

XIV.

In this they erred; she was a genuine type
Of her ancestral mothers. Their blood flows
In her young veins, a current of that stripe
Which baffled back the Britton, and now glows
Within the Southern heart, pure, lineal, ripe.
In its young Majesty it now arose,
And turned upon the Federals, claimed the right
Of free speech, opinion, let come what might.

XV.

The Rebels too much human nature knew,
To undervalue female friends in need.
They felt as if they were suspected too,
And when occasion offered they agreed
With their fair friend. To woman's instinct true
She felt and saw it with the lightning's speed,
And said, "I would not do as some I know,
Against my country join a hostile foe."

XVI.

The two Confederates slept or rather stayed
Below—the Federal officers above—
Restless, yet weary, they in vain essayed
To sleep, and their prophetic fears remove.
About the mid of night a tap was made
Against their chamber window; it did not move
Their souls to song, as the Raven's tap did Poe,
Its meaning though they quickly sought to know.

XII.

A soft voice whispered, "Fly at once, you are
Suspected. I o'erheard a plot
Between the Federals; you've no time to spare,
A courier sent already for a lot
Of soldiers. Your life's the forfeit here."
Such warnings come but seldom, and are not
By us neglected, when to beauty traced
They ever seem of Heaven a slight foretaste.

XIII.

The Rebels mounted just in time to hear
The clattering horsemen at a plunging pace,
And could but think, when all the host drew near,
There was enough to storm or stare the place.
They therefore left once more their course to steer,
With not improper or indecent haste, [way,
Through "night and storm and darkness" found their
And crossed with ease the Cumberland next day.