

But though, alive, he loved it well,
 Not there his relics might repose ;
 For wonderous tale to tell !
 In his stone coffin forth he rides,
 A pondrous bark for river tides,
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,
 Downward to Tilmouth cell.
 Nor long was his abiding there,
 For southward did the saint repair !
 Chester-le- street, and Rippon saw
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
 Hail'd him with joy and fear ;
 And after many wanderings past,
 He chose his lordly seat at last,
 Where his Cathedral, huge and vast,
 Looks down upon the Wear :
 There, deep in Durham's gothic shade,
 His relics are in secret laid !

The Cathedral, (Abbey Church) is the principal
 boast of Durham, the prevailing character of its
 architecture is distinguished by round headed arches,
 massive columns and weighty finishings, and is
 best understood by the term Anglo-Norman. The
 northern side, preserves its Norman character nearly
 entire. The grotesque head and ring of metal upon
 the north door are ornaments of the Norman period.
 On the north-western tower, is a sculptured repre-
 sentation of the legend of the Durham cow. There
 is an old cow, looking as quaint and ancient as need
 be, and after the manner of old painters, the two
 women in the very presence of the cow itself, are