

and yellow and blue and gray ; plume, spike and lance head glittering in the maze ; guidon and standard glowing ; a wealth of splendor poured with the dirges that swelled from tubes of silver and of brass ; all the glory of arms swept by. First the regular troops, many a gray beard among them, with the swinging tread begotten of years ; artillery first and the solid ranks of infantry supporting. Then the naval brigade of white and blue, sturdy arms and bronzed faces, dragging their cannon. After these the troops of New York, young and with their fields and honors before them, regiment on regiment. The soldiers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, Georgia, Connecticut and District of Columbia followed, rivals of the best in numbers and martial bearing. Some had seen service on long-ago fields of glory and death, but for most part they were the youth of the States that sent them, untried yet, but of such stuff as those upon whom the brunt of great battles has rested.

So went they by, division on division, in this last review. Never since the white flag fluttered at the surrender, had so much of the nation's power been gathered, but no greeting acclaimed the display, and its pomp was unnoticed. The onward thousands and the million that watched were alike silent, and no voice cheered the favorite commands as in their holiday marches. For two hours, to the rhythm of the dead march in Saul, the platoons passed upward and over the hill, standards shrouded, arms reversed, the saucy marker a flutter of crape. A regiment trod by to the throb of muffled drums, then an emptiness in the great street, every head uncovered, and there was a hush.

The dead Conqueror.

There where the sun kissed the purple and silver that hid him, he came, not leading, but led ; not victorious, but himself surrendered. The Chief Magistrate and the honored of the people hedged him about ; men whose lives are history thronged before and after ; the great captains he had launched like thunderbolts against the