

Poetry,

Original and Select.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

DICK DOLEFUL.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

It was to the late Captain Chronic, R.N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being but very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absences on service, acted as his agent and factotum: receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son, his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visiter at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow.—Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or burked a female young, beautiful, and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean—and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste—I mean only that he is a bore.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncured and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever

quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last-named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from *that*, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr Doleful was leaving it.—Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "Our poor friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but being acquainted with Mr Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you; it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look, and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful—! Here he comes, Sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I hadn't nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?' with *such* a look, and in *such* a tone—! it always sounds to my ears, 'What! arn't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker-countenance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but—"; and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer:—"I'm not a nervous man; but d—n me if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "I know I shall."

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician; whilst, on the contrary, the —"

"Aye, aye; the bore of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to the grave. And, then, that face of his! I couldn't help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, La Larmoyeuse, I should have liked to have his stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you. Why, then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but bores have no feeling. Besides, I can't alto-

gether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money-matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of the window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Aye, and so he tells everybody, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and *that's* a bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this king of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n me, but I will toss him out of window."

After a momentary pause the Captain resumed:—

"Then there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it; it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that ever I heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he *will* stand by whilst I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! Faugh! two doses at once! Will you believe it, my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive, But, as I said before, bores have no feeling—they have no perceptions—they have no one faculty in nature but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Aye; there's Mr Dick again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits? There's 'Reflections on Death,' Dodd's 'Prison Thought,' the 'Death-bed Companion,' 'Hell: a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and, at the street-door, met Dr Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashley Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint Sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr Doleful must be carried off at once—forbid the house Sir."

"I am quite of Mr Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashley; "the Captain must in-