

IX.

Forward they dashed, saw as they rode along
 The Yank and negro wrapped in sweet embrace—
 Sweet to them, I think the aroma strong,
 And much prefer the smell of our own race.
 I hope in this I do them no great wrong,
 Don't like the smell of one, the other's face,
 The only difference I find 'twixt the two,
 The Negro's belly's black, the Yankees blue.

X.

They left the town of Chaalotte on the right,
 About six miles or seven—may be more,
 When of a sudden there appeared in sight,
 (Not twelve old factory women as before,)
 A Yankee column. Now, no chance for flight;
 More need of wit, if that failed, all was o'er
 With them. They passed the front without a fault
 But at the rear an officer cried "halt."

XI.

"You names, your business, where going, and for what?
 Quick, thick and heavy as a thundershower"
 Fell from his lips; his eye was fierce and hot,
 And on the disguised Rebels seemed to lower.
 "To Clarksville going, wish to buy a lot
 Of mules; my name is Jones and his is Power.
 "Pass on." No second order needed they,
 The first was good, they hastened to obey.

XII.

This ordeal passed, to stop they deem it wise,
 And claim for rest at least one night in three.
 When they had done so, much to their surprise
 Two Federal Captains, both from Tennessee,
 Called in. They were polite, and otherwise
 Seemed gentle, although quite frank and free
 In their denunciations of the South,
 Of Rebels, the "rebellion, and so forth.

XIII.

They grew at length defiant, wished to know
 The Rebels' names, where from, their residence,
 The reasons, causes, that they did not go
 Into the army, just for the defence
 Of "Union," "Stars and Stripes," and thus to show,
 As they had done, their loyalty and sense.
 They spoke of their achievements and their slaughter,
 But this was done to please their host's young daughter.