

My mistress indulged some hopes till the victory of New Orleans, when she heard the famous Union song sang to the tune of Yankee Doodle:

*The rebels swore that New Orleans never should be taken,
But if the Yankees came so near they should not save their bacon.
That's the way they blustered when they thought they were so handy,
But Farragut steamed up one day and gave them Doodle Dandy*

*Ben. Butler then was ordered down to regulate the city;
He made the rebels walk a chalk, and was not that a pity?
That's the way to serve them out--that's the way to treat them,
They must not go and put on airs after we have beat them.*

*He made the rebel banks shell out and pay the loyal people,
He made them keep the city clean from pig's sty to church steeple.
That's the way Columbia speaks, let all men believe her;
That's the way Columbia speaks instead of yellow fever.*

*He sent the saucy women up and made them treat us well
He helped the poor and snubbed the rich; they thought he was the devil.
Bully for Ben. Butler, then, they thought he was so handy;
Bully for Ben Butler then,--Yankee Doodle Dandy.*

The days of sadness for mistress were days of joy for us. We shouted and laughed to the top of our voices. My mistress was more enraged than ever--nothing pleased her.

From *The Story of Mattie Jackson* (1866), p. 11. (<http://docsouth.unc.edu/neh/jacksonm/jackson.html>)