

bling hands the colors so dear to them, while the tears of grandmas gave the boys a "God bless you" that was worth much to behold.

Mayor Phelan of San Francisco has issued the following proclamation:

"To the Citizens of San Francisco:

"During this week more than 4,000 troops from the Western states will arrive in San Francisco on their way to the seat of war. These brave men are offering their services and perhaps their lives to their country in its hour of need and it is incumbent upon all citizens to manifest their hospitality and patriotism in order to show their appreciation of the self-sacrifice and loyalty of the volunteers.

"The Red Cross League has made arrangements to serve the troops at the ferry landing. Acting with the Manufacturers' and Producers' association, I have arranged to have a band of music escort the troops as they arrive from the ferry out Market, Golden Gate avenue and Van Ness avenue to Washington street on the way to the Presidio.

"I now call upon all citizens everywhere, but especially along the line of march, to display the flag and to keep it displayed at least until all our troops depart for the front, and to take such other action as may serve to cheer and comfort the men who are responding to their country's call."

More than twenty-five thousand people assembled at the Rio Grande Western depot to give the Volunteers their fond greetings. Every point of vantage was occupied by a dense throng eagerly watching all that was going on. The boys in blue were scattered throughout the depot grounds, returning with a will the hard grips of muscular hands and tenderly pressing the softer hands of dearer hearts. During the whole time between the arrival of the troops and the crowd at the depot and the departure of the train there could be heard the college and school yells of the boys, the music of the bands and the cheers of the girls and small boys.

Look where he might nothing but a sea of humanity and waving flags greeted one's eyes. All were good natured in the interminable jostle of the moving crowds, and no accident happened.

Here go some boxes of oranges over to the cars for the boys, and there go the coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, etc., for the luncheon—all provided by the tender hands, prompted by loving hearts, of patriotic ladies.

After the luncheon was "met and defeated" and the boys had shaken the hands of some friend for the fifth or sixth time since the arrival at the depot, the boys settled down in their seats and then, with a cheer that amounted to a great roar the train pulled out for Ogden.

There were nine coaches and all were decorated with hundreds of small flags. The engine was a powerful specimen of the freight family, so far as could be seen under the cloud of hunting and flags with which it was adorned. A parting shot boomed out from a cannon in the yards as the big engine slowly "picked up" her load—a burden dear to every American heart in Utah.

While waiting for the departure of the train bearing the Utah "boys in blue" there were many incidents which took on a tone of sadness ranging all the way from sorrow to grief, from bravely concealed anguish to copious tears. All of the boys had thousands of friends, many relatives, and there were at least a few whose relations to the departing Volunteers were still more tender. Groups were to be found everywhere in which one or more of the boys were surrounded by the fair sex in quest of autographs, which were generally written on the

ladies' handkerchiefs, on which the signatures are to be worked in silk. All kinds of mementoes and tokens were exchanged, and in many cases the troops had not a button left on their sleeves.

One incident suggestive of the state of feeling—and there were probably many such—was this: "Good-bye, Ed," said a lady friend of one of the boys; "I hope you will come back safely." "Of course, he will come back," said another; "he will come in a short time, so will all of them." Another voice broke in: "If Sampson could only get near enough to that Spanish fleet in the West Indies to throw salt on its tail they would be back inside of three months. But so long as things are going on as now, heaven only knows when they will return."

Now and then there would be a movement of the gaily decorated engine which is to take the train to Ogden, and supposing the time had come mothers would embrace their sons, and sisters their brothers, while tears fell thick and fast. The relief, if a postponement of such a culmination can be so called, which followed brightened the situation somewhat but of course not for long. Many fathers and brothers bade their parting ones good-bye and came away so as to be spared the last trying ordeal. It is, however, but fair to say that Trojans within the walls of Troy never behaved better than the boys themselves and the feeling otherwise was by no means one of regret; but the natural one of sorrow at parting.

Too much credit cannot be given the patriotic ladies of Salt Lake City for their almost superhuman and most successful efforts to bring about this morning's big demonstration. The change in the time of departure of the two batteries disturbed all their plans of yesterday for a general demonstration tomorrow, but the plucky ladies met the emergency and were about town early this morning, the different committees doing an enormous amount of hard work in a very short time. There were the train decorations to look after, the luncheon at the depot to see to, the disposition to be made of the host of school children and the numerous bands to be notified; but it was all done as only the ladies could have done it. Their patriotic hearts seemed to enjoy the arduous task imposed upon them, and not an emergency arose but it was met successfully. It had been planned to have a meeting at 10 o'clock this morning, but the change of time in departure made the meeting impossible, but the several committees acted as if inspired by the one thought of making this morning's demonstration one not to be forgotten by either old or young. Through their splendid efforts the school children began to appear on the streets at 9 o'clock and long before the arrival of the troops from Camp Kent the children crowded the streets almost beyond passage, their little hands waving small and large specimens of Old Glory and Cuba Libre. The enthusiasm of the children lent its influence to the grown folks and they, too, were making exuberant demonstrations long in advance of the given time.

The veteran artillery, with two field pieces, stationed itself at the head of East Temple street and at 11 o'clock, when the troops left Camp Kent, fired a salute of three guns; and when the Volunteers reached East Temple street a salute of thirteen guns greeted them. The old warriors were in their element and did well their part in giving the boys in blue a "parting shot" such as might have been given them in days gone.

Another grand pageant, not quite so numerous in its features nor so largely escorted because of the weather, of

Utah men, who are going to do battle for Uncle Sam, wended its way to the Rio Grande Western depot Tuesday afternoon and will soon be headed westward to join their predecessors at San Francisco. Probably no other call upon this State or any state will again be made—it will depend largely upon the outcome of the impending naval duel between Sampson and Cerveras in Cuban waters; one more great victory over the Spaniards must convince the powers, if not Spain herself, that it is a waste of life and treasure to continue the unequal struggle against the United States.

"Our men on horseback" made an appearance that was really stimulating to the looker-on. Every man sits on his horse like a centaur, and the evolutions were made with a precision and directness that elicited encomiums from all sides. Add to this the apparent determination, guided by manifest intelligence to do and dare in the cause of the eternal right, and there is absolutely nothing wanting to place the Utah troopers in the front rank of the soldiers of the world. That they will well and truly magnify their calling and come back with laurels nobly won, beneath the oriental skies is already an assured thing among the events of the future.

Rain fell steadily during the day and for 36 hours previous to breaking camp. But that did not deter many thousands of enthusiastic and patriotic citizens from thronging the sidewalks and mud and slush covered streets and cheering the dashing troopers as they passed by under their gallant commander, Captain Caine. Rain may dampen and damage clothes but it can not and does not dampen or damage the patriotism of American citizens in times like these. Storm or shine, it is all the same, enough enthusiastic supporters of a liberty-establishing principle can ever be found in the United States in a crisis such as now prevails, to make it successful. That is why the people of Salt Lake crowded the city's thoroughfares along the line of march this afternoon to say farewell to the fourth, and so far the last branch of the Volunteer service to leave, contributed by Utah. That is why more than 10,000 school children were permitted a half holiday; and that they might be inspired with further lessons of patriotism. Altogether the scene was beautiful. The playing of national airs by civilian bands; the cheers of citizens and the gaily decorated business houses and private residences; the warm handshakes and more tender manifestations of feeling by relatives and friends in their fervent farewells; the general love of country contributed to make the occasion one long to be remembered—one of historic interest.

The miserable weather of today and yesterday tended to take some of the sunshine out of the events attendant upon the departure of the Utah Volunteer cavalry this afternoon. But the dampness of the weather did not impart a similar condition to the ardor in the breasts of the gallant lads who went out at their country's call today. The mud at Camp Kent was very disagreeable when the boys folded their tents at 1 o'clock this afternoon, but the Volunteers went at their duties in the best of spirits and were ready to mount their prancing steeds at the appointed time. The horses seemed to take the spirit of their riders and pranced and snorted with delight when the march towards town was commenced. The troops rode to East South Temple, coming west on that street until the Pioneer monument was reached, where the procession to the depot assumed its definite shape.

It was three o'clock Tuesday when the cavalry troop reached the Pioneer monument. No time was lost in form-