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Blackberries



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DAY AND NIGHT SONGS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON: GEORGE PHILIP & SON.



BLACKBERRIES.



BLACKBERRIES

Picked off

Many Bushes

By D. POLLEX and Others



Put in a Basket by

W. ALLINGHAM.

LONDON

G. PHILIP & SON, 31 & 32 FLEET STREET, E.C.

1884



BLACKBERRIES

By
Miss

© D. POLIX



W. ALLINGHAM

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"Who buys Blackberries?—Asking, sir, your pardon,
Can't you bring us something that will sell at Covent Garden?"
"Flourish Covent Garden, and Paternoster Row;
But let the birds and gypsies their own ways go."

A

FOR ANYBODY.



BRAMBLE-HILL.

NOT much to find, not much to see,
But the air is fresh, the path is free,
On a lonely Hill where bramble grows
In tangling clumps, and the brooklet flows

Around its feet with whispering.

Leaf-tufted are the twines in Spring ;
The goldfinch builds, the hare has her form ;
And when the nightless days are warm,
When grass grows high and small flowers peep,
Far and wide the trailers sweep
Their pinky silver blossoms, which
Are braided with a delicate stitch.

The berries swell with Autumn's power ;
Some are red and green and sour,
Some are black and juicy to bite,
Some have a maggot, some a blight.

BLACKBERRIES.

Then frost-nipt leaves hang rusty and tatter'd,
With sleet and hail the bushes are batter'd,
A thorny brake on the barren hill,
Where the whistling blast blows chill.
But under the snow, amid the dark,
Sleeping waits the vernal spark.

I had neither garden nor park.
On Bramble-Hill, by brake and stone,
Many a season I wandered lone,
With laughter, and pray'r, and singing, and moan ;
In gray mist and in golden light,
Under the dawn, and the starry night.
Not much to find, not much to see ;
But the air was fresh, the path was free.



DAWN.

GREAT Morning in our sky once more,
Enkindling land and wave,—
To bring a day like all before,
And find me still a slave ?

No ! let me date my years anew ;
This day is virgin white ;
By Heaven, I will not re-indue
The rags of overnight !
I was a king by birth, and who
Is rebel to my right ?
None but myself, myself alone :
Conquer myself, I take my throne.

BLACKBERRIES.

TO plan a wise life, little pains doth ask ;
To live one wise day, troublesome the task.
And why so hard ? what is it thwarts me still ?
A morbid memory ; a divided will ;
A weak and wavering faith, which for mere shows
And shams of things forsakes the truth it knows.

SUPPOSE we tried the simple plan, to say
No lies at all, for just one single day.
Would houses crumble into heaps of sand,
Fields wither, sky fall, ocean overwhelm the land ?

O LIFE, made up of hints and moods and fine
transitions,
Great secrets murmur'd low, pure joy in fleeting
visions !

TO fight the World's a weary strife ;
Shun it, who lov'st a quiet life.
To fight thy own true self is worse,
And victory the consummate curse.

BLACKBERRIES.

THOU Great One ! help a poor weak man
To do and live the best he can.

LORD, make me fit for Heav'n !—but nay,
That is too bold a prayer to pray :
Fit for this common world, I'll say,
This wondrous world of night and day.

SPEAK but one word beyond cavil or doubt !
But once from the Infinite Deep look out !
On rock, on mire, my footstep slips ;
And even the prayer dies on my lips.
—Nay, as it is, so must it be :
Shall the Plan of the Worlds be changed for thee ?

TEASE not conscience, rack not wit ;
Take a quiet look at it,
This great world, strange and fair,
In which you also have your share.

BLACKBERRIES.

TAKE heed, take heed! the petty seed
Sown in a careless hour,
May run around your garden ground
And smother every flow'r.

BAD thoughts come and bad thoughts go ;
Are you safe as ever? No.
Ware, lest they have set a mark
For returning in the dark
(Dangerous hour of clouded will)
To rob, to kidnap, or to kill.

HEAVEN'S space from Hell doth good from ill divide ;
Yet in man's heart they nestle side by side.

FOUL blotch of sin—disease—disgrace—
How ugly in another's face !
In ours not seen, till conscience met
Full-front, a mirror darkly clear,
Shock with ourselves ourselves. Appear,
O sudden truth, and sting us yet
From comfort hazardous and base !

BLACKBERRIES.

"RIGHT and Wrong," "Heaven and Hell,"
These from the human spirit well ;
The universe doth these divide ;
They rest in one heart side by side,
And soak all nature through and through ;
Each man doth his own world imbue.

THE pure bright world of childhood round us lies ;
We look thereon with weary clouded eyes.

GRIEVE for thy sin, grieve on ; yet bless
The Lord for thy unhappiness.
What ! would'st thou change thy nature so
That sin should yield thee joy, not woe ?

SIN we have explain'd away ;
Unluckily, the sinners stay.

BLACKBERRIES.

Swept in a wide and trackless curve,
Though seeming more and more to swerve,
An orbit still it must preserve.

I will not seek to live or die ;
Do as thou wilt, I'll ask not why.
Keep hold of me—content am I.

SOUL'S Castle fell at one blast of temptation,
But many a worm had pierced the foundation.

HOW argue from effects? Whate'er you do,
Least part of its effect comes into view.
Who simply acts from conscience pure and true,
Finds nothing in the consequence to rue.

PUSH me, urge me,
Goad me, scourge me,
Drag me, Lord, along thy way,—
Only, leave me not, I pray!

BLACKBERRIES.

RULER above me ! grant I may
Feel right, judge right, act right, this day.

HOW delightful, could I sin
And yet lose nothing—always win !
How much better 'tis to see
Sin is hurt and loss to me,
Soul and sin do not agree.

QUIBBLE not on Good and Evil,
“Merely relative,” as some say ;
Relativity is actual ;
It alone we know and judge by.
Good and bad the outside world has,
Better, worse, through all gradations ;
Every crime is truly nature,
Every noble thought and action
Nature too—but better nature.
“Natural,” this alone proves nothing ;
Rattlesnakes and bugs are living.
So the microcosm within thee
May be full of reptiles, vermin,
Natural, hateful, and pernicious.

BLACKBERRIES.

IDEAL Truth, O Power serene,
The soul's delight, and virgin queen!
Without thee what were human life?
The Nations all, in peace or strife,
But ant-hills? Found in one man's breast,
Lo! there in wondrous germ the best
Of all that human force hath wrought,
The social frame, the realms of thought,
Pleasures eternal and sublime,
A world above the world of time.
Thou hast to mortal vision given
The strength to see almost to Heaven.

THE highest, widest, noblest, thought of thine
Is the most true.
And is it greater than the Truth Divine?
O drop of dew
In which the glory of the sun doth shine!

IS "purgatory"
An idle story?
Souls desire
To be wash'd with fire.

BLACKBERRIES.

I BELIEVE in GOD,
The Person of Persons,
Ruler of all,
Just and good.
Obeying His laws,
GOD I trust
With all my soul
In life and in death.





THE Theologian, propping faith with lies ;
The Savant, sifting natural mysteries,
Cold and irreverent ; which of these is
worse ?

And must we chose between the two, perforce ?
Nay, courage still ! for nature and the soul
Are what they are, and not in men's control.

BY miracles these, and by mechanics those,
Expound the Universe, which meantime goes
Quietly on its way—how, no man knows.

KNOWLEDGE, exact and measurable, this
Is Science, and a precious thing, I wis ;
Shape cunningly its formulas, to find
At will what once was found, and make each mind

BLACKBERRIES.

Heir to the general wealth. We almost seem
Co-partners in the universal scheme
By giving clever names (which last awhile,
Till others cap them in a newer style)
Whereby we may distinguish *this* from *that*,
And hand-on what was given, and something more.
But now, arrange a System, round and pat,
A verbal microcosm : how huge a store
Of words and phrases needed to bridge o'er
The gaps and gulfs !—perchance to prove a snare,
And let the wariest pilgrim headlong fall.
Exactness, recollect : this wanting, there
No Science.

Scientific Friend, forbear
To talk so loud : thy knowledge is but small.
And were it multiplied a thousand fold,
Existence glows and pulsates,—*it* is cold.
Yea, analyse the rose's blush and breath,
Jot down in algebra the starry sky,
By crucible and scale test life and death ;
Find, be it granted, all that thou hast sought :
Unless thou risest to poetic thought,
Thy wisdom's folly, and thy truth a lie.

BLACKBERRIES.

WORDS, WORDS.

OF knowledge we so precious hold
Great part is mocking elfin-gold ;
Spells of similitude and phrase
What mists of glamour can ye raise !

ARTIST *v.* SCIENTIST.

*" ALL the blue of the sky in your carpet-bag?—tush !
Don't I carry it all on the tip of my brush ?
There—atoms of dust ! Here—visions of glory !
I mean, you don't tell us the whole of the story."*

DIVIDE, combine, search, sift, and pry ;
Retort and microscope apply ;
Light, Sound, Electric Force, explain ;
The Earth, the Sun, the Blood, the Brain,
All's thus and thus. But now declare
Why things are right, and things are fair ;
What's Duty ? Beauty ? tell us whence
Are Love, Truth, Hope, and Reverence ?
But stay !—hast thou this last ? If not,
Though thou could'st make the cold sea hot,
In flying chariot Sirius reach,
Full little could'st thou learn or teach.

BLACKBERRIES.

SOME have spent their money in seeking Philosopher's
Stone ;
Some have wasted their life in quest of Elixir Vitæ :
Thou demandest the basis of morals, virtue, and faith,
Searchest much for thy Soul,—beware lest in search
thou consume it.

HOW man's high thoughts and aspirations came,
Guess this—guess that—still *they* remain the same.

GOD'S banish'd from the Universe, they say ;
A change of wind has blown Him quite away ;
Men have deposed Him. This may be—in case
It was by men's consent He held His place.

YOU may sketch the world of what shape you please,
But the Lord will not alter His lines for these.

*" MAN'S tongue can utter everything : " O fool !
" His mind think everything : " Go back to school !
A short way doth our subtlest thinking reach ;
Shorter, our finest artifice of speech.*

BLACKBERRIES.

THE eyes of Modern Science do not grow
In the head, but hind-parts, and still gaze below.

WHAT can you tell us of Life? you live in the Cavern
of Death.

Your voice is a hollow echo; a polar wind your breath.
Life, the potent, the loving, colour-flush'd, musical, gay,
Tell us the secret of this from your charnel-house?—
away!

MEN try all fashions; "God made Man,"
They now reverse, and on this plan
Would scheme things out; but nothing can,
Save end at last where they began.

"'GOD' is a foolish name. MAN, whom I worship,
is true.
I see in the depths of the past MAN'S great and
reverend shape;
In the present and future, MAN, ever mounting to new
Mathematical Pisgahs." Why, Man was a filthy ape

BLACKBERRIES.

In the depth of the past; the present, Professor, gives
us *you*;

The future, a higher power of the like. O Heavens and
Earth!

To what parasitical spawn can vanity's brain give birth!
A brain-louse set in a shrine and worshipt!—What
should we do

Were the Heavens and Earth indeed like this, but
yawn and escape?

"I DON'T believe in either God or Man.
Conscious Automata, we nothing can,
Save as our atoms feel tyrannic chance;
For all's heredity and circumstance.
Conscience,—Freewill,—absurd! And if you ask
How on these terms fulfil life's daily task?
What motives? And what conduct?—look at me:
One more respectable you'll scarcely see,
As family man, friend, citizen, professor.
Be you, or public judgment, my assessor."

"Good, my dear Sir!—but we must wait, I doubt,
To notice how your grandchildren turn out,

BLACKBERRIES.

Born in the doctrine, reared upon the plan,
Of total disbelief in God and man.
Let this experiment be fairly made,
Nor SCIENCE mourn, by Her high priests betray'd ;
Oh, let her teach them, from their tenderest youth,
The Truth, the whole Truth, nothing but the Truth—
Material Atoms, and Mechanic Force ;
And send the boys and girls rejoicing on their course !”

THIS World has no moral or meaning : the kaleido-
scope of Man's Mind,
Turns it to seeming shapes,—a toy itself as we find ;
For there's nothing, not even ourselves, that we cannot
get behind.

Man is a beast, a machine ; God is a dream, a
name.
Yet, keep your lofty ideals and trust to them, all the
same :
Or shoot yourself if you like : what matter is praise or
blame ?

BLACKBERRIES.

“ MAN'S a machine.” Well, if we ever can
Construct one bit by bit on some new plan,
Be sure 'twill be a Scientific Man.

LESS virtuous than they might and ought to be
I used to think us Men. But now I see,
By your light, in their share of purity
Trust, patience, courage, truth, unselfishness,
A wondrous and ridiculous excess.
What solemn fools these tailless monkeys are
Themselves of any pleasure to debar,
Or suffer any pain that they can shun !
Mere self-conceit when all is said and done ;
Choosing gold fetters, to prove choice is free !

THE Age of Poetry is gone,
The Age of Suicide sweeps on ;
Pray Heav'n it pass, tornado-wise,
And leave behind it clearer skies !

BLACKBERRIES.

WELL, God in mind of man once held at least
Great show of presence. If poor man's a beast,
In some strange way the wretch hath noble dreams ;
Sage, lover, poet, hero, saint, he seems,
Spells mystic meanings in the earth and skies,
Lives, dreams of Heav'n, and, like an insect, dies.

"I LOOK for God, no God can see."
Is there a godly soul in thee ?
The little things of sight and sound
Are by their proper senses found.
Thus God is felt, not otherwise.
Wouldest thou search for Him with eyes ?
By help of logarithms explain Him ?
Or draw a circle to contain Him ?
What kind of God were He, my friend,
That you and I could comprehend.

ADVENTUROUS Spirit, trying every road,
You'll find you come to nothing, or to GOD.

BLACKBERRIES.

ARMY of Science ! ever marching,
All the roads of nature searching,
Conquering ignorance, knowledge winning,
Every end a new beginning,
Fearless and unselfish fighters,
Dragon-tamers, python-smiters,
Deadlier minimi pursuing
In their ambush out of viewing,
Ev'n the subtle realm of ether
Not beyond you altogether,—
Stop ! Behold a sacred border
Which you pass not : else disorder
Falls upon your troops, and madness.
See to it, leaders. But, with gladness,
Simple souls walk freely there
And breathe on earth celestial air.



BLACKBERRIES.

Between our palms. It lifts its eyes
To Heav'n, and utters calumnies,
In the name of Truth it tells myriad lies,
In the name of Love it hates and curses,
In the name of God repeats sorcerer's verses.

Now, as I love freedom, and truth, and love,
And my fellows around me, and God above,
So much (consider how much it must be)
I abhor your Christianity.

IF you believed, loud Sir, some decent part
Of all you argue for with so much art,
You would not more convince that black is white,
But wake some interest and respect you might.

WOULD'ST argue upon equal terms with me?
Then first give up your living, or your see:
Else, for good manners, must I silent be.

"AN infidel!" you shout: I have, 'tis true,
But very little faith, sweet Sir, in you.

BLACKBERRIES.

IS it right, on a solemn day,
To stand up in public and say
"I believe, before God, this is true
(If my words I may twist and screw)"?
Whom do you thus hoodwink?
Mainly yourself I think;
But increase, too, the mighty mass
Of folly and falsehood, alas!

O WRETCHED man! who, while his soul is green,
Must talk of GOD, and something seem to mean;
Explain at large what none has ever known,
With folly half by rote and half his own;
Quibble dogmatic nonsense for his bread,
And pound good words until he beats them dead;
In season, out of season, pray and preach;
And never learn, for he must always teach.

CLERGY to guide poor us are given;
We shall have need of none in Heaven.
A life relieved from clergymen—
O yes, we shall be happy then!

BLACKBERRIES.

IN sacred reverie and sublime delight
My soul was rapt. One shouted in my ear
"Remember God!"—alas, I see and hear
A vulgar man, and all my joy takes flight.

THE Wisest Living Mortal—Oh
If one ten-thousandth part he knew
Of what our Teachers claim to know,
And gave us tidings true,
From east and west and north and south
How we should swarm to his gold mouth!

AS rafter rafter serves to prop,
One false creed holds another up.

EVERY word your Oracle saith,
You most reverently receive it;
My weak faculty of faith
Can't ev'n believe that you believe it.

BLACKBERRIES.

ASSUREDLY, God's word is true:
But, my poor brother, what are you?

OSTRICHIO'S soul's digestion is so good
He feeds on lies and fattens on the food.
Are such endow'd, of all the human race,
With mental gizzards, by peculiar grace?

PETER'S a madman, John agrees,
To swear the moon is mere green cheese;
Next moment John will gravely tell ye
The sun's all made of currant-jelly;
Between the which celestial views
There's not, perhaps, a pin to choose.
But if it be an act of faith
To say as John or Peter saith,
Let's eat the sun with Jack's long spoon,
Or taste a slice of Peter's moon,
Provided they let quite alone
This little planet of our own.

BLACKBERRIES.

HOW mysteries attract !
A mystery, when known,
Is but one other fact ;
Mystic is Truth alone.

WHAT do your dogmas ? Mix dispute and doubt
With every truth ; make worthy folk fall out.

GREAT Saint, how we've misused thy fame,
Sown poison where sweet footsteps trod !
Alas, that thy beloved name
Should live a blasphemy on GOD.

TO A CONTROVERSIALIST.

IN empty field your sword you flourish. Hold !
Look round—the battle far away hath roll'd.

THE modern plea for keeping up a Creed—
“We don't believe it ; no, we don't indeed !”

BLACKBERRIES.

WE don't believe it : but let it be.
It does for others, not you and me.
For usual folk the usual's best :
Of course, *we* are not like the rest.

'TWERE well, in sooth,
Could we sift things out ;
But we can't find truth,
And we don't want doubt.
So let old things stay,
In whatever jumble ;
Touch them, straightway
They crumble and tumble,
Choke us with dust, fall on our toes.
—You that come after us, deal with those !

FAIN would I seek the City of Truth,
But know not whither to turn, in sooth ;
Therefore, I own, it seemeth wise
Still to abide in the City of Lies.
I was born and have my dwelling there ;
Shall I turn outcast and wanderer ?

BLACKBERRIES.

With staff and scrip a-searching go
For a City—in Cloudland for aught I know?

I BELIEVE without bother
In This, That, and T'other ;
Whatever is current, no matter.
I believe in Success,
And in Comfort no less ;
I believe all the rest is but patter.

WE hate thee, solemn Public Liar,
Who all men's reverence dost require.
We know thine ancient mystery
Hath now become a tatter'd lie,
Dishonouring the Power Divine
That in our Human Soul doth shine.
Man's highest thought thou dost withdraw
From building on true natural law
His joy and worship, love and awe,
Training and forcing it to fix
On foolish mental juggling-tricks ;
Hoping a tawdry Heav'n to gain
By gambling and by legerdemain.

BLACKBERRIES.

YOUNG Mother, with thy babe at rest,
Warm-pillow'd on thy happy breast,
Thou leaning tenderly above
With face of deep contented love,
There is not elsewhere any sight
On earth more bright with heavenly light ;
The gates of death and hell are shut,
The joyful skies wide open, . . . but—

But—"O Raffael of the dear Madonnas !"
Painted well for sumptuous Holy Fathers !
—Better, Painter, with thy Fornarina !
Kisses from thy sweetheart's mouth are purer
Than Saint Peter's ceremonial blessing.
Child and Mother—sweet, pathetic, pious ;
Child and Virgin—how familiar usage
Blinds to shame of natural truth dishonour'd !
World of circumstance and old tradition,
How it plots, with gift and threat and flattery,
Men of genius, to ensnare you likewise !
—"O our Raffael"—O our English Robert !

YEA, Raffael ! Michael Angelo ! your hands
Have help'd to build and glorify the height

BLACKBERRIES.

Whereon, far seen, that Ancient Tyrant stands,
Blessing and cursing with a show of might
Whereat the world still trembles. What are ye
But powerful slaves that do his ill commands
And help to bind souls struggling to be free?
Ah, Genius, Child of Heaven, what bitter woe
For all, when *thou* in golden chains dost go!

A DREAM.

I SAW, in dream, an aged reverend Man,
Sitting upon a heap of shards and cinders;
Whom when I greeted passing, "Stop!" said he,
"Thou must not that way go!"—"And wherefore not?"
"Because I disallow it. Stay, my son;
O hear me, gentle son! Close, close thine eyes,
That I may teach thy pathway. No? Then burn
For ever, caitiff! who rejectest me
Sitting in place of GOD!"

Whereon I smiled
And pass'd. He, frowning, raised his arms aloft
As though to curse, but in that effort split
And fell to pieces, like a lump of sand
Upon the seashore in a rising tide.

BLACKBERRIES.

Then all the sea-fowl rose and scream'd, and all
The fishes leap'd and gamboll'd in the surf,
A shrill harsh cry, a fluttering turbulence,
Subsiding instantly; and lo, I paced
The broad smooth sand familiar, and the sea
Roll'd calmly shoreward, murmuring round my steps
With music, underneath a sky of light
Purer than azure wild-flow'rs; music finer,
Tenderer than song of birds or children's voices
Floating in hymns of joy on morning breezes.

ANOTHER DREAM.

A PALACE-TEMPLE I beheld.
Through its golden gates impell'd,
And measureless halls, a moving Crowd,
From every land where men may live and die,
Drew to the central dome.
There sat the Prophet-King enthronèd high,
White-robed, serene, in solemn majesty.
Melodious wail of anthems, waxing loud,
Burst in thundering billows of sound;
Incense creeping round
Involved his feet, and clomb
And hung with clouds the mighty dome,

BLACKBERRIES.

ALL "Christian virtues" I rejoice to greet.
By any other name they smell as sweet.

"ART Faith's Apostle? Can'st *thou* save us?"—No.
But lies proved lies had surely better go.

A PSEUDO-RELIGION suits most people best,
Claims its toll, and leaves Business and Pleasure the rest.
The true thing claims merely our life, wants the whole,—
Sunday, Monday,—Play, Business too,—Body and Soul.

THIS World is made to no man's mind;
Nor Next World, we perhaps shall find.

REMEMBER this, Lover of truth and right,
Against the Powers of Darkness sworn to fight,—
If mine, a fellow-soldier's helm you smite.

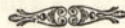
BLACKBERRIES.

"IF you shake these dogmas you shake morality with
them." Yea.
So never tie truth and falsehood together, from this day.

RELIGION—what a labyrinthine mesh!
Go back you must to GOD, and start afresh.

THE New Religion will include
All science, and each healthy mood,
Believe in GOD, and work for good.

LONG time amongst the thorns I dwelt;
Sharp and sore the thorns I felt;
Now I quit the tangled brake,
Now a freer path I take.
Many poor wandering souls I see
Amid the maze that tortured me.
Would that I carried at my belt
A ringing trumpet for their sake!



BLACKBERRIES.

ONE with one, not overheard,
This is converse : God being third.

FIDELITY.

CAN I be friends with that so alter'd *you*,
And to your former friendly self keep true ?

I AM not shock'd by failings in my friend,
For human life's a zigzag to the end.
But if he to a lower plane descend,
Contented there,—alas, my former friend!

FOR thinking, one ; for converse, two, no more ;
Three for an argument ; for walking, four ;
For social pleasure, six ; for fun, a score.

IT is not you, my Foe, I fear,
But you alas ! my Friend so dear.

BLACKBERRIES.

FROM the little that's shown
To complete the unknown,
Is a folly we hourly repeat ;
And for once, I would say,
That men lead us astray,
Ourselves we a thousand times cheat.

IN argument it oft betides
The speakers might as well change sides,
For aught they know or think or feel,
Omitting controversial zeal.

IS it true
That any two,
Whatever they seem, whatever they do,
Are strangers still ?
I like it ill,
Yet half believe against my will.

SOLITUDE is very sad,
Too much company twice as bad.

BLACKBERRIES.

LITTLE care I for the faults of the small,
His own mere undoing :
Great Man, thy greatness belongs to us all,
Thy faults are our ruin.

LIMITED each is : but—O dear !
To find one's Great Men insincere ;
No disappointment so severe.

O GREAT one ! O mighty one !—
Yet you fall short.
All the better !—Man's greater.
You are but one sort.

UNLESS you are growing wise and good,
I can't respect you for growing old ;
'Tis a path you fain would avoid if you could,
And it means growing ugly, suspicious, and cold.

BLACKBERRIES.

HIS way of life was zig-zag still ;
Yet ever creeping up the hill.

WELL for the man whom sickness makes more tender,
Who doth his prideful cravings then surrender,
Owning the boon of every little pleasure,
And love (too oft misprized) a heavenly treasure,
Finding at last a subtle strength in weakness,
A medicine for the soul in body-sickness.

IT seems an easy thing to say
"To-morrow I must go away."
And yet, when I come back again,
How little treasure may remain !
For people change as months fly,
Forget, or travel, or marry, or die.

THE spiteful dart
Flies below or above me ;
The wound in my heart
Is from you, who love me.

BLACKBERRIES.

THE weak have no opinions ; and the strong,
Full of self-will, go very boldly wrong.

BY making our trials and sorrows known,
We help fellow-mortals to bear their own.

SOME win our gratitude merely by living ;
Others can't get it by all their giving.

A HOPE that we are taught to prize
Is, meeting Kindred in the skies ;
But many would as soon, I doubt,
Meet their old ulcer, cough, or gout.

" OLD Friend ?"—For many years, I wis,
I've known how great a bore he is.

BLACKBERRIES.

WHILE friends we were, the hot debates
That rose 'twixt you and me !
Now we are mere associates,
And never disagree.

IF he draw you aside from your proper end,
No enemy like a bosom friend.

DEAR Friend, so much admired, so oft desired,
'Tis true that now I wish to be away.
You are not tiresome, no ! but I am tired.
Allow to servant brain and nerves full play
In their electric function, yea and nay ;
Faith and affection do not shift their ground,
Howe'er the vital currents ebb and flow ;
To feel most free because most firmly bound
Is Friendship's privilege : so now I go
To rest awhile the mystic nerves and brain,
To walk apart,—and long for you again.

BLACKBERRIES.

I'LL make it part of my life's plan
To quarrel with no honest man ;
And for no earthly bribe pretend
To take the other sort for friend.



MAY loving bosom loving bosom press,
That is the finest cure for loneliness.

SOME extol passion far above
All other qualities in Love :
Passion I fear, but long to prove
The perfect *tenderness* of Love.

RUDDY double-flower of a Kiss,
And the world's whole future wrapt in this !

MY Darling, you have no father or mother ;
My Sweet, you have neither sister nor brother ;
You are yourself, and I am I,
And we love each other infinitely ;
No one hath part in our life or love
But you and I and the Lord above.

BLACKBERRIES.

TO-DAY since I have seen her face
Let meaner picture not erase
Nor blur it: I would close mine eyes
Casket-fast, to hold the prize,
Or bid Sleep come at once, and give
One Dream, to make that image live.

THE expectancy of joy
In the fancy of a Boy,
Even thou could'st not fulfil it, O Helena of Troy!

EV'N in thy arms, O Fair!
I long to be alone
To sigh and weep and moan
For a far higher love
Than I have ever known:
Its dream comes in above
And drives me to despair.

BLACKBERRIES.

THO' bright with youthful bloom and grace,
Eternal beauty hath no place
In this so much admirèd face.

True Beauty is the flow'r and sign
Of something inward far more fine;
Its source mysterious and divine.

MARY would have loved me well
Could I but have let her;
Mary's gone, and, sooth to tell,
Sorely I regret her.
Were she here—much I fear
We should do no better.

O GIRL of comely form and face,
Were half the sweetness and the grace
Within thy soul, how precious thou!
Mere lovely cloud or blossom now.

Ungrateful! when such dear delight
Flows to me from her very sight.
And can I see her soul aright?
God's index we must never slight.

BLACKBERRIES.

IF any two can live together well,
'Tis (and yet such things are) a miracle!

BY your withholdings you have lost his heart,
And by your grantings, luckless Girl, in part :
So sensitive a plant to heat and chill
Is fickle fancy in an idle will.

TO be Prince, many men would refuse ;
To be Princess, all women would choose.

OF Wives it were hard to bear,
The one who completed with care
All duties, were hardest, I swear!

WITH whom were it a grievous lot to live ?
A Woman, stupid and yet sensitive.

BLACKBERRIES.

OLD Man may captivate Miss in her teens ;
She does not well know what white hair means.
Her own locks fading, then in truth
She grows to respect the graces of youth.

BEWARE what you discover
Even to your lover :
He may by-and-by
Look with alter'd eye.

WOMEN, in and out of season,
Act on great men's public lives :
Truly now, the Turks have reason
In their management of wives !

MEN'S wives' opinions, what are they to us ?
Much. M. to please his wife writes thus and thus ;
And books like M.'s are our Leviticus.
N., too, to please his wife is shy or bold ;
And N. a lever of the world doth hold,
Sways Fortune's mighty wheel as it is roll'd.



A QUESTION.

ENGLAND is proud. And France was
proud ; yet gave
Her honour to the keeping of a knave,
Sham Frenchman, sham Napoleon : huge
the fault,

And harsh the penalty. If we exalt
A master-trickster to our chiefest place,
Sham Christian and sham Englishman,—is this,
When the world rocks, no chance for Nemesis
To hurl us into misery and disgrace ?
We are no cowards,—“ Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do prove but true ”—
But think, speak, England ! Dost thou, heart and soul,
Trust this man ? and give him thy fate’s control ?

Nov. 1877.

BLACKBERRIES.

TOO PRACTICAL TO BE THOUGHT OF.

LET Pasha-rule perish sans pity ;
Make Constantinople Free-City ;
All Europe supply a police
For preserving the federal peace ;
There—and elsewhere, why not ? Is this fighting
The sensible way of wrong-righting ?
Else, what are these huge armies for ?
Are most people thirsty for war ?
Ah ! Police might we have, and not “ Policy,”
And of Statecraft the damnable folly see.

PATRIOTISM.

PROTEAN Selfishness puts on no guise
More apt than “ Patriotism ” to blind our eyes :
Shall Briton, Frenchman, Russ, American,
Glory in things that would disgrace a Man ?
Set your own Country foremost ; work for her ;
Hers to all private interests prefer :
But never dream that violence and fraud
In her name turn to praise and nobleness ;
That lies are bad at home but good abroad ;
That honour and fair dealing have a bound

BLACKBERRIES.

Mark'd on the map ; that any right can prove
Wrong to another, or make his right less.
And after all this, recollect—there's Love.

Nay, Love comes first of all. But, look around !

IN SNOW.

O ENGLISH MOTHER, in the ruddy glow
Hugging your baby closer when outside
You see the silent, soft, and cruel snow
Falling again, and think what ills betide
Unshelter'd creatures,—your sad thoughts may go
Where War and Winter now, two spectre-wolves,
Hunt in the freezing vapour that involves
Those Asian peaks of ice and gulfs below.
Does this young Soldier heed the snow that fills
His mouth and open eyes ? or mind, in truth,
To-night, *his* mother's parting syllables ?
Ha ! is't a red coat ?—Merely blood. Keep ruth
For others ; this is but an Afghan youth
Shot by the stranger on his native hills.

1878.

WITH pseudo-monarchy and creed,
How can a Nation still succeed ?—
By giving these but little heed.

66

BLACKBERRIES.

It tries to steer by common-sense,
While keeping up a huge pretence
Of loyalty and reverence.

It sweeps the road-ways of the state :
But Lies o'erhead accumulate,—
At last an avalanche of fate.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

THE soldier's boast—to meet, unmoved, Death's eye.
Allow that Zulu men know how to die,
Fighting against the spoiler in their land ;
The savage virtue which they highest hold
They practise well ; no lions half so bold.
But other virtues, too, *we* understand,
Being Englishmen and Christians ; counting good
Justice, Unselfishness, and Brotherhood,—
Nay, best. We know the way to talk of things.

O God ! are we the cruellest of hordes,
With deadliest weapons and with falsest words
Of any race the quiet moon enrings ?

1879.

ENGLAND ! leave Asia, Africa, alone,
And mind this little country of thine own.

67

BLACKBERRIES.

TO do such dreadful work, not merely coin
We bribe them with, but monstrous flattery join,
Make Honour and Glory their especial meed
Whose trade is bloodshed ; as if they indeed
Were patriots, heroes, manhood's flower, and not
At best the venal substitutes for those,
At worst the savage unremorseful foes
Of justice, pity, love, all in man's lot
That's more than bestial,—ready at the click
Of alien will which has the word or trick
To set this order'd violence astir,
This myriad hangman, or else murderer.
O there are victories, the which to name
Calls into brave men's cheeks the blush of shame.

HEROIC Chili ! Brave Peru !
The glorious deeds of arms ye do
By some new Homer should be sung.
What quarrel doth this rage inspire ?
They settle thus by blood and fire
Which shall sell most of seagull's dung.
1880.

HAVE Nations human consciences ? If so
What sinners !—demons, if you answer no.

BLACKBERRIES.

TO A PRIMROSE.

SIMPLE rustic Flow'r, in thee
Emblem of our BEN we see ;
Had'st thou not before been known
By his tomb thou must have grown,
And some new Ovid sung of this
Lovely metamorphosis ;
Fragrant wilding, artless blossom,
Fit for every Tory bosom !

THE English Nation is my vexation,
The French is twice as bad,
Germany she bothers me,
And America drives me mad !

A POET sits at ease
Before his study-fire ;
Gently warms his knees,
And heaps the fuel higher.
Without, the storm-wind blows ;
Within, how calm it is !
Books stand round in rows ;
Few more famed than his.
69

BLACKBERRIES.

The Poet fills his glass
And lights a fresh cigar ;
In words more firm than brass
He sings the praise of War.
Blood he would not spill,
Stroke deal, save with pen ;
He to-night shall kill
Fifty thousand men ;
Villages and towns
Burn in his study fire ;
Tune to women's groans
And children's shrieks, his lyre.
Mild the Poet's eyes ;
Murderous his song ;
Supporting ancient lies,
Confusing right and wrong.
German he, or French,
Or English, matters not,—
Would his cheek might blench
Ere the page he blot ;
From beyond the stars
Hearing " He whose breath
Blows the flame of wars,
Merits bloody death ! "

BLACKBERRIES.

MOTHER SHIPTON.

WHEN John's great elephant is sold,
When London streets have grass for gold,
When spades go up and swords go down,
When hats are worn without a crown,
When crowds are fed without a feast,
When pray'rs are said without a priest,
When ringdoves laugh and foxes weep,
Then shall poor men sow and reap.





EARTHBORN, in earthly things much sport
I find ;
Yet willingly would leave them all behind.

OTHER men, we think,
Of life's dear pleasures drink,
Unmix'd with drops of care ;
While chiefly sours
Are ours,
And thoughts disconsolate.
But even as they seem
To us, of us they deem ;
Their happy times are rare,
And tangled still
With ill ;
For such is human fate.

BLACKBERRIES.

HOW short is the life of a man !
How often that life is too long !
He won't do the little he can ;
The little he does is done wrong.

NEW things happen every day,
Or old things happen some new way ;
Old things happen over and over,
Still for new people to discover ;
New-old things on the same life-road,
New folk treading where old have trod,
Where each can only see what he can,
A stone is a stone, and a man is a man.
—But what is a Man ? O tell me this,
And give me your shoe, my king, to kiss !
Suppose it means no more, after all,
Than leaves that sprout and leaves that fall ?
Suppose, now, "Soul" should really be
The nursling of this Infinity ?

BLACKBERRIES.

CLEVER Youth of acquisitive turn,
From an idle poet deign to learn ;
If you want to be rich and praised in your day,
What fits the time you must do and say,
And carefully shun to say or do
What you deepliest know to be right and true.

THE Spirit said "Be on my side,
O rare Man !" How hath he replied ?
The poet sings a perjured song ;
Comfort has bribed him to the wrong ;
The preacher leaves a truth unsaid
Would rob his house of daily bread ;
The satirist bows among the rest
Before the target of his jest.
The stolid sensual world controls
And subjugates the choicest souls.

DEAD SALT.

POOR Age ! if even thy greatest are not true
To thee or to themselves, what canst thou do ?

BLACKBERRIES.

I CANNOT see, but still I can conceive
An Honest Man,—which doth some comfort give.

O the swarm of trifles .
That teases and rifles !
You're match'd against fate
When the combat is great,
Against demons you fight,
Not with bugs pass your night ;
But the swarm of trifles
It worries, it stifles !

HOW obey, yet be autocrat still ?
Will to give up your own will.



BLACKBERRIES.

A title though, no matter what,
Can jerk the British hand to hat ;
And British voices loud huzzay
Newspaper heroes of the day.
But would you know what truly thrills
Our soul with awe, with wonder fills ?
Observe that plain and common man,
Like you or me ; gaze while you can.
“ Why so ? ” A solemn whisper sounds,—
“ He’s worth two hundred thousand pounds ! ”

NOT men and women in an Irish street,
But Catholics and Protestants you meet.

THE Scotchman is the noblest thing created.
(Scotchmen, confess that ye are justly rated.)

AN Englishman has a country,
A Scotchman has two ;
An Irishman has none at all,
And doesn’t know what to do.

BLACKBERRIES.

CONTEMPT, frivolity,
With all you say agree.

WHILE we ourselves are seeing and thinking
We fancy others are dozing and blinking.

TO think all you say, is but candour ;
To say all you think, would be slander.

ONE thing I very much admire—
That liars should believe a liar.

SAY fifty fine things ; then let fall
One careless,—this outweighs them all.
“ Ah, ha ! oh, ho ! ” away they run,
Forget the fifty, report the one.

BLACKBERRIES.

GO where you're expected—
You'll not find yourself neglected.
Go where you're not ask'd—
Luck's tried, and sometimes task'd.

"VILE money!" True. Let's have enough,
To save our thinking of such stuff.

WHO speaks to a crowd
Should be plain, brief and loud.

I DREAMT I went to hell one night.
The little devils were impolite.
But Satan with the sweetest air
Bow'd me to a redhot chair.

INTOLERANCE may be, no doubt,
Virtue; but Virtue wrong side out.

BLACKBERRIES.

SO tangled are we, take any man,
Choose how to think of him—so you can.
You are justly precious in this one's sight;
That one despises you, and he's right.

THE wise must keep open their eyes;
Not expect the unwise to get wise.

CLOTHES will not warm a shape of stone or wood,
Nor precepts make a blockhead wise or good.

SPORTSMAN.

PLENTY of game in Eden, but no gun.
Life in an Eden would be poorish fun.

ALL stupid folk are self-complacent too,
Because they never see the harm they do.

BLACKBERRIES.

NO matter how you think, and but little how you act,
If you're always well provided with flattery and tact.

A BLUNDER of the high-refined—
To gauge too subtly coarse mankind.

DEMOCRAT—Aristocrat—
Lord save us from this! the Devil take that!
Away with all "crats!" we won't be cratted;
And as for Public Opinion—drat it!

WOULD you treat all you meet as brothers and sisters?
Nay, nay, hold away! much touch raises blisters.
Keep place, leave space, beware of too-near;
To each orb, each unit, its atmosphere.

YOU'LL hear a Tiger growl,
But you can't beware of a Fool,
You'll hear a Serpent hiss;
A Fool is worse than this.
A Fool when you espy,
With trembling hasten by.

BLACKBERRIES.

A Fool within your house
Is deadly dangerous.
A Fool, though good and civil,
Is darkness and the devil!

WITH women and men of all natures and stations
I fain would have lived in noble relations;
But baffled in this, and attraction still strong,
Ignoble alliances oft drew me wrong.
Yet, Allah be praised! howe'er I might roam,
I return'd to the Best, there only at home.

SOCIETY'S pretence and prejudice,
Stupidity and lies, harsh code half sham'd,
Invents much pseudo-vice: for all such "vice"
Society be damn'd!





[*Ad usum Scriptorum.*]



GREAT haughty CRITICS! your great toes I
kiss;

And humbly pray you to consider this—
Were not a few poor devils here and
there

Original authors, how would critics fare?

THOUGH modest, as plainly her duty,
The Muse would prefer on the whole
A critic like Coleridge or Goethe
To Quirk, Bladder, Cowitch, or Mole.

SNORT cares not for my writings. That's but fair;
Since I for Snort's opinions nothing care.

BLACKBERRIES.

WHY, SCREWNOSE, feel thy coldness or thy gibe?
I never wish'd to please thee or thy tribe.

O BOUNCE! O flea! how sharp you bite!
I think far more of you to-night
Than of aught else beneath the moon,
Ay, or beyond it. But how soon
I shall forget!—ev'n should I fail
To catch you on my fierce thumb-nail.

GREAT Critic **Z**ED is rarely sweet of mood.
Forgive him; he's unhappy; for he would
Be Author, even a small one, if he could.

ARR does write books; and, to exalt his own,
On principle runs every other's down.

SCRATCH also writes; and if you can and do
Praise Scratch, then Scratch will honestly praise you.

BLACKBERRIES.

ON one man, PINCHLEY, hast thou made a keen
Critique (*cui bono?*)—on thyself, I mean.

DESCEND from that high judgment-seat,
POMPOSO!—doff that robe, you Cheat!
Distributor of praise and blame,
Devoid of conscience and of shame,
Who give to ignorance and spite
Deceptive show of law and right,
By talking loud and looking big.
Off too with spectacles and wig!
Let's plainly see your wizen'd shape,
Blear eyes, huge ears, and front of ape.
By no rule, earthly or divine,
So much as one poor vote is thine.

WHO may this be, comes lounging through the door
With stuck-up eyeglass, drawing at his ease?
Now, CADLING, in the first place, if you please,
Off with your hat!—come, try to bend your knees!—
Down, sirrah, rub your nose upon the floor!

BLACKBERRIES.

“WHO wrote, tell me true,
The tremendous Review?”
“’Twas WILKINS (you know him) did that;
The beast in a hole
With its glare and its growl
Is no tiger, but just a tom-cat.”

I’VE studied the Review; let me count my gains:
Wilkins’s opinions,—are they worth the pains?
Wilkins’s opinions? No! not even these,
But what he thought would vex Timms, or Toodles please.

WERE once your Author underground,
By Critic MOLE he might be found.

“PORTRAIT of Peter Palette by Himself,”
In splendid drapery and heroic pose,
(Not the smug vulgar little man one knows)—
And BROWN reviews his own books, happy elf!



MORE books!—A juggler, so they say,
In half an hour his tree can grow ;
While years, by Grannam Nature's way,
Requires the gardener, dull and slow.

THE printer and binder have given such a look
To poor SYLLABUB'S froth, that we name it "a book."

GREAT MEDIUM, sufficiently clever to write,
Sufficiently stupid to miss taking fright
At his very first page,
From youth to old age
Adds volume to volume, luxuriantly trite.

BLACKBERRIES.

HOW clever soever your Book may be,
No throb of life therein I see ;
The thing is but a costly toy,
Instead of a wonder, a power, a joy,
A gift out of eternity.

COULD famous authors' Ghosts get at their books,
How much they would rub out!—*or try to*—zooks!

TO A WRITER.

SHOW me just thy real thought,
Tell me how it is with thee ;
Count not up the value brought ;
What the value is to me
Thou that bringest may'st not see.
Strain not manner and selection
To impossible perfection ;
Let the work be frankly wrought.

But its faults must be thine own,
Not the twist of sloven tools,
Not of skin, but bred in bone,
Folly undevise of fools,

BLACKBERRIES.

PLUS ULTRA.

"COUNT no man happy ere his death." And then
May come the foolish biographic pen.

ON A CERTAIN SCIENTIFIC WRITER.

A VILE style hath the commentator ;
Not such, thank Heav'n, thy text, dear Nature !
Thy mystic laws (like men's of old)
Ever in poetry are told.

IN ladies' writing if no other aid is,
It shows the minds and morals of our ladies.

EYEBROW, the over-educated man,
Tips us the high style, as he only can,
Philistine-hater,—till he's overthrown
(Disguised Goliath !) by some pebble-stone.

BLACKBERRIES.

MAXIMILIAN GUSHER.

A TORRENT of abuse, or praise,
What matters which ?—I'll pour,
Let folk but on the sparkle gaze
And listen to the roar.

FORM, subject, given—I'll find the skill,
And deftly cook whate'er you will,
Devil—whipt cream, all's one to me,
So long as the *chef's* fine hand you see.

AMONG the tyrannies, the tyranny
Of Genius counts not least ; whose subtlety
O'ercometh those that can the rest defy.

HOW earn'st thou scourging, famed Boccaccio ?
Less by thy pictures than thy *frames*, that show
Figures of gentleness made foul and low.

BLACKBERRIES.

WHEN you account for *Hamlet*, Monsieur Taine,
Pray don't omit as "factor," Shakespeare's brain.

THE Teacher lacking truth and lacking love
Life's true interpreter will scarcely prove.

FOR priests and chieftains, people took of old
No sickly, puny, purblind, halt, or maim'd,
But men of soul and body strong and bold,
Whose vigour, cheer, and confidence outflamed
To animate the timid, warm the cold.
All life is greaten'd still when these are named
And shall we, in the eternal sphere of thought,
Accept for leaders men whose fitting place
Were hospital or madhouse?—who disgrace
The world they live in, then declare it nought?

THE Writer's face as Frontispiece display'd
(His true face, not one for the public made),
All his pretence of genius had outweigh'd.

BLACKBERRIES.

BOOKS.

SUPPOSING it your part to read
And not to write (worse luck indeed!),
Leave the librarians great and small
And hang some shelves upon your wall,
Then buy your Books, and never sell,
(Buy, don't borrow) read them well,
And count the best for chosen friends
And comrades till your earth-lease ends.

WRITING is now an adjunct to "the Trade;"
Nay, most Books by machinery are made.

TWO VISITORS TO THE PRINTING EXHIBITION.

TWO Shades, not children of that May moonlight,
In the great Abbey Cloisters walk'd one night;
The land they came from was far off, yet near;
Their talking no one but themselves could hear.
The Show of Printing brought them for a day
To London, but they long'd to be away.

G. C. "See, Caxton, how thy name is glorified
In England, and throughout the world wide!

BLACKBERRIES.

Thy little press i' th' Amry was indeed
Like to that little grain of mustard seed,
And now hath grown into a mighty tree
Beyond all else for leafy dignity,
Nay into many trees, which fill the land,
Laden with fruit of knowledge for the hand
Of every man to gather at his ease."

W. C. "Dear Poet! little joy have I in these
Mountains of inky paper, that would climb
Half-way to yonder moon in course of time
Were printed leaves indeed immortal things,
Not trivialler, the most, than May-flies' wings,
And scarce more durable. Thy learnèd clerk
Had twenty books, which he did read and mark
And get great good of. O for scribes once more!
If men thereby in poetry and lore
Might, unconfusèd, study of the best,
Think privately their own thoughts for the rest,
And do their work, and, after, take their mirth.
This Printing-Press, meseems, doth cumber earth;
Souls turn'd to words, and words to merchandize.
The good books were not written in such wise."

G. C. "Nay, William, we two may no longer swink,
And the world rolls, whatever we may think.

BLACKBERRIES.

How changed is London! merely this one place
To greet us with an old familiar face.
A noisy smoky scrambling world! 'twere woe
To bide much longer here. Then let us go.
I thank thee for my Tales, be how things may.
They're children of the earth, and let them stay."

The two Shades melted slow; the moon went down;
Dawn crept unheeded o'er the monstrous Town.





HE Poet's your only practical man ;
Judge of the things of life he can ;
Food and toys which all men covet
He sets at their due rate, not above it.

He wakes, he dreams ; knows every mood.
His bad luck is better than common good.
He tastes his life, in joy and in sorrow.
Yesterday's his, to-day, and to-morrow.
The world is a wondrous thing to see,
And O, what a happy man were he,
Could he live content to *be* a Poet,
And quell the cursed longing to show it !

RASH is the man that woos,
If poor himself, the Muse :
Fair-faced and noble-soul'd,
She hath no lands or gold.

BLACKBERRIES.

BARD makes not Poem, not the shortest one ;
The Poem makes the Bard ; he writes it down ;
Now ill, now middling, now a good deal better,
Now with fine luck, now wrong in every letter.

I LOVE all the masters of poesie,
But none of them all shall be master of me.

NOT like Homer would I write,
Not like Dante, if I might,
Not like Shakespeare at his best,
Not like Goethe or the rest :
Like myself, however small,
Like myself, or not at all.

THE loving Poet shapes his fine delight.
But where are they for whom he joys to write ?
Somewhere, he hopes : they seldom greet his sight.

BLACKBERRIES.

YOU cannot see in the world the work of the Poet's
pen :
Yet the Poet is master of words, and words are masters
of men.

WHAT chiefly makes a poem ? not opulence, nor grace,
Nor grandeur, nor simplicity ; the subject nor the
measure ;
But sweetness of proportion, to have everything in place ;
Such Poem is a ripen'd fruit, an everlasting pleasure.

THROUGH the harmony of words
Murmurs harmony of things,
In whispers of our human life,
All the various world, our scene,
Pensive memories, lofty hopes,
What we were, and long to be,
Sequent, mingling, musical.

Subtle, complex, mystical,
Our Human Being, in the midst
Of operation manifold,
Uncomprehended, closely felt.

BLACKBERRIES.

Existence, how intangible !
How real !—and such is Poetry ;
Where, through harmony of words
Murmurs harmony of things.

THE Bard sings Beauty, and what lies behind
All Beauty, in the Everlasting Mind.
Rejoice, O World, if one true verse you find ;
Grave it in gold and on your forehead bind.

NO wonder if *the accurate man*,
Who fails to weigh, do all he can,
Art and Poetry with his scales,
Be somewhat angry that he fails ;
Will rather reckon those as nought
Than doubt his instruments of thought.

IF you love not Poetry,
Pr'ythee, name it not to me.

BLACKBERRIES.

A SONG or a riddle? I best like a song.
But if it's a riddle don't make it too long.
And if it's a riddle one hopes there's an answer,—
Which we perhaps can't give, but you of course can, Sir.

FOR Heaven's sake, Mighty Poet! leave thy tricks,
Confuse us not the more, but clear and fix.

ACCURST, O Poet! be thy song
That blurs the bounds of right and wrong.

• “LOVE'S but a kind of itch”
He sings: reward him how?
A laurel for his brow?
—A nettle for his breech!

EPITAPH (BETWEEN THE LINES).
BEHOLD me at the zenith of fame's sky;
The feeblest who hath ever climb'd so high.

BLACKBERRIES.

“WHY murmur at this foolish crown of bays?”
Because a cheapen'd praise makes cheap all praise.

A NEW Thing's rare indeed! The Poets play
But variations mostly,—even they.

GOOD Sense and Poetry, old friends, are now not seen
together;
Alas, 'tis said they've even turn'd their backs on one
another.

THE Poet launched a stately fleet: it sank.
His fame was rescued on a single plank.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

YOU'RE a true Poet: but, my dear,
If you would hold the public ear,
Remember to be *not too clear*.
Be strange, be verbally intense;
Words matter ten times more than sense;

BLACKBERRIES.

His highest moral reach ; yet"——

Hold you there !

Grant also his reverberated blare
Louder than fifty Alpine thunder-storms ;
His fame the Muses' holy hill deforms,
Whereto, while passing impulse had the sway,
He forced his careless arbitrary way.
Muses, Heav'n keep your State republican !
Your one lord is your one vulgarian.

APOLLO smiles on bards of every sort,
Save sneerers ; they're unwelcome at his court.

INSCRIPTION OMITTED ON A PUBLIC MONUMENT.

LOOK, and receive admonishment from me :
Such as I was, take good care not to be !

STATUA INFELIX.

" ERECTED by B. D., and carved by lord knows who,
If I look doubly sulky, no wonder that I do,
This endless penal servitude condemn'd to undergo,
In Wellington's back garden to sit watching Rotten
Row."

BLACKBERRIES.

TO A MODERN POET.

"SONGS of despair, O Poet, only songs of despair ?
True, we have trouble enough, fear and sorrow and care.
And this is the courage, the help, the consolation thou'rt
bringing,—
All that's evil in life and man persistently singing ?
Love, joy, wisdom, and goodness, are shams, by you
detected ;
Beauty's a poisonous growth, root, fruit, and flow'r in-
fected,
Passing fair and sweet, a savour of death unto Death ;
Life being a painted bubble, the chance of an idle breath.
If Will there be, 'tis a Cacodæmon's, half-mocking,
half-loathing,
Who plays with his puppets, tortures them, touches
them into nothing !
Songs such as these, O brother, how will they help us
along ?
We have a journey to make, would fain be cheerful and
strong ;
The deepest thing we know is that right does differ
from wrong.
Evils there are in the world. Shall we add to them evi
song ?

BLACKBERRIES.

Turn to the Devil at once, and worship *him*, body and soul?—

By your leave, that looks not to me the wisest plan on the whole.”

MODERN POET ANSWERS:

“BUT supposing I, the Poet, . . .

A BRILLIANT literature, no doubt, have we.
Gay poison-toadstools on the rotting stem,
Prismatic bubbles on the putrid pond,—
Such Books this age produces: far beyond
All flow'rs, the critics tell us,—trust to them!
Or sunset's glory mirror'd in the sea.



FAITH points to viewless wonders all inherit,
Expressing in a prayer that Harmony
Felt in the soul which hath recourse on
high

Of the Universal with the Human Spirit.
This also through the gates of ear and eye
Reveals itself in beauty, so intense
That the glad Spirit, using modes of sense,
Brings forth our angel-mortal, Poesie.
Form satisfies, establishing the past.
Colour enlivens, makes the present keen.
Music breeds longings, wooing bodiless.
By habitude of Language, things are seen,
And Music's cousin can to ear express
The musical of Life, orb'd in sweet Verse at last.

BLACKBERRIES.

DOTH Music tickle ear, and that's the whole?
—It speaks a heavenly language to the soul.

OUT of this hard and thin life
Through Music's gate I peep :
Into a life within life,
Purer and more deep.

HOW should Oratory give
Contentment to the higher mind,
Being an art correlative
To the dulness of mankind?

WITH pen and with pencil we're learning to say
Nothing, more cleverly every day.

PAINTERS, Composers, can make use no doubt
Of mind,—but they do pretty well without.

BLACKBERRIES.

HOW rotten the Art is that works for display!
Yet this mode of doing things carries the day.

ARTIST, your business is with surface: true.
But slicing off the surface will not do.
No mask or hollow elle-maid give us, you,
But life, with heart and brain within it too.





BASE and selfish discontent
From hell is sent ;
A noble discontent is given
Direct from Heaven.

That, cowardice and low desires
Fill with unrest ;
This, the soul's longing that aspires
To find the Best.

GIVE us all under, and above, the Moon ;
And we should tire of all so plaguy soon !
What do we ask then ? Just a thought, no more :
A skiff to waft us from this mortal shore.

HOW different is the life within our breast
From what we seem to those who know us best !

BLACKBERRIES.

O HEROES, ye comfort my brotherly heart !
O Scoundrels, too often with you is my part !

WHEN the vile and the noble he juggles to mix,
That is one of Mephisto's most damnable tricks.

I DO not show
All myself to you ;
But as far as I go
I tell you true.
The worst and best of me
No eye doth ever see.

THAT base curmudgeon who in Nelson's stead
Was made an earl (the one true Nelson dead),
And flung poor generous Emma to the dogs,
Would sooner when his hour approach'd, I'll swear,
Have chosen Erebus's fiery bogs
Than Heav'n, if sure to meet Horatio there.

BLACKBERRIES.

BERRIES, and also seeds,
Out of moments and moods they have sprung.
Pearls, or only glass beads,
On a thread of life they are strung.

GOOD Reader, were I but in Greek,
For wit and wisdom you might seek
In many readings, not thus put
Me by with half my leaves uncut.

ONE or two at a time
Give your soul some ;
A little dose of rhyme ;
More is not wholesome.



SWEETHEART and sweetheart, husband and
wife,
Say to each other "My Soul! my Life!"
With love's best unanimity.
Each mortal to mortal hath much to give :
Each soul by its very self must live
At the centre of infinity.

THE figures of Heroes by history outlined
Can only take colour and life from your mind.

HE who worships Success
Follows no blind guide :
"I merely can grope and guess ;
Let the Universe decide."

Only, to learn aright
Who does or does not succeed,
He must keep true ends in sight,—
A difficult matter indeed !

BLACKBERRIES.


What will he do with my little boy,
Bud of hope and blossom of joy?
Can he deal with him in dudgeon?
Millions of Babes that must be men!
At the end of your three-score years and ten
What sort of a world will ye leave behind?
What sort of a world will *your* grandsons find?

THE weak, all-powerful force, now in our hand;
Earth's future lords, the Children of the Land.

THE Children of the Land
Are given into thy hand,
O wish'd-for future King:
Gently, boldly, take them;
All they are fit for, make them;
Teach them to work, pray, sing.



GRUBB.

RUBB thinks and talks and brags from
morn till night
Of money, money, money. Grubb is
right.

Grubb cuts a figure now: but take away
His money—what were left of Grubb, I pray?

AN INCALCULABLE MAN.

DUMP'S grand stupidity is such,
No genius could surprise so much;
What it may think or say or do
Guess not: 'tis boundless, ever new!

BLACKBERRIES.

VETERATOR.

YOU know him a rogue, and you keep him your friend;
Shall we pity you when you are bit in the end?

PROFIT AND LOSS.

JOHN makes ten pound a day : but John, ifakes !
Loses a day for each ten pound he makes.

DORR.

DORR through his life has been content to wait
In lazy hopes of doing something great ;
In practice null, in theory surprising,
Dorr sleeps till noon to dream of early rising.

CORPULENTUS.

HOPE not to dominate by bulk,
Tho' tall of stature, huge of hulk !
I've known a portlier man than you,—
The biggest fool I ever knew.

BLACKBERRIES.

JACTATOR.

DON'T look so bold and talk so loud, my friend !
You're not so much alive as you pretend.

DIVES.

CHARITABLE do you say,
Dives is ?—content to pay
Three per cent. for commutation
Of love in life and conversation.

FLIBB.

" LIFE is a jest,"—Flibb finds this true.
His is a mighty dull one too.

IN counting "ruin'd" men, we seldom guess
How many have been ruin'd by success.

BLACKBERRIES.

THE Chief Malefactors of the time
Have never once committed a crime ;
To look for them, do not lower your eyes,
But lift them to the social skies.

LOUCHE plays the honest and high-minded man,
Almost as cleverly as mortal can ;
And yet one plainly sees, through all his art,
That Louche is not well-fitted with his part.

“ THE Devil take him ! ”—nay, Old Nick,
Believe me, knows a better trick.
False, plausible, malignant, clever,—
“ My dear,” says Satan, “ live for ever ! ”

GEORGE.

OF early rising George great boast doth make ;
But, all day through, George is but half awake.

DONANS.

YES, you give gifts, yourself you never give ;
So thanks, but never gratitude, receive.

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BLACKBERRIES.

TUMIDUS.

HIS body, voice, and gesture are so strong,
You think his will is also ; but you're wrong.
Self-will he has ; but then the *Self* is weak,
And knows not where to go, or what to seek.

FRANK RASCAL.

“ I HAVE some right to scorn the world indeed,
Where men like me (I know myself) succeed :
Why should I spare it ?—*Yours* be virtue's meed !
Come to me for a dinner if you need.”

JAY.

JAY, having done a vile thing, goes away
And boasts of it ; whereafter, people say
“ Ah, his own tale—and what a liar is Jay ! ”
Yes, we may reckon him a liar indeed
Who can make truth a first-rate lie at need,
And by being known as liar doth so succeed.

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BLACKBERRIES.

GRUNCH.

GRUNCH, being sold to the Devil,
Would fain think everything evil,
Make lord and master of all
The Demon that holds him in thrall.

BRISK.

BRISK'S a very industrious man, it is true ;
But most that he does, 'twere well not to do.

CLICK.

CLICK'S brain is small, but hung
Close at the back of his tongue ;
His best without waiting you hear ;
No better, and give him a year.

TOMPKINS.

BILLY Tompkins is a fool ;
Billy Tompkins looking cool,
Pray how should this be anything to me ?

BLACKBERRIES.

Yet in Tompkins looking cool,
Though I know he is a fool,
I am ready something ominous to see.

CRÆSULUS.

KEEP what you've got. But hark'ee, wealthy sir !
Be proud in secret ; make but little stir.
Your overshare should fill your heart with shame.
Let toleration be your utmost claim.

ON A TRADESMAN.

A GENTLEMANLY tradesman this ;
To deal with such a man is bliss.
Him as a gentleman you treat
Of course,—you have no other mind ;
But he reserves in full, you'll find
The tradesman's privilege to cheat ;
Then scold, reprove him if you can,—
He's such a gentlemanly man !
Methinks a better time we had
With commonplace obsequious cad.

BLACKBERRIES.

"ADULTERATION is a form of Competition"
Saith a British Manufacturer and Statesman ;
Shall we write upon his monument the sentence ?
There are many who will frankly hold it wisdom ;
There are some who may interpret it more subtly,
"British Trade is more or less a form of Cheating."

TO AN EGG-MERCHANT.

WHAT the deuce is your use ? You nothing produce,
You never lay eggs. O, you're a transmitter.
If A has an egg intended for me,
He hands it to B, B to C, C to D,
D to E, E to me—who pay, after A,
B, C, D, and E, for stopping the way ;
For surely 'twere fitter A's egg and my penny
Changed hands without paying a toll to so many,
Which terribly docks Farmer A of his gain,
While of eggs far from fresh I often complain.

BROWN AND GREEN.

MR. BROWN, Mr. Green, are precisely an age ;
By the register so we are priggishly told,
One noteworthy fact it omits from its page,—
Brown never was young ; Green will never be old.

BLACKBERRIES.

TO MY FRIEND EDWARD.

TO say "All . . . are rogues," dear Ned,
Were rash ; and so I leave the words unsaid.

TO MY FRIEND MATTHEW.

TO call a . . . what he is, dear Mat,
Were too severe ; we will not call him that.

TO MY FRIEND DANIEL.

SAY, have you ever known a truthful man,
But me ? I have not, save yourself, dear Dan.
And we can sometimes lie. I know I can.





OUTSIDE warm, inside cool,
Then my body's in good rule.

I LIKE a good dinner ; but none is good
Where the company does not excel the food.

B's wine is excellent—but you
Must swallow his conversation too.

NO banquet's ever to my wish
Unless the talk be the finest dish.

GIVE me enough of meat and drink
That of meat and drink I may cease to think.
But what is enough? Much less, I trow,
Than all that ill habit longs for now.
And what is too little?—with all the rest,
My *whim* demands its share of the best.

BLACKBERRIES.

FOR my soul's and body's food,
I will take what does me good.
Spite of folk's or sages' cry,
Take what does me good will I.

WINE, good wine, is an excellent thing ;
The vintner, too often, deserves to swing.

NOTHING that is not immortal is worth an immortal's
care.
But mortal things nourish immortal ; therefore of these
be aware.

CLOUDED mind and sluggish will,—
All my life is full of ill !
Give me, give me—one blue pill.
A ten-mile walk is better still.

BLACKBERRIES.

Pig's tail and snout !
Here's truth, no doubt ;
But topsy-turvy, inside-out.
The Needfullest,
Is that the Best ?
Your guts in modest cave should rest !
Who binds up dung
Sweet flowers among ?
Are frying-pans as pictures hung ?—
Eat, drink, your fill,
Gain strength and will ;
If need be, take a draught or pill ;
And if some power
In lucky hour
Shall make you feel the heavenly dower
That Genius brings
On mystic wings
To light the world of common things,—
Poor dolt ! at least
Mock not the feast
Which proves you are not all a beast.
Be humble,—nay
Kneel down and say
“ Thank Heaven for one true glimpse to-day ! ”

BLACKBERRIES.

WEALTH can serve special uses,—failing these,
Wealth is at once a vice and a disease.

ALL should work, and all should play,
Give to, gather from, the day :
Make the share
Of each as fair
As human laws and customs may.

BETTER a hollow tree in a wood,
Or a cave by the wild sea-foam,
Than the warmest bed and the daintiest food,
And another man's house for home.



BLACKBERRIES.

OBSERVE thy Dreams.
Why so?
To know
Thy inmost hopes and schemes.
True loves and hates
Appear
Most clear :
Thus Dreams foreshow men's fates.

LIBERALITY'S much in vogue ;
Toleration's the favourite plan ;
But everything you give to a rogue
You take from an honest man.

IF we had neither church nor throne,
And no corn grown, nor roses blown,
We were in evil case, I own.

ONE who can see without seeming to see,—
That's an observer as good as three.

BLACKBERRIES.

LOOK close at your bills ; do you find no cheat ?
Does the sauce, maybe, cost you more than the meat ?

WHEN changes must be granted, 'tis the knowing
Statesman's plan
To let them seem as great, and be as little as he can.

I NEVER write from personal spite
So much as a single word.
When hot I feel, 'tis public zeal,—
Which may seem to you absurd.

IN greater things or less
Beware of Selfishness,
With every good at strife.
It makes one deaf and blind,
It ossifies the mind,
It kills the life of life.

BLACKBERRIES.

HERB Duty in life's common ground hath root ;
Joy its sweet flow'r, Content its wholesome fruit.

"FOOL'S Parsley" is rank poison ; learn to know
Fool's Duty too, which far and wide doth grow.

IF I could smile
On the useful vile,
Proud ass and clever varlet,—
You, Madam World,
With red lip curl'd,
Would smile on me, you harlot !

IF successful thou wouldst be,
One thing avoid—Sincerity.

BOLDLY praise ; and some will hear thee.
Boldly sting ; and some will fear thee.
Wouldst thou thy *opinion* show ?
'Tis what no one wants to know.

BLACKBERRIES.

MONEY matters not at twenty ;
But at fifty, best have plenty.

O WORLD, if I had known you long ago,
Me you had scarcely had the chance to know !

DEAR Son, I say to you,
Learn much ; say little ; be true.

HOW many things would be ridiculous
Were they not tragic. Be not our life thus.
Fate shall be Fate itself to conquer us.

A WEALTHY MAN.

ALL landscapes are his land ;
His gold's in sky and sea ;
Fair Idea his mistress,
Child of Eternity.



EARTH'S night is where she rolls
In her own shade ;
And even thus the Soul's
Dark hours are made.

By and by, we shall meet
Something truly worth our while,
Shall begin to live at last,
By and by.

By and by, days that fleet
After days, in countless file
Bring one day, like all the past,
And we die.

HERE they are : how little they are !
Here they were : how wondrous they were !
Once they were : what were they ?

BLACKBERRIES.

PLEASURE, torture, victory, crime,—
A time, a time, a little time,
Soothes and smooths all away.
Is this our hardness, dulness, blame ?
Human privilege ? human shame ?
Or does the blank Night, all-surrounding,
All-absorbing, all-confounding,
Thus leak in ?—and who shall say ?

“WEARY your life was, day by day,
You groan that these are pass'd away :
What would you have, or have had, say ?”—
“Leave me my discontent, I pray !”

HOW swift the days do pass !
And bring no gift, alas !
That is the bitter thing.
Joys take they, sorrows bring.
—Hush, know you not these joys
In sooth were only toys ?
Griefs, too, like shadows fly.
And all of us can die.

BLACKBERRIES.

HAST ever chanced to stare aghast
Into that gulf we call the Past,
Fill'd with shapes or shades which fancy
Raises by her necromancy,
Waving shadows of our thought
On the cloudy dimness wrought,
And through those forms of vapour spy
Heaps of rags and bones that lie
In sordid twilight scatter'd round
Old Dustman Time's shot-rubbish ground?
Such a dream I had last night.
It blackens all this morning's light.
And thus are soul's wings prest and pent
At times by grosser element.

DULL and dumb,
Sad and slow ;
Such moods come,
Such moods go.

PERCEPTION, Will, Personality :
Metaphysical facts enough for me.

BLACKBERRIES.

WHY ever asking "*why?*" you cry ; and I
Can't tell you why my soul asks ever *why?*
" Deny—rely—I can't, and must ask *why?*
Of every man and thing I'm passing by,
"*Why? why? why? why?*" though never they reply.

NEEDS and greeds and ties and lies
Eating up our industries,
Sluttish sloth and paltry pleasure
Drinking up our priceless leisure,
These postpone to dereliction
Wish and purpose and conviction.
How many a man says " Here am I—
I think—would—will—ah me, I die !"

OUT of the land of dreams and youth, alas !
At the cold touch of morning light I pass,
And see a greybeard in the looking-glass.

BLACKBERRIES.

LOST chance—never again ;
Lost hours—bitter pain ;
Lost grief—waste of breath ;
Lost life—welcome death !

SOON life ends ;
Have I any friends ?
Or even enemies,
Mightier than fleas ?
Would I had a foe
Worth blow for blow !
Would I had a friend,
Ere life end !

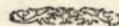
WHO will sorrow when I die ?
Tell me who, and tell me why ?
He whose leasehold void is made ;
He who cheats me in his trade ;
He who reckons on mine alms ;
He, being older, that feels qualms.
Some, for snap of custom's tie,
Wer't but the seeing of the eye,

BLACKBERRIES.

Some for old times will draw a sigh.
Others, name and date being redd,
Will feel a pleasure that I'm dead.
Perhaps a tear may, after all,
On my lower'd coffin fall.

DO what wilt with me,
Destiny !
If *no*,—so ! if *yes*,—bless !
In any case whatever
I am the bubble, not the river,
Much less the source :
Slight my knowledge, small my force.
And howsoever things may be,
The self-same World holds me and thee,
Destiny !

“ I'm learning, every day.”
“ O happy chance !
What art thou learning, say ? ”
“ My ignorance :
That all man's pride must bend
And in a reverence end.”



BLACKBERRIES.

THERE'S plenty of credit in life at first,
But all must be paid for, that's the worst.
The worst?—nay rather call it the best;
“Was this world,” said the Arab, “created in jest?”

GOOD luck and bad luck come to all;
But few see where and when they fall.

GOOD luck's no use unless you can
Use it; it must fit its man.

GOOD Luck, the merry rambler, shuns
Some roads, and favours other ones:
Be sure of Luck you can't, but may
Choose for yourself a lucky way.

LOVE first, Work second,
Prudence be for third reckon'd.

BLACKBERRIES.

FLUNG out of Dreamland into cold harsh Day,
Work and keep warm; there is no other way.

FOR bodily or mental food,
Use whatever does you good.

THE healthy man loves life; you love it not:
Go to your doctor then, and plague us not!

LET not man, ignorant and weak,
To live by endless forecast seek,
But day by day, and hour by hour,
Give, take, what's fairly in his power.

TO what good end shall ear be lent
To preachers of discouragement?

IN every trouble, say—
“This too will pass away.”



HERE must I stay awhile, against my will,
And long to flee to lonely Bramble Hill.
What countless crowds these grimy streets
do fill!

How cheap is man!—and woman cheaper still

“NATION of Shopkeepers”—how base a name!
“Of *cheating* Shopkeepers” were still worse fame.

A WHORE that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
Dainty, modest-worded, neat,
She's a creature just so far
Worse than filthy trollops are,
As of womanhood the more
She puts into this trade of whore.

BLACKBERRIES.

SOLDIERS have fame, and harlots infamy;
Birds of a feather, for all that, they be,
And gladly flock together, as you see.

HIRELING Soldier, Priest, and Woman,
Not uncommon, yet inhuman.

MANY things flash across the town-bred mind,
They come and go and leave small trace behind.
Few things, oft trudging through the rustic brain,
Impress themselves in marks that long remain.
Country makes much of trifles; Town makes light
Of life's chief things. How hard to judge aright!

THE Workers' Revolution must begin
(Else that were also vanity) within;
Grant honest life and honest work its aim.
Or do they merely envy whom they blame?

BLACKBERRIES.

OLD folk, tho' weak, will serve you best : of late
Conscience in work is quite gone out of date.

IS idleness indeed so black a crime ?
What are the Busy doing, half their time ?

O the buzz and clack and clatter,
Mighty noise and little matter !

THE Century gallops, glorying itself
On swiftness, downhill, to an unknown gulf.

IN the Great City, as 'twere Hell,
People who know each other well
Rub elbows and go blankly by
With a pretended stranger's eye ;—
Yet this is better than the grin
Where all is cold and dark within ;
Better than the wink or glance
Of the comrogue's countenance.

BLACKBERRIES.

ONE Cockney you despise ; four million such
You brag of ; why ? London a larger smutch
On England, is it truly more a town ?
Thames more a river when its borders drown ?
Uses and graces of a town are hid
And lost the dingy labyrinth amid.

A BAT-WING'D Cupid takes his flight
Through the city streets by night ;
Dread him, shun him, Boys and Girls !
He has horns among his curls,
He has venom on his arrow,
Rotting skin and bone and marrow.*

STIR and change from morn till night,
Wealth of culture and delight,
Pictures, music, libraries,
Theatres, the flower of these,

* The Hogarthian or rather Goyan drawing attached to this cannot at present be reproduced ; it might do much good.



HERE we've wander'd some few hours,
Plagued with flies, and pleased with
flowers ;
Children dear, the sun is low,
The bell is tolling : let us go.

THE metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry leaf ;
The Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are a-twining, manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton, and silk, and gold ;
For joyous Beauty, for Soldier proud,
For work-dress, cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense, and mines of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought :
We are weaving Character, weaving Fate,
And Human History, little and great.

BLACKBERRIES.

WE count men subject to mortality ;
Yet take *one man*—we could not let him die.

IF I must die when all is said and done,
I am dead now ; true life has ne'er begun.

IF we saw these things clear, what then ?
This were not Earth, and we not Men.

A SKELETON typifies Death.
Let be : 'tis enough exact.
Death, the bones of a fact,
Wanting the blood and breath.

WHAT ! am I too grown old ? How days have hasted !
Soon I must leave this world, nor loth to go.
Novelty, Hope, Defeat, Success, I've tasted,
Each various flavour of Life's joy and woe.
Great things I can surmise, but nothing know.
I've lived a man with men, and with the rest
Move on to die in turn, and say " So best."

BLACKBERRIES.

A MYSTIC tracery of Stars
Hung in the midnight sky,
Wherein methought
In one great word was wrote,
Could I but read it, Human Destiny.
But Destiny debars.

ALL things freely flow
In the starry current :
Sullen or abhorrent,
As half-drown'd we glide ;
Know too much, too little ;
Turn our strength and gladness
Into gloom and madness,
Struggling with the tide.

Multitudes of germs
Travel unconfounded ;
Planets simply rounded
Make gigantic way ;
Terms of fate protect them,
Ignorant of treason :—

BLACKBERRIES.

Well when human reason
Chooses to obey.

Fatal flowing Time,
Strong thy liquid fetter ;
Yet I swim the better,
Nor compassion crave :
Prime of thee and all things,
Nature's secret essence
Lives to its own presence
Where we break thy wave.

O YOUNG Man ! cast off cowardice
And sloth and selfishness ; arise,
Wash with clear dew thy drowsy eyes,
Run on the joyful hills of morn,
Let dull dreams fly the breeze's horn,
And golden rays make fresh thy blood !
To Age the dubitating mood ;
In youth audacity is wise.

BLACKBERRIES.

Poor little Wandering Jew,
Pilgrim it ! will-you, nill-you ;
Welcomed of none or few ;
Yet neither can any man kill you.

Go ! for fate's voice is heard ;
No longer with me sojourner.
Heaven send a kindly word
Whiles, and a chimney-corner !



PRINTED BY G. PHILIP AND SON, LIVERPOOL.



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