

A friendly form came kindly in,
 To wake the slumbering youth;
 A lusty call—but no reply;—
 “A sleeper sound in truth!”

He raised the pale unconscious face,—
 Back fell the drooping head,
 No breath escap'd those livid lips;—
 The barrister was dead!

Ah! who will cheer that widow lone?
 Those weeping sisters soothe,—
 That reverend brother who had oft
 Bewail'd the wayward youth?

What word of comfort dare we breathe,
 When, toss'd by passion's storm,
 A soul is plac'd before his God
 By death in such a form?

DOCTOR D—K—R.

1. I saw a brow—'twas very dark;
 A form—'twas like a wrecker;
 That brow, that form, that sunken eye
 Belonged to Doctor D—k—r.
2. I saw a gent ride down the street,
 His brain was crazed with liquor;
 I marvell'd who that man might be;
 'Twas said 'twas Doctor D—k—r.
3. There sat beside the social board
 Of one good Mrs. Hecker,
 A doleful, dismal, doltish man,—
 That man was Doctor D—k—r!