

Original.

"THE DAYS OF LANG SYNE."

THE REGRET.

Sweet was my rural residence, and gay,
Amid the sylvan scene my mansion rose;
Into the deep majestic rolling Spey,
Near Fiddich, where thy crystal streamlet
And thro' heav'n seem'd so kindly to dispose
My lot with health and peace and plenty bleat;
And with the praise a country's love bestows,
And social intercourse of friends the best;
Of friends their country's boast, the good and
great confest.

Nor thus, though happy, did I listless lead
A life of indolence and pastime vain;
But tought the rushy fen, the barren mead,
And heathy height to yield the golden grain;
Bade round my dwelling, Flora's blooming train,
Display their charms, their choicest odours shed;
And sweet Pomona lift forme in vain;
And in the breeze wave high her branchy head,
In spring with blossoms gay; with fruits
in autumn clad.

Or pour'd the moral precept on the minds
Of list'ning multitudes, who throng'd to hear;
And chaf' impress'd that charity, which finds
In Adam's ev'ry son a brother dear;
Rejoiced from sorrow's cheek to wipe the tear,
And poverty's relieving into to pay;
Or, o'er the bed of death reclined to cheer
The sufferer sad, and banish dark dismay;
And wild desponding thoughts with hope's co-
lestial ray.

Thy depths, philosophy, I'd next explore,
And fondly try to scan thy truths sublime;
Or bid each author fam'd his classic lore,
Unfold in prose or verse, and modern rhyme.
Of history, with her tale beguiling time,
Describes the past, since first the world began;
A shews in every age, in every clime,
Though o'er so varied, still the same is man;
The same odd pranks each plays within his
narrow span.

But marks, as most distinguished of their kind
For wisdom, virtue, valour, worth and fame,
Thy sons, Britannia; whose undaunted mind
To slav'ry's yoke, no tyrant e'er could tame.
Thus fans alive the dormant patriot flame,
Till glows my bosom with the rap'rous blaze;
Then, of my nation proud, I'd vent'rous aim
To sing th' existing wonders of our days;
And add my tribute due still to my country's
praise.

But when the muse my feebly sounding lyre
Obscurely oft to loftiest themes had strung;
Still, still I'd want a kindred Thomson's fire;
For who, as he, his country's praise has sung!
Else, perchance with boldest sweep had flung
My loosely floating numbers on the gale;
Each British hero's deathless name had rung
Loud in my lay, that could but softly steal
Upon the list'ning ear, drown'd in their
triumph's peal.

Brave Abercromby then, and gallant Moore,
In battle's front alike who conqu'ring died;
And Duncan, from Batavia's brow who tore
The naval crown, like thom his Scotia's pride;
And, England, thine, who spread thy terrors wide,
And with thy thunder shook each hostile shore;
Bade o'er the main thy fleets triumphant ride;
Then pour'd his life amid the cannon's roar;
Great Nelson had I sung, like those alas! no
more!

Yet lives fair Erin's boast, who stay'd the foe,
And mark'd the limits of his proud career;
Thou struck the sure premeditated blow;
And hung terrific on his flying rear;
The British Fabius, who could patient hear
Th' unweeting vulgar tax his woe delay;
Till, like the gathering tempest, dark and drear,
Collected in his might he burst his way,
Reckless; spreading round wild panic and
dismay;

Thus, Wollington, thou drov'st at th' invader's host
Fast forth from Lusitania's gay domain;
And bad'st returning freedom glad her coast,
And o'er her land still peace and plenty reign.
Iberia now, whose sons so long in vain
Have strove against th' invader's ruffian might,
Invokes thy conqu'ring arm to break her chain,
And pour his legions forth in headlong flight
Beyond her utmost bounds, the Pyrenean
height.

For thee the Fiddich muse had also twin'd,
Cull'd on Parnassus' top, the garland gay;
And with the Lusitanian laurel join'd,
To grace her hero's brow, the poet's bay;
Not like the gory wreath, in evil day,
That round Massona's temples Rapine bound;
Thine, virtue's guiltless boon, shall ne'er decay.
While, sudden dash'd, his mould'ring strews
the ground; [known'd,
Himself but for his crimes, and savage deeds re-

And thou, that lov'st rest, like the bird of Jove,
Arm'd with his thunders round Trinaccia's isle,
Protective of her coast; and thence hast drov
Full of th' advent'rous foe with dire recoil,
Who could'st to deeds of fame and warlike toil
Her sons effeminate successful train
To vie with Britons bold; thyself the while
Their guide and model, Hall, no vulgar strain,
Thou too, thine Erin's boast had'st claim'd, nor
claim'd in vain.

Such themes heroic oft my mind engage,
And charm the vacant hour, else tedious found;
Chief while the howling tempest spends his rage,
And hoary winter pours his storms around.
But when the smiling spring has strow'd the
ground [green;
With flowers, and hung the grove with foliage
Then forth I'd fare, rejoic'd to catch the sound
Of lowing herds, and bleating flocks between,
And lark, that warbling soars amid the sky serene;

And shepherd's pipe, and plough-boy's whistle
shrill,
As o'er the field he cheers his lagging team:
Or lay me careless, where the gurgling rill
Hurls down its craggy steep the foamy stream;
And crowding birch exclude the solar beam;
And from his leafy bow'r the Linnet sings;
The Thrush mellifluous pours his softer theme:
Each warbler sweet his rival's escant brings,
Till with their blended song the echoing forest
rings.

There oft the flow'ry tribes, and insect race,
In silent wonder wrapt, have I explored;
Alike in meanest objects fond to trace,
As in his noblest works, great Nature's Lord;
Who so life's varied insunct can afford,
With aptest size and form, and richest hue
To mere atoms; and for such has stor'd
Ambrosial food, and draughts of nect'rous dew
In ev'ry plant, and tree, and blooming flow'r wo
view.

These were my pastimes then; my labours those;
In which my time was usefully employ'd:
Nor yet the bitter cup of human woes
My life had reach'd; nor pleasure's sweets had
cloy'd,
Nor anxious hope, nor care my mind annoy'd,
And dire contagion's dread in tainted clime;
Nor deathning din of war my peace destroy'd;
Nor with misfortune struggling in life's prime,
War I, like warbler sweet, caught in the fowler's
lime.

Yet sooth! no common lure my flight beguill'd,
Arl big with Europe's fate was my boheat:
Iberia, chief with thine, had fortune smil'd
And with the hop'd success my errand blest:
Then had my hand wear'd th' wrongs redrest,
And thy lov'd monarch to thy wish restor'd;
Among thy sons all factious feuds suppress'd,
And join'd them with their head, in firm accord,
Forth from thy troubl'd land to drive the plund'-
ring horde.

But ah! too soon the secret was disclos'd;
Elza, like Romans, had thy prince becom freed:

His venal hand the stranger interpos'd
To spoil the scheme, and mar the gen'rous
deed,
Ne'er sought, but to secure his labour's meed,
And snatch the treasure lent, thy Lord to save:
Not, Cockburn, like with thee, who first agreed
All danger dauntless in th' attempt to brave,
And blush'd, when ask'd the boon he'd for his
servic' crave.

Nor had he not, obedient at the call
Of Wellesley, a name to Britons dear,
Forsook his country, kindred, friends and all,
Nor kind dissuasive counsel stopp'd to hear:
Not e'en relented with the parting tear;
So rash he reck'd not what mishaps might
come;
Now unconsol'd, unpitied must he bear
His disappointment sad, and far from home,
A weary wight of woe, unknown and friendless
room.

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Hamilton, 3rd Sept., 1841.

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agents for the Catholic paper, and do
all in their power among their people
to prevent its being a failure, to our
final shame and the triumph of our
enemies.

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OF PIERSE McELLIGOTT, late of Ter-
lee, County Kerry, Ireland. Who
last heard of he was employed as prin-
cipal clerk with Jno Okely, Esq. merchant
Smith's wharf, Baltimore. Any informa-
tion respecting him sent to this Office, wi-
be thankfully received.
Hamilton, Sept. 15, 1841.