

And the towering big steam frigates tried to make
the work end short.

See ! the sun is slowly setting. Sure the strife
will soon be past.

Lo ! upon the shattered ramparts hoists the flag of
truce at last.

And the firing ceased instantly ; seemed a low lull
in the air,

As far o'er the sea of waters echoes answered
everywhere.

Now the burly white-haired General of our foes
advanced to see

If his white flag was accepted by his hated
enemy ;

And at once he knew it was so ; then far deep
into the ground,

In a token of surrender, he discharged the pistol'
sound.

His drawn sword had been held firmly ; this befor
his feet he threw,

And to them who stood around him, said, " I now
belong to you."