





Maclaren's plays

No. 847

5
T H E

4/00
HIGHLAND DROVER;

O R,

DOMHNUL DUBH M'NA-BEINN,
at CARLISLE.

A FAVOURITE INTERLUDE.

As it was repeatedly performed at INVERNESS,
ABERDEEN, PERTH, DUNDEE, and GREEN-
OCK, with universal approbation.

Written by A. M' L A R E N.

The Gaelic Speeches are translated into English,
and marked with inverted commas.

GREENOCK:

PRINTED BY THOS. MURRAY.

M. DCC. XC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOMHNUL DUBH, *Mr. M'Laren.*

HARTLY, *Mr. Newbound.*

RAMELE, *Mr. Sutherland.*

DONACHA, *Mr. Duffus.*

DOCTOR HOG, *Mr. Holliday.*

LYDIA, *Mrs. Sutherland.*

BETTY, *Mrs. Newbound.*

Servants, &c. SCENE Carlisle.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, THE
MARQUIS OF LORN.

MY LORD,

THE condescension with which your Lordship hath lately received a piece of mine, encourages me to hope, that you will not be offended at this liberty I take, without your knowledge or permission. I know it is the common practice of Dedicators, to enumerate the many good qualifications which their Patrons may be possess of; but, my Lord, your virtues need not my humble pen to record them; your Lordship's conduct thro' life will publish them to the world much better. I shall only beg leave to say, that there is not a nobleman upon earth, for whom I have so great a respect and veneration; but, when my tongue shall no longer have power to express my sense of your goodness, perhaps some chance copy of the HIGHLAND DROVER, may remain to tell posterity, that I have taken this opportunity of shewing my gratitude, for the obligations I owe your Lordship,

MY LORD,

I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's most

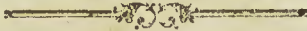
GREENOCK, 15th } obedient, and most
OCTOBER, 1790. } devoted humble Servant,

ARCH. M'LAREN.

P R E F A C E.

KIND Reader, (for kind I wish you may prove,) I here offer to your perusal a little Piece, which may at least boast some novelty to recommend it, I shall not like some authors, inform the public, that my production is a trifle of no merit, no no, thank you Mr Reader, you'll never catch me at that, that would be paying a fine compliment to the judgment of those genteel audiences, before whom it has been repeatedly performed with universal approbation. Now, I know you'll think me a little vain conceited Highland fellow, but you'll certainly alter your opinion, when I assure you that I am fully convinced, that a part of the applause was as much the effect of the audience's good nature, as any merit in the writing: and yet the interlude is well enough for all that, and I don't care three coppers, no not even a penny, if every one who understands the Gælic, and every one who does not understand the Gælic, should purchase a copy of it; and if they have any vein for criticism, they have my free consent (after the aforesaid copies become their property) to indulge it. My child says, an old Highland matron, and you know that Highland matrons, are generally reckoned to be a kind of a-what you may call a second edition of female seers, this little Piece might prove very useful in the Highlands, if scholars would perform it at certain times before their friends, it would accustom them to speak in public, and by degrees wear off that clownish bashfulness so natural to children.

HIGHLAND DROVER.



S C E N E . I.

Street, near Mrs Alkin's Carlisle.

HARTLY and RAMBLE.

Hart. **N**OW my dear Ramble, we are at the place appointed, and according to my promise, I'll tell you why I sent for you in such haste; there is the house, the precious casket that contains the dearest jewel of my heart, my charming Lydia! to-morrow, her guardian doctor Hog, means to give her to the arms of my rival Scarecrow; but I design to carry her out of the reach of his power to night.

Ram. How do you mean? Is the lady appriz'd of your intention?

Hart. 'Tis by her own appointment I am here; you know Betty the little Scots girl, she's in our interest; the moment the old fellow is gone to bed, she'll give us a signal from the window: I have appointed two or three friends to meet me in case of opposition, but you alone are true to the appointment.

Ram. Never fear, we are sufficient, love will
lend

6 The HIGHLAND DROVER.

lend strength to your arm, and friendship add double vigour to mine; let the lady but appear, and we'll rescue her or die in the attempt.

Hart. Every thing is quiet, we cannot miscarry.

Den. (*within*) To ho ho till an tarb'a dubh, buail a mart maol, a Dhonachi.

'To ho ho turn the black bull, strike the
'hornless cow, Duncan.

Dun. 'Manamsa, nach buail me fhein am beathich bochd, agus i cho fhada on tighe:--cum a ffighe a mart ceannan.

'Upon my soul, I will not strike the poor
'beast myself, and she so far from home:-----
'keep in the spotted cow.

Hart. What in the name of wonder is that?

Ram. Why sir, these are two or three Scots Highlanders, on their way up the country with cattle, they have taken up their quarters in Mrs Alkins back yard; they're innocent honest-fellows, and won't disturb us.

Hart. But they may rouse that old dragon doctor Hog; we had better retire till they are settled. (*they retire*)

Enter Dombnul Dubh mac-na-beinn, and his man.

'Black Donald son of the mountain.'

Domb. Droch co 'dhail air a bhaille mhofach fo, a Dhonachi, cho n'eil ach Bearla, Bearla, aig gach biaist a tha tachairt orm; ach coma leatfa a laochain bithidh sinneag an tighe fhas't, far an tuig aid sin, ach bi falbh agus thoir an'airre
air

Air a chrobh; agus theid mis agus feuchaidh mi
am faigh mi Callum mac Feather mo sheann---
mhaitheir; chuala mi Gu bheil e ann fa bhaille fo,
bi falbh a laochain. (*Exit Duncan.*)

[*Donald walking about and singing.*]

A rìgh nach robh mi ann a Muille leat,
Na air mulach Chruachain :
Hug o rino ro oho Nìghan don bhoighach, &c.

‘ A bad meeting to this ugly town Duncan,
‘ there is nothing but English, English, with e-
‘ very trifling fellow I meet with ; but, never
‘ mind my good fellow, we’ll be at home yet,
‘ where they’ll understand every word we speak;
‘ but go you lad and take care of the cattle, and
‘ I’ll go and try if I can find out Malcolm, the
‘ son of my grandmother’s sister, I have heard
‘ that he lives in this town, go my good lad.’

(*Sings.*) I wish I were in Mull with you.
Or on the top of Cruachan.

Ram. (*advancing*) I must endeavour to get him
away, or we shall never be able to accomplish our
design ; (*touching him on the shoulder*) a fine night
friend.

Domb. (*turning about quick*) Ciod e a tha thu
aig radh a dhuine ?

‘ What do you say man ?’

Ram. He does not understand me, if I thought
he had a comrade that did, I would call him.

Dombn. Callum ! an aithne dhuit fa Callum ?
‘n donnas

'n donnas duille agam nach thu fhein Callum,
oh laochain, thoir dhomh do lamh.

' Callum! do you know Callum? I don't
' think but you're Callum yourself, Oh my good
' fellow, give me your hand.'

Ram. You want to go to law! well my friend
who hinders you.

Dombn. Mata, 's duillich leam fhein nach'eil
bearla agam air son a ghille choir fo, 'on tha mi
creidsin gu'n do chail e a ghælic,---s' urrin mi
beagan a' radh, no agus yes, agus to be sure,
agus a leite sin.

' Well, I'm sorry that I can speak no English
' upon this honest lad's account, for I believe he
' has lost all his Gælic,---I can speak a little, such
' as no and yes, and to be sure, and the like of
' that.'

Ram. I'll tell you what it is friend, I have a
little business to transact here, and I suppose you
mean to prevent me.

Dombn. Ciod a their mi, nios?---yes.

' What shall I say now?---yes.

Ram. Yes!

Dombn. Yes, gu dearbh a dhuine.

' Yes, indeed man.

Ram. Will you go about your business?

Dombn. Nios their mi,---no.

' Now I'll say no.

Ram. Hang me if ever I saw such a fellow, he
seems to understand me perfectly, and answers
me too; I'll tell you what fir, in one word, do
you mean to affront me?

Domhn. To be sure,—donnas focal tuille bearla tha agam.

‘To be sure, devil another word English have I.

Ram. If this be a specimen of your Highland manners, ’tis not the kind of usage that I like.

Domhn. Gælic! Oh laochain, cuir a mach a Bhearla agus thoir a stìghe a Ghælic.

‘Gælic! Oh my fine fellow, put out the English and bring in the Gælic.

Ram. No more fir, but be off with you.

Domhn. Mata a Challum, bu thu mac an duine choir; bha iomadh piobraidh again, ach nìor a thig an latha a nì mise cronn, mur feinnaidh e port air piob mhoir le haon duibh.

‘Well then Malcolm, you are the son of a very honest man; many a piper we had in the Highlands, but let me never do an ill action, if he would not play a tune upon a pair of large pipes with any of them.

Ram. One peep more at the window! the devil another peep you shall get here to night friend. (*angrily.*)

Domhn. Donnas duile agam fhein nach ’eil fearg air a bhallach,—Callum! oh mo chreach! cho n’e Callum a tha ann idir, cho n’e, cho n’e, san atha ann a maddadh glas Sas’nach.

‘Devil a thought have I but the fellow is angry,—Malcolm! alas, it is not Malcolm at all, no no, the English dog.’

Ram. What do you say? you want a glass of

B

arsenick,

arsenic, I wish you had it;—I see we must drop our design, and in the morning send the lady a Card.

Dombn. Ceard! dam ort a bheil thu aig radh gur ceard mise, mo their thu sin rist bristeadh midochlagain, mochunaidh thu riabhceard da m'chimidh, bi mise an d' chomain le infin.

'Tinker! damn you, do you say that I'm
' a tinker, if you say so again I'll break your skull;
' if ever you knew a tinker of my name I'll be
' obliged to you to tell me.

Ram. You're commonly easy! faith it does not look like it friend; however good night, you're a very honest fellow.

Dombn. (*looking at him earnestly*) Mata's thu a mearleach!—dean stad,—tha cota math air a bhallach, ach 's iomadh fhoit 'fhear air a bheil cota matha, agus nam biodh fhios again cia mur a fhuair e e, cho 'neil fhios agum nach feudadh a chota, bhi cho olc re m' chota fhein,

' Oh then you're a terrible thief!—but stop,
' the fellow has on a good coat, but many a
' scoundrel wears a good coat, and if we know
' how he came by it, perhaps we wou'd find that
' his coat might be as bare as my own, if it were
' as honest.'

Ram. Go away friend, I doubt your design is worse than I suspected.

Dombn. Bi falbh, bi falbh, tha eagal ormfa nach 'eil do ghnoghach onnarach ann fan aite so.

' Be gone, be gone, I'm afraid your business
' is

' is not very honourable in this place.

Ram. I plainly perceive you want an opportunity to rob the house.

Dombn. Sann a thanie thu fo a ghoid air falbh cuid don crobh, ach bheir mis a 'n airre ort, ged a bhios thu fo gus a mhadain, donnas mart na damh a ghuibh thu nochd a dhuine.

' You came here to steal away some of our cattle, but I'll take care of you, though you remain here till morning, the devil a cow or ox you'll get to night man.

Ram. I'll chat with you no longer, go about your business fir, (*offering to push him away.*)

Dombn. Air lamh t' athair agus do shean-athair e, an tog thu do lamh dhomfa, a mhic na caliche, droch co' dháil ort mar cuir mise do cheann an sa pholl. (*collaring him.*)

' By the hand of your father and grandfather, you son of an old woman, do you lift your hand against me; bad luck to you, but I'll put your head in the gutter.'

Enter Betty.

Betty. Bless me fir, what's the matter?

Ram. Betty, for heaven's sake speak some of your Gælic to this mad fellow, a plague upon his fingers, he has almost choaked me.

Betty. Oh fir; you'll find my country-men don't stand much upon ceremonies, when they think themselves wrong'd.--I'll speak to him; An cluinn sibh, a dhuine?

B 2

' Do

‘ Do you hear man ?

Domb. (*supriz'd*) A bheil Gælic agad ?

‘ Can you speak Gælic ?’

Betty. Ha beagan.

‘ Yes, a little,

Dombn. (*doubtful*) Hut cho n’eil.

‘ Hut no.

Betty. Ha gu dearbh.

‘ Yes indeed.

Dombn. A nighean mo chridhe ’s mo ghaoil,
ca d’afs a thanic thu ?

‘ Thou girl of my heart and my love, where
‘ came you from ?

Betty. Hanic mi a Ineraora.

‘ I came from Inverary.’

Dombn. Oh mo ghallad, co na daoine ga bheil
thu ?

‘ Oh my dear girl, what kindred are you of ?

Betty. ’s ban Chaimbelleich mi.

‘ I am a Campbell.

Dombn. Oh dhia ! thoir dhomh pog, a nigh-
an mo ghaoil, na Caimbellich ! na daoine ’s fhear
air an t’ faoghal, thoir dhomh pog eille-rift agus
rifi---’m’annam fein gu bheil blas millis Ghælich
air do phogan, agus bu choir dhoibh fin a ghal-
lad A bheil fios agad Ban-charraid dhomhsa
thu ? tha odha brathair mo shean-athair, posda
air bean chinidh dhuit, Ian mor mac Ian, ’ic
Dhughail, ’ic Dhomnul, ’ic Dhonachi, ’ic Alastoir
’ic Shemuis, ’ic Eoin bhig mhic Ian duin Agus
a nis mo tha padhagh no acras ort a fhad, agus
a bhis

a bhliis peign ann an sporran Dhonuil Dhubh 's
do bheatha a ghallad.

' O Lord ! give me a kiss my dear girl, the
' Campbells ! the best people in the world,-----
' give me another kiss,---again and again,---upon
' my soul your kisses have a sweet Highland taste,
' and so they should ; do you know that you're
' a relation of mine, the grandson of my great
' grandfather's brother, was married to a name-
' sake of yours, big John the son of John, the
' son of Dugald, the son of Donald, the son of
' Duncan, the son of Alexander, the son of
' James, the son of little Hugh, whose father
' was brown John ; and now my girl, if you
' are either hungry or thirsty, as long as there
' is a penny in black Donald's purse, you shall
' be welcome.'

Betty. Tha mi nar commain.

' I'm obliged to you.'

Dombu. Co e am ballach so ?

' Who is he this fellow ?

Betty. Tha carraid dhombha.

' He's a friend of mine.

Dombu. N'eadh gu dearbh ! co no daoine da
bheil e ?

' Is he indeed ! what kindred is he of ?

Betty. Tha ainm fhein Sals'nach ach bha
mhathair Gaelich.

' He bears an English name himself, but his
' mother was a Highland woman.

Dombu. 'N robh, an gille coir ; mata chanic

15 N 000 4 mi

mi ruid-cigin na aodan nach burraidh mi a cheann
a bhítheadh ciod e a tha e, aig dcunibh ann fo?

‘ Was she, the honest lad; well, I saw some-
‘ thing in his face, that would not let me break
‘ his head, what is he doing here ?

Betty. Tha carraid aig an gaol air calaig uafal
an fan tigh fo, ach tha bodach mofsach maol
ga toirt do fhear eile.

‘ He has a friend that’s in love with a lady in
‘ that house; but, there is an old bald-pated
‘ fellow, going to give her away to another man.

Domhn. ’n diabhuil a bheil ! co no daoine da
bheil am bodach ?

‘ The devil there is ! what kindred is the old
‘ fellow of ?

Betty. Hog, Hog,----what the deuce is it in
Gælic, oh ay,---Mac na muic.

‘ The son of a sow.

Domhn. Mac na muic ! ’n donnas duine a
chmuic mi riabh do chineadh,--mac na muic !
droch co’ dhail air a bhodach mhofach ; a bheil
a chalag fhein toileach ’n gille a phofadh ?

‘ The son of a sow ! the devil a man ever I
‘ knew of his name before,--the son of a sow !
‘ the filthy fellow ; but is the girl willing to mar-
‘ ry the young lad.

Betty. Tha gu dearbh.

‘ Yes indeed.

Domhn. Agus co is ceann cineadh don bhodach ?

‘ And who is the old fellow’s chief ?

Betty. Cho n’eil ceann cineadh aig idir.

‘ he

‘ He has no chief.

Domhn. Nach’ eil, falbh agus thoir a mach a chlag, ciod e an feorfa duine e aig nach ’eil ceann cineadh ; mo thig e as a deigh, bristeidh mis a chlagain.

‘ Has not he, go and bring out the girl this minute ; what sort of a man is he that has no chief ; if he should come after her I’ll break his skull for him.

Betty. An deun thu sin ?

‘ Will you do that ?

Domhn. An deun ! m’anamsa gun dean, gad nach ’eil bearla ann m’cheann, tha bearla gu leoir ann m’bhata, tuige am bodach gach buille a bheir e air a chluais aige.

‘ Will I ! by my soul will I, tho’ there’s no English in my head, there’s plenty of English in my staff, I’ll warrant the old fellow will understand every stroke it lays upon his ear.

Ram. What does he say Betty ?

Betty. I have explained the affair to him sir, and he is so far from being your enemy, that he has promised to assist us ; call Mr Hartly, and I’ll bring you the lady.

[*Betty goes in and brings out Lydia, they carry her off, Donald puts himself in a posture of defence, as if he expected a pursuit from the house, sings.*

Agus oh mhorag, horo na horo, &c.

‘ And oh my pretty Sally.

doctor

Dr. Hog. (*at the window*) Hey day what noise is this?

Dhonn. 'n donnas duile agum nach e fo mac na muic, droch cadal air do mhaoil, ciod e a tha thu deanamh as do leabidh fa n'am fo do oiche?

' I don't think but this is the son of a sow;
' bad rest to your old skull, what are you doing
' out of your bed at this time of night?

Dr Hog. Dro,----dro,----caddi, what what! what outlandish gibberish is this?

Dombn. A righ nach robh buille agum air do chluais! (*offering to strike doctor Hog*) oh me chreach! tha a bhiaist ro ard.

' Oh that I had one stroke upon his ear; alas
' the beast is too high.

Dr Hog. What what, feast, reward; oho you want to feast with my ward, I am much obliged to you for the honour, but you must excuse me.

Dombn. Hig anuas ann fo, agus nior a thig an latha ni mise cron, mo dh fhagas mi eluas air do chlagain maol mofach; tha agam 'n fo da ehorrc dhuibh.

' Come down here, and let me never do a bad
' action, if I leave an ear upon your ugly bald
' pate, for I have here two black hefted knives.

Dr Hog. What do you say? you want to draw a cork too do you, very modest indeed; you want to feast with my ward, and draw a cork too, but the devil a cork you'll draw here to night.

Dombn.

Dombn. Cuir a stìghe do fcaile mhaol, hab hab beuthach mofach.

‘ Draw in your old bald skull, hab hab, ugly
‘ beast.

Dr Hog. What, you’ll come up up will you, stay a bit, and I’ll come and knock you down down you rascal. (*comes out with two or three servants.*)

Doctor Hog. Oh she’s gone! she’s gone! you scoundrel you’re a party concern’d, what a damn’d blockhead was I to be detained with your heathenish jargon; oh you rogue.

[Offers to strike, Donald knocks him down, the servants assist, he knocks them down likewise; doctor Hog creeps off on his hands and feet, the servants follow him, Donald kicking them in the Highland fashion; Ramble and Betty enter, the Drover runs to strike, but knows them, and drops his stick while he embraces them.]

Ram. (*offering money*) Here my worthy fellow.

Dombn. Cìod e a tha thu aig deanamh, mo naire! mo naire! cha n’ fhaca thu riabh mac gael nach cuideachadh a charraid a n’ am feim gun argoid agus gun orr, coir o stìgh do sporran’ ìlle choir.

‘ What are doing, for shame! for shame!
‘ you never saw a true Highlander but would
‘ assist his friend in the time of need, without
‘ either bribe or reward, so put up your purse
‘ honest lad.

Ram. What does he say Betty?

Betty. He says that he never will sell his friendship for money, because the pleasure he derives from having done a good action, is a sufficient reward for him.

Eam. He's a generous fellow indeed; sure we may have a glass together then. (*makes a sign for drinking*)

Dombu. Oh tha mise ga 'd thuigfin bi mi da scillin leat ille choir. (*pulling out his purse*)

' Oh I understand you, I'll be twopence with you.

[*Betty* brings out some liquor, they drink, *Donald* speaks aside to *Betty*.]

Ram. What does he say now Betty?

Betty. He says he hopes you'll forgive him, for though a Highlander through ignorance may be brought to espouse a bad cause, whenever he becomes sensible of his mistake, he thinks himself bound to double his diligence in friendship, to atone for his error.

Domb. A Dhonachi thoir a mach am boddach.

Betty. He desires his man to bring out the doctor, for he says that though he would not give his consent to the marriage, he'll be forced to dance at the wedding.

(*Duncan* pulls out doctor Hog by the breast, then a Scots reel, they force the old fellow through the dance, drop the curtain.)

Coll and Rorha.

IN IMITATION OF THE GÆLIC.



THE ARGUMENT.

COLL, the son of Echan, was betrothed to ROTHHA, the daughter of Ivir; but, previous to their intended nuptials, he undertook a voyage to Mull with several friends. On their return they were wrecked, and every person lost but Coll, who was thrown ashore near Dupstaffnage, where his enemy, Calmuck, found him on the strand. He used all means to restore him to his senses, which he no sooner accomplished than he confined him in Staffnage Tower, and after two days put him to death. In the time of his confinement he wrote a letter, which he fastened to a board, and threw it over the wall into the tide: the streams of Conal carried it to his beloved Rothha, who found it, as she was looking for the long wish'd for fleet, which never did return.

O H! charming Rotha! loveliest of thy kind,
 Thoulittle know'st the anguish of my mind.
 Ten tedious days are now claps'd, and more,
 Since first I left thee weeping on the shore;

Tho' little less than death it was to part,
 False flatt'ring hopes sustain'd my sinking heart.
 We hop'd the tide that bore my fleet away
 Wou'd bring me back before our bridal day ;
 But neither tide nor winds can favour me,
 Here I'm detain'd by cruel Fate's decree.

Long may your flowing tears my absence mourn ;
 Long may you wish in vain for my return :
 In vain on Duan's lofty top you stand ;
 In vain you bend your looks towards the strand ;
 In vain your kindred maids, on ev'ry side,
 With willing fingers deck my charming bride ;
 In vain the skilful bards with ardor burn
 To raise the song to welcome my return ;
 In vain our friends assemble to the feast ;
 In vain soft transports fill each joyful breast ;
 In vain our nuptial robes thy hands prepare ;
 No nuptial robes thy Coll shall ever wear ;
 In cruel fetters bound, in Staffuage Tow'r,
 I'm fallen a prey to hateful Calmuck's pow'r.
 Fate wrought what his weak hand cou'd not perform
 He reap'd an easy conquest from the storm,
 Which scatter'd o'er the deep our little fleet,
 And parted friends which never more shall meet.
 My lab'ring bark was sunk, my friends were lost,
 And I, a lifeless wreck, thrown on his coast ;
 The rising sun presented to his eyes,
 Defenceless, on the strand his wish'd-for prize.
 All arts he us'd my senses to restore,
 But with a view to shew his hatred more.

He

In vain he thinks to keep me by controul,
 He only has my body---you my soul.
 Tho' here depriv'd of ev'ry present joy,
 His utmost spite cannot the past destroy:
 As bees, when bleak December's tempest blow,
 And honey-bearing flow'rs are lost in snow,
 In comfort live upon their hoarded store,
 I feast upon those joys I reap'd before;
 Each tender look and smile I call to mind,
 Each word my Rotha spake when she was kind.
 These are the hands that fondly grasped thine,
 This is the ring your fingers prest on mine;
 This is the vest you wrought with skilful care;
 And this the lock of thy luxuriant hair;
 That lock which thy fond love at parting gave,
 That lock which shall attend me to my grave:
 On these I gaze with silent, fond delight,
 Till bursting tears obscure my failing sight.
 But, hark! my dungeon gates fly open wide;
 'Tis Calmuck comes, elate with savage pride,
 Well guarded by his slaves on ev'ry side. }
 I, in his angry eyes my fate can read,
 I hear my sentence from his lips proceed;
 I beg one moment to be left alone---
 With frowning brow and hasty step he's gone.
 Oh! wou'd my fate but bring me once again,
 To meet this hated Calmuck on the plain;
 By strength of arms to end the dire contest,
 My sword shou'd prove its temper on his crest.
 But, oh! my Rotha, this the Fates deny,
 Within this hour thy faithful Coll must die.

If

If bards the truth in antient tales declare,
 Who tell us spirits hover in the air,
 My ghost shall always wander to and fro,
 To watch and guard your steps where'er you go.
 Near Leven's fount where first we talk'd of love,
 Or Chronon's vale, or love-sick Euran's grove.
 If my lov'd Rotha e'er shou'd wander there,
 To mourn her Coll's hard fate, and shed a tear,
 Swift thro' the airy regions I will fly,
 Light at your feet, or on your bosom lie ;
 Unseen I'll see your tears, and hear your moan,
 And if a spirit can I'll join my own.
 But, lest my form your waking sense shou'd fright,
 I'll softly steal upon your dreams by night,
 And to your fancy like myself appear,
 To soothe your grief, and chace away each tear;
 Then all our woes we'll for a while suspend,
 And wish the short-liv'd night wou'd never end.
 Then, oh! my Rotha! then we'll number o'er
 The happy, happy hours we've known before;
 We'll talk of love and joy, till morning light
 Shall banish sleep, and chace me from thy sight;
 With groaning ghosts again I'll skim the air,
 Or in some cavern breathe my wild despair,
 Sit on the rock, or shaggy mountain's brow,
 Whose face is cover'd with eternal snow ;
 Or wander by some roaring water side,
 Mount thro' the clouds, or on the north winds ride;
 But when our kindred warriors meet to taste,
 Within your father's hall, the splendid feast,
 To urge the shell around, and raise the song,

On

On airy wings I'll mingle with the throng;
 And when the tale of other times goes round,
 I'll hear the hall with heroes names resound;
 I'll hear some bard in mournful song relate
 The story of our loves and hapless fate.
 I'll see my faithful hound, the fam'd Whiteface,
 My dear and true companion in the chase;
 I'll see my drooping father stroak his head,
 In fond rememb'rance of his master dead.
 I'll see my grief-spent mother's dumb despair,
 I'll see her beat her breast, and tear her hair:
 I'll see my dear-lov'd sister's winning art,
 To calm a parent's breast, and ease her heart;
 I'll see her dry the tears fast trickling down,
 Tho' neither art nor care can hide her own.
 I'll see the warriors view my shield and spear;
 I'll see the matrons woe and falling tear:
 I'll see the aged sire and warlike chief
 Use wisdom's words to soothe my Rotha's grief.

A. M'L.

F I N I S.

On the 1st of July 1861
 I was informed by the
 Secretary of the
 Board of Education
 that the following
 names had been
 appointed to
 the Board of
 Education for
 the year 1861-2
 viz
 Messrs
 J. M. Smith
 W. J. Jones
 T. R. Brown
 G. H. White
 C. D. Black
 F. G. Grey
 H. I. Blue
 K. L. Green
 M. N. Yellow
 O. P. Purple
 Q. R. Red
 S. T. Orange
 U. V. Pink
 W. X. Brown
 Y. Z. Grey

W. J. Jones

W. J. Jones



