

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

## Resolutions

Whereas it hath pleased Fate to call  
Corinne to England, Portugal  
France, Norway, Sweden, the Sudan.  
Siberia and Hindoostan,  
To Holland, Germany, Cathay,  
Over the hills and far away;  
Taking her lyrical soprano.  
A Decker Brothers grand piano,  
Two steam trunks, one chaperone.  
One reputation all her own,  
Several thousand of exchange,  
One draft on fame, beyond the range  
Of wildest fancy; and whereas  
In courage of things to come to pass  
That Roberts very soul is bent on  
Having Maria Bushwood, Fenton  
Joseph and May and Emma, Charles,  
Will, Ethel, Fannie and some laurels  
To make a little feast with all  
Before she sails for Portugal  
France, Norway, Sweden and the rest;  
Whereas the premises suggest  
That greatest of our institutions,  
A set of formal resolutions.  
Be it resolved.

That said Corinne  
By all that's great is bound to win.  
Which is the sense of convention,  
Cicumlocution, verbiage or ratiocinative metaphor.  
Resolved that she shall spread commotion  
About her as she sails the ocean  
That captain Cook and all the crew  
The purser, mates and boatswain too  
Man-at-the-wheel and main-top-man  
Will die of our American.

The needle, suddenly devout  
Will meekly follow her about  
Yet who shall box it? None. For why?

They'll trust the magnet of her eye.  
Ho there you pole star, douse your glim  
By this one here we'll sink or swim  
The sunlit waves will dance and play,  
Half frantic with a sweet dismay.  
And the night will greet her presence,  
With love-enkindled phosphorescence.  
The iceberg, by one touch of nature  
Lured from his great refrigerator.  
Will seek Elysium in death  
And melt upon her gentle breath  
The pensive spermaceti whale  
Will stand upon his tip most tail,  
This little water spirit in play,  
Oil in his eye and holiday  
In his hearts blubber, when he sees  
Her nearing with a favoring breeze  
But what a devastating sigh  
Will fill the sails when she sweeps by?  
Mark you; with overwhelming hanker  
He'll try to swallow the port anchor.  
Failing in that, he'll plunge from sight,  
Henceforth to be an anchorite.

Be it resolved:  
That said Corinne,  
We'll make a very tidy den  
As here as well as on the sea.  
Dowager Queen, attend to me:  
Put by that tawdry Koh-i-noor  
Here comes a jewel case for sure.  
Now fold your pudgy hands ecstatic,  
And hear her diamond-cut chromatic.  
A string of Koh-i-noors, that scale?  
Eh, Royal Highness? None for sale;  
Although for half a pound a head  
These gems will be exhibited, -.  
At which time will the said Corinne,  
Prince, pompadour and paladin,  
Pope, prelate, premier, potentate,  
entirely discombobulate.  
The effete dynasties will rouse  
And get them to the ancient house,  
Their crowned heads, scorning paradox.  
Counting them happy in a box;  
And none so hopefully effete

But it shall have reserved one seat.

Resolved; that glory round her shine  
Effulgent all along the line;  
That legal tender, notes of hand  
At three days' sight and on demand.  
First mortgage bonds and four-per-cents,  
No end of gilt edged governments,  
Prince consoles and collaterals  
Shall sing their merry madrigals  
In swelling chorus pitched in "S"?  
No, in a safe deposit key,  
That turns the combination locks.  
O mystic, merry music box  
(For to the flute-note of the voice,  
The bank-note undertone is choice.)

Resolved: that our Corinne shall come  
Content and happy to her home;  
With beauty, health and fame bedight.  
The big round world's prime favorite.  
Lastly resolved (if you will read your "Parliamentary Procedure",  
You'll see what I am driving at)  
Lastly I say, tis ordered that  
These resolutions shall be spread  
Upon the minutes and not the bread.  
Spread on the minutes as they speed  
On mirthful wing, with little heed  
Of time to join the waiting hours  
Mid music, laughter, love and flowers.

E'en when they fly on careless wing,  
Sometimes a living joy they bring.

Robt Ramsey  
June 13, 1891

Read in honor of a signer on the eve of her departure for a tour of Europe.