to church. Foot-ball. Dinner as usual; Jenny walked the table. In the afternoon all to walk." (H. W.'s diary.)

1871

Nineteen in the family; fourteen present. Lizzie walked the table.

1872

Twenty-one in the family; all present. Henry walked the table. Rhapsodies were written.

1873

Harriet and Emma in Wells; Charles' family in Winchester, England.

1874

Harriet and Emma in Venice, with Aunt Mary G. Ware.

1875

Twenty-one in the family; nineteen present. Dinner in the library; Rick walked the table for the first time; he walked every year till 1878.

1876

Twenty-one in the family; all present; also Alice Cunningham. All dined in the library at a horse-shoe table.

Who laid him on the dish ?

“ I,” said Mrs. Helen,
With pride visibly a-swellin’;
“ I laid him on the dish.”

Who put him on the table ?

“ I,” said young Arthur,
“ I was playing the Martha;
I put him on the table.”

Who carved him up ?

“ I,” said the physician,
“ I ’m used to that position ;
I carved him up.”

Who wants the wings ?

“ We,” said the girls,
“ With our delicate pearls ;
We want the wings.”

Who wants the drumsticks ?

“ We,” said the boys,
“ For we like to make a noise ;
We want the drumsticks.”

Who wants white meat ?

“ I,” said Mrs. Winsor,
“ And I like it very thin, sir ;
I want white meat.”

Who wants the dark ?

“ I,” said the Sophomore,
“ But I wish you would offer more ;
I want the dark.”

Who wants all kinds?
 "I," said the fresh party,
 "I've an appetite hearty;
 I want all kinds."

Who wants the carcass?
 "I," said Uncle Charley,
 Without stopping to parley;
 "I want the carcass."

Who'll take what's left?
 "I," said his wife,
 "For I shan't need any knife;
 I'll take what's left."

Who wants the wishbone?
 "We," said two chummies,
 Who till then had been dummies;
 "We'll divide the wishbone."

Then all the folks fell to eating their dinners,
 Without one sad thought for the turkey — the sinners!
 With cranberry sauce, and every variety
 Of vegetables good, they fed to satiety;
 Without shedding a tear for the bird, who, when living,
 Had looked forward himself to a happy Thanksgiving.

A. B. W.

THANKSGIVING ALPHABET

A is for Alice, who lives in a pottery.
 B is for Bill; she's *his* prize in the lottery.
 C is for Carrie, whose hair is so splendid.
 D is for Diddy, — little Lizzie's intended.
 E is for Emma; she has *superintended*.
 F is for Frank and his physical forces.
 G is the thing that he says to his horses.
 H is for Helen, his mother so dignified.
 I am the fellow that knows what is signified.
 J is for John; he's their husband and father.
 K is the letter we use for King Arthur.
 L is for Lizzie, and also for Charles.
 M is for Mary, who fights and who quarr'ls.
 N is for Nanny; she's too young to marry yet.
 O's the omission that's been made of Harriet.
 P is for Paul by the fire that's basking.
 Q is the questions he always is asking.
 R is for Robert, who kicks, reads, and catches.
 S is the score that he makes in his matches.
 T is the truth, and than that nothing's truer.
 U is you uncles; you all know who you are.
 V is the virtues that Jane will illustrate.
 W is the Winsors, Fred and Annie; they're fust-rate.
 X is the extempore table so steady.
 Y is the youngest, — that's Henry and Freddy.
 Z is the end. Is the next poem ready?

W. R. W.

TO HELEN

Helen, listen for a moment, and a story I will tell
Of an incident that happened at the Great Centennial.

In the valley of the Schuylkill, where upon the Fairmount lands
Rise the great Centennial buildings, one fair granite structure stands.
'T is the place (and just behind it there 's another for the same
Purpose) where they keep the pictures; the Art Building is its name.
Here are paintings by the acre; here are statues, rather poor;
Lots of antiquarian knickknacks; some mosaics near the door.
Here about the rooms you wander, trying hard to get a look
At a picture that you 've heard of, numbered something in the book.
But the number of poor pictures damps the interest one feels,
And the people nearly crush you, pressing on each other's heels.
Art is long and art is tedious, and you vote the thing a bore,
And you struggle, through the crowd that fills the entry, to the door.
There your spirits, crushed no longer, feel the spirit of the place,
And you think you 'll get some luncheon, like most others of your race;
For from ten o'clock till three, in every corner of the ground,
Groups of folks with little baskets eating luncheon may be found.

Thus one morning in November, just a little after one,
I was sitting with my sister on a doorstep in the sun.
We had eaten our last doughnut, we were eating our last pear,
When my sister said, "Well, Sarah, have n't we been everywhere?
We 've accomplished the Main Building, and the Agricultural Hall,
And the Women's, and the flowers, the State Buildings, one and all,
The United States Exhibit, and the foreign nations too,
And the pictures — all we care for. Now what else is there to do?"
"O my Amy," thus I answered, "O my sister, don't you know
There 's the whole Machinery Building, where of course we 've got to
A slight groan escaped my sister. "I forgot that, I declare! [go!"
Well, we 're much too tired for walking, so let 's each secure a chair."
All the afternoon we trundled up and down, and to and fro,

Back and forth, and here and there, wherever two wheeled chairs
And we saw the Corliss Engine, and the envelope machine, [could go.
And the one for making corsets, — quite the neatest thing we 'd seen, —
And the carpet-manufacture, and the blowers, — they were fun, —
Jig-saws, printing-presses, fountains, and the monstrous German gun.

As we moved about, still gazing at the wonders of the place,
All at once there came a lady who exclaimed, with beaming face,
"Why, how *do* you do? I did n't think that I should see you here."
"We are pretty well," we answered; but we thought it very queer
That the lady should address us, and so very warmly too;
But she evidently took us for some people that she knew.
She was handsome, quite, and matronly, with pleasant, cordial ways,
And we thought she came from Boston, from the way she said her *a's*.
She was evidently married; and she seemed to know us well,
For she called my sister "Mrs." — but just what we could n't tell.
Well, she stood there a few minutes, and we talked about the show,
And the pictures, and the people, till she said that she must go.
So she said good-by, and left us gazing blankly after her,
Wondering who she was, and wondering also who she thought we were.

We were passing out that evening, moving slowly through the gate,
On our way to take the cattle-train, — for it was getting late, —
When I heard a lady speaking just behind me in the crowd;
I could hear her quite distinctly, though she was n't talking loud, —
And I recognized the voice, especially the Boston *a*,
And was sure it was the lady whom we 'd met before that day.
"I 'm so tired," she was saying, "I do wish that we were through;
What we have done seems as nothing to what yet remains to do."
"Well, I 'm thankful," said another voice, "Machinery Hall is done;
Tramping round all day among those noisy engines is no fun.
But — who were those ladies, Helen, who were talking with you there?"
"Those? Oh, those were Mrs. Washburn, and my sister Mrs. Ware."
C. P. W.

This was written in the person of one of two ladies whom Helen met at the Centennial at Philadelphia and thought were Lizzie and her sister Mrs. Washburn.

THE FAMILY

Queen Harriet sits in her chair of state,
 While Emma stands by her,
 And William, too, nigh her ;
 For this is the great day for which we all wait,
 A day which is dear to the household of Ware,
 On which it's worth living ;
 For this is Thanksgiving,
 And these are the guests we commend to her care.

The Reverend John stands the first of the clan,
 Gray, stalwart, and pleasant,
 And looking at present
 Like a man who has dined, — a well-satisfied man ;
 And with him his wife, our most notable Helen, —
 What praise fit to suit her ? —
 And Frank, the six-footer,
 Who's been growing some time, and still's "wisibly swellin'."

Miss Pussy — quite grown up — appears the next one ;
 To her schoolma'am a trial,
 But yet voted by all
 The girls a real trump, always ready for fun.

Then, ready to draw you a hencoop or palace
 For a moderate bill,
 Comes our architect Will,
 And, good luck for us all, he brings with him his Alice.
 And next follows Arthur, that elegant swell,
 At times very jolly,
 Now a shade melancholy,
 A prize for some very pecunious belle.

From Winchester now comes our good Doctor Fred.
 In sickness 't would cheer one
 To have him come near one,
 So kind is his heart, and so sound is his head.
 And with him dear Annie, who brings, as you know,
 A very fair quiver-full,
 Of which we will give a full
 Detailed account in the verses below.

First Robert stands forth — that exalted creation,
 A Freshman in college,
 Who seasons his knowledge
 With a few games of football for mild recreation.
 Here's a grown-up young lady ; oh dear ! can it be
 This was once little Polly ?
 Sedate, and yet jolly,
 A pattern for all Boston schoolgirls is she.

This biggest of boys we think must be Paul —
 Oh, ain't he a great 'un !
 And this dark-haired maiden,
 This must be our Nanny, grown up very tall.
 Then, the head of the small fry, is little Miss Jenny,
 Ever active and busy,
 And sunny-faced Lizzie,
 And the Chums, who, though smallest, are precious as any.

Then practical Charles, that most useful of brothers,
 Who does jobs, pokes the fires,
 Brings us paper by quires,
 And in general looks out for the comfort of others.
 And last on the list, but by no means the least,
 His charming wife, Lizzie,
 Whose tongue has been busy,
 As well as her jaws, at this Thanksgiving feast.

This closes the tale of the Family Ware.
 Dear hosts, you have fed 'em,
 Now let 's see you bed 'em!
 We 've no doubt you will — and have chambers to spare.
 E. L. W.

SONG

Tune, — *Mug Enough.*

Once a turkey
 Fat and chirky,
 Blobble ob!
 Not fed on muffin,
 Stopped his stuffin',
 Said with puffin',
 "Blobble obble obble ob!"

And another,
 T'other's brother,
 Blobble ob!
 Tho' thin as a rail
 And with fasting pale,
 Let his fears prevail,
 Blobble obble obble ob!

With many squirms
 Tobacco worms,
 Blobble ob!
 Lay before his eyes,
 Made the water rise,
 Yet he said with sighs,
 "Blobble obble obble ob!"

"I remember
 Last November,
 Blobble ob!
 I would have you know
 If you stuff you so,
 You 'll be sorry, Jo,
 Blobble obble obble ob!"

"Now hear my plan:
 Fast if you can,
 Blobble ob!
 When Thanksgiving's gone,
 Then on worms and corn
 We 'll feast all the morn,
 Blobble obble obble ob!"

Jo shook his head
 And only said,
 "Blobble ob!"
 Stuffed from morn to night,
 While his brother bright
 Soon was trained quite light,
 Blobble obble obble ob!

Proclamation
 Caused the nation,
 Blobble ob!
 To prepare as feast,
 Besides fish and beast,
 One turkey at least,
 Blobble obble obble ob!

To our first friend
 Came the fated end,
 Blobble ob!

While the other one,
Thinking his game was won,
To feast had begun,
 Blobber obble obble ob!

The farmer lad,
Both shrewd and bad,
 Blobber ob!
Said, "You are not fat,
I'm assured of that;
But I'm not a flat,"
 Blobber obble obble ob!

So then slew he
The thin turkey,
 Blobber ob!
Then, to make aright
Weights both great and light,
Without heeding right,
 Blobber obble obble ob!

"Stone and bullet
In his gullet,
 Blobber ob!
Ne'er will tell the tale;
Thus I'll cheat the scale
Without fear of jail,"
 Blobber obble obble ob!

I know you all
Want a moral,
 Blobber ob!
Then to young and old
As the truth I've told,
I'll say and be bold,
 "Blobber obble obble ob!"

W. R. W.

SONG

Tune — *Fisherman's Daughter.*

There once was a Mussulman,
A pious Mahommedan,
Who lived down in Turkestan
 A long time ago;
With prayers and confessions
And heathenish processions
And fleshly repressions
 He lived here below.
He kept his home tidy,
And fasted on Friday,
So that when he died he
 With Mahomet might stay;
But each year he swore an
Oath on the Koran
He'd eat all the more on
 His Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus: O Mussulman, you guzzleman!
You'd puzzle, puzzle, puzzle, puzzle man
To match you in eating
On Thanksgiving Day.

Next door a Jew cobbler
Possessed a fine gobbler,
A high-toned old warbler.
 Gobble-obble was his song;
Gobble-obble in the morning,
To give people warning
The day was just dawning;
 Gobble-obble all day long.

And he grew such a nuisance
That the Turk for a few cents
Tried to buy him of the Jew, since
 He could n't stand his lay.
And he meant then to kill him,
With stuffing to fill him,
And bake, boil, or grill him
 For Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus: Ancient warbler, turkey gobbler,
Turkey gobble-obble-obble-obbler,
Oh, blissful fate to fill a plate
On Thanksgiving Day!

Now this shoe-pegging neighbor
Had a grudge 'gainst the Baba,
Which he'd sworn he would pay be-
 Fore he came to die.
So he made a bird of leather
Sewn cunningly together,
With beak, claw, and feather
 Deceiving the eye.
To the Turk's cook he took him,
Who promised to cook him
In a manner to look im-
 Possible to say
That it was n't a real gobbler,
But a sell by the cobbler,
A real put-up job for
 A Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus: Oh, snobbery! oh, robbery!
Oh, regularly put-up jobbery!
It was n't a real turkey
For Thanksgiving Day.

The day came. The slavies
Produced the *rara avis*,
With stuffing and gravies
 All fit for a king.
It was tough, — but the Turk he,
Going straightway to work, he
Soon finished the turkey
 From drumstick to wing.
He was picking the wishbone
As clean as a fishbone,
(There was left in the dish bone
 In ghastly array),
When lo! on his ear fell
A gobbling most cheerful;
To the Turk it sounded fearful
 That Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus: Oh, fishbone! oh, wishbone!
Oh, fishy, wishy, wishy, wishbone!
To the Turk it sounded fearful
That Thanksgiving Day.

In a sweat cold and clammy,
And a yell like a "dammy,"
And a bang and a slam, he
 Rushed in on the Jew.
"Base scion of Moses!
There'll be some bulldozes
If what I suppose is
 Found out to be true.
Your turkey's not dumb! he
Survives yet, by gummy!
He's not in my tummy! —
 Then what is, I pray?"

"Ha, ha!" quoth the Crispin,
 "You'll find him in his pen;
 It's leather you've eaten
 This Thanksgiving Day."

Chorus: Oh, Moses, bulldozes,
 Bulldozes, ozes, ozes, ozes,
 He'd leather inside him
 That Thanksgiving Day.

The Turk, raving mad, al-
 Most wild, with a brad-awl
 Soon sent to the bad all
 The life of the Jew;
 Then, the tragedy to vary,
 He committed hari-kari,
 And soon all his innards lay re-
 Vealed to view.

A harness complete in
 His stomach's retreat in-
 Formed what he had eaten,
 I'm sorry to say;
 A leather apron, too, and
 A Waukenphast shoe, and
 A wax-end or two on
 His Thanksgiving Day.

Chorus: Oh, hari, oh, kari,
 Oh, hari, kari, kari, hari!
 So much for eating leather
 On Thanksgiving Day!

Of course there's a moral,
 That's what the song is for, al-
 Though you may quarrel
 At what I now say.

A. L. W.

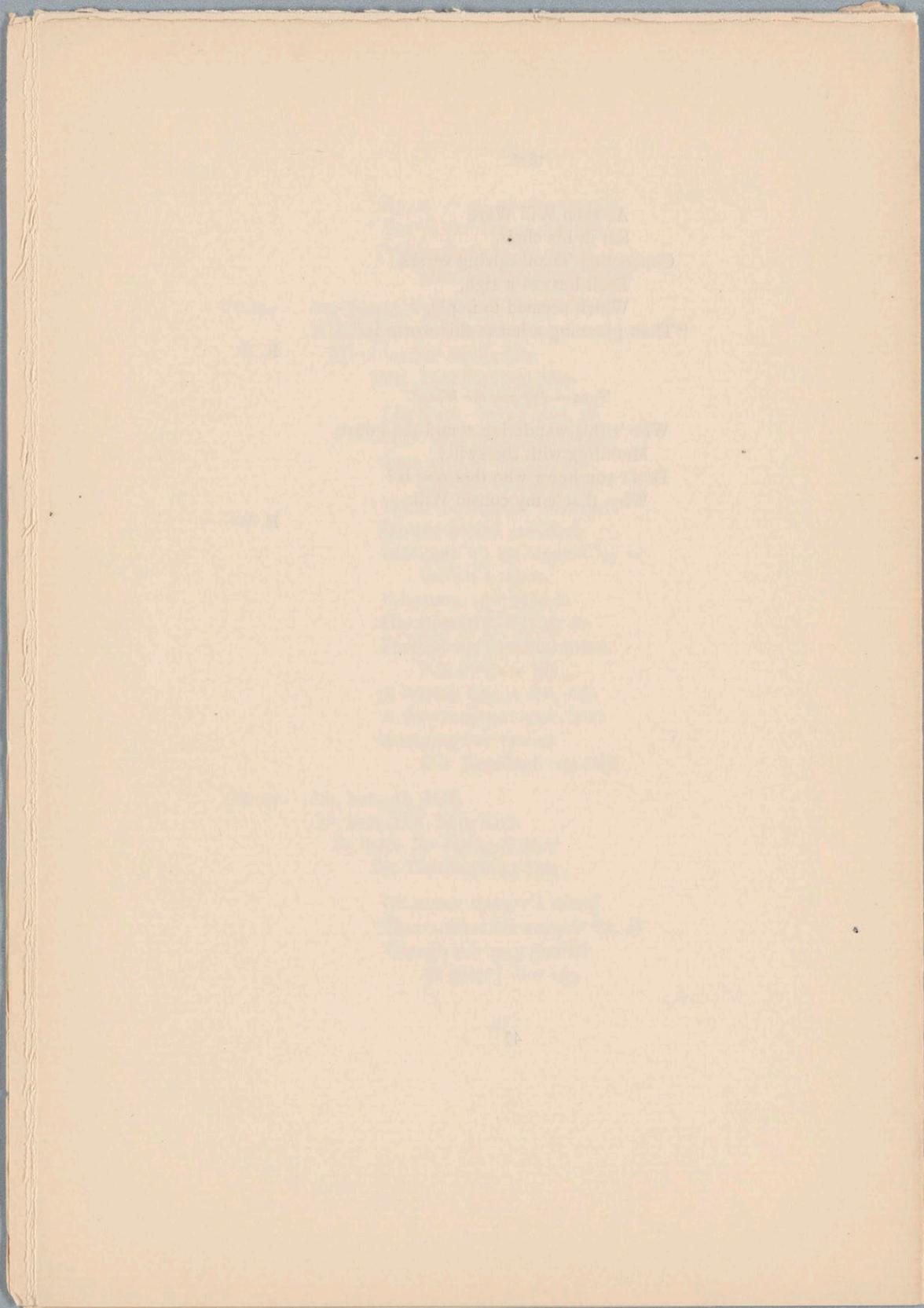
As each Will Ware
 Sat in his chair,
 Concocting Thanksgiving verses,
 Each heaved a sigh,
 Which seemed to imply,
 "Than planning a house this worse is."

R. W.

Tune — *Pop goes the Weasel.*

Who's this wandering round the house,
 Meddling with the swill?
 Don't you know who that one is?
 Why, that's my cousin Will.

H. W.



1880

NOVEMBER 25

1877

Twenty-three in the family; all present. Dinner in the library, on T-shaped table. Charades and games.

1878

Twenty-four in the family; all present. Dick Calthrop came with the Winsors. Dined in the library; Mary Ware walked the table. Charles, Arthur, and Carrie acted "The Snuff-Box," translated from the German by Emma. The family were all weighed as well as measured.

1879

Twenty-five in the family; all present except Frank. This is the first year that tables were set in both library and dining-room. Jack walked the table. The children gave some scenes from "Pinafore," which they had acted in the Cottage parlor the summer before.

Sir Joseph Porter, *Jenny*.
Little Buttercup, *Lizzie*.
Dick Deadeye, *Henry*.
Boatswain, *Rick*.

1880

Twenty-six in the family; all present except Arthur and Paul. Arthur was in Dresden with Arthur Weld. John, Helen, and Carrie had just returned from Europe. Francis walked the table; Dick was the baby. Mottoes from Shakespeare and Familiar Quotations were distributed at dinner. The Winsor children acted "Il Jacobi" (given originally in March, on their mother's fiftieth birthday). Charade, *for-tune*. A Round Robin was written to Arthur. Charles showed diminishing cards with eleven different packs.

ROUND-ROBIN TO ARTHUR IN DRESDEN

- John* Here as we meet, your face, dear boy, we miss;
Our love and blessing go to you with this.
- Helen* It is my first Thanksgiving Day without you,
And many have been the happy thoughts about you.
- Fred* Oh, could we send to that far German clime
Some homely relish of Thanksgiving time!
- Annie* And yet to-day it lacks its raciest part —
That piquant sauce thy presence would impart.
- William* Both speak and dance the German, skillful swain!
Walk and talk Spanish when you get to Spain!
- Harriet* And when you go to Rome, do as the Romans do;
Then come back home and show the Yankee true.
- Emma* The Muse, to keep Thanksgiving Day with us,
From Greece has come, — the cause why this is thus.
- Charles* You cannot tell how much I wished you here;
I had to play the fool alone this year.
- Elizabeth* And very well indeed he played it, too;
But one could have surpassed him: that one, you.
- Will* Welled fast the mem'ries of thy presence jolly;
Weld, alas, can scarce appreciate thy folly.
- Alice* Such is your influence, Arthur, this Thanksgiving time,
That even my love goes out to you in rhyme.
- Frank* That I should write in French pray don't think queer.
Je fais mes compliments — ça va sans dire.

1880

- Robert* Your name I see quite often,
And it serves my heart to soften ;
But — it may seem queerish, sonny, —
It always deals with money.
- Carrie* Your sister Carrie, too, must add her little mite ;
But, if you will excuse her, she won't do so to-night.
- Mary* I hear that you my cousin Bess in Dresden sometimes
see ;
Will you give her my love, and ask her if she'll recom-
mend me
As correspondent to ladies who have left their own countree ?
- Nanny* We only had the songs, the which we us-
Ually have ; not your creative muse.
- Jenny* The turkey tasted very nice to me,
But not as nice as if 't were carved by thee.
- Lizzie* The time has already passed quickly away ;
Oh, were you but here on this Thanksgiving Day !
- Henry* O dear Cousin Arthur, I 'm very sorree
That on Thanksgiving Day you here could not be.
- Rick* It 's been a very nice Thanksgiving Day,
And, minutes by minutes, passed quickly away.

52

1881

NOVEMBER 24

1881

Twenty-six in the family; only sixteen present. Fred's hand was poisoned, so Annie stayed with him in Winchester. Mary Ware had chicken-pox, which kept Charles' family in Brookline. Arthur was still in Paris, Paul in Iowa. Robert and Eleanor Magee drove over to tea. Dick must have walked the table. Arthur's long letter from Paris was received and answered. Helen, Frank, and Carrie were living at the Cottage. Thirteen spent the night.

ARTHUR'S VERSES FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

Hushed for once is the pianner,
Usually bewhanged by Weld
In a calisthenic manner,
Banged and slashed like all Gehenna,
Till it sounds like a tin pan, or
Carrie's bangles
Or triangles.
Just for once the row is quelled.

Up the chimney roars the fire —
That 's poetic; "roars" is good;
For in Paris I can't buy a
Load of wood, nor beg nor hire.
So I have to cower nigh a
Junk of willow;
By the kilo
I must daily get my wood.

When I say the flames are roarin',
It 's the license of the poet.
Pegasus is wildly soarin',
Chafing at the bit and pawin'.
I can't hold him any more in —
Cannot hold
My courser bold;
He must have his head and go it.

And I take the roundy robin
 Sent by you a year ago. —
 But is Pegasus a Dobbin
 To be harnessed like a cob in
 Such a chariot, after bobbin'
 All these years,
 As it appears,
 'Round with Homer, Keats & Co. ?

It is almost profanation
 To enchain him to my car,
 And he kicks like all creation
 In his present lowly station,
 And may knock to smithereation
 Trace and strap,
 And smash, mayhap,
 Dasher, shafts, and swingle-bar.

In the robin I find written,
 In the hand of my mamma,
 That "this is the first Thanksgivin' "
 Since we both have been a-livin'
 That asunder we've been riven.
 Very true ;
 And I too
 Had observed this from afar.

But this has its compensation,
 From the evil shines the good.
 During my expatriation
 She can eat my rightful ration,
 Stuff herself to suffocation, —
 Oyster stew,
 And turkey, too,
 And Aunt Hattie's famous pud.

You, my medical relation,
 Man of ipecac and pills,
 Fain "would send a fond reminder "
 Of the joys I've left behind. A
 Sentiment could not be kinder.
 Well, I had one —
 And a bad one.
 Yet with pain my mem'ry fills.

For across the leagues of water
 'Twixt the mermaids and the fish
 A "reminder " came to greet me,
 Came to worry and maltreat me,
 Of my nightly rest to cheat me.
 Uncle Fred,
 Must it be said
This "reminder " was your wish ?

My Thanksgiving Day was over,
 And I sweetly slept in bed,
 When above my blanket cover
 Two pink monkeys seemed to hover,
 And at length they both did go for
 Roosting places,
 And made faces
 From the bedpost at my head.

" See," they said, " he's been a-eating
 German food Thanksgiving Day ! "
 " Sausage," one yelled to the other ;
 " Cabbage," howled the pinkest brother ;
 And they raised a horrid pother
 'Round the bed
 About my head,
 While in agony I lay.

With an auger then they bored me
 In my vitals' very soul ;
 Through the epiglottis sawed me,
 With a red-hot poker scored me,
 And the while in concert jawed me
 In my ear,
 " It's beer, it's beer !"
 Then into the midnight stole.

Your "reminder," then, had sought me,
 Doctor, in these merry two.
 At Thanksgiving they have caught me
 Yearly, and have ever brought me
 Just such horrid pangs athwart me ;
 And I say
 Upon this day
 " Thank 'ee, Doctor. Same to you."

No, Aunt Ann, I can't believe it,
 That Thanksgiving " lacked the sauce
 Which my presence there would give it."
 Am I " sassy "? I'll retrieve it
 When this foreign land I leave it,
 And once more
 On native shore
 I pursue my quondam course

Think you I am Crosse & Blackwell,
 Ketchup-makers to the Queen,
 That where'er I go my track well
 Seasons poultry, ven'son, mack'rel ?
 (Rhyming here is rather slack.) Well,
 It's not so.
 There's no halo
 Of sauce 'round me, or pickles green.

I find it as I feared it —
 I can't drive Pegasus
 To work in single harness,
 He is n't " worth a cuss."
 But since I can't be left here
 In the middle of the road,
 I'll invoke the shade of Fanny
 To help me with my load.

'T will relieve my Uncle William
 To know the " skillful swain "
 Has talked and danced the German ;
 And when he gets to Spain,
 He hopes to walk it Spanish,
 (He's practicing it now),
 If the strength of his unmentionables
 Such fancies will allow.
 But tell me, Uncle William,
 The reason for it that
 You've turned your back on Boston
 And changed your habitat.
 I've crammed on Architecture,
 I've ground like mad at Art ;
 The Pitti and the Louvre,
 I know 'em both by heart.
 I'm " up " on apse and choir,
 On transept and on nave,
 Gothic and Doric orders,
 Buttress and architrave.
 I'm full of the basil'cas,
 And caryatides,
 Triglyph and plinth and cornice
 And capital and frieze.
 I know about all statues
 Of ancient heathen gods ;

A Rubens or a Rembrandt
 I can tell at forty rods.
 And no one will appreciate
 My pure æsthetic talk,
 Now that you 've quitted Boston
 And settled in New York.

Aunt Hattie urged upon me
 To "do as Romans do,"
 Whenever I should go to Rome ;
 And now I 'll tell to you
 The luck I had in trying it.
 I walked the city through
 To find a wolf to feed me
 Like the historic two.
 To the Forum, Ghetto, Corso,
 And places I can't quote
 I went — found nothing fiercer
 Than a meditative goat.
 "How can I do as Romans do,"
 I said, and turned about.
 "The lupine race at ancient Rome
 Is seemingly played out."
 I went to keep the Tiber bridge
 As Cocles did of old.
 A bullfrog croaked from out the mud,
 "Go West, young man, you 're sold.
 "The bridge you 're looking for," he said,
 "*Ille non est* no more ;
 It went to smash when Cocles jumped
 In B. C. 74."
 I bought a splendid fiddle
 As Nero did, they say,
 And waited for the town to burn,
 And then I meant to play.

A week I waited patient,
 But nothing smoked or blazed ;
 The Romans gathered 'round me,
 And thought that I was crazed.
 "One cannot do as Romans do,"
 I thought. "That 's patent quite."
 I packed my Saratoga trunk,
 And left the place that night.

Aunt Emma says the cause of so
 Much rhyme was plain to see :
 "The Muse had come from Greece" to join
 Our annual jubilee.
 If she keeps having such fine guests,
 I shall not dare to call
 Unless I have on swallow-tail,
 White gloves, white tie, and all.
 For clad in common togs I might
 Drop in some night to tea,
 All flabbergasted there to find
 Perhaps Melpomene,
 Or else a distant cousin
 From Cork — perhaps Pekin —
 The strawberry-mark upon her arm
 Proclaiming long-lost kin.

And the ensuing couplets
 In Charles's hand appear :
 "I missed you, for I had to play
 The fool alone this year."
 Now, Charles, it grieves me deeply
 To hear hinted in this way
 That usually I 'm a fool
 Upon Thanksgiving Day.

You cannot, cannot mean it.
 Oh! take it back, I pray.
 Such unavuncular remarks
 I know you would not say.
 It was a *lapsus pennæ* —
 This heartless ridicule, —
 It's *full* I am Thanksgiving Day,
 But never, never *fool*.

Eliz'beth's testimony
 Is written by her hand
 That Charles' success at playing fool
 Was really something grand.
 Oh, happy, oh, thrice happy,
 That enviable house
 Whose self-sacrificing husband has
 An appreciative spouse!

My brother Willum mentions
 That mem'ries of me jolly
 Welled fast — and Weld he could n't
 Appreciate my folly.
 From this I draw an inference
 (By Fanny Bowen's rule)
 That Charles is not the only one
 Who thinks I play the fool.
 However Weld regards this point,
 He seems to think that he
 Is ground beneath the ruthless heel
 Of petty tyranny.
 I've vetoed a black velvet coat
 The which he wished to buy;
 I've barred a silly single glass
 He cocked into his eye.

I would n't buy a double scull
 On which he set his heart,
 Nor rent, at twenty francs per day,
 A two-wheeled English cart.
 Don't pity him. He yet will have
 His vengeance upon me, —
 He's bought the whole piano score
 Of Wagner's Trilogy!
 And, worse than that, he's been and spent
 His surplus monthly tin
 On what I most abominate, —
 A cusséd violin!
 From which he gets more varied sounds
 In practising an hour
 Than emanated years ago
 From Babel's fabled tower.
 I daily get my pistol out
 Determined I will fire,
 And daily calm reflection comes
 To pacify my ire.
 To shoot him would not be a crime
 And would transgress no law;
 That is, for one who pins his faith
 To the familiar "saw"
 Which in our copy-books at school
 In capitals was spelled;
 (You know it, all of you): "All's well
 Providing it ends Weld."

And Alice says her "love for me goes out from her in rhyme."
 I'm glad that it has found a vent — 't was pretty nearly time;
 For she had kept it bottled up so tightly for a year
 That not a single trace of it — by letter — did appear.
 'T was lucky that she sought in rhyme a valve for her emotion,
 As otherwise there must have been a terrible explosion.

The Nihilistic bombs preferred for Russian Czar's delection
 Are baby's playthings when compared to bottled-up affection ;
 And when you see young Jack some day come sailing thro' the air,
 And T'other one in pieces is not much of anywhere,
 You'll know she has not done as I implore her now to do, —
 Relieve her heart by writing me a yearly line or two.

Frank voices his emotion in rippling, purling French,
 To which I merely have to say : "*Ja wohl, mein guter Mensch.*
Zwei lager nicht gewesen ; lebt wohl, die Wacht am Rhein.
Potz Donnerwetter werden gehabt geworden sein."
 Ha ! does he faint ? Revive him — pour cider in his ear,
 And fan him with a wishbone, you who are sitting near.
 The next time his emotion is to be said or sung,
 Perhaps he will restrain himself and use his mother tongue.

And Robert meets my autograph and thinks that it is funny
 That, often as he sees it, it always deals with money.
 It does seem ludicrous, I own, that any of us Wares
 Should put his name to checks and drafts like railroad millionaires.
 I'll wager that up to my time 't was never done before, —
 And after March in '83 it won't be done no more !
 Oh, where upon this planet can such utter bliss be found
 As signing regular each month a draft for fifty pound ?
 What joy or fleshly pleasure can possibly replace it,
 When you reflect that in the end another feller pays it !
 Then offer me ambrosia, ethereal pabulum,
 And add divinest nectar (Archaic Greek for rum) ;
 I won't exchange for all the gifts of the Olympian mount
 That bliss of drawing drafts against another man's account !
 So, Robert, make the most of it, — for it won't last, you know, —
 And feast your eyes upon my drafts on Kidbony & Co.

This whoops me down into the line where Carrie yawps her squeak,
 Which proves most incontestably her upper story's weak.

You architecture fellows, I wish to be emphatic : —
 Can't you repair between you what 's lacking in her attic ?
 She says : " Your sister Carrie will add her little mite ;
 But if you will excuse her, she won't do so to-night."
 If she was n't going to do it, why did she say she would ?
 Is what I 've pondered for a year, but never understood.
 Such singular behavior, I 'm moved to say again,
 Is *a priori* proof she has a badly balanced brain.
 To Carrie's baleful influence I 'm sure it 's due alone
 That T'other one the other day should break his crazy-bone.
 They tell me poor old Taffy went mad from being bit ;
 To which I have to make reply : Pooh ! not a bit of it.
 Poor Taff had been with Carrie for years, both night and day,
 And all the time contagion was making silent way ;
 And Taffy caught from Carrie this weakness of the brain,
 Which naturally ended in her going quite insane.
 I 've heard my only sister howl until her nose was red —
 At least I call it howling — 't was singing, so *she* said.
 And Taff before the fire was tortured to the soul
 And raised her muzzle in the air and gave a dismal howl.
 And thus has the brain tissue of this unhappy pup
 By Carrie's bad example been used completely up.
 I mourn for Taff. But, Caroline, however great your woe be,
 It *was* your bad example. It *was n't* hydrophoby.

No, Mary, I can't answer about Miss Bessie Brooks, —
 My feminine acquaintances are not such common folks.
 And if you have conundrums which you must poke at me,
 I beg you to confine yourself to female royalty.
 The Kaiserin Augusta, and Mrs. Crown Prince, too,
 The Princess William, Princess Karl, in Berlin all I knew.
 The royal spouse of Austria, the Queen of Saxony,
 And Mrs. Albert Edward Wales, — I know 'em well, all three.
 The Queen of Italy besides — I know her, too, my cousin ;
 Of duchesses and smaller fry I know a baker's dozen.

You know the ancient duffer whose custom was to say,
 When suffering from the devils blue, that he had "lost a day."
 Just so it seems to me that day most profitless has been
 Which does not see my hat come off to princess or to queen.
 Unsatisfactory and void my days in Paris are,
 For royalty just now in France is something under par.
 We have a damaged article in Isabelle of Spain,
 But no gilt-edged, A No. 1, bang-up she-sovereign.

I tackle now the portion expressing Nannie's views,
 Wherein she's kind enough to say that she has missed my "Muse."
 Ah me! I fear that gentle Muse will never further rhyme,
 For she has had in Europe a dickens of a time.
 One day she took to fooling with ghastly German verse,
 Which had results upon herself which could n't have been worse.
 A word three feet six inches long got wedged below her larynx,
 Just where the occiput begins and hitches to the pharynx.
 The diaphragm bears nor-nor-east, the shinbone west by sou';
 She'll choke if she's not soon relieved; but then the question's

How?

Your father will explain to you how grave the state must be;
 I fear that it must be a case for tracheotomy.

And Jenny says the turkey seemed very good to she,
 But would have tasted better if it had been carved by me.
 That's most considerate in her, a civil thing to say;
 But she's forgot that awful scene three years ago to-day!
 Aunt Hattie placed before me a splendid twelve-pound turk;
 I sharpened up my carving-knife and bravely went to work,
 But how to skillfully dissect a fowl's anatomy—
 I know about as much of that as how to talk Chineese!
 I always thought the wishbone grew somewhere round the ear,
 And surely thought the stuffing in the drumstick must appear.
 I turned the turkey round and round to try and find the fin,
 And hacked great notches in my knife against a skewer pin!

Then up arose that turkey, majestic in his gravy,
 And solemnly attempting his starboard wing to wave, he
 Remarked : " I can endure it to be roasted and be basted,
 But it grieves me to be mauled and hacked before I 'm even tasted !"
 And all the uncles and the aunts agreed it was a shame,
 And that I should not carve again when next Thanksgiving came !
 The turkey took the carving-knife across to Uncle Will,
 Who chopped him up with all an architect's consummate skill.
 So, if your turkey has to wait until they 'll let me carve,
 I fear the prospect, Jenny, is that you are going to starve.

And Lizzie, Rick, and Henry regret I 'm far away
 And am not there to join the gang upon Thanksgiving Day.
 It gives their distant relative much pleasant contemplation
 To find he is the object of their very kind affection.
 Such open unanimity is very nice to hear,
 And causes him to blow his nose and wipe away a tear.
 Regard me as a model — although I 've grown a fat 'un —
 And get your mas to bring you up exactly on my pattern.
 Copy my virtues, for you know they 're manifest and many.
 You need n't shun my vices, for you know I have n't any.
 And if you conscientiously will follow out my rule,
 You 'll be prepared to take my place as the Thanksgiving fool !
 It 's rather hard to play the fool — you 'll get in awful snarls —
 But you can learn a mighty lot by watching Uncle Charles.

And now I 've yawped my little yawp and brayed my little bray,
 I think of nothing more just now that 's pertinent to say.
 The student-lamp is burning low, the fire long is dead,
 And I 'm inclined to take the hint and tumble into bed.
 So, hoping " good digestion may wait on appetite,
 And health on both," I wipe my pen, and wish you all good-night.

ANSWERS TO ARTHUR

Now, being the eldest, I have to begin,
 As we send you, as usual, our annual robin.
 We have eaten our dinner, and acted a play, —
 Our usual employments on Thanksgiving Day.

H. W. W.

"The same to you." O Arthur, is it to you I owe
 This thundering phlebitis that burns and bores me so,
 This pair or more of abscesses that cripple my left arm,
 And, worse than your pink monkeys, rob night of all its charm,
 And day of all its comfort, and shuts me up at home,
 Far from the best Thanksgiving? — But I have heard your pome.
 But never mind, old fellow; I've had 'em lanced to-day,
 And that which was the matter has mostly run away.
 But don't put on your wishing-cap in such a mood malign,
 Or, if you do go savage, bless other head than mine.

F. W.

A is for Arthur, who 's over the sea.
 R is the Rhyme that he sent from *Paris*.
 T is the Toast that we all drank to he.
 H is the Heart that went into that spree.
 U, this United and large family.
 R, these same Rhymes, as above you may see.
 L is the Love that we cherish for thee.
 W is the Wine that you sent us so free.
 A, the sad Absence of Fred and Annie.
 R, the Recovery we soon hope to see.
 E is the End of these verses from me.

W. R. W.

This twenty-fourth November, eighteen-hundred eighty-one,
 Is the Milton-Hill Thanksgiving Day to which we wish you 'd come.
 You thought you were the only one who was not here to-day :
 But Uncle F., Aunt Annie, too, and Paul, all stayed away.
 Elizabeth and Henry, too, and Mary A. the small
 Deserted us like you, you see, — deserted, one and all.
 About the old mahogany were seated but sixteen :
 So small a company for years you wis we have not been.
 Next year you must be with us, and then the rest will come ;
 We shall welcome you most gladly within this little home.
 In the evening we were eighteen, for Robert came to tea,
 And with him the new cousin, Miss Eleanor Magee.
 Next year, if there are two of *you*, a welcome *two* you 'll get,
 And that 's a prospect we 'd enjoy. So pray don't you forget.

C. P. W.

Yes, my brother, you have hit it ;
 Weak the timbers of her attic.
 " Her " your sister Caroline is,
 And her brain is quite erratic.

Symptoms would you have me detail ?
 First, then, with a graceful wriggle,
 When she tries to talk good sense, she
 Nothing utters but a giggle.

W. R. W.

PROLOGUE

To save all folks concerned
 The grief and pain
 Of seeing through the air their own remains
 To fly like rain,
 Or shooting-stars,
 Or rockets, bomb-shells, blasts
 Of rocks, where dynamite is cast
 Regardless round, this note I send.
 Believe me, Arthur, 't is to spare a friend.

EXPLANATION

'T is as you say, — affection must have vent,
 Even though it scatters through the startled airs
 Fragments of infants, friends, and many Wares,
 Windows by scores, with Shot and Tease
 And Taffy mingled in.
 To save such woes, this goes,
 In hopes, O Arthur mine,
 'T will end your hints
 That you would like to see some writing-ink,
 Scattered by me, in your direction fly.

FINALE

Do not forget that this was wrote by I.
 Affectionately ever thine,
 Although I cannot be thy Valentine.

A. H. W.

Away from home,
 Removed across
 The wide sea's foam,
 How are you, boss?
 Uncommonly
 Rejoiced I'd be
 Lo! could I see,
 Wanderer, thee!
 Another year
 Restored you'll be a
 Emigrant here.
 Hoc, hæc, hic,
 This is an acrostic.

(?)

"HEART-FOAM"

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" —
 This is not so, but then it opens well;
 It once began a poem for Mr. Gray,
 And why not introduce what I've to tell?
 I have n't anything to tell, but then
 That rhymes with *well*, and, as you may have found,
 That's often of quite great importance, when
 You on a metric-writing job are bound.
 Pencil in hand I sit; my muse won't work;
 I've not heard of her wing a flutter; hence
 Though I can't write, it's not because I shirk.
 The fact is, I'm too full for utterance.
 To-day you dined as all in Paris do;
 I, *au contraire*, have fed as do the Yanks.
 You have consumed *paté, soufflée, ragout*;
 I for a corn-fed turkey offer thanks.

*Mais, mon ami, je pense que tout se fait,
C'est aussitôt, in fact it's only fair
I should cork up ; I've said my little say.
Adieu, mon ami ; je suis toujours votre frère.*

F. M. W.

The " Doctor " needs a doctor,
And his wife his patients is,
And his son is his concocter
Of his medicine and phiz.
(Which in the vernacular means that F. W.'s arm is very lame ; so he
and his wife are spending Thanksgiving at home.)

Paul, his son, is in Iow
(Where, you know, it's very snowy)
Digging coal ;
But the rest of us are over
(So you know we are in clover),
Eating turkey.
(We think you can fathom this last without further assistance.)

Having said our little say,
We now close our roundelay ;
For we know it would not pay
To send a longer lay
Thanksgiving Day.
(We should, however, like to remark, by way of a postscript, that we
were sincerely delighted to have it on your own authority that you
would be with us next year at this time.)

(?)

Although you sent me such a snub,
For the message I sent last year
(Which simply meant what it said on the face),
I cannot let slip this here

Remarkably good opportunity
For sending to you my good wishes,
And saying how much we enjoyed your poem,
The last of our Thanksgiving dishes.
There have been few of us here to-day,
And we missed you more than ever.
Oh, shan't we be glad when you come back,
To go away again never !
Good-night, and good-by, cousin Arthur Ware,
Till this same time next year,
When you can whisper your criticisms gently
In your affectionate cousin's ear.

My rhyme is played out quite,
And so I say good-night.

M. P. W.

What shall I do for a rhyme
When never before in my time
Could I make two words jingle
(Except *mingle* and *single*),
And this is the end of my line.

This poem doth my cousinly love present,
Myself the wishing cousin — (er-er-er-
What's the next article?) Well, all I can say is, I'm your cousin ;
here are my best wishes for you ; and I hope you'll keep your pro-
mise and be here next Thanksgiving. (*Vide* "Pyramus and Thisbe.")

A. W. W.

The snow was falling very fast,
But still we did get here at last.
The turkey tasted very nice,
And I ate mine up in a trice.

(?)

TO THE WHOLE FAMILY

May Annie and Fred contribute a jingle
With Thanksgiving feasting and chatter to mingle?

She's nursing her husband, he's nursing his arm,
And first he is chilly and then he is warm.
But it's only his body, you know, that is chilly —
Though to say his heart's warm would sound rather silly.
We do feel a glow when we think of Thanksgiving,
For, of all days, on this day life well is worth living.

We've sent you our quota, though we stay at home ;
There are seven, or we hope so, to fill up the room.
We are thankful — are n't you ? — as we look down the line,
Though we miss the dear fellow who's running a mine.

Now bring out the wishbone and we'll take a pull,
While our hearts, like our children's, with wishes are full.
Here's hoping the stock-farm may win a great name ;
May its steeds, sheep, and cattle bring money and fame.
May the chicks that have chicken-pox turn out true game, —
Not come to the scratch, though, for 't is n't the same.

Here's welcome to William, Columbia's bright star ;
As long as he's with you, your stock's above par.
May the boys he draws round him out there in New York,
As they hang on his teaching and note down his talk,
Find in him at once, like his "boys" at this end,
Professor, Confessor, Companion, and Friend.

In the household that bourgeons with Art Decorative
And Art Editorial, be happiness native.
May the prince of good fellows, now over the sea,
Be with us next year, to fill us with glee.

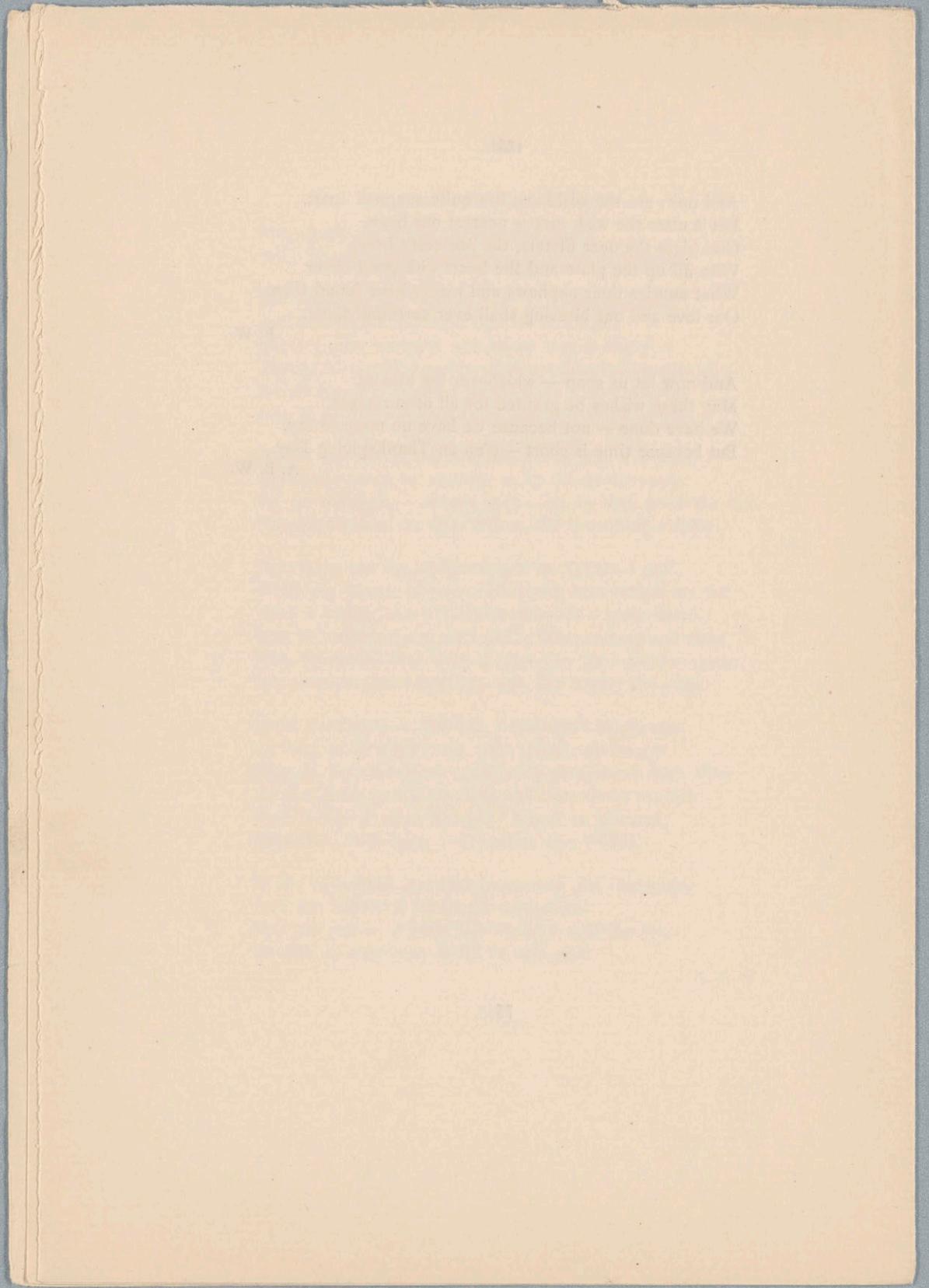
A. B. W.

And now, ere the wishbone has quite snapped apart,
Let's utter the wish that is nearest our heart.
God bless the dear Sisters, the hostesses here,
Who fill up the plate and the heart with good cheer.
What aunties their nephews and nieces have found them !
Our love and our blessing shall ever surround them.

F. W.

And now let us snap — whichever leg breaks,
May these wishes be granted for all of our sakes.
We have done — not because we have no more to say,
But because time is short — e'en on Thanksgiving Day.

A. B. W.



Slowly we are growing up. A happy life we 've had.
 None of us are very good, but none of us are bad.
 We hope to be a comfort to our ma and to our dad.
 We are your seven children.

Chorus : Hurrah ! hurrah ! We seven are in all.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! We 're here, both great and small, —
 Mary, Nanny, Jenny, Lizzy, Robert, Rick, and Paul ;
 We are your seven children.

We 've said that we are seven children, — so we seem to
 be, —
 But if you glance towards Robert, still another you may
 see ;
 Very dear to all of us is Eleanor Magee ;
 We are in all eight children.

Chorus : Hurrah ! hurrah ! We muster eight in all.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! We 're here, both great and small, —
 Mary, Nan, Jane, Lizzy, Robert, Eleanor, Rick, Paul ;
 We are in all eight children.

We greet you, dearest parents, on your silver-wedding day.
 For twenty-five years more for you of happiness we pray.
 We hope that when your golden wedding comes you still
 may say,
 "They are all here, our children."

Chorus : Hurrah ! hurrah ! We muster eight in all.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! We 're here, both great and small, —
 Mary, Nan, Jane, Lizzy, Robert, Eleanor, Rick, Paul ;
 We are in all eight children.
 C. P. W.

1883

NOVEMBER 29

1883

Twenty-seven in the family; all present. This was Eleanor's first Thanksgiving as Robert's wife. William's verses of welcome were sung by the whole family. Malcolm was the baby. Sixteen spent the night at the Cottage, and four with neighbors, — Robert and Eleanor at Mrs. Merriam's, Mary Winsor and Carrie at Alice Cary's.

This was the year when so many of the family crossed the Atlantic: Annie, Emma, William, Mary Winsor, and Arthur (who returned from his three years' absence in the spring, and made another trip in the summer).

“ Hear the frantic
Vexed Atlantic
Cry from the depths of her shaken sea,
‘ Eleven times within eight short months
Has this restless family crossed over me.’ ”

The movements of the family were celebrated in verse, on the last day of the year, at Winchester.

TO ROBERT AND ELEANOR

Tune — *Araby's Daughter*.

Oh! come, let us welcome this sister and daughter,
This cousin and niece, our Robert's dear wife;
From his home to this home of us all he has brought her,
To share in the joys of our family life.

Around them shall gather, this festival hour,
The hopes and affections, the joy and the pride,
That bridegroom and bride always find for their dower,
And none ever more than this bridegroom and bride.

W. R. W.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

1888

FEBRUARY 13

1885
NOVEMBER 26

1885
NOVEMBER 26

1884

Twenty-eight in the family; all present except Robert, Eleanor, and the baby, Bob. We had Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works, Mother-Goose dances, songs from "Iolanthe," etc. Fourteen spent the night at the Cottage.

1885

Thirty in the family; twenty-two present; also Jessie Baldwin, engaged to Paul. The absent ones were: Alice, with her three-weeks-old baby, Philip; Robert's family; Arthur, who had been married the day before to Alice Jaques; and Frank, who was at the Sandy-Point Farm, Newport. In honor of Jessie's first appearance, the children acted a charade, "Jessie Baldwin." First scene, "Jesse" James, the train-robber. Second scene, the "bald" man in the car; recitation by Henry. Third scene, race between the Puritan (Lizzie, sailed by Rick) and the Genesta (Jenny, sailed by Henry). The whole name was given in the song. Thirteen spent the night in the Cottage.

1886

Thirty-one in the family; twenty-six present. Mary Winsor arrived in the afternoon. Arthur, Alice, and the baby, Gordon, came up in the morning; Gordon was christened at Mrs. Jaques' in the afternoon. The children had a puppet-show, "The Sleeping Beauty," in the library; afterwards they played games and acted a charade, "Acharnians." Twelve spent the night in the Cottage; Lizzie, Henry, and Rick slept at Alice Cary's.

TO JESSIE BALDWIN

There are three nephews of the house of Ware
Now launched upon the matrimonial sea:
There's Will, perhaps the best un;
And Robert, who's from Weston,
And Arthur, quite the freshest of the three.

Chorus: Oh, honey! they have none of them much money,
But they're all as happy and contented as may be;
There's Will, perhaps the best un,
And Robert, who's from Weston,
And Arthur, quite the freshest of the three.

And three dear nieces they have given to us,
Though here to-night not one of them you see.—
There's Alice, our new bride,
And sweet Eleanor beside,
And Alice of the growing familiee.

Chorus: Oh, honey! though they've none of them much money,
They are all as happy and contented as can be.
There's Alice, our new bride,
And sweet Eleanor beside,
And Alice of the growing familiee.

There's still a nephew of the house of Ware,
Who means to follow the example of the three.
"These are all sweet creatures," says he,
"But there's nobody like Jessie;
Oh, Jessie is the girl of girls for me!"

Chorus: Oh, honey! though they have n't lots of money,
 They 'll both be happy and contented as may be.
 "For of all sweet creatures," says he,
 "There is no one like my Jessie ;
 Oh, Jessie Baldwin is the girl for me !"

E. L. W.

FIFTY, INDEED!

Come, nephews and nieces, and join in a song
 To Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.
 Unite in the chorus, and help me along —
 Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma !
 She says she is fifty, — of course she is not ; —
 She was young at her birth, so she must have forgot
 Just when the date was. — But we don't care a jot. —
 Here 's to Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.

Was ever so splendid an aunt ever known
 As Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.
 A regular brick, no mistake, is our own
 Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma !
 There are no flies on her ! She 's a lulla, you know.
 She don't come near breaking the record, oh no !
 And *we* are all right, when to Milton we go
 To see Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.

Was ever an Aunty so clever as she ?
 Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.
 She 's furnished us all with a full ancestry,
 Has Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma !
 What we *should* do without her I really don't see ;
 For if *they* had n't been, where should all of us be ?
 So we 're deeply indebted, as all must agree,
 To Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.

1888

Long life to Aunt Emma! If fifty she be, —
Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.
May she double her life, till one hundred she see —
Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma!
But *she* 'll not be old at one hundred, forsooth!
For she seems to be blessed with perennial youth.
She 's as young as our youngest, — and that is the truth, —
Is Emma, Aunt Emma, Aunt Emma.

C. P. W.

94

1891

NOVEMBER 26

1887

Thirty-one in the family; twenty-six at dinner; Arthur, Alice, and Gordon came just at the end of dinner. The only absent ones were Frank, Paul, and Jessie Baldwin. After dinner the children played their games, Jack and Bob being delighted with "Going to Jerusalem." Some Kindersinfonies were played; and Lizzie, Henry, and Rick acted "The Wayside Cottage." The Thanksgiving Verses and the Family-Meeting Hymn were sung from printed copies used for the first time. Fourteen slept in the house.

1888

Thirty-three in the family; seventeen at the table in the dining-room, all Wares; the baby, Edward, upstairs. Arthur and Alice dined at the Cottage for the first time. Gordon arrived in time to walk the table; this he did with great success in his white dress and red boots, much attracted by the storks hanging from the lamp over the table. The Winsors (except Jane, Lizzie, and Rick, who were in New York) were kept in Winchester by Fred's illness. Paul and Jessie were in Pittsburg; Charles' family was in Dresden. Letters from all the latter were read at the table, Mary's eliciting especial applause.

1889

Thirty-five in the family; twenty-three at dinner. Robert and Eleanor came at the end of dinner, also Arthur and Gordon. Gordon walked the table again, as Edward was frightened and not quite able to walk. Will showed a magic lantern. In the evening came Harry and Carrie Jaques with Francis. The new babies were Margaret, and Robert's little Frederick. William and Harriet sailed for Genoa two days later. Charles' family, just returned from Europe, were living at the Cottage, where they stayed five years.

1890

Thirty-five in the family; twenty-two at dinner.

1891

Thirty-six in the family; twenty-one at dinner, all in the library. Emma and Jane were abroad, which accounts for the verses. Elizabeth came from Bryn Mawr. Margaret walked the table; Stephen was the baby. Dick gave an amusing exhibition of legerdemain in the dining-room.

1905

NOVEMBER 30

1905

Sixty in the family; thirty-one at dinner. The new babies were Joseph Allen and Henry Ware, Jr. Theodore Pearson walked the table.

JOSEPH ALLEN AND HENRY WARE

Air — When in death I shall calm recline.

1790 and 1794

'T WAS more than a hundred years ago,
When life was simple and standards high,
That a couple of boys whose names we know
Were born beneath New England's sky.
Each boy grew up to a noble calling;
Of life each worthily took his share.
The older boy was Joseph Allen;
The name of the other was Henry Ware.

1820 and 1824

As like seeks like, wherever sighted,
As sure as sparks fly up above,
This worthy pair became united
As happy brothers — in law and love.
The family roll increased by dozens,
But we must notice a single pair;
For now the names are borne by cousins, —
Still, Joseph Allen and Henry Ware.

1870 and 1871

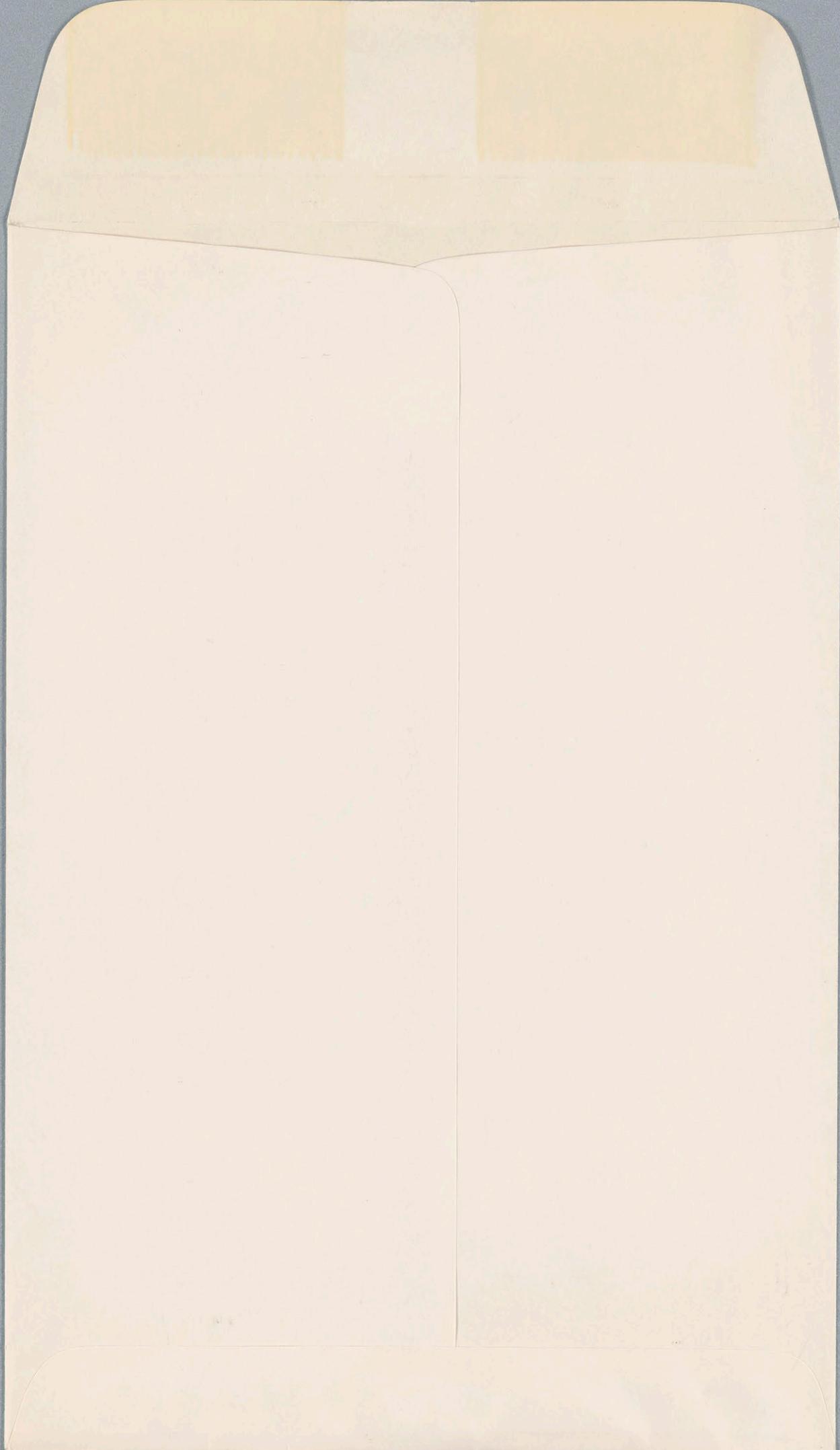
The century then so busy grew,
With railroads, telegraphs, wars and such,
That it found no time to produce the two
Whose final advent concerns us much.
And fifty years of preparation
Were needed, before it granted the pair
Who show to this loving generation
Its Joseph Allen and Henry Ware.

1905

We've gladly welcomed, the present year,
The latest bearers of these names.
May they maintain the record clear
For honest living and worthy aims.
Hoping the Future's glorious may-bes
May fall abundantly to their share,
Let us drink to the health of those darling babies,
Our Joseph Allen and Henry Ware.

E. L. W.

H. Ware Jr.



REV. MR WARE'S SERMON,

ON THE PROMISE OF

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Henry Ware
from his father.

THE PROMISE OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 15, 1833.

By HENRY WARE, Jr.

Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

BOSTON:
RUSSELL ODIORNE, & METCALF.
1834.

Harvard University, Dec. 16th. 1883.

Sir,

The members of the Junior Class, believing that the discourse delivered by you on Sunday evening, is upon a subject of great importance to the community, and that its ability and eloquence commend it to the public attention, request a copy for the press.

We are respectfully,

Your obt. serv'ts,

T. M. BREWER. } Committee of the
D. JONES. } Junior Class.
B. H. WEST. }

TO REV. HENRY WARE, JR.

S E R M O N.

ISAIAH ii. 4.

THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING-HOOKS: NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE

It would not be easy to imagine a declaration which should appear more incredible than this must have done, at the age in which it was uttered. To 'learn war' was then, as it has always been, the grand employment, the peculiar art and ambition, of monarchs and of kingdoms. To suppose it abolished, to fancy it exchanged for the inglorious pursuits of the vine-dresser and the husbandman, was to suppose what in that age would be accounted an inconceivable degeneracy and humiliation. That the mind of any individual should then so far free itself from this universal prejudice, as to perceive in the abolition of war a subject of glory instead of shame; that it should so far penetrate into the future, as to understand that a condition of human society might arrive, in which it would be possible;—is a striking intimation of wisdom higher than that of man. There was nothing then existing in the state or tendency of the world, to suggest such a change to the most sagacious human foresight. When, therefore, we find 'holy men

of old,' in the confident language of our text, and in a variety of glowing anticipations scattered through their works, dwelling with delight on this idea of a peaceful futurity, we feel confirmed in our persuasion, that 'they spake not of themselves, but as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.'

How wonderful was the foresight of those venerable seers, may be perceived by reflecting, that nearly three thousand years have passed away, and there is yet discernible, by other men, only a tendency toward the result which they predicted. This tendency is growing every day more apparent, as the world advances in knowledge and civilization, and as the Christian religion is better understood. The number of those who perceive it, and feel it their duty to advance it, is every year increasing. By associations, through the press, and from the pulpit, they are endeavoring to quicken the growth of that sentiment, by the universal extension of which the desirable end must be accomplished; and at this season of the year, when the Christian church is celebrating the nativity of the Prince of Peace, it seems a suitable occasion for us to join them in their endeavor, and attempt to second their philanthropic exertions.*

I have accordingly selected for present consideration the words of this remarkable prophecy;—a prophecy, which all who understand the magnitude and extent of the Evils of War will ardently desire may be accomplished, while none will doubt its practicability, who

* A large number of the clergy of the United States, of various denominations, have engaged to preach annually on this subject at the present season of the year. See 'THE CALUMET,' a two-monthly journal, published at New York by the American Peace Society.

will understand by what principles the custom is sustained, and what principles are in operation for its downfall. These are my three points;—The Evils of War are such as to demand that the efforts of all good and patriotic men be directed against it; while the weakness of the principles which sustain it, and the strength of the principles which oppose it, give encouragement to believe that they shall not labor in vain.

I. The Evils of War can only be stated; there is no time to describe them. But the bare definition of war is sufficient for our purpose. It is the arming of one nation against another, for the express purpose of destroying so many lives and creating so much misery, that the one shall be forced to yield some point to the other. In this definition there is no ingredient but what is evil. The purpose is evil;—slaughter and misery. The consequences are evil;—slaughter and misery. There is no pretence, indeed, of any thing good, except in the ultimate consequences. These, it is pleaded, may be beneficial, notwithstanding the amount of immediate wretchedness. And yet, remarkably enough, it is acknowledged by all who have attentively read the history of the world, that the vast majority of wars have ended, either without result, that is, leaving the parties just where they were in relation to the subject of controversy; or with a result which evidently might have been attained without the conflict; or in the victory of some selfish leader, whose object was, not the public good, but personal aggrandizement. Now this is an admission, that, speaking in general terms, war is a sys-

tem of evils, and that the good consequences which may follow in its train are occasional and incidental, not its natural and appropriate results.

Observe more particularly the character of these evils. The first is the waste of human Life ; by sudden stroke in the field, by slow torture from severe wounds, by fatigue, by famine, by pestilent disease. The sword kills its thousands, and we learn their numbers in the recital of history ; but the other causes of loathsome, lingering, inglorious destruction, slay their tens of thousands unreported. No one writes the history of the hospitals, whose crowded tenants languish and die in every form of horrid torment ; or of the road-side, where the wearied and feeble sink down and perish, while the army marches on. Yet, doubtless, the number of those sacrificed to exhaustion and disease equals the hecatombs of the battle-ground. And when we read that two hundred thousand lives were destroyed in the battles of a seven years' conflict, we find it necessary to double the number, in order to arrive at a just estimate of the actual waste of life.

Next, observe the waste of Property ;—harvests destroyed, ships plundered, villages burned, cities pillaged, whole countries ravaged ; so that no one can follow the track of a campaign, and not be made to see, that it is little else than robbery on a great scale. So obviously is this the case, that, boast as we please of the melioration of modern civilized warfare, the armies of Napoleon, and the navies of Britain, and even the petty skirmishers on our own frontiers, had enough of the character of banditti and buccaneers, to have hanged their leaders as robbers and pirates, if they had not been

protected by national flags. And God knows whether a national flag ought to be a protection for such outrages!

Again, observe the waste of Happiness;—of which, however, nothing need be said, after what has just been remarked of those insatiable destroyers of happiness, death and plunder. But though they may seem to fill the cup, we shall better understand the bitterness of its mixture, if we will cast a thought on those, who are made to drink it; not only those, who, in the wretched region which is the seat of the war, are made beggars, whose homes are burned, their houses sacked, their daughters and sisters violated, their husbands and brothers slain or made captive;—we must add to these the multitude of sufferers on the other side, who are too often overlooked because of their remoteness from the scene of violence. They know nothing of the presence of the host, they see nothing of the garments rolled in blood; but their sons and lovers never return from the cruel field to comfort the widowed parent and desolate wife, or be the gladness and support of the lonely fireside; or, if they return, return but to afflict; crippled in body, ruined in constitution, helpless in affairs, and, worse than all, depraved and brutalized in character.

For this is the next point in the description,—the destruction of Morals;—an accompaniment of the hideous occupation of the soldier, so common, so almost universal, so all but inevitable, that it has passed into a proverb. What is the camp, but a community in which the moral code of civil life has been suspended, in which life has become a trifle and a jest, where its sacredness is despised, and the purity of its relations sneered at? What are its virtues, but slavish obedience, and violent

and brute courage, and systematic indifference to the rights and feelings of others? what its business, but to injure and revenge? what its recreations, but debauchery and impurity? Is it not so? Read the historians of the interior camp, and learn. The majority of its inhabitants are made up, in most cases, of the debased, the intemperate, the broken in character, the desperate in fortune, for whom the honest occupations of peace have no charm, and many of whom have suffered the penalty of pursuing its dishonest callings. To these are joined, from various motives, young men of high spirit and adventurous romance, of good education and virtuous domestic habits; and, after exposure to such influences, under such circumstances, how many of them will return to their pure homes for any other purpose but to pollute them, and be a grief to those that loved them? In short, who does not know that War is a prime Corrupter? It disbands its hordes, when it has done with them, to be the curse of their own country in peace, as they have been that of the enemy's in battle.

Without going any further, therefore, this simple statement respecting the destruction of Life, Property, Happiness and Virtue, is ample testimony to the evils of War. If we but remember, further, how these evils have been always present among the nations, how it has always been a part of national policy to promote them, how large a portion of the cares and expense of governments have been directed to making provision for this one object, and how large a number of the higher orders in society have been educated to no profession but that of conducting armies,—we shall see an amount of ill spread over the history of the human race, which is

unutterably appalling. And yet perhaps, if, like Sterne when he draws the picture of slavery, I could single out from the confused crowd of sufferers some one individual,—for example, that unfortunate and accomplished young officer, who was disabled on the field of Waterloo, and overlooked by those who bore away the wounded, lay alone for several days and nights, unheeded and unrefreshed, his body imbedded in the soft wet ground, till at length when discovered, the worms from the earth beneath him had eaten their way into his living flesh;—if I could faithfully draw one such picture as this, it might better enable us to comprehend and realize the horrors of this infatuating barbarism, than any general views of calamity and distress that could be given.

II. But I must leave this point, and proceed to inquire how it happens, when the case is palpably thus, that civilized men can shut their eyes to the abomination, and go on making regular provision for perpetuating its tremendous ills.

To reply to this inquiry fully would demand a long and detailed investigation. But the true answer, and a satisfactory one, may be given in a few words. War is continued through the power of custom, tradition, prescription, fashion, education,—or whatever that is to be called, which makes man so much the creature of circumstances, and leads him to adopt without inquiry the usages which he finds established in the community. This is a usage consonant to certain propensities of human nature, agreeable to ‘the lusts which war in the members,’ and therefore welcome to men of a certain character; while the simple fact that it is a usage of

all nations and ages, prevents its real character from being perceived or inquired after. It is from precisely this cause that many other absurd and iniquitous practices keep their place in the world. For how long a period did the African slave-trade pass unquestioned even by the best men; yet it was only necessary to look at it deliberately, in order to its being driven with execration from the civilized world. So it is with the domestic slave-trade of our own country;—a trade acquiesced in, with all its cruelties and crimes, only because it is established, and which, if not already existing, could be no more introduced amongst this people, than the savage rites of Juggernaut. Precisely so in the case of War. It is a thing established. It is found in the world by every generation that comes forward, and is taken up by it as one of the institutions of society, no less fixed and inevitable than the ordinances of nature.

And then, further, the circumstances and methods of ordinary education are conformed in their character to this actual condition of things, and tend in turn to strengthen and perpetuate it. The boy's first playthings are the drum and the sword, his first amusement to march in company with a feather in his cap and an ornamented coat, his first lessons are drawn from books which are full of military images and the spirit of heroic adventure, and even his academic leisure is sanctified by the mimicry of martial parade. Thus the very atmosphere of society, through which the child breathes his way into manhood, is tainted with this corrupting ingredient, and every successive generation is made to inherit the prejudices of the preceding.

If further causes be demanded, it is easy to perceive how they arise out of this which has been mentioned. We find them in the circumstance, that in this institution is opened to ambitious men an obvious path to distinction;—in the circumstance, that government has constituted the army a distinct profession, and thus made it for the interest of a large class in the community that war should not be abolished;—in the fact, that the great law of Right has never yet been made the absolute rule for the conduct of political affairs, or the morality of political men;—and in the fact, that rulers and people have yet to learn, that the principles of rectitude which bind men in their private relations, are equally binding in their public relations. I do but glance at these points. They show what it is that upholds so strange a barbarism in the civilized world. It is custom and education. These are its supporters;—powerful, it is true, but not indomitable. The race may be improved by better education, as well as individuals, and its customs may be changed as well as those of an individual. As a man corrects a bad habit by applying the remedy to each separate action in which the habit consists, so the evil customs of society are to be broken, by appealing to the individual members who compose it, and correcting the faulty opinion or character in them. Thus the improvement which began in the suggestion of a single mind, spreads from man to man, till it becomes the universal judgment of the community. Very dear and inveterate errors have been by this process overthrown. It was thus that Luther began a great service in religion, and Galileo in science; and, to speak of vulgar practices which once prevailed, the

whipping post and the stocks have disappeared, ignominious and cruel punishments have ceased, the slave trade has been interdicted, and why should not war follow in the train? It can hardly be said to be more deeply rooted than were some of these other obsolete abuses; it like them depends for its existence almost exclusively on the circumstance that it is a custom; it derives no more support than they were thought to do from the nature and necessity of the case; and it is, if possible, still more decidedly opposed by reason, policy and religion. This I was next to show.

III. *Reason* certainly does not sustain the custom. On the contrary, it is not easy to say what would be accounted more unreasonable, if it were now a question whether the custom should be commenced. Suppose that the nations had hitherto adjusted their differences in some other way, and that the proposition were now made, that henceforward they should be adjusted by force. It needs no argument to show, that the whole world would reject it at once, as descending from a rational mode of arbitration, suited to intelligent beings, and adopting in its stead what could only be adapted to creatures whose sole weapons are horns and teeth. In truth, has not this trial been made? Half a century ago, there was the commencement on this continent of a new combination among states, when they arranged their mutual relations, and agreed to the terms of their mutual intercourse. Was it one of these, that their future differences should be decided by appeal to arms? Was this so much as proposed? It might have been a thousand years ago; but in the present age, it would be thought no more absurd to restore the ordeal by fire, or

the judicial combat in private life, than to establish arbitration between the states by arms. Would it not be equally so among the powers of Europe, if now called on for the first time to regulate their international intercourse? No one can doubt it;—especially if he remember, how the tendency of increased civilization has already exhibited itself, even while this venerable custom retains so much of its authority and glory, in causing questions of national dispute to be referred to the quiet umpirage of an impartial power, which would formerly have arrayed armies and shaken kingdoms.

But more particularly. Sound reason certainly does not advise or sanction that a rational being should conduct important concerns on principles which put out of view his rational attributes. Yet, precisely this is done in the appeal to the sword. War decides great questions, on principles which wholly put out of view man's rational attributes. It sets up the judgment of his physical nature, above that of his intellectual. It resolves problems of moral or social right, which pertain to the understanding, by instruments of bodily force. It allows and establishes the supremacy of body over mind, of strength over wisdom; and grants the rightfulness, in principle, that hordes of savages should seize and possess the fairest regions of civilization and refinement. Look at the matter fairly, and you cannot deny that it comes to this result. For although it may be true, that, where two nations are of nearly equal resources and power, the battle may be gained by the superior intellect of one of the commanders, yet it can never be so, where there is any considerable physical inequality. In such a case, brute force must prevail. And then is exhibited

the mortifying absurdity of beings endowed with reason, and thereby placed at the head of the animal creation, abandoning the guardianship of that sacred faculty, and submitting themselves, like the inferior races, to the mercy of mere corporeal strength.

Try it too by a parallel case,—the controversies of private life. The same barbarous days which originated public war, permitted questions relating to personal wrong to be settled by private war. But it would now be accounted the extreme of absurdity, to put such questions on the issue of single combat, since neither sword nor pistol has the power of discerning right and wrong, the just and the unjust. There is, indeed, one private controversy, which civilization has not yet wholly taken from the control of this ancient barbarism, namely the controversy of Honor ;—so that while all the world would laugh at the folly of him who should propose to decide by duel a law-suit respecting insurance or an accusation of theft, there are some with enough of the dark ages hanging about them to esteem it quite agreeable to reason to settle questions of decorum or reputation in this way. They would be unable to maintain their gravity if the man accused of fraud should seek to prove his innocence by fighting his accuser ; but if one have spoken an ill-advised word, or touched the reputation of a friend, it is extremely reasonable to believe that a duel will remedy the wrong. No matter which is slain, the aggressor or the injured, or neither of them; the result is equally certain,—the wrong is repaired, the stain is wiped off. Now the infinite absurdity as well as blasphemous impiety of this sanguinary folly is so well understood that even a military Emperor could say, “ I DESPISE the

arguments of those who seek to justify it." The laws of most nations regard it as a high-handed immorality ; and very few are found so abandoned as at once to dare the justice of their country and defy the displeasure of God. Yet it is altogether in vain that men have attempted to establish any difference in principle, between this atrocious solecism of deciding private quarrels by murder, and the established legalised system of manslaughter by which national disputes are settled. They both argue moral questions by weapons of physical force ; they both subject right to the dominion of might ; they both advocate the placing of human life and human happiness *beneath* considerations of mere property and personal pique ; they both pretend to remedy a great evil by indefinitely increasing it ; they both esteem it a less crime to bring unmeasured wretchedness on the helpless and unoffending, than to forgive an injury or forego revenge. Can any thing be named which has less the countenance of sober reason ?

Policy is equally opposed to this strange madness. True policy is wisdom ; and wisdom is sagacious to select the means which best accomplish the desired end. Is this a description of the war policy ? What are we to say to the immense expenditure of wealth, the dreadful waste of life, the cruel wreck of happiness, the profligate corruption of morals ? Is it to be believed that the great purposes of Society, the beneficent ends of government, the liberalizing influences of knowledge, refinement and art, can be secured in no other way than through this path of blood and sin ? What are those purposes, what are those ends, what are those influences, but the security of life, property, character and

happiness? And are they secured by the ruthless and desolating hand of battle? Are they promoted by that policy which is ready to put them in jeopardy upon every national misunderstanding, and sacrifice them without stint or remorse to the passions, or injustice, or ambition of a few individuals? and this, too, where the sacrifice must be, as the whole history of the world testifies, without any prospect of adequate compensation? For truly said one of our own statesmen, "It is an instrument entirely inefficient toward redressing wrong, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses." It is therefore to be rejected with scorn from all judicious views of what constitutes the true policy of a nation.

But *Religion* is even more decidedly the enemy of War. That nations beneath the ancient mythologies and the modern barbarous idolatries should advocate and practise war, is not to be accounted strange. Worshipers of bloodthirsty divinities and devotees of an irrational faith, it was to be expected that they should imitate them in a bloody and irrational custom. But who can fail to be amazed at finding Christians,—disciples of a religion whose watchword is Love, and whose motto is "Peace on earth and good will toward men,"—inconsistently adhering to the practices of a benighted and depraved idolatry!

Nothing is susceptible of an easier demonstration than the opposition of Christianity to the spirit of war. What is Christianity? It is the religion communicated to men by divine revelation, that they might be delivered from iniquity and misery, and introduced to the highest and purest happiness. But certainly this is far from

being the object of War. What is the morality of the gospel? It would not be easy to describe it better than in the words of Paul:—"Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Try the spirit or morality of War by this description. Is War a spirit of *love*? is its temper benevolence and philanthropy and disinterested affection? Is it *joy*,—any joy but in that triumph which celebrates the humiliation and wretchedness of thousands? Is it *peace*? Is it *longsuffering*, or *gentleness*, or *meekness*? Not unless these things are consistent with impatient and exasperated ambition, cherished pride, and cool, deadly, calculating determination to brook no superiority and to trample an enemy under foot. Is it *temperance*?—Alas, this bare enumeration of the Christian graces is sufficient to silence all pretence of baptizing war with a Christian name. I do not say, that no warrior ever was a Christian; but, clearly, no man can be heartily devoted to the trade of the camp, its sincere advocate and faithful practitioner, and be *characterized* by his benevolent, pacific, forbearing, gentle, and meek disposition. He himself would only ridicule the idea, and avow, that if this be a true description of the Christian character, Paley was right in declaring, that "no two things can be more contrary than the *Christian* character and the *heroic*."

Look at the description of this character as given by Christ himself in his sermon on the Mount. It begins with the peculiar and distinguishing blessings pronounced on the meek, the pure, the humble, the merciful, the peace-makers, and proceeds to inculcate, in the most positive terms, the duties of forbearance and forgive-

ness, and the sinfulness of retaliation and revenge. Resist not evil ; love your enemies ; bless those that curse you ; forgive if you would be forgiven. These precepts can hardly be incorporated among the principles which prevail in a state of warfare. Put upon them any qualification they can bear, they will not describe the morality of the camp. Nor can our Lord's perpetual lessons of purity and self-denial, be made consistent with the allowed and honored practices of military life.

Look at the Christian character as it was exhibited in the person of the holy Teacher himself. It needs but a glance at that illustrious image of sweetness, gentleness, tenderness and purity, to perceive how totally irreconcilable is the true Christian life, with the violence and passion, the lust and blood, which triumph in the indolence of the garrison and the splendors of battle. So the early disciples regarded it ; and for two centuries, while their Lord's example was fresh and the church comparatively uncorrupted, no Christians were to be found in the profession of the soldier. They refused to bear arms, even at great personal hazard. They held sacred their Master's words ;—" My kingdom is not of this world ;—if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

Or take the argument in another point of view. What is the *result* to which Christianity tends by its prevalence in the world ? Is it not, through the operation of a wide-spreading philanthropy, to promote to the utmost the well-being of men, and to establish amongst them an intercourse of mutual benefits ? When we observe what it has already effected for the advancement of society and the removal of human ills, do

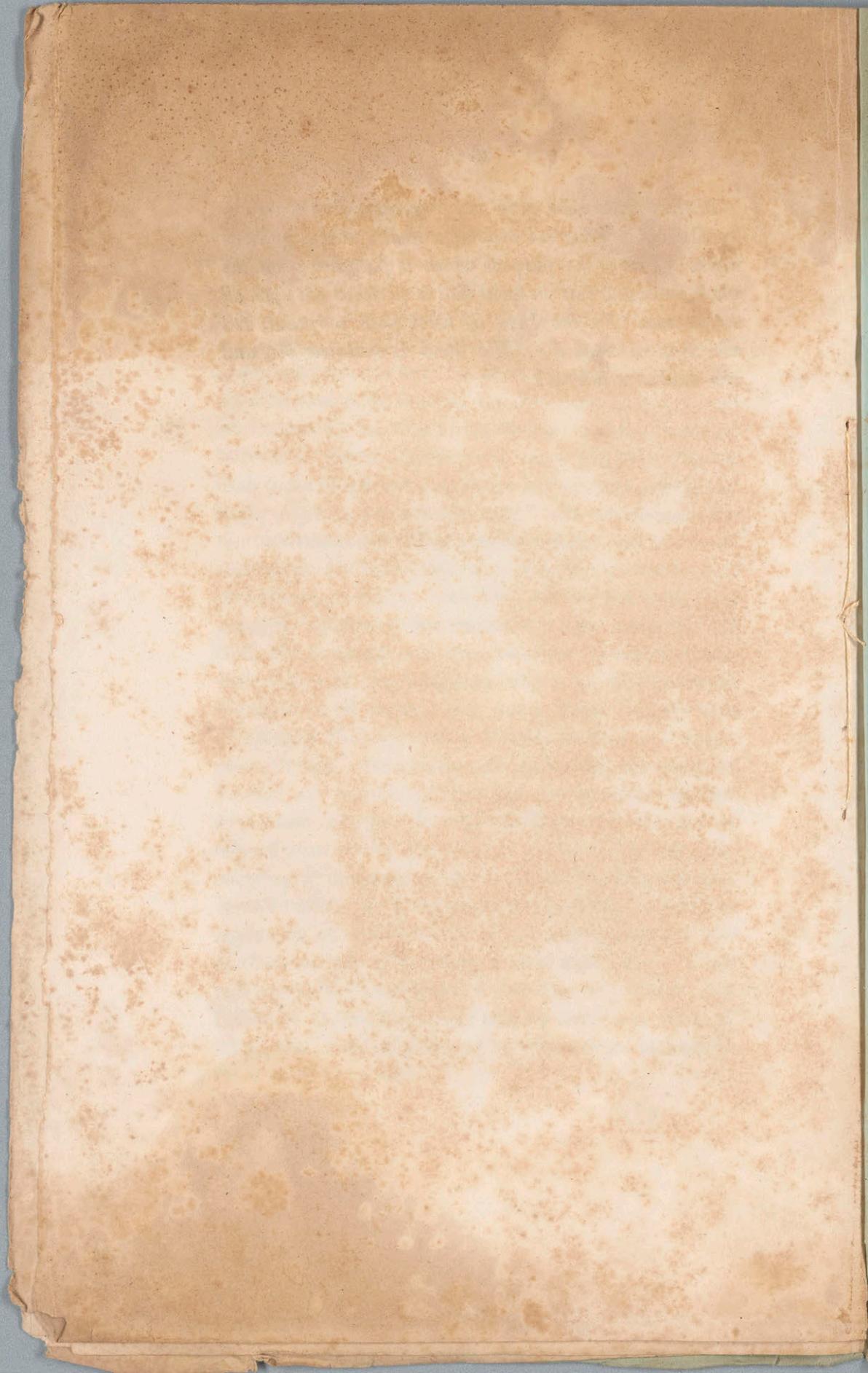
we not feel confident that its universal prevalence will be the establishment of the highest social order and happiness? But no one will describe in these terms the tendency of a state of war. Its prevalence never could be expected or designed to secure this state of universal brotherhood and social prosperity. The two things are absolutely incompatible. Just so far as the one triumphs, the other is defeated; as has been most truly said,—“If the christian disposition were universal, the case is clear; the world would be a society of friends. Whereas if the other disposition were universal, it would produce a scene of universal contention; the world could not hold a generation of such men.”

It is therefore plain, that there exists a positive contradiction of the spirit of war to the spirit of Jesus Christ, and an irreconcilable opposition between the tendency of the one and the purposes of the other. The doctrine which came from God for the special blessing of the world, bears its decided testimony against this ancient practice of an unregenerate race, and in every step of its progress prepares for the fulfilment of the prophecy of our text. If so, what a rebuke to the Christian world! What an appeal to Christians, to see to it that they henceforth second, and no longer thwart, the beneficent tendency of their faith!

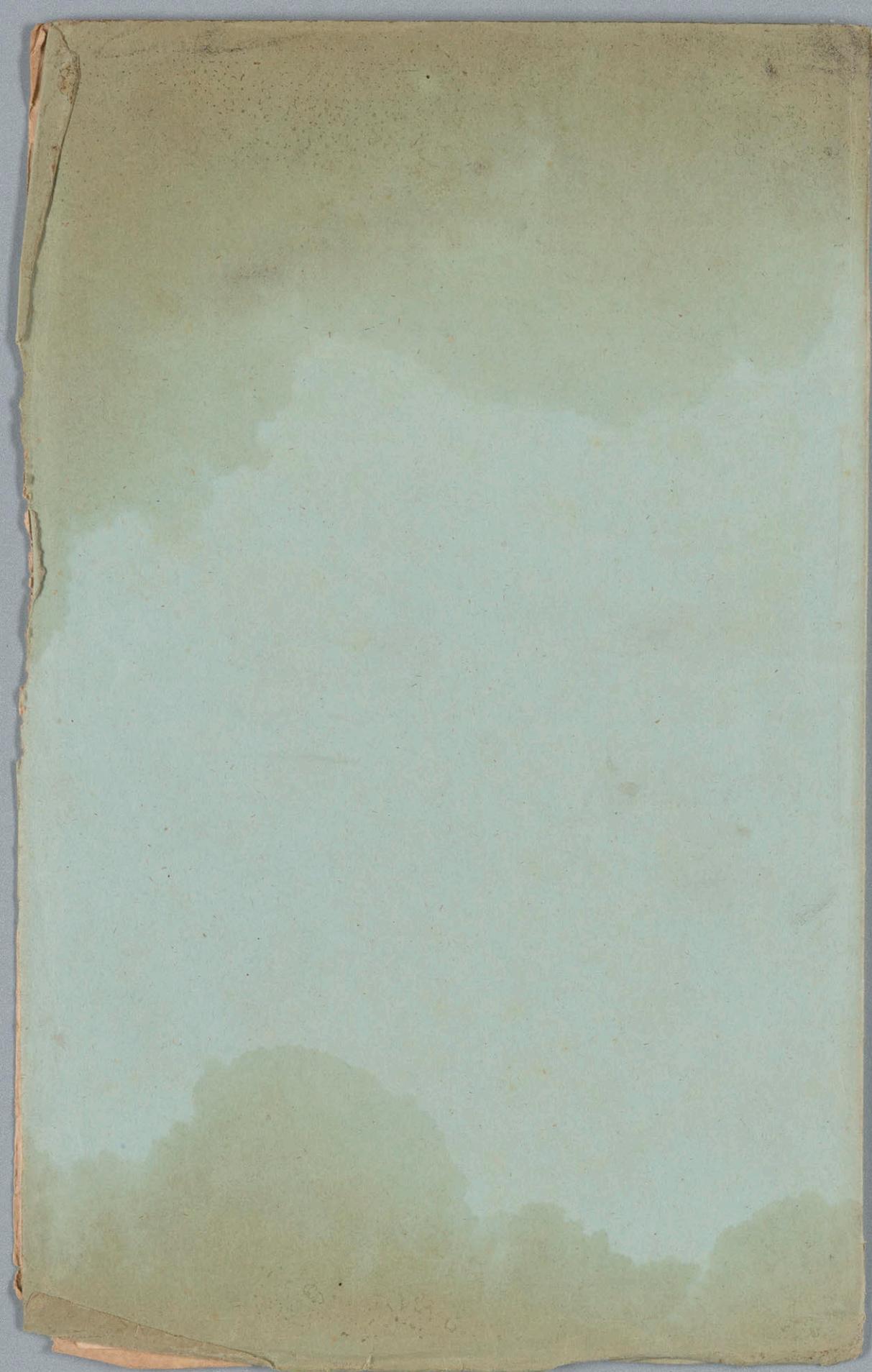
Such are the Evils of War, and such the Principles which severally support and oppose it. Ought it then to stand in the world? The destroyer of happiness, the corrupter of virtue, whose pride is to lay waste the fairest works of God and of man,—upheld in its place of power by no better warrant than that of custom and education and the will and interest of ambitious men,—

master and his companions, when they fill the world with well informed, well directed, thinking minds, and the philosopher with his pupils, when they offer to society those discoveries which go to better the condition and elevate the thoughts of their race,—are all working to this end. The philanthropist, in all his spheres of present activity and his various institutions for the relief of human ill, knitting together the bonds of human sympathy, making men feel like brethren, exciting interest in newer, higher, and more grateful objects than those of personal ambition and worldly policy,—is doing much to prepare the way. All associations for the cultivation and diffusion of knowledge and truth, all institutions for advancing the doctrine of Christ, and prevailing on men to love and follow his pure and peaceful character, for inculcating the true love of God, and teaching men their nearness to him and the real nature of the happiness which he has provided for them;—all these,—and every Bible Society and Missionary Society, every Sunday School and every philanthropic enterprize,—are agents for the cause of Peace; are heralds of the day and hasteners of the day, when all men shall be brethren, and the law of nations shall be the law of love. War has been the offspring of illregulated and ignorant passions, and perverted views. Let Religion regulate passion, and better objects be presented to the gifted and aspiring, and the restlessness and contentions of men will cease. They will rejoice in the gladness of that day, when Jesus, the Prince of Peace, shall reign king of nations as he is of saints, and of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.

We see therefore, with our own eyes, that a way is rapidly opening for the accomplishment of this glorious work. *This is the purpose which is purposed upon the whole earth, and this the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations. For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?*







A

POEM

PRONOUNCED AT CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 23, 1815,

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF PEACE

BETWEEN THE

UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

BY HENRY WARE, JUN.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY HILLIARD AND METCALF.

1815.

POEM

POEM

One evening in the year of the storm has past
 And cheerful suns ascend our skies at last
 The heavy cloud has rolled in bloom away
 And all the prospect brightens into day
 How glad the people to our country give
 In praise of the great God who has been
 And the heart torn of misery and despair
 Yields like the merry tones of morning air
 Where late we saw the darkness of the storm
 To cheer the heart and brighten the eye
 Where our sad fate is slowly they unravelled
 A quail still the field and the fold
 How glad the people to our country give
 And mine and gladness every heart enjoys
 Joy on the tongue and light in the eye
 The heart about meekly upward to the sky
 Has in the field the deep woodlands
 CAMBRIDGE
 THE END OF THE FIRST PART

POEM.

ONCE more we meet in peace ; the storm has past,
And cheerful suns ascend our skies at last ;
The heavy cloud has rolled its gloom away,
And all the prospect brightens into day.
How glad the promise to our country given !
Lo, Peace descends in angel form from Heaven,
And the dark train of misery and despair
Vanish, like misty forms of morning air.
Where late anxiety and gloom were seen
To cloud the brow, and agitate the mien—
Where our sad fates, as slowly they unrolled,
Appalled alike the timid and the bold—
Returning hope has marked the scene with joy,
And mirth and gladness every heart employ ;
Joy on the tongue, and rapture in the eye,
The eager shout mounts upward to the sky ;
Hark—the glad bell—the deep-mouthed cannon
sounds—
The city shakes, and every hill resounds.

Yes, we may well rejoice—and well repair
 With praise to him who heard our anxious prayer.
 Let the loud anthem fill with joyful strain,
 These walls that heard our burdened souls complain.
 Glory to God be given—the God of peace—
 Who bids our fears subside, our troubles cease.
 He sent confusion, and the nation mourned ;
 He smiled—the star of happiness returned.
 The cloud that veiled us, was our Father's hand—
 The beams that cheer us, shine at his command.
 Then—as the fabled harp its warblings woke,
 When on its strings the ray of morning broke—
 So let our hearts respond the touch of Heaven ;
 So let our earliest hours to praise be given.

Yes, we have cause of joy ; O need I say,
 How great the boon we celebrate to-day ?
 Need I the sufferings of the past recall ?
 Need I—O would I *could*—recount them all ?
 Look first abroad—scan Europe's history o'er ;
 There the wild flood has wasted every shore.
 For twice ten years the threatening tumult spread,
 While nature languished and her beauty fled.
 War drove his iron car from land to land,
 And scattered rage and ruin from his hand ;
 Pale Europe trembled with the cannon's roar,
 And helpless anguish wailed on every shore.
 Destroying armies here triumphant past,
 There houseless wanderers shuddered in the blast ;
 Here wasted fields were burdened with the slain,
 There prostrate cities smoked upon the plain.

When, when, we cried, will ruin's work be done?
 When shall the world behold a quiet sun?
 O when shall winds untainted move the tree,
 And bloodless rivers mingle with the sea?
 When shall the gluttoned vulture quit the plain,
 And the dove wave her peaceful wings again?
 But long in vain we wished, in vain we sought;
 Still thousands mourned—for still the ambitious
 fought.

Enough, we cried, have tears and treasures flowed—
 Enough has earth and ocean drunk of blood.
 But still the breeze confusion's accents bore,
 And every wave came crimsoned to the shore;
 Now the loud shouts of victory rent the air,
 And now were heard the moanings of despair.

But Heaven at length, to save a sinking world,
 The restless conqueror from his chariot hurled;
 Doomed, as he trod the northern plain, to know
 "A horrid climate"—and a horrid foe.
 How short the reign—how sudden was the fall!
 Europe once scarce sufficed—Elba is now his all!
 The astonished nations, roused from long dismay,
 Gazed with dread wonder as he passed away;
 With doubting eyes surveyed the scene awhile,
 And smiled—and wondered they were free to smile;
 And now look back, as on a meteor's flight,
 The transient terror of a troubled night.

The tyrant fell; his baleful influence o'er,
 The morn of quiet dawned on Europe's shore;

Contending nations rested from their arms,
 And wives and mothers hushed their wild alarms ;
 No more their cities trembled to the gun ;
 No more the battle-cloud eclipsed the sun ;
 The voice of mirth succeeds the harsh dispute,
 And yields the warrior-trumpet to the lute.
 No more by virgin hands are garlands twined,
 To shade the hero's brow—his temples bind
 But softest flowers are gathered for the fair,
 To wreath in bands of joy the flowing hair—
 Garlands, to crown the happy—not the brave ;
 To grace the dance—not wither on the grave.

See, the glad ray across the ocean streams ;
Our hills are brightened by the joyous beams.
 Arise, my Country, join the general voice,
 Wake the deep echoes—bid thy sons rejoice ;
 The clouds have past—the tempest-thunders cease—
 And hope's gay rainbow gilds the sky of peace.
 Lo, on all sides the kindling raptures spread,
 Beam on the brow, and lift the buoyant tread.
 Hark—on the wind what joyful accents rise ;
 See, novel splendors light the evening skies ;
 The flag streams proudly to the favoring gale,
 And commerce wide unfurls her swelling sail.
 Our Eagle, quenched the lightning of his eye,
 Floats with unmoving wing along the sky ;
 Far from his grasp the bloody arrows thrown,
 His talons wield the olive-branch alone.

O happy rescue from the ills that wait,
 On war's tumultuous and uncertain state !

O happy rescue from the fearful train,
 That thickened round, of wretchedness and pain !
 Look back and see the evils that were near,
 The dangers, sufferings, poverty and fear.
 Drained was the public purse—the credit gone—
 And private want urged public ruin on.
 Who then the deep despondency could chase,
 The settled sadness, of the patriot's face ?
 Who could dispel the darkness of the breast,
 And lay its chill and torturing fears to rest—
 When the sick heart beheld its prospects droop,
 And courage fainted on the tomb of hope ?
 The past—how sad the marks of woe it bore !
 How blank the dreary waste that stretched before !

But yet some gleams of glory rushed between,
 And threw a dazzling brightness on the scene.
 Whose heart was still, that heard the deeds of
 might—

The unequalled grandeur of our ocean fight ?
 Who felt not proud, when each returning wave,
 Rolled home a glorious tribute to the brave ?
 Who felt not proud, the ennobling tale to tell—
 Our fathers' spirits in their children dwell ?
 Who but the ardor of the contest knows,
 From the high opening to the signal close—
 From Hull's first flash that woke the astonished
 main,

To the last peal that echoed on Champlain ?
 Ye gallant few that trod the mighty deep,
 Enough is done ; now let your terrors sleep ;

Sleep—like your native ocean—still, yet dread ;
 Its spirit slumbers—but it is not dead ;
 Be the calm moved, again its fury roars,
 Raves to the blast, and dashes to the shores.
 But now enough ; retire, your country's pride ;
 Fame shouts your honors loud, and spreads them
 wide.

Enjoy the sounds upon a tranquil main,
 Nor ask the triumph of the fight again ;
 Hushed be the war-storm on the sea and lake ;
 Long hushed the passions that its rage would wake.

And hail the flag that waves upon our *shore* ;
 Proud let it wave—and wave forevermore.
 True, in the northern war it bowed its head—
 Its stars were clouded and their lustre fled.
 Our Capital beheld its deep disgrace ;
 Hide, ye that saw it—hide your blushing face.
 Americans ! and see your city fired !
 O *who* were they that saw it—and retired ?
 But stay—for those that bade the eagle *roam*,
 May well be found a feeble guard at home.
 But plant the standard where are men to fight,
 Ne'er shall it droop in war, or trail in flight.
 It must not flutter in a foreign air—
 A freeman's arm is weak and nerveless there ;
 And freedom's star, alike its beam denies,
 To him who fights for conquest, and who flies.
 But range our soldiers on their native soil,
 They fear no danger, and they shun no toil ;
 They wait the assault in thick and firm array,
 Lift the high hand and scatter wide dismay.

Such there have been—who met the fierce attack,
Rushed on opposing troops, and drove them trem-
bling back.

And such, had rash invasion touched *our* coast,
Such would have been our hardy yeomen's boast;
They, like our sires, had bid the invaders know,
Columbia bears no laurel for a foe.

But ah! how poor the boast, to say we dared!
How small the glory, to the woe compared!
What boots it that the banners of our foe,
Hang in our halls, a proud, imposing show,
If blood and tears the gaudy trophies steep,
To tell how many bled, how many weep?
Or that the laurel shades us—since it grows
In chief luxuriance, where the brave repose?
Say, will its leaves assuaging balm impart,
To ease the anguish of the wounded heart?
Say, will the honors that on fame attend,
Console the widow, or restore the friend?
In victory's day, the shout is all we hear—
The sob of sorrow reaches not the ear.
The dazzling pomp is all that meets the light—
The toil, the suffering, is concealed from sight.
But could we tell how vast the amount of woe—
Behold the wounded, and their tortures know—
Go to the chamber where the widow sighs,
And see the orphans' tears, and hear their cries—
Mark all the frantic transports of despair,
The piercing shriek, the mingled curse and prayer—

O we should bleed at heart, when victory's voice
 Rang through the crowd, and bade the land re-
 joice ;
 Should shrink with shuddering from war's iron
 sound,
 And tread its proudest trophies to the ground.

Then hail, sweet Peace, man's high, yet injured
 friend !

No gloomy terrors on thy steps attend ;
 No forms of woe, no demons armed with wrath,
 But quiet, hope, and plenty wait thy path.
 War wastes around him with consuming breath,
 Our comforts fade, our friendships sink in death.
 He treads along a track of living fire,
 And science, arts and happiness expire.
 Demon, be gone ; we hate thy savage mien ;
 But Peace, sweet nymph, be thou our lovely queen.
 Come, soothe our sorrows with thy cheerful song ;
 Bring all thy blessings, and continue long.
 Lo, plenty springs beneath thy verdant tread,
 And art reviving lifts to heaven her head.
 White o'er the billows moves the adventurous sail,
 And riches pour to land with every gale.
 The city sees its splendid domes increase,
 With all the grandeur and the fame of Greece ;
 The country smiles in richer verdure crowned,
 While cheerful toil and rustic mirth resound ;
 And science sees her favorite mansions rise,
 Till Harvard's turrets tremble in the skies ;

Till other Miltons stretch a loftier flight,
And other Newtons tread new fields of light.

Hail, hail, the distant beauty of our land,
That Hope has pictured with a glowing hand!
Roll on, ye happy years, in rapture roll,
Pour all your promise on the impatient soul—
The brilliant promise of a lovelier day,
Of purer light, and clear unclouded ray.
Fathers—your sons shall then in virtues shine,
That raise the human nearer the divine.
Mothers—your daughters more accomplished then,
Shall smile with sweeter smiles on worthier men.
Then public good on private virtue built,
Shall stand unmoved by vice, unstained by guilt.
Then guided by the wisdom from above,
We all shall harmonize in perfect love;
Shall cast the trophies of our wars away,
And nobler honors to the world display.

Thanksgiving
Dresses for
Ware gatherings
in Milton,

Mass

1863-1902

5000

Booker T. Washington



TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

(INCORPORATED)

FOR THE TRAINING OF COLORED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Tuskegee, Fla., Oct. 4th, 1897.

Prof. W. R. Ware,

Columbia College, New York.

My dear sir:-

We have a young man who has finished our course of study in mechanical and architectural drawing, and we desire very much to have him take a further course in order that he may be of service as a teacher here. He has superior talent we think in the matter of mechanical and architectural drawing, and I write to know whether or not a young man with his training could take with profit your course of study in architectural drawing. The enclosed course of study will show you what he has done.

Also we would like to know something of the expense. This young man has no money and would have to depend upon us to get through your college.

Yours truly,

Booker T. Washington.

Principal.



D. W. D.
1844 · 1903.



STUDIO

17 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

S. YOUNG

Annie Ware Winsor

May, 1900

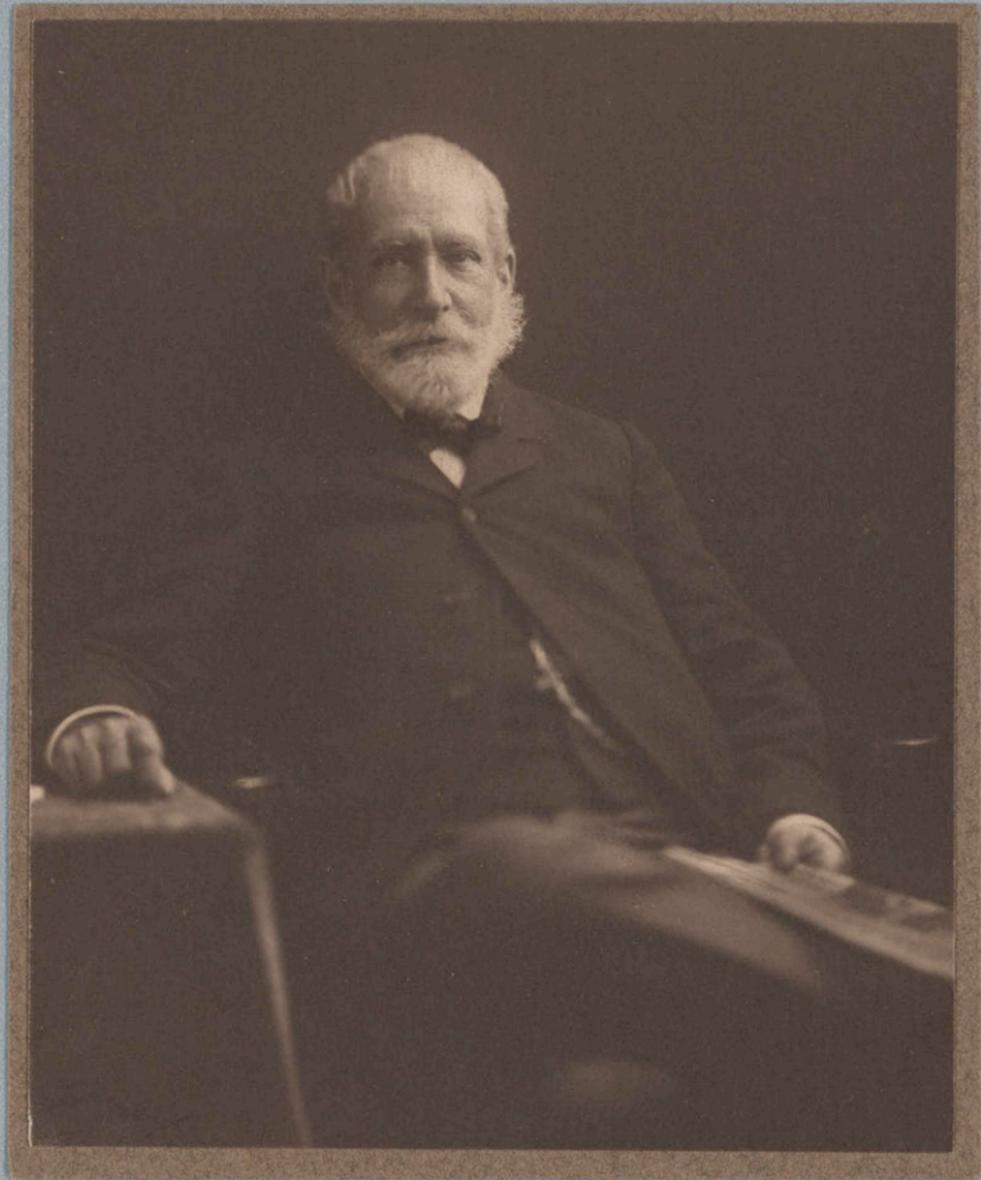
For

Annie Winsor Allen II

2. Young

Union Square
New York

Studio

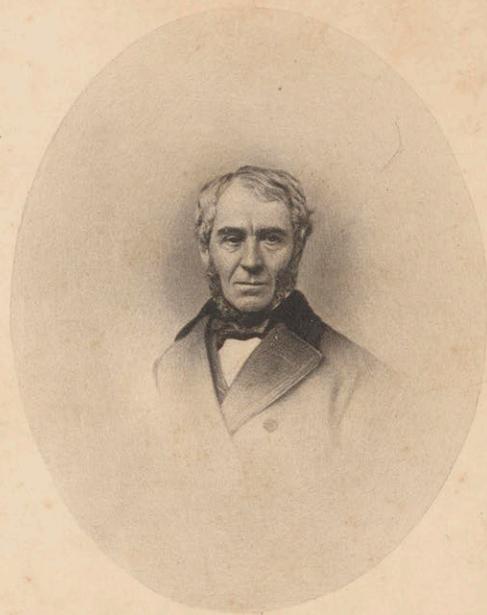




1857



Mrs Ware



Dr. Charles Eliot Ware



Harriet Ware

William Ware

at Milton, Mass.?

Early 1900's?

Rev. Edward Hall
on Hope



Waldon Smith

Joseph Allen - 1890

145 TREMONT ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

ΣΑΗΑ

X^m 1890


G. WALDON SMITH,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
145
TREMONT ST., BOSTON.
