

Recollections of Barnard Castle.

LEAVING the busy market place,
 Where horses, sheep and cattle stand,
 We seek the outskirts of the town
 Which bears the grand old ruin's name.
 Southward we bend our willing feet,
 And as we catch a distant glimpse
 Of frowning tower and battlement,
 In fancy's eye we see the knights,
 Who, armour-clad, keep watch and ward,
 When royalty in pomp and state
 Held court in Barnard's spacious halls,
 When barons proud and courtiers gay
 Crowded the portals every day.
 The ramparts high, with one round tower,
 Alone remains; we climb the stair
 Secret within its ample walls.
 Through loop-holed galleries we pass;
 Still round and round till we emerge,
 Half-blinded with the light of day.
 We shade our eyes to view the scene,
 And eastward look o'er ruins grey.
 'Twas there the stately chapel stood,
 Back from the ramparts, sacred now
 To ferns and brambles; while the ground,
 Rich with the blood of warriors, yields
 Her fruit to horticultural art.
 Where princes feasted, there the spade