

**THISBE'S LAMENT
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649720651

Thisbe's Lament and Other Poems by Masson Pell Helmbold

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Cover @ 2017

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MASSON PELL HELMBOLD

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OTHER POEMS.

BY

MASSON PELL HELMBOLD,

AUTHOR OF

"CASSIA, A LETTER-TALE," "RETRUCCIO," ETC.

Thus bards will live, thus bards will write,
So long as bards may see the light;
And when the world they cease to write in,
Ye'll see no light where they saw light in.

W. C. PHILADELPHIA:

PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1885.

S. 1756.8.30



*Gift of
Col. G. W. Higginson
Cambridge.*

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TO

MY MOTHER,

A MOTHER WHO, FOR ALL THE QUALITIES WHICH THAT PARENT
SHOULD POSSESS, HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED,

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



P R E F A C E.

POETS, in these days, generally take refuge under the false and ridiculous supposition that it is impossible to write originally. It could be claimed equally well that the Pagans and Heathens now rampant in various parts of the world, should not be converted because no missionary can be an original missionary. As long as there are human beings, with minds that think and hearts that feel, there are ideas to feed and elevate those minds,—feelings and passions to move and refine those hearts. They are not the instructors of themselves individually; one original sympathetic mind sways them all. Yet here we find a man of

ordinary intellect ruling millions of his fellow-men. He has risen to his present state through his own abilities, and Fate, or even Good Luck, has had nothing to do with him. His own abilities made him what he is, and yet he need not deserve it. On the other hand, here is a philosopher, a poet, a man who was simply born to aid his fellow-men,—where or what is he? He is poor, unfortunate, sad, and persecuted. Now, which of these two men really deserves the philosopher's stone? One has it in reality; the other seems to have it, or uses it as though he had. One is Thomas Carlyle,—a man of vast power and learning; the other is Thomas Paine,—a man equally able and learned,—yet an Unbeliever! Now, whom are we to follow? One (very wisely) will answer, *Carlyle*; another (equally wisely,—he can prove it) says, *Paine*. So these two men can be both great and yet have ideas completely contradictory. Now, as long as there is a single idea in the myriad codes of philosophy

scattered throughout the Globe;—as long as there is one man to say this and another to say that;—as long as there are others to prove that he is right or wrong,—there is room for more Poets.

“The meanest bard that ever scribbled can,
Thinking all his life, scribble well.”

There is, in other words, time to prove, and minds to assist in proving, the truest and best of those codes of philosophy; and a poet, devoting his whole mind, soul, and life to the study of such matters, is the one at least to try to regulate things for the welfare of his fellow-men.

The Author can confidently state that these Poems are original; he had an object in writing most of them, and has endeavored to reap from his own sufferings and longings a few morals which, expressed with as much sincerity and sympathy as his powers or feelings are capable of, he hopes will only go to the mark as well as his intention came to him.