



'Neath a ragged Palmetto, a Southerner sat,
A twisting the band of his Panama hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load,
By humming the words of the following ode ;
 " Oh ! for a nigger, and oh ! for a whip ;
 Oh ! for a cocktail, and oh ! for a nip ;
 Oh ! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher ;
 Oh ! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher ;
 Oh ! for a captain, and oh ! for a ship ;
 Oh ! for a cargo of niggers each trip."
And so he kept oh-ing for what he had not.
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got.