

The South.

DEATH-SONG OF A GOVERNMENT HORSE.

CYCLE OF HORSES DRAINED, MASSACRED, OR CO.

I'm one among a thousand—a skeleton herd
Of quadrupeds ring-boned, glandered and blind,
Brought up by rogues, and to rogues transferred,
Whose mutual pocket the frame has filled.
Who spurned, wind-galled, and laid at the knee,
Twelve golden Eagles were paid for me.

A fourth of the sum, where good faith is law,
Would purchase a likelier beast than I;
A Government Draft-horse I could not draw,
Tranched by the shaft of death I die,
But though crass, that soon my carcass will be,
Twelve golden Eagles were paid for me.

They drag us miles from the town away,
Here to starve in the giddy hills;

Horse dead, we're left to blanch and tray,

With his iron Ichneumon yields,

Sure, Satan's own mount the agents be,

Who take twelve Eagles for such as me.

The Empire State and the Keystone too,

The third estate rank'd for "crown" alone,

He'd was caught to the plundering crew—

They all went in for the high in bone,

Ten golden Eagles they smothered, you see,

Rop'd, perchance, like us, to a tree,

Say in eighteen hundred and fifty-three,

—Fatty Fair.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

Having sufficiently recovered from the effects of the blockade to resume his heroic pen, our observant correspondent edifies us with a characteristic report of doings on the Potomac:

ENTR. T. T.—I never really know what the term "mod'hill" meant, my boy, until I saw Captain Bob Shorty on Tuesday. He was out in a field just this side of Fort Corcoran, trimming down the ears of my feathered Pegaseus, that he might look less like a Titian-headed steed. I am approaching my object respecting a brown-stone monument. As it came near, I discovered an inscription of brass buttons at intervals in front, and presently I observed the lineaments of a Federal foot.

"Strange being!" says I, taking down a pistol from the natural rock on the side of my steed, and at the same time motioning toward my sword, which I had hung on one of his hip-bones. "Art thou the shade of Metternich, or the dismounded spirit of a sand-bank?"

"My friend," responded the swollen voice of Captain Bob Shorty, "you behold a modall just emerged from a liquified portion of the sacred soil. The mud at present inclosing the Modall is unpleasant to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights," continued Capt. Bob Shorty, "with the veterans of the Modall Brigade wading about in the mud, the chaps, you see, are forcibly reminded of a diluted plum-pudding, with a few animated raisins."

"My friend," says I, "the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakspeare's happier efforts, but tell me, my Modallies, has the dredging for those missing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?"

Captain Bob Shorty took the mire from his ears, and then says he:

"Two brigades are excavated this morning, and are at present building rats to go down to Washington after some sotp." "Let me not utter complaints against the mud," continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, "for it has served to develop the genius of New England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the modall those woolen-mutting chaps got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and now are making their general fortune by selling it out at a premium."

This remark of Captain Bob, my boy, shows that the men of New England still retains its national purity, and is capable of greater efforts than lignum vita hams and clocks made of barrel-hoops and old coffee pots. I have heard my ancient grandfather relate an example of this spirit during the war of 1812. He was with a select assortment of Pequod chaps at Bladensburg, just before the attack on Washington, and word came secretly to them that the Britches don't like the Chesapeake were out of the mud, and would give something to hand-some a supply. Now, these Pequod chaps had no flour, nor boy; but they did not let them out of the speculation. They went into the nearest graveyard, dug up all the tombstones, put them into an old quartz-crushing machine, pounded them to powder, sent the powder to the coyer, and sold it to the Britches for the very best f'r, at twelve dollars and a half a barrel!

New England needs no bulwarks.

No towers along the steep;

She'll be it mighty cheap;

Rule, New England, New England rule the trade.

There's not a thing that goes across New England hasn't made it.

And can such a people, this be conquered by a horde of godless savages? I repeat, sir—never! And the Jeff. Davis mob ever get possession of Washington, the Yankees would build a wall around the place, and invite the public to come and see the monstrosity, at twashlings a head.

On Wednesday, some of our direct pickets caught a shabby, long-haired chap lurking around the camps with a big black and sheet of paper under his arm, and brought him before the general of the Modall Brigade.

"Well, Samuels, what's the general to one of the prisoners?" asked the general against the prisoner.

"He is a young man who has a spy," replied Samuels, holding up the sheet of paper. "And I see this hideous picture of him to be the Great Seal of the Southern Confederacy."

"What thinkest thou so, my cherub?" inquired the general.

"The drawing is not the best," responded Samuels, closing one eye, and viewing the picture critically, "but I should say that it represented a man with a field-hair and a sword, and two sticks in his pockets."

"Most likely," shouted the long-haired chap, exultingly, "you know not what you say. I am a Federal artist, and that picture is a map of the coast of North Carolina, for a New York paper."

"Thunder!" says the General, "if that's a map, a patent government must be a whole atlas."

I believe it is, my boy!

As a person of cultivation, it pleases me greatly, my boy, to observe that our more moral New England regiments cultivate a taste for reading, and are even so literary that they can't so much as light their pipes without a leaf out of a by-month book. I was talking to an angular-shaped chap from Montgomery county the other day about this, and says he:

"Talk about reading! Why, there's fifty newspapers sent in a wrapper to our officers every

day... There's ten each of the Tribune and Times, ten each of the Boston Post and Gazette, ten of the Montgomery Democrat, and one New York Herald."

"Look here, my second Washington," says I, "your story don't hang together. You may you have fifty papers daily; but according to my account that copy of the Herald makes fifteen."

"Did I not tell you that they came in a wrapper?" says the chap, with great dignity.

"You did," says I.

"Well, I suppose the Herald is the wrapper?"

The Chaplinson to look at some new horses he had just imported from the Erie-Canal stables for the Western cavalry, and was much pleased with the display of homework. One animal, in particular, interested me greatly; he was born in 1776, had both of his hind legs broken off in 1805, in one of the battles of 1812, and lost both his eyes and his tail; but he had selected this splendid animal for his own use on the field.

Another fine animal of the stud was attached to the suite of Washington at the famous crossing of the Delaware, and is said to have surprised the Hessians at Trenton as much as he was sold to a Western dealer in three dollars;

and the dealer, being an enthusiastic Union man, has let the Government have the animal for one hundred and ten dollars.

A number of dolpins also attracted my notice. She was, indeed, the favorite river of the Marquis de Lafayette, and has been damaged by swallows attempting to drive her. The pretty beast comes from the celebrated Bone Hill belonging to the Erie Canal, and only cost the Government two hundred dollars.

Believing that the public funds are being judiciously expended, my boy, I remain,

Fondly thine own,
Oskarina C. Keen.

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SHOULD CALL

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FOR STRENGTHENING THE BODY,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD,

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For Strength and other uses, they will

last all who take them.

Take all who take them.

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