

PIGOLOGY.

By a Soldier.

COME all you gallant soldiers
And a story I'll relate,
Concerning of a spotted hog
And his untimely fate;
A pretty little creature
As ever you did see,
Who lost his life by keeping
The soldiers company.

Now, to begin my story,
So that all can understand,
We're part of Gen. Sully's force,
And are here by his command.
With him we rode Dakota through—
Whole pages you might fill
With the gallant deeds of those brave boys
Who fought at White Stone Hill.

The Indians were discovered
By Sully and his men,
They were thrashed, at least he says so,
Then he marched us back again,
And took us to Fort Randall
Where he told us to remain
Till the Indians should grow saucy,
Then he'd call on us again.

We staid three weeks at Randall,
And then were sent away,
And ordered to Sioux City,
And here we are to stay
Till the winter months are over—
Then again go on the scout,
And scour the country over
Till we find the Indians out.

Well, the winter is not ended,
I suppose you all do know,
So as yet, against the red skins,
We've not had a chance to go;
When we do—if we should find them—
I sincerely hope we will
Not make such another——
As we made at White Stone Hill.

But I wander from my story,
For at first I did intend
To tell you of this lively pig
And his untimely end;
How John Bull did pet and feed him,
His confidence to win,
Though he had the water ready
For to scald the devil in.

Oh sure and sudden was the blow
By which this hog did die,
For tho' close to where they murdered him
I never heard him cry.
There was blood upon the sidewalk,
There was blood upon the floor,
And poor piggy's headless body
Hung beside the kitchen door.

Now heaven help the red skins,
Pity for their case I feel,
If the Iowa Sixth can only fight
As well as they can steal,
If in slicing Indian top knots
They display one-half the skill
With which they clean a hen-roost
Or a frisky porker kill.

There's a moral to my story
Which all pigs may well believe:
Don't associate with soldiers,
For they flatter to deceive.
Though they may pet and feed you,
'Twill not save your precious life,
For with all their fond caresses,
You are destined for the knife.

But my story now is ended—
Next year we will return,
And leave the pigs and chickens,
Our absence for to mourn.
And should we meet the Indians,
They'll of fighting get their fill,
For we'll carve a brighter record
Than we did at White Stone Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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