

“Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
 That beat to battle where he stands,
 Thy face across his fancy comes
 And gives the battle to his hands.
 A moment, while the trumpets blow
 He sees his brood about thy knee;
 The next, like fire, he meets the foe
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.”

We need not enter into the particulars of their departure—our gallant boys! How proud their fellow citizens were of them as they marched out from their rendezvous on their way to the depôt. Few pens, certainly not ours, would be capable of fitly painting the scenes of that short but never to be forgotten march. In countries where martial pageants are of common occurrence, that of Monday night, perhaps, be thought insignificant. But in a peaceful land like ours where such displays are happily rare, the spectacle of 500 young patriots, the best and bravest of the city, voluntarily going forth in defence of their country, leaving behind them pleasant homes and loving friends, was one not to be viewed without emotion. It will be well for those in authority if they can show that the sacrifice was unavoidable. We do not, for a moment, assert that it was not. We have confidence in the Government that they have done all in their power to pacify the restless spirits who are now in rebellion, and have only resorted to force, when force was the last alternative. But we warn them that they must make it clear. Should one of our brave boys fall, and should it be shown that his blood was shed through the fault of those who sent him forth to die, a day of reckoning shall assuredly come when they shall be driven from their places forever. Such, we have no doubt, were the feelings of many who composed those living walls between which marched the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own. Yet, how boundless was the enthusiasm! Packed in dense masses, filling all the street from curb to curb except the narrow lane between,—leaning from every window, crowding on housetops, on verandahs, on every available spot where human foot could stand, the people of the city assembled to bid them good-bye. How fair hands from window and balcony were waving handkerchiefs, in many instances wet with tears, or showering bouquets which were caught up and borne along on gallant breasts. How shout after shout rent the air, until the very sky seemed filled with the mighty sound. How with steady swinging stride they passed on through the living lane extending without a break from market house

to station until at last they are safely aboard their train. The baggage is on board, the signal is given, the wheels revolve, and amid a tempest of human voices such as the blue waters of Ontario have seldom heard, they are gone!

CONTRIBUTED.

AT LARGE.

BY A ROVING STENOGRAPHER.

The very word. After leaving you at Toronto, dear TRIP HAMMER, I felt that I had indeed cut loose from the old life and was “at large” in more senses than one. As I carefully deposited this weather-beaten hulk on the upper shelf of a Pullman, I found that my fancy refused to be held prisoner, or to retire with me into the solitude and darkness of that receptacle.

Hesitating a moment amid the clanging of bells, the wheezing and coughing of locomotives, and the tramp of many feet, which go to make up the reverberating babel of the Union Station, the eager wanderer took flight and sped away before me through endlessly chequered scenes of its own creation to that wonderful city of the west, which mirrors its grandeur in the blue waters of Michigan, to which I was bound. I need not explain that I refer to Chicago.

What a pity it is that this “too solid flesh” is not capable of transporting itself from place to place in the same delightful and inexpensive manner. Here was I cooped up within the narrow limits of a not over-fragrant railway berth, while the more subtle part of me was away before me—hundreds of miles away—in a moment, clearing the intervening space without an effort; revelling amid the most enchanting scenery, and arriving at its destination before its grosser companion could turn over on its side with a view to slumber. The grosser companion was me, and I had almost reached the confines of the silent land when, without the warning of a moment, all the powers of earth and air and sky, starting up in myriad shapes, seemed ranging themselves before me to oppose my entrance. Horrid blackness fell about my pathway. From the depths of a yawning chasm, which, opening suddenly at my feet, disclosed the fearful dungeons of the under-world, there came a hideous throng, while from the lurid depths arose a cry so appalling that my soul was stricken dumb with terror. Turning in fearful haste to fly, my head came in contact