

I love the Night—I have ever loved—I will ever love it and all that belongs to it of shadowed beauty, and silent loneliness, and dim, and doubtful, and desperate purpose.—I have looked upon the march of a gallant army in the midnight hour,—the heavy measured tread of armed men, and bugle and drum were mute, and proud banners were folded,—and the deep dull rolling of the cannon wheel—and the sharp ringing of the iron shod hoof on the flinty earth told of the war-steed's progress,—and the dusky and solemn bearing of that martial panoply was ominous of terror, and blood, and death.—I have gazed upon the dying watchfires, and the wide scattered tents of a slumbering host,—and pickets, and videts, and sentinels were wakeful moving things of shadow and prowling watchfulness,—and I have looked on all this till breaking day heard the bugle sing its *reveillé* to the drowsy soldier's ear.—I have paced in the lonely hour the fortified ramparts of a garrisoned city, and marked the solitary centinel on the gloomy bastion; and the solemn-pomp of the passing rounds—and the relief, with its deep clang of the presented musket—and the *one* word demanded and given.—I have looked on that sight, above all others, possibly, the most impressive among the various bearings of warrior-life—the progress of armed and mounted men along the streets of a city at night;—and the light of lamp and torch fell brightly on helmet and plume and sabre, and each noble looking dragoon, as light and shadow fitfully flashed over the splendid figures of himself and charger, seemed individually a rich study for the painter's eye—and trampling hooves, and clanging steel, and the ringing of jingling spurs and bridle curbs, and the disdainful snorting of some impatient steed—made a music