

Feast of the Poets

PART III.

The Spring, which has thus far thrown cold water upon 1847, renders the reprint of the following lines justifiable and appropriate:—

A NEW VERSION.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

How, the air blows shrewdly! it is very cold.
How, it is a nipping and an eager air!

"Come, gentle Spring! thyself thou dost come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus pour human nature hum?

There's no such season.
The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a blighter!

And suffer from her blows as if they came
From Spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And let her laurels and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they have a Spring
Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her rural shows,
From energy cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full bloom—and so's
The influence.

Her cowpals, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early budding and its blowings—
But just suppose consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

Forme, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
For can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where's the Spring in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table!

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with age, that great agitator;
For dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on to—
Spring! mild and gentle!—yes, a spring-beaked Jack
To those be sprang on.

In short, whatever pangrings lie
In fulsome odors too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

The following stanzas by an old friend and contributor
in the land of the Shamrock, possess sweetness
and simplicity:

LINES TO THE STARS.

Bonnie, twinkling starnies,
Sae gentle, and sae bright,
Ye woo me, and ye win me,
Wi' your saft and silver light.

Now people o'er the mountain—
Now glancie in the stream—
Now kiss the red heather bell,
A' wi' your willow beam.

Bonnie, twinkling starnies,
Sae gentle, and sae bright,
Ye woo me, and ye win me,
Wi' your saft and silver light.

When glaucie shines its tinge,
And strings the crystal dew-drop
Around the gowan's ring,
How often do I linger,

Wi' ken and sae sweet eye,
To watch your bonnie faces
Come glintin frae the sky,
Starnies, twinkling starnies,

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How often do I linger,

pickers, and knitters, will be set down at two o'clock
to bed. Admission to be present, sixpence.—*Dublin*

Popers, Monday, April 13, 1847.

Soyers, the Model Kitchen, Barrow Road,
and Explained—All finely sounding phrases;

The cook, the cauldron, and the place of trial
Where want is put through all its moral graces.

Then comes—O! haste ye to the exhibition!
Even now the belly's calls are most importunate;

"Tis only 'suspence' to obtain admission,
To see how soup or hunger proves victorious!

Could ever Wombwell, in his days most mighty,
With lion, tiger, wolf—so fierce bewitch'd!

Boast such a gormandizing to delight ye,
As in this savoury-smelling soup kitchen!

Here is the place to cure the stomach grumbler,
So lank, so woe-begone, so spirit-sunken;

Here the slightest smell of whiskey tumbler,
Would send off tumbling like a sot when drunken.

Come, and behold! such fusing and such feeding!
The famished Irish wretch in ways so clever:

O! 'tis a sight, all other sights exceeding!
O! 'tis a sight, all other sights exceeding!

"All in a row," like to the marvellous story
That charmed our childhood in the blackbirds
cooling

Diabes galore in order placed before ye,
And two eyes ravenous on each dish down looking

And from these dishes gushing forth such vapour,
Neither of flesh nor fish—a mystic sending;

And every spoon all eager for a caper,
To dash therein, and try its life-sending!

And 'tis but 'suspence,' for a gent or lady,
To see this greater wonder than Killarney;

The wretch as happy made as any May be,
The while the cook displays his Gallic 'blarney.'

"A broy of boys," indeed, is he, this Soyer!
In flood of soup commended to our buoy her,

And coax her onward with his soul salvation!
Then comes—O! quickly come! 'tis time to enter;

The curtain draws—the hunger lists exceeding;
'Tis only 'suspence' for you to adventure—

To watch these Irish in the hour of feeding!
Soyers's FORTUNE TELLER.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

A breath like the sigh of a summer's soft breeze,
Is wafted afar o'er the nations of earth,

And slaves of each clime thro' divided by seas,
Proclaim to earth's tyrants the right of their birth;

That breath is the spirit of freedom's own voice,
Resembling the deep distant sigh of the sea,

Its language is nature's—let nations rejoice,
And join hands in union—all, all must be free.

That spirit hath breathed thro' the ages that's gone,
In accents prophetic to slumbering man,

Its predictions unheeded now come rolling on,
Like the storm that bursts from a deep cradled calm;

It speaks to the nations, and tyrants groan,
'Tis greeted by nature's free nobles that be,

The proud ones of earth against such their thrones,
For freedom's own spirit saith: man must be free.

Thou art and its horrors from a deep cradled calm,
And last and ambition lay wait for thy prey;

Soon, soon 'neath the banners of freedom unfurled,
Shall monarchs and tyrants be chased far away;

The heyday of despotism shall sink down in night,
For dark are the deeds of their reverend gloir,

While truth o'er the nations is pouring its light,
The spirit of freedom saith all must be free.

Beneath freedom's altar, seat, pray, and caste,
And men of all countries and colors must kneel;

Sing loud the last dirge of the miser's past,
And breathe the sweet anthem of freedom's proud

weal.
Then welcome from freedom, slaves rouse and rejoice,
And let not a mountain, a hill, or a sea,

Divide you in brotherhood—behold ye the choice,
To sink under chains, or be happy and free!

For mine and myself, I may cheerly tell,
Then, though gold-hunters fall, and their commerce
decline,

The Land, and its life giving stores will be mine.
Oh, give me mercy, and I shall be free,
With labour and health, independent and free,
Free, free, from the wants and the fears of the

slave.
And free from the grasp of the tyrant and knave.
Then may I my banner unfurl to the sight,

And defend what is true, and support what is right—
And the objects and aims of my being pursue.

Nor fear what oppressors and tyrants can do,
I am not ambitious, I wish not for more,
Than to plough my own soil, and to reap my own
re.

And a little to spare when each want is redress'd,
And leisure for thought, recreation, and rest.

Oh, that each lovely child of the world's weary
throng,
Had once been lovedly spelt to die from his wrongs,
Where his tramp'd affections might flourish and
bloom,
And his heart mount in song to his happy awe
home.

SONG OF AN OLD SCOTCH CHARTIST.

The world's a' gane gye, I ween,
Siv' days that I've m'ie,
There's nae sae muckle happiness,
As us'd to be langsyne.

When like bodie had a hame,
A' frae dale and gloom,
Unlike the black wha'd'le leuk,
O' this dale, discomtome.

Nae cottage here, nae shaded grove,
Or wimplin' burn, nae green
Nae throats sing its evening sang
On tufts o' ivy green;

Nae ingloise a cheerie-like,
As wha my mither sang,
On wha the list and corn deckt,
My fither's plot o' green.

The hills where a' I herded kye,
And wha my bairnhood grew,
Ha'e wither'd neith oppression's han'
And darken'd in my view.

The cotter's skippin' lams ha'e died,
The flowery mountain's side;
And monie auld man, wae thae ills lie,
The cot, the cotter's pride.

But better days I hope to see,
When freedom wae, and peace begun,
Shall reign among us a',
When mither-nature's nursing-breast
To a' altho' laid bare,
Shall ha'e nae steppin'-born-rare
Excluded from her care.

When happiness like heaven's rain
On a' altho' fall,
To cheer the peasant's humble cot,
As well as lordly ha'e.

When Brittain's and when Erin's isles
United thro' shall be,
And heaven's sun shine on them as
On a' happy and the free.

Till then, O ye patriots a' few,
O social brothers a' true,
Wha's motto is the People's Rights,
Wha's aim the general weel,

May heaven speed your efforts all
To gie the world relief,
And bless wi' health and happiness,
Your glorious Chartist fight.

SHREYSTER.

Let us not, we conclude this Feast of the Poets
with the following poem, extracted from this month's
number of the *Lancet*:

A SONG FOR MAY.

BY HENRY JONES.

Spring comes, shades depart
Leaves break each broken heart;
Ghosts like snow—fleeing fast,
And the green grass grows green.

Streams, that long have crept like slaves,
Dash along their gallant waves;
Man, that wonderer by the brink,
Praises upon his way, and—think,

Every bud is filled with bursting
With its future fruit and power;
Hearts of men! are ye not thinking
For the fruits of Freedom's hour?

See! the fields are turning fair,
And the skies are more divine;
Oh! what glorious growth shall ripen!
Oh! what glorious light shall shine!

And shall man in slavish darkness,
Moulder downward to the sod?
God made earth an earth for freedom:
'Tis not worthy of his God!

All that's duty of creation,
On the hills, and winds, and waves,
All its endless animation
Was not—was not meant for slaves!

See the spear freely striding
With the red cheeks round him wound,
And the gold grain-corn abiding
In the treasure-clipping ground,

See the furrows open kindly
Where the earth with generous sap
Like a mother nurse kindly
Fairy-growth on dark-brown lap.

Think! of all the treasure teeming
In that earth, and reas, and air—

Labour's toll to Mammon's scheming—
What shall fall to Labour's share?

Think upon the hour of harvest—
Little moun shall ask for bread—
But the wain goes past thy cottage,
To the farmer's rich home-stead.

Die away the children's laughter—
Hungry hearts are tame and still—
And the autumn's fall is o'er,
And the winter's on the hill.

Then, amid the desolation,
Stand—a hopeless human thing;
Cry: "We are a glorious nation!
Love the church! and serve the king!"

Then toll on with brow of anguish,
From the cradle to thy grave:
Oh, if that be God's intention,
Man is but a wretched slave!

But they tell us of a gurdion,
Won by Labour's thrifty toil,
And how he folds the furrow,
Should be owner of the soil.

How the means for man's redemption,
His own possession rent,
How the means for man's redemption,
His own possession rent,

And how some have chosen wisely,
And how some have acted right:
How the taverers grow more empty,
And the cottages more bright.

And how these are proud as monarchs,
Living gaily on their own,
With their frehold for their empire,
And their frehold for their throne,

Where the corn-lands' pleasant tillage,
Over-wares the graceful hill,
And a wood-embosomed village,
Rises at O'Connell's will.

And they beckon to their brothers,
Who are still in slavery's chains,
To be striving and to striving,
For their own and their children's sake.

People, rise! and arm thee well!
Hear the call of the nation's cry,
Self-reliance, firmly wrought,
Wisdom by experience taught,

Thrift and order, courage true,
These are arms to lead us through!
Wild! them now—as you would drive!
Would! 'tis the time to strive!

Review.

THE LABOURER. A Monthly Magazine of Politics,
Literature, &c. London: Northern Star Office, 10,
Great Windmill-street.

The number for May of this very successful and
popular magazine contains a rich variety of interest-

ing matter, both in prose and poetry. The usual
political contributions of Ernest Jones, which we
have transferred to our columns, speaks for itself.

"good wine needs no bush." From an eloquent and
ably-written letter to Lord Russell, we give the
following extracts:—

THE PHASE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

Since the

SHOCKING AND FATAL ACCIDENT TO A CHILD.
Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, a fatal accident occurred in Fetter-lane, to a fine little named John George, aged three years, whose parents keep the Northumberland Coffee-house, Little-street. The child was attempting to cross the street when a cart belonging to Mr Edwards, wine-merchant, of Illoren-bill, was passing, by which he was knocked down, and the wheel passed over his head, killing him instantaneously. The driver was taken into custody.

