

line of march was teeming; the roofs and cornices swarmed. There was not an accessible point but had its observer: men climbed the statues in the squares; boys were high in the trees; wires swayed and trembled between poles, where perched a score of the adventurous; the houses of the city elsewhere were tenantless; the course of the pageant was choked with the people.

From the Fifth Avenue Hotel a ceaseless stream of carriages departed, conveying delegates to their appointed places. At nine o'clock the police made a concerted movement; the throng, inch by inch, was forced back; and to the quick treble of the fife a regiment swung on right into line and stood at parade rest. Now the last cloud parted, and the sunlight streamed. A battery of artillery rumbled heavily by, the gunners perched upon the jolting caisson and the stout horses straining at their burden; a whirl of flashing metal and angry red, and it had passed. Detachments of the Grand Army in sombre garb came with the old step to the measure of muffled drums, and were aligned upon the crape-shrouded tatters of their flag. An aide galloped down, scabbard swinging and aiguillette rising and falling as he rode. Then restful expectancy—the vast scene motionless save where the trees swayed their branches in the freshening wind.

Suddenly came a bugle note of warning. The captains spoke sharply and a thousand lifted muskets glittered together. Every eye turned southward.

Hancock, commanding, proud and erect as on that deadly day at Spottsylvania. With him Wesley Merritt, Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, Ingalls, Porter, Rodgers, Barnum, Stevens—what a list of glories they summoned—a score of other heroes in his train. Then from Fourteenth street poured a ceaseless river of light and of color, at first tremulous and soft as the rippled shining of wind-swept waters, but brightening and stronger as it neared, until a sunburst rolled by in that pageant of war. The sparkle of buckle and breastplate, the musket's blue ray, the shimmer of helmet and scabbard, the howitzer's burnish and the gatling's cold gleam; masses of scarlet