

XXV.

But fear is foreign to each noble heart
That follows him, and in the breast of none
Has doubt or hesitation any part ;
Let him but lead, and they will follow on.
They listen to his orders and obey ;
He fears not death or danger—why should they?

XXVI.

Above them tow'rs the cliff precipitous,
Well-nigh impassable its steep ascent.
How hard the task and how laborious
To scale the cliff! Yet forth the order went.
Then, in the darkness, stealthily they creep,
And silently approach the rocky steep.

XXVII.

Like Indians soft stealing on the trail
Of hated foes, intent upon surprise,
And silent moving lest their project fail,
When death in premature detection lies ;
So noiselessly that army scaled the height,
While darkness hid them from the foemen's sight.