

'Tis said we must respect the law,
But how can mortal claim
Respect for law when deeds so vile
Are practiced in its name?
If judges swayed by prejudice
A jury may control,
Then Justice fled may hide its head
And Purity sing dole!

His friends now gather round him,
But what comfort can they give,
As nothing else is left them
But to bid him hope and live;
Assuring him sincerely
Of their friendship tried and true,
'Mid falling tears, perchance for years,
They bid the lad adieu.

Young Donald kindly thanks them
For their aid and sympathy,
His tones seem gay to all—but ah!
The tear is in his eye!
Beneath a calm exterior
He bears a stormy heart,
For nought remains but clanging chains
That call him to depart.