

We steamed east along Southern Cuba nearly all that day, and towards evening went through the Windward passage. A little over two months before the New York and Oregon came through that same passage on the way to Santiago. We sent the torpedo boat Porter ahead then to reconnoitre, for fear of surprise from a Spanish ship. Now we were returning in triumph, the work done, the glory earned. Only two months, but two months of experiences such as few are fortunate enough to have. After leaving the Windward passage our course was laid directly for New York. For five days we steamed along in the same relative positions, at the rate of about nine miles an hour.

Days and hours were counted that were between us and New York. Early Saturday morning, August 20th, before the fog had lifted from the bay, in long single column, barely moving through the water, we passed through the Narrows, between Fort Hamilton on one side and Fort Wadsworth on the other.

Here we began to get the first taste of the reception in store for us. Immense excursion steamers passed us, loaded to the water's edge, with bands playing, the waving of thousands of handkerchiefs, and terrific cheering. The farther we proceeded the denser grew the throng. There were boats of every description—big side-wheel ferry boats, beautifully decorated private yachts, and tugs of every class and size. It seemed as though there was not a square foot of unoccupied space on one of them.

By this time we had passed the Battery and were plowing up the Hudson at a merry pace. The din from the whistles was deafening. For a solid three-quarters of an hour we had to yell to make ourselves heard.

From the New York side to the Jersey shore the Hudson was covered with boats, all keeping pace or trying to keep pace, with the fleet. A steamer, a three-decker holding thousands, would come up within fifty feet and keep alongside until crowded away by another.

Both shores were black with people. The docks, the roofs, the tops of the skyscrapers were covered. There were people in every window. It seemed as though there was no possible spot from which the river could be seen that was not occupied. When opposite Grant's tomb the national salute was fired, twenty-one guns from each ship. The turn was made just above the tomb, at the widening of

