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The Man evenes, soon after dark, it was hence before the last division had passed the dunning dome of the City Hall, before which was located the reviewing stand.

To describe the parade in detail would be a gigantic task. It was composed of twenty-two divisions, each worthy of mention. A detachment of mounted police marched in the van followed by the League of Cross Band. The honored volunteers of the State brought up the rear, immediately preceded by Gov. Gage and his staff, and the artillery flashed by citizens of Los Angeles and other cities of Southern California.

At the front of the miles of surging men rode Grand Marshal Pinckney and his many aides. Then came the first division, composed of troops of the regular army and the officers and crew of the battleship Iowa. The Maine from came next, and their number seemed legion, each parlor vying with the others in turning out the full strength of its membership. Hundreds of school children followed, and preceded the firemen's section, which made a splendid showing, and in which were included representatives of the fire departments of Oakland, Berkeley and other places.

Then in close order marched the Woodmen of the World, the Knights of Pythias, an Austrian military company and band and the officers and members of the Knights of Columbus, the latter constituting an entire division.

After them came the independent rifles, the Independent Order of Eagles, the Commercial Travelers' Association, the Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees, Companions of the Forest and members of the Ancient Order of Foresters.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians led the Irish section, which was one of the most imposing in the line. This was followed by the Foresters of America, with the friends and companions of the Forest.

Next came the German division, headed by the famous Schutz Verein. There were thousands of men in this section, and their picturesque costumes attracted general attention.

The Bedouin, members of various trade associations and societies, and numerous representatives British citizens were next in line.

Then in the twenty-first division were the Signal Corps of the National Guard of California, and sailors of the Spanish-American war.

After all came the Hebrew Orphans' asylum band in the lead, and followed by the veterans of the Mexican war, the veterans of California, the Farragut Association of Naval Veterans and Gen. Gage and staff came the men in whose honor and to the credit of the State all had marched—the First California Infantry and the California Heavy Artillery. Their escort extended for miles, and their reception was without precedent.

ARRIVAL AT THE PRESIDIO GATES.

THE COLUMN MOVING UP MARKET STREET.

Red fire blazed on nearly every corner, while roman candles and roman candles pierced the air. All of San Francisco and half of the State seemed to be on the streets, and every man, woman and child was waving a flag, blowing a horn or cheering. The bursting of bombs and the discharge of fire crackers was incessant.

During the whole of the parade and far into the late hours many bands at intervals played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and there is no one to dispute the fact that the prediction was fully verified.

OTHER RETURNING TROOPS.

Welcome in Store for Idaho, Wyoming and Dakota Heroes.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—Representatives from Idaho who have come West to greet their returning volunteers and resident San Francisco's formerly of the Mountain State, met today to arrange for the reception to be given on the arrival of the Grant, which brings not only the Idaho men, but those from Wyoming and North Dakota. The hospitality of the Idaho people will be extended to the Wyoming soldiers. Gov. Stunsenberg and the Idaho representatives have decided to meet the Grant on the bay, a vessel being hired for that purpose.

NORTH DAKOTA GREETING.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—Today there arrived here a distinguished party from North Dakota, who have journeyed westward to greet the volunteers of their State, who are now on their way home from the war. It consists of United States Senator J. H. McCumber, Congressmen B. F. Spalding, United States Senator H. C. Hansbrough and B. F. Spaulding, adjutant-general of the North Dakota National Guard, and several other gentlemen, who are traveling in a private capacity. No particular arrangements have been made for the entertainment of the men, as the citizens having such matters in charge wish to consult the veterans' wishes before going ahead.

PENNSYLVANIANS DELAYED.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

OMAHA, Aug. 26.—The delay in handling the four trains bearing the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment will essentially mar, if it does not entirely prevent, the reception which it was proposed to tender them here. The four sections of the train are strung out three hours apart, and instead of arriving at 7 o'clock in the morning, as planned, the first section cannot reach Omaha before 2 o'clock, and the last will not get here until 5 o'clock. It is proposed to go ahead with the reception so far as the changed conditions will permit, but the curtailing of the stay in Omaha, together with the absence during most of the time of a great portion of the regiment, is a sore disappointment to the people of Omaha. The trains will have here at the appointed time this evening, no matter how short the stay.

KANSANS TO START.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 26.—A cablegram to the Star from Manila today says:

"The Twentieth Kansas Regiment and Gen. Funston have been assigned to sail on the United States transport Tartar about September 5. The Tartar will go to San Francisco by way of Hongkong. Nine officers and 350 men of the regiment have been discharged to date, and 150 are sick. None of the invalids are in danger."

BATTERY D RECEPTION

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DELEGATES VISIT THE PRESIDIO.

A Special Welcome Extended to the Home-coming Artillerymen by Representatives of the Southland—A Fruit Treat—Resolutions Adopted.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) One of the pleasantest features of the reception of the returned California volunteers occurred this afternoon, when the Los Angeles and Southern California delegations, all visitors from and former residents of that section, and many of the personal friends and relatives of the gallant boys, went in a body to the Presidio to visit Battery D of the Heavy Artillery. At 1 o'clock they boarded four Union-street cars at the ferry. Arrived at the Presidio, they were tendered and accepted the use of the Young Men's Christian Association's building for the reception to the boys of the battery. The boys filed in in soldierly fashion, and the meeting was called to order by the chairman of the delegation, L. F. Crane.

Many distinguished representatives of Southland were present to greet their own. Among others, Hon. Fred Eaton, Mayor of Los Angeles; J. M. Glass, Chief of Police of the Angel City; Hon. R. N. Smith, Superior Judge of Los Angeles county; J. R. Newberry, president of the Los Angeles war board; Walter S. Moore, chief of the Los Angeles fire department; L. C. McCoby and wife of Los Angeles, Capt. C. R. Thom and wife of the same place; Mrs. J. M. Griffith, president of the Los Angeles branch of the Red Cross Society and first vice-president of the State organization of that society, and many others.

Addresses of welcome and felicitation were made by Judge B. N. Smith, E. Blanchard, Capt. C. R. Thom, Mayor Eaton and Rev. S. S. Clark, which were replied to by Capt. Dias and Maj. Rice. Capt. Dias recited in fitting manly courtesies and kindnesses received by his boys from their home people, and the people of San Francisco, which, he said, were so profuse and heartfelting that language failed him to express his gratitude. Maj. Rice, in a better and manly address, paid a tribute to the hardships splendidly endured by his men and attested their patriotism and bravery. The major is a veteran of the West Point, an officer in the regular army, and looks every inch a soldier.

Capt. Dias, in the course of his remarks, eulogized the efforts of Mrs. J. M. Griffith on behalf of his command. He was interrupted by shouts and applause from the battery boys, who, with right good will, gave three cheers and a tiger for that lady.

Mrs. Griffith was called upon by the chairman to present a basket of fruit and melons to the battery, which had been procured by the delegation, through her efforts. As she was too much overcome by the occasion she had received to respond in person, she requested W. H. Anderson, secretary of the meeting, to make the presentation for her.

B. Pahnemna stated that as the battery boys would march in the evening parade without arms, fireworks and torches would be provided for them.

The following resolution was offered by Maj. W. C. Furney of Los Angeles and seconded by Judge B. N. Smith, E. Blanchard and Rev. A. S. Clark, and was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted:

"Resolved, that the united delegations from Los Angeles and Southern California, including the official representatives of all civic and patriotic organizations, visitors and former residents, return thanks to the citizens' executive board of the reception to returning California volunteers, for courtesies extended by that body to the committee from those delegations which called upon it, consisting of Hon. J. M. Glass, Chief of Police of Los Angeles; Rev. A. S. Clark, chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, California Volunteers; E. A. Carson, City Auditor of Los Angeles, and B. Pahnemna. He is further

"Resolved, that the thanks of these delegations be also extended to L. P. Crane, our courteous and efficient chairman, for the valuable services rendered by him in our behalf; to W. H. Anderson, our assistant secretary-General of this State, our secretary, for his services, and for his courtesy and that of his associates in conferring the use of his office in the Parrot building for our headquarters; to Ben Pahnemna for his indefatigable efforts, to which is largely due the success of our reception to the boys of Battery D and their returning comrades, and to the Young Men's Christian Association for the use of this hall in which this meeting is held. And be it further

"Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the associated delegations; that a copy be transmitted by our secretary to the citizens' executive board, and to each of the gentlemen named in the preceding paragraphs; that a copy of it be furnished by our Press Committee to each of the daily papers in this city and in Los Angeles."

The meeting then adjourned amid the cheering of the soldiers, and friends and relatives mingled with the boys in general jollity.

THE SCOTCH ARRIVES.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—The United States cruiser Boston arrived here today from Manila, from which place she started on June 6. She was dry-docked at Hongkong, and then went to Nagasaki and Yokohama, leaving the latter place on July 27 for Honolulu, where she arrived on August 8, making a record trip for a man-of-war between Yokohama and Honolulu. The Boston sailed from Honolulu on the 17th inst., having a smooth passage during the entire voyage from Manila.

At New York Hotels.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The following prominent Californians are at New York Hotels: From Los Angeles: J. E. Parish, Gen. W. Vanapruell, S. Tegtis, W. E. Wilcoxin, A. T. Gramsy, A. Latta, G. W. Briggs, L. P. Hartsoff, W. H. Brown, Miss H. Bryan and J. P. Cowell and wife.

THREE DAYS' JUBILEE.

CALIFORNIA'S WELCOME TO HER RETURNING HEROES.

Greatest Public Event in the History of San Francisco—Words Fail to Convey an Idea of the Magnitude of the Celebration.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26.—Three days and nights of incessant din; three days of effervescent enthusiasm that found its vent through stern whistles, huge horns, cannons and a quarter of a million human throats, promises to end Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, when San Francisco will have closed the greatest public event in the history—the welcoming home of her heroes from Manila.

The press dispatches of the past few days have given the world an idea of the home-coming of the volunteers. The brief descriptions they contained can convey no adequate idea of the magnitude of the demonstration on the soldiers as it when they entered the gates of the Golden City. Imagine a line of 5000 before the Sherman wharf, five miles of bee-dock; dined in regal style at the ferry the morning after their arrival; entertained by Gov. Gage and his staff, and marched through the city under escort of all the United States troops and volunteers now in the jurisdiction, headed by Gen. Shafter and his aides. Imagine the way they were hailed at every block, hugged by wives and sweethearts, their hands almost pulled off, and in every way treated as only heroes can be treated by a community of which they are a part, and by which they are believed to a man. The California Heavy Artillery, which served throughout the war as infantry, came in for as full a share of the enthusiasm as any other. Imagine every man, from the highest private to the highest ranking officer, knowing that San Francisco was more than glad to see him.

The excitement early begins on Tuesday. The decorations along Market street and other principal thoroughfares of the city, were nearly all in place on that day, and the patriotic feelings of the small boy were stirred up to a seething point. The Chinese quarter made his appearance on the streets on Wednesday morning, and sold his wares to almost every one, it seemed, old and young. The dry commercial world, the advent of the 4th horn, and the pretty girl who wasn't equipped with one or more of them wasn't in it for a minute. Across Market street, were, forming in endless bower for miles, were electric lights in solid rows, not more than fifteen or twenty feet apart, and up the side of the tall business blocks festoons, like trails of very incandescent globes ran from the top of the building to the sidewalk. The tower of the ferry was outlined in the night, in lines of light from the ground to the topmost pinnacle, and every business house was alive with electric fire, and flags, and bunting.

Adown the sidewalk, flanking the street upon either side, were interminable rows of palm leaves and express trees, brought from the southern part of the State, to decorate the city in honor of her gallant boys. Market street looked as green as a country lane, so profuse were these decorations. At the Lotta fountain, a booth and reviewing stand had been erected, and this was literally covered with and buried in evergreens. The newspaper buildings were surprised in variegated electric lights and bunting, and their fronts were nightly watched by hundreds of thousands of people for the first news of the arrival of the Sherman. And just at 4 o'clock on a cloudy afternoon, when the crowd upon the streets was as dense, if possible, then at any other hour of the day, a cannon, located away up in the tower of Spreckels building, boomed forth the welcome news, and in a fraction of a second the city was aware that the long-expected ship was signal. Wireless telegraphy was used to get this news, this being its first practical application upon the Pacific Coast. A wire was attached to the crosstree of a lightship, and catcher to the tower of the Cliff House. The electrical waves sent out from the lightship, at once set the cannon to firing, signaled, traveled as truly through the air as if they had been traveling kid of copper at the Cliff House, and in another instant the welcome tidings had been wired to the city.

Then, from aside streets, business houses, hotels and private homes, poured a mass of humanity that blocked every down-town street in less time than it takes to tell it. Everyone appeared to think that the ferry was the place to go. Although the official programme had been published for many days, and notwithstanding the fact that it stated plainly that the Sherman would remain outside until the 16th, everyone believed there had been a change in the programme, and that the California boys would be soon walking up Market street in a few minutes. Street cars were loaded to the gunwales, and the population of the city footsloged to the ferry. Some of the lines placarded their cars with announcements to the effect that the Sherman could only be seen from the Cliff House, and this caught thousands more. As a matter of fact, it was as dark as Egypt within an hour, and a fog came in so dense that a mountain couldn't be sighted a block away. But San Francisco was out to see the soldier boys and determined to stay out until they came in, if it required a week.

It was a night of turmoil and noise. The Mexican troops had just been paid off, and the streets were filled with soldiers. The Colorado boys arrived the day before, and they, too, wanted to see the sights. The cafés were thronged the whole night through, and every man who wore the blue or the khaki uniform of the Philippine service was gazed upon with admiration, as much as his blest girl was looked upon with envy by all the other girls who hadn't another beau. And there weren't half enough of them to go around, so the soldiers had to be satisfied with a little less than dances and underground excursions, packed with a jolly, good-natured throng until long after the milkman had started upon his morning round. It was known, meanwhile, that the Sherman would not come in until 1 o'clock on Thursday, therefore the poppies had had a day, or half a night, off.

Thursday saw the celebration begin in real earnest. The thousands who had been out the day before told all their friends and augmented the throng by hundreds and thousands. The city was given over to the soldiers and civilians, and almost everybody wanted, starting in early at 7 o'clock in the morning in order to get a front seat. The amateur photographer was out in full force, and if there is a scarcity of pictures of the Sherman it will be because the amateurs were too excited and too full of patriotism and other things to take them. The Camera Club took a boat at the ferry, and it will be strange if some of the best and most pictures of the naval pageant were secured.

Telegraph Hill, from a distance of half a mile, looked like a gigantic Christmas tree, the trees, all green boughs, packed in as closely as sardines in a box, the somberness of the effect being relieved by bright dots of color here and there, where some particularly fond mother had pinned a flag, shoved out against the finger back, ground and obstructed the view of half a score of others who went to Telegraph Hill because they thought that was another point of vantage. Yet what was another point of vantage? eagerly struggled for, and the two or three thousands upon the roofs, added to no less than twenty times as many on the ground, seemed to be in no manner the worse for it. The wonder of it all was that half the people in the front rows, who had upon their strategic lines, with no support to prevent them toppling into the slip, were not pushed off and drowned. But two cases of persons fainting were reported, and, if there were others that got out before any damage further than a ducking, was sustained.

At 1:30 o'clock there was seen a small speck of white upon the horizon, and a shifting fog bank toward the Golden Gate. It became larger and larger, and then, from beneath it, shot out a cloud of snow-white vapor, followed half a second later by the sharp, sonorous, heavy gun. The word went from mouth to mouth, until, within a second, it seemed, the entire waiting throng had heard the news. "The Sherman is coming!" was the cry, and it was taken up by thousands. It could be seen the white bow of a ship, that all know could be no other than the transport. Then the sun boasted out through the fog, and the ship came into view, with the lines of the hull, the masts and the rigging, outlined in black, against the white the big ship was robed from stem to stern, burst upon the vision of the waiting multitude. And just here description must fail. No pen can adequately describe the scene. Suffice that followed, a thousand whistles, ten thousand tin horns, a hundred trumpeters and half as many brass bands, a hundred thousand yelling men, women and children, and a million people compelled to form a pandemonium such as San Francisco never afforded before and doubtless never will afford again. Irrespective of sex or condition, the enthusiasm was contagious, and it infectious. Hats were not only waved, but thrown up into the air and carried whither the wind listed, their owners not caring even to note the direction of their flight. Handkerchiefs, of all sizes and shades formed a fluttering of red, white and blue to the entire water front, and as the big ship, escorted by a number of tugs, yachts, steamboats and launches, carrying invited guests, executive committees, friends and relatives of the soldiers, came up the channel, the combined efforts of the pipes here to make a noise were fairly outdone. And until the government pier was reached, and the transport swung into her berth, the enthusiasm was kept up, without cessation, increased, perhaps, at the government pier, by a few thousand who had obtained admission within its secret portals.

The first man off the Sherman's ship at the pier was the wife of Gen. Dodge. The gallant little woman was pulled in through a port hole and a second later was in her husband's arms, regardless of the fact that he was in the breadth of United States. And the soldiers cheered and yelled and threw up their hats, many of the latter being overboard in the joy of their owners at the reunion with their wives and their happiness at his happiness.

"This is but an incident," there were thousands of similar ones, each as happy as the other, and each the subject of a long, long, thankful sigh, that the tired soldier could now be unbuckled and remove the thread of life together, where it had been so rudely severed by war's alarm. These were the delights of the home coming, far sweeter to the hearts and minds of the soldiers than any other, and the happiest time in the world could possibly be.

It seemed rather hard that the volunteers, after a year and a half of service, and at the end of a month's voyage on the ocean, should be compelled to land and at once nothing their loved ones when they were actually within the gates of home. There was many a sleepless eye in San Francisco Thursday night, and many a prayer went up for the place of the committee had been made and it would not have done to permit the state of the exhibition to go astern and wander around until they had been formally welcomed.

At 7 o'clock Friday morning, however, the ferry boats started out to the city and took on, for good and all. They formed upon the pier, and were to have been "hooked" to the tug which in the Ferry Building, but the tide was so low that the boats could not get out. The regiment was all dressed by Gov. Gage and others, and had to cheer itself hoarse through force of habit. Gov. Gage was given a cheer, and he was cheered to the echo, and all the nice things he said about them will be remembered. Then the march to the Ferry Building was begun. Orderly was the throng from the street, when the regiment was formed, and the Governor and his escort had left the Ferry Building. It was a crush and a jam from curb to curb. The Governor and his escort had marched a block, the crowd broke away from all police control, and ran after the boys in blue