

the Thirteenth was at the head of the regiment. They marched in two files, and with a steadiness and precision which did them infinite credit, and set a good example to the youngsters who were marching behind them.

The sight along the street was an inspiring one. The air was filled with the strains of martial music, mingled with the applause of the admiring thousands that lined the noble thoroughfare. The bright afternoon sun, glancing along the side streets as the column crossed them, touched up with its glow the glittering bayonets and the silken flags of the different commands. The Ninth was in dark blue and the Thirteenth in gray, and the contrast was a pretty one. Standing on the slope of Murray Hill and looking down Fifth avenue, the sight was indeed handsome.

The gleaming bayonets and musket barrels, the tossing plumes, the flashing sabres, the strains of stirring music, the applauding thousands, all made up a picture which was very inspiring. It was full of color and movement and life. In the neighborhood of the Brunswick Hotel the applause broke into a roar of cheers, but the men never glanced to the right or the left, but kept the even tenor of their way. Madison square was likewise crowded, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel showed a crowd of people. Occasionally a halt was made for a moment, the men "marking time" until the column moved again. The flag presented to the regiment in Montreal was carried by the Color Guard, with the regimental flags, and was the subject of much favorable comment. The ingeniousness of the device, the United States flag on one side and the English on the other—twining the two together in loving fraternity—was much commented on, and the gift of the good people of Montreal received its meed of hearty applause.

At Fifteenth street the column wheeled, and marching along that thoroughfare, turned into Union Square, and sweeping around the base of the Lincoln statue, the head of the column entered Broadway and began its march down that famous thoroughfare.

Although it was long past business hours, the street was crowded, and the enthusiasm was even greater than it had been on Fifth avenue. From Grace Church to Trinity it was a perfect ovation. Cheer followed upon cheer, and the constant ripple of clapping hands echoed along the whole line. The windows of the great