

...anti, in
him a debt of gratitude,
publish the following:!

THE SIEGE OF CINCINNATI.

Who saved our city, when the foe
Swore, in his wrath, to lay it low,
And turned to joy our tears of woe?
Lew Wallace.

Who taught us how to cock the gun,
And aim it straight, and never run,
And made us heroes, every one?
Lew Wallace.

Who showed us how to face and wheel,
Or charge ahead with pointed steel,
While cannon thundered, peal on peal?
Lew Wallace.

Who, while we in our beds did sleep,
About us watch, and ward did keep,
Like watch-dog round a flock of sheep?
Lew Wallace.

Who woke us up at dead of night,
With tocsin knell and rocket light,
To rush to arms in wild affright?
Lew Wallace.

Who made us all, at his commands,
With fainting hearts and blistered hands,
Dig in the trench with contrabands?
Lew Wallace.

Who would have led us, warriors plucky,
To bloody fields far in Kentucky,
But Wright said, No!—and that was lucky?
Lew Wallace.

Who sat, his prancing steed astraddle,
Upon a silver-mounted saddle,
And saw the enemy skedaddle?
Lew Wallace.

And who, who has, if Wallace, fed
On pork and beans, and army bread,
Will e'er forget, when he is dead,
Lew Wallace?

LITICAL.

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