

But in thy train O Solitude !
 No jealousies, or cares intrude
 To spoil thy sober bliss ;
 Far from the turbulence of life,
 And jarring interests of strife,
 Peace is thine only wish.

Oh ! often contemplative maid,
 I'll court thee in thine halcyon shade,
 Where placid joys abound,
 Those joys far dearer to my heart,
 Than all the world can e'er impart,
 With thee are always found.

S. T.

—

STANZA,

Written after viewing an Execution for Murder.

Warn'd by the sullen knell from yon grey tower,
 Whose deep vibrations spread a general gloom,
 Pensive I ventured at th' appointed hour,
 To view the murderer's ignominious doom !
 Great was the throng whom different motives drew
 Around the soul-revolting scene of woe ;—
 I mark'd the wondering boy,—the maiden too,—
 And heads that show'd full many a winter's snow !
 The whilst the wretch upon the platform knelt,
 And offer'd up warm orisons to Heaven,
 That all his load of wrath-deserving guilt
 Might by a gracious Saviour, be forgiven ;—
 Still, as the treacherous calm that ushers in
 The dreadful concert of the warring spheres,
 Stood the spectators of th' appalling scene—
 Nor few, I hope, were pity's heav'nly tears !
 But, when suspended from the drop he hung,
 And one convulsive thro' told life was o'er ;
 A shriek from all the awe struck crowd upsprung,
 That thrill'd the very threads of my heart's core !
 Homewards I turn'd as died the last long knoll—
 And when the dead man's crimes to thought recurr'd,
 I trembled for the disembodied soul,
 Till blue-ey'd Hope's celestial strains I heard ;—
 ' What mortal's bold, unholy tongue presumes
 To pass eternal sentence on the dead ?
 That power, who such prerogative assumes,—
 And who on Calvary's awful summit bled,—
 May look in mercy where his ashes rest,
 And give him peace perennial with the blest.'