

**PASSING AWAY**  
(The Prince's Lodge)

Hushed is the mirth of the banqueting hall;  
The spider hath woven his woof from the wall,  
Where graceful the folds of rich tapestry hung,  
And where mirrors reflected the joyous and young.

Yon moss-covered portals, where festal lamps shone,  
Are now lit by the cold spectral moon-beams alone,  
And the wind through the casements wails mournful and drear,  
Where the notes of soft music enchanted the air.

While here in the stillness of evening I muse,  
And the scenes of past splendour my fancy reviews;  
I behold as in vision a gay gilded throng;  
And the corridors echo with revel and song.

And Courtiers and Gallants move round in the light  
And maidens with pearls and with jewels bedight;  
And foremost in grace, and in station is seen,  
The courtly Prince Edward, the sire of our Queen.

A moment, and lo! the fair pageant has fled,  
And I seem as if standing alone with the dead.  
And the shadows of evening grow darker apace,  
And weird spirits seem haunting the desolate place.

Ere yet from the precincts of ruin I turn,  
Let me learn the sad moral, e'en grandeur might learn,  
And in the mutation of change and decay,  
Read the motto of human things, —“Passing away.”

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N. B. —These lines were written nearly fifty years ago when contemplating the ruins of the PRINCE'S LODGE, then in partial ruin, as graphically described by your venerable correspondent, G.G. Gray. C. F.

**(Footnote from J.J. Stewart Manuscript—Titled: The Prince's Lodge)**

These lines were written fifty years ago, at which time, the Prince's Lodge—as the residence of Prince Edward was called—still stood on the shore of the Bedford Basin, but in an advanced stage of decay. Nothing now remains of the edifice, saved are a few grass grown mounds which mark the spot where the original foundations were built.

(This poem appeared in the Rockingham Sentinel – March, 1888)