

grave, except when at times the shrill neigh of some impatient charger would break upon the stillness that reigned around, and then die away in the distance; whilst round the watch-fires that scantily studded either camp, and which gleamed with a ghastly lustre in the pale moonlight, might be perceived the faintly defined figures of men, who, as they passed to and fro, seemed in one's fancy like demons celebrating their orgies in anticipation of the scene of blood and carnage about to ensue.

As I gazed on the vast assemblage of tents before me, whose white draperies glistened in the beams of the moon, I thought of their slumbering inmates;—of the many who now in the arms of “nature’s balmy comforter” were forgetting past care and approaching danger, and who ere the setting of the morrow’s sun, would sink into that sleep from which the last trump only would rouse them. They were then, probably, transported in their dreams to the midst of their families and connections, where in seeming they enjoyed all that parental kindness or tender affection could bestow—endearments which, alas! they were fated never again to enjoy in reality.

From them I naturally reverted to my own situation. I thought of my home in the smiling valley,—of my aged parents—of her who might then be gazing at the lovely planet shining with a silvery radiance in its empyreal course above me, and breathing a prayer to Heaven for my safety. I thought of them—of all I held most dear on earth, till almost overpowered by the intensity of my feelings—when, as if to complete the enthusiastic sadness of the moment, a strain of music caught my ear, as floating in the night breeze it died softly away. I listen-