

From bellowing *Nutt*, who the pulpit first filled,
 And who gloried in picturing *hell*,
 To oily-tongued *Dod*,* who, in argument skilled,
 Made our future appear very well.

These views, so conflicting, unsettled our minds,
 And made us but sorry church-goers ;
 The more so, that preachers of so many kinds,
 Had among them some *terrible bores*.

Full often I think of those days with regret—
 My mind to the past ever reaching ;
 For I feel the effect of a want, even yet,
 Of consistent and regular preaching.

GENERAL MUSTER.

And do you remember our *general muster*—
 The day of all days in the year ;
 'Round which, while I write, what memories cluster
 Of gingerbread, apples, and beer ?

Of soldiers in masses and boys by the score,
 Of fifers and drummers and pipers ;
 Of bullies and loafers at each tavern door,
 Of death-dealing, rum-selling vipers ;

Of lieutenants and captains and dandies and swells,
 Of our Adjutant, Major, and Colonel ;
 Of shouting and firing and villanous smells,
 As if from the regions infernal ;

Of marching and drilling the rank and the file,
 And trying to keep them in order ;
 Oft gaining thereby a contemptuous smile
 From the Yankees just over the border ;

Of how the great day, like all other great days,
 Was finally brought to a close ;
 Though the sun the next morn with its bright beaming rays,
 Found the most of us *still in a doze*.

* Rev. John Bovee Dod, since famous as a psychologist, an M.D., etc.