

THE PREACHER'S CALL.*

A gospel preacher, who in the hot bed
 Of the New England States was born and bred,
 Had got the cant fanatic all by rote,
 And preached extempore—not e'en a note:
 Deep in his nostrils, he'd the nasal twang,
 No fust like his the cushion so could bang.
 Where he held forth, in flocks, old women ran,—
 They never heard, before, so fine a man.
 Such was his fame;—the only thing he got—
 For riches, tho' he loved them, he had not—
 Saints thick as mushrooms o'er the States appeared,
 Each shaving close, or singeing t'others beard.
 To shear his flock, he tried all he could do,
 But 'twas as said at home—"Pse Yorkshire too."
 Though from one sect t'another he did veer,
 Some other had the congregation's ear.
 Religion, oft'ner than his clothes, he'd change,—
 With Baptist or with Anabaptist range.
 Uni—and Trini—tarians were the same—
 Arians and Necessarians, when turn came.
 At last, disowned by all, he'd not a place,
 Of public worship where to shew his face.
 In shambles, on the butchers' blocks he'd mount;
 In fields—on tubs, but small was the account.
 To his wit's end it did the preacher drive,
 His worldly matters did no better thrive.
 At length, the ways of savages to mend,
 The pious government resolved to send,
 Some missionaries who might pray and preach,
 And civilization to the Indians teach:—
 In other words, to get them under thumb,
 And purchase all their hunting grounds for rum.
 Our preacher offered, and was sent away;
 Four hundred dollars was his yearly pay;—
 'Twas no great thing, but somewhat might be made,
 'Mongst his new Indian friends in way of trade:
 In rum—tobacco—he laid out his store,
 Counting his gains at five for one or more;—
 He'd heard who nothing ventures nothing wins,
 And so he drove a decent trade for skins.
 Once, on a Sunday, he would preach and pray,
 And made hard bargains every other day.
 The Indians were so often by him bit,
 They said the devil had not half his wit.
 The limpid stream so overcame his rum,
 The Indians saw that "it no make drunk come—
 "No make ting and dance, and placé run round—
 "No makee tagger—tumble on de ground."
 Ungrateful rogues!—Our preacher found no fault,
 With any of the skins and furs they brought.
 He took them all, the little with the large;
 First made the Indians drunk—then made his charge;
 So heavy were his chinks, that one would think
 He made them pay, to warn them noi to drink.
 When they'd their money's worth, and senses clear,
 They cry "Rum vera good, but debblish dear!"
 Fortune's full blaze now shone upon his lot;
 A new appointment soon our preacher got:

* "The Preacher's Call"—in our opinion not original, being a versified edition of an old Joe.