

XIX.

They now became true "minions of the moon,"
Resolved to shun the brighter God of day,
Their Mistress was just up and very soon,
Would light and cheer them on their lonely way,
Half frozen, yet their spirits were in tune;
And long before the blessed sun's first ray,
Without a road or guide, through woods and wiles
Of Yanks and Terys, they rode forty miles.

XX.

They rested in a swamp close by a mill,
A lucky accident for man and beast,
For both were likly there to get their fill,
And from the pangs of hunger feel at least
Secure. The mill was a rude structure, still
It served the purpose, and somewhat increased
The fortunes of the owner, whom they found
On the "important question" very sound.

XXI

He was a timid man and could not feel
The luxury of danger; and his soul
Lacked something of the iron or the steel
Which nerves the heart of him who can control
The secret springs of fear; and only kneel
Where conscious duty calls; and there the whole
Of the hearts tribute bring. But such are rare,
And Fate alone develops who they are.

XXII.

But timid as he was he did consent
To guide our heroes on their winding way,
And when the moon her first ray kindly lent,
They sallied forth and halted not till day.
But this unlike the precedent was spent
In dodging negro Federals, (if they may
Be called such); which I shall surely do:
And when you see them you will do so too.

XXIII.

They had crossed a stream and were ascending
The Northern bank, when suddenly appeared
A federal column, slowly wending
Its snake like progress to them, at first they feared
They were discovered; at once descending,
Around the hill their course they quickly steered,
And having hid their horses well at last,
Crawled up the hill to see them as they passed.