

IV.

It to us often is a pleasant thing
 When we have wandered long, to find once more
 The scenes of youth. They seldom fail to bring
 The cup ambrosial, always running o'er
 Whith jewelled memories, which seem to fling
 In gathering groups from their exhaustless store
 The radiance of childhood fresh and free
 As when life seemed one endless jubilee.

V.

Not so with our heroes, they were now
 Amid those scenes, but few things to the eye
 Arose familiar, or brought forth the glow
 Of fond remembrance; its founts were dry.
 Agriculture had vanished, and the plow,
 Which furrowed the rich earth was rotting by
 Deserted fields. The spoiler's hand was there
 And tainted with its touch the very air.

VI.

According to their Yankee friends' direction,
 They kept due North, and halted not till night,
 And merely then, to make a slight inspection
 Of their position, while it yet was light.
 In order here to keep up the connection,
 We simply state they found their course was right,
 And were (to make it plainer if need be)
 Nineteen miles south of Clarksville, Tennessee.

VII.

They now were in the very midst of foes,
 On right, on left, and yet in front they were,
 A railroad just before them guarded close.
 To cross which was their first especial care.
 'Twas dark, and such a night when Luna shows
 Her white face through the clouds, now here now there,
 Between the guards they then resolved to slip,
 And like *Iago*, "have them on the hip."

VIII.

The camp fires gleamed around, at times they saw
 Dark forms, now grouped, now passing to and fro;
 The guards, they understood, received a law,
 Or order to halt at night nor friend nor foe.
 The slightest noise was likely them to draw
 A salutation seldom sought yon know;
 All night they watched and worked to find their way,
 And crossed the road just at the dawn of day.