

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

I see before me now a traveling army halting,
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards of summer,
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places rising
 high,
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes dingily
 seen,
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the
 mountain,
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized,
 flickering,
And over all the sky--the sky! far, far out of reach, studded,
 breaking out, the eternal stars.