

XXIV.

He was Commandant, at his beck and call
 He had a Regiment of "blacks and blues,"
 The Yankee Blues he seldom chose at all.
 The Blacks being kindred, he was proud to choose
 On state occasions ; or, when he wished to haul
 A captured Rebel o'er the coals or screws,
 His name *was* Starling when he was a "loafer,"
 He's titled now, a Colonel does he go for.

XXV.

To pass this "Booby" Commandants array
 Of guards and pickets was the next essential;
 He had them stationed in the very way
 A fool would likely think the most potential.
 He had seen no service ; we might justly say
 A thing he did not wish himself eventual,
 His genius rather taught him how to find
 A post to keep, or something of the kind.

XXVI.

At night they passed him and his pickets too,
 A feat by no means difficult at all,
 His post, his quarters, guards, were in full view.
 His "horse and foot" were jumbled up "pell mell,
 As would the loafer Colonel likely do,
 Either on great occasions or on small.
 They passed his post and took the road to Cadiz,
 To spend the next day with some friends, and ladies.

XXVII.

They spent the day but kept themselves concealed,
 For there about was many a lurking spy,
 Who strove to make his trade the premium yield ;
 And few escaped his clutch and piercing eye.
 The Rebels now sought, on another field,
 Their fortunes and uncertain fate to try.
 At night they left for Canton with a view
 To take a boat and play the Federal too.

XXVIII.

They stopped, as usual, at the town hotel,
 And left instructions when they should be called ;
 So far all things with them were thriving well,
 When lo ! next morning early they were hauled
 Forth their beds by two ruffians, strange to tell,
 At sight of whom they were at first appalled.
 One shut the door, proceeded then to lock it ;
 Took out the key and put it in his pocket.