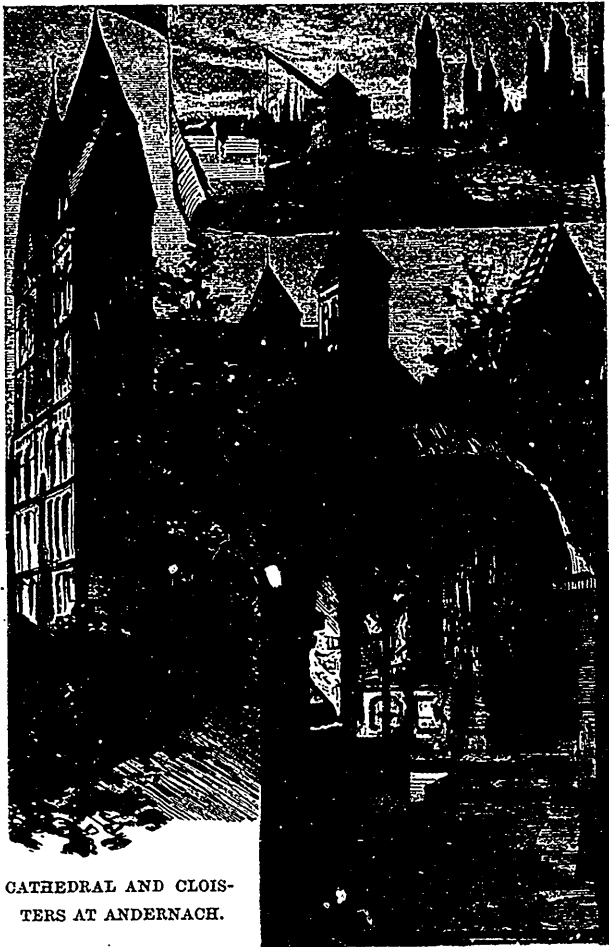


“And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless; save to the cranny wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and proud :  
Banners on high, and battles passed below ;



CATHEDRAL AND CLOIS-  
TERS AT ANDERNACH.

But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

“Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will.”