

IX.

I say won't fight, I mean unless the odds
 Are very greatly in their favor, and
 They have, by dint of labor, several rods
 Of their good mother earth thrown up, or sand.
 It makes no difference which, for by the Gods,
 They make defenses with a lavish hand,
 The Rebs prefer good breastworks for a gun,
 But when without them though they will not run.

X.

They left the scene, where Col. Streight displayed
 The same ambition that Alaric had,
 Rome's capture; but when shall stand arrayed
 In history the two achievements, one now clad
 With an immortal vesture, what will be said
 About the other; that the fool was mad,
 And thus the daring vandal bold and brave
 Compares with Steight, a minion and a slave.

XI.

The one a hero, who would break asunder
 The tyrants fetters and their pillage all;
 The other went down South to steal and plunder,
 Which was the worst, the big thief or the small?
 The one, a victim to a silly blunder,
 Fell in his own trap, where the foolish fall;
 The other was successful and heroic,
 Two things that made him famous and histori

XII.

They left the scene, as said before, and bent
 Their course towards the mountains, which ha
 Styled wonderful; save now and then a rent,
 An ugly cavern or abyss, the scene
 Was tame; and to the vision nothing lent
 Of interest, but offered many a screen
 To the robber, spy or vile "buswhacker,"
 Who would shoot a good man for a cracker.

XIII.

They passed oe'r "Lookout Mountains" safe and sound,
 And paused at night upon the other side;
 The bright and blessed sun next morning found
 Them wending onward, as the Pilgrim's ride.
 The doubts that in their minds arose they drowned,
 And halted not until they had desieried
 The lofty top and rugged sides of "Sand,"
 So hard to climb and—anything but grand.