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Toasts at Ellen Walter's
Christmas Dinner.

Mrs. Smith.

Oh! where is the woman so pure and so true
So upright, and holy, as Nancy Fitzhugh
She has been a good ballast, all her life
To that "high flutin" Gerrit, he needs such a wife

Dr. Bayard

Here's to him who with prophetic eye
Looks beyond the mysterious sky.
In communing with spirits, he never is tired
So lofty and true, is our own Good Bayard.

Mrs. Kerneys.

Petrucio had a charming Cate,
Who starved into an humble state,
Obeyed her Lord and Master.
Our Cate though feasted, and living in ease,
Is gentle, and kind, and sure to please,
And thus her Lord doth Master.

Mrs. Barclay.

Cornelia grand and dignified,
Brightest in affliction tried,
With her jewels, pure and rare
No Roman matron can compare.

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Mr. Stanton.

The stump orator, who helped to give the nation,
A rail splitter, with his grand proclamation;
Is worthy of our thanks and toasts,
Although he don't believe in ghosts,
It's not given to the Stantons
To spend their time in chasing Phantoms.

Mrs. Walter.

No longer tied to David's Psalter,
Born again is Ellen Walter,
Into the world, of truth and thought,
And doctrines, such as Jesus taught.

Mr. Smith.

Oh! Touch my tongue with celestial fire;
To praise him of fame, who can aspire!

Enough to say, perchance, he is no myth;
World known, immortal! Gerrit Smith!!

Mr. Kemeys.

The Gods all assembled in council one day,
To pour out their gifts in the same piece of clay.
And forth there sprang as by magic power
A man equipped for this sad hour
With a noble great frame and a big heart to match
Courageous and bold, without flaw or scratch
Then what to name him, some discussion arose,
But soon all agreed to call him "Big nose."

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Mrs. Stanton

Here's dear Lizzie Stanton, plump and sound
Would she were with manhood crowned
So lofty are her thoughts and wishes,
So much she hates the dames and dishes
Cousin Gerrit.

Trudy Walter.

With graceful gestures, soft dark eye;
Who is that fair one silent by?
Who hears not, speaks not, the earth born tongue,
Whence came, where goes, that blessed one?
Who mingles with us, feels each thought,
As if by inspiration caught,
She seems a link 'tween us and Heaven
A mystic life, our hearts to leaven.
Cousin Lib

Trudy Walter.

Dear Trudy the girl of our choice
She hears; but it's only God's voice.
She speaks; but with only the finger
Around this dear girls our hearts love to linger
Uncle Gerrit.

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Horace Greeley. Smith.
Here's Horace Greeley
Who still is really
An unsophisticated man
On what other politician
Of his high position
So great a praise bestow you can.

Horace Greeley. Stanton
Where's the man not proud to commune
With the Hercules of our Tribune?
Who has done more to rouse this nation
And reinstate the Declaration
"That God made all men free,
Endowing life with liberty"?
Than Horace Greeley good and great
Felt alike, in church and state.

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[typed transcript]

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(Written by Elizabeth Cady Stanton)

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