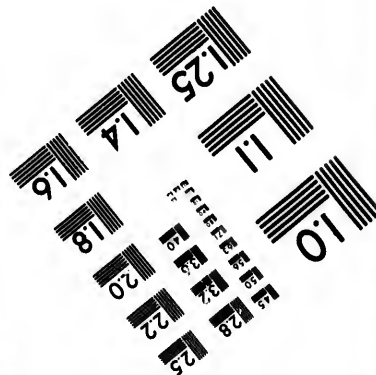
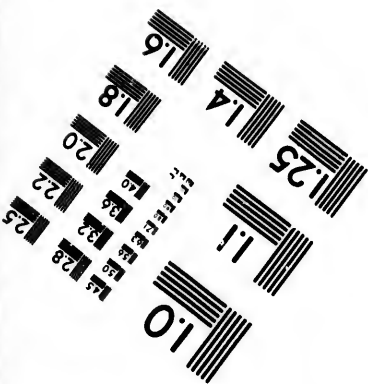
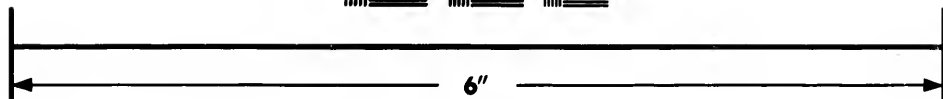
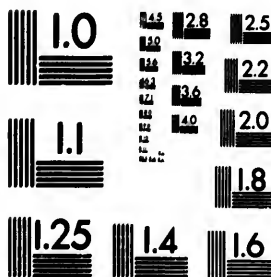


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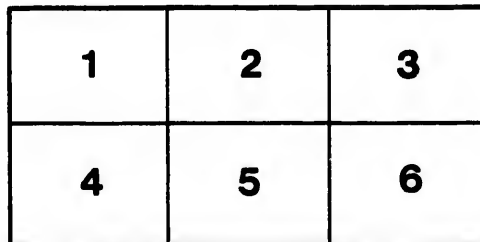
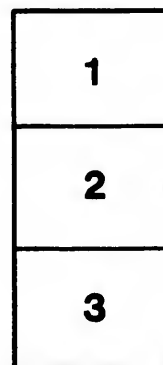
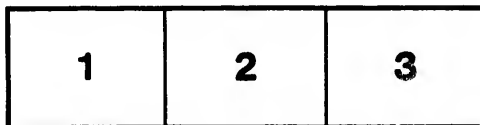
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THE  
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OF  
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A LECTURE

BEFORE THE

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OF MONTREAL,

— BY —

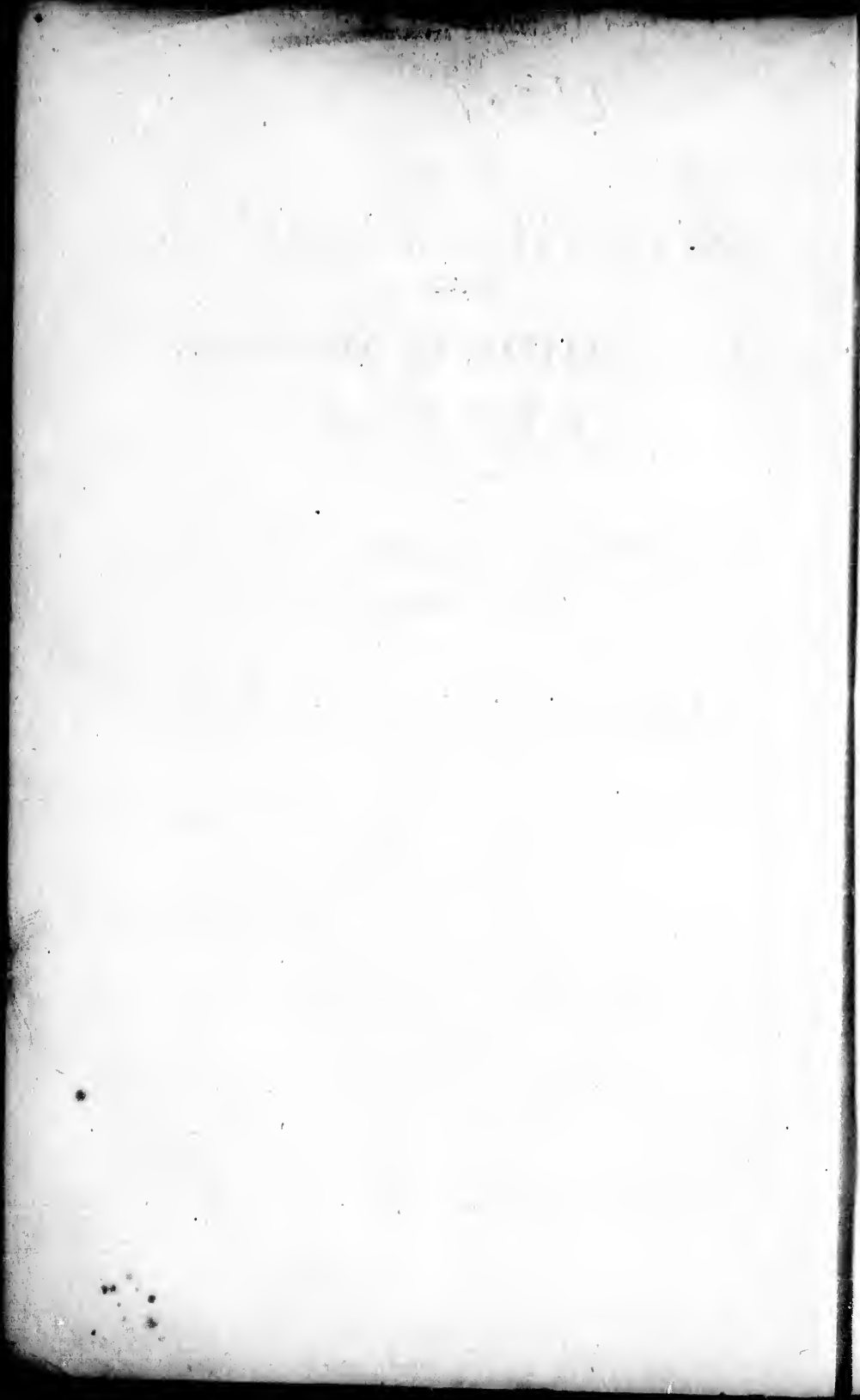
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THE  
ANTIQUITIES & LEGENDS  
OF DURHAM.

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DURHAM abounds in noble antiquities, and is rich in marvelous legends. When in Durham, I had many opportunities of examining its antiquities and collecting its legends, I have thrown together from various sources, some remarks on the aforementioned subjects, which I trust may interest the members of this Society.

The appearance of the City of Durham from a distance is grand and imposing, from its romantic site, a rocky eminence of considerable height, almost encircled by the River Wear. It is partly surrounded by the ancient city walls, beneath which on one side, the slope of the hill is adorned with well planted gardens and ornamented walks, descending to the edge of the River, while on the other side the ground is rocky and precipitous.

Durham received its appellation from two Saxon words, *Dun*, a hill, and *Haln*, low ground. No important settlement took place here before the time of the Saxons, and the town did not attain any celebrity until after the Norman conquest. Its

importance at once arose with Saint Cuthbert, whose shrine became a place of pilgrimage.

Cuthbert began life as a shepherd, in the valley of the Tweed, not far from Melrose, where a religious house had recently been established under the auspices of St. Aiden. As Cuthbert was one day playing at ball with his companions, there stood among them a fair young child, and he said to Cuthbert, "Good brother, leave these vain plays; set not thy heart upon them; mind thy book; has not God chosen thee out to be great in his Church?" But Cuthbert heeded him not, and the fair child wrung his hands and wept, and threw himself down on the ground in great heaviness, and when Cuthbert ran to comfort him he said, "Nay, my brother, it is for thee I weep, that preferest thy vainsports to the teaching of the servants of God," and then he vanished suddenly, and Cuthbert knew that it was an angel that had spoken to him, and from that time forth his piety and love of learning recommended him to the good Prior of Melrose, who instructed him carefully in the Holy Scriptures.

About this time Oswald, the pious King of Northumberland, had embraced Christianity, and in order to convert his people, had invited St. Aiden to plant the cross in his kingdom. Aiden made choice of the Island of Lindisfarne for his Monastery, and wrought wonders of peace and refinement amongst the turbulent nobles of the north, and had acquired a high fame as a saint. On a certain night as Cuthbert watched his flocks by the river-side, he beheld a glorious vision of angels, who were bearing



the soul of his preceptor Aiden, into heavenly bliss, whereupon he forsook his shepherd's life, and entering the monastery of Melrose, he became after a few years a great and eloquent preacher, converting the people around; when he exhorted them, such a brightness appeared in his angelic face, that no man could conceal from him the most hidden secrets of the heart.

Removing from Melrose to Lindisfarne, he dug a well, and sowed barley, and supported himself by the labor of his hands, after some years, Cuthbert was made Bishop of Lindisfarne, and in this office, he was venerated and loved by all men. At the end of two years he returned to his hermitage, where he shortly after died, and was buried in Lindisfarne abbey; and ten years after his body upon examination was found in a state of perfect preservation, after removing some of the robes, and substituting others they enshrined him in a wooden coffin, and thenceforth Cuthbert became the Sainted Prelate of the see.

In 875, the Danes landed in Northumberland and compelled the Monks to flee from Lindisfarne carrying with them the body of Saint Cuthbert and their other reliques. The Bishop of Lindisfarne, with his clergy and their treasure, wandered from place to place, and among others to Chester-le-Street and Ripon. Four months after their arrival at the latter place the Danish war ceased, and they intended to bring the remains of the Saint again to Chester-le-Street, but crossing on the east side of Durham to Wardenlaw, they could not remove his

body further. This strange incident produced much astonishment, and the monks fasted and prayed for three days to know by revelation what to do. At length it was revealed to one of them that the body should be carried to Dunholm. They were again in great distress not knowing where Dunholm lay; but as they proceeded a woman wanting her cow called aloud to her companion to know if she had seen it? she answered it was in Dunholm. This was a happy sound to the distressed Monks, they followed the woman, and when she found her Cow they laid down their precious burthen. A temporary covering and support for the ark of St. Cuthbert was made of branches of trees, upon the place where the church of Saint Mary le bow stands, the adjunct le bow is derived from the boughs of which the building was made. They now laid the foundation of an abbey, in three years the work was nearly finished, and the body of St. Cuthbert was enshrined within the walls; this fabric after standing ninety eight years, was pulled down and the present magnificent pile was erected, into which the body of St. Cuthbert was removed from the temporary shrine on the Cloister green, to the right of the High Alter, in 1106.

When the rude Danes burn'd their pile,  
 The Monks fled forth from Holy Isle,  
 Oe'r northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bare,  
 They rested them in fair Melrose;

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

putting and answering the question where the cow was to be found.

Beneath the western tower was the Sanctuary, where murderers, rogues and vagabonds, met with protection. The culprit upon knocking at the ring affixed to the north door was admitted without delay, and after confessing his crime, a bell in the galilee tower ringing all the while to give notice to the town that some one had taken refuge, there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon his left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, was sent out of the kingdom.

In the pavement of the middle aisle of the nave, beyond the font, there is a cross of blue marble, that marked the boundary beyond which females were not permitted to advance in the direction of the shrine of St. Cuthbert. The monastic buildings were equally sacred. Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., when at Durham with her husband, in 1333, was compelled to leave his bed in the priory, in the middle of the night, and run half dressed to the Castle.

The Galilee was built for the use of women. As soon as it was finished the shrine of the venerable Bede was removed into it. Bede was born at Yarrow, in Northumberland, A.D. 673. He was an eminent ecclesiastic and writer. His most valuable work is the Ecclesiastical History of the Saxons. When he died his scholars desired to place a rhym-

ing inscription on his Altar Tomb. The Monk wrote, "*Hac sunt in fossa, Bedae ossa*, placing *ossa* at the latter end of the verse for the rhyme, but not being able to think of a proper epithet that would stand before it, in his perplexity he fell asleep, but when he awakened, he found his verse filled up by an Angel, standing in fair letters upon the tomb, thus HAC SVNT IN FOSSA, BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.

Several personages of distinction are interred within the walls of the Abbey Church, whose tombs I will not at present attempt to describe, nor will I enter into details respecting the Church, Chapels, Cloisters, Dormitory, Refectory and other departments of this large and venerable monastic establishment.

Prior Melsonby resigned his office in 1244, and retired to prepare for death. After that event had taken place, his remains were buried in the Chapter house. Heming, who ministred to him during his illness, saw a choir of Angels, in white apparel, waiting upon the roof of the hermitage to receive his soul; and at the same moment, Bartholemew who was in the cell, espied in a corner of it, the arch fiend himself, in the shape of a bear lamenting bitterly that the dying man had escaped his snares, Bartholemew boldly dashed the Holy Water vessel and its contents, at the fiend and thus made him withdraw.

The Library contains some manuscripts of very remote antiquity, among these a copy of the vulgate New Testament, written before the year seven

hundred, and is rich in early printed works, by Caxton, DeWorde and others. The Library also contains numerous antiquities, among the rest several Roman Altars, found at different periods, in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. And a cabinet of coins and other curiosities, collected chiefly in Greece and the Holy Land. In this cabinet is preserved the original matrix in brass of the obverse of the seal used by the convent from the foundation to the dissolution.

Bishop Cosin was the most distinguished of the numerous munificent prelates of which Durham can boast, and author of an admirable manuel of devotions for the hours of prayer; compiled by him at the desire of King Charles the Martyr. It is recorded that this good Bishop did on Candlemas day, 1628, busy himself from two o'clock in the afternoon until four in climbing long ladders to stick up wax candles in the Cathedral, the number of the candles burnt that evening to the honor of our Lady was two hundred and twenty, besides sixteen torches, sixty of the tapers and torches standing upon and near the High Altar.

The Cathedral Vergers exhibit the rich Copes and Robes which were worn on Sundays during the Communion Service, by the officiating prebendary and minor canons, until 1755, the restoration of the use of these vestments is much to be desired. And as the session of the convocation of canterbury was opened last February on the festival of the Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin (Candlemas day) in Saint Paul's Cathedral with the ancient formularies

and vestments, the Bishops wearing Scarlet Chimeres, and the Archbishop being vested in a garment resembling a scarlet Cope with a long train borne by a verger, it is possible that the clergy of Durham, impelled by the force of good example, may restore to use the aforesaid copes and robes.

The cemetery on the north side of the Cathedral was the favorite burial place of the laity, not only of the city, but of the county at large. It is still used as a burial ground. In old times there was in the Diocese of Durham a good natured fellow who never went through a church yard without praying for the dead who were buried in its soil, he was chased into the abbey church yard by some persons who had determined to kill him, when he passed through the gate, the whole surface of the ground began to bristle with swords and spears, starting out of the earth in his defence. Those whose remains it contained, out of gratitude for his prayers, burst forth each clad in the armour which he had worn when alive, and most effectually protected him from his foes.

The Palace Green was the place where the scolding women of the city were punished. The lane leading from Palace Green to the city wall, the present Dun Cow Lane, was of old called King's gate, from the circumstance, that William the Conqueror was glad to escape through it from the shrine where he had been taken with sickness in consequence of infidelity on the subject of Saint Cuthbert.

On the north side of Palace Green in the Castle, within the walls of the Castle of Durham, chivalry

in general, bore the ascendancy. The Bishop in the early centuries of the see, merged in the peer, who held his palatine franchise for the express purpose of protecting his portion of the north of England from Scottish invasion. The castle occupied by the early Saxon Bishops of Durham was destroyed in 1069, and rebuilt in 1074 by William the Conqueror. Upon the ground floor is the Chapel, in a state of great perfectness, with its genuine Norman pavement, and piers and arches. The keep or citadel built by William the Conqueror still remains, and occupies the summit of an artificial mound. Sir William Wallace is said to have been imprisoned in the dungeon of this keep. The noble castle retains much of its original military aspect and is a residence of the Bishop as well as the Ecclesiastical University.

On the north side of Elvet Bridge is an old building formerly used as a house of correction. This building is said to be haunted by the restless spirit of an old piper, who, was brought down the river by a flood, and on being rescued from the water became an inmate of the house of correction, where he died a few years afterwards; the credulous often hear his bagpipes at midnight.

Elvet Bridge was built by the excellent Bishop Pudsey, about 1170. It was repaired in the time of Bishop Fox, who granted an indulgence to all who should contribute towards defraying the expense.

In the year 1807 three silver pennies of the Durham mint were found with a very considerable number of similar coins of different mintage, by the



side of a road which crossed a ploughed field in Lincolnshire. They were of the same type, namely, that of Henry II. Obverse.—The King's head, full faced, and crowned, a sceptre with a cross Patee is held in the right hand, and the crown is ornamented with fleur-de-lis. Reverse.—A cross patent, with rays issuing from the centre, and a small cross of the same kind in each quarter. The discovery of these coins prove that a mint was established in Durham as early as the reign of Henry II. The following legends occur on the reverse of these coins, IOHAN ON DVNE—WALTIER ON DVN—WALTIER ON DVN. These inscriptions show the names of the officers employed in the mint. The coins were as fresh as when they were first issued, their execution was bad, yet their weight, though apparently regulated by a pair of shears, was adjusted with extraordinary accuracy.

Houghton-le-Spring, the abode and burial place of Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the north, is about eight miles out of Durham, on the Sunderland road. Gilpin was born in 1517, at Kentmire in Westmoreland; and was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. After having embraced the Anglican faith, he became Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. He narrowly escaped martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth he refused the highest offers of preferment, and he died in 1583, deeply lamented by his parishoners. His piety, benevolence to the poor, and unwearied endeavors to spread religion, gained him the honorable appellation of the northern Apostle. One

Sunday morning, coming to a church, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was a challenge to any one that should take it down. Gilpin took it down, and put it into the breast of his garment. Before concluding his sermon, he said, I hear that one among you hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see I have taken it down; and pulling out the glove he held it up to the congregation and rebuked them severely for such savage practices. The church is large and in good preservation, the tomb of Gilpin, stands in the South transept. It is a massive altar-tomb of free-stone, with stone ornaments of chain-work on the sides, and on the west end the arms of Gilpin in bas relief, viz., a boar under a tree. On each side of the escutcheon in raised letters is the epitaph BERNARD GILPIN RECTOR HVJVS ECCLESIE OBIT QUARTO DIE MARTII, AN. DOM. 1583. Near the tomb of Gilpin stands a figure of a knight, apparently a crusader. It has no doubt once laid on a tomb; but is now fixed erect against the wall, and is said to be the effigy of Sir John-le-Spring, one of the ancient possessors of the place, and from whom it takes the name of Houghton-le-spring.

Five miles out of Durham, are the ruins of Finchale Abbey. They stand upon a sloping meadow round which the Wear makes one of its noble sweeps; its farther bank being high and rocky and covered with noble woods. It must have been as beautiful a fabric as its situation is fine. It was a place of

consequence in the early British church, a synod being held here in 792; Saint Godric, a Hermit, selected this sweet scene for his devotions in the twelfth century. The ruins are of the early English style, of considerable extent, and present many fine points. It is said vestiges still remain of a subterraneous passage communicating with Durham Abbey.

In going from Durham to Newcastle, you approach Chester-le-street, it has many recommendations to the Antiquary and is built upon an old Roman road. The church has been famous from the times of Saint Cuthbert, whose remains rested there.

At a short distance from Chester-le-street, stands Lumley castle, a seat of the Earl of Scarborough. This stately building was constructed by Sir Robert Lumley in the reign of Edward the First. The Castle is finely situated on elevated ground, and is composed of a yellow free stone, the tint of which is bright and beautiful when viewed from a distance. The structure displays the embattled character of buildings in the warlike ages, on the east side the projecting gateway is commanded by turrets and by a gallery pierced with holes for the purpose of pouring down heated lead, or other destructive ingredients on its assailants. The interior is magnificent. The great Hall among other memorials of the days of old English chivalry, contains the effigy of a knight on horseback, encased in complete armour. It is said there are as many windows in Lumley castle as there are days in the year.

A little farther north stands Lambton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Durham. It is a modern edifice situated on an elevated position on the North bank of the Wear. One of the most remarkable things about Lambton is the Legend of the worm. The heir of Lambton, fishing in the Wear on Sunday, hooked a small worm, which he carelessly threw into a well. The worm grew till it was too large for the well, and issuing forth betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, called thence "the worm hill." It became the terror of the country; and levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk. Young Lambton having, totally repented of his former life, had bathed himself in holy water, taken the sign of the cross and joined the crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, and immediately undertook to destroy the worm, but the crusader was foiled by his enemy's power of self-union, at length he consulted a witch. By her advice he armed himself in a coat of mail studded with blades, and placed himself on the crag. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, and cut himself to pieces with his own efforts. The witch had promised Lambton success upon condition that he would slay the first living creature he met after his victory, he met his father, but instead of fulfilling the condition he again repaired to the witch, who pronounced as

the alternative that no chief of the Lambton's should die in his bed for seven generations.

The Roman citadel of Lanchester in the county of Durham is celebrated for the relics which it has yielded of its ancient masters.

On a rugged and hilly tract of ground, about one mile west of Durham, was fought the celebrated battle of Red Hills or Nevill's cross. The battle took place in October, 1346. King David entered Northumberland with fifty thousand men, and carried his devastations to the gates of Durham. The great northern Barons of England, Percy, Neville and others, assembled a few thousand men. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle and Lincoln, sent their retainers and attended the rendezvous in person, to add religious enthusiasm to the patriotic zeal of the Barons. And the standard of St. Cuthbert was proudly displayed among the banners of the nobility. King Edward III. being in France, his Queen Phillippa at the head of these troops, approached the Scotch forces at Red Hills, and riding through the ranks of her army she exhorted every man to do his duty, when entrusting the command to Lord Percy she retired. The Scotch army was commanded by King David Bruce, assisted by the Steward of Scotland, the knight of Liddisdale, and the Earls of Moray and Dunbar. The fight was severe, but the Royal banner of Scotland was doomed soon to fall. A Northumberland knight, named Copeland, grappled with King David and made him prisoner, and the battle terminated in the defeat of the Scot-

tish forces, fifteen thousand of whom were slain. The total number of English engaged in this battle was sixteen thousand. The captive king was conveyed to the tower of London, from which he was shortly after ransomed for ninety thousand marks sterling. A stone cross was afterwards erected on the battle ground to commemorate the victory by Ralph, Lord Neville, some steps and part of the base still remain, from the top of which it is said the ravens will drink blood in some future age, when the same ground will again be covered with the slain.

Brancepeth Castle is some four miles distant from Durham. It raises its wide range of turrets and battlements from a plain. You enter by a gate with a port cullis, the strength and extent of the building is surprising. Many a time had the Old Castle been sacked and destroyed by the Martial Scots, the present building was restored or rather rebuilt by Mr. Russell. The entrance Hall is very fine. In it stands the suit of armour still richly inlaid with gold, said to be that of David Bruce, king of Scotland, taken at Nevill's cross. The hall has large oaken seats, the arms of which terminate with well carved boars or brawn's heads in allusion to the legend of the huge brawn, said once to have haunted this spot, and to have been killed by one of its lords, and thus giving its name to the place, Brawn's path (Brancepeth). In the Baron's Hall there is a fine collection of armour, and arms of all sorts. When the proprietor of the Castle was applied to by gentlemen for the loan of suits of

armour to wear at the Eglington tournament, few could be found capacious enough for the persons who wanted them, a convincing proof, that men have not decreased in size in modern times.

About fifteen miles from Durham stands Raby Castle, the superb seat of the Duke of Cleveland. This is a specimen of a Baronial mansion of the first class, it was chiefly erected by John Earl of Westmoreland, in the fourteenth century. The building is situated on rising ground, and is surrounded with an embattled wall. The principal entrance is grand, and leads through a double gate and covered way, flanked by square towers which are connected by a hanging gallery, various towers unite the line of fortification with the gate of entrance. The interior of the castle contains many noble apartments, but the entrance hall is most conspicuous for vastness and grandeur. In this immense room carriages of the Earl's visitors are admitted. Above the entrance hall is the Old Baronial Hall, in which the ancient Baronial festivals were celebrated, and seven hundred knights are recorded to have here shared the banquet of the castle at one time; at the west end of the room is a stone gallery in which the minstrels sat. There are passages channelled in the walls of the castle.

Barnard castle is twenty miles from Durham, and situated on an eminence which rises with a steep ascent from the river Tees. It was erected shortly after the Norman conquest, by Barnard son of Guy Baliol. It became vested in the crown and was a favorite residence of Richard III. This fortress sus-

tained a siege during the rebellion of the Earl of Westmoreland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has since fallen into decay.

The walks in the environs of the city of Durham are exceedingly pleasant. In all directions rustic and secluded lanes stretch off, along which you may wander, or strike across the fields, climb stiles, ascend hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a stream, and never find yourself trespassing where you should not, and when returning to the city, you are first struck with the great central tower of the Abbey peeping over the hills that envelope the old town. As you emerge from some defile you have before you a wide open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient red tiled roofs of Durham, the turrets and battlements of its Castle rising above them; and again, above all, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster

This reverend Abbey is seated in the heart of the city, advanced upon the shoulders of a high hill, and encompassed again with the higher hills, he that hath seen the situation of this city, hath seen the map of Sion, and may save a journey to Jerusalem. So thought an ancient writer, and if the singing of the songs of Sion resembled in sweetness the Chanting in Durham Cathedral, as much as the situation of the Cathedral resembles Jerusalem, I am not at all surprised that the people of Babylon requested the captive Hebrews to sing them one of the songs of Sion. The first time I had the privilege of attending divine service in Durham Abbey



I was enraptured with the sweet and masterly chanting, unsurpassed in the empire. My father and I obtained seats in the choir. The service was exceedingly impressive, so much so, that although more than twenty years have since elapsed, whenever the portion of the Psalter chanted upon that occasion recurs in the services of the church, it carries me back in immagination to the first service I attended in the venerable abbey of my mother's native city.

