

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.¹

YE holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
 Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
 Round your dark battlements ; for far from halls
 Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat,
 Oft listening, tearful, when the tempests beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls ;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry ;
 Blessed if her aid some fainting wretch may save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

THE RIVER WAINSBECK.²

WHILE slowly wanders thy sequestered stream,
 WAINSBECK, the mossy-scattered rocks among,
 In fancy's ear making a plaintive song
 To the dark woods above, that waving seem
 To bend o'er some enchanted spot, removed
 From life's vain coil ; I listen to the wind,
 And think I hear meek Sorrow's plaint, reclined
 O'er the forsaken tomb of him she loved !—

¹ This ancient castle, with its extensive domains, heretofore the property of the family of Forster, whose heiress married Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, is appropriated by the will of that pious prelate to many benevolent purposes ; particularly to that of administering instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast upon this dangerous coast ; for whose preservation and that of their vessels every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The estate is in the hands of trustees appointed under the Bishop's will. — ² The Wainsbeck is a sequestered river in Northumberland, having on its banks " Our Lady's Chapel," three-quarters of a mile west of Bothal. It has been commemorated by Akenside.

Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
 To him who passes weary on his way ;—
 Yet recreated here he may delay
 A while to thank you ; and when years have flown,
 And haunts that charmed his youth he would renew,
 In the world's crowd he will remember you.

THE TWEED VISITED.

O TWEED ! a stranger, that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a mile,
 (If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
 Delighted turns thy stranger-stream to greet.
 The waving branches that romantic bend
 O'er thy tall banks a soothing charm bestow ;
 The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
 Seem like the converse of some long-lost friend.
 Delightful stream ! though now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The distant pastoral pipe is heard no more ;¹
 Yet here while laverocks sing could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's contentious roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYSDALE ! as thy romantic vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where musing memory seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape ; much I grieve

¹ Alluding to the simple and affecting pastoral strains for which Scotland has been so long celebrated. I need not mention Lochaber, the Braes of Bel-lendine, Tweedside, *et cet.*