

into Forty-second street and took up a position, with the head of the column resting on Fifth avenue. Here the command stood at parade rest until the horses of the Colonel and his staff could be saddled. There was a considerable crowd about the depot, and a good many of the Brooklyn "boys" who had been left behind were mingling in the ranks with their comrades. The "boys" looked dusty and a little tired, but they were to a man most enthusiastic about their trip and the open-handed hospitality which had greeted them in Canada.

Half an hour was consumed in making the arrangements for the march down Fifth avenue and Broadway to Brooklyn. At six o'clock, the head of the Thirteenth column wheeled into Fifth avenue at Forty-second street, and at the same moment the Ninth wheeled into position in front as escort. The Ninth were in splendid form. They turned out with ten companies and about twenty-seven files. Fifth avenue was a sight to see. The sidewalks and steps of the houses were packed with people, and the windows of the spacious and elegant mansions which line the street were all occupied. The band of the Thirteenth struck up "America," and the route was taken up. The line of march was down Fifth avenue to Fifteenth street, to Union square, to Broadway, to Wall street ferry.

From end to end of the entire long march it was a perfect ovation. A constant ripple of applause echoed along the whole line as it moved past. The order of the column was as follows:

Squad of Mounted Police,
Ringgold Horse Guards,
Ninth Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y.
Thirteenth Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y.

Cheer followed cheer along the whole line as the commands moved past. Mr. Beecher rode with the staff of the Thirteenth, mounted on a graceful chestnut horse, and it was a remark frequently heard in the crowd on the sidewalk, "How well he sits his saddle!" He was the recipient of frequent applause, and was the observed man in the whole column. As the march progressed the enthusiasm seemed to increase. Both commands were marching in files, reaching from curb to curb, and each was on its mettle to show the stuff there was in them. The result was some of the best marching ever seen on Fifth avenue. The Veteran Corps of