Keeney or Keenan.  

To that story of Bayard is still in its prime, —
Of Keeney, or Bayard, its times next to yield!

Truly the day when in France, Fries, Berry, and Binyon,
Against twenty thousand he rallied to field.

Where the red volley poured, where the clamps rose highest
There the dead lay in clumps, torn to the very oak and pine.

Where the rain from the thickets was steady and highest,
No change like this Keeney's, along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the leader was Keeney,
Near the dark fever line, where in still held one ground,
He rode down the length of the retreating column.

And his heart or our war cry, Leut of into a bound;

He shouted, like his charger, the wind of the powder,
His voice was heard as in and in answered the sky:

And on cheer as he rushed, let his laugh rang to London,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"
How he strode his brown steed! how he saw his blade glitter.
In the one hand still left — and the reins in his teeth —
He laughed like a tiger when the holiday brightens,
But a soldier's glance shot from his rifle beneath.

My name he lessen'd to the major informal,
Aking where to go in — though my clearing or side?

"O, anywhere! forward! It's all the same, Colonel: you'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, till the black dawn of night at Chantilly!
That hid him from sight of his brave men and team!
True, true, the bullet that clipped the white lip,
The flower of our neighborhood, the whole army's pride!

Yet up dreams he still — in that shadowy region
Where the dead from their ranks at the sound drummer's sign
That he rides, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is forward — along the white line.

Edward C. Dickinson