

shall be ordered into the center of the city. We hope to, and have some at least, of the comforts of home. Well, I shall close now. I am just going to send 40 of the boys back to camp—four miles—to get the rest of our things.

The city is beautiful in spots—the Spanish houses are all lovely, wide porches, overhanging eaves, high ceilings, sliding windows, tropical vegetation, superb grounds.

Friday, Aug. 19.

I am now in the heart of the new part of Manila. The walled city is one of the most interesting spots I have ever seen. With the sea on one side and the swift rolling Pasig on the other, with its ancient and imposing churches, great, gaudy structures, now occupied by Spanish soldiers, with its governor guards, marble palace, its archbishop's palace, its multitude of fine buildings, barracks, arsenals, etc.; with its streets full of Spanish soldiers, all deprived of their arms except the officers (15,000, or thereabouts in all)—with its great walls of masonry, with broad ramparts on top, and ditches and moats around, all built according to the highest principles of the military art, with bastions, curtains, lunettes, etc., etc.—with monuments here and there and little parks full of tropical foliage, with good roads and paved streets and sidewalks; with horse-drawn street cars (or tranvias); with busy streets crowded with Spanish citizens in immaculate white suits and helmets—Spanish soldiers and officers, American soldiers and officers, Chinamen, fat and lean, Filipinos, half-breeds, with a river teeming with tugs and steamers, and the quaint Cascos, sunken Spanish vessels of war, German launches and sailors. Innumerable public buildings, great hotels, fine stores, thousands of hacks, crowded streets—the whole thing is a picture I little looked to behold in this out-of-the-way part of the globe. Well, the battery has moved up in town; we are not far from General Greene's headquarters in the Hotel de Oriente. We are occupying a Spanish engineer barracks.

Captain Grant's battery is not here. The city water is not yet turned on—the insurgents are making some trouble about it. They are not altogether friendly with us. We have left a section in our old quarters at Malate (one gun and six men), but I guess that they will not conclude to trouble us much. Our own quarters are high (30 feet) and well ventilated. They are bare of furniture, but we shall gradually get a little government stuff in and then we shall be more comfortable.

Colonel Crowden (Judge advocate of General Greene's staff) told me that he had recommended me very warmly as a city judge—one of three or four to keep the city straight. I shall see. No mail for several weeks. One went the day we had our fight for Manila.

I am going to post this now—don't know when it will go.

#### RETURN OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

The long train bearing the Twenty-fourth Infantry drew up at the Oregon Short Line depot at 10:35 p.m. Friday, somewhat earlier than was expected by the citizens reception committee, but nevertheless too late to make any suitable demonstration in their honor. The glad cheer of welcome, however, rang out on the still air as the soldier boys appeared, for fully 200 hundred people were at the depot awaiting their arrival. In deference to the desires of citizens that they be given an opportunity to give them the proud welcome that heroes desired, the men remained in the cars all night, and 9:45 this morning was the time set for the beginning of festivities.

A glimpse of the dusky faces as they peered through the windows of the cars, showed eyes beaming with the exhilaration of pleasure at being home again, and in the anticipation of honors awaiting them.

But not all have returned who went away. There are vacant chairs, and hearts made desolate because of those who will never come back. And while

Not a drum was heard  
Nor a funeral note,

as they appeared to view in the darkened glimmer of the night, the expression of sadness in eyes of some whose personal comrades had been left till the rising of a better day near the trenches of San Juan, could now and then be seen. Many have laid down their lives at the instance of their country—in defense of the war it waged against an ignorant, bigoted and cruel foe. With not a few the paths of glory led but to the grave. When they left here a little more than five months ago, they numbered just 483 men. It is strangely coincident that they return with 482, within one of the original number. But this does not mean that they are all the same. Such is far from the fact. In the first place about thirty of them were killed on the sanguinary fields of Cuban strife, thirteen outright. Seventy-one were wounded, and more than fifty are still in the hospitals or on sick leave or furlough for other causes. This means that only a little more than sixty per cent of the men who went away when "war" was the word, return home now when "peace" has taken its place. Those who swell the ranks to so near the original number are new recruits who have enlisted to take the place of the men whose unfortunate fate it was to be temporarily retired from service.

Among those who will not return are three gallant officers—Captain Dodge, who fell a victim to yellow fever, and Lieutenants Augustin and Gurney, who were slain on the battlefield by Mauser bullets fired by the enemy. For them there will be tears and expressions of sorrow. Their bravery, however, will not be forgotten, as their names have already been inscribed upon the roll of heroes.

But the hope of the people of this city is that the memory of the war's sanguinary fields may be, at least for a time banished from the minds of the gallant Twenty-fourth in the participation and enjoyment of the pleasures of the day. High were the hopes and eager the expectations that the dawn this morning would be silvery bright; that nature might add the influence of genial sunshine and balmy air; and great, therefore, was the disappointment when the dawn awoke with a leaden sky and a depressing rain remorselessly descended with exasperating continuity. While not such a deluge as that which drenched the boys in the trenches of San Juan, it was sufficient to somewhat dampen the feelings of pleasant anticipation, but was not enough, however, to suppress the ardor of the people, who had come from every part of the city to pay tribute to the heroes of the Cuban war.

Long before the time appointed for the troops to vacate the train at the depot a large concourse of people had gathered, patient and expectant. A continuous stream of people poured to the common rendezvous from every direction of the city, until at 10 o'clock there were fully 2,500 people on the ground. Scores of that irrepressible genus, the small boy, besieged the cars, regardless of rain or cold, and scrambled and struggled with each other for the possession of hardtack which the soldiers threw amongst

them. At 10 o'clock the wind from the north grew bitterly cold and the drizzling rain was changed to sleet and snow. Men, women and children, however, braved the storm, strengthened by the fervor of their patriotism, and unwilling to depart ere doing homage to those whom they had come to honor.

When at length, at twenty minutes past ten, the order was given to the troops to alight and form in line alongside the cars, there went up a cheer that thrilled and quickened the blood and time and time again it was repeated until, finally, with concentration of power, it filled the air as would a cannon's roar. It was not, however, until twenty minutes to eleven, that the order to move was given, and as a platoon of police marched to the head of the column at the depot, and the Twenty-fourth regiment band fell in behind and ahead of the troops, the crowds went wild. Despite the mud and sleet, a thousand people took the streets, and accompanied the returned conquerors as they marched with martial bearing along the sidewalk to the corner of South Temple and Main. All the way up, the street was in an undiminished uproar. Cheers upon cheers blended with and, at times, almost drowned the music of the band, and the men in the ranks showed by their faces that they appreciated the sentiment of rejoicing thus expressed at their victorious return.

Following the ranks of the Twenty-fourth came Held's military band, which struck up an inspiring march, "The Return of the Twenty-fourth," composed by L. C. Reed of this city especially for the occasion. Next in the order of procession followed company B of the Utah National Guard, under command of Captain Lund, and pressing after them, and everywhere, came a mass of surging humanity, while the street was thronged with innumerable carriages and other conveyances, among them the drag "Utah," filled with prominent colored people of the city.

When East Temple street was reached the thousands upon thousands of people there raised their voices in cheers and shouts of welcome as is seldom heard on other occasions. The roar reverberated along the line and was taken up and continued until from South Temple to Third South the uproar of gladness was so great that many women cried for joy and the hearts of the soldier boys were well nigh bursting with pride. As the order of parade was properly begun at the head of East Temple street, the mud on South Temple preventing sooner arrangement, it marked the real commencement of a triumphal march such as was never witnessed here before and will probably never be forgotten by the boys in blue. Business in the city was almost entirely suspended for a time, and every window and door along the route was thronged with cheering, excited people, waving handkerchiefs and flags, and shouting their enthusiasm until it seemed as if the sound would rise until it almost cracked the dome of heaven.

At East Temple street, Held's band played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes," the same tune that was played on board the warships when Santiago was captured, and then the band, which, by the way, was composed of 25 pieces, struck up in conclusion the "Greeting to Bangor," by R. B. Hall.

After the start was made from the Temple corner, the parade was composed as follows:

Platoon of police, with Chief Pratt in command.

Marshal Bruback and his aides came next.