



Come fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,  
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him.

— Tom Moore.



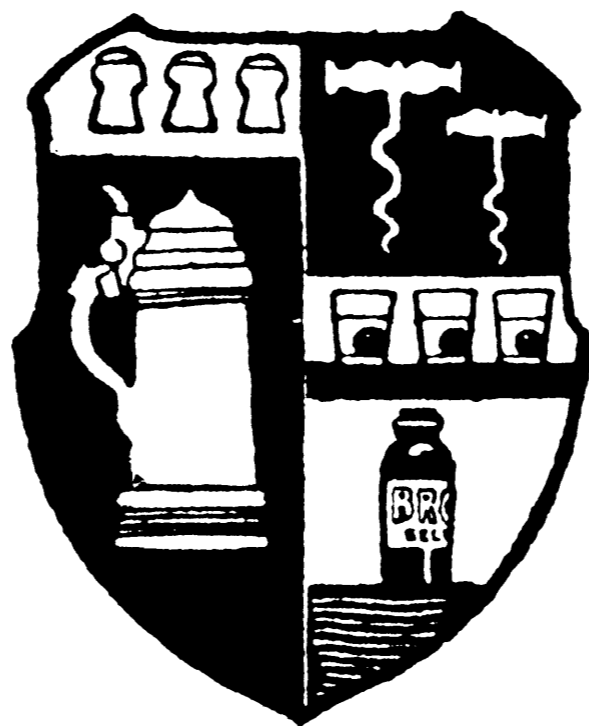
# Prosit

## A BOOK OF TOASTS

COMPILED BY  
CLOTHO

*In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,  
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.*

— POPE.



PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



*Copyright, 1904*  
*by PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY*  
*San Francisco*

---

*Entered at Stationers' Hall*  
*London*

**The Tomoyé Press**  
**San Francisco**



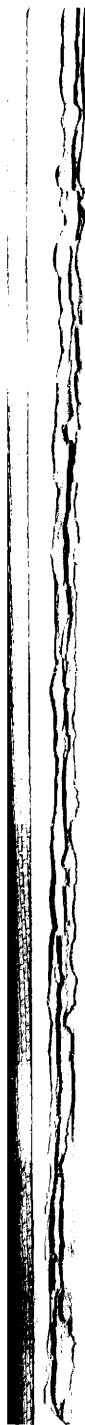
# Dedication



## TO THE LOVING-CUP.

*Then fill the cup, fill high! fill high!  
Let Joy our goblets crown;  
We'll bung Misfortune's scowling eye,  
And knock Foreboding down.*

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.





# C o n t e n t s



Invocation - - - - -	vii
“Observe when Mother Earth is dry” - - -	i
Toasts to Wine - - - - -	2
The Woman That’s Good - - - - -	19
Toasts to Woman - - - - -	21
Friendship - - - - -	45
Toasts to Man - - - - -	46
“I fill my bumper to the brim” - - - - -	57
Toasts of Sentiment - - - - -	58
Bohemian Days - - - - -	65
Good-fellowship - - - - -	66
California - - - - -	75
Toasts to States - - - - -	76
Toasts to Rulers - - - - -	80
Toasts to Nations - - - - -	81
Toasts to Our Flag - - - - -	86
Toasts to the Army and Navy - - - - -	88
Toasts to the Arts - - - - -	92
“Drink, Time, thou good old man !” - - -	95
Anniversaries - - - - -	96
“For how can we part when we love one another !”	103
Miscellanea - - - - -	104
Toasts in Foreign Tongues - - - - -	126
L’Envoi - - - - -	133





## I n v o c a t i o n



*For the soul that loves the music  
Of the glasses when they clink—*

*(Glasses clink!)*

*For the heart that beats its highest  
When the feasters fill and drink—*

*(Fill and drink!)*

*Here be toasts, or wise or witty,  
Gay and brave ones, grave and pretty;  
Many an old one, many a new one;  
Prim or naughty, none's a blue one.*

*To the eyes that glow and brighten  
As they watch the bubbles swim;  
To the lips that curl for laughing  
As they kiss the goblet's rim;  
To the fay that's in the wine-cup  
And the magic of her spell;  
To our banished cares and sorrows—  
Get ye gone and fare ye well.*

*Pledges here for two or twenty;  
Faith they speak, and love a-plenty,  
Hearts afire and pulses singing,  
Hope's high tide and joy bells ringing.*

*Hands around, then, all together—  
Glass to glass and let them clink.*

*(Glasses clink!)*

*Care is dead and folly reigneth;  
Fill again and blithely drink.*

*(Fill and drink!)*

— ERNEST SYLVESTER SIMPSON.





## Toasts to Wine



*Observe when Mother Earth is dry  
She drinks the drippings of the sky;  
And then the dewly cordial gives  
To every thirsty plant that lives.  
The vapors which at Evening weep,  
Are beverage to the swelling deep,  
And when the rosy sun appears,  
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.  
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream  
Of lustre from the solar beam;  
Then hence with all your sober thinking  
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;  
I'll make the law of Nature mine,  
And pledge the universe in wine.*

— ANACREON.



## Coasts to Wine



Wine, dear boy, and truth.

—ALCÆUS.

God of the Grape! thou hast betray'd  
In wine's bewildering dream  
The fairest swan that ever played  
Along the muse's stream.

Mix the brimmer—Love and I  
Shall no more the contest try.  
Here upon this holy bowl  
I surrender all my soul.

—ANACREON.

Drink today and drown all sorrow;  
You shall, perhaps, not drink tomorrow;  
Best while you have it, use your breath;  
There is no drinking after death.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

There's death in the cup—sae beware!  
Nay, more,—there is danger in touching;  
But wha can avoid the fell snare?  
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

—BURNS.

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter,—and the Bird is on the Wing.

—OMAR.



## Toasts to Wine



As the nightingale from rose-tree sips,  
Wise it is, and knows that it is good ;  
Thus with wine we damp our rosy lips,—  
Wise are we, and know that it is good.

Like a spectre-king that unseen trips  
From the depths of some far-honey'd wood,  
Wine should pass the rose-gate of our lips,—  
Wise are we, and know that it is good.

—BODENSTEDT.

Gentle friends, forbear to laugh  
As I toast the wine I quaff—  
Scarce the wisdom Omar found  
All its bounty can expound ;  
As its happy lover sips,  
All its fragrance haunts his lips,  
All its warmth along the veins  
Flowing from the cup he drains ;  
All its brightness his enhances  
As it sparkles in his glances,  
All its kindliness awhile  
Lingering upon his smile.  
Fair companions, what can be  
Truer friend to you and me ?  
Love his troth may soon dis sever,—  
Wine gives all, and gives forever.

—GEORGE STERLING.

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter—  
Sermons and soda-water the day after. —BYRON.



## Toasts to Wine



Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears  
Today of past regrets and future fears;  
Tomorrow!—why, tomorrow I may be  
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years!  
—OMAR.

Yesterday this Day's madness did prepare  
Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair;  
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor  
why;  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor  
where.  
—OMAR.

“God made man, frail as a bubble;  
Man made love—love made trouble.  
God made the vine,—  
Then, is it a sin  
That man made wine  
To drown trouble in?”

“A Frenchman drinks his native wine,  
A German drinks his beer;  
An Englishman his 'alf and 'alf,  
Because it brings good cheer;  
The Scotchman drinks his whisky straight,  
Because it brings on dizziness;  
An American has no choice at all,—  
He drinks the whole damned business.”



## Toasts to Wine



*"In dulci júbilo*

Sing we, make merry so!

Since our heart's pleasure

*Latet in poculo,*

Drawn from the cask, good measure,

*Pro hoc convivio*

*Nunc, nunc bibito!*

*"O crater parrule*

How my soul yearns for thee!

Make me now merry,

*O potus optime,*

Claret or hock or sherry!

*Et vos concinite:*

*Vivant socii!*

*"O vini caritas!*

*O Bacchi lenitas!*

We've drained our purses

*Per multa pocula:*

Yet hope we for new mercies.

*Nummorum gandia:*

Would that we had them, ah!

*"Ubi sunt gandia? Where,*

If that they be not there?

There the lads are singing

*Silecta cantica:*

There are glasses ringing

*In villae curia.*

Oh, would that we were there!"



## Toasts to Wine



Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

— BURNS.

When Father Time swings round his scythe,  
Entomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,  
So that its juices red and blythe  
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.

— EUGENE FIELD.

"The miser may be pleased with gold,  
The sporting man with pretty lass;  
But I'm best pleased when I behold  
The nectar sparkling in the glass."

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,  
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

— BYRON.

With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying gloom.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine.

— BEN JONSON.



## Toasts to Wine



Say, why did Time  
His glass sublime  
Fill up with sands unsightly,  
When wine, we know,  
Runs brisker through  
And sparkles far more brightly?  
Oh, lend it us,  
And, smiling thus,  
The glass in two we'd sever,  
Make pleasure glide  
In double tide  
And fill both ends forever!  
Then wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us,  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heaven tonight  
And leave dull earth behind us!

— TOM MOORE.

In the goblet's magic measure,  
In the wine's all-powerful spirit,  
Lieth poison or—delight,  
Lieth purest—basest pleasure,  
E'en according to the merit  
Of the drinker ye invite.

— BODENSTEDT.

“Eat, drink, be merry, seize the present hour;  
Deem not the future holds a fairer flower.”



## Toasts to Wine



Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;  
The best of life is but intoxication,—  
Glory, the grape, love, gold,—in these are sunk  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation.

—BYRON.

“The generous wine brings joy divine,  
And beauty charms our soul;  
I, while on earth, will still with mirth  
Drink—beauty and the bowl.”

“No chord of music has yet been found  
To even equal that sweet sound  
Which, to my mind, all else surpasses,—  
The clink of ice in crystal glasses.”

Let those who drink not, but austere dine,  
Dry up in law; the Muses smell of wine.

—HORACE.

“On the table spread the cloth,  
Let the knives be sharp and clean;  
Pickles get, and salad both,  
Let them each be fresh and green.  
With small beer, good ale and wine,  
O ye gods! how I shall dine!”



## Toasts to Wine



Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go  
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?  
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,  
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.  
The purple-globed clusters their life dew has bled;  
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!  
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines  
That were garnered by maidens who laughed thro'  
the vines.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer  
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!  
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

Allow this sacred cordial to joy and freshen thee!  
Let all abstemious brethren in their own folly sink;  
No drop we know is wasted of that which sages  
drink!

—BODENSTEDT.

---

Once more fill a bumper—never talk of the hour;  
Our hearts thus united, old Time has no power.  
May our lives, tho' alas!—like the wine of tonight,  
They must soon have an end,—to the last, flow as  
bright!

—TOM MOORE.



## Coasts to Wine



Drink not unfeelingly, nor yet unthinking drink!  
Boast not too vauntingly, nor yet completely sink!  
Where dazzling goblets shine, heed not the water  
ewer,—

He is not worthy wine who will not drink it pure!

In it the power lies to raise and to undo;  
From out our goblets rise wisdom and folly, too.  
But though in price of vine evil and good endure,—  
He is not worthy wine who will not drink it pure!

—BODENSTEDT.

A pretzel and un stein o' peer,  
And thou, mit sixteen kinder,  
Ach, my lieber frau,  
Sitting beside me, those garden in,—  
Ach! dat were baradise already now!

—After OMAR.

Fill the cup and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

—SHAKESPEARE—*Henry IV.*

I cannot eat but little meat,—  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.

—BISHOP STILL.



## Toasts to Wine



A fellow's heart may nigh be broke,  
A fellow's pocket, too;  
But there's always joy for the blithesome boy  
Whose thirst is ever new. — D. COSGRAVE.

---

Pshaw, ye fools that talk of pleasure,  
Sitting by your goblets bright!  
He must be a sage can measure  
Wine's ineffable delight!  
— BODENSTEDT.

---

Though a sinner ye call me,  
I say it the same,—  
Wine is nectar delicious,  
To scorn it a shame.  
— BODENSTEDT.

---

I drink as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
— THACKERAY.

---

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain  
With grammar and nonsense and learning;  
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,  
Gives genius a better discerning.  
— GOLDSMITH.



## Toasts to Wine



Fill the goblet again, for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its  
core;  
Let us drink—who would not?—since, through  
life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

—BYRON.

A reveler I go, freighted with fire, not wine,  
beneath the region of my heart.

—MELEAGER.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings  
No mortal knoweth; wherefore toil or run?  
Spend while thou mayst, eat, fix on present things  
Thy hopes and wishes; life and death are one.  
One moment; grasp life's goods; to thee they fall,—  
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

—PALLADES.

Wine is the milk of the old, the balm of adults  
and the vehicle of the gourmand.

—A. B. L. GRIMOD DE LA REYNIÈRE.

Drink, luckless lover! Thy heart's fiery rape  
Bacchus, who gives oblivion, shall assuage;  
Drink deep; and while thou drain'st the brimming  
bowl,  
Drive love's dark anguish from thy fevered soul.

—MELEAGER.



## Toasts to Wine



Here's to the grape!  
When our summers are flown  
The age of our nectar  
Will gladden our own.  
We must die!  
Who will not?  
But should our sins be forgiven,  
Then Hebe will never be idle in heaven!

—BYRON.

---

Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal "health" goes round;  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,—  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I,—  
Why, man of mortals, tell me why?

—ANACREON.

---

Brisk, methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drink my cap'ring wine;  
Then to love I do incline  
When I drink my wanton wine;  
And I wish all maidens mine  
When I drink my sprightly wine;  
Well I sup and well I dine  
When I drink my frolic wine;—  
But I languish, lower and pine  
When I want my fragrant wine.

—HERRICK.



## Toasts to Wine



Thou sleepest friend, but see, the beakers call!  
Awake, nor dote on death that waits for all.  
Spare not, my Diodorus, but drink free  
Till Bacchus loose each weak and faltering knee.  
Long will the years be when we can't arouse,—  
Long, long; up, then, ere age hath touched our  
brows.

— PALLADES.

Nay! think no more, but grip the slender waist  
Of her whose kisses leave no bitter taste.  
Reason's a hag, and Love a painted jade,—  
Come, daughter of the vine, dear and disgraced!

— R. LE GALLIENNE.

Drink to the girls, and drink to their mothers,  
Drink to their fathers and drink to their brothers;  
Toast their dear healths as long as you're able,  
And dream of their charms while you're under the  
table.

— D. C.

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Then let the goblet gleam for me, my friend;  
Pour forth care-soothing wine ere pleasures end.

— PALLADES.

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may;  
The morrow's life too late is,—live today!

— HERRICK.



## Toasts to Wine



A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain!  
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;  
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,  
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish."

—THOMAS HOOD.

"If with water you fill up your glasses,  
You'll never write anything wise,  
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus  
Which carries a bard to the skies!"

Then never let us vainly stray  
In search of thorns from pleasure's way,  
But wisely quaff the rosy wave  
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;  
And in the goblet rich and deep,  
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

—TOM MOORE.

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,  
The rosy harbinger of joy,  
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
Thaws the winter of our soul,—  
When to my inmost core he glides  
And bathes it with his ruby tides,—  
A flow of joy, a lively heat,  
Fires my brain and wings my feet,  
Calling around me visions known  
To lovers of the bowl alone.

—TOM MOORE.



## Toasts to Wine



"Bless the grape, and let it pour  
Round the board its purple shower;  
And while the drops my goblet steep,  
I think in love the clusters weep."

---

Oh, if delight could charm no more,  
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,  
When fate had once our doom decreed,  
Then dying would be death indeed!  
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,  
Divinity itself divine.

---

—TOM MOORE.

Old King Coke  
Was a thirsty old soak  
And a boozy old sot, you bet;  
And why he was dry  
Is a problem we'll try  
To attribute to fondness for wet.

---

—D. C.

### To Beer.

Ale is meat, drink and cloth; it will make a cat  
speak and a wise man dumb.

---

—SWIFT.

Come, sit we by the fireside  
And roundly drink we here,  
Till that we see our cheeks all dyed  
And noses tanned with beer.

---

—HERRICK.



## Toasts to Wine



### To Whisky.

Whisky, bedad, is more than mate  
To kape alive the soul;  
So here's our sneers to all who hate  
The overflowing bowl.

But to the byes and lasses swate  
Who love a sip o' rye,  
We drink, that they disconsolate  
Shall never live or die.

May care slide from them like the drink  
Slips down your throat and mine,  
Where whisky bubbles at the brink  
We ne'er shall look for wine.

—WILBUR G. ZEIGLER.

---

“Here's to you that makes me wear old clothes;  
Here's to you that turns my friends to foes,—  
But seeing you're so near,—here goes!”

---

O thou my muse! guid auld Scotch drink!  
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,  
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink  
In glorious fame,  
Inspire me till I lisp and wink  
To sing thy name!

—BURNS.



## Toasts to Wine



O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!  
Accept a bardie's humble thanks!  
When wanting thee, what timeless cranks  
Are my poor verses!

— BURNS.

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men, but  
he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A drop of whisky  
Ain't a bad thing right here.

— BRET HARTE.

While life was mine, the little hour  
In drinking still unvaried flew;  
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,  
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;  
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,  
Or flushing sun inhales the sea;  
Silenus trembled at my cup,  
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

— CAPILUPUS.



## Toasts to Woman



### *The Woman That's Good!*

*Ho, gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,  
Each gallant, each swain and lover;  
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup,  
A laugh for the foam spilt over.  
For the soul is alit and the heart beats high,  
And care has unloosened its tether;  
"Now drink," said the sage, "for tomorrow we die,"  
So let's have a toast together.  
Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,  
Then bend you the knee to address her,  
And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—  
To the woman that's good—God bless her!*

*A youth is a madcap, and time is a churl;  
Pleasure palls, and remorse follows after;  
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,  
With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.  
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of white,  
The maid with the tender eyes gleaming,  
Who has all the wealth of my homage tonight,  
Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.  
And a watch o'er her spirit shall keep,*



## Coasts to Woman



*While the angels lean down to caress her ;  
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep,—  
The woman that's good—God bless her!*

*Ah! Bohemia's honey was sweet to the sip,—  
The song and the dance were alluring  
(The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip  
Had a charm that was very enduring);  
But out from the smoke wreaths and music and lace  
Of that world of the tawdrily clever,  
There floats the rare spell of a pure little face  
That has chased away folly forever.  
And I drain my last toast, ere I go to my rest  
(O fortunate earth to possess her!)—  
To the dear, tender heart in the little white breast  
Of the woman that's good—God bless her!*

—WYNNE.



## Toasts to Woman



“They talk about a woman’s sphere as though  
it had a limit,—

There’s not a place in earth or heaven,  
There’s not a task to mankind given,  
There’s not a blessing or a woe,  
There’s not a whispered yes or no,  
There’s not a life or birth  
That has a feather’s weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it.”

---

Woman’s will bears contradiction,—

If a man ye be, and ware,—  
But they won’t endure conviction;  
Logic women cannot bear.  
For them only three conclusions:  
Kisses, tears, and love effusions.

---

—BODENSTEDT.

“Here’s to the girls we’ve asked, old pal,  
Here’s to the girls who said ‘nay.’  
’Tis better for us they treated us thus,  
For they’re driving the Mormons away.”

---

Here’s to the elf of my childhood,  
Here’s to the maid of my youth;  
Here’s to the girl who gave me her hand,  
But refused me her lips, forsooth!

—D. C.



## Toasts to Woman



"To woman, the only loved autocrat who elects  
without voting,  
Governs without law, and decides without appeal."

---

Here's to the club girl,  
Here's to the tub girl,  
Here's to the lass who looks you through;  
Here's to the mannish girl,  
Here's to the clannish girl,—  
Drink to 'em standing,—the petticoat crew!

—D. C.

---

"The woods are full of fairies,  
The sea is full of fish;  
But the thing I want is a woman,—  
And that's a manly wish."

---

A book of verses underneath the Bough,  
A jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,  
O Wilderness were Paradise enow!

—OMAR.

---

Here's to woman!—ah, that we could fall into  
her arms without falling into her hands!

—AMBROSE BIERCE.



## Toasts to Woman



Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and  
chisel, and pen,  
We will work for ourselves and a woman, forever  
and ever, Amen!

— KIPLING.

Give me the glass that felt her lippe,  
And happy, happy shall I sippe;  
And when is fled the daintie wyne,  
Something remaineth still divyne.

— PETER PINDAR.

“No matter their color,—we’ll drink to the eyes  
That weep when we weep—when we laugh, laugh  
replies!”

Here’s to that most fascinating woman, the widow  
of some other man!

— CAROLUS AGER.

Were’t the last drop in the well  
As I gasped upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
’Tis to thee that I would drink!

— BYRON.

“You may drink to her eyes, her lips, and her hair,  
Her form divine, distingué air;  
But here’s to the girl with a heart and a smile,  
Who makes this bubble of life worth while!”



## Toasts to Woman



### Just Two.

In a world of ceaseless changes,  
Where all things fade and pine,  
Where love, like fancy, ranges,  
There are just two hearts worth knowing:  
Just two, whose constant glowing  
No sign of change is showing,—  
Your heart, sweetheart, and mine.

So, as we stand at parting,  
Each glass abrim with wine,  
And feel, with passion starting,  
Your fingers thrill to mine,—  
With a sigh that neither misses,  
Let's flood the wine with blisses,  
And drink, like good night kisses,  
To thy heart, sweet, and mine!

—JOHN McNAUGHT.

“Here's to God's first thought, ‘Man’!  
Here's to God's second thought, ‘Woman’!  
Second thoughts are always best,  
So, here's to Woman!

—  
“Here's to our wives, sisters and sweethearts!  
Here's to love, honor and fame!  
Here's to the *girl* we think of, *but*—  
The *girl* we never name!”



## Toasts to Woman



### The Wimmin!

So let us all, yes, by that love which all our lives  
rejoices,  
By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's  
seraphic voices,  
By those dear arms that will enfold us when we  
sleep forever,  
By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give  
answer never,  
By mem'ries lurkin' in our hearts an' all our eyes  
bedimmin',  
We'll drink a health to those we love, an' who love  
us—the wimmin!

—EUGENE FIELD'S TOAST TO THE LADIES.

Why long for the absent, sigh for the past?  
The sweetest of life from first to the last  
Is the sweet that stays with us and ever is near.  
Be it wine that sparkles, or wine that glows,  
White as the moonlight, or red as the rose,—  
Let us pour it and drink it as fast as it flows,  
To the sweetest of sweets—the sweets that are here!

—JOHN McNAUGHT.

Here's to the love in her heart  
And the rainbows in her eyes,  
Which cover with gorgeous hues  
The blackness of my skies.

—BADÉ.



## Toasts to Woman



### The Girl of California.

The girl of old Virginia is a thoroughbred of  
vim,  
And the damsel of New England's intellectual but  
prim,  
And the maid of Indiana, when she's healthy country  
born,  
Has a soul as blithe and hearty as the sun upon  
the corn.

You may sing their charms and graces  
And the beauty of their faces,  
You may swear you've met the fairest of a half a  
hundred races,—

But your valiant boasts take care, sir,  
And your gallant toasts beware, sir,  
Till you've gazed upon the girl of California.

Here the Orient pomegranate ripens glorious on the  
trees,

Here the groves are hung with golden apples of  
Hesperides,

Here the peaks are white in summer far above the  
fir and pine

While the vale below is purple with the grape upon  
the vine;

And the merry time of sowing  
Follows close upon the mowing  
And the hedges smile with roses that at Christmas  
time are growing,—



## Coasts to Woman



But reserve your admiration  
And delight for that occasion  
When you see the girl that grows in California.

In her eyes the purple vintage, in her voice a note  
you feel  
Somewhat fondly reminiscent of the songs of old  
Castile;  
But the Argonauts have blessed her with an inde-  
pendent fire,  
Though her heart's as big and wholesome as the  
acres of her sire.

If you'd woo her, have a care,  
For she's wilful as she's fair,  
And there's call for Cupid's mettle if he'd trap her  
in his snare,—

But you'll suffer like a stoic  
Any sacrifice heroic  
Should it win for you the girl of California.

—WALLACE IRWIN.

---

### To The Hostess.

Here's to the hostess who has worried all day,  
And trembled lest everything go the wrong way;  
May the grace of contentment possess her at once,  
May her guests—and her servants—all do the  
right stunts.

—FRANCIS WILSON.



## Toasts to Woman



### Our German Freundinnen!

Of you I think, Germania's daughters fine!  
You are like flowers, "*hold und schoen und rein.*"  
O' the Rhenish land I'd fain possess a slice,  
Where hills and dales are all so full of spice.

'Tis happiness to worship at your shrine,  
Great joy lies hid within the Rhine's embrace;  
So, here I lift the dear old Stein  
And drink to you with German grace!

— P. H. T.

There are no times like the old times—they shall  
never be forgot;  
There is no place like the old place—keep green  
the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like the old friends—may  
heaven prolong their lives!  
There are no loves like the old loves,—God bless  
our loving wives!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A wife as tender and as true withal,  
As the first woman was before her fall;  
Made for the man, of whom she is a part,  
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart!

— DRYDEN.



## Toasts to Woman



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,—  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!  
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And here's to the damsel that's merry!  
Let the toast pass, etc. — SHERIDAN.

---

“A woman is like,—but stay,—  
What a woman is like, who can say?  
There's no living with or without one.”

---

“Here's to woman, a mistress of arts, who robs  
a bachelor of his degree, and sometimes even forces  
him to study philosophy by means of—curtain lec-  
tures!”



## Coasts to Woman



Age cannot wither nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

— SHAKESPEARE.

“Here’s to the woman,” sensitive, swift to resent,  
but as swift in atoning for error!

— LONGFELLOW.

Here’s to the woman who has  
Grace in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love!

— MILTON.

For though they almost blush to reign,  
Though love’s own flowers weave the chain,  
Disguise the bondage as we will,  
’Tis woman,—woman rules us still!

— LONGFELLOW.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.

— CAMPBELL.

“Here’s to the lasses we’ve loved, my lad,  
Here’s to the lips we’ve pressed;  
For of kisses and lasses,  
Like liquor in glasses,  
The last is always the best!”



## Toasts to Woman



It warms me, it charms me,  
To mention her name;  
It heats me, it beats me,  
And sets me u'on flame! — BURNS.

---

“Woman,—she needs no eulogy, she speaks  
for herself!”

---

“Here’s to Woman—once our superior, now  
our equal!”

---

Here’s health! And would on earth there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

—EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.

---

“Come in the evening, or come in the morning,  
Come when you’re looked for, or come without  
warning;  
A thousand welcomes you’ll find here before  
you—  
The oftener you come here, the more we’ll adore  
you.”

---

“Here’s to the world’s greatest consolations—  
flowing wine, smiling women!”



## Toasts to Woman



Here's to Woman, the cause of most tempests  
that agitate mankind!

—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

“Then drink, brave gentlemen, drink with me,  
To the beautiful ladies of our city;  
A glass, a toast, a song and a rhyme  
To the dear little saints of our golden time!”

“Brisk wine and lovely women are  
The source of all our joys;  
A bumper softens all our care,  
And beauty never cloy.  
Then let us drink and let us love  
While yet our hearts are gay;  
Women and wine we all approve  
As blessing night and day.”

“Here's hoping you will live one thousand years;  
Here's hoping I will live one thousand years less  
one day!  
How could I live on that day  
Knowing that you had passed away!”

To earth's noblest thing,—a woman perfected!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## Toasts to Woman



Woman,—the true source of all our joys! The mother, the sister, the wife, the true, sympathetic friend! Without her the first man found the Garden of Eden but a desert; for her kings have given up their thrones, generals have left their armies, and the course of empire has turned aside. When she ceases to exist, the human race will no longer survive. She is to man “the rainbow in his storms of life, the evening beam that smiles the clouds away, and tints the morrow with prophetic ray!”

—JAMES A. COOPER.

Woman! be fair,—we must adore thee!  
Smile,—and a world is weak before thee!

—TOM MOORE.

“Here’s to the gladness of her gladness when she’s  
glad!  
Here’s to the sadness of her sadness when she’s  
sad!  
But the gladness of her gladness  
And the sadness of her sadness  
Are not in it with her madness when she’s mad!”

“Here’s lovers two to the maiden true,  
And four to the maid caressing;  
But the wayward girl with the lips that curl  
Keeps twenty lovers guessing.”



## Toasts to Woman



Then remember whenever your goblet is crowned,  
To the eastward or westward, wherever you  
roam,

Whenever the health of dear woman goes round,  
Remember the smiles that adorn her at home!

—TOM MOORE.

“Here’s to a good girl,—  
Not too good, for the good die young,  
And we don’t like dead ones!”

“After man came woman,—and she has been  
after him ever since.”

When Eve, upon the first of men  
The apple pressed with specious cant,  
Oh, what a thousand pities, then,  
That Adam was not Adamant!

—THOMAS FLOOD.

Other bards may sing of battle,  
Praising mosques and princes’ worth;  
But of roses, wine and women  
Ever I the same will sing!

—BODENSTEDT.

“Here’s to the Love that lies in Woman’s eyes,  
And lies—and lies—and lies!”



## Toasts to Woman



“The fairest work of the great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.”

---

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together!

— SHERIDAN.

---

“Here's to woman, whom we admire for her beauty, respect for her intelligence, adore for her virtue, and love because we can't help it!”

---

“Here's to woman, whose heart and whose soul  
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;  
Whether sunn'd at the tropics or chilled at the pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness, too!”

---

“Here's to the prettiest,  
Here's to the wittiest,  
Here's to the truest of all who are true;  
Here's to the neatest one,  
Here's to the sweetest one,  
Here's to them all in one—here's to you!”



## Toasts to Woman



Here's to the girl that I love,  
And here's to the girl who loves me;  
And here's to all that love her whom I love,  
And all those who love her who loves me!

— OUIDA.

A perfect woman likeneth to a fount,  
Whose clear, pure waters bubble as they mount,  
A very revelation of the Lord!

— BODENSTEDT.

Methinks my rhymes my songs should grace,  
Like garments that thy limbs embrace;  
Fair tho' their folds, the silk, tho' rare,  
What it contains must be more fair.

— BODENSTEDT.

She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition.

— SHAKESPEARE.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warm, to comfort and command.

— WORDSWORTH.

Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and encouragement for every hope!

— SAINTE-FOIX.



## Toasts to Woman



“Toasts of love to the timid dove  
Are always going 'round;  
Let mine be heard: To the untamed bird,—  
And make your glasses sound.”

---

“Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,  
Here's to the girl that's true;  
Here's to the girl that rules my heart,—  
In other words, here's to you!”

---

“What's a table richly spread  
Without a woman at its head?”

---

For me, I'm woman's slave confessed,—  
Without her, hopeless and unblessed.

---

—JAMES HOGG.

Drink to life and the passing show,  
And the eyes of the prettiest girl you know.

---

—E. FOREMAN.

“Here's health to the maiden and health to the  
dame,  
And health to the gay little widow, the same;  
May the maid become dame, the dame widow,  
and then  
May the widow be made to get married again!”



## Toasts to Woman



“Here’s to the tongue of woman; it never wears out!”

---

“Here’s to our dear old mother-in-law,  
With all her freaks and capers,  
For were it not for dear old ma,  
What would become of the ‘comic papers’?”

---

“Here’s to our wives, who fill our lives  
With little bees and honey!  
They break life’s shocks, they mend our  
socks,—  
But don’t they spend the money!”

---

Here’s to our better halves,  
Who reconcile us to our poorer quarters!  
— F. M.

---

Whoe’er she be,  
That not impossible she,  
That shall command my heart and me!  
— CRASHAW.

---

“To woman’s love—to man’s not akin,  
For her heart is a home, while his heart is an  
inn!”



## Toasts to Woman



From barest rocks to bleakest shore  
Where farthest sail unfurls,  
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—  
God bless our Yankee girls!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

“Here’s to women who are tender,  
Here’s to women who are slender,  
Here’s to women who are large and fat and red;  
Here’s to women who are married,  
Here’s to women who have tarried,  
Here’s to women who are speechless,—but  
they’re dead!”

---

“Here’s to woman, the source of all our bliss;  
There’s a foretaste of heaven in her kiss;  
But from the queen upon her throne to the maiden  
in the dairy,  
They are all alike, in one respect—contrary!”

---

Fill me with the rosy wine,  
Call a toast—a toast divine!  
Give the poet’s darling flame,  
Lovely Jessie be the name,—  
Then thou mayest freely boast  
Thou hast given a peerless toast!

—BURNS.



## Toasts to Woman



A toast, if ye will, to a sweetheart true,  
And a wife of faith undaunted;  
And drink in the praise of their fetching ways,  
To charms that have long been vaunted;  
And drink to the eyes and drink to the lips,  
Aye, drink, and since drink ye must,  
But when ye've done, drink, every one,  
To the girl the women trust!

—N. G. BRAUNHART.

---

If to loveliness I could build a shrine  
Where all the world might bend the knee,  
I'd but lend to it a charm divine  
By making it a throne for thee!

—I. H. KEMPNER.

---

Here's to the land that gave me birth,  
Here's to the flag she flies;  
Here's to her sons, the best on earth,  
Here's to her smiling skies;  
Here's to a heart which beats for me,  
True as the stars above;  
Here's to the day when mine she'll be,—  
Here's to the girl I love!

—FRANK PIXLEY.

---

“Here's to our wives and sweethearts! May  
our sweethearts become our wives, and our wives  
ever remain our sweethearts!”



## Toasts to Woman



Drink to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,—  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy!  
Oh, woman's heart was made  
For minstrel hands alone;  
By other fingers played  
It yields not half the tone!  
Then here's to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,—  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold can never buy!

At beauty's door of glass,  
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,  
They asked her, "Which might pass?"  
She answered, "He who could."  
With golden key Wealth thought  
To pass—but 'twould not do,  
While Wit a diamond brought  
Which cut his bright way through.  
Then here's to her, etc.

The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth and grandeur shines,  
Is like the gloomy gnome  
That dwells in dark gold mines.  
But oh, the poet's love  
Can boast a brighter sphere;  
Its native home's above,—  
Though woman keeps it here!  
Then drink to her, etc. —TOM MOORE.



## Toasts to Woman



O woman! Perfect woman! What distraction  
was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!

— BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

---

Here's to woman, the Sunday of man!

— MICHELET.

Here's to the chaperone!  
May she learn from Cupid  
Just enough blindness  
To be sweetly stupid!

— OLIVER HERFORD.

---

So here's to thee, my gentle dear,  
And may that eyelid never shine  
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear  
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!

— TOM MOORE.

---

"Here's to the hostess! May she be hung,  
drawn and quartered! May she be hung with jew-  
els, drawn in a coach and four, and quartered in a  
palace!"

---

"I drink to one, and only one,—  
And may that one be he  
Who loves but one, and only one,—  
And may that one be me!"



## Toasts to Woman



A wit should be no more sincere than a woman  
constant.

— CONGREVE.

“She’ll learn to smoke a cigarette  
And drink a glass of wine;  
She’ll get a breakfast, lunch, or tea,  
An appetite to dine;  
She’ll flirt in dress décolleté,  
She’ll think a kiss no sin;  
And that’s the kind of summer girl,  
Alas! that seems to win.”

Her voice was the voice the stars had when they  
sang together.

— DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

“Now, boys, just a moment! You’ve all had your  
say,  
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.  
We’ve toasted our sweethearts, our friends and  
our wives,  
We’ve toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;  
’Tis one in a million, and outshines the rest;—  
Don’t frown when I tell you this toast beats all  
others,—  
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to ‘*Our  
Mothers!*’”



## Coasts to Woman



Mother !

“ ‘I drink to one,’ he said,  
‘Whose image never may depart,—  
Deep-graven on this heart  
Till memory be dead;  
Whose love for me shall longer last,  
While lighter passions all have passed,  
So holy ’tis and true!  
Whose love for me hath longer dwelt,  
More firmly fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged to you!’

“ Each knight upstarted at the word,  
And had his hand upon his sword  
With fury flashing eye;  
And Stanly cried: ‘We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of that most beauteous dame  
Whose love you hold so high.’  
St. Leon paused, as though  
He did not care to breathe that name  
In careless mood thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble head  
As though to give that name the reverence due,  
And gently said, ‘My Mother!’ ”

---

“ I have known many, liked a few,  
Loved but one,—so here’s to you!”



## Coasts to Man



### *Friendship.*

*The daylight is gone, but before we depart,  
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,—  
The kindest, the dearest,— oh, judge by the tear  
I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!*

*Oh, say, is it thus in the mirth-bringing hour,  
When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,  
Shoots forth from the lip in Bacchus's dew,  
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new,—*

*Do you sometimes remember and hallow the brim  
Of your cup with a sigh as you crown it to him  
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,  
And would pine in Elysium if friends were not there?*

—TOM MOORE.



## Toasts to Man



We've drunk as much as we're able,  
And the cross swings low for the morn;  
Last toast—and your foot on the table—  
A health to the Native born!

—KIPLING.

May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be;  
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

—SHAKESPEARE.

Whereby discernest thou the fairest flowers?  
By leaf and hue!  
Whereby discernest thou the purest wines?  
By taste—if true!  
Whereby discernest thou the worthiest men?  
By what they do!

—BODENSTEDT.

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within.

—COWPER.

His heart was as great as the world, but there  
was no room in it to hold the memory of wrong.

—EMERSON.



## Toasts to Man



Here's to our bachelors, created by God for the  
consolation of widows and the hope of maidens!

— DE FINOD.

---

Why should he talk, whose presence lends a grace  
To every table where he shows his face!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

With him who quaffs his pot of ale,  
Who holds to all an even scale,  
Who hates a knave in each disguise,  
And fears him not, whate'er his size,—  
With him well pleased my days to pass,  
May Heaven forbid the Parting Glass!

— PHILIP FREEMAN.

---

“Brother to a prince and fellow to a beggar if he  
be found worthy.”

---

“We may live without books,—what is knowledge  
but grieving?

We may live without hope,—what is hope but  
deceiving?

We may live without love,—what is passion but  
pining?—

But where is the man who can live without din-  
ing?”



## TOASTS TO MAN



Here's to the eyes that are tender and gray,  
Here's to the eyes that are blue;  
Here's to the eyes that are black or brown  
So long as the eyes speak true!  
Here's to the eyes of the one I love,  
Here's to the one I trust, —  
I do not love him because I will,  
I love him because I must.  
Here's to the eyes that never rove  
In search of each fair, fresh face;  
Here's to a man who loves a maid  
For her winsome ways and dainty grace!  
Here's to the rarest thing on earth,  
A pearl that hath no stain, —  
A man who has never been false to his vows,  
And the lips where his own hath lain!

— A. G. HALES.

Here's to thee, O elegant scholar, —  
To thy grace of speech and thy skill in turning  
phrases,  
Thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings!

— LONGFELLOW.

“Here's to that wise man — he who knows himself!”

Let every man be master of his time till seven at  
night.

— SHAKESPEARE.



## Toasts to Man



"There's a beautiful toast,  
To a feminine host,  
There's a swing to the 'Ladies, God bless 'em!'  
But the women should cry,  
With their glasses on high,  
A toast to the men who dress 'em!"

---

"Money to him who has spirit to use it,  
And life to him who has courage to lose it!"

---

"His tongue dropped manna, and could make  
the worse appear the better reason—a bumper to  
him!"

---

My teacher is Hafiz, the tavern my church,  
Good comrades and wine the extent of my search!  
Thus, in all merry circles in which I arise  
They praise and esteem me, and call me—the wise.

---

—BODENSTEDT.

"Here's to our friends in Heaven,  
Here's to our friends in Hell!  
And damned be the man who kisses a girl  
And will then go round and tell!"

---

"He stood four square to all the winds that blow."



## Toasts to Man



And had he failings, they would lean to virtue's side!

—GOLDSMITH.

“Here's to the young saint — old sinner;  
Here's to the young sinner — old saint!”

“Oh, here's to the good, and the bad men, too,  
For without them saints would have nothing to do!  
Oh, I love them both, and I love them well,  
But which I love better, I never can tell!”

To man, who, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way has shown!

—WHITTIER.

“Here's to the man who loves his wife,  
And loves his wife alone,  
For many a man loves another man's wife  
When he should be loving his own!”

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning year;  
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's  
shrine,  
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear!  
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute thine!”



## Toasts to Man



“Here’s to long life and prosperity!—  
And those that don’t drink with sincerity,  
May they be damned to eternity!”

---

“To the model husband—always some other  
woman’s!”

---

To fill a bright cup with the sunlight that gushed  
When the dead summer’s jewels were trampled and  
crushed;  
The true Knight of Learning,—the world holds  
him dear,—  
Love bless him, joy crown him, God speed his  
career!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

God bless the great Professor,  
And the land his proud possessor,—  
Bless them now and evermore!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

The friend of all his race, God bless him!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our  
fortunes and our sacred honor!

—JEFFERSON.



## Toasts to Man



“Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!”

---

Here's to the orator! for  
There is no true orator who is not a hero!

---

— EMERSON.

“Not drunk is he who from the floor  
Can rise again, and drink some more;  
But drunk is he who prostrate lies,  
And who can neither drink nor rise.”

---

“There came to the beach a poor exile from Erin;  
The dew on his wet robe hung heavy and  
chill.

Ere the steamer that brought him had passed out  
of hearin',

He was ‘Alderman Mike’ introducing a bill!”

---

Praise me not too much, nor blame me, for thou  
speakest to the Greeks, *who know me*.

---

— BRYANT.

A gentleman who loves to hear himself talk, and  
will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in  
a month.

---

— SHAKESPEARE.



## Toasts to Man



### To a Priest.

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,  
Who of her children sits above the priest?  
For him the brodered robe, the carven seat,  
Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet;  
For him the incense fumes, the wine is poured,  
Himself a god, adoring and adored!  
His the first welcome when our hearts rejoice,  
His in our dying ear the latest voice;  
Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,  
Our staff, our stay, our all but heavenly friend!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

— GOLDSMITH.

### To a Doctor.

The best of all the pill-box crew,  
Since ever time began,  
Are the doctors who have most to do  
With the health of a healthy man.  
And so I count them up again,  
And praise them as I can:  
There's Dr. Diet,  
And Dr. Quiet,  
And Dr. Merryman!

— W. DUFFIELD.



## Toasts to Man



How blest he is who knows no meaner strife  
Than Art's long battle with the foes of life!  
No doubts assail him, doing still his best,  
And trusting kindly Nature for the rest.

How sweet his fireside when the day is done  
And cares have vanished with the setting sun!  
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,  
Lulled by an opiate Art could never find;  
Sweet be thy slumber—thou hast earned it well;  
Pleasant thy dreams!—(Clang, goes the bell!)

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

The doctors are our friends, let's please them well,  
For though they kill but slow they are certain.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

---

### Lawyers.

A bumper  
To a group of Wranglers from the bar,  
Suspending here their mimic war!

—BLOOMFIELD.

---

“To the humor of the law: ‘Quips and sentences, and paper bullets of the brain.’”

---

“‘Virtue in the middle,’ said the devil, as he seated himself between two lawyers.”



## Coasts to Man



### Authors.

"The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes!"

---

He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature.

— JOHNSON'S TOAST TO DR. CAMPBELL.

---

Here's to the writers:—

May their thread be strong,  
May their span of life  
Be full and long,  
And when at last  
They are summoned hence,  
May these be their words in self-defense:—  
The only words they need to say,  
"I was a writer in my day."

— KATHRYN KENDALL.

---

### Poets.

A guiding star thy heart:  
No lack of light or fragrance where thou, glad poet,  
art!

— BODENSTEDT.

---

"When Nature made him, she was in a rhyth-  
mical mood, and has been constant to the last."

---

Here's to the artist with god-seeing eyes,  
With his feet on earth and his head in the skies!

— MARY BELL.



## Toasts to Man



### To Artemus Ward.

This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he has n't made no attempts to scalp any member of my family. He has n't broke no cups or sassers, or furniture of any kind. (Hear, hear.) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and a fork. People of this kind should be encurraged. I purpose 'is 'elth. (Loud 'plaws.)

— FROM PUNCH, 1866.

A health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire.

— JACK LONDON.

### Lincoln.

Here's to ye, Mr. Lincoln! May you die both late and aisy,  
And when you lie with the top of each toe turned up to the roots of the daisy,  
May this be your epitaph nately writ:—  
"Tho' traitors abused him vilely,  
He was honest and koind, and loved a joke,  
And he pardoned Miles O'Riley."

— M. O'R., a Cincinnati Journalist.



## Coasts of Sentiment



*Here's health to you and wealth to you,  
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;  
Here's name to you and fame to you,  
Blessing and joy a whole life long!  
But, lest bright Fortune's star grow dim,  
And sometimes cease to move to you,  
I fill my bumper to the brim  
And pledge a lot of love to you!*

—NANNIE B. TURNER.



## Toasts of Sentiment



A health for the future, a sigh for the past,—  
We love, we remember, we hope to the last;  
And for all the bare lies that the almanacs hold,  
While we've youth in our hearts, we can never  
grow old.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

Here's to friendship—the shield that blunts the  
darts of adversity.

— MME. DE SAINT-SURIN.

---

Here's to the débris of life's shipwreck: Friend-  
ship, glory and love! May the shores of our ex-  
istence be strewn with them.

— MME. DE STAËL.

---

Here's to the only true language of love: "A  
kiss."

— A. DE MUSSET.

---

Here's to love, the worker of miracles: He  
strengthens the weak and weakens the strong; he  
turns wise men into fools and fools into wise men;  
he feeds the passions and destroys reason, and plays  
havoc among young and old!

— MARGUÉRITE DE VALOIS.

---

Here's to friendship—Love without his wings.

— BYRON.



## Toasts of Sentiment



When love is kind, cheerful and free,  
Love's sure to find welcome from me;  
But when love brings heartache or pang,  
Tears and such things, love may go hang.  
Else here I swear young love may go,  
For ought I care, to Jericho!

— TOM MOORE.

Here's a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile for those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

— BYRON.

In the desert a fountain is springing;  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
That speaks to my spirit of thee.

— BYRON.

Here's to the wings of friendship—may they  
never molt a feather.

— DICKENS.

There are fools who kiss and tell;  
Wisely hath the poet sung—  
Man may hold all sorts of posts,  
If he'll only hold his tongue.

— KIPLING.



## Toasts of Sentiment



Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,  
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on her sides so low  
That she drinks water and her keel plows air.

— CHAPMAN.

I love everything that's old — old friends, old  
times, old manners, old books, old wine.

— GOLDSMITH.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in  
thy year.

— LOGAN.

"Here's to my friend, to whom, could I but  
rise to the starry realms above, I'd drink a bumper  
from the big dipper."

"May your soul be in Glory three weeks before  
the devil knows you're dead."

Oh, happy he whom destiny  
Did from the first design here,  
That he in mirth should walk the earth,  
A friend to love and wine here!

— BODENSTEDT.



## Toasts of Sentiment



“Here’s to the friends we love so well,  
To those so far away!  
If a drink of cheer would bring them here,  
We would drink the livelong day.”

---

Ah, how good it feels!—the hand of an old friend.

---

—LONGFELLOW.

“Here’s to the tears of friendship! May they  
crystallize as they fall, and be worn as bright jewels  
on the bosoms of those we love!”

---

The daylight is gone, but before we depart,  
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart!

---

—TOM MOORE.

“May Sincerity ever quaff the toast that Friend-  
ship proposes!”

---

O magic of love! unembellished by you,  
Hath the garden a bush, or the landscape a hue?  
Or shines there a vista in nature or art  
Like that which Love opes thro’ the eye to the  
heart?

---

—TOM MOORE.

Here’s to friendship, the only rose without thorns!

---

—MLLE. DE SCUDÉRY.

## Toasts of Sentiment

"We'll drink to Love! Love, the one irresistible force that annihilates distance, caste, prejudice and principles; Love, the pastime of the Occident, the passion of the East; Love, that stealeth upon us like a thief in the night, robbing us of rest, but bestowing in its place a gift more precious than the sweetest sleep! Love is the burden of my toast: Here's looking at you!"

---

Let those love now who never loved before,  
And those who always loved, now love the more!

---

— PARNELL.

A health to you, good friends of mine,  
A plenty to you all;  
May each one be at his own house  
When Fortune makes her call!

---

— ALONZO RICE.

"*Our absent friends!* Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses."

---

You may think this the merest lip service, my dear  
(But give me a moment apart);  
Though the bubbles tonight have gone to my head,  
The dregs have sunk deep in my heart.

— MABEL CRAFT DEERING.



## Toasts of Sentiment



And here's to them that, like oursel',  
Can push about the jorum;  
And here's to them that wish us well,—  
May a' that's gude watch o'er them;  
And here's to them we darna tell,  
The dearest o' the quorum!  
—BURNS.

### To a Lost Love.

Who wins his love shall lose her;  
Who loses her shall gain,  
For still the spirit woos her,  
A soul without a stain,  
And memory still pursues her  
With longings not in vain!  
He dreams she grows not older  
The land of dreams among;  
Though all the world wax colder,  
Though all the songs be sung,  
In dreams doth he behold her  
Still fair and kind and young.  
—ANDREW LANG.

While there's life on the lip, while there's warmth  
in the wine,  
One deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall  
be thine!  
—OWEN MEREDITH.

Fate gives us parents; choice gives us friends.  
—DELILLE.



## Toasts of Sentiment



One cup in joy before the banquet ends,  
One thought for vanished, for transfigured friends;  
Stars on the living cope of heaven embossed,  
The heaven of love that o'er us beams and bends.

—EDMUND GOSSE.

Cast away wisdom to the wind!  
One thing, but one alone, I know—  
Love beat e'en Jove, and made him blind!  
Upon Love's revel we will go.

—STRATTON.

Instruct me now what love will do;  
'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.  
Inform me next what love will do;  
'Twill strangely make a one of two.  
Teach me besides what love will do;  
'Twill quickly mar, and make ye, too.  
Tell me now, last, what love will do;  
'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierced through!

—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

### To Freedom.

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,—  
Crown her with star-jewels, Queen of the West!  
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,  
She shall reign over us, world without end!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## Good-fellowship



### *Bohemian Days.*

*They are gone with our dreams, the dear days of the  
Past,—*

*The days of Bohemia,—of friendship as white  
As the foam of the seas when they curl to the blast,  
As steadfast and true as the lanterns of night.*

*And voices are dumb that were ready to jest,  
And hands are now cold that were warmer than  
wine;  
And eyes that once glistened, and lips that were pressed,  
Are missing this evening in your lives, and mine.*

*God love her; God love him! And oh, for the years  
Unfurled like the leaves from the rose's red heart!  
And oh, for the days when we whistled at fears,  
And dreamed that the glory would never depart!*

*So rise, kindred spirits, and be not ashamed  
If a tear wet your cheeks as you think of the dead;  
And empty your glasses to days that were famed,—  
The days of Bohemia,—dear days that are sped!*

—H. V. SUTHERLAND.



## Good-fellowship



### To Bohemia.

To a land without a flag, without fleets and armies, whose decrees, emanating from a free forum, are self-executing, and where the best rule; a land of tranquil peace, where love is triumphant over death; a land limited by no language and bound by no barriers, encompassing all who would enter and equal to the demands of all who would labor; a land without tariffs, of unrestricted intercourse with the universe, whose raw material is "airy nothing," and yet whose productiveness is proverbial; a land whose population is bound together by affection and common pursuits, and whose only progeny is the children of the brain. Located far from the Empire of Silence and close to the settlement of Utopia, embracing in its suburbs the Republic of Letters, its principal industry is the expression of thought, and the freedom of its people is the condition of their existence; their incentive is fame, their guerdon is glory, and their happiness springs from ennobling employment and the consciousness of creative work: and this land is called **BOHEMIA!**

—JAMES D. PHELAN.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow,  
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;  
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
And a bottle like this I most heartily cheer.

—BURNS.



## Good-fellowship



To those who passed me on the highway and  
gave greeting and whom I shall never meet again,  
to the possible friends who came my way and whose  
eyes lingered as they fell on mine, may they ever  
be eager with youth and strong with fellowship,  
may they never miss a welcome or want a comrade.

—ANNA STRUNSKY.

---

A glass is good, a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,  
The world is good and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together.

—JOHN O'KEEFE.

---

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
And true lovers' knots, I ween;  
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,—  
We have drunk from the same canteen.

—CHARLES G. HALPINE ("Miles O'Reilly").

---

"Here's a toast to the toast that good-fellowship  
lends  
With the sparkle of beer and of wine;  
May its sentiment always be deeper, my friends,  
Than the foam on the top of the stein."



## Good=fellowship



May we never want a friend nor a bottle to give him!

When found, make a note of.

—DICKENS.

---

To the young, long life and treasure;  
To the old, all health and pleasure.  
Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care and a fig for woe;  
If I can't pay, why, I can owe,—  
And Death makes equal the high and low.

—HEYWOOD.

---

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!  
Around our temples roses twine!  
Like the wine and roses, smile.  
Today is ours; what do we fear?  
Today is ours; we have it here.  
Let's treat it kindly that it may  
Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,  
To the gods belongs tomorrow.

—ANACREON.

---

“Now I, friend, drink to you, friend, as my friend drank to me, and I, friend, charge you, friend, as my friend charged me, that you, friend, drink to your friend as my friend drank to me; and the more we drink together the merrier we'll be.”



## Good-fellowship



Here's to us all! God bless every one!

—DICKENS.

“May your joys be as deep as the ocean and  
your sorrows as light as its foam.”

Thou art ever a favored guest  
In every fair and brilliant throng,—  
No wit like thine to make the jest,  
No voice like thine to breathe the song.

—TOM MOORE.

“We came into this world naked and bare,  
We go through this world full of sorrow and care;  
We go out of this world—we know not where—  
But if we're thoroughbreds here, we'll be  
thoroughbreds there.”

Then fill the bowl—away with care,  
Our joy shall always last,—  
Our hopes shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past.

—TOM MOORE.

Pour deep the rosy wine and drink a toast with me:  
Here's to the three:—Thee, Wine and Camaraderie!

—TOM MOORE.



## Good-fellowship



And let the loving-cup go round,  
The cup with blessed memories crowned,  
That flows whene'er we meet, my boys;  
No draft will hold a cup of sin,  
If love is only well stirred in  
To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,  
To keep it sound and sweet.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

Here's to those who wish us well,  
And those who don't, may go to—— Heaven.

— JAMES KEENE.

---

All cares to the wind let us merrily fling,  
For the damp, cold grave is a dead-sure thing.  
It's a dead-sure thing we're alive tonight,  
And the damp, cold grave is out of sight;  
So down with the sigh and up with the laugh,  
'Tis the health of the gay and the happy, I quaff.

— ELEANOR DAVENPORT.

---

“A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,  
A friend sincere and true,  
Blooming health, good store of wealth,  
Attend on me and you.”

---

“Leave politics to statesmen and thinkers,  
But be jolly here with merry drinkers.”



## Good-fellowship



Fill me, boys, as deep a draught  
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;  
But let the water amply flow  
To cool the grapes' intemperate glow;  
And while the temperate bowl we wreath  
In concert let our voices breathe,  
Beguiling every hour along  
With harmony of soul and song.

—TOM MOORE.

Though the night must pass  
And there comes, alas,  
A world of woe in the morning,  
Then fill up your glasses,—the man's a dig  
Who cares a fig  
If his head is big,—  
So what care we so long as we drink till the  
dawning!

—CAROLUS AGER.

“Here's to lieing, stealing, swearing, drinking!  
If you must lie, lie for a pretty woman.  
If you must steal, steal away from bad company.  
If you must swear, swear by your friends and they  
will swear by you; and  
If you must drink, drink with me!”

I drink to the general joy of the whole table!

—SHAKESPEARE.



## Good-fellowship



I do confess, in many a sigh,  
My lips have breathed you many a lie;  
And who, with such delights in view,  
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

—TOM MOORE.

“Here’s to thee and thy folks!  
May they love me and my folks  
As much as me and my folks  
Love thee and thy folks;  
For there never were folks,  
Since folks were folks,  
That loved folks  
As well as me and my folks  
Love thee and thy folks.”

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou’rt a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

—ADDISON.

“Here’s rest for the weary,—  
In peace rest his soul;  
Good luck to the wanderer  
Who’s lost the keyhole!”

Drink down all unkindness.

—SHAKESPEARE.



## Good-fellowship



Here's to luck, and hoping God will take a likin'  
to us!

— COWBOY, DAKOTA.

One bumper at parting! Though many  
Have circled the board since we met,  
The fullest, the saddest of any  
Remains to be crowned by us yet.  
The sweetness that pleasure has in it  
Is always so slow to come forth  
That seldom, alas! till the minute  
It dies, do we know half its worth!  
But oh, may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up;  
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,  
They die in the tears of the cup!

— BYRON.

And do as adversaries do in law,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends!

— SHAKESPEARE.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg,  
But do not drink any further, I beg!

— LONGFELLOW.

Now, one other health:—  
To our grand patron called Good-fellowship,  
Whose livery all our people hereabout are clad in!

— DEKKAR AND FORD.



## Good-fellowship



Whilst we together jovial sit,  
Careless and crowned with mirth and wit,  
We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to!

— CHARLES COTTON.

Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love  
accompany your hearts!

— SHAKESPEARE.

We'll drink to the friends who wish us well,  
So fill to the brim and toast 'em;  
And if there be those who wish us ill,—  
Why, now is the time to roast 'em!

— GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

“Fill to him, to the brim!  
Round the table let it roll.  
The divine says that wine  
Cheers the body and the soul.”



## Toasts to States



### *California.*

*How she sits like a queen beside the beautiful sunset sea ! How grand her place, how glorious her destiny ; ribbed round by solemn, guardian mountains, the pines are her everlasting sentinels ; strange, beautiful flowers interwoven make her diadem ; her scepter is virgin gold, her canopy a cloudless sky : an empire complete in herself ! Were she, in a moment, rent from the continent and made an island of the sea, still everything to make a nation great would be found, either developed, or a living germ in her sustaining breast. How proud she sits, her Golden Gate swung backward for the world's great ships to enter ; her mighty land-locked bay, at rest, an anchorage where the whole world's ships might ride ! That bay, beautiful at first, and now with a glory a thousand times enhanced by that city that came, at the touch of Midas, and unfolded its glittering splendor on the still bay's sandy shore !*

— FROM THE OLD *Pah-Utah* (a paper published in Nevada many years ago).



## Toasts to States



### To California.

Where Earth is here so kind that just tickle her  
with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest!

—JARROD.

### To Kentucky.

“Kentucky, O Kentucky! I love thy classic  
shades,  
Where flit the fairy figures of dark-eyed Southern  
maids,  
Where the mocking-birds are singing, mid flowers  
newly born,  
Where the corn is full of kernels and the Colonels  
full of corn!”

### To New England.

Where Hubbard squash and huckleberries grow to  
powerful size,  
And everything is orthodox, from preachers down  
to pies!

—EUGENE FIELD.

### To Vermont.

“What State can beat her men, women, maple-sugar  
and horses?  
The first are strong, the last are fleet,  
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,  
And all are uncommonly hard to beat!”



## Toasts to States



### The Sunny Southern States.

There's Virginia and Georgia and all the rest  
Of those sunny Southern parts;  
There's something fine, in their bloom and clime,  
That cheers our Northern hearts.  
So a bumper fill to the genial group,  
And we'll drink a health to their souls;  
And whenever our steps do southward stray,  
May we halt at their julep bowls!

—A. I. W.

### To Rhode Island.

There's Minnesota's Gopher,  
And Texas' Lonely Star,  
And California's Golden Bear,  
All famed both near and far;  
But 'tis not to these I pledge,  
Though all are good, I trow,—  
I toast old Roger Williams' Farm,—  
It's called Rhode Island now!

—A. I. W.

### To Illinois.

Here's a health to the boys,  
Men, maidens and matrons of fair Illinois,  
And the rainbow of friendship that arches its span,  
From the green of the sea to the blue Michigan!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## Toasts to States



### To Pennsylvania.

In Union, a State second only to the State of matrimony. Land of the many rivers—of the stately Susquehanna, the blue Juniata, the graceful Schuylkill, the historic Delaware, and the Monongahela and Alleghany, wedded to the Ohio; land of sylvan beauty, of mineral wealth, of the lordly Coal Baron and the gentle Quaker. Rich in agricultural products, rich in commercial influence, rich in mountain scenery, but richer still in the possession of a bell consecrated and anointed by the hand of Liberty,—the bell which rang forth “the sweetest story ever told!”

—JOHN HUNT.

### To the West.

Here's to the West!—that ever hears  
The thunder of an uncurbed sea  
Hymning its song of Liberty.

Here's to the West!—that knows the thoughts  
Of stately pine and silent peak,  
That bend and brood, but never speak.

Here's to the West!—that reads the stars  
And knows God's holy promise when  
Time strikes for us the hour. Amen!

—HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.



## Toasts to States



To San Francisco.

Our city,  
Once, oh, so fast,  
Now quite good caste,—  
A pity!

—HARRIET LEVY.

---

May the winds waft the wealth of all nations to thee,  
And thy dividends flow like the waves of the sea!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

America and England! May they never have  
any division but the Atlantic between them!

—DICKENS.



## Toasts to Rulers



“To the President—God bless him!”

---

We like the man, we like the strong, generous man,—what I may call the real, human man!

—LORD BERESFORD’S TOAST TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

---

“May he always merit the esteem and affection of a people—ever ready to bestow gratitude on those who deserve it.”

---

’Tis an office of great work, and you an officer fit for the place.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

### To a Sovereign.

’Ere’s to the ’ealth o’ your Royal ’Ighness, hand may the skin o’ ha gooseberry be big enough for han humbrella to cover hup hall your henemies!

—CADDY’S TOAST IN “ERMINIE.”

---

“To the rulers of every land! God bless and guide them ever!”



## Toasts to Nations



To Columbia.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and child of the skies!

—TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

“The poets sing of sunny France,  
Fair olive-laden Spain,  
The Grecian Isles—Italia’s smiles,  
And India’s torrid plain,  
Of Egypt, countless ages old—  
Dark Afric’s palms and dates,  
Let me acclaim the land I name,  
My own United States.”

America—half-brother of the world!—with  
something good and bad of every land.

—PHILIP BAYLEY.

“America forever! The land, boys, we live in!”

“Here’s to our native land! May we live and  
die in it.”

“May the joys of our country be as pure as  
its air of freedom, and its virtues be as firm as its  
mountains.”



## Toasts to Nations



"May there be no North, no South, no East,  
no West, but only one broad, beautiful land!"

---

May the British Lion have his talons eradicated  
by the noble bill of the American Eagle, and be  
taught to play upon the Irish Harp and the Scotch  
Fiddle that music which is breathed by every empty  
shell that lies upon the shores of green Columbia.

---

—DICKENS.

Let Independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

---

—J. HOPKINSON.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one  
nation evermore!

---

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign  
nations, may she always be in the right—but our  
country, right or wrong.

---

—STEPHEN DECATUR.

'It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing  
of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independ-  
ence now and Independence forever!

---

—DANIEL WEBSTER.



## Coasts to Nations



### To Our National Birds.

"The American Eagle and the Thanksgiving Turkey:

May one give us peace in all our States,  
And the other a piece for all our plates."

---

### To Great Britain.

Britain's myriad voices call,  
Sons, be welded, each and all  
Into one imperial whole;  
One with Britain heart and soul,  
One fleet, one flag, one life, one throne—  
Britons, hold your own!

—TENNYSON.

---

### To England.

Now, island Empress, wave thy crest on high,  
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,  
Gallant St. George, the flower of Chivalry,  
For thou hast faced like him a dragon foe,  
And rescued innocence from overthrow,  
And trampled down like him, tyrannic might,  
And to the gazing world mayst proudly show  
The chosen emblem of thy sainted knight,  
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## Toasts to Nations



### To Scotland.

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love!

—BURNS.

We toast ye, the night, the hill and the heather,  
The lad o' the bonnet, the plaid and the feather,  
The land o' the mountain, the stream and the river,  
The land o' our ancestors, Scotland forever!

—G. W. McLAREN.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.

—BURNS.

### To Ireland.

Wert thou all that I wish thee:  
Great, glorious and free,  
First flower of the earth,  
And first gem of the sea!

—TOM MOORE.

“Here’s to the land of the Shamrock so green,  
Here’s to each lad and his darling colleen,  
Here’s to the ones we love dearest and most—  
And may God save old Ireland!  
That’s an Irishman’s toast.”



## Coasts to Nations



### To Russia.

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,  
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright  
star!

God bless the Empire that loves the Great Union;  
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

Our country, our whole country, and nothing  
but our country!

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

---

### To the English-speaking Races.

The founders of commonwealths, pioneers of  
progress, stubborn defenders of liberty—may they  
ever work together for the world's welfare!

— GEORGE W. CURTIS.



## Toasts to Our Flag



Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-field's thunder and  
flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The union of states none can sever;  
The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
And the flag of our Union forever!

—J. P. MORRIS.

---

A song for our banner! the watchword recall  
Which gave the Republic her station:—  
“United we stand, divided we fall!”  
It made and preserves us a Nation.

—J. P. MORRIS.

---

“May the rose of England fairer blow,  
May Scotia's thistle taller grow;  
May the harp of Erin sweeter play,  
While the Stars and Stripes shall hold their sway!”

---

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry flower of liberty!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## Toasts to Our Flag



As memory turns the pages  
And recalls the glorious past,  
With its heroes and its sages  
And the luster that they cast,  
We will drink to grand "Old Glory"  
In the wine of other days,  
And recount the wondrous story,  
The songs of honest praise.

—FOUR TRACK NEWS.

---

Flag of the free-heart's hope and home,  
By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven!

—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

---

One great modern Republic—the home of a  
new cosmopolitan race! May those who seek the  
blessings of its free institutions and the protection  
of its Flag remember the obligations they impose!

—U. S. GRANT.

## Toasts to Army and Navy

Both great in courage, conduct and in fame,  
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;  
Their duty, faith and interest, too, the same,  
Like mighty partners equally they raise!

—DRYDEN.

—  
“The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither, —  
A toast! glasses full to the brim!  
May the wreath they have worn never wither,  
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim;  
May our soldiers and sailors ne'er sever,  
United 'neath colors so true;  
Here's to the Army and Navy forever!  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!”

—  
“Success to our army, success to our fleet;  
May our foes be compelled to bow down at our  
feet!”

—  
“Here's to the Army and Navy!  
May they never want—and never be wanted!”

—  
To Three Great Commanders.

“May we always be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity!”



## Toasts to Army and Navy



"Here's to our brave soldiers, ever victorious!  
May they in time of peace always find shelter in a  
loving heart!"

---

"Stand to your glasses steady,  
And drink to your comrade's eyes;  
Here's a cup to the dead already,  
And hurrah for the next that dies!"

---

Honor and reverence, and the good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
Be unto him whom, living, we salute.

---

—LONGFELLOW.

---

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the gray.

---

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.

---

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,  
And still I can join in a cup or a song;  
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass  
steady,  
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!

---

—BURNS.



## Toasts to Army and Navy



"Their arms our sure defense,  
Our arms, their recompense.  
Fall in!"

---

To the Navy.

Here's to the ships of our Navy,  
Here's to the ladies of our land;  
May the first be ever well rigged  
And the latter ever well manned!

—ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

---

"May it ever sail on a sea of Glory, be wafted  
by the winds of Prosperity, be guided by the compass  
of Justice, and anchor in the harbor of Victory!"

---

Here's to the Cause, let who will get the glory!  
Here's to the Cause, and a fig for the story!  
The braggarts may tell it, who serve but for fame;  
There'll be more than enough that will die for the  
Name!

And though, in some eddy, our vessels, unsteady,  
Be stranded and wrecked, ere the victory's won,  
Let the current sweep by us! O death! come and  
try us!

What if laggards win praise, if the Cause shall  
go on?

—GELETT BURGESS.

## Toasts to Army and Navy

### To An Admiral.

Now smiling friends and shipmates all,  
Since half our battle's won,  
A broadside for our Admiral!  
Load every crystal gun!  
Stand ready till I give the word,—  
You won't have time to tire,—  
And when that glorious name is heard,  
Then hip! hurrah! and fire!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, then, the broadside! Cheer on cheer  
To greet him safe on shore!  
Health, peace, and many a bloodless year  
To fight his battles o'er!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

“Our Navy! May it always be as anxious to  
preserve peace as to uphold the honor of the flag  
in war!”



## Toasts to the Arts



### To Painting and Poetry.

Here's to painting, for "painting is silent poetry";  
And here's to poetry, for "poetry is painting with  
the gift of speech"!

— SIMONIDES.

Here's to poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and  
parent of most!

— CONGREVE.

Seraphs share with thee knowledge, but Art, O  
Man, is thine alone!

— SCHILLER.

Art is an absolute mistress; she will not be  
coquetted with or slighted; she requires the most  
entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand tri-  
umphs.

— CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;  
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—  
pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before.

— ROGERS.

All the many sounds of nature borrowed sweet-  
ness from his singing.

— LONGFELLOW.



## Coasts to the Arts



Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And Fate's severest rage disarm;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please;  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above! — POPE.

---

"Here's to you, Richard Wagner,  
With your horns and your bassoons;  
What a hit you'd made in music  
Had you only tackled tunes!"

---

Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,  
Thou strik'st a silence into hell;  
Thou that tam'st tigers and fierce storms that rise,  
With thy soul-melting lullabies!

---

— HERRICK.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should Language ever speak  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

---

— TOM MOORE.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven  
That man has found or God has given,  
None draws the soul so sweet away  
As music's melting, mystic lay.

---

— JAMES HOGG.



## Coasts to the Arts



Music, that gentler on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music, that brings sweet sleep  
Down from the blissful skies!

—TENNYSON.

Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude  
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss;  
With mirth, wit and dancing and singing conclude  
To regale every sense with delight in excess.

—BEN JONSON.

Benefits of Art-Study: gifts of the soul alone  
defy decay!

—LOUISE BENSON.



## Anniversaries



*We kiss the cup that in love  
Tells of saddest parting moment near;  
We kiss the cup and bid God-speed  
To those we hold in heart most dear.  
For the hand of Time has the lass and the man,  
And leads them away on his well-known plan,  
To freshen their lives in the Land of Love  
With the dew of Hope and the coo of dove,—  
Drink, Time, thou good old man!*

*Join in the cup, the love-filled cup  
Of those who sit in circle here;  
Join in the cup, and bid it brim  
With all in Life that most holds cheer;  
Thy hand, old Time, has the lass and the man,  
They have chosen well thy well-known plan  
To lead them away to the Land of Love.  
Guard them with every shield from above,—  
Drink, Time, thou good old man!*

— CHARLES McILVAINE.



## Anniversaries



Here's to the happy man:—All the world loves  
a lover.

—EMERSON.

Ye met, your souls seemed all in one,  
Like tapers that commingling shone;  
Thy heart was warm enough for both,  
And—hers in truth was nothing loth.

—TOM MOORE.

“May those who enter the rosy paths of matri-  
mony never meet with thorns.”

“Here's to the bride and mother-in-law,  
Here's to the groom and father-in-law,  
Here's to the sister and brother-in-law,  
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,  
May none of them need an attorney-at-law!”

Love is the only good in the world. Hence-  
forth be loved as heart can love, or brain devise, or  
hand approve.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

“Here's to the bride that is to be,  
Happy and smiling and fair,  
And here's to those who would like to be,  
And are wondering when, and where.”



## Anniversaries



“The greatest blessing Heaven can send—a good wife.”

---

“There was never a daughter of Eve but once, ere  
the tale of her years be done,  
Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose, but once  
beneath the sun!  
Though the years may bring her joy or pain, fame,  
sorrow or sacrifice—  
The hour that brought her the scent of the Rose  
she lived it in Paradise!”

---

Here's to matrimony—the high sea for which  
no compass has yet been invented.

---

—H. HEINE.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

---

—CODRINGTON.

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest,  
May life be for thee one summer's day;  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way.

---

—TOM MOORE.

“May all single men be married and all married  
men be happy.”



## Anniversaries



"To marriage: The happy state which resembles a pair of shears; so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

---

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter I am thine.

---

—LONGFELLOW.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,  
And speak my Hebiadora's name;  
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,  
And let the sound my lips adore  
Live in the breeze, till every tone,  
And word and breath speaks her alone.

---

—TOM MOORE.

"To the have-beens—the are-nows—and the may-bes."

---

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late  
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

---

—POPE.

When I said I should die a bachelor,  
I did not think I should live till I were married.

---

—SHAKESPEARE.



## Anniversaries



Men dying make their will—but wives  
Escape a work so sad;  
Why should they make what all their lives  
The gentle dames have had!

—J. G. SAXE.

### To the Wife.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her  
youth.

—TOM MOORE.

Here's to the happy groom, who came, saw—and  
won!

Here's to the blushing bride who surrendered to  
love's fierce onslaught!

—N. ST. G.

“I asked a maiden for her hand,—  
She answered me in accents bland,  
‘Go to Pa-pa.’  
And when I learned that he was dead,  
And of the life that he had led,  
I knew the meaning when she said,  
‘Go to Pa-pa!’”

“Maids and bachelors married, and soon so,  
Wives and husbands happy, and long so!”



## Anniversaries



“You can multiply all the relations of life,  
Have more than one sister or brother,  
In the course of events have more than one wife,  
But you never can have but one mother.”

---

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth!  
May thy smile like sunshine dart  
Into many a sunless heart!

---

— LONGFELLOW.

The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a  
human door!

---

— WORDSWORTH.

A gentle voice and ceaseless mirth  
Is what God gave thee at thy birth.

---

— BODENSTEDT.

Let him live to be a hundred! We want him on  
earth!

---

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

### Birthday Toast.

God grant you many and happy years,  
Till, when the last has crowned you,  
The dawn of endless days appears,  
And heaven is shining round you!

---

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## Anniversaries



### Baby's Toast.

Here's to me!—mamma's pet and pop's boast,—  
To my solos at night, which they roast!

Here's to my little pug nose

And my ten curly toes!

How's that for a little "Milk Toast"?

—FROM LIFE.

### A Christmas Versicle.

A little Boy of Heavenly Birth,  
But far from home today,  
Comes down to find his Ball, the Earth,  
That Sin has cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all  
Join in to get Him back his Ball!

—REV. JOHN B. TABB.

### Old Yule Carol.

"Welcome be thou, Heavenly King,  
Welcome born on this morning;  
Welcome for whom we shall sing,  
Welcome Yule!

"Welcome be ye that are here,  
Welcome all and make good cheer;  
Welcome all another year!  
Welcome Yule!"



## Anniversaries



“Come, friends, let us fill our glasses,  
For a health to the lads and a health to the lasses;  
Let none dare be grave,—life’s a time to be gay,  
And with drinking let’s send the old year on its  
way!

“Good friends, now the season is ripe for bright  
gladness;  
There’s time for all mirth, but there’s no time for  
sadness;  
We’ve no use for sighs, ’tis of smiles we have need,  
So with drinking we’ll give the old year a ‘God-  
speed!’

“Then we’ll drink to all the world below  
And all the Gods above;  
And with our deepest draught  
We’ll pledge the little God of Love.  
Our souls will glow with fellowship,  
Our hearts warm with good cheer,  
And drinking we will welcome in  
The jolly young New Year!”



## M i s c e l l a n e a



*I'll toast you a toast that is less than a toast,  
For a toast that is toasted is more like a "roast";  
A "roast" is a grilling, unleavened by wine,  
While a "toast" is the vintage of good-will divine.  
"A plague upon Discord—to Unity drink!"  
Is a toast, but sarcastic, perhaps you may think?  
A grill, now, or pledge—which appeals to you most?  
Ah, the frail Californian's choice is a "roast"!  
Then here's to the sunshine—that's all in the air!  
And here's to the loving embrace—of the bear!  
Ambitions dissever, elation estranges,—  
Then here's to the man who opposes all changes!  
Who loftily soars, pull him down, tho' a brother,  
For how can we part when we love one another?*

—JAMES D. PHELAN.



## Miscellanea



### To Happy Days Gone By.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, who can call  
today his own—

He, who, secure within, can say—"Tomorrow do  
thy worst, for I have lived today."

Be foul or fair, be rain or shine, the joys I have  
possessed

In spite of fate, are mine! Not Heaven itself  
upon the past has power,

And what has been,—has been, and I have had my  
hour.

—HORACE.

Come! fill to joyous years

This crystal clear and fine;—

The morn may fill with tears

What now we fill with wine.

Forgetting, then, the morrow,

Let us be glad today,—

Regretting not the sorrow,

Joy for its joy must pay;

Lift high the gleaming glass,

Love be its liquid gem,

And the draught whose kiss shall pass

Our lips—be pure with them!

—HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

"To knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to  
Heaven!"



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Come, no more of grief and dying!  
Sing the time too swiftly flying!

Just an hour,  
Youth's in flower,  
Give me roses to remember  
In the shadow of December.

— MRS. W. L. WOODS.

---

“To success, which can strike its roots deep  
only through soil enriched by countless failures!”

---

Laugh at all things, great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore;  
While we're quaffing, let's have laughing,  
Who the Devil cares for more!

— BYRON.

---

A pipe, a book, a fire, a friend,  
A stein that's always full.  
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,  
A life that is never dull!

— ESTELLE FOREMAN.

---

A health!  
And here let Time hold still his restless glass,  
That not another golden sand may fall  
To measure how it passeth.

— DEKKAR AND FORD.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



A toast to Dan Cupid, the great evil-doer,  
A merciless rogue—may his darts ne'er grow fewer.

— ESTELLE FOREMAN.

### To Patriotism.

The whole wide ether is the eagle's way;  
The whole earth is a brave man's fatherland.

— EURIPIDES.

“Here's to the noblest, thankful hearts that take  
The bread of pain, the bitter cup of woe,  
And dare to feel content, for old joy's sake,  
Among the thorns where roses used to blow.”

“To Home, the place where we are treated best,  
and grumble most.”

“Oh, do not despise the advice of the wise,  
Learn wisdom from those who are older,  
And don't try for things that are out of your  
reach—  
An' that's what the Girl told the Soldier!”

“Here's to Hell! May we have as good a  
time there as we had getting there.”



## M i s c e l l a n e a



If I were king—ah, love, if I were king,  
What tributary nations would I bring  
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear  
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair!  
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:—  
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,  
The world a ruby for your finger-ring,  
And you should have the sun and moon to wear,  
If I were king.

Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,  
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing,  
A simple ballad to a sylvan air,  
Of love that ever finds your face more fair,  
I could not give you any godlier thing,  
If I were king.

—J. H. McCARTHY.

When the black lettered list to the Gods was  
presented,  
The list that Fate for each mortal intends,  
At a long list of ills a kind Goddess relented,  
And slipped in three blessings: Wife, Children  
and Friends.

—W. R. SPENCER.

You can make fools of wits, we find each hour;  
But to make wits of fools is past your power.

—DRYDEN.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



You may prate of the virtue of memory,  
Of the days and joys that are past,  
But here's to a good forgettery,  
And a friendship that cannot last!

You may talk of a woman's constancy,  
And the love that can never die,  
But here's health to a woman's coquetry,  
And the pleasure of saying "Good-bye"!

—AN AUTOGRAPH TOAST AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

---

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—  
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we  
lost!—  
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heaven, that we  
found;  
For their fame it shall last while the world goes  
round.

The next, in succession, I'll give you—The King!  
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!  
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,  
As built on the base of the great Revolution;  
And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,  
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd,  
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

—ROBERT BURNS (in honor of the anniversary  
of Rodney's great victory of the 12th of  
April, 1782).



## M i s c e l l a n e a



“ Knock and the world knocks with you,  
Boast and you boast alone;  
That bad old earth is a foe to mirth,  
And has a hammer as large as your own.  
Buy and the gang will answer,  
Sponge and they stand and sneer;  
The revelers joined to a joyous sound  
And shout for refusing beer.  
Be rich and the men will seek you,  
Poor—and they turn and go—  
You’re a mighty good fellow when you are mellow,  
And your pockets are lined with dough.

“ Be flush and your friends are many,  
Go broke and you lose them all;  
You’re a dandy old sport at \$4.00 a quart,  
But not if you chance to fall.  
Praise and the cheers are many,  
Beef, and the world goes by,  
Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick  
As close as a hungry fly.  
There is always a crowd to help you  
A copious draught to drain,  
When the gang is gone you must bear alone  
The harrowing stroke of pain.”

---

Here’s to the journey of Life—and may you  
never miss the train of kindly thought.

—A. I. W.



## Miscellanea



“Here’s to love and unity,  
Dark corners and opportunity!”

---

Here’s to the friends we can trust,  
When the storms of adversity blow;  
May they live in our song and be nearest our  
hearts,  
Nor depart like the year that’s awa’.

—OLD SCOTCH SONG.

---

### Irish Toast.

“Here is that ye may never die nor be kilt till  
ye break your bones over a bushel o’ glory.”

---

### To Pipes and 'Baccy.

Drink with me, lads, and fill your glasses high!  
Drink to Pan’s pipe and its melodious strain  
That draws all cares forth with one throbbing sigh,  
And empties every heart of every pain.

Drink to our own dear pipes—of cob and clay,  
Upon whose stems we breathe in dreamy need,  
And live, once more, a blessed bygone day,  
Drawing, like Pan, sweet harmony from the weed.

—LOUISE HERRICK WALL.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



"To the chef,—good friend, whose versant touch and artful hand have keened my zest for gastronomic lore."

---

### To a Club.

While yet the night is fresh and young,  
With glow of early hours;  
While yet a thirst is on the tongue,  
And a bloom is on the flowers,  
Come fill your glass with wine that gleams  
As bright as stars above;  
And while the generous bumper streams  
We'll toast the club we love!

---

—JOHN McNAUGHT.

There's many a toast I'd like to say,  
If I could only think it;  
So fill your glass to Anything  
And thank the Lord, I'll drink it!

---

—WALLACE IRWIN.

### To Home.

"A world of strife shut out, and a world of love shut in."

---

"May we have the wit to discover what is true and the fortitude to practice what is good."



## To Failure.

Here's to the joker who can't take a joke,  
Here's to the oaf who can't see one;  
Here's to the smile that hides the bright tear,  
To the courage that cowards oft lean on—  
Then let's drink to Failure,  
    Whatever its guise,  
For beneath its dark color  
    Success often lies.

—MILLICENT COSGRAVE.

---

Here's to the old general and the old coquette!  
May both continue to remember their conquests and  
to forget their other engagements.

—F. R. WALL.

---

## To One-and-Twenty.

Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story,  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet one-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty!

—BYRON.

---

Here's a health in homely rhyme,  
To our oldest classmate, Father Time;  
May our last survivor live to be  
As bald and as wise and as tough as he!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



“Here’s to old Omar Khayyam—  
I’m stuck on that beggar—I am!  
His women and wine are something divine—  
For his verses I don’t care a damn!”

---

### To Home.

“The father’s kingdom; the child’s paradise;  
the mother’s world.”

---

Here’s to tomorrow, that Father Confessor of  
days that makes possible the sins of tonight.

— CAROLUS AGER.

---

### To Law.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledger  
than that her seat is in the bosom of God—her  
voice the harmony of the world. All things in  
heaven and on earth do her homage,—the very last  
as fully her care and the greatest as not exempt from  
her power.

— RICHARD HOOKER.

---

To Gasteria, the tenth muse, who presides over  
the enjoyments of Taste.

— BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

---

“God sends meat and the devil sends cooks.”



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Serenely full, the epicure would say :  
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today.

—SIDNEY SMITH.

Better beams without stars  
Than stars that don't shine ;  
Better wine without jars  
Than jars without wine ;  
Better gold without purse  
Than purse without gold ;  
Better sense without verse  
Than rhym'd nonsense, I hold !

—BODENSTEDT.

### Old English.

In the olde time,  
When Beefe, Bread and Beere  
Was honest man's cheere,  
And welcome and spare not ;  
And John and his Joane  
Did live of their owne  
Full merrily !

— COBBE'S PROPHECIES,  
HIS SIGNS AND TOKENS — 1614.

Whom no friend was giv'n on earth,  
He is, by heaven, no friendly greeting worth !

—BODENSTEDT.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Sir, respect your dinner; idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do!

—THACKERAY.

---

As for that, pass the bottle and hang the expense;  
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense  
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day  
If people like us did n't eat, drink, and pay.  
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho,  
So useful it is to have money!  
One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,  
Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend;  
And so, suppose now, while the things go away,  
By way of a grace we all stand up and say,  
"How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho,  
How pleasant it is to have money!"

—A. H. CLOUGH.

---

To the Mince Pye—called King of Cates,—  
Sovereign of Cates, all hail! Nor then refuse  
This cordial offering from an English Muse,  
Who pours the brandy in libation free,  
And finds plum pudding realized in thee!

—WILLIAM HONE.

---

"Here's to the whole world, for fear some fool  
will be sore because he's left out!"



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Fair art thou, Tiflis, on Cyro's green shore!  
Fair art thy sons and thy daughters to me!  
Fount of my agony, fount of my glee,  
Home of my lov'd one, what need'st thou be more?  
My cup is o'erflowing, I drink but to thee!

— BODENSTEDT.

### To Youth.

“Only possessed fully by those who have passed  
beyond it.”

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.

— PERICLES.

### To Law.

“Fond of doctors, little health,  
Fond of lawyers, little wealth.”

May the work that you have  
Be the play that you love!

— E. GEBERDING.

“A dinner, coffee and cigars,  
Of friends a half a score,  
Each favorite vintage in its turn, —  
What man could wish for more?”



## M i s c e l l a n e a



“ Here’s to the smoke that curls in the air,  
Here’s to the dog at my feet ;  
Here’s to the girls that have gone before, —  
Gad ! but their kisses were sweet ! ”

---

### My Treasure.

Let those who never pay their score  
Drink pledges to the golden morrow,  
And others whom reflections bore  
Exalt today in joy or sorrow ;  
I’d rather drink to joy I store,  
Which neither God nor man can borrow !  
Nothing can last  
Except the past.

For those who live in future bliss,  
Each hour depletes their golden treasure ;  
The sand-glass hints what he would miss  
Who strives to hold a fleeting pleasure.  
Naught but the past is ours, and this  
Each day becomes a richer treasure.  
Hand round the wine, —  
The past is mine !

— EDNAH ROBINSON.

---

“ May all your pain be sham pain,  
And all your champagne real ! ”



## M i s c e l l a n e a



And whether we live or whether we die  
(For the end is past our knowing),  
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,  
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!  
Here's luck!  
In the teeth of all winds blowing!

— RICHARD HOVEY.

“May we kiss whom we please  
And please whom we kiss.”

Here's to  
The bright black eye, the melting blue—  
I cannot choose between the two!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

“The Lord gave teeth to men, that they might eat,  
And then, to use them on, he gave us meat;  
But here's a health to that great man who took  
And brought the two together—to the Cook!”

Here's to  
A life with tranquil comfort blest,  
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty,  
All earth can give that earth has best,  
And heaven at four-score years and twenty!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best;  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful knight?  
To every faithful lover, too,  
What can I wish but lady true?

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

Let's drink to the future, "lighted for us with  
the radiant colors of hope"!

—JOHN FISKE.

---

"Not the laurel—but the race,  
Not the quarry—but the chase;  
Not the dice—but the play  
May I, Lord, enjoy away!"

---

"God grant us good, whether or not we pray,  
But e'en from praying souls keep bad away."

---

### To Wealth.

Gold! of all welcome blessings thou'rt the best!  
For never had a mother's smile for men,  
Nor son, nor father dear, such perfect charm  
As thou, and they who hold thee for their guest.

—EURIPIDES.



## Miscellanea



### To Virtue.

Virtue, to men thou bringest care and toil;  
Yet art thou life's best, fairest spoil.

—ARISTOTLE.

### To Health.

“Health! Eldest, most august of all  
The blessed gods, on thee I call!  
Oh, let me spend with thee the rest  
Of mortal life, securely blest!”

### To Life.

Ah, lives of men! When prosperous they glitter  
Like a fair picture; when misfortune comes  
A wet sponge at one blow has blurred the painting.

—ÆSCHYLUS.

“Twin-brother of its deadly foe—and truest  
friend—Death!”

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,  
Yet let's be merry; we'll have tea and toast;  
Custards for supper, and an endless host  
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince pies,  
And other such ladylike luxuries.

—SHELLEY.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Here's to the Freshman, all verdant and gay,  
Here's to the Soph and his folly,  
Here's to the Senior, afraid of next May,  
And here's to the Union, so jolly;  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the class,—  
Her glory shall be our excuse for the glass.

Here's to the class that is leader in all—  
Long may she prosper and thrive, boys!  
Then fill up your glasses and drink to my call,  
The glory of old ninety-five, boys;  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the class,—  
Her glory shall be our excuse for the glass.

— CAROLUS AGER.

---

“Here's a turkey when you are hungry,  
Champagne when you are dry,  
A pretty girl, when you're lonely,  
And heaven when you die!”

---

Fill a glass with golden wine,  
And the while your lips are wet,  
Set their perfume upon mine and forget  
Every kiss we take or give  
Leaves us less of life to live.

— HENLEY.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



“Here’s to the year that’s awa’,  
We’ll drink it in strong and in sma’,  
And here’s to the bonny young lassie in love  
While swift flew the year that’s awa’.”

---

Let’s live in haste ; use pleasures while we may :  
Could life return, ’twould never lose a day.

---

— HERRICK.

---

“Here’s to the stein — ‘Tis not so wide as a  
church door nor so deep as a well, but ’twill serve!’”

---

In his own home let each man stay,  
And freely live in his own way !  
But I of love what I love will sing,  
Where ev’ry day new themes doth bring.  
And while they rise where’er I gaze,  
What need have I to tire me,  
Seeking in midst of bygone days  
For matter to inspire me ?

---

— BODENSTEDT.

---

“Some hae meat and canna’ eat,  
And some wad eat who want it ;  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
So let the Lord be thankit.”



## Miscellanea



Know, ye sons of melancholy,  
To be young and wise is folly!

\* \* \* \* \*

While you scorn our names unspoken,  
Roses dead and follies broken,

Oh, ye wise,

We arise,

Out of failures, dreams, disasters,

We arise to be your masters!

MRS. W. L. WOODS.

—

I would applaud thee to the very echo  
That should applaud again.

—SHAKESPEARE.

—

The Newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them—no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper!

—SHERIDAN.

—

“Here’s to Life’s three blessings: Wife, children, and friends!”

—

Let not fortune e’er thy mistress,  
Let not sorrow e’er thy maid be.

—BODENSTEDT.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good Angel leave the rest,  
The time will teach you soon enough  
There are no birds in the last year's nest.

— HERRICK.

---

Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring,  
And away every care and perplexity fling.

— HORACE.

---

A mother-in-law has the name and repute  
Of whims and of temper and a love for dispute;  
She is roundly abused and maliciously slandered,  
An innocent victim, most unjustly bantered.  
This is all wrong, and defying objection,  
I hold she's a woman of heart and affection.  
So here's to the mother of our husband or wife—  
God bless her and give her good health and long life!

---

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food  
And learn the luxury of doing good!

— GOLDSMITH.



## M i s c e l l a n e a



Ship me somewhere east of Suez,  
Where the best is like the worst ;  
Where there are n't no ten commandments,  
And a man can raise a thirst.

— KIPLING.

I've drunk sheer madness! Not with wine,  
But old fantastic tales!—I'll arm  
My heart in heedlessness divine,  
And dare the road nor dream of harm!

— MELEAGER.

“Blest health! Yea, Beauty's year  
Breaks into spring for thee, for only thee!  
Without thee no man's life is aught but cold and  
drear.”

May liberty meet wi' success!  
May prudence protect her frae evil!  
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
And wander their way to the devil.

— BURNS.

Youth, that sweetest souvenir of Aphrodite  
throned in joy.

— PINDAR.



## In Foreign Tongues



Latin.

“Quisquis amat valeat, pereat qui nescit amare;  
Bis tanto pereat quisquis amare vetat.”

---

\* \* \* Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi  
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit invida  
Ætas: carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

—HORACE.

---

“Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus;  
Post jucundam juventutem, post molestam  
senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

“Vivat academia, vivant professores,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet, vivant membra  
quælibet,  
Semper sint in flore.

“Vivant omnes virgines faciles, formosæ!  
Vivant et mulieres, teneræ, amabiles,  
Bonæ laboriosæ.

“Vivat et respublica et qui illam regit,  
Vivat nostra civitas, Mæcenatum caritas,  
Quæ nos hic protegit.”



## In Foreign Tongues



French.

“Tout pour les dames,  
Beaucoup pour mes amis  
Peu pour moi!”

---

Heureux qui ne veut rien tenter!  
Heureux qui suit ce qu'il doit suivre!  
Heureux qui ne vit que pour vivre,  
Qui ne chante que pour chanter.

---

—VICTOR HUGO.

“A toi, peintre, le monde! a toi, poète, l'âme!  
A tous deux le seigneur!”

---

“Ah! Ah! verse encore, vidons l'amphore  
Qu'un flot divin de ce vieux vin,  
Calme la soif qui me dévore,  
Le vin est un trésor divin.”

---

Aimer le vrai, le beau, chercher leur harmonie;  
Ecouter dans son cœur l'écho de son génie;  
Chanter, rire, pleurer, seul, sans but, au hasard,  
D'un sourire, d'un mot, d'un soupir, d'un regard  
Faire un travail exquis, plein de crainte et de charme,  
Faire une perle d'une larme:  
Du poète ici-bas voilà la passion,  
Voilà son bien, sa vie et son ambition.

—A. DE MUSSET.



## In Foreign Tongues



Jouissons, jouissons de la douce journée,  
Et ne la troublons, pas cette heure fortunée.

— JOSEPH DÉLORME.

Enfant, si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire  
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à  
genoux,  
Et mes flottes à qui la mer ne peut suffire,  
Pour un regard de vous !

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,  
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,  
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,  
L'éternité, l'espace, et les cieux et les mondes,  
Pour un baiser de toi !

— VICTOR HUGO.

Les mots sont faits pour ce qu'on trouve aimable,  
Les regards seuls pour ce qu'on voit charmant.

— BÉRANGER.

Le bonheur tient au savoir vivre :  
De l'abus naissent les dégouts ;  
Trop à la fois nous enivre ;  
Il faut boire à petits coups.

Amis, le bon vin que le nôtre !  
Et la santé quel bien pour tous !  
Pour ménager l'un et l'autre,  
Il faut boire à petits coups.

— BÉRANGER.



## In Foreign Tongues



### Italian.

Non dalle coppe il vin: dagli occhi, amore  
Tu mi versa, gentil Ebe novella:  
E, Ganimede a te, in umile favella  
Ripeterò baciando: eccoti il core!

— L. D. VENTURA.

Viva Bacco! Evviva Amore!  
Bevo ed amo a tutte l'ore.  
Se la bimba dice: No!  
Cheto, cheto allor mi sto;  
Ma se poi dicesse: Sì!  
Non mi muovo più di lì.  
Viva dunque le bambine,  
Le vezzose civettine,  
Che se ridono al mio dire  
Pur vorrebbero gioire;  
Ed un viva per voi pure  
Provocanti creature  
Che alle smanie, lai e pianti,  
Sol contanti scintillanti  
Preferite, e con smorfiette  
Il mio core, a fette a fette,  
Vi spartite e sgranfiguate  
Si dall 'un ch 'all 'altro estate.  
Bevo il vin . . . e farò poi  
Quel che alfin vorrete voi.

— RICCARDO A. LUCCHESI.



## In Foreign Tongues



Ed in festa baldanzosa  
Tra gli scherzi e tra le risa,  
Lasciam pur, lasciam passare  
Lui che in numeri ed in misure  
Si ravvolge e si consuma,  
E quaggiù Tempo si chiama:  
E bevendo e ribevendo  
I pensier mandiamo in bando.

— REDI.

### Tête-à-tête Brindisi.

Tocchiam le coppe, beviam, se vuoi,  
Purché annegui il mio cor negli occhi tuoi!

— L. D. VENTURA.

### German.

Wer nicht liebet Wein, Weib und Gesang,  
Der bleibet ein Narr sein Leben lang!

— MARTIN LUTHER.

Freude sprudelt in Pokalen; in der Traube gold'nem  
Blut  
Trinken Sanftmut Kannibalen, die Verzweiflung  
Heldenmut! —  
Brüder, fliegt von euren Sitzen, wenn der volle  
Rö mer kreist,  
Lasst den Schaum zum Himmel spritzen: Dieses  
Glas dem guten Geist!

— SCHILLER.



## In Foreign Tongues



### Der Kreislauf der Rebe.

“Aus der Rebe in die Tonne, aus der Tonne in  
das Fass,  
Aus dem Fasse dann, o Wonne, in die Flasche  
und ins Glas!  
Aus dem Glase in die Kehle, aus der Kehle in den  
Schlund,  
Und als Blut dann in die Seele, und als Wort  
dann in den Mund!  
Aus dem Worte etwas später formt sich ein  
begeistert Lied,  
Das als Sang dann in den Aether mit der Menschen  
Jubel zieht.  
Und im nächsten Frühling wieder fallen diese  
Lieder fein  
Dann als Tau auf Reben nieder, und sie werden  
wieder Wein.”

---

Ehret die Frauen! Sie flechten und weben  
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben.

---

— SCHILLER.

### Eine Gesundheit auf die Gesundheiten.

Weg, weg mit Wünschen, Reimen, Schwänken!  
Trinkt fleissig, aber trinket still!  
Wer wird an die Gesundheit denken,  
Wenn man die Gläser leeren will?

— LESSING.



## In Foreign Tongues



“Je weiter der Weg, den man wandern muss,  
Um so wärmer zu sein pflegt ein Liebesgruss,  
Ein Gruss zwischen Freunden und Brüdern!”

---

### From the Chinese.

With wine and flowers we chase the hours  
In one eternal spring!  
No moon, no light to cheer the night,  
Thyself that ray must bring.

— PSI SUNG-LING.

---

### From the Sanscrit.

In climbing tendrils I discern thy form,  
In eyes of startled hind thy glances!  
And in the moon thy lovely face,  
In peacocks' plume thy shining tresses!  
The sportive frown upon thy brow is flowing waters'  
tiny ripples;  
But never in one place combined can I, alas! behold  
thy likeness.

— KALIDASA.

---

Beside the lamp, the gleaming hearth  
In light of sun or moon or stars,  
Without my dear one's lustrous eyes  
This world is wholly dark to me!

— BHARTRIHARI.



A Grace After Drink.

*Oh, hear us, kindly Bacchus,  
Lord of good revelry,  
Whose bright elixir teacheth men  
What the immortals be—*

*When next thy joyous satyrs  
Make revelry divine,  
And blend in early spring the sap  
That mellows into wine,*

*Grant that they mix no malice,  
Nor sudden fray, nor strife,  
Nor black despond nor evil thought,  
Nor dull despair of life,*

*But only wit and kindness,  
And laughter fair and strong,  
And sweet content and merriment  
That move the heart to song !*

*So, when the grapes are bursting  
Along thy favored hills,  
And through the frozen veins of men  
Thy golden summer thrills,*



# L ' E n v o i



*Grant, then, that we, thy servants,  
Shall drink in soberness,  
And hold thy godly gift too dear  
For barb'rous gross excess.*

*And aye from every flagon  
The maiden draught be thine—  
A toast to merry Bacchus,  
Lord giver of the vine!*

— WILL IRWIN.