FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

An American arbutus bunch, to be put in a little case, on the royal breakfast table.
May 24th, 1890.

Lady, accept a birth-day thought, haply an idle gift and token,
Right from the fatted soil's May-utterance here,
(Smelling of countless blessings, prayers, and old-time thanks),
A bunch of white and pink arbutus, silent, spicy, shy,
From Hudson’s, Delaware’s, or Potomac’s woody banks.

NOTE.—Very little, as not Americans stand this day, with but sixty or seventy millions of population, an immense surplus in the treasury, and all that actual power of reserved power (land and sea) so dear to nations—very little I say do we realize a curious curving natural shudder when the “Trent affair” promised to bring upon us a war with Great Britain—followed unquestionably as that war would have been recognition of the Southern Confederacy from all the leading European nations. It is now certain that all this past inevitable train of calamity bring on arrogant and peremptory phrases in the prepared and written missive of the British Minister to America which the Queen (and Prince Albert lateral) positively and promptly cancelled; and which her firm attitude did alone actually exert and leave out, against all the other official prestige and Court of St. James. On such minor and personal incidents (so to call them), often depend the great growths and turns of civilization. This moment of a woman and a queen surely swung the grandest oscillation of modern history’s pendulum. Many sayings and doings of that period, from foreign potentates and powers might well be drop’d in oblivion by America—but never this, if I could have my way.

W. W.
give me a second proof  
Please - leave it at 
dinner-time, if convenient, 
& I will read it & send 
it back immediately, so 
you can print me some 
Slips this afternoon.