

NOLTLAND



ABS. 1.76.230

~~P. R. Flett~~

Ethel R. Flett



N O L T L A N D ;

OR,

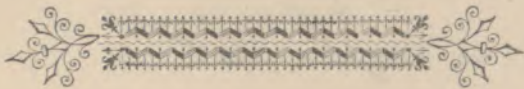
THE BALFOUR'S BRIDAL.

ETC. ETC.

BY T. S. P.

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# N O L T L A N D ;

OR,

## THE BALFOUR'S BRIDAL.



WHERE knight and noble feasted free  
The midnight wind holds revelry—  
    In Noltland's ruined hall :  
O'er loopholed wall and turret tower  
The moss is green, the rank weeds flower—  
Poor mourners o'er a vanished power  
    That long since met its fall.  
There minstrel ne'er again shall sing,  
Nor shout of wassail ever ring,  
Nor tale of love shall lady hear—  
Save when the peasant girl her ear  
Inclines to hear enamoured swain

His stammering vow repeat again.  
No steed is in its grassy court ;  
No warder at its outward port ;  
No banner o'er its massy wall ;  
No voice, no sound in Noltland hall !  
The hearth is rent in its chambers bare,  
And broken the steps of its mouldering stair ;  
The quaking turret shakes to its fall,  
Yawning and rent from the ruined wall ;  
The snow-wreaths whirl, and the rain-drops shower  
'Twixt the roofless walls of the lady's bower.

Earl Patrick Stewart, with iron hand,  
All Orkney held 'neath his stern command.  
In every island his soldiers lay,  
His galleys floated in every bay :  
And the whole land murmured since the hour  
That placed it beneath the tyrant's power :  
For he tore the son from the sire away—  
The sire who durst not say him nay—  
And the thankless fruits of the peasant's toil  
He seized for himself as his proper spoil.  
There was but one who defied his thrall—  
Young Michael Balfour of Noltland Hall ;  
For his walls were thick and his towers were high,  
And he loved when the winds blew furiously ;



For he said, "My otter\* the blast will brave  
When the earl's proud ships find a stormy grave."  
Earl Patriek swore by his royal name  
That the pride of Balfour he would tame  
What time a fair pretext he found  
To give his cause good vantage ground :  
And long he did not wait, I trow,  
Till Balfour gave him cause enow.

The wanderer who perchance may stray  
Where softly smiles sweet Birstane Bay—  
When sunbeams on the sea throw deep  
The shadow of each craggy steep ;  
When cowslips star the brilliant green,  
And Yule-grass scents each wild ravine ;  
When every bush a fragrance throws  
From scented briar and budding rose ;  
When, tamed by distance, come the shoeks  
Of waves that roll on Holland's rocks ;  
And, from the String's dark tide afar,  
The murmur of its watery war ;  
When high above the white gull gleams,  
And far below the shrill hawk screams,  
And from the sea, beyond his eye,  
He hears the diver's lonely cry—

\* Otter, the crest of the Balfours.

May never mark, close by the sea,  
 Where the cliffs slope down gradually,  
 The ruins of a little tower\*  
 Long-crumbled 'neath the blast and shower.  
 How few—where waves like silver sweep,  
 Where precipices rear up steep,  
 Where light-winged birds divide the air,  
 Or dot the sea with plumage fair—  
 How very few, would stay to trace  
 Of man's frail works the withering-place !

The tale requires I raise again  
 These walls, and people them as then—  
 Bring back the times we can't remember ;  
 Renew the hall, redeck the chamber ;  
 Replace the sentry at the gate ;  
 Reswing the gone portcullis' weight ;  
 And, in her lonely tower above,  
 Reprison Balfour's luckless love.

Poor Marion sat, at the evening hour,  
 By her turret lattice high,  
 A captive maid in a villain's power—  
 What wonder she should sigh ?

\* There are the remains of a very old tower, nearly covered with rubbish, on the shore, opposite Birstane House.

She looked away where the String tide rolled,  
Where the daylight was declining,  
And she saw the ray, in the waveless bay,  
Where the evening star was shining ;  
She marked the fisher homeward sweep,  
Heard the plunge of the hunting otter ;  
The wind scarce sighed, and the waves were asleep,  
When a voice rolled o'er the water.

S O N G .

The evening's gloom is sinking  
Slowly o'er the sea ;  
The stars are brightly blinking,  
Far too bright for me.

The heron shy is crying  
Far along the shore ;  
The western wind is sighing  
Softly, evermore.

While happier wights are sleeping  
Forth I hie alone ;  
They rest while I am weeping—  
Weeping pleasures gone.

O Love, where dost thou tarry—  
By mountain, shore, or sea ?  
My bosom fain would carry  
Its load of love to thee !

Oft had these accents struck her ear  
 Long ere she was imprisoned here ;  
 Her heart beat quick, with rapid flush  
 Through every vein the blood did rush,  
 As to Leander Hero's song—  
 "Ye waves divide not lovers long"—  
 O'er the still night did often gush  
 Across the rapid Bosphorus :  
 So Balfour's voice, like word of cheer,  
 Dried in her eye the glittering tear—  
 Quickly the casement back she swung,  
 And o'er the deep her answer rung.

MARION'S SONG.

Beneath my tower the sea is deep,  
 A bark may float below ;  
 The gate's unbarred, the guard asleep,  
 And all may come and go ;  
     But I, I sigh the long, long day,  
 And wish me ever far away.

The victim of a wicked lord,  
 Onc whom I loath and dread,  
 Who swore upon the Holy Word  
 My love I should not wed.  
     I sit and sigh, &c.

And here I watch the weary night

Till my love shall come for me,  
With a gallant heart and arm of might,  
To bear me far away.

Then no more I'll sigh the long, long day,  
And wish me ever away, away.

“No stir in the air, no swell on the sea,”  
Clear came the voice of the fair ladyé ;  
The Balfour's heart beat strong and high,  
Joy glittered in his dauntless eye :  
“Aye ! I shall come, and fire and sword  
Shall rouse the minions of thy lord :  
Balfour in arms shall win his bride,  
And bear her far from danger's tide :  
No threat will fear, no scowl appal,  
When thou art lady of Noltland Hall !”  
He turned his skiff and rowed away  
Where Holland's evening shadows lay.

The full moon rose o'er Shapinshay,  
And shone on many a quiet bay—  
On many a gloomy precipice,  
Around whose base the waters race ;  
On many a hill, all bare and brown,  
The lunar beam fell coldly down ;  
On many a sea-girt rock, where urge  
The angry waves their frothy surge ;

On many a tideway's swirling stream ;  
And on a galley stout and trim.  
Her wafting sails were all unfurled,  
Beneath her prow the white spray curled ;  
On her wet side the moonbeams flashed,  
Where every wave her timber washed ;  
Darkly before her shadow wide  
Fell deeply on the restless tide.  
From her high poop its heavy fold  
The Balfours' pennon wide unrolled,  
And floated o'er the deck, above  
Young Michael and his rescued love.

“ Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
She bounds before the wind,”  
The caverned cliffs of Ellier dark  
Are sinking far behind.

Rougher and wilder in the gloom  
Stromberry's iron barriers loom  
Before her ; 'midst the seething spray,  
The treach'rous rocks of Vassay lay ;  
Nor hid nor lighted by the gleam,  
Like a low cloud did Gairsay seem,  
And farther in the dark north-west  
Eagleshay, Rolfsay, Viera rest,

And Eday's heathy hills ahead  
Rose, rockbound, from their ocean bed.

The moon set ; and the starry night  
Shed o'er their course its wavering light ;  
The sea that late in silver rolled,  
Now waved a milky way of gold ;  
A thousand twinklers dance and shake,  
Like mermaid lanterns, in their wake,  
As if the strange things of the deep  
A midnight holytide did keep—  
When all at once the southern sky  
Glared with a beacon blazing high,  
And, reverbrating from the shore,  
They heard the signal cannon's roar.

From Patrick's towers the culverin  
Flung on the night its brazen din,  
And from St. Magnus' steeple high  
The bale-fire flared athwart the sky.  
Each Kirkwall burgher in dismay  
Donned hastily his war array,  
And wondered what such news of weight  
Might be which thus disturbed the night.  
Nor wondered long. It soon transpired  
That Birstane's lonely tower was fired—

That Balfour, with some followers bold,  
At midnight fiercely stormed the hold,  
And, midst the raging fire and fray,  
Had borne his prisoned maid away.

While sympathising burghers muttered,  
Behind their windows safely shuttered,  
“ God and St. Magnus guard him safe ”—  
Guess we how did the baron chafe.  
“ Mount and away,” he hoarsely cried,  
And rapidly his followers ride.  
Some rode by haunted Gallowhall  
    And over Towerhill ;  
And some pricked east by Weyland Fall,  
And round by Links of Meil ;  
But sign or mark found they never one,  
Save the smoking tower and the lady gone,  
And the dog that howled by the desolate way  
Where the bloody corse of the warder lay.

Behind the grey cloud’s mellowed hue  
The heavens spread intensely blue ;  
Beneath the snow, although unseen,  
The soil is dark, the grass is green.  
No outward preparation told  
What Stewart doomed for Noltland hold :



The careless guard and musketeer  
In usual indolence appear,  
The idle vessels listless lay  
On the smooth waters of the bay,  
And knight and lady in the hall  
Prepared for Christmas festival.  
But in Earl Patrick's bosom deep  
The wish for vengeance banished sleep ;  
And, through the long and weary night,  
Within his chamber burned the light ;  
Near morning-tide, perchance, he pressed  
The couch that left him unrefreshed,  
And rose to feel within him still  
That void revenge alone may fill.

'Twas Christmas ! but in Kirkwall towers  
No wassail chased the midnight hours ;  
No grand display, no gorgeous ball,  
No whisper woke the silent hall ;  
Nought save the clang of the midnight bell  
And the measured tread of the sentinel  
As he paced the gloomy court below,  
Forward and back, o'er the trodden snow.

'Twas Christmas ! On the dreary wold  
The wintry snow lay pure and cold ;

High Fitty Hill, in robe of white,  
Towered like a phantom of the night ;  
From the blue sky aurora gay  
Shot earthward many a rainbow ray ;  
The Nouphead's icy cataracts glanced  
Like crystal prisms as they danced,  
And the white foam around its base  
Flashed red and crimson in the blaze.

Ruddily and bright they glow  
O'er the fields of spotless snow ;  
Ruddily and bright they flash  
O'er the wintry billows dash ;  
But from Noltland's windows gleaming  
Brighter still the red light's streaming,  
A beacon o'er land and sea,  
Inviting to Balfour's revelry.

'Twas Christmas ! but in Noltland bowers  
A double revel claimed the hours :  
To-night the holy knot was tied  
That made fair Marion Balfour's bride.  
Such glee and shouting was there never—  
The strong walls with the accent quiver,  
Rattles the massive oaken door,  
While whirling dancers shake the floor ;  
The red wine sparkled in the glasses,

The ale in many a beaker passes ;  
Fast sped the song, and laugh, and jest.  
'Twas midnight ! but no sign of rest—  
Hark ! sudden as the lightning's streak,  
Broke forth at once a frantic shriek ;  
Then a stern tumult rose below—  
Blows, curses, shouts—"The foe ! the foe !"  
'Twas the foe, and round the board  
Like a tempest rung the word.  
Then rapidly each trusty hand  
Brought forth the ever-ready brand  
(For in old days all came prepared  
For wassail cup or daggers bared).  
The ward had fallen ; that dying cry  
Had roused his son who lingered nigh.  
One instant's glance the truth had caught,  
Another found the weapon sought,  
Then, while their shout exultant rung,  
Upon th' advancing foes he sprung.  
The foremost fearfully drew back  
Before the stripling's fierce attack ;  
Twice swept his battle-axe, and twain  
Of them shall never fight again.  
Then had he nigh avenged his sire,  
His steel from Patrick's casque struck fire,  
And from his hand the sword.

An instant stifled every breath—  
Gleamed thy red eye, exultant Death,  
Already o'er his reeling foe!—  
The axe swung upward for the blow,  
But ere the stiffening sinew strained—  
Ere the poised weapon might descend—  
From every side the foemen rushed,  
And 'twixt him and the baron crushed  
In time to save their lord.

Speed ye well, ye gallant band—  
Speed ye to assist the brave!  
Bright blades gleam in every hand,  
Bright above the torches wave—  
Are ye yet in time? Ah, no!—  
Prostrate o'er his murdered sire,  
See the gory torrent flow,  
See the last convulsive throe,  
See the latest flickering glow  
In his eye of mortal fire!  
Too late to save! the rescue came  
Too late to help or succour him!  
But o'er his last pale sleep they spread  
A gory pall of foemen dead!  
Then rose the tumult tenfold higher;  
Then gleamed each eye with vengeful fire;

All close and sharply rung the shot ;  
Each foeman's breath hissed near and hot !  
Eternal heavens ! in hellish glee  
Some even laughed 'midst the *melée* ;  
And the red torchlight wildly fell  
On scenes less fitting earth than hell.

The entrance port is low and small,  
That opes in Noltland's battled wall,  
On either hand, tier above tier,  
The close-placed loophole ranks appear ;  
And now from each the deadly flame  
And sulph'reous smoke incessant came ;  
And deep in many a gallant breast  
The hissing lead found deadly rest.  
His dinted helm behind him thrown,  
The baron led the stormers on.  
Once backward borne, again they pour  
'Midst flame and death against the door !  
Not on the ground the warriors tread—  
Each step is o'er the maimed dead ;  
Close in their front the firearms blaze,  
Around them spreads the sulph'ry haze ;  
From window, port, and battlement  
The crushing stone was downward sent !  
In vain ! in vain ! on, on they crowd,

Their charging cheer rang fierce and loud—  
They reach the port ! Now, Balfour, now !  
Bar down the visor o'er thy brow !  
Who recks a foeman's battle-cry—  
Who dares not fight—who fears to die ?  
Not thou ! In both hands fiercely wielded,  
Beneath his blade the corset yielded,  
Plumed helm and greave of brass were cloven,  
And rent the shirt of steel links woven !

They fall, they die, but others still  
Rush desperately their place to fill,

And desperately are met :

For, ranked by Michael Balfour's side,  
Like cliffs that bar the splashing tide,  
Hot youth and manhood, grey and tried,  
The flower of Westray and the pride,

In firm array were set—

Bold hearts, in whose mixed blood the fire  
Bequeathed by old Norwegian sire  
Held light of odds when roused to ire.

And now without, and now within,  
The conflict ruled, and roared the din ;  
The blood-drops from each brandished blade  
Upon the wall dark circles made ;

The dead so strewed the threshold o'er,  
They could not close the ponderous door.  
Cold and chilly, there they lie,  
A stony stare in each bloodshot eye,  
A clammy dew on each colourless cheek ;  
Lips wide open that could not speak,  
Wreathed with a frown, as if still defying—  
Unfeared, as the sword in their cold clasp lying.

Twice met the chiefs, but twice between  
The tide of strife set darkly in ;  
Fierce Halcro plied his deadly brand,—  
(That Halcro who, with chosen band,  
Till traitors basely wrought his fall,  
'Gainst Caithness' earl made desperate stand,  
And held the keep, whose ivied wall  
But lately stood in "fair Kirkwall"),—  
And many more, whose odal right,  
Had quailed before Earl Patrick's might,  
Swelled with their shout the battle clang  
That round the towers of Noltland rang.

Grey Noltland, thy strong walls were dear  
At half the brave who perished here  
From the found of rock, to the chimney tall.  
One strong true heart were worth it all,

But love had come in thy towers to dwell,  
And henceforth thou art unpriceable—  
The reeking blood on the field of slaughter  
Is cheap as the streamlet's crystal water :  
The spear may pierce, and the axe may fall,  
“ But love will still be the lord of all !”

The broken ranks are closing now  
For one fierce effort more—  
Deep hatred settled on each brow !  
In each red eye the battle glow  
Gleams redder than before ;  
Waved Halcro's bloody sword on high,  
Burst forth again the battle-cry,  
And echoed to the shore ;  
Then the sharp shot sharper hissed,  
Closer rolled the deadly mist ;  
On they came, like wild waves dashing,  
Leaping, foaming, curling, splashing,  
Crests of snow above them flashing,  
Rolling madly to the shore ;  
Pennons, plumes, and weapons waving,  
Death and danger freely braving ;  
Red revenge each stern heart craving,  
Surged the tide around the door.  
And the snow was stained all ruddy



Where the dead lay stiff and bloody—  
An icy winding-sheet that rolled  
Round lifeless limbs and bosoms cold.

The spirit beams of the orb of day  
Flashed gloriously o'er the waters grey ;  
The gusty gale of the night had flown,  
Though the big waves still rolled darkly on—  
Following, following, evermore—  
To a death of foam on the sounding shore.  
The morning air blew clear and chill  
From wreaths of snow on every hill ;  
The islands on the waters rest  
Like frothy white on billow's crest ;  
There was silence on sea, and silence on land,  
Save the fall of the surf on the pebbly strand,  
Or the hollow sough of the bubbling waves  
That sullenly rolled in their gloomy eaves.

The night is o'er, the strife is done !

Old Noltland's towers are silent now ;  
The living foemen all are gone—

The stiffened dead beneath the snow  
Sleep that sleep which knows no dream,  
Which wakes not with the morning beam.



Far away upon the water,  
 Their many oars the billows churning,  
 From that red night of blood and slaughter,  
 The baron's galleys are returning.  
 Far away upon the ocean,  
 With banners waving—a goodly show—  
 Rocked by the sea with steady motion,  
 The waters whiten beneath each prow.

From the strife  
 Are they conquerors returning?  
 Have they left a foeman mourning,  
 To the sky his castle burning?—  
 Or of life  
 Have they reft him, when so bold  
 Burst they on his ancient hold,  
 As a torrent uncontrolled  
 Down the steep?—  
 Or, with stern avenging sword,  
 Did the castle's fiery lord,  
 When he rose from festive board,  
 Backward sweep,  
 As the cliff sweeps back the tide  
 Surging madly to its side,  
 All their chivalry and pride  
 From the keep?

Like them may tyrant still return—  
No captured trophy with him borne,  
But baffled, vanquished, and forlorn ;  
Of pride and empire rudely shorn,  
His power destroyed, his banners torn,  
A theme of obloquy and scorn—  
May tyrant *ever* thus return !

Like the first billow which the storm  
Hurls on the rocky shore,  
Whose swelling tides, in awful form,  
The steadfast earth would overwhelm  
With angry rush and roar ;  
Whilst wave, impetuous, follows wave,  
And madly rushes on the grave  
Of those that went before :—  
Thus, thus they came—a surging tide  
In roaring wrath extended wide,  
And burst and broke on Noltland's side.  
There perished many a gallant heart,  
Who in their country's cause  
Might well have acted nobler part,  
Supporting righteous laws ;  
Or on some glorious battle-field  
A foreign foe have forced to yield.  
Sad, sad to see them lying here,

In manhood's flush cut down—  
Bosoms that never throbb'd with fear,  
Brows that might grace a crown :—  
Fly ! tyrant, from their ghastly bed,  
Thou dar'st not gaze upon thy dead !

There, too, o'er many a lowly head  
The gallant Balfour mourn'd—  
Retainers in his castle bred,  
Who to their chieftain's help had sped,  
Now on the cold earth lifeless laid,  
With shatter'd crest and broken blade,  
And ghastly face upturned.  
To many a hearth that bloody night  
Brought deep distress and bitter blight :  
Some lost the sire, and some the son ;  
More sadly yet some make their moan—  
Sire, son, and brother—all are gone,  
Long ere their race was run.  
O war ! thy "pomp and circumstance ;"  
Thy glittering arms, and steeds that prance ;  
Thy rolling drums, and volleying thunder,  
Whose iron hail sweeps ranks asunder ;  
Thy plumes and banners waving proudly ;  
Thy brazen trump that rings so loudly—  
Hide not the notes of woe that mourn

The brave who never will return !  
And she, the lady of the tower,  
    How bore she through the night,  
When, for love's whisper in her bower,  
Shrieks heralded her bridal hour,  
And bent brows grim and darkly lower  
    For smiles of soft delight ?  
She bore her as a warrior's bride,  
She shrunk not from the sanguine tide,  
The dim smoke daunted not her eye,  
    Nor the death shot her ear ;  
Her voice rang in the battle cry,  
    And in the victor's cheer ;  
She cooled the hot and feverish brow,  
She staunch'd the life-blood's purple flow ;  
Round each pained couch she seemed to hover—  
A worthy mate for warrior lover.

Night stretched its wings of dusky gloom  
O'er many a warrior's new-made tomb ;  
The sable earth was spread below,  
A broad, deep stain amidst the snow,  
Like blood upon a woman's hand—  
    Like knighthood's word disowned and broken,  
It rested on the snowy land,  
    A black and guilty token.

Perhaps when years had sped along,  
And in his prison-chamber strong  
In Edinburgh's crag-based towers,  
Earl Patrick passed his numbered hours,  
'Midst solitude and evening gloom,  
And the "foreshadowings of the tomb,"  
These lonely graves, on his mind's eye,  
Appeared a frightful phantasy ;  
Or, racked in dreams of dread midnight,  
Their murdered spectres filled his sight,  
And beckoned him, with waft and wave,  
To headsman's block and traitor's grave.  
Again the summer sunbeams fold  
The northern isles in zone of gold ;  
Again the waters sparkle bright,  
And blithely leap to kiss the light ;  
The heather blooms, the moorcock crows,  
In every nook the primrose blows ;  
The hardy ivy's greenest flush  
Mantles the cliff precipitous ;  
The fisher spreads, unreefed, his sail  
To woo the balmy southern gale ;  
The field, the hill, the weedy shore,  
Blooms as in summers gone before :  
But, ah ! no summer will return  
To ruined tower and burial urn.

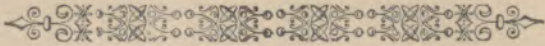
Through Patrick's Palace winds of night  
Rush howling, as in fierce delight,  
As if a mocking joy they felt,  
To sweep where knight and lady dwelt ;  
The nettles clothe its oriel'd hall,  
The lichens drape each chamber wall ;  
Pomp, pride, and power have all made way  
For desolation and decay.  
Its lord, yet sadder still to tell,  
Beneath the headsman's hand he fell,  
Far from each kind or kindred tie,  
A spectacle for curious eye.  
As Patrick was in life, the same  
Death found him, when the Grim King came ;  
Haughty and scornful in his power,  
Unbending in his dying hour.  
Whatever load his bosom bore—  
Remorse, repentance, or despair—  
To mortal eye was only shewn  
The calm contempt of death alone.  
And how unlike is Noltland now  
To Noltland of the days of yore :  
All seamed like Age's furrowed brow,  
Forlorn it stands, and grim and hoar.  
No spectral flame at birth or bridal  
Will o'er its midnight turrets blaze ;

Its fostering fairy's wand is idle  
Or vanished, like its better days.  
Yet hence poor Mary fain had flown,  
When, of a kingdom once her own,  
Few true men rallied round her throne ;  
When, with dissensions rent and torn,  
By traitor nobles overborne,  
In Scotland few dared pledge her aid—  
Sir Gilbert gallant offer made  
Of these strong walls and his good blade  
To shield and guard her crownless head.  
And when the fell disastrous close  
Of the bold effort of Montrose  
To aid the grandson of her son  
And place him on his rightful throne  
Scattered his followers far and near,  
The last brave remnant sheltered here.

Old ruin ! with thy summits riven  
By Ocean's blast and bolt of heaven ;  
When, 'neath a cloudy canopy,  
Sol sinks behind the western sea,  
His latest trembling beam is thrown,  
A tribute to thy glory gone—  
A sacred halo round the pile  
That sheltered exiled worth erewhile.







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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### NIGHT'S DEVOTIONS.

'Neath the starlight rolls the river,  
Deep and clear as angel eyes,  
Shadowed in its bosom quiver,  
Shine and twinkle, changing ever,  
Brilliant glories of the skies.

From its lucid depths ascending—  
Murm'ring on the stilly air,  
With the breath of midnight blending,  
Up to heaven its low voice sending,  
Swells the river's nightly prayer.

Hark ! the plain its note hath taken  
In unmeasured, thrilling tone,  
As the strings. by zephyr's shaken,  
Of th' Eolian harp awaken—  
Strangely sweet, but wildly lone.

Like the weary sighs that quiver  
From their prison in the breast ;  
Or the aspen's leaves that shiver  
With a gentle rustling ever,  
While they seem to mutter *rest.*

And a deeper-voiced devotion  
Circles round the glittering strand,  
Where the dark, mysterious ocean,  
In subdued but mighty motion,  
Ebbs and flows upon the sand.

And the listn'ning soul seems nearing  
Heaven's high gates upon the strain ;  
While husht voices, once endearing,  
Joined with angel choirs appearing,  
Swell the anthem's grand Amen !

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ERIC THE ROVER.

'Twas winter ! With a frosty gale  
The moonlit night descended,  
And in its cadence, like a wail,  
A song was wildly blended.

“ On Crowness point, and Carness shore,  
The midnight waves are breaking ;  
My ear is deaf'ned with their roar—  
Their force the rocks are shaking.

“ The String's dark tide is streak'd with foam,  
Its tortured billows curling ;  
In many a cave of Eller Holm,  
Its bursting waves are whirling.

“ From Damsay's distant Sound, the sough  
Of hurrying winds is sweeping ;  
And down dark Widford's bosom rough,  
His misty shroud is creeping.

“ O'er Crockness Teing, and Gorsness shore,  
The moon's pale light is flashing ;  
By Gairsay's side 'tis glancing o'er  
Bright, broken billows dashing.

“ My skiff is on the shore, my bark  
In Weyland Bay is lying,  
And Eric must be far, ere dark  
Before morn's light is flying.

“ Will Hilda trust, for love and me,  
A rover's warm devotion,

And brave the tempest howling high,  
And dare the bounding ocean ?”

As sunk the song's last quivering swell,  
Lost in the breeze's humming,  
An answer like an echo fell—  
“I'm coming, love, I'm coming !”

Oh, how next morn her kinsmen raved,  
As they sought her over and over !  
While she was away o'er the deep she braved,  
The bride of Erie the Rover.

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I LOVE MY HOME.

I love my home, I love my home !  
Each rock, each rill, is dear to me,  
Each scream that from her seagulls come,  
Each blast that stirs her troubled sea ;—  
I would not give her rocky shore  
For wealth of worlds told o'er and o'er.

I love my home, I love my home !  
Her heath'ry hills so wild and bare ;

They may be drear and rough to some,  
To me they rise for ever fair,—  
Each wild blue-bell that on them grows  
Is sweet as Cashmere's vaunted rose.

I love my home, I love my home !  
Her ferny vales where cowslips lie ;  
To sip their honey wild bees hum  
From flower to flower so cheerily ;—  
Oh tell me where, for dreams of bliss,  
A sweeter couch to find than this ?

I love my home, I love my home !  
Her wintry snow, her summer sky—  
*That* makes each hill a spotless dome,  
*This* woos the lark to sing on high  
Songs, that the bulbul melodist  
Might breathe o'er Araby the Blest.

I love my home, I love my home !  
Its sires, its sons—my kindred all.  
There's scarce a spot where'er I roam  
But will some former haunt recall—  
Some stream I've cross'd, some hill I've clomb,  
Remind me sweetly of my home !

## DECEMBER NIGHT IN THE CITY.

'Tis now December, eighteen sixty-four !

The gloomy sky in threat'ning anger seowls,  
The wind, thiek-laden with the drizzly shower,  
Down every street, round every corner howls.

I rather like the riot and the din

Of the wild tempest as it hisses by,  
And like to gaze (myself being snug within)  
Without, upon the dark cloud-shadowed sky.

It somewhat feels like home, and could I hear

The voice of rushing billows eapp'd with foam  
That fall in thunder on the beach, mine ear  
Might for a moment fancy this *was* home.

And thou, too—in thy glist'ning eye—I mark

Thy spirit mingling with the elements,  
As if their diseord waked some latent spark,  
Which soul to kindred soul unconscious vents.

And thus, we two are one—our childhood knew

The same wild shore, the same rude sea and  
sky—

And our unconscious hearts congenial grew  
To love them—and still love—and know not why!

Yet would I rather that the storm was o'er,  
Or that on land alone its strength might be :  
We scarcely think who walk the stable shore,  
The dangers others dare upon the sea.

We think not—or perchance a passing thought  
Paints the wet sea-boy, huddl'd on the deck,  
'Neath the cold bulwarks—then the scene, unsought,  
Vanishes, e'er the cry, the crash, the wreck.

The rending hulk, o'er-breached by every wave—  
The shatter'd remnants of the broken boat—  
The crew—the cliff, whose base will be their grave,—  
These—these are all, we will not stay to note.

Why should we think of them ? why the bright hour  
Sadden with themes whose presence clouds the  
brow ?

No ! let us still be gay while we have power !—  
Yet their death-cry doth rise—perchance, e'en  
*now !*









