stood for five hours the incessant assaults of 60,000 veteran warriors. The world's war record presents no spectacle more sublimely grand than that of General Thomas and his command hurling back in crimson spray the terrific surges of the enemy's mighty forces. Well may Thomas be called "The Rock of Chickamauga."

At night he retired his command in good order to Chattanooga, the prize fought for, capturing on his way 500 of the enemy.

General Grant taking command of the Grand Army, General Thomas was appointed August 19, 1863, to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, as center division of Shields' army. This position was held by his command at the storming of Missionary Ridge and throughout the Atlanta campaign of 1863 during almost daily engagements from May to September, resulting in the capture of Atlanta September 1, 1864.

September 27 Thomas was placed in chief command in Tennessee with large discretionary powers. General Sherman, at the beginning of his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, drew heavily from the forces of General Thomas. Indeed, his army thus reduced did not at first exceed 25,000 effective men, while the army under General Hood was not less than 50,000. The Union army, however, was from time to time increased, so that Thomas in his march to Nashville, by skillful generalship, was enabled to resist successfully Hood at Duck River and Spring Hill, and to inflict a severe defeat upon him November 30, in the battle of Franklin.

1864, December 15-16, General Thomas defeated Hood in a great battle at Nashville, utterly destroyed Hood's army as an army and pursued its straggling remnants beyond the Tennessee River.

This victory was the death blow of the Confederacy at the West. The rank of major-general in the regular army was now bestowed on Thomas. Congress at its next meeting tendered him a vote of thanks. Time forbids a further enumeration of his highly important services to his country. Suffice it to say that "he died at his post doing duty" in San Francisco, March 28, 1870. Well may it be asked, when shall we see his like again? General W. T. Sherman says of him: "Never wavered in battle; who was firm and full of faith in his cause; who never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any one; who was the very impersonation of honesty, integrity and honor, and who stands as the beau ideal of the soldier and gentleman."

"Let it be added," said Henry Coppee, his biographer, "that he was modest and retiring; that he sought nothing for himself by politic and pedantic means; that he never lost a battle, but won several splendid victories; that he did not receive the full merit of advancement and praise due to his merits during his life, and that, feeling this, he declared that time and history would do him justice."

General James A. Garfield says: "On the whole, I cannot doubt that the most fitting parallel to General Thomas is found in our greatest American [Washington]. He resembled Washington in the gravity and dignity of his character; in the solidity of his judgment; in the careful accuracy of all his transactions; in his incorruptible integrity, and in his extreme but unaffected modesty."

All things fairly investigated and weighed in the scales of justice, the result clearly shows that no one did more than General Thomas to preserve the life of the Nation. Decorations annually reared mountains high upon his tomb would be none too much. Yet methinks those lips that bade victory ever obedient to their call to perch upon his standard wherever it was borne would forbid a single flower more to be placed on his grave than on that of the loyal private.

His soul was too grand, too noble, too pure, to just too permit the least partiality. Let us bow in deference to that sentiment, and determine so far as possible that for which we ought to be grateful not only to him but to all who participated in winning the great victory of freedom. That victory enfranchised millions of bondsmen, making good the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal"; it set at rest forever the unconstitutional "doctrine of States' rights"; it made us one people—established the integrity of the Union on the North and South from British America to Mexico and the Gulf, and on the East and West from ocean to ocean; it demonstrated to mankind that "the government of the people by the people and for the people" is the most wholesome and stable form of government; it demonstrated to the South the great value of the manufacturing industry; it showed to the world our strength, our resources and our capabilities; it eliminated jealousies from the minds of the people in different portions of the country; it stimulated enterprise, made the people more self reliant and showed them that, to a large extent, they themselves are the arbiters of destiny; and placed the United States foremost in the rank of nations.

The strength and power, the extent and volume, the truth and sincerity of that great verdict is beginning to be understood, but the full scope and sweep of its effects have not yet been determined. The recognition of nations is faintly outlined in the prevailing sentiment, advancing steadily and firmly toward the government of man by men, and with that policy called peace, best maintained through the power of national strength.

The evolutions which transformed the original confederacy and the union of States into a great National Government, with power to maintain itself from every assault within and without, was the greatest result of the War of the Rebellion.

You determined more fully than the world had ever seen that all governments of the people rest upon an organized disciplined force. Form may change, but force continues constant. Your labors made it possible, through your organization, to add this principle to existing law. You were the advance guard which cleared up dangers and led the Nation up to the bright clear light of day.

The "Norse Saga" has a myth that those who die in battle fight on, fight ever in the realms of the upper sky. This Nation holds as a truth that those who died in battle that the Republic might live live on, live ever, in the hearts and memories of their fellow-countrymen.

After Mr. Scott's address the Knickerbocker Quartet gained new laurels by singing "Soldier's Farewell."

The announcement was made to members of Thomas Post that exercises would take place at the Emporium at 8 o'clock in the evening, and that General W. H. L. Barnes, the grand old comrade, would attend.

The audience was asked to join in singing "America," which request received a hearty response, and then the people present were dismissed with a blessing invoked by Chaplain Cruzan.

The monument in the National Cemetery to the memory of the Fifth Artillery soldiers who perished near Sacramento in the strike campaign, was profusely decorated by flowers in wreaths and bouquets. Not a grave in the cemetery was neglected.

Captain John A. Miller's Company F of the First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., pitched tents on the Presidio, near the eastern boundary of the reservation, just north of the car track, and will remain in camp until 4 o'clock this afternoon. Captain Miller spoke highly of General Graham's kindness in extending permission to use the reservation.

A large number of veterans belonging to Lincoln Post No. 1, G. A. R., were generously entertained yesterday afternoon by their comrade, Colonel Schlaudecker, at his place of business, corner Clay and Leidesdorff streets. The exercises were interesting and the refreshments ample.

Quite a number of comrades from the various Grand Army posts assembled at the Emporium last evening, but General Barnes did not speak.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE.

Thousands Saw the Procession of the Veterans on Their March.

As usual the grand parade was the feature of the Memorial day ceremonies and thousands on thousands of citizens with their families turned out to witness the procession, thronging the sidewalks and windows where an unobstructed view of the marching veterans could be obtained.

From 9:30 o'clock, when the first participating organization took its place as designated by the grand marshal, until 11 o'clock when the last division turned into Golden Gate avenue, Market street resounded with martial music, and the tramp, tramp of the veterans as they plodded over the cobbles resounded from the buildings and mingled with the clatter of the hoofs of the aids' horses as they galloped to and fro carrying orders and hurrying the divisions if they lagged for an instant. Flags and bright uniforms made the street a blaze of color. The parade was on the whole one of the best ever seen on Decoration day in San Francisco and was admirably managed throughout.

The order of march was as follows:

ORDER OF PARADE.

Mounted Police.
P. Crowley, Chief of Police.
Rifle Battalion of Police.
Theodore V. Brown, Grand Marshal.
Major Charles J. Evans, Chief Aid.
Aids—B. Hayes, Dr. Clarence L. Heller, T. V. Brown Jr., David Buck, Robert Brown, J. A. McGee, Frank Handley.

FIRST DIVISION.

First Infantry Band, U. S. A.
Battalion First Infantry, U. S. A., Captain J. J. O'Connell, Commanding.
Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., Captain C. Morris, Commander.
U. S. S. Philadelphia Band.
Battalion Sailors and Marines, U. S. SS. Philadelphia and Monadnock.
Lieutenant-Commander R. R. Ingersoll, Commanding.
Naval Battalion, N. G. C., Lieutenant-Commander L. H. Turner, Commanding.
Signal Corps, Second Brigade, N. G. C., Captain G. C. Boardman Jr., Commanding.
First Troop Cavalry, Second Brigade, N. G. C., First Lieutenant C. A. Jenks, Commanding.

SECOND DIVISION.

J. H. Riley, Marshal.
Aids—Frank Whaley, M. J. Collins, S. W. Carpenter, A. B. Donnelly.
Veteran Firemen's Band.
Veterans Mexican War, S. J. Loop, President.
Grand Army of the Republic.
T. C. Masteller, Department Commander, and Staff.
Lincoln Post No. 1, H. W. Mortimer, Commander.
Garfield Post No. 34, R. R. Kilgore, Commander.
Colonel Cass Post No. 46, John O'Neill, Commander.
General G. G. Meade Post No. 48, John F. Goggin, Commander.
Liberty Post No. 133, W. J. Park, Commander.

THIRD DIVISION.

James Kiernan, Marshal.
Aids: Abraham Loan, S. M. Carr, Thomas Wilson, Edward Walsh.
Veteran Firemen's Band.
Union Veteran Legion No. 139, J. H. Harding, Colonel.
Fair Oaks Camp No. 15, Sons of Veterans, C. S. Howard, Captain.
Canby Garrison No. 114, Regular Army and Navy Union.
First Regiment, League of the Cross Cadets, W. C. Mahoney, Colonel.
In Carriages:
Chaplain. Orator.
Poet. Reader.
Board of Supervisors.
Board of Education.
Board of Health.
Officers of the Deutscher Krieger Verein.
Disabled Veterans.
Citizens in Vehicles.
Floral Wagons.
Surgeon and Ambulance from German Hospital

When the bugle sounded "Forward" at 10:15 o'clock, a squadron of police on well-groomed horses led the way, showing more aptitude for horseback riding than patrolmen do as a general thing. Following came Chief of Police Crowley on a handsomely caparisoned horse, and sitting as upright and firm in the saddle as of yore, when his horsemanship was the envy of his subordinates in the department. Behind him came the police rifle battalion, marching with the precision of soldiers and presenting a fine appearance.

Then came Theodore V. Brown, grand marshal, in the full panoply of his office, with his chief aid, Major Charles J. Evans, and the following aids: Dr. C. L. Heller, B. Hayes, T. V. Brown Jr., David Buck, Robert Brown, J. A. McGee, Frank Handley.

The first division, led by the First Infantry band, U. S. A., attracted a vast amount of attention and no little applause from the sightseers, particularly when the sailors of the Philadelphia and Monadnock marched by.

The band was followed by a battalion of the First Infantry, U. S. A., under the command of Captain J. J. O'Connell, and Light Battery F of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., under Captain C. Morris. The regulars marched with the swinging precision so noticeable in American soldiers. The band of the cruiser Philadelphia preceded the sailors and marines, who were commanded by Lieutenant-Commander R. R. Ingersoll.

Scarcely less imposing and workmanlike were the ranks of the Naval Battalion, N. G. C., that followed, under Lieutenant-Commander L. H. Turner. The militia boys seemed determined not to be outdone by their comrades in the regular service and carried themselves with the ease born of a determination to shine.

The Signal Service Corps of the Second Brigade that followed, under Captain G. C. Boardman Jr., presented a very handsome appearance.

The members of First Cavalry Troop, Second Brigade, N. G. C., under First Lieutenant C. A. Jenks, with their brilliant uniforms, brought the division to a close as they clattered proudly by with nodding plumes and clanking sabers.

The second division was that of the grayheads and attracted more attention than all of the rest of the parade combined. Year by year the ranks of the veterans become thinner and each succeeding Decoration day some familiar faces are missing and their comrades honor their graves, yet the surviving members plod manfully to the cemeteries, even though a cane is necessary to aid faltering footsteps and dimmed eyes scarcely see the tattered and faded banners that wave defiantly over their heads as they march. The sound of the soul-stirring music sends the blood more quickly through their veins, the ailments of age and hardships are forgotten and they live again in the days when the roar of the cannon and the rattle of musketry came daily, perhaps hourly, to their ears. J. H. Riley acted as marshal of the division, with Frank Whaley, M. J. Collins, S. W. Carpenter and A. B. Donnelly as aids.

The Veteran Firemen's band led the grizzled members of the Mexican Veterans, who were marshaled by President S. J. Loop.

Then came Department Commander T. C. Masteller of the Grand Army of the Republic, with his staff, followed by Lincoln Post No. 1, H. W. Mortimer commander; Garfield Post No. 34, R. R. Kilgore commander; Colonel Cass Post No. 46, John O'Neill commander; General G. G. Meade Post No. 48, John F. Goggin commander; Liberty Post No. 133, W. J. Park commander.

The third division was marshaled by James Kiernan, with Abraham Loan, S. M. Carr, Thomas Wilson and Edward Walsh as aids.

Following the music came the Union Veteran Legion No. 139, under Lieutenant-Colonel Curry of the United States gunboat Bennington, gray, but upright and soldierly still; Fair Oaks Camp No. 15, Sons of Veterans, under Captain C. S. Howard, youthful, but with eyes that told of their readiness to follow in their sires' footsteps should occasion demand; Canby Garrison No. 114, Regular Army and Navy Union, and First Regiment, League of the Cross Cadets, commanded by Colonel W. C. Mahoney. A long line of carriages brought up the rear of the procession, in which were the chaplain, orator, poet, reader, members of the Board of Supervisors, members of the Board of Education, the Board of Health, veterans whose ailments were too great to permit them to march in the organizations to which they belonged; officers of the Deutscher Krieger Verein: citizens in carriages, including Admiral Beardslee and his staff, consisting of Dr. Hawke, Flag Lieutenant Storey and Flag Secretary Willard. Others in carriages were President of the Day H. W. Mortimer, L. Aiver French, Mrs. Lillian Plunkett Ferguson, Rev. P. H. Macomber, Rev. E. R. Dille.

The line of march was out Market street to Golden Gate avenue and along that thoroughfare to Van Ness avenue, where the procession maneuvered, the military organizations presenting arms as the veterans marched by and went their way to the cemeteries.

AT THE CITY CEMETERIES

Solemnly Impressive Services Over the Graves of the Dead.

The memorial services at the several City cemeteries were peculiarly solemn and impressive. In all there was a wealth of flowers, whose gay and brilliant colors were in strong contrast to the sepulchral white gravestones marking the last earthly resting place of the dead. Long before the arrival of the Grand Army of the Republic posts the homes of the dead were thronged with ladies, gentlemen and children, nearly every one of whom bore some individual floral tribute to lay upon the grave of a departed soldier, sailor or friend. Everywhere were stacks of flowers of various hues and varieties, and it was remarked by H. T. Hobbert, a grizzled veteran of Lincoln Post No. 1, that during his fifteen years' experience as chairman of the decoration committee he had never before seen such a profusion. They came in wagon-loads from the public schools and the churches, and were picturesque witnesses to the sacredness in which the community holds the day.

The formal exercises were at Odd Fellows' Cemetery, under the auspices of Lincoln, Garfield, Cass, Meade and Liberty posts of the G. A. R. At the Masonic Cemetery the decoration of the graves was especially seen to by Garfield Post No. 34, at Laurel Hill by Meade Post No. 48, at Calvary Cemetery by Cass Post No. 46, at Golden Gate Cemetery by Liberty Post No. 133; but at the Odd Fellows' Cemetery the services were of a general character and emblematic of fraternity, charity and loyalty. Buried here in the Grand Army plat alone lie the bodies of 128 soldiers and sailors, who shed their best blood in the defense of their country. Thousands of Grand Army men died in 1895, and each year the number of the survivors grows smaller, but the observance of Memorial day will be continued by a grateful people long after the last war-worn and weary veteran has been mustered out.

It was midday when the Grand Army column yesterday arrived at the cemetery. Amid the booming of minute-guns the old soldiers, with arms reversed and colors draped, marched slowly through the tastefully decorated gateway and at the plat where they are buried gathered reverently around the graves of their fallen comrades and halted. After "Nearer, My God, to Thee," played by the Veteran Firemen's band, an earnest prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille.

"Twenty-five years ago to-day," said Commander Henry W. Mortimer of Lincoln Post and chairman of the day, "this marble shaft, the monument to California's patriotic dead of the War of the Rebellion, was dedicated by the Grand Army of the Republic upon an occasion similar to this, and to-day we are again assembled to perpetuate the memory and offer our tribute of flowers to a Nation's heroes.

"As with bowed heads and reverential mien we gaze upon these grassy mounds wherein repose all that is left to remind us of those heroes, all over the land, in cities, villages and hamlets, columns of veterans may be seen wending their way to these silent cities of the dead where repose so many of the heroes of that magnificent army called into existence by our beloved commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln, who, his own life's work accomplished, sleeps with those other heroes who, like himself, laid down their lives on the altar of their country's welfare, who died that the Nation might live.

"Each advancing year makes this anniversary more deeply impressive, because the greatness of the object for which these men fought and died becomes more apparent. In our war we compressed into four terribly full years more sublime deeds than fill centuries of the history of all Europe. We know that history does not show anything to compare with the record made by the American volunteers from 1861 to 1865.

"We are here to-day on this hallowed spot, where so many of those who make a Nation's history are peacefully reposing, our hearts filled with gratitude to these patriots who gave up their lives that the Nation might live, to deck their graves with beautiful flowers, symbolic of purity. The deeds of our fallen comrades are enshrined in our hearts forever and their names are recorded upon fame's immortal tablet. The day will soon come when our country's defenders, who loved the dear emblem of true liberty, will pass away. Promise them to stand by the Nation and to keep it forever the land of the free. Can you forget how we toiled and contended to uphold untarnished the red, white and blue? Will you protect every star from dishonor? Remember that we saved this great Union for you."

Lillian Plunkett Ferguson read an original poem, of the quality of which the following stanzas are fair samples:

So blue the sky, so sweet the air
With breath of coming June,
The morning smiling everywhere
A welcome to the noon;
So peaceful is the scene, so fair,
That it would almost seem
The dread alarms of battle were
The memory of a dream.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Our soldiers sleep; above, no sound
Disturbs their calm repose.
They sleep; in silence deep, profound,
Unheeding friends or foes.
No trumpet call, no hurried beat
Of drum can mar their rest;
They may not feel the blossoms sweet
That to their graves are pressed.

They sleep. And yet we love them so
That we would fain believe
They waken long enough to know
The reason why we grieve:
That with unseen but seeing eyes
They look into our own
Through all the tangled wreaths of bloom
With all their mounds are strewn.

Our dear and martyred dead! For them
No faltering human tongue
Can chant a fitting requiem;
The song will ne'er be sung,
Nor yet how sweet, nor yet how grand,
Nor reverent its notes—
Nay, though it echoed through the land
From sixty million throats.

* * * * * * * * *

Forgiveness, friendship, love and peace;
Oh, nation of our pride,
We pray the blessings ne'er may cease
For which our heroes died.
In grateful homage bend we here
Above their hallowed sod
Forgetting all save this: One flag,
One country and one God!

"My Country 'Tis of Thee" was sung by the audience, and the oration of the day was then delivered by the Rev. J. H. Macomber, United States Army. An idea of its general drift is given in the annexed citations:

Comrades of the Grand Army, ladies and gentlemen, and fellow citizens, we are assembled here on this, our Nation's holy day, not to advance the interests of partisanship, nor for self agrandizement, but for a holy purpose. Forgetting for the day party, creed and sect, we mingle and commingle as is being done in like gatherings all over the Nation that we may bear some humble part, that we may share in the honor of paying a proper tribute to the memory and patriotism of our loyal dead. On Memorial day the people of this Nation gather at the shrine of their treasured dead to show that they are not unmindful of the faithful services rendered and the costly sacrifices made by the thousands who went down to the grave to the music of the battle march and cannon's roar.

Who, on the altar of heaven-born patriotism, laid as a free-will offering for their country's good, home, friends, service, all. In the presence of great events, great heroism, men all most instinctively seek to embody their gratitude in some lasting memorial. Our grand American Republic was threatened with disruption and ruin, but by the devotion and death of her loyal citizen soldiery she escaped that calamity, and Memorial day is the monument reared by a grateful Nation and established as a medium through which the great event shall be kept in mind. And we learn that this is not without classic precedent—not in exact form, but similar in purpose.

The history of our memorial day in its incipiency is most beautiful and touching. In 1864 graves of our Union dead were scattered throughout all the Southern States and no one did them honor. In the spring of that year the lately emancipated colored men, with a lofty recognition of the vicarious sacrifice of the Union dead for their emancipation, with a love that shone more brightly because of their poverty and humiliation, with a tender sympathy almost sublime, gathered from field and wood the wild flowers in their fragrance and beauty and under the cover of night they stole softly to the last resting place of our fallen heroes and with teardrops glistening on their sable faces with tender hands laid thereon their floral offerings, thus expressing the gratitude they could not express in words.

More imposing and stately, but never more lovingly and devoutly and with more pious veneration, will the services of Memorial day be performed. Where no loving kindred could and where no other hands would at that time, unbidden, unknown, moved by no other motive than purest patriotism and truest gratitude, soul deep, those simple-hearted men then and there all unconsciously inaugurated a memorial that shall never die, but shall grow more and more sacred as the years roll on and our Nation continues to exist.

This Nation can never forget the saviors of our Union who, with the battle-field for their bier and their own blood for their winding-sheet, were buried in graves made sacred because of the deposit—the conquering heroes in the fratricidal war. When their labors, their courage, their endurance, their sacrifices are remembered the immense cost at which their work was done is apparent. Comrades, fellow-citizens, all, let us be faithful to impress upon the minds of all, and especially the children and youth of our land, the importance of the day, and as the years roll on of keeping up this ceremony; let us see to it, my friends, that this sacred, this holy day, does not degenerate into a mere holiday and picnic occasion.

No grander pilgrimage can be entered upon than this, laden with gratitude and devotion, sweeping the whole Nation into its ranks, bringing with them their floral offering, lifting us all for the day at least, out of our selfishness into a purer, nobler, kindlier realm of feeling and thought. To the old soldier who participated in all that experience of the four dreadful though glorious years, it seems as if it were but yesterday. We almost hear the roar of cannon, the bursting shell, the rattle of musketry, the hiss, the whirr and thud of the minnie ball, the manly cheer on the one side and the yell on the other, and these in frequent repetition until the final victory came and we returned in peace and quiet to our homes.

But, alas, how many of our brave comrades we left behind. I say to us who were there, when we recount these experiences, it seems but yesterday; but when we see before us men in middle life who are rallying their forces into their grand organizations to perpetuate the principles for which we fought when we are gone, the Sons of Veterans, the Army and Navy Union and kindred societies, and find them relating to their sons the story of grandpa's valor and patriotism in the War of the Rebellion, we are reminded that time is passing; and when we recall some of the glorious principles that were established and perpetuated, when peace came. Perhaps it may, after all, be said that these thoughts would come with better grace from another than an old soldier, but who, after all, has a better right to speak on this subject than an old soldier? I thank God that I was able to give to my country three years of efficient service in the war, and although wounded in the head at Cold Harbor and shot through the body at Petersburg, and was a boarder at Hotel de Libby for three months, I am still alive by the grace of God.

Thank God we can say in the language of the immortal Webster, in his speech concerning the Union, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven may I not see it shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, and on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched it may be in fraternal blood. Let this last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of our Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward,' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing in all its ample folds as they float over sea and over land and in every wind under the heavens that other sentiment dear to every American heart, 'Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

There came next a dirge by the band, the strewing of the graves with flowers by comrades, a parting salute of three volleys fired over the graves by a squad of twenty men of Lincoln Post, under the command of J. H. Wilson, the officer of the day; a benediction pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Dille, and, finally, "taps," sounded by the bugler and signifying that the lights are out.

The shaft of the monument, in front of which was the firing squad, stood upon rising ground and was twined with evergreens. The flag beside it floated at half mast. The speakers' stand at the foot of the slope was wrapped in the folds of the National colors, and between it and the monument, at the head of the slope, were the white rows of headstones, flanked with flags and decorated with flowers.

GARFIELD POST GREETED

Patriotic Services at the Geary-Street Temple Last Night.

Special memorial services were held at the Geary-street Temple last night in honor of Garfield Post, G. A. R.

Rabbi M. S. Levy delivered a patriotic address, in which he paid a high tribute to the dead heroes of the civil war and to the survivors of both sides who now in perfect fellowship unite in observing Decoration day.

The altar was beautifully decorated with silken American flags. Upon an easel and deeply indented in a frame of mourning was a large picture of Garfield, and on either hand were smaller pictures of equally martyred Lincoln and of Grant, the greatest figure of the rebellion.

A great throng was already in the temple when the veterans entered two by two as the big organ-pipes in a mighty welcome rolled out "Marching Through Georgia." The music was a notable feature of the evening. Beginning with "To the Memory of Our Departed" the choir sang four pieces, concluding with "America," in which the whole congregation united in a resounding chorus. The other pieces were "O Lord, What Is Man?" and "Rest, Spirit, Rest." As the veterans marched out the organ pealed forth a medley of National airs.

The choir was made up of the following persons: Mr. Sandy, bass; M. Jones, tenor; Miss Rose Adler and Mrs. Buner, sopranos, and Mrs. Burges and Miss Juliette Levi, altos. Mr. Bretherick of the Unitarian church was the organist.

During his address Rabbi Levy said:

Few of these historical war days are free from the double bitterness that the fruit of the victory, dearly bought by the blood of the people, accrues only to the titled few. How different is the message winged by our Decoration day. No potentate has ordered its institution. The people of their own free will and choice consecrated it to its noble uses. Legislation giving it the character of a legal holiday ratified only what the people had done before.

What is the thought which is alive in the flowers we plant on the graves of the departed heroes? That we live in peace for the death they fought.

Heroism is not yet extinct. Among all classes and under all climes are to be found those willing to risk life and limb when duty calls. The brave of Gettysburg and Appomattox died that we might live. The war they waged was not to be compared to European wars, a forerunner of a still greater struggle and havoc and hatred, but our war was a gateway to eternal peace. There is no triumph in the memories of Decoration day. The flowers and flags that we have placed on the graves of our departed proclaim to the world that the people of America are not ungrateful. Decoration day is a new consecration to the duties of our constitutional life. It proclaims a lesson of patriotism that no other Nation has the privilege to understand or to apply.

TEN COMPANIES AT MASS

League of the Cross, Six Hundred Strong, Visits the Cathedral.

The League of the Cross Cadets turned out 600 strong yesterday for requiem mass at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Shortly before 8:30 o'clock the youths in full uniform and wearing their sabers at their sides entered the church two by two and took seats along the main aisles. The whole central part of the cathedral soon presented an unbroken body of youthful soldiery assembled for religious service. Hundreds of other worshipers occupied every other available seat, and the galleries were filled with people.

Father Mulligan of St. Mary's Cathedral celebrated the mass and Father Ryan of St. Bridget's officiated as deacon of the mass, while Father McDonald of St. Peter's acted as sub-deacon. Father Joseph Byrne of St. Mary's was master of ceremonies.

It had been the intention to have Father Philip O'Ryan, director of the League of the Cross Cadets, preach to the regiment upon the observance of Memorial day, but as soon as mass was over, shortly after 9:30 o'clock, the cadets had to leave in order to be in time to participate in the general parade of the forenoon.

When the Memorial day parade was over the cadets disbanded and scattered to their several homes for luncheon. At 1 o'clock companies A and I took the electric cars for Holy Cross Cemetery in San Mateo County. They were accompanied by Father O'Ryan and by T. H. Fallon, a member of the executive committee.

Two full companies were represented, A under the command of Captain Drady and I under the command of Captain Haggerty.

Arrived at the cemetery, the cadets visited the graves of Hugh Meehan, once a member of Company A, and C. Sheffield, to whose memory Company I paid special tributes. Each grave was filled with floral tributes and over each a prayer was said by Father O'Ryan, after which the following rifle squad from Company A fired a volley to their only departed comrades: Sergeant Giesting, Corporals M. Leonard, Benjamin McKinley, Steele, Privates Whitney, Maguire, W. Smith and J. Brosman.

Last night Company A left this City on the 11:30 boat for Sausalito, and from Mill Valley the cadets tramped to the top of Mount Tamalpais to see a Sunday morning sunrise from the mountain summit.

Companies A and I purpose to go camping together immediately after the Fourth of July. They will visit Agua Caliente, in Sonoma County. In anticipation of their friendly intercourse during the summer encampment Company I recently gave a reception to Company A that the members might become acquainted with each other. Company A intends soon to return the favor by entertaining Company I.

SALUTE THE FLAG.

Bands of Hope March With Fife and Drum.

Nearly 200 boys and girls of the Bands of Hope had a splendid time yesterday afternoon dedicating a new flag.

The children assembled at 1 o'clock in Mozart Hall. Under the charge of Mrs. S. W. Kerrigan, their leader, they marched to the headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union on McAllister street, near the New City Hall.

They were preceded by a drum and fife band, and on arriving at the house they found a number of members of the organization waiting on the steps to receive them.

Joseph Knowland of Alameda had donated to the W. C. T. U. a handsome new flag, as well as a flagstaff and a bulletin-board. As soon as the children drew up opposite the headquarters the flag was raised and the little ones gave it the salute, after which they joined in singing "America."

These patriotic exercises having been gone through the children were photographed and went into the house, where they were feasted on ice-cream, cake and lemonade, under the care of Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Carver and a number of other ladies, who administered to their wants.

Literary exercises followed the icecream, and the children, who had been especially trained by Mrs. Kerrigan, took quite a prominent part in the proceedings.

Mr. Knowland made a speech to the children, who, by the way, almost filled the house, and they responded by singing a temperance song for Mr. Knowland. Dr. Mary B. Mallory gave the youngsters a talk on "Why we celebrate this day." Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster talked on "The Star-spangled Banner."

Little Mabel McCoy sang "A Thousand Years," Arthur Bird gave "Drake's Address to the Flag," L. B. Mallory sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Miss H. Lorrimer and Miss Ruby Irving also recited, while the little children took part in a dialogue. Altogether the Bands of Hope spent a very pleasant Memorial afternoon.

LINCOLN POST BANQUET.

Grand Army Men Enjoy a Feast and Toasts in the Afternoon.

After the Grand Army had performed its mournful duties yesterday Lincoln Post returned to the City and partook of a collation prepared by Comrade Colonel Schlaudecker of the Bank, on Clay street. Colonel C. Mason Kinne presided at the table, flanked by Department Commander Masteller, Post Commander Mortimer and many other members of the post.

Speeches were made by Colonel Kinne, Captain Mortimer, General Masteller, Colonels Robinson and Lyon, N. J. Brady and many others, and the occasion was one long to be pleasantly remembered by the members of Lincoln Post.

A delicious menu was prepared in American fashion, all the dishes being American and the wines Californian.

At Holy Cross Cemetery.

California Garrison 101, Regular Army and Navy Union, sent a detail under command of Past Commander J. F. Fitzgerald to Holy Cross Cemetery to decorate the graves of their comrades buried there. After decorating the graves the League of the Cross Cadets fired three volleys over the dead. Trumpeter Molitor of the garrison sounded taps.

BY PATRIOTIC PUPILS.

Memorial Day Observed Friday in All the Public Schools.

It was a gala day on Friday with the thousand teachers and the forty thousand pupils of the public schools of San Francisco. The afternoon was devoted to the celebration of Memorial day, which falls this year upon Saturday, a school holiday.

In a circular addressed a week or so ago to principals Superintendent of Schools Babcock said: "To my mind there is no day that should come nearer to the patriotic heart of the Nation than should Memorial day, and I hope you and your teachers will make it an occasion to impress upon the pupils the important lessons that the day suggests."

Conformably to this timely advice, the flags upon all of the schoolhouses—primary, grammar and high—were displayed at half mast.

The classrooms were banked deeply with flowers and evergreens, contributed by the patriotic children, for use to-day in decorating the graves of the gallant soldiers.

In all of the schools there were appropriate songs, recitations, etc. A company of boys—a hundred strong—from the Lincoln Grammar School, will participate in the parade to be held to-day at the Presidio. Principal Elisha Brooks of the Girls' High School belongs to the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic and his students burned with the sacred fires of patriotism. W. W. Stone, also a Grand Army of the Republic man, is principal of the South San Francisco Primary School. Following is the programme of songs, recitations, essays and addresses:

Song, "Cover them over with flowers," school; "Bugle Call of Gettysburg," E. Eggers; "Memory's Bands of Earth," Dounie Todd; "Many Flags of Many Lands," E. Fitchen; "Mount Vernon Bells," school; "Freedom's Flags," Eugene Peguillan; "Sherman's March to the Sea," school; "Abraham Lincoln," George Rasmussen; "Departed Braves," Agnes Hennessey; "Soldiers' Reprive," Josie Rahlman; "The Blue and the Gray," Lucy Hansen; "Battle Hymn of the Republic," school; "Bivouac of the Dead," M. Roche; "The Unknown," Sophie Hincken; "Flowers for the Soldiers," May Molema; "Memorial Day," Herman Ranlman; "Stars and Stripes," Eugene Bruer; "America," school.

Following is the programme of exercises rendered at the John Swett Grammar School, of which Albert Lyser is principal:

Song, "Star-Spangled Banner"; "Origin of Memorial Day," Dora Savage; "Decoration Day," Herman Kronenberg; "Our Dead," William Norton; song, "Mount Vernon Bells"; "Blessed Are They That Mourn," Sadie Mendelsohen; "The Blue and the Gray," Amy Garoutte; some impromptu verses, Hattie Moulton; "You Have Put No Flowers on My Father's Grave," Lydia Valencia; "God's Acre," Gus Lenore; "Our Country," Roy Clarke; song, "The Red, White and Blue"; "The Spirit of '76," Gertrude Mordecai; "How Sleep the Brave?" Bell Murphy; "Seedtime and Harvest," Gertrude Nutson; song, "The Old Kentucky Home"; "Individual Purity the Hope of the State," Joseph Golden; "The Death of Lincoln," Celia Morris; "Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," Herbert Fowler; "Soldier, Rest!" Celia Celler; song, "Good-night"; song, "America."

At the Edison School, of which Miss Chalmers is principal, all the classes participated in patriotic observances. There were recitations, songs and dialogues. Miss Chalmers stated that the ceremony of saluting the flag is observed in all the classes nearly every day and that the young patriots are exceedingly zealous in this matter.

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