

XIV.

Parnassus often sought and seldom gained,
 Is to the Muse of him who seeks to reach
 Some yet untrodden heights, when once attained,
 A glory, consummated hope; and each
 Wild peak seem^s vocal with poesy and trained
 To point from Earth to Heaven, and to teach
 Him gratitude. When once you're climbed a mountain,
 This you feel, if there you find a fountain.

XV.

Such were the feelings of the two who toiled,
 The steep ascent of "Sand," and paused awhile
 For breath, and fix their harness, which was spoiled,
 Exceedingly, although 'twas but a toil
 From plain to mountain top, and there boiled,
 (Strange to relate) from out a small defile,
 A stream of the "most living crystal" water,
 Fit for a bath for "Beauty's youngest daughter."

XVI.

We skip the details of one hundred miles,
 And place our heroes (for this tale's a truth),
 At "Muscle Shoals," which answers well for styles
 Across the Tennessee; where once a youth,
 Just like Leander, who, to win the smiles
 Of beauty and love, did try in sooth
 To swim, not Hellespont, but this same creek,
 And drowned himself, unlike the gallant Greek.

XVII.

Before the Rebels undertook to cross,
 They learned that Tories, Yankees and Banditti,
 And all that makes up what we call the dross
 Of God's creation, county, town and city
 Were on the other side; and that the loss
 Of life and horse (the latter quite a pity)
 Would surely follow if they ever dared,
 "To cross," and run the risk of being ensnared.

XVIII.

But notwithstanding all this good advice,
 They "plunged and crossed," although the wave was high
 The Doctor and his mule were baptized twice,
 But landed safely, though they were not dry,
 They now resembled greatly two drowned mice,
 Or Don Juan, if you like; but no such eye
 As Haidee's beamed upon them with its light,
 By Cupid's lustre made so purely bright.