

Here held their Court, and deemed their ways
 A pattern for all future days.
 But the leaven was working—Mind should hold
 Its own o'er warrior-dupes of old !
 So, fruit of all this chaos and strife,
 Emerged the School of modern life.

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The door stands open : we enter now,
 With pausing feet and reverent brow.
 For everywhere the stagnant place
 Seems whispering of some bygone race.
 The girlish feet that echoing went
 In lassitude or merriment—
 The girlish glances, wont to roam
 All o'er this spot, that was their home,—
 Now empty, desolate,—can it be
 Life's tides gushed here so full and free ?
 Methinks, in truth, the spirits of those
 Long years ago, who slept and rose,
 And sang and played, without a care,
 Hover around us everywhere.
 Yet not so much these earth-born souls
 Our vision of the past enfolds,
 As She, whose genius, rare and sweet,
 To the heights of Glory led her feet,
 And touched the poorest landmark shown
 With a charm and splendour not its own.
 The vine-clad bower, the ancient trees,