HOME AGAIN!: The Sate Return of the Illustrious Soldier ULYSSES S. ...
San Francisco Chronicle (1869-Current File); Sep 21, 1879;
ProQuest Historical Newspapers: San Francisco Chronicle
pg. 1

HOME AGAIN!

The Safe Return of the Illustrious Soldier.

ULYSSES S. GRANT IN HIS NATIVE LAND ONCE MORE.

He is Met in the Golden Gate by an Imposing Fleet.

The Peal of Bells and Reverberating Thunder of Cannon.

An Exciting Panorama that Will be Long Remembered.

A Marine Pageant of Beauty and Splendor.

Two Hundred Thousand People Assembled to Greet the Great Captain.

A GRAND CIVIL AND MILITARY PROCESSION.

The City Illuminated on the Line of March.

The Heavens Lurid with the Glare of Pyrotechnics.

The "Chronicle's" Display of Fireworks.

The General's Reception of Innumerable Friends and Admirers.

INTERVIEWED BY A "CHRONICLE" REPORTER ON SHIPBOARD.

He Expresses Himself on the Third-Term Question.

He Characterizes the Chinese Question as Entirely New to Him.

Free from Official Cares, He will Prolong His Stay on the Coast.

Graphic Descriptions by a Score of "Chronicle" Reporters.

A Review of the Public Services of the Ex-President.

A Complete Outline of His Travels Abroad.

California yesterday with unanimous fervor stretched forth her hands to welcome the Great Commander. The time and the occasion mark a new epoch in the history of these States. This was no reiteration of traditional plaudits and congratulations: it was the sublime afflux of muscular patriotism, spontaneous and supreme. It evidenced the vigor of a self-poised democracy, and was the proof of the noble reciprocity of fraternal love. No man but this one man could have left his country to circumnavigate the globe and be received with royal hospitality in every land he touched; it was not that he was the ex-President of a Republic but a century old; it was simply and solely that he was a General of unquestionable bravery—one who meted out justice with wisdom, and who, in the trying era of intestine war, achieved victory without sacrificing the honor of the adversary. For this reason, with unpent enthusiasm, we gave him welcome. With what memories has he returned to us! The paternal greeting of Old England, the applause of France, the festivities in Andalusian shades, the saunterings in the dusty footsteps of the Cæsars, the fantasia under Egyptian palms, in the crumbling corridors of antique temples, the

BARBARIC PAGEANTS OF THE INDIES,

The unprecedented affability of the proud pagan; these have been his rewards for many a solemn vigil by the camp fire and for unflinching courage on the field of blood.

We cannot doubt but in the midst of his almost continuous ovation he has refreshed himself with rapturous thoughts of home.

It was fitting that the young State where the earlier years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity, should rise to welcome him in the hour of his triumphant return. We have among us representatives of all, or nearly all, the kingdoms, principalities and powers that have done him honor; but our reception was not metaphorical—the similitude ended with the bunting and the display. When the veterans of opposing armies clasped hands under the one flag; when all political discrepancy was forgiven and forgotten; when creed and color were lost sight of in general and tumultuous enthusiasm, we might well congratulate ourselves that it was our lot to welcome the Great Commander to his native land. We welcome him in the piping times of peace; a warrior off duty. True it is that

Arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

But we have not forgotten the price of victory, and we may well

Take heed
How we awake our sleeping spirit of war

THE THUNDER OF ARTILLERY.

The clang of cavalry, the blare of trumpets, these were but echoes of the past; echoes that awakened the General from his lotus dream and recalled to his mind memories that are immortal. Bathed in war's perfume, he might exclaim with the poet:

I see the vision of armies;
I see, as in noiseless dreams, hundreds of battle-flags;
Borne through the smoke of the battle and pierced with missiles I see them;
Carried hither and yon through the smoke, torn and bloody,
And the staffs all splintered and broken.
I see battle corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of the young men.
And the debris of all dead soldiers.
But I see they are not as we thought;
They themselves are fully at rest—they suffer not;
The living remain and suffer—the mother suffers;
The wife and the child, and the missing comrade suffers;
And the armless that remain suffer.

But these are scenes of the bivouac. A fanfare of trumpets announced the approach of our guest. The city was alive with fluttering flags, the waters of the harbor covered with fairy fleets. The black-throated cannon belched forth their earth-shaking thunders, and singing sirens lifted up their hearts from the waves in jubilant chorus.

What Homeric pen will some day recount the adventures of the well-feted Ulysses in the picturesque pages of a new Odyssey?

Those pages should ring musically with the bells of Shandon, the chimes of Normandy, the Italian angelus and the castanets of Spain. They should be brightened with the light of the brazen heavens of the south and

THE GLARE OF THE ICE-FIELDS

Of the north, and with perpetual glimpses of the beauteous sea. Let the pines of Norway throw cool shadows across them; the palm of the desert and the plumed papyrus spring from them, and the bamboo gush forth in fountains of perpetual verdure. Let the ambrosial nights of Araby waken the sobs of the nightingale; let the stork watch upon the chimney-top in some old midland town, and the ibis float across the rising moon, and camels stalk silently along the Nile-shore rocking their dusky burdens and freighting the air with subtile and sweet spices; let the lone elephant tear through the jungle seeking the solitude of some undiscovered shore. Fill the cloudless skies with slender minarets and ivory domes pierced with star-windows of stained crystal; let the eye fall upon ruins glorious in their decay, and clustered obelisks, and among the palaces of Eastern princes, decked with jewels and gold; throw open the bungalows of voluptuous nabobs; set fire to the lanterns in the gardens of Ceylon; jingle the bells that fringe the caves of tall pagodas; court the delicious gales

AMONG THE SPICE ISLANDS

Of the Eastern Sea, for the much-wandering Ulysses brings with him these trophies of his voyage. In his delay, which exceeded our expectation, one might have imagined that the blustering winds of Æolus had burst their bonds and hurled the hollow ship backward into the dark sea. In giving him fitting welcome we should not forget to give him rest, for has not the much-quoted Ulysses given us the sum-total of his experience thus: "There is nothing else worse for mortals than wandering." And so the much-enduring Ulysses sleeps at last in compact beds under the resounding corridors of the Palace Hotel; and he may well sleep when the veterans of the great rebellion who fought under him here, at his approach, clasped hands in mutual congratulation, with all animosity, disquietude, revenge, regret, buried forever in the great grave of the past.

OUT TO SEA

To Meet the Hero, and the Returning Travelers.

Boom! the first cannon, and the few anxious persons who for three days had been waiting on board the *Millen Griffith* for the welcome signal, were aroused from their listlessness into active wakefulness. The Reception Committee, whose coming along the *Millen Griffith* waited upon, soon came rattling down the Pacific Mail wharf in carriages, and the tug which was to bear the first welcome to General Grant steamed out into the bay. Life and animation was infused into every floating object by the sound of the long-wished-for signal. The sight was an inspiring one. As the tug steamed along the city-front and anchored, the shipping presented an appearance of gala brightness and beauty never before approached on any festal day celebrated by this city or State. Viewed from the water, this city was canopied by flags. From the hights of Russian, Rincon and Telegraph hills to the very water-edge bright-hued bunting fluttered a silent welcome. The hundreds of ships representing the commerce of all nations, lining the miles of wharfs, were decorated from deck to main truck; as also were the ships in the stream. The wharfs were black with people almost instantly gathered together, who waved a speedy voyage to the *Millen Griffith* as she steamed past to welcome

THE COMING HERO.

The completeness of the preparations for the marine pageant was noticed as the *Millen Griffith* passed the Front-street wharf. Scores of gayly-decorated yachts were already in line and crowded with passengers. The tugs *Wizard* and *Anasha* had the yachts in tow, ready to start for the outward voyage. The steamers *China*, *St. Paul*, *Elder*, *Ancon*, *Parthenius* and *Whipple* were being filled with crowding, pushing and enthusiastic guests. The bay and entire wate-front seemed to have sprung into instant life, motion and enthusiasm. As the *Griffith* passed the city front and rounded Front-street wharf, Telegraph and Russian hills and the new sea-wall appeared black with people. Sound, motion, color, these were the ideas which most strongly impressed the passengers on the *Griffith* as the outward voyage was commenced. The *Millen Griffith*, commanded by Captain Haskell, carried Ulysses Grant, Jr., three of the Reception Committee—E. M. Pixley, General Miller and Hon. C. Cole; also D. M. Hitchcock of Chicago, General Ticket Agent of the C. B. & Q. R. R.; Dr. McAllister, Chief of the Quarantine Service; Captain Salter, Superintendent of the P. M. S. S. Wharf; T. D. McKay of the C. B. & Q. R. R.; George H. Rice, J. A. Read, Edward Taylor and R. W. E. Robinson of the P. M. S. S. Company. As the *Griffith* headed out

TOWARDS THE OCEAN

And passed the brilliant signs of preparation, all eyes were turned towards the Heads for the first signs of the *City of Tokio*. As the tug rounded Fort Point a general exclamation, "There she is!" arose. Out past the Golden Gate against a background of somber gray clouds, and nearer than had been expected, loomed the graceful lines of the mighty steamer. As Fort Point was passed, the tug *McPherson*, with General McDowell and staff on board, steamed alongside of the *Griffith*. "In half an hour

WE WILL MEET HER,"

Said Captain Haskell, and the company on the tug eagerly gathered on the bow and anxiously observed the approaching steamer. Nearer and nearer the vessels approached, until the figures on the steamers became individuals apart from the first undistinguishable mass. A cry of joy from Ulysses Grant, Jr., told that in the small group observed on the bridge of the *Tokio* were the members of the distinguished party. "There is mother," was the exclamation forced to the lips of the son as his straining eyes separated from the ship's passengers the one form he had most naturally sought for. The tugs *Griffith* and *McPherson* now separated, the former lying to and first running under the accommodation steps lowered by the steamer.

THE FIRST WELCOME.

Boarding of the "Tokio" by Ulysses Grant, Jr., and Others.

The Golden Gate yesterday was a picture that in its grandeur served as a fitting tableau to close the grand panorama of royal display that has characterized the tour of America's greatest General around the world. Far away over a sea of still waters, outlined against a sky that served alike as the sunset of the reception day and of the General's tour, rose the *City of Tokio*, her slender spars now and then concealed by the straight cloud of dense black smoke that rose heavenward and told the anxious watchers that it was the vessel that bore the long-expected guest. While the *Millen Griffith* on the south, and the *General McPherson* on the north, bearing General McDowell and staff, took their respective places, the *Tokio* came nearer and nearer, till finally the curling foam underneath the iron prow grew gradually perceptible and she loomed up grander and prouder, a fitting royal barge to convey the most honored of latter-day Americans across the boundless waste of waters. As she came into near visual range

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY

Were descried on the bridge in front of the wheel-house. General and Mrs. Grant occupied chairs, carefully contemplating the scene, while Fred Grant, in an undress Lieutenant-Colonel's uniform, J. R. Young, the New York *Herald* correspondent, and Lieutenant Belknap of the U. S. Navy, leaned against the rail. As the great mass of wood and iron passed between the tugs, the steps, in seeming marine condescension, were lowered, and the *Millen Griffith*, preceding the *McPherson*, slowly dropped alongside. The party on board the tug stood under the awning aft, and when the steps were finally adjusted there was a moment of respectful waiting as Ulysses Grant, Jr., came forward and mounted them. From the time when the *Tokio* was descried he had stood in the wheel-house with a field glass in hand, with which he eagerly watched the steamer, ostensibly for the General, but in reality, as every one on board knew who watched his face, to see

THE MOTHER

Whom he parted with two years and a half ago, and had conversed with since only by letter. Long before the *Tokio* came alongside he descried her on the bridge, and waved his handkerchief as greeting. She stood also with glass in hand scanning the tug, but at first did not see him. When she did she waved the handkerchief for a moment, but could not wave it long, for it went up to her eyes and stayed there, despite the efforts that the mother's hand made to wave it against the mother's tears of joy, that made the meeting of her son the central and sole picture in all the grand scene. The *Millen Griffith* slowly drifted toward the iron hulk, beside which it seemed so insignificant. Before the steps could be adjusted young Grant mounted them—the first man up—and hastily ran to the gangway, where Colonel Fred waited to meet him. Arm-in-arm they passed along the deck, reached the stairs, and hastily traversed the bridge. The General was passed with a hasty and affectionate salutation of "father," but the mother, who stood behind, received a kiss that somehow is the same from palace to hut, and

AN EMBRACE

That told that while she might be Mrs. General Grant to all the waiting world of America, she was only "mother" to the son who met her after the absence of years. Following their filial leader came Frank M. Pixley, Senator Cole and General Miller of the Reception Committee, General McDowell and staff, comprising Adjutant-General Kelton, General Holabird, Colonel Batchelder, Colonel Keeler and Captain Coster, Captain Salter and Judge J. A. Reed of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and D. W. Hitchcock, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, an old friend of the General's, and a duet of CHRONICLE reporters. The party were met at the gangway by J. R. Young and conducted up the stairway to where, abaft the wheel-house upon the bridge, stood General Grant. In facial appearance he differed little from the pictures so prevalent about the city during the last few days. Below the medium in hight, with a closely-cropped brown beard slightly tinged with gray, well-marked features indicating reserve rather than impulse, and a general repose of bearing, he was

EASILY RECOGNIZABLE.

He was arrayed in black broadcloth, a Prince Albert coat, vest to match, and pantaloons whose creases bore evidence of their disuse since the start from Yokohama. A black silk necktie had surmounted the rear altitude of his collar, while the bow, during the excitement of the occasion, had crept around to a position not usually occupied by that article of dress. With a black satin tile in his right hand, the thumb and forefingers of which clasped a half-smoked cigar, while his closely-shorn brown hair was played with by the breezes, he received the Committee. Mr. Pixley came first, then Senator Cole, and General Miller and General McDowell and staff were in quick succession introduced by the gallant Commander Maury. The presentations to Mrs. Grant followed in the same order, the lady standing near the door of the wheel-house, her newly-regained son standing beside her with his right arm partially supporting her. The scene on the bridge, as the steamer slowly approached Fort Point, was a brilliant one. The polished woods of the wheel-house stood out in dark relief against the burnished brass of the fittings, while

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Of the military officials lightened the group into a grand picture at which the accompanying steamers, black with spectators, appeared to cheered constantly. After the excitement of the presentation had subsided General Grant became the most remarkable feature of the whole display. That he was not unmindful of the honors paid him was clearly apparent from the brightness of his blue eye and the flush on his ruddy weather-beaten cheeks, but otherwise he was apparently unmoved and indifferent. In quiet converse with General McDowell, Mr. Pixley and Senator Cole he scarcely appeared to notice the thunders of Fort Point, which locality was almost concealed by the smoke-clouds of the thundering cannon, as well as Alcatraz, from whose casemate, roared at minute intervals the reports of huge fifteen-inch guns. He stood constantly in the position made familiar by Nast, slightly bending forward, with hands clasped behind him, listening to Mr. Pixley as he gave him the news of most moment to him on his return.

AN INTERVIEW.

The General Accords the "Chronicle" a Talk.

Off Fort Point a CHRONICLE reporter was accorded an interview, the General remarking that if any other evidence of the near approach of American civilization were needed, it was the presence of the interviewer, a species of the human family he had not met with abroad. As the CHRONICLE representative was introduced the General stood leaning against the rail abaft the wheelhouse, gazing upon the picture that the Fort presented, shrouded with smoke, through which the flashes of the guns shone brilliant in the twilight darkness. The eyes of the General promulgated a sort of conservative courteousness as the reporter said:

"I have the honor, General, on behalf of the CHRONICLE, to tender you a hearty welcome home."

GLAD TO GET HOME.

General Grant—Well, I cannot say I am not glad to get here, though the latter part of my tour has been extremely pleasant. A year and a half ago I was thoroughly homesick, but the variation of scene and the kindness which I have met with have almost done away with that feeling.

Reporter—I presume it is needless to ask if you have enjoyed the tour?

General Grant—I have enjoyed it very much and particularly the latter part of it. There was so much that was entirely new to me in China and Japan that it was very interesting. As an incident I can mention the pyrotechnic displays in China, which were most remarkable and exceeded anything I ever saw. They made figures of every conceivable kind in the shape of lanterns—men, beasts and birds and combinations of the three, which were hoisted in the air and disposed about the trees and streets to produce a marvelous effect. The trip up the inland sea in Japan was very pleasant. In fact, the most beautiful scenery I ever saw was on that trip.

HOW LONG HE WAS AWAY.

Rep.—How long have you been gone?

General Grant—Two years and nearly five months. We left New York in May, 1879.

Rep.—I presume you have heard of the preparations to receive you.

General Grant—Yes. We received papers from the pilot boat that gave us some idea. The first intimation we had, however, was the signal off the point there, when we saw the vessels and heard the foghorn.

NOT ANXIOUS FOR A THIRD TERM.

Rep.—Do you know, General, that there are a great many people in the city that want to see you the next President?

General Grant—Well, I don't aspire.

Rep.—But suppose that political exigencies should result in its being tendered to you?

The General looked thoughfully seaward and said nothing.

Rep.—How long shall you stay with us?

WHERE HE WILL GO.

General Grant—I cannot say. My time is all my own and there is nothing to hurry me. I can simply say that traveling as I am I shall stay as long as it is agreeable. I want to visit Yosemite, and I propose to go to Oregon, and just how long I shall remain I can't tell. I should like to see Benicia again, for that and the Columbia were my old "stamping-grounds."

Rep.—We are now getting into the bay; Alcatraz is ahead and Black Point on the starboard bow.

General Grant—I recognize it. I have been here before. It was twenty-seven years ago when I arrived here and twenty-five years ago when I left, but after coming into the bay after a Panama voyage you recollect it pretty distinctly.

At this point Fred approached him and tendered a bundle of letters.

RECEIVING THE NEWS.

The General tucked the bundle under his left arm and perused one after the other, utterly unmoved by the cheers of the thousands that blackened the myriad boats around the vessel. When he had finished he said:

You have just had your election?

Rep.—Yes, sir.

General Grant—How did the Congressional fight go?

Rep.—Page, Pacheco and Davis, Republicans, were elected, and McKenna was beaten, giving the Democrats one member.

General Grant—I am sorry for that. I would like to have seen McKenna elected. Who beat him?

Rep.—Berry, in the Third District.

THE CUSTOMARY CIGAR.

He turned at this point to take off his hat in response to a rousing cheer from the line of yachts. His hand seemed at sea without the customary cigar, which he lighted soon afterward.

Rep.—I presume, General, you have had a good opportunity to study the Chinese question abroad?

General Grant—No; I have not. You will recollect that I left here before it attained any prominence or political importance whatever, and I have had no opportunity of examining it in its California bearings. My views on it were expressed, as far as I could form them, in my speech at Penang, which was delivered hastily and without warning. Mr. Young tells me that your papers published it. I said then that the importation of a race of slaves to this coast, if such were their condition, was a great evil; but if they came as citizens of other countries did, I saw no objection. But as I said before, the Chinese question is a new one to me.

Rep.—What did you hear from the Chinese officials?

THE CHINESE OFFICIALS OPPOSED TO EMIGRATION.

General Grant—I heard enough to know that they are opposed to Chinese emigration to this country, except for commercial purposes, and that they are ready to co-operate with the United States in ameliorating the evil.

Rep.—Do you say this authoritatively?

General Grant—I received it from the highest dignitaries of the empire. I have been away from home so long, however, that it is a dead question at present to me, but I hope to know something about it before long.

WHERE THE GENERAL GOES NEXT.

Rep.—Where shall you go, General, from this coast?

General Grant—To Galena. I am going home for a little rest. I have not had any private life for eighteen years, and I expect the change will be pleasant.

Rep.—It has been suggested by several newspapers that your private fortune will not prove sufficient to enable you to live as becomes your past official position and the honors that have been accorded you.

General Grant—Indeed! What do they say?

Rep.—They estimate your fortune variously from $75,000 to $500,000.

General Grant—Well the first figure is much nearer the truth, although I trust it is largely over that. Perhaps if I were to sacrifice it under the hammer it would not bring more, but I have enough to live on. I have a brick house and a fine place in Galena, but in the present condition of commercial affairs, instead of renting it profitably it is necessary to pay somebody to take care of it. The Lesseps Canal Presidency, which you mention as a rumor, I don't know anything about.

WOULD LIKE TO HEAR "PINAFORE."

At this point one of the bands on the accompanying schooners struck up a pot-pourri from the *Pinafore* and Senator Cole called attention to the fact.

General Grant—I have heard a great deal of this *Pinafore* and would like to hear it. I never happened to be in a place, however, where it was being played.

ADMIRING THE PAGEANT.

General McDowell entered into a complimentary notice of it, and pending this the interview was cut short by the entire party moving forward of the wheel house to observe myriad craft, all laden with human beings, and the approaches to the city, which the General regarded with interest. Throughout all the interview, the General, though dimitied, appeared unconcerned at the brilliant scene around him, though his observant eyes apparently gathered in every point. In conversation with the party he was rather shy than otherwise, and appeared to view everything from a thoroughly practical standpoint.

MRS. GRANT.

A "Chronicle" Reporter Has a Chat with Her.

It was while the Presidential group were forward that the CHRONICLE representative obtained an interview with Mrs. Grant. She was in appearance and conversation an unaffected, vivacious and thoroughly motherly lady, very young-looking beside the handsome Lieutenant-Colonel and the sedate younger son who stood affectionately beside her. In response to a query as to the trip she said: "We had a delightful trip all the way over. It was not rough at all save on one or two days, when our course was diagonally to the swell."

Reporter—Was it not monotonous?

Mrs. Grant—Oh, not at all. We could walk the deck every day and at all times, and that is something the General is very fond of. After breakfast every morning he would spend an hour in the smoking room, watch the chess players and read "Les Miserables." He has read it through and again on the trip.

Rep.—Are you glad to get home?

Mrs. Grant—I can hardly tell. Japan was so pleasant.

Rep.—The pleasantest part of the trip?

Mrs. Grant—I don't suppose I can say that. But last recollections are always pleasantest, you know. We went up the inland sea in a man-of-war, and it is the most beautiful country I ever saw.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

Rep.—More so than San Francisco?

Mrs. Grant—Switzerland is a tender spot with me. I did not see enough of it. I must go back there. But the inland sea is so beautiful, and we stopped at so many charming little places that I think it is the greenest spot in my memory of all the scenic beauties I have witnessed.

Rep.—How did the freedom of Japanese life strike you?

Mrs. Grant—I was charmed with it. Its courtesies and elegancies are so marked in comparison with the Chinese. I was entertained by a Premier whose lineage traces back two thousand years; and though a republican, I cannot but accord the honor something of the esteem in which it is held in the Premier's own country.

Rep.—The yachts are cheering you.

Mrs. Grant—I guess it is more for the General. At any rate, I will appropriate some of it, as I have already seventeen of the thirty-eight guns at the fort. Only twenty-one of them were for the General, so I am going to attribute them to myself. "Ain't they pretty," said Mrs. Grant, referring to the yachts, and waving her handkerchief in response to the cheers.

"I scarcely expected," resumed she, "to come to San Francisco under such circumstances. Years ago when the General came here Fred was a boy, and I had to stay at home. I little thought then that I should first see San Francisco coming through the Golden Gate with all your good people out to welcome me."

DO NOT TALK POLITICS.

Rep.—They are not only welcoming you, but they are anxious to see you Mrs. President Grant once more.

Mrs. Grant—I can't say anything about that. The General and I never talk politics.

Rep.—There was some opposition to having the military ceremonies to-morrow, as it was Sunday.

Mrs. Grant—Of course I should have preferred a week day, but I don't see any harm in it.

Colonel Fred.—I don't think father would have objected materially.

Mrs. Grant—I am so sorry I could not have seen all this in daylight.

Mr. Pixley, accompanied by ex-Senator Cole, here interrupted the conversation, and with Ulysses, Jr., claimed the lady's attention as the steamer slowly steamed along the city front, under the light of the new moon, the glare of continuous rockets and a huge bonfire on the summit of Goat Island that threw lambent gleams over the waters, endowing the group with an alternation of light and shade that was picturesque in the extreme.

HOW MRS. GRANT LOOKED.

Mrs. Grant was neatly and tastefully attired in black. Her bonnet was of black silk, with a depending gauze veil that protected her face, and adorned with a white ruching and yellow rose in front and a small dainty knot of yellow flowers behind. She wore a long cloak trimmed with bead-work and feather-like fringe, white kid gloves and a plain black silk walking suit. Facially she is not handsome, but has a vivacious and expressive face and an eminently attractive manner in conversation. She is of medium hight and of pleasing though not striking ensemble.

HER SONS.

Ulysses, Jr., the son who arrived here a week ago, and went out to meet them on the tug, is a young man of medium hight, possessing a face full of decision and character, as soon as it is lighted up in conversation, and rather reserved, though very gentlemanly in demeanor. On the trip he appeared in a black Prince Albert suit, with white satin tie, and remained quietly unobserved until filial regard induced him to assume a station in the pilot-house and a field-glass.

Fred Grant is a strapping, handsome, brown-mustached young man, on whom the undress Colonel's uniform appeared to particular advantage. On board the *Tokio* he was in constant attendance upon his parents, at one time grasping the General by the collar and reducing to tasteful location the black necktie whose decorative ambition seemed to be drawing it up over the back of the General's head.

THE PAGEANT ON THE BAY.

The Superb View from the Top of Telegraph Hill.

San Francisco commenced to hang her banners on the outer walls several days ago, but the belief among the people was constant that the *City of Tokio* would not arrive before Saturday, and would certainly come on that day. Acting on this impression there were hundreds who climbed to the top of Telegraph Hill as early yesterday morning as 8 o'clock. But they came to reconnoiter the ground rather than to stay, and having given an anxious look around and chosen the most eligible positions in their estimation, they disappeared, giving place to others whose errands were similar. Throughout the morning the people came and went, some evidently fresh from the workshop or the bench, with all the marks of honest toil upon them; others trim and neat, dressed as for a festival, and evidently from the country. About noon a few town families arrived, having the latest and best information from some friend upon the Committee as to the precise hour, minute, nay second, when the four masts of the *City of Tokio* would heave into sight. The fathers and the mothers were generally laden with shawls and with lunch baskets, and were clamorous that their offspring should wrap themselves up warmly and guard their white throats from the strong north wind that was blowing. Old Boreas enjoyed himself hugely, for not content with carrying away handkerchiefs that had been carefully stretched on the dusty ground for impromptu seats, he tugged at the hats of the pretty girls, pulling them nearly off their heads and compelling them to wrap veils around their pretty heads and make martyrs of themselves by sacrificing their fashionable style and hiding their attractive features. And more than this.

THE CRUEL MISCHIEVOUS NORTH WIND

Slyly scooped up handfuls of the fine mould in the garden-beds which have been recently made on the hill and strewed them upon *al-fresco* lunches, peppering cold chicken and dusting pumpkin pies most disagreeably. But the lunchers only laughed the more heartily, being there to enjoy themselves and make holiday to the uttermost on this great festival and day of rejoicing. If the northwind was mischievous, the sun was most genial. On preceding days the Golden Gate had been wrapped in mist and the glories of the bay had been altogether hidden. Yesterday the sun and the season sympathized with California, and the water and the shores were radiant with beauty. The opposing slopes of Russian Hill crested with villas in deep settings of evergreens, ran down to the North Beach in a bold picturesque line, which arrested the eye all the more that so many flags waved against the sky from gardens and tops of houses. Beyond stretched a dark expanse of sand, terminating in the heavy dull red brickwork of Fort Point. Beyond that again was Pigeon Point, on the Marin county shore, running far out into the Pacific in a rugged line of dark rocks, from which the light-house buildings gleamed in white spots. Coming inland came the headlands of Lime Point and Saucelito, dark, formidable and forbidding. Upon the crests of these brooded thick belts of gray clouds so that only the base of Tamalpais was visible, though occasionally, when these clouds lifted, one could discern a fragment of

THAT STRANGE SCAR

Made by a water spout which every visitor from foreign parts mistakes for a road. Coming further inland, and sweeping crescent-like to the north, came the distant hills of Marin county and the nearer foothills washed by the waters of the bay. When the sun shone out in splendor from out his veil of fleecy clouds there came upon this background that glory of color which has made California a subject for artists to rave and madden over. For the nearer hills were not ruddy, but actually roseate, and the scant vegetation in the ravines was black, glazed over with a purplish haze, and the distant hills of the background were deep blue, and all the headlands of Marin county that front upon the ocean and the Golden Gate, though to the inexperienced eye bare and forbidding, were to the artistic vision a superb series of gradations of russet, orange and various grays, with tender shadows of every hue of purple from lavender to indigo. Stretching northward toward Vallejo were more backgrounds of deep blue, more foothills of exquisite rose hues, and here indeed was a rock shaped like a huge buoy, that would have seemed, if rounded, a veritable rose rising up from the waters like Venus herself. The long line of the hills behind Oakland were, at the hour of high noon, half in sunlight, half in mist. North of Goat Island every ridge, every ravine, every rock, every shadow of those hills, was as plain as the fort on Alcatraz. South of Goat Island there was a mist that mingled with the waters, and out of it the white houses and streets of San Francisco's suburbs twinkled as lights shone tremblingly through the soft, uncertain darkness of dusk. Goat Island was itself a barrier, forbidding mass, on which was no play of color, no

GLORY OF PURPLE HAZE.

But the wharves in the foreground were not so dull, for the enthusiasm of patriotic gratitude had made the tall masts of the ships blossom with a hundred brilliant hues. The yachts were similarly emblazoned, but looked less picturesque from the hight of Telegraph Hill, which was too distant to enable the spectator to see the beauty of the lines of their hulls, but showed clearly enough the disproportionate size of their spars. Linked with tow-ropes, they were in three lines, awaiting the signal when tugs would seize upon them and tow them to their places. Inland, the city that lay stretched in all its bustling energy and its beauty below the hill, was similarly bright with many flags, and from the tall towers on Nob Hill these were remarkably prominent. On the wharves of North Beach, ships, tugs, wharves, even to the posts around which lines are coiled, were all decorated. On the many Government stations—Goat Island, Angel Island, Black Point, Fort Point, Alcatraz, etc.—only one flag was visible, and that was at Black Point. The sky about one o'clock was so pre-eminently beautiful that the picnickers on the hill ceased from the pleasant labor of mastication, and gazed with rapture at the heavens above them. A young lady eating Muscat grapes with slow, languid enjoyment, burst into a Bostonian harangue rapturous and poetical, and owned that even in fair Nahant the skies were less fair than these. There were many blues. Above the folds of

FLEECY GRAY CLOUDS

That rested upon the upper slopes of Tamalpais there were broad patches of a tender China blue, but where the clouds nearly met and the patches were narrow and like the Mediterranean sea in shape, the sky was a true turquois, blue and green, so cunningly mixed that at one moment it seemed one, at another moment the other. And yet again in that part of the heavens where the archery of the divine dome commences, the sky was a deep cobalt blue, so blue that the clouds became by contrast a most dazzling white; and out towards Vallejo, beyond that background of deep blue mountains, stretched a far-away sky of a delicate cold gray, almost steely in quality, against which the serated crests of the hills rose boldly in masses of strong color. And the deep shadow of Telegraph Hill fell upon the writer, and lengthened and lengthened, and the sun went downward, and the people came and went, and still there was no sign of movement or of the parade. Suddenly, at a quarter-past 3 o'clock by some watches, a fire-bell began to toll, and then others chimed in, and then all the steam-whistles of all the fire-engines and all the factories swelled the uproar. Above all came the hoarse murmur of many voices from the city, and almost instantly long lines of people began climbing the various steep ascents to the hill from Dupont street. On they came, young and old and middle-aged, and in less than twenty minutes from the first alarm there was only standing room upon the crest and sides of Telegraph Hill. At first everyone looked seaward, but being instructed by the wiser heads, all eyes were turned in the direction of the Pacific Mail dock. There was an ardent buzz of conversation, for

EVERYBODY WAS JAMMED

Inconveniently close to everybody else, and all were inclined to be good-natured and communicative. There was an hour to wait before anything could or would transpire, and in the mean time conversation was brisk upon the all-absorbing topic of the moment. Anecdotes of Grant, many of them apocryphal, were passed around, and comments were made upon the decorations of the city, which, in the opinion of the crowd on Telegraph Hill, surpassed anything ever before achieved by the city. The comfort of the too-tightly pressed crowd was not increased by strings of school-girls, who in phalanxes of ten and twenty forced themselves through the throng, to find themselves just as uncomfortable in the new spot as in the old. Wives, too, with their babies, requested their husbands to get them out of that "for mercy's sake," or they would faint, and those waves of transition were exceedingly hard upon innocent people's corns. Still, almost every one kept his or her place like a martyr, but it was not until the mists on Saucelito and Tamalpais were golden with the glory of the declining sun that a move was made in any direction.

BOOM!

Went a cannon. "There she is!" cried many thousand voices. "No! no!" cried the initiated; "that's from the *China*. She's leaving the dock." It wanted twenty minutes to 5 o'clock when she appeared, all glorious with bunting and with a huge flag fixed to the walking-beam that waved incessantly. Next came the *St. Paul* and then the *Ancon*, the last steering through the lines of yachts. Then came the steamers *Elder* and *Monterey*, and as the crowd on the hill saw how these boats were packed and jammed and double-jammed every one was fervent in his congratulations that he had chosen Telegraph Hill. Afterward, at some interval of time, came the large tug *Neptune*, the fast steamer *Parthenius* and the *S. M. Whipple*, the latter being furnished with an instrument of torture called a calliope. And now the tugs made connection with the yachts and bore them away toward the Golden Gate. In company with them was a Swedish schooner of large size, perfectly covered with superb flags and bearing on the cross-trees of her foremast the inscription "Welcome Grant," in letters several feet long. And when the gun was fired from Black Point, immediately from all the Government islands rose up the beautiful flag of our country, and every one remarked the colossal size of that one which surmounted the rugged crest of Angel Island. Then, too, all the ships that had not dressed their spars threw out their bunting. The Pacific Mail dock was a blaze of colors; but perhaps the most interesting object in the bay was

A LARGE ENGLISH CLIPPER,

Whose hull was painted a pure white. As soon as the warning gun was first fired this vessel was dressed with so much taste and care and skill as to elicit the applause of every one. It was now a quarter past 5 o'clock, and all the first flight of steamers had disappeared. The flush of roseate color had disappeared also from the hills, but the west was flaming with gold, and the sun shone above a bank of clouds exactly resembling the Contra Costa range. The hills of Marin county were a liquid grayish green, the crests and ridges being of purest gold, and all the headlands of Saucelito were dark, somber purple. The tugs were tugging away at the yachts which had passed Black Point, when suddenly a flash was seen, and then a column of thick white smoke rose from the sandy stretch westward against the sky. "By Jove," shouted an enthusiast, "they're saluting." So they were indeed, and in a little while the reporter could see the black smoke of the steamers against the sky and therefore knew that they were coming round the Point. The yachts hove to immediately and the tugs transferred themselves to the rear to be ready for the homeward procession. And now the 15-inch guns saluted, and the heavy reports came to the hill long after the thick volumes of smoke had risen into the air. No one could yet see the steamers, but they were in sight, only hidden by

THE SMOKE OF THE GUNS

There was a mingling of the white smoke of the artillery, of the black smoke of the many steamers and of the gray clouds and mist which was superbly artistic, and all the more so that right behind this confusion of smoke there were two bars of golden sunset light. Angel Island now began to salute, and soon Fort Point chimed in; and here there was much indignation in the crowd against tall men and tall hats, which was expressed with the humorous sarcasm peculiar to California crowds. Through the looming of the artillery shade and the mist and smoke the big black hull of the *Tokio* was distinctly visible now, and some of the people below, who could not see, were so determined to take the places of those above, who could see, that the pressure per square inch became something startling. And Alcatraz opened fire and the booming of her heavy guns was so satisfactory that the contention ceased. Besides, at this time everybody could see the *Tokio*, which vessel was steaming parallel with the *China*, the latter being nearer to the shore. Everybody began to cheer independently, the ladies joining in with shrill hurrahs that could not have been heard ten yards away, but from the thousands of manly throats upon the hill rose such a ringing cheer as must have been distinctly audible on the poop of the *City of Tokio*. It is needless to speculate upon General Grant's feelings. He is a silent, reticent man, but capable of deep emotion, and it is certain that the roar of those welcoming thousands, clustered upon the hill like swarming bees, made him thrill more than even

THE TAKING OF VICKSBURG.

Black Point was the last place to salute on North Beach. Here the *City of Tokio*, that had been far out, sheered inward and came close to the *China*, which had been saluting apparently with one gun uninterruptedly. They turned the corner exceedingly close to the shore, and here the *China* forged ahead and the *City of Tokio* slowed up considerably. They were now within the inner bay, and on this side the ships and the wharves were alike black with spectators. Here commenced more cheering, which came from the water side, and which the men on the hill echoed back again most lustily. At this juncture Goat Island and the revenue cutter began to discharge their guns, and at the signal the lamps at the landing-place all blazed out. The good *City of Tokio* steamed slowly past many ships on her way to her anchorage in the middle of the bay, and from many of them rockets were discharged and men cheered heartily. This was notably the case with the big English clipper. In the middle of the bay the Oakland ferryboat was stationed, like a regimental guide to point out to the *Tokio* her anchorage. When the steamer was at hand the ferryboat glided out of her way, and as soon as she had anchored and was stationary, returned to take on board the nation's guest, the State of California's special guest, General U. S. Grant. Then the ferryboat slipped through the waters to her dock, and the marine parade had passed into history.

FROM SAUCELITO.

The Glorious Termination of a Reporter's Three-Day Watch.

Yesterday opened like a Quaker madrigal and closed like a chapter from "Kismet." For the past three days the fever heat of patriotic anticipation had been at cross-purposes with the weather. Thursday, the first day of genuine expectation, showed at noonday a clear sky, and over the western horizon there was scarcely more than a suggestion of the limitless reserve of fog-cloud. On Friday the clouds hung low and doleful from morning till night. Yesterday was a rare blending of both days and a fitting climax of a charming sequence. It was the grateful duty of a CHRONICLE reporter to keep watch and ward for the *Tokio* from the bluffs above old Saucelito, at Lime Point, directly opposite the fort. There is perhaps no other point around the bay which unites so many and such surpassing advantages of outlook. Looking west, the tossing sea-line at the bar mar

ruption. Soon after the clanging bells and booming cannon had proclaimed the tidings that the *Tokio* had been signaled outside the Heads, the avenues leading to Telegraph and Russian Hills and the Presidio bluffs overlooking the bay and Golden Gate became

ALIVE WITH PEOPLE.

Intent upon attaining a desirable coign of vantage from which they might have an unobstructed view of the *Tokio* and her accompanying escort as she entered the Gate and steamed up the bay. The hills soon became alive with people on the *qui vive* of expectancy, who patiently stood their tedious vigil, until the rays of the declining sunset deepened into the shadows of twilight, when the gunsmoke from Fort Point conveyed the intelligence that the *Tokio* had passed through the Golden Gate, and that General Grant had again arrived in American waters. The guns at the Presidio, Black Point, Alcatraz and Angel Island took up the booming refrain, and the marine pageant slowly came in sight, and a shout went up from the hilltops that could be heard in the heart of the city. As the fleet steamed up the bay, it was eagerly followed by the human tide along the water front, who joined the crowd at the Oakland Ferry, and helped to swell the human throng already congregated at that culminating point into a dense, black mass that presented the appearance of a human forest. Every available elevation that presented the least chance for observation of the bay was immediately secured. The crowd clambered upon the piers, the piles and fences, alike indifferent to the perils of a cold bath in the bay or the fear of a policeman's club on land. The crowd was a singularly good-natured one, considering its cosmopolitan character, and even the usual chaff and badinage indulged in in a gathering of this description was forgotten in the all-absorbing desire to obtain the first glimpse of the illustrious guest. Occasionally a veteran would succeed in engaging the attention of those in his immediate vicinity while he "fought his battles o'er" and recounted the victories achieved under the leadership of "America's Napoleon," when a shout from inside the ferry gate and a cry of "Here he comes" would leave him without an audience. After the address by the Mayor and the reply of General Grant there was a tedious delay in opening the gates, and the crowd manifested their impatience by fierce demands that the gates should be opened. When the carriage containing Gen. Grant and Mayor Bryant made its appearance the enthusiasm and excitement became intense and

THE SCENE REGARDED DESCRIPTION.

The human throng rushed upon the carriage regardless of the heels of the prancing horses, and clambering upon the wheels of the vehicle, tendered the General a warm grasp of the hand and a hearty welcome to San Francisco. Some old veterans came so far carried away by their individual joy and enthusiasm at the sight of their old commander, that they attempted to remind the General of their former relations upon the tented field, but the crowd behind having no appreciation of the feelings which prompted this monopoly of valuable time, would ruthlessly tear him from his heroic pedestal, and the hand-shaking would be resumed until the police succeeded in driving back the crowd. The General received this well-meant but somewhat irksome welcome with good-humored equanimity. For some ten or fifteen minutes the throng successfully resisted all the efforts of the police to clear a passageway for the General's carriage, and the crowd took advantage of the situation to renew their enthusiastic assaults upon the General's patience. Broad-shouldered men elbowed their way to the vehicle, holding a child above their heads, that the little one who was destined to fill a niche in another generation might behold the hero who had led his sire to victory, and received the grateful plaudits of a mighty nation. One strapping veteran, accompanied by his wife, whose diminutive proportions prevented her from seeing the hero of the hour, solved the problem by hoisting her upon his shoulder as he would a sack of wheat, and she feasted her eyes upon the Great Captain, regardless of the comments of the crowd. Mrs. Grant and Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., who occupied the carriage immediately following that containing the General, also came in for a fair share of attention, and as the carriage passed, the crowd involuntarily doffed their hats, as

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

To the wife of a great man, and in recognition of the womanly grace and dignity which she displayed during her eight years' sojourn in the White House. Some little time was consumed in forming the procession, which was to precede the line of carriages, and the interim was employed to good purpose by the band, which rendered the appropriate air of "Home, Sweet Home," and the familiar and soul-stirring melody of "Yankee Doodle." Notwithstanding the crush and confusion and labyrinthian entanglement of bipeds and quadrupeds, no serious accident occurred, and with the exception of a few insulting remarks by indiscreet sand-lotters, which were promptly and effectually checked by threats of a ducking in the bay, nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the reception by the people at the ferry.

THE "TOKIO."

The Marine Pageant from the Decks of the Steamer.

As the *Tokio's* bow crossed the line from Point Bonito to the south line of the Gate, the Cliff House guns belched forth the initial signal of the grand welcoming. The echoing hills of the opposite point had no sooner caught up the single report before the heavens were rent with the thunders of a hundred cannon. As the *Tokio*, tugs, yacht fleet and passenger steamers turned into the homeward line the full beauty and magnificence of the marine pageant was observed. The guests from the *Griffith* and *McPherson* boarded the *Tokio*, and the *China*, *Ancon* and accompanying steamers flanked either side. The brilliantly-decked lines of yachts graced both quarters, and the innumerable craft of all description formed into procession as previously arranged. Then the full glory of the marine reception was observed. The cannons mouthed loud welcome from Fort Point and Lime Point together. Their thunderous reports were thrown back and divided by its echoing hills, and rolling, rumbling past the Gate met

ANSWERING ECHOES

Yet again from Angel Island and Berkeley's hills. On the gentle swell of the straits a thousand flags fluttered a silent welcome. The cheers of thousands on the passenger-steamers and tens of thousands on the o'er-looking hills added their mighty chorus to the glad welcome. The deafening roar of cannon, the glad acclaim of the cheering thousands, the strains of martial music, the bright-hued fluttering flags and the echoing hills' response answer, all proclaimed a great city's welcome to a great nation's honored citizen. No portion of the marine procession, as viewed from the *Tokio*, possessed greater beauty than the yacht fleet. Beside the mighty iron ships they looked, as they dipped and rose on the water, like white gulls of the wave which bore them. Before the Narrows we had reached the marine procession headed the *Tokio*, which steamed slowly towards the city. With its bright and varied hues it formed the foreground of a picture, of which the gray cloud-shadowed waters of the bay were the middle distance, and the

GOLD-GLEAMING HILLS

Of the mist-topped Berkeley upland, the perspective. Fort Point being passed, the guns of Alcatraz, Angel Island and Black Point took up the thundering welcome. The prayers of the Reception Committee to the contrary, the western skies darkened into the shadows of night, and the report of Alcatraz' guns was ushered by a cleaving flash of fire. The gray light of sunset yet served to show the increased crowd on the city's hights. The thronging thousands completely changed the aspect of Russian and Telegraph hills, whose sand-topped crests were cloaked with the black of a mighty multitude as the *Tokio* rounded the Front street wharf and headed down the bay. The *China* drew along side and its passengers sent up a parting "three times three and a tiger," as it steamed off for its moorings. The extent of the city's water front, illumination and half-seen decorations drew from the returning travelers expressions of regret that darkness veiled the full beauty of the scene. The *Tokio* slowly steamed to her anchorage, south of the Oakland ferry line, which was made at half-past seven o'clock. The Grant party on the pilot-house deck, the groups of passengers on the bridges, and the huddled crowd of Chinese sailors on the main deck, curiously watched the signs of welcome which

THE DARKNESS

Displayed. The officers on Goat Island had built a bonfire on the crest of the island, over which the Stars and Stripes were observed, wafting forth from General Grant a reference to the lines:

> Gave proof through the night
> That our flag was still there.

The English bark *Jupiter* and other ships were also prepared for a night reception, and added brilliancy to the scene by an elaborate pyrotechnic display. When the anchor was let go a signal from the ferry wharf showed that the *Oakland* was ready to leave her slip, and a return signal from the *Tokio* brought the *Oakland* out in the stream. There the latter lay while the passengers from the *China* and other steamers were given an opportunity to form into line on Market street. After an hour of waiting the *Oakland* drew along side of the *Tokio*, and the Grant party were transferred to the ferry-boat, on which a military band was playing "Home Again."

ON THE "CHINA."

The Interesting Scenes Witnessed from Her Decks.

At the tap of the alarm bell announcing that the *City of Tokio* had been sighted the avenues leading to the Pacific Mail dock, where the *China* lay, were filled with people intent on going out to meet the incoming hero. At 4:45 o'clock, one hour and a quarter after the signal was given that the *City of Tokio* was in sight, the *China*, under command of Captain Cobb and with some three thousand people on board, cast off and steamed out toward the Golden Gate. The steamer was one mass of colors from stem to stern, the principal decorations being two strings of the flags of all nations running from the top of each mast, large American flags flying from the fore, main and mizzen masts, and an immense one from the walking-beam. Flags of all colors and sizes were floating from bow to stern in "rainbow" style, besides bunting and other red, white and blue material in innumerable quantities. On leaving the wharf the *China* made a wide detour in the direction of Goat Island, where flags were noticed flying from the summit and the light-house. The shipping in the harbor, with but very few exceptions, was decked out in all the colors that could be mustered for the purpose. Telegraph and Russian Hills, Black Point and other eminences, were crowded with people. The *City of Tokio* was sighted by the *China's* passengers when the latter was off the Presidio, and from that time on an almost continuous cheering was kept up until she started on her return trip. On coming abreast of the *Tokio*, the *China* rounded to and took up a position almost directly abreast, which was kept until opposite Meiggs wharf, when the *China* forged ahead and led the way to the Oakland ferry boat, to which General Grant was transferred. On coming abreast on the starboard side, General Grant was discernible to the *China's* passengers. The fortunate ones who were provided with glasses made him out as he stood on the bridge, just aloft the pilot-house, and on the fact becoming generally known he was greeted with a fresh round of cheers. A battery located at the Cliff House was the first to honor the incoming guest with a salute. The *China* going out was closely followed by the *Ancon*, *George W. Elder*, *St. Paul* and other steamers, which swung into line directly astern, the whole, with the yacht fleet, which was formed into lines, making the finest aquatic procession ever seen on the bay. Salutes from single guns were fired from the fort and from the battery on the hill above as the pageant approached, and as the *Tokio* and *China* got opposite the salutes grew into broadsides of four guns each, at intervals of thirty seconds. The batteries at Black Point, Alcatraz and Angel Island lent their voices to the general rejoicing. On leaving the *Tokio* opposite Market-street wharf, the *China* proceeded on her way to the Mail Dock. The tide was out, and when she attempted to approach the wharf the water was so low that the vessel stuck in the mud, and it was half-past eight before the enthusiastic crowd were able to reach *terra firma*, fully an hour and a half from the time of coming up to the wharf. During this interim they were as patient as could be expected under the circumstances, filling in the time with songs of a patriotic character, frequently interrupting the music with cheers for Grant. Commodore Colhoun and several other distinguished citizens and officials were on board the *China* during the trip, and expressed themselves as being well pleased with the manner in which the programme was carried out.

THE "ANCON'S" TRIP.

A View of the Naval Procession from the Rear.

A few moments after the signals had been given the fortunate ticket-holders for the *Ancon* streamed down toward the Broadway wharf. But they were doomed to temporary disappointment. Messrs. Goodall, Perkins & Co. had granted the use of the vessel only in case the arrival of the *City of Tokio* should occur before 3 P. M. As it was after 3 o'clock when the vessel was sighted Captain Anderson refused to leave the wharf without special orders from the company. The crowd, which was increasing wonderfully every moment, got very impatient at the delay and many despaired of the fulfillment of their ardent wishes to greet the great Captain upon the water, when, like a *deus ex machina*, Mr. Goodall himself came driving furiously down the wharf, and without a moment's hesitation ordered the captain to throw out the gangplank and take the passengers aboard. It was evident by this time that only one-half of those assembled upon the wharf could find room upon the vessel, and there began such a scramble for the narrow plank leading to the forward deck as threatened to cause serious accidents. The officers and sailors of the steamer had hard work to stem the human tide determined to get aboard, and but for the

FORESIGHT OF CAPTAIN ANDERSON

in mooring the vessel several feet from the wharf the ship would have been overrun in a few moments. As soon as in the judgment of the officers as many people were on board as could be accommodated with safety and comfort, the Captain ordered the lines thrown off, and as the big paddles struck the water the steamer slowly moved out of the dock into the bay, while cheers upon cheers rang out into the air. Just off the wharf the *Ancon* met and for a while kept abreast with the *China* and the *George W. Elder*, leaving the *St. Paul* behind her. She kept close to the windward, while the other vessels made a wider sweep around the bay. Rounding Fort Alcatraz the fresh breeze from the ocean rolled up the swell under her bow, and gently at first, but with ever-increasing force, the waves lifted up the gallant vessel and then let her fall again into the trough of the sea. The *China* and the *George W. Elder* kept close inland, in order to avoid the ocean swell; the *Ancon*, however, was kept straight into the sound, and many a face commenced to blanch and still more did the enthusiasm abate when old Neptune tried to assert his right. Steaming gayly past Fort Point, the rising smoke of the *City of Tokio* was soon discerned by eager, watching eyes on the horizon, and the news quickly revived the flagging enthusiasm. The speed of the engines was increased, and just off Seal Rocks the *Ancon*

MET THE "TOKIO"

With her distinguished passenger. After allowing the *Tokio* to pass her, while the crowd vented their enthusiasm as if their lives depended upon it, the *Ancon* slowly hove around and took her place in the line of procession. For some time she kept close to the port side of the *Tokio*, while the *China* was on her starboard, and thus the homeward trip began. The *City of Tokio*, however, stuck but a little while in her company. She gradually sidled upon her escorts until stopped by the *Capital*, who took off her city's renowned guest. The heavy guns at Fort Point began to throw out their heavy volumes of fire and smoke till the clouds from the cannons, combining with the mighty volumes thrown out from the funnels of innumerable steamships, lay like a heavy fog between the *Ancon* and the inland bay. Just beyond Fort Point the yacht fleet was encountered, looking indescribably gay in their picturesque bunting. They were towed in line by the tug boats, and the view at this time from the rear of the procession looked grand beyond conception. As the *Ancon* majestically steamed by them the cheering was renewed. Some of the yachts even honored the larger vessel with a salute from

THEIR BRIGHT LITTLE CANNONS.

The breeze from the ocean had gradually subsided, and the passengers enjoyed the beautiful scene with exultation. As the sinking sun touched the rim of the ocean, all eyes turned oceanward and watched the beautiful sunset upon the sea. The *Tokio* at this time had steamed far up into the harbor, and as the shades of night began to descend, thoughts of reaching the city in good time to view the procession began to gain the upperhand in the minds of the passengers. Carefully and slowly pushing his way among the numerous craft which dotted the bay, Captain Anderson safely docked his vessel at the Vallejo-street wharf, and discharged the largest living load that ever trod his quarter-deck. All through the trip the utmost good humor prevailed among the crowd, which must have numbered fully 1500. The arrangements to insure safety and order were excellent throughout, and not a single incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip.

THE "SAINT PAUL."

Bay Scenes as Witnessed from Her Decks.

When the signals announced that the *Tokio* had been sighted, and the rush for the steamers began, the invited guests of the steamer *Saint Paul* hastened to the Broadway pier and boarded the vessel. As party after party clambered up the gang-plank, the universal exclamation was, "What a race I've had! How far out is she?" By 20 minutes to 5 o'clock all the guests were safely on board, the word was given to let go, and the steamer, with gay flags flying and band playing, slowly steamed out into the stream and headed for the Golden Gate. The party on board was very select, numbering not over two hundred. Nearly all the members of the Reception Committee were on board. Among other prominent citizens were to be seen General Miller and family, Congressman Pacheco, Judge Hoffman, Judge Sawyer, W. W. Morrow, James Hillman, United States Inspector of Boilers; John H. Freeman, United States Inspector of Hulls; Internal Revenue Collector James Higby, General George C. Hazleton and family, Paul Morrill, Surveyor of the Port; Fleet P. Strother, Louis Sloss and family, Thomas Brown of the Bank of California, Joseph Plover, C. C. Beamis, M. M. Estee, John C. Burch, Judge Schell, ex-Chief of Police P. J. Crowley, Dr. O'Farrell, Charles Sonntag and Senator Van Voorhes from New York. As the vessel plowed swiftly on her course the company were entertained with patriotic airs by the Union Gatling Battery Band. The Union Glee Club was on board and from time to time hightened the enjoyment of the occasion with their sweet songs. As the *Saint Paul* neared the Heads, field-glasses and telescopes were brought into requisition, and a sharp lookout kept for the first sight of the *Tokio*. Presently the Captain caught sight of her, and his brief utterance "There's the *Tokio*" caused a general rush of the passengers for the bow of the vessel, from which coign of vantage could be seen the anxiously expected steamship, a faint dot on the crimson horizon. All was subdued excitement until the *Saint Paul* rounded the *Tokio* at a point about opposite the Cliff House, when a rousing cheer was sent up by the enthusiastic company. The scene on the bay from the *Saint Paul* as the vessels sailed in escort to the *Tokio* was most enchanting and called forth frequent and fervid exclamations of delight from the spectators. Although the feast of beauty seemed sufficient, the inner man was not forgotten, for in the cabin of the *Saint Paul* was spread a bountious limobeon, with wines and cigars ad libitum. At 7:30 o'clock the passengers were landed at the pier, not an accident or single unpleasant incident having occurred to mar the perfect enjoyment of the trip.

THE "PARTHENIUS."

The Scenes on the Bay as Viewed from Her.

Under the auspices of the Grant Invincibles led by Captain Jack Stratman, the *Parthenius*, with an immense load, left the foot of Washington-street wharf at 5:15 P. M., with cheers from the throng that lined the city front. With the jostling of the crowd from one side to another the vessel frequently lurched and gave promise of danger, but with the warnings of the Captain and effectual means adopted by members of the Association, the steamer was quickly righted and the boat floated along under her varied living freight smoothly, and with a speed satisfactory to those aboard. As one wharf after another was passed, expressions of astonishment were heard from all sides as to where all the people came from. Meiggs wharf was packed with a swarming mass of sightseers, who sent forth lustily cheer upon cheer. The enthusiasm spread, and when the band of music aboard struck up "Hail Columbia," the waving of handkerchiefs and the chorus of cheers were renewed. Telegraph Hill, from aboard the *Parthenius*, looked like a black mountain, so thickly was it covered with people. Along the hills, the many vehicles standing on the brows and sharply outlined against the horizon presented a chain, delicately traced, extending almost as far as the eye could reach. Good humor and patriotic enthusiasm reigned aboard the ship. The upper deck being a little weak,

FEARS WERE ENTERTAINED

By the Captain that it would break down. However, with the aid of several "Invincibles" the deck was cleared, men and women being crowded upon the lower portion of the boat. The scene witnessed on the bay was a sight that cannot easily be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. On both sides of the bay were rows of definite, fairy-like yachts decked gayly in a profusion of flags lit up by the sun, making every individual color glow with its magnificence. The boy hero and there was dotted with smaller vessels of all kinds, some with sails, some without, but all bounding along the water towards the Golden Gate. When opposite Fort Point the *City of Tokio*, escorted by the *China*, came into sight. Then the enthusiasm broke forth anew with cries for more music, cheers, etc. The *Parthenius* turned and awaited the coming of the other boats. In the mean while the firing of ordnance continued from Fort Point, Black Point and various vessels in the harbor. Coming up the bay the *Tokio* came near enough to the vessel so that faces on board of her could be distinguished. The band then played "Home Again." Three cheers more and the *Tokio* passed. The following was the order of the places taken by the several vessels: Nearest the Oakland side of the bay steamed the *Whipple*, keeping up an incessant din with the calliope on board of her. Next came

THE STATELY "CITY OF TOKIO,"

Abreast of her the crowded *China*. Next to her the *Parthenius*, and following came the *Reform*, followed by the several boat clubs rowing towards the *Tokio*. Then came the many tugs decked out in the brightest display of bunting. Following came the yachts, the *Ancon* and *Whitelaw*. Music, confusion and wild cheering was the order of the hour. Opposite Market-street wharf the *Tokio* came to anchor, thus allowing steamers and boats to pass her in regal order. Along the wharves, as soon as the vessels were seen coming towards the Market-street landing, the streets on the water front became one mass of pushing, crowding humanity, all heading towards the ferry-slips where General Grant was expected to land. When the loaded vessel disgorged her dense crowd the throng along the wharf extended for several blocks. Great fear was entertained by many that the trip would be a disastrous one, but good order was maintained and all were happily landed.

THE YACHT FLEET.

The Part they Took in the Reception of the "Tokio."

Within half an hour after the signal had been given of the sighting of the *Tokio*, the wharves in the vicinity of Front and Greenwich streets presented a most animated appearance, a great crowd seiring every coign of vantage whence a glimpse could be had of the fleet of yachts that was awaiting orders to take up a position in the double lines of the aquatic reception. The vessels, so different in design, and yet so symmetrical in form, and all so gayly decorated with variegated bunting, were yet at anchor waiting the arrival of invited guests, and the boatmen reaped a rich harvest in conveying the belated over to their several yachts. The afternoon was yet agreeable, but the sunshine was beginning to yield the precedence to the fozzy banks that came drifting through the Golden Gate, and the consequence was that the attendance on board the yachts was shorn greatly of its attractions through the absence of so many ladies who had promised to grace the pageant with their presence, but who were prevented from taking part in the proceedings owing to the lateness of the hour of the *Tokio's* arrival. But still there were a great many ladies on board the fleet, and from a few snatches of patriotic songs wafted across the waters it was apparent that they were taking

A MOST LIVELY INTEREST

In the reception. After a short interval Commodore C. H. Harrison, who had command of the San Francisco Yacht Club, left his boat, the *Frolic*, and, boarding the *Governor Irwin*, proceeded with great skill and without the slightest mishap, to get the starboard division into the following order: First, the tug *Governor Irwin*; then the *Frolic*, followed by the *Cuseo*, the *Ariel*, the *Emerald*, the *Twilight* and the *Lively*; while the port division, consisting of the *J. C. Couzens*, the *Consuelo*, the *Gen O'Connor*, the *Fleur de Lis* and the *Azulene* of the Pacific Yacht Club were under the command of Vice-Commodore J. McDonoghue. The two fleets then moved up the bay in parallel lines, at some 300 yards distance, and on arriving opposite the docks of the Pacific Mail Company the two divisions veered outward, and then turning took a direct course to the ocean outlet. This maneuver was done in a pretty handy style, and, judging from the piping of all the big steam vessels, and the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the thousands who lined the wharves, the emily-decorated lilliputian fleet must have presented a very pretty appearance as it wended its way to do honor to the city's guest. Evidently awaiting the arrival of the yachts was the coast schooner *Sughound*, profusely covered with flags and bearing to the front of the foremast that good old Anglo-Saxon word "Welcome" in grand letters. The *Pearl* came up with a tender and the *Magic* and countless other yachts of all dimensions were seen skimming their way under a good breeze to the Golden Gate, while the *China*, the *Ancon*, the *G. W. Elder* and numerous large steamships were fast passing the yacht fleet in the same direction. On nearing Fort Point the fog clouds lowered, leaving a still

BROAD STREAM OF RUDDY LIGHT

At the western horizon, across which soon appeared the sharp, high lines of the *Tokio*, and from thence upwards she was enveloped in brume until the higher spars came out in bold relief against another streak of glorious sunshine that struck the bunting in the bay with its effulgence, thus greatly enhancing the beauty of the scene. Here again the yacht fleet diverged outwards on either side and pointed its way homewards, and as it turned the first flash of light was seen from the land batteries of Fort Point, and, strange to say, the smoke rose in a mass, and then, probably weighted by the fog, fell again, forming a beautiful arch that was soon obliterated from view by the numerous salutes that followed. In a few moments the *Tokio* approached, seemingly the only ship in that vast bay covered with steam and sail vessels that was not, as it were, in a fever of excitement over the grand welcome that was being extended to General Grant. On all sides were thousands of men cheering and ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the steamers with their shrill piping; but the noble vessel on which all eyes were gazing, moved quietly, swiftly to its goal, the very acme as it were of quiet, concentrated strength. In a few minutes more, amid countless salutes, the *Tokio* was lost to view, and after a pleasant trip, the yacht fleet was brought safely to its anchorage.

A SCENE FROM FAIRYLAND.

How the City was Arrayed in Honor of Her Guest.

Every hour of today, though the waiting was so tedious, added to the beauty and elaboration of the decorations. Never was the city more gayly and tastefully attired. Corporations have vied with individuals in making a display creditable to themselves, agreeable to the eye of the chance visitor, and one that must have gratified our honored guest. Long experience in brilliant displays of bunting and the national colors on successive Fourth-of-Julys has furnished the practical skill yesterday so admirably exemplified. Decorations were not confined to the line of the procession. Flags floated from tower, steeple and housetop in every quarter. The fronts of business houses and dwellings everywhere showed the interest taken in the great event. The main thoroughfares were bright and gorgeous as a rich sunset. Seen from an elevation, the city seemed like an undulating sea of red, white and blue. It was fairly aflame with patriotic greeting.

Kearny Street.

WEST SIDE.

Kearny street was quite extensively decorated, several miles of bunting and large and small flags in innumerable quantities being called into requisition to do honor to the hero. On the west side of the street, Adams & Kibbe, at the junction of Geary, Market and Kearny streets, made a fine display. The building was handsomely decorated with flags, bunting and tricolored shields. Dr. Libbey, on the opposite Geary-street corner, decorated with flags: Hagerman & Haquette, No. 5, flags and shields; H. Friedlander, No. 9, flags; K. Meusdorffer, No. 15, flags; Williams & Scriber, No. 21, made a neat display of evergreens and bunting; Carmany & Crossett, No. 25, flags; Hermann's bakery, No. 27, flags; H. J. Brand, No. 31, flags; Ross Bros., Nos. 35 and 37, had the entire front of their building draped in red, white and blue. The White House, J. W. Davidson & Co., at the corner of Post and Kearny, presented the most elaborate display on the west side of the street; the windows of the upper stories on the Post-street side of the building were brightly bristling with flags, while the front was almost entirely covered with gracefully-draped and festooned bunting. In several places the French, English and American flags were seen together, the stars and stripes taking the precedence in size, beauty and position. Several large flags floated from the roof, and the entire display was exceedingly handsome. Fratinger & Noll, at 105, decorated with flags; Keane Bros., at 107, had their windows draped with bunting, and a profusion of flags in front; Ackerman, 123, large and small flags; Buyer, Reich & Co., 129, flags and bunting; J. W. Tucker, 131, flags; Julius Lesynski, 133, flags; Vienna Cafe, flags and shields; S. S. Sample's, at 209, was tastefully decorated, inside and out, with evergreens, flags, bunting and shields; H. F. Smith, 225, flags; J. J. Murphy, 231, flags and shields; T. H. Cunningham, 301, was decorated in the same manner; Dr. Birge, 313, flags and bunting; H. Lando, 317, and R. M. Edwards, 325, display flags; Cummings Sons, 327, had the front of their establishment almost covered with small flags and bunting; Kunick & Hageman, 329, flags; H. White, 335, the German bird store at 337, and L. Schuman at No. 341, had flags; Hocking & Peters, at the northwest corner of Pine and Kearny, flags, bunting, shields and pictures; R. B. West, 407, flags; O. Borman & Co. and D. Lyford displayed flags, bunting, shields and pictures; M. Price, 417, flags; Golden Rule Bazar, flags; George F. Lamson and Professor Cohen, 425 (upstairs), made displays of bunting, flags, shields, Chinese lanterns and pictures; F. Estrada, 429, flags and shields; Theodore Pulton, 500½, flags and shields; No. 503 had flags; E. Lane, 505, large pictures and flags; L. Meyer, 513, flags; J. Lipman, 517, flags; Chin Lee & Co., 521, flags; J. Gerber and L. Liebenbaum, 527 and 531, each had flags and shields; Michelitschke Bros. and W. Pierce, at the southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny, had flags, bunting and shields; Yates & Co., 627, and J. Brougham, 631, flags and shields; William Drury, 633, flags; Bell & Co., 639, flags and shields; H. Traube, 641 and 643, shields and bunting. The Rhein, Commercial, Precott and International Hotels, the Bella Union Theater and other large buildings near Montgomery avenue, were profusely decorated with large and small flags, bunting, shields, stars, and the national colors worked into almost every shape imaginable, the whole end of the street being apparently one mass of red, white and blue. Samuel C. Harding, on Washington street, just below Kearny, with several others in that vicinity, all had fine decorations.

EAST SIDE.

On the east side of Kearny street the decorations were not so profuse in their general character, though several buildings presented very fine displays. Engleson & Co.'s, Nos. 4 and 6, had a handsome display of flags and bunting. No. 8 was festooned with small flags. S. Deler, No. 12, was festooned with red, white and blue stripes, interspersed with flags. Geo. Haas & Co.'s was hung with small flags, tastefully arranged. No. 22 was decorated in the same manner. Hasey's, No. 32, presented a profuse display of flags. Lithauer & Co. showed a large picture of General Grant, festooned with bunting, besides a large number of small flags. D. Samuels, at the corner of Post and Kearny, decorated with flags, bunting and tricolored shields; 114 and 116, S. Mosgrove, shields and bunting; 120, Sullivan's, flags; 126, Hartschorn & Waters, flags and bunting; 128, Bosminsky Bros., flags; Doane & Henshelwood, 132, flags, shields and bunting; Arion Halle entrance, corner Kearny and Sutter, handsome festoons of flags and tricolor; No. 201, S. Basch, flags and shields; No. 230 displayed a large "welcome," surrounded with bunting and flags; J. Nolan, 242, flags; the "Wine House" and cigar store at 306 and 308 were decorated jointly with flags and bunting; 310, 316 and 318, flags; Jacobs' hat store, flags and tricolored bunting; H. Wensell, 328, flags in profusion; 330 and 332, decorate with flags and bunting; Hermann's, 336, flags; a bootblack stand at 344 had a small but handsome decoration, of portraits of Grant and Washington, draped with appropriate colors; the California Market had a profusion of flags and bunting on the outside, and many handsome decorations were made by the stall-owners in the interior; Frey's music store, flags and bunting; J. Bluthner, 408, flags; 410, flags; 412 and 414, a saloon and cigar store, make a joint and handsome display of flags and bunting; Engloberg's, No. 416, was decorated from top to bottom with flags and bunting; the office of the Odd Fellows' journal, the *New Age*, was also handsomely decorated with small flags and red, white and blue stripes; Nos. 424, 426 and 430 made handsome displays of flags, and 434, 436 and 500; Van Vleet & Strauss, 506, had flags; Joseph Johnson, 514, flags; J. Heinken, 516, shields and flags; 518, 524 and 526, flags and bunting; XLNT Auction House, 532, flags and shields; Stolz Bros., 538, flags; Cafe Francaise, Sacramento and Kearny, large French and American flags; P. Hernandez, 604, flags. The IXL Auction House presented a large amount of small flags and bunting in addition to a large banner waving from the roof, and an immense portrait of General Grant, bearing the inscription, "Our Hero—Welcome Home." The Java Coffee Saloon and New York Bakery, Nos. 624 and 626, were hung with flags; 700, flags; "Uncle Harris," flags; Doomis', 710, flags and bunting; the Plaza Exchange, corner Commercial and Kearny, flags. The windows of the old City Hall were draped with bunting and flags in graceful festoons, while the main entrance was a perfect maze of flags, shields, and red, white and blue drapery.

Montgomery Street.

WEST SIDE.

On the west side of Montgomery street the Masonic building, on the corner of Montgomery and Post streets, was tastefully draped with red, white and blue streamers and small flags. The establishment of Billings, Harbourne & Co., Nos. 3 and 5, was also decorated with flags and streamers. A. Baumgarten has his place, No. 7, nicely decorated with a beautiful shield surrounded with flags over the doorway, and looped streamers running across the front. Fisher & Co., No. 9, shields and flags. Shafer & Co., No. 11, a large American flag drooped overhead, with colored bunting running across the front and long streamers crossing each other. The Lick House was decorated very tastefully, hundreds of flags appearing from the various windows along the whole front. Over the main entrance was a life-size picture of General Grant, with the motto, "Ready When Needed," and tastefully surrounded by flags, shields and banners. Sherman & Co., No. 13, banners and flags. C. C. Hastings & Co., No. 15, flags; Bullock & Jones, No. 105, have a profusion of shields and flags artistically arranged on their front; J. L. Brooks, No. 111, a long streamer looped across the front; Orr & Atkins, a string of flags drooping over the front; Charles Fox, 133, a shield surmounting flags and a drooping streamer over the doorway; C. Muller, No. 135, pictures of Generals Washington and Grant encircled by small flags in the window, and shields and flags decorating the front; Coleman Bros., No. 141, flags and shields; Davis & Sawyer, No. 141, a beautiful grouping of flags and shields, interwoven with colored streamers; Joe Poheim, No. 203, shields and flags; Mayer & Co., No. 205, flags; Feldbusch & Co., No. 207, flags; J. M. Seamens, No. 209, flags and shields; Joseph Figel, No. 211, a beautiful grouping of the national colors, interwoven with streamers and banners around the picture of the ex-President—the front of the store was literally hidden with flags and shields; Conn & Schroeder, No. 213, two flags crossed in the entrance; the Russ House had flags along the whole front, and streamers, flags and shields artistically arranged over the main entrance.

COLONEL ANDREWS' DISPLAY.

Colonel A. Andrews had a magnificent affair in front of his Diamond Palace, consisting of three evergreen arches, extending over the sidewalk, forming three sides of a square, the whole to be loaded down with bright flowers. The outer arch contained a floral star, with the motto "Welcome Home" and a large picture of General Grant; it was surmounted with the national colors of the United States and France. Underneath this arch, on the curb, was a plat of green grass. Upon the two arches crossing the walk hung singing-birds. E. Cohen, No. 225, flags. The Nevada Bank was decorated with shields, banners and strings of small flags. The Odd Fellows' building had streamers crossed on the front and a grouping of colors over the main entrance. The lamp-post in front of Collins' saloon was fairly loaded with flags and shields, and surmounted by a bunch of small flags. The Stevenson building was decorated with flags and shields. The Union Club had two large and magnificent red, white and blue banners extending the whole length of the building on Montgomery and California streets, as well as innumerable flags and shields. M. Short's establishment, No. 411, decorated with flags; E. M. Miles & Co., J. Perry, Jr., and F. Lawton decorated No. 413 nicely with flags, streamers and shields; J. M. Litchfield & Co., No. 415, innumerable flags; Le Count Brothers, No. 417, flags, streamers and shields, the whole having a fine effect; O. P. Wiley & Co., had a large flag over the entrance to their establishment, and the front was brilliant with bunting and the stars and stripes; Dewey & Jordan, No. 453, the union jack, banners, shields and streamers; Bradley & Rulofson, flags and shields; Madden & Burke embellish their place with an arch consisting of streamers, flags, bunting and shields interwoven; the establishment of A. Nicoll, 505, shield and flags; William Weiman, merchant tailor, shields, flags and streamers; A. Constans, No. 509, flags; H. P. De Bus, Mocha Coffee Saloon, a large and handsome silk banner, tastefully festooned around a star of evergreen, which in its center has the word "Welcome;" Pulvermacher's Galvanic Company, a large American silk flag and numerous small flags on the housetop and front; Barrett & Sherwood, flags and shields; Ulmer's cigar store, on the corner of Clay, streamers, flags and shields; the building 525 Montgomery was tastefully festooned with streamers, flags and shields; Lubin, No. 609, flag and shield; Lancaster & Northon, flags, shields and streamers; P. H. Hink, a veteran of the Mexican war and the rebellion, displayed a great deal of taste in decorating his saloon at the junction of Montgomery street and Montgomery avenue. A white field extending nearly around the building was inscribed with the names of some nine or ten battles in which he had participated. Above and below this were long and drooping tri-colored strips of bunting, artistically arranged with flags and shields.

EAST SIDE, FROM POST TO BUSH.

The decorations on the east side of Montgomery street were as follows: The Hibernia Bank building, ornamented by a few small flags. The establishment of McDonald & Williams, in the same building, was embellished with streamers of red, white and blue bunting, extending from above the store front to the top of a tall post, which was surmounted with an American flag. Small flags and shields decorated the doorway and windows of Peter Short & Co.'s store, No. 12. A heart-shaped banner of red, white and blue beautified each window of Easton & Co.'s, No. 22. The doorway of J. M. O'Sullivan's was prettily decorated with small flags and lines of bunting. Two windows in the second story of the building on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets were ornamented with small flags. The establishment of Verdier, Moreau & Co., corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, was beautifully decorated with streamers of parti-colored bunting stretched in graceful folds over the store front. At the ends of these lines of bunting were two large and richly-colored shields. Several many-hued rosettes, attached to the bunting, relieved the monotony of the three-colored bars. The top of the doorway was embellished with a beautiful shield bearing the motto of "E Pluribus Unum." To the left of the shield appeared the name of Washington, and to the right that of Lafayette. On its bottom were inscribed the figures, 1776, 1876. Geo. W. Miller's, No. 112, was tastefully ornamented with flags and bunting. Four small flags graced the doorway of J. H. Tobin's establishment, No. 114. The place of J. H. A. Folkers & Bro., No. 118, was decorated with a profusion of small flags. Six beautiful strips of bunting ran vertically along the second-story window columns over the entrance of the Occidental Hotel. Between these lines of bunting were placed beautiful shields. Directly above the entrance of the hotel was a handsomely embazoned shield, with an appropriate design in the center. Four American banners, gracefully entwined, were also shown on its brilliant surface. Above the doorway were two large flags, and on each side were small festoons of bunting, stretching across the building. The upper windows of the building were also handsomely decorated, and altogether the hotel presented a most pleasing appearance. Flags were tastefully arranged in the doorway and windows of Benedict & Smith's, No. 136. P. P. Mulony's was prettily embellished with bunting and shields, bearing the inscription: "Honor the Brave."

RUSH TO CALIFORNIA.

The second and third stories of the Platt's Hall building were beautifully decorated with long streamers of festooned bunting of bright and varied hues. The balconies were also decked with bunting, and a large streamer hung gracefully over the doorway of the hall. Two white stripes of bunting and one of red, white and blue united over the entrance, separating as they reached upward from a large triangle. The doorway of Harry Francis' store was graced with several small flags. The office of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, No. 214, was made beautiful by two shields and a few flags in the doorway and windows. Gibson & Preston's, No. 218, was decorated with small flags and shields. The entrance columns of the Capitol saloon were brightened with flags and shields. The office of Greenebaum, Felbling & Co., No. 232, was beautifully embellished with streamers of parti-colored bunting, gay shields and bars of white and blue stretching horizontally over the window tops. Bunting, flags and shields

supports the usual shield, and "Liberty," resting against a background of

STARS AND STRIPES,

Bears her sword and looks contemplative. The left-hand figure on either side has a banner, with gilt-edged staff, bearing the word "Welcome," while the corresponding banners on the right side are inscribed with "Home." Large American flags, draped tastefully, are disposed of on either side of each figure. The arch proper is an arc of forty-five degrees, covered with blue cloth on the sides and white underneath. The crown consists of an heroic vignette portrait of General Grant, who is arrayed in his General's uniform, his dexter hand reposing partially within the bosom of his coat. The portrait is framed in silk and surmounted by a huge American eagle, also in gilt, while the right side is borne up by the hand of a soldier in uniform, who bears a musket in the other, and the left depends for its erect position on the left hand of a sailor boy, who clutches an anchor in his right. On either side of the portrait rises the flag of France, and behind it in succession those of

GERMANY, ENGLAND AND AMERICA,

Each partially concealed by its predecessor and hanging from a shaft terminating in a gilded spearhead. On the face of the arch, in large letters of red and white roses, are the words "Welcome" and "Grant." Underneath the arch hangs a quadruple festoon of evergreens interspersed with small flags, while underneath all depends an inverted arc of white canvas trimmed with laurel leaves and bearing the sentence, "Let Us Have Peace." The whole structure is airy, tasteful and imposing, and gives the neighborhood an appearance superior to that of any other section of the city.

The Ferry Landing.

The Oakland ferry landing was very strikingly and picturesquely decorated. Long lines of small flags were run up the flagstaff and the ends carried to the extremities and various peaks of the roof, thus spreading the lines out like a fan. The effect of this idea was exceedingly beautiful, and as the countless little flags fluttered and tossed in the breeze, the attention of all passing by was attracted to the charming sight. Along the whole length of the front of the building were stretched heavy folds of bright bunting arranged in short festoons, and at regular intervals gathered up into tasteful rosettes, giving to the building a very brilliant appearance.

The Fire Patrol Building.

The Underwriters' Fire Patrol building on Stevenson street was very prettily adorned. Over the entrance was a large painting representing the Fire Patrol wagon on its way to a fire, the frame of the picture being twined with bunting. The windows were wreathed about with red, white and blue. Across the street ten lines of small flags were stretched and little flags placed wherever possible, giving the building a gay holiday attire.

THE SIGNAL.

How the Strokes of the Bell Affected the People.

The crisis came at last. For forty-eight hours the people had been waiting. At every alarm of the fire-signal they pricked up their ears and counted the strokes as if their insurance depended on it. Day after day (for two days) the flowers of the ovation faded. It was hinted that possibly the great commander had whispered to the Captain of the *City of Tokio* reminding him that his dusky Majesty, King Kalakaua, had invited him to touch at the Hawaiian Islands and listen to the octogenarian *mele* singers, and witness, for the first time in his uneventful life, the gorgeous, not to say gushing, gyrations of the *hula-hula* dancers, and therefore they had touched. It was even hinted that, inasmuch as certain steamers had before now shed a wing of their propellers, or broken a shaft, or succumbed to the inevitable fury of the seas, that it was just possible that General Grant might not arrive until Sunday. Imagine a great city on the qui vive. For some hours it has been impossible to speak of any subject but the one subject. For some hours it has been impossible to walk the streets without meeting ladies in becoming costumes and children in gala dress. The town was jubilant with ensigns and expectation. We felt as if

SOMETHING WERE GOING TO HAPPEN,

But what? Whether an earthquake or its equivalent it were hard to tell. At this moment, when we had, as it were, been holding our breath for two days; when the enthusiasm was on the decline, and hope deferred was making the heart more or less sick; in the stillness of the afternoon—a stillness emphasized by the absence of the multitudinous matinee-goer, and the all-deserting bathers who fled, as is their weekly or semi-weekly custom, to Alameda; in the quietude of the afternoon, saturated with a rank old fog came the alarm! Eleven strokes thrice repeated! Eleven! Who ever heard eleven strokes from those "dreadful bells" before? Three hundred thousand souls, more or less, counted every solemn stroke. After the first eleven came a dead silence. We could scarcely believe it. After the second eleven came hope as a giddier of enthusiasm. Could it be possible that the climax had come at last? After the third eleven conviction seized upon the entire community and paralyzed it for a moment. Then came a clash of bells from tower and steeple. Then came the shriek of the first brazen throat that spit its steam into the ambient air. Another and another followed. The monotonous and accustomed murmur of the town was succeeded by a momentary silence; this was followed by a "hallelujah" that rent the heavens. It is safe to say that never before was the city of San Francisco so agitated. Those who remember the great earthquake know how the horror that possessed the inhabitants of certain quarters did not extend to every part of the town. But after the fact that the *City of Tokio* was within signal distance of the shore, and that every moment her sharp prow was cleaving the water like a knife and bearing nearer and nearer to us the guest so long expected.

A THRILL OF DELICIOUS ENTHUSIASM

Ran from one end of the city to the other. The scenes which followed beggar description. After its dead silence—a silence of expectation—came an ebullition of ecstatic phoneticism, such as is only equaled in time of war. When the signal-colors were run up at the Merchants' Exchange the excitement was intense. For the moment men forgot their bonds—there was no speculation in their eyes; they fell upon one another's necks and gave way to a burst of profound joy, which was the best proof of heartfelt patriotism. In a moment every man seemed to gather his faculties; all hurried to and fro; stores were closed on the instant; draymen were seen riding their horses home, with the harness still on them, as if the drays had been left in the ruts, cargo and all. The whole town was deserted. The hills overlooking the bay and the Golden Gate were blackened with anxious spectators. The upheaval of the masses was unanimous, and no greater honor could have possibly been paid a hero in the latter days of this work-a-day world. There were many who had tickets for a cruise on the steamers that went out to meet the arriving guest; some of these were on the Oakland ferry-boats at the moment when all the bells and whistles and throats of the town sounded the first chorus of joy. There was a stampede on the instant. All business was suspended; the echoes of that resounding tocsin called hither the residents of the neighboring towns. The white-winged fleets swung into the stream; a score of steamers, large and little, rushed hither and thither, busily dragging the aquatic procession into ship-shape. In half an hour from the first ringing of the signal-bell the city was brilliant, joyous, turbulent; alive with an enthusiastic throng that rushed seaward pell-mell by every street and alley, to welcome with generous and unfeigned enthusiasm the return of the Great Commander.

OLD VETERANS

Of the war, who had so often followed Grant to victory, met and grasped hands in mutual congratulation. Unfinished decorations were hastened to their completion. Hussars, cuirassiers, artillerymen, infantry, dragoons and musicians hurried to their respective designations.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier."

Street cars were filled with human freight, and in rapid succession poured their passengers into the throngs. The Sutter-street, California-street and Clay-street lines of cars were inadequate for the transportation of the multitude which hastened to the highlands about the Presidio. Every upward-bound car was overloaded, while hundreds were left impatiently awaiting an opportunity to get within sight of the long expected *City of Tokio*.

THE RECEPTION.

The Formal Speeches by the Guest and Mayor.

Half-past 3 P. M. found the Executive Committee at the Palace Hotel waiting on contingencies. In the midst of a discussion the tinkling of a bell was heard in the distance. It was first observed by Boruck, who showed a keener sense of hearing than the Scotch lassie who kenned the bagpipes a score of miles or more distant at the siege of Lucknow. He paused in the middle of an elaborate plea for the Sabbath. "That's it," he said, and rushed to the window. "It can't be," exclaimed the rest of the Committee. The striking of the bells was heard again.

"THAT'S THE 'TOKIO!'"

They all shouted in a breath. Said the Chairman, "Listen for the eleven strokes!" All pulled out their watches, for what reason was not evident, since there was no special length of time allowed for the striking of the bell, and in a frenzy of excitement stood in a circle, while Boruck counted aloud from one to ten.

"Eleven," screamed Boruck, amid the most marvelous turmoil ever witnessed outside a Democratic Convention.

The sound of bells from all parts of the city, supplemented by the screaming of sundry whistles, put the question of the arrival of the city's guest beyond a preadventure. Being an hour later than the time set for leaving, the question suggested itself whether the pageant should come off at once or be postponed. The Committee by a formal vote decided to go and

MEET GENERAL GRANT AT ONCE.

This done, the Committee-room was forthwith deserted. Members scattered in every direction to don the regulation costumes formally prescribed by the Committee. In fifteen minutes the most agile were back again, trimly attired in black, prepared to do for the next two hours some patient waiting, for which the lingering experience of the week had prepared them. For two hours they sauntered about the ante-rooms, corridors and reading-rooms of the hotel, polishing the marble avenue that leads to the bar-room, admiring the bright rosettes that adorned the regulation lapel, and speculating on the possible moment when the *Tokio* and her marine cortege would round North Point and appear in the waters of the bay. Court corridors and waiting-rooms were densely filled when, at 6 P. M., the carriages, drawn by gayly caparisoned steeds, appeared in the archway and the word was given to depart. Arrived at the ferry, the first carriage, in which were Mayor Bryant and Governor Irwin, drove inside the inclosure.

THE "ALAMEDA,"

The ferryboat having the distinguished honor to bring General Grant and party from the *Tokio* to shore, was lying in her slip decked with the national colors and with flags and streamers of every hue. Withington was upon her in charge of the Great Western Band, whose strains were to give General Grant his musical welcome to the shore of his native land. Governor Irwin and his staff and members of the Committee struggled to her one by one, and climbing to the hurricane deck looked seaward with some anxiety, as if waiting were beginning to be a somewhat fatiguing process. It was now nearly dark. The bay was gray and gloomy. Huge fog-banks, edged with faint red, hung on the western horizon. The wind whistled through the rigging of the shipping. In the mean time the crowd tending toward the bay had thrust itself out gradually on to the wharves until the piers were thronged to their very extremities. It was nearly half-past 6 when the *China*, closely pressed by the *Tokio*, rounded the point and came into full view. The first swept onward, loaded from stem to stern, to her landing-place; the *Elder* followed close after. The *Tokio* passed on to her usual anchorage, and as it was now nearly dark, lay like a long black cloud on the water. A little later the *Alameda* moved out toward her, taking along a portion of the Reception Committee and several distinguished passengers. She approached the *Tokio*, and with some trouble drew up on the port side of her great hulk. A single plank was put out from the main deck of the *Tokio* to the main deck of the *Alameda*, and shortly afterward

MRS. GRANT,

Accompanied by the Chairman of the Reception Committee, came on board, followed immediately by General Grant, accompanied by General Miller, the band playing "Home Again." Ascending to the saloon the General and Mrs. Grant had presented to them gentlemen of the Committees and others of the party. Mrs. Grant greeted Senator Jones as an old friend, and had a long conversation with him. The General leaned against a post in the cabin and quietly received the gentlemen who were honored with an introduction. A few moments brought the party to the dock, where the Executive Committee, headed by Mayor Bryant, received them, and in the dim light of a lamp, the crowd closely pressing around, the Mayor delivered the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME:

General Grant: As Mayor of the city of San Francisco I have the honor and pleasure to welcome you on your return to your native country.

Some time has passed since you departed from the Atlantic shore to seek the relief which a long period in your country's service had made necessary; but during this absence the people of the United States have not forgotten you.

They have read with intense interest the accounts of your voyages by sea and travels by land round the world, and they have observed with great pleasure the honors you have received in the different countries which you have visited, and the universal recognition which your brilliant career as a soldier and American citizen has obtained.

They have felt proud of you, and at the same time of their country which you have so fitly represented.

And now, sir, you are again on your native soil, and the thousands who here greet you remember that your home was once in this city.

This bay, these hills, the pleasant homes about us, are familiar to you.

Great changes, it is true, have taken place. The young city is now the rival of cities which were old when its history began.

But the men to whom this marvelous prosperity is due were in those early days your personal associates and friends, and many of them are here to-day waiting anxiously to take you by the hand once more.

It is a pleasing incident of your journey that, leaving your country at the ancient city of Philadelphia, Mayor Stokeley expressed the hope of that city for a safe journey and a happy return.

It is now my privilege to express the joy of San Francisco that the hope of her elder sister has been realized.

The city desires to receive you as an old and honored resident and friend returning after a long absence, and to extend to you such courtesies as may be agreeable to you, and in obedience to such desire, which extends through all classes, I tender you the freedom of the city and its hospitalities.

In the short time allowed to us we have arranged a reception in your honor, and ask that for an hour you will permit us to present our people to you, and we beg that while you remain in the city yourself, your family and your traveling companions will be its guests.

Permit me, in conclusion, to express the wish of each and every one of us for the future happiness and prosperity of yourself and every member of your family.

REPLY OF GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant replied as follows:

"Mr. Mayor: I accept with great pleasure the cordial invitation of the citizens of San Francisco to be their guest during my stay in the city. I once lived here, and it gives me great gratification, after quarter of a century's absence, to come back and witness the wonderful change which has taken place in that period. I know it has been marvelous, because I have read and heard so much of it; but I have no doubt that when I see it for myself, I shall find that what I have read has given me but a faint idea of your wealth and prosperity. Let me ask you to express to the citizens of San Francisco my sincere thanks for their hospitality."

At the Palace.

For more than an hour previous to General Grant's arrival at the Palace Hotel the galleries and the great court were filled with an eager and expectant throng of gentlemen and ladies, leaving only the carriage-way and a circumscribed space in the center of the court clear for the coming of the guest. At precisely 5 minutes before 10 o'clock the barouche containing General Grant and Mayor Bryant entered the gates, preceded by the banner bearing the device "The Blue and the Gray," and were greeted by three rousing cheers from those assembled. The Court was a blaze of light, gas and electricity combining to make the scene as bright as mid-day, and the "vivas" of the multitude, the waving of countless handkerchiefs by fair hands, and the enthusiasm of the hearty welcome given, combined to form a living picture long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. The choir stationed in the lower western gallery raised their voice in welcome, and General Grant, bowing, descended quietly and quickly from the barouche, and, accompanied by the Mayor and others, ascended at once to his rooms in the northwest corner of the second floor—the suite numbered 978-981, which had been specially prepared and beautifully decorated for his reception. Mrs. Grant and the other distinguished guests and notabilities followed, and a few favored citizens were allowed during the next hour to enter and be introduced to

THE GENERAL AND HIS LADY.

Meantime the choir continued their jubilant songs under the leadership of D. Speranza, and with the aid of the amateur chorus of nearly 200 voices sang the following Song of Triumph:

HE COMES, LO, TRIUMPHANT!

I.

He comes, lo, triumphant, surrounded with glory,
The hero of Freedom from climates afar,
Still honored by patriots—immortal in story,
In peace ever faithful—of battle the star.
In days when misguided, the gallant South rising
With ardor heroic sought what it deemed right,
He rose as a chieftain, with genius surprising,
The lion of conquest, unequaled in might!

CHORUS.

Then hail to the hero—oh, crown him with fame!
His glory's untarnished—immortal his name!

II.

He stood like a giant unmoved in contention,
The anchor of safety in peril's dark hour;
His voice deep as thunder rose over dissension
And calmed every tumult with masterly power;
He stood as a bulwark when cannon-shot booming
Convulsed the republic by terror unnamed;
He marshal'd the heroes that valor illuming
Sent forth their fierce brethren in arms to withstand.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the hero—oh, crown him with fame!
His glory's untarnished—immortal his name!

III.

In Peace, too, as skillful, through party-strife raging,
He safely conducted the Vessel of State;
With calmness the anger of factions assuaging,
He shone still illustrious as Chief Magistrate.
With vision far-seeing the future descrying,
He noted each danger and baffled each foe—
A man of the people, on duty relying
He justice impartial ne'er failed to bestow.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the hero—oh, crown him with fame!
His glory's untarnished—immortal his name!

IV.

A son of Columbia—he loved with devotion
The star-spangled emblem of Liberty's power;
Yet, ever undaunted, through seas of commotion
He bore it victorious and made its foes cower.
That banner still onward may spirits as peerless
Bear ever unsullied o'er land and o'er sea,
Till nations from bondage arising as fearless
In friendship united forever are free!

CHORUS.

Then hail to the hero—oh, crown him with fame!
His glory's untarnished—immortal his name!

V.

Then welcome the hero, who homeward returning,
Comes back to the people who honor his deeds,
Whose soul patriotic with zeal still is burning
To guard the Republic, if guardian it needs.
Then welcome the Statesman who, gracing each station,
Again as a Ruler may guide us subline;
Ay, welcome the soldier who rescued the nation,
And crowned it with glory immortal as Time!

CHORUS.

Then hail to the hero—oh, crown him with fame!
His glory's untarnished—immortal his name!

The solos were by the Prima Donna Adeline Speranza, and the second solo for tenor by J. F. Scaright. The crowd, though it evidently appreciated the fine singing manifested occasional impatience to see General Grant, and in the intervals of the music indulged alternately in loud calls and vociferous cheers. At length, the time being twenty-five minutes before eleven, General Grant made his appearance in the center of the second gallery, over the clock, and bowed to the assembled multitude, which again made the hotel shake with their plaudits. Again bowing, the General returned to his apartments, where a sumptuous repast was awaiting him and the other guests. The Fourth Artillery Band, which had stationed themselves around their leader in the western end of the court, struck up "Hail to the Chief" and continued to play "Marching Through Georgia," "America," "Yankee Doodle," and other popular and patriotic airs, including of course the *Pinafore* chorus. The people who now crowded the immense space in the court and all the galleries, continued to call for Grant, and seemed determined not to be satisfied without having at least a few words from "the silent man." At eleven o'clock Mayor Bryant appeared in the gallery and announced that General Grant had not finished his dinner, but as soon as he had he would endeavor to induce him to say a few words to those who were so anxious not only to see but to hear him. This announcement was greeted with loud cheers, and soon after the ex-President appeared. He was formally introduced by the Mayor, and when

THE LONG-CONTINED BUZZAS

permitted he said, in a voice which denoted no little weariness and could only be heard distinctly by those who stood in tolerable proximity, that he was glad to return to San Francisco after an absence of twenty-five years and to receive so warm and generous a welcome from its citizens. He hoped now that he was here to remain long enough to see and be seen by all his friends, but for the present he must say, Good night. Again, as he retired, the plaudits of the assembly rent the air, and though the band continued to play for nearly an hour, the court and galleries were soon comparatively deserted. There were no accidents except the breaking of two or three glass globes and Everything at the Palace passed off in the most satisfactory manner. Mrs. Grant remained for a short time after entering in the east gallery, and was introduced to a number of ladies and gentlemen there. She did not seem as weary as her husband. The ladies were especially eager to take the General's hand as he passed out and in from his visits to the gallery, and one brave little blonde who pressed her way through and secured a brief pressure from the Chieftain's digits, was heard to remark, as she sank back into the arms of her attending escort, "Now I can die and be content!" In answer to the inquiry if General Grant would attend church to-day, Mayor Bryant replied, "Probably not as he is very weary, and says he must have rest; but should he go out he would not have it known beforehand, as he wishes by all means to avoid further public attention until he is rested from his journey.

THE PROCESSION.

The Grandest Sight in the History of the City.

At precisely 8 o'clock last evening the head of the largest and finest procession ever seen on the coast wheeled from Market into Montgomery street. The crowd so completely blocked the streets and sidewalks that it was with the utmost difficulty that the several platoons of police, which marched in double rank, could force a way for those who followed. They were under the command of Captains Lees, Douglass, Short, Stone and Guion. The magnificent strains of music from the throats of a band of fifty pieces announced the approach of the Grand Marshal, General W. L. Ellis, who rode a superb chestnut charger; his Chief of Staff, Colonel A. W. Preston, riding a sorrel. The Chief Aids, Messrs. Taylor and McGregor, Harney, Hammond, Smiley, Leavy and Von Fritch followed, together with some forty of the Marshal's Aids, all well mounted and presenting a splendid appearance. The cavalcade was divided into two squadrons, and more martial music stationed between the two divisions served to inspire the iron-shod heels of the horses with a life which corresponded with the excited feelings of the crowd that watched them. Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of San Francisco, and Sumner Post of Sacramento, Farragut Post of Vallejo, Phil Sheridan Post of San Jose and Lyon Post of Oakland; the Color Guard of Union and Confederate Soldiers; the Confederate Legion; the Army and Navy Club of Oakland, and the McClellan Legion, made up the grand reunion of the Blue and Gray, marching in one column to do honor to the First General of the Age. The Lincoln Post bore rockets and Roman candles, which they fired in abundance, and the blue-and-crimson, white-and-golden, arsenic-green and Mars-red incandescent colors served to light the stern lines which marked the faces of the veterans with iridescent glory. A drum corps, in Zouave dress, and a drum and fife corps, in the same picturesque costume, which turns the thoughts always to the gallant and lamented Ellsworth who immortalized it, attracted attention by the brilliancy of their caps and leggings, shirts and tassels. Other features of this honored line of brave men, tried against each other in the hot

FIRE OF DREADFUL BATTLE,

Were the devices which testified to the friendship and forgiveness which now unites them; "The Army of the Potomac and the South" was the first motto heralded by a band to emphasize the glorious sentiment. More fireworks and candles lighted the letters which announced that "The McClellan Legion Welcomes Grant;" "Army of Tennessee;" "Army of the Cumberland;" "Army of the West;" "Army of the Gulf," with drums to roll out the time to which the old warriors' feet keep step; the Color Guard of Union and Confederate soldiers, with the largest silken flag and banner that was seen in the procession; the "Army of the Pacific;" more flags and veterans in citizens' dress pass by, and their rear is covered by another squad of police. A bugle sounded the "Column right!" add the clattering hoofs of mettled steeds bore the brilliant uniforms, chapeaux, swords, belts, epaulets and trappings that distinguished the staff of the Second Brigade into sight, led and commanded by Brigadier-General John McComb. Twenty-five horsemen rode past and the well-known air of "Marching through Georgia" intervened between the music made by the hoofs of prancing horses of Brigade and Regimental staffs, there were no more platoon fronts, the militia marching by in columns of fours; they came up Market street at a carry, but as the column turned into Montgomery each captain in succession gave his company the "Right Shoulder Arms," and very few of the infantry marching over the uncertain and ankle-spraining cobble-stones could avoid the duck of the head so inevitable with many men when about to execute this motion of the manual. Each colonel, surrounded by his staff and preceded by the regimental band, led his command. Two splendid drawn corps were noticeable by the regularity of their taps and rolls, the brass instruments being folded in silence beneath the arms of the bandmen. One of the largest regiments numbered six very full companies: it was followed by a battalion of half

A COMPANY IN GRAY COATS,

Their hats surmounted with flowing plumes of snowy white was noticeable for the precision of its march, and the young men who compose the University Battallion were far inferior in their appearance. Another band and drum corps followed; then a bugle and then came the Gatling Battery, most splendidly equipped, the First Light Artillery, with four pieces, the adjunctive caissons and complete teams of thirty-two white horses, the officers mounted on the same file past in beautiful array. It would be hard to choose between the Jackson Dragoons and the San Francisco Hussars in point of martial mein and gallant bearing. The former company of horse made the larger turnout of the two; it numbered 57 besides the officers. Of the Uhlan caps and Cossack caps there were 34 in rank and file. An interval of 200 yards broke the procession at this point, and the loud cheers which rent the air suggested the advent of the carriage bearing the city's guest. But the figure which accidentally was the center of so much attention was that of Captain Jack; the eyes that strained for a sight of the Great Captain were disappointed when they fell upon the coal-black horse and buckskin breeches that bestrode it. Some Marshals' aids attempted to clear a new passage through the sea of human life that had closed in, but so eager were the people to see the object of their respect and patriotic love, that the column of Oakland Light Cavalry which followed, and which as escort immediately preceded the vehicle that bore the person of the ex-President, was broken out of all semblance to the form of fours, and too hard pressed on all sides to maneuver into twos. This magnificent militia squadron struggled around the turn in broken files. A splendid team of six bay horses, led by equerries to steady them through the mighty plaudits, loud shouts, sharp cheers and hoarse huzzahs uttered by quick-drawn breaths, brought to view two figures seated side by side within the open carriage. Mayor Bryant sat upon the left; the right hand of the other figure waved a white handkerchief in answer to the greeting poured from thousands of throats, and the people looked upon the long-

EX-PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GRANT.

His carriage passed out of sight around the turn, followed by a four-in-hand containing U. S. Grant Jr. and his mother, Colonel Fred Grant and other relatives and intimates, the Guard of Honor, composed of veterans of the Mexican war, and the Executive Committee were in their immediate rear. Many minutes elapsed before the carriages had all passed, each containing some of California's distinguished sons or honored guests. Among the number were: His Excellency William Irwin, Governor of California and the officers of his military staff; Major-General Irwin McDowell, U. S. A., and staff, and Major Campbell; Commodore E. R. Calhoun, United States Navy, and staff; members of the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States, and of the Supreme and District Courts of California; Senators Newton Booth and Farley and ex-Senator Sargent; Congressmen Page, Pacheco and Davis; Government officers of the several departments, and State and municipal dignitaries and members of the Board of Trade. The brilliant uniforms of members of the various foreign diplomatic service, the epaulets and gold lace that designate the rank of officers of the army and navy; the sashes that distinguish civil societies and the rosets of committeemen flashed in the occasional rays of light that fell upon the magnificent pageant. Another band announced the coming of a new division of the line of march, and the delegation from the Fire Department came into view. A hose cart drawn by members in their gay shirts and formidable hats led the Firemen's Brigade, and was followed by a splendid first-class Amoskeag steamer, drawn by four of the almost priceless animals for which the Department stables have been for so long celebrated. The Union League paraded some hundred and fifty strong, and the Patriotic Order of Sons of America nearly as many, and bore well-executed designs representing, among others, the sentiment that the names of Washington, Lincoln and Grant are such as shall be respected.

The roll of drums and the favorite notes of the Hungarian march and other inspiring strains accompany the tread of many feet, and French colors and German, white banners and the Stars and Stripes waved their silken folds above the dark lines of the procession. On either side of Market street for the distance of a block were arranged the Garibaldi Guards, the Austrian Jaegers, the Bersaglieri Italian Sharpshooters, the Italian Fishermen's Association, and other military and civic organizations, all of which turned out in full force. As General Grant passed in his barouche they presented arms. The procession wended its way very slowly along Market street, which was one blaze of rockets, Bengal fires and blue lights. The rays of a magnesium light, located some where near Kearny street, were directed down the street, and with the fireworks lit up the street until it was nearly as light as day. As the procession moved the steam whistles of the many mills in the vicinity began to to screech, and bells brought out from warehouses were tolled, and kept an incessant clanging, while a steam calliope further up the street began to play national anthems. A crowd of ethusiastic men and boys crowded around the barouche containing the illustrious visitor, and followed the same in the march, cheering lustily. The procession took exactly fifty-two minutes to pass the corner of Montgomery and Market streets, marching thence up Montgomery to Montgomery avenue: thence to Kearny street; down Kearny to Market, and countermarched on Market street to the triumphal arch erected before the entrance to the Palace Hotel.

THE THRONGED STREETS.

San Francisco Concentrated in Down-Town Streets.

At 5 o'clock the principal streets of the city were becoming more and more animated. Companies of militia, long lines of army veterans, troops of cavalry, detachments of artillery and numerous civic societies were hastening to their headquarters. Every city-bound car helped to swell the multitude which thronged the streets, and by 7 o'clock all the leading avenues were densely packed with a mingled mass of men, women and children, blockaded street-cars and vehicles of every variety. Market street, below Fifth, save the narrow space reserved for the march of the procession, was one waving sea of heads, while the streets around the ferry were jammed with people. At twenty-five minutes to 8 a merry peal from a hundred bells announced the tidings that General Grant had landed at the ferry slips. In the procession

THE CARRIAGE WHICH BORE GRANT

Slowly rolled along, the vast concourse seemed animated by the single impulse to keep near him. The press of people around him was so great as often to stop his carriage. As the General sat modestly in his carriage, smiling and waving his hankerchief, beauty beamed on him from every window and balcony, and thousand of fair women overhead helped with their melodious voices to swell the cry of welcome, while they displayed their joy with fluttering handkerchiefs of a hundred different hues. From a second-story window of the California Wire Works a bell, with an American flag attached to its top, swung to and fro in musical gladness. As the General's carriage was moving along between Davis and Front streets

A STURDY URCHIN

In the heat of his enthusiasm got caught between the wheels, but he was fortunately extricated without injury. As the part of the procession in which Grant sat neared the electric light mentioned above, the multitude in the rear, anxious to get a good view of his face, rushed forward with such impetuosity that several persons were knocked down and trampled upon. On this part of Market street the crowd, not content with filling the street and looking out of windows, occupied the roofs of buildings. When Grant's carriage got within a block of the electric light, it was turned full upon him, and his features were brought into such bold relief that everybody, for blocks around, could see him distinctly. Montgomery and Kearny streets were, if possible, more densely crowded with spectators than Market street. The Lick House was beautifully illuminated with a profusion of Japanese lanterns. The White House was also brilliantly lighted. The jam of people on Kearny street, near Bush, was terrific, and

FRAGILE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Were almost crushed in the excitement attending the passage of the procession. Step-ladders, dry-goods boxes and chairs were brought into the street, and utilized as aids to sight-seeing. At an early hour of the evening hundreds of people had begun to gather on the sidewalks in the neighborhood of the CHRONICLE Building, at the corner of Bush and Kearny streets, selecting that vicinity as the best for viewing the procession on account of the dazzling and brilliant light of the five Jablochkoff electric candles, which were turned on to their fullest power, illuminating Kearny street for several blocks. The building was brilliantly lighted, and from every window were suspended graceful lanterns, groups of which were arranged at intervals along the railing of the roof. The artistic decorations of the building were brought into relief by the electric lights, and called forth from admiring thousands glowing tributes of praise and delight. As the head of the procession approached

THE "CHRONICLE" OFFICE

Colored lights were burned on the roof of the edifice, and cast their soft tints over the gazing multitude, creating a weird effect. From the same elevated position the blazing lights of innumerable Roman candles rained down in fiery showers upon the slowly-moving procession. Long after the last straggling files of the parade had past, hundreds of spectators lingered to obtain yet one more glance of the beautiful scene. When at last the procession reached the Palace Hotel the crowd seemed to have converged and the excitement to have culminated at that point. Bells rang, Roman candles hissed, rockets cracked and cheer upon cheer swelled the joyous clamor, while the rays of the electric light, falling slantingly upon the numerous pillars of the hotel, imparted to them a soft and silvery brightness, which, in connection with the other features of the occasion, made the scene appear more one of enchantment than reality. Great as was the crush and tumult, extreme good nature almost universally prevailed, and rough jostles, bruised corns, etc., were regarded more in the light of enjoyable jokes than painful injuries.

A GRATIFYING SPECTACLE.

Cordial Meeting of Union and Confederate Soldiers.

Not half an hour had elapsed after the welcome sounding of the signal announcing the arrival of the anxiously-expected *City of Tokio*, when knots of hurried veterans of the late war began to assemble at Union Hall, the headquarters of the Reception Committee of the Union and Confederate Soldiers. The spectacle of Union and Confederate soldiers, who had met on bloody battlefields and waged cruel war against each other, meeting in one brotherhood to do honor to a universally beloved citizen, who has graced the highest civil and military positions, was a gratifying one. There came the well-to-do man and the artisan; men in holiday attire and men in their working-clothes. These were real workingmen, who had left the shop in a hurry to answer to the call, and came in their overalls, with blackened face and hands, and their anxiety to be present on time showed their genuine sincerity. There were clerks, who had left the counting-room, and who had come in light office habiliments—all classes of society were represented. Their coming was constant and ever-increasing. Suddenly the order was given for all ex-Confederates to assemble, and the call being answered, gray silken badges were distributed. Upon them were printed in golden letters: "Confederate Veterans. Reception of Grant." The Confederate soldiers pinned them to the lapels of their coats, as they rallied about the Union flag which they proudly exhibited. The Union soldiers were given blue silken badges. Every one having his distinctive badge, the veterans began to commingle. Some examined the roll, and finding thereon the name of some comrade, who had served mayhap in the same regiment with him, and whom he had not met for a long time, a search for the comrade would be made, and when found, they would shake hands cordially, resume their former friendship, and converse about past events, relating

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES

Which they had encountered. A man with a blue badge would meet one with the gray. Instinctively their gaze would be first riveted upon the distinctive sign, and after a moment hands would be held out, and mutually grasped. In one case the Union man pointed to the stars and stripes which were near by, and said, "It's all right now—it's settled," and the man with the gray badge looked at the banner for a moment, and a shade of suppressed emotion flitted across his visage; he said nothing, but he held out his hand, and the bond of good-will was sealed. In this manner the time was passed, men of both armies recounting deeds of prowess, reviving the personal characteristics of prominent commanding officers, and making inquiries relative to fallen comrades. During all the time not one remark was made which would tend to awake the easily aroused spirit of a man who had been vanquished. The time for their departure to the ferry having come the Confederate soldiers rallied around their flag, from which hung a streamer, upon which was embroidered in red the words "Ex-Confederate Veterans. Welcome to Grant." The Union soldiers also rallied, and the battalion formed in line on the street, the Confederate soldiers standing in front of the hall. As the Union soldiers passed they cheered and raised their hats, and the Confederate soldiers did likewise. At the corner of New Montgomery and Howard streets the veterans halted, and the Confederate soldiers were again honored by the Union veterans of the war and the Grand Army of the Republic, who passed them on their way from their hall. Colonel J. J. Lyon, commanding the battalion, then ordered the line to be formed. The procession then marched up Second street to Market and the ferry. The line was preceded by the Great Western Band, followed by the several Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, numbering about 100 men; then by the Blue and Gray, who carried a banner consisting of alternate blue and gray stripes. This division was composed of Union and Confederate soldiers, and numbered twenty-five. Following them came

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

Numbering nearly fifty men. They were commanded as follows: Colonels George Flournoy, M. McMahon and L. M. Chipley; Adjutant, L. M. Bainbenger; and Surgeons, Dr. James P. Mookler and H. St. George Hopkins. They were followed by the Army of the Potomac and the South, numbering nearly 150 men, commanded by Chief of Staff D. M. Sachim, Colonel Patrick, Captain James M. Broom and Lieutenant T. H. Bradley; the Armies of Tennessee and of the Cumberland and Ohio, numbering about seventy-five men, commanded by Major W. S. Redding, Captain Boone and Lieutenant Itsell; then the Armies of the West and the Gulf, numbering together 50 men, and commanded by Colonel A. L. Gurney, Adjutant W. E. Norwood, Captain Edward Henderson and Sergeant A. L. Flint, and succeeded by the Army of the Pacific, numbering 75 men. The Union division was commanded by Colonel R. M. Apgar; Chief of Staff, H. A. Gorley; Adjutant-General, Captain T. C. Winchell; Aids, Captains W. F. Swasey, B. T. Catlin and John S. Innis. The Confederate division was marshaled by Captain H. Comptour, Captain Charles H. Peterson and Dr. H. S. Stone. The veterans were cheered all along their march, and when on Market street, near First, a steam calliope began to play national airs as they passed.

AFTER THE PROCESSION.

What a Tour of the Streets Revealed to a Reporter.

Not before 11 o'clock did the last rocket shoot into the darkness, leaving its trail of brilliant but brief light to illumine streets rapidly becoming deserted. After that hour small knots of people, tired with the evening's excitement, were to be seen discussing the magnificence of the display at divers street corners, while waiting for the crowded cars to take them to their homes. Going along Kearny street at midnight, where only two hours before all had been blaze and splendor, the transition seemed most sudden and strange. Along the by-streets could be heard the faint beating of drums and steady tramp of weary feet, as the soldiers betook themselves to their respective armories. On the principal streets all had not yet quieted down. At one place a small crowd was following a policeman who had two prisoners in charge. On the other side of the way were two men halloing at the top of their voices, "Three cheers for Grant." This they kept up until their voices were lost in the distance. The decorations looked grim and dark after the bright and fitful illumination of a short time before. The cars reaped a harvest in the turmoil of excitement that was going on; heavily laden with passengers they slowly wended their way along their routes, depositing passengers tired and footsore at their homes. On Kearny street two children were found without protectors, having become separated from their parents in the course of the evening. One little fellow was crying as if his heart would break because he had lost his hat and was afraid to go home. Another did not know how to find the street he lived in. Both were taken home by some kind-hearted gentlemen. Although so late at night, Market street looked quite lively. Opposite the Palace Hotel a number of people stood watching the windows and good-naturedly speculating upon how General Grant enjoyed himself and where his apartments were. The street assumed its usual appearance only after the cars stopped running and the lights, one after the other, were extinguished.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Items Furnished by Yesterday's Demonstration.

Yesterday afternoon while the Police Court-room was crowded with interested spectators and listeners to the Haskell murder examination the fire-alarm bell began to ring. For the nonce interest in the case before the Court was suspended, and directed to the counting of the warning notes. After eleven taps had been sounded a general and common rush was made by all the persons present for the Court-room door, through which they quickly disappeared with cries of "Grant has come! Grant has come!" In less time than it takes to write it the Court-room was cleared and none left behind but the Judge, prisoner and his counsel. The examination of the witness then under examination was quickly concluded, and an adjournment was had to give the remaining persons an opportunity to join in the welcome to General Grant.

The Socialistic Labor party during yesterday afternoon distributed a most scurrilous circular, in which it attacks Grant as a citizen and a soldier in the vilest manner. It reflects in terms of unmeasured slander upon every citizen who participated or cheered General Grant, and advises all workingmen to abstain from every demonstration in his honor.

On the return of the steamer *China* yesterday evening from her participation in the greeting of General Grant, when off Black Point, a disgusted and half-inebriated Kearneyite, driven wild at the enthusiasm manifested at the General's arrival, jumped upon the roof of the engine-room and proposed "Three cheers for Dennis Kearney." Before he had time to lead off in the proposed cheers he was pulled to the deck, and for a moment it seemed as if his enthusiasm would be cooled in the waters of the bay. As it was the crowd contented itself with vigorously hissing both the disciple and his master, one gentleman emphatically informing him that if he dared to attempt to repeat the performance he would shoot him on the spot. Several others promising to do the same thing, the th