

# EXCHANGE.

## The Maine Disaster.

'N EATH the waters of Havana  
Lies our once proud ship, the "Maine."  
Her white hull torn and blackened  
By the treachery of Spain.  
'Mid the sunk and mangled wreckage  
Of our battle-ship, the "Maine,"  
Lie the bodies of her martyrs,  
Claiming vengeance against Spain.  
Oh, those pale, dead faces lying  
Deep in the sunken "Maine,"  
Will rise in the day of judgment  
To bear witness against Spain.  
In Havana still is Sigsbee,  
The captain of the "Maine,"  
Searching patiently for evidence  
Of the dastard act of Spain.  
And watching, working with him  
In that city by the sea,  
Is our dear old Southern hero,  
The gallant Fitzhugh Lee.  
And a day is fast approaching  
When cruel, treacherous Spain  
Must pay with blood the debt she owes  
For the murdered crew of the "Maine."