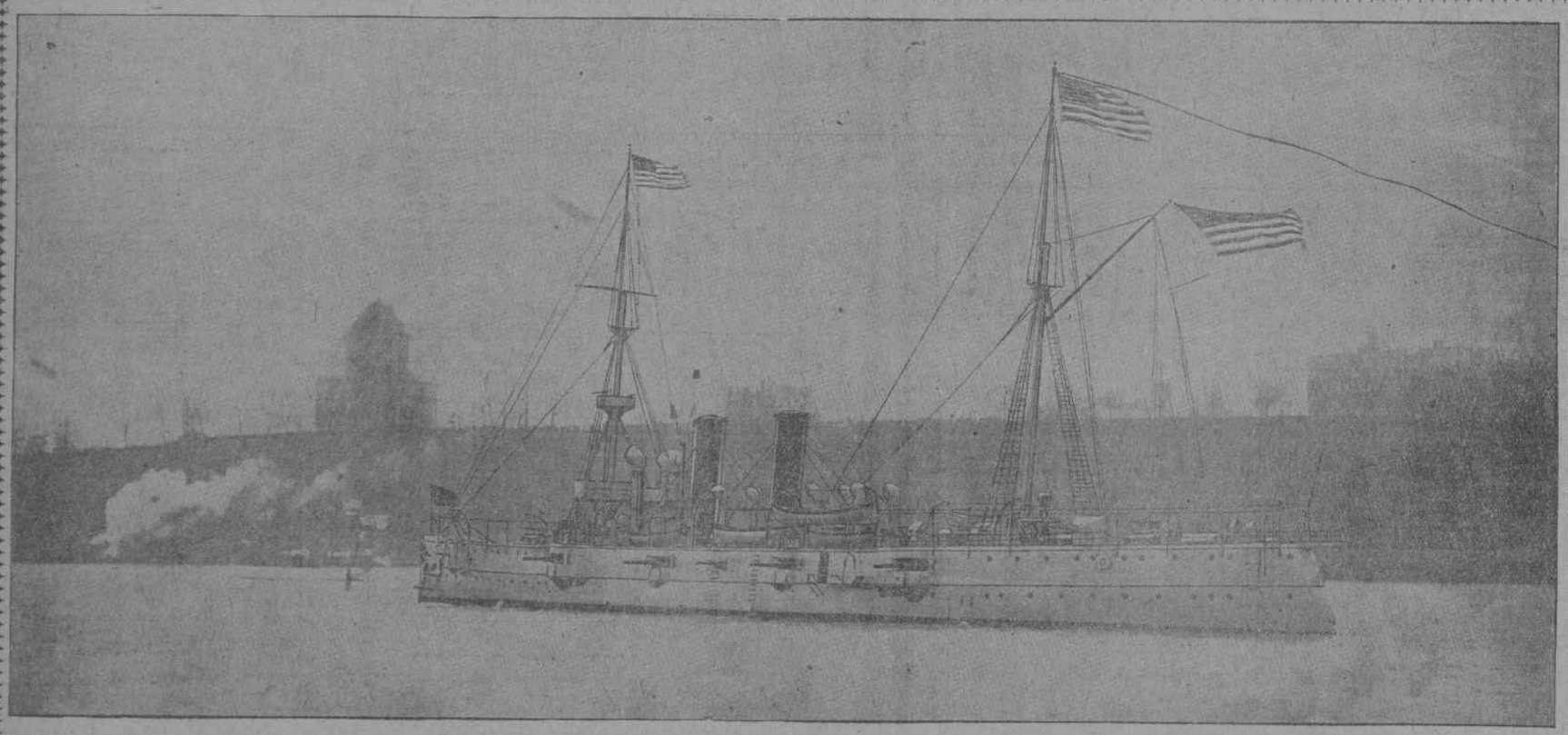
RALEIGH MOVES IN TRIUMPH UP THE HUDSON.



THE RALEIGH JUST BEFORE MAKING THE TURN OPPOSITE GRANT'S TOMB.

(Photographed by a Journal artist.)

THE MAYOR'S WELCOME AND THE CAPTAIN'S REPLY.

Mr. Van Wyck's Remarks.

"CAPTAIN COGHLAN, worthy commander of the United States cruiser Raleigh, returning victorious from the Eastern waters and made famous brought into touch with Western civilization by the superb conduct at Manila of the squadron of which your ship was a part: As Chief Magistrate of the western metropolis, soon to outstrip all the cities of the world, in her name I bid you, your officers and men make yourselves at home with us once again.

"Your words, 'Out of the jaws of death; out of the gates of hell, and only a little smoky for the trip,' in response to the great Dewey's inquiry, 'How is everything on board ship?' at Manila, when he had first ordered his ships withdrawn from the line of battle for twenty minutes for breakfast, thrilled the American heart and made you personally familiar to the men and women of this land. It conveyed, better than official reports could do, that you and your men were in the thick of the fight and had done grandly your part in the terrible conflict.

"You are to be congratulated upon the good fortune of having been so nobly associated with the grand events and incidents which cluster around the peerless Dewey, and of returning safely to your homes in an appreciative Republic. In bravery, daring and far-reaching influence upon our own country and the entire world, no battle upon land or sea is comparable to the battle of Manila, which was first opened by a shot fired from the decks of the gallant Raleigh.

"As I said to Admiral Sampson on his return from Santiago, I am not here to describe the deeds of valor that made heroes of the officers and men of the American Navy, but it is my simpler and highly prized duty to extend to you, your officers and men the congratulations and hearty welcome of the people of Greater New York and the freedom of their city."

Response of Captain Coghlan.

"WE thank you from the bottom of our hearts for this address and the freedom of your city which you have extended to us. We feel that we have left at Manila most of the people who deserve these congratulations.

"What we did at Manila was done because our great chief, Dewey, was there and forced us to do it. Of course, we did not have to be driven to do our duty, but his very presence would incite anybody to deeds of honor.

"While we feel proud that we had our humble share in the engagement, we feel that we shine in the reflected glory of our chief. But nevertheless we are none the less grateful for your congratulations. We thank you."

street, the city was engaged in telling the cruiser it was proud of her and glad of the chance to prove it.

New York spoke her greeting in the abrupt tones of blank cannon shots; she shrieked her welcome through ten thousand steam whistles; she repeated it in the cheers of her people lined up along the shores, and she wig-wagged the same message from every flagpole that could support a starry, red, white and blue flag.

If the Day Had Been Clear, O!

If it had been a clear day—but what is the use of that sort of surmise? If a cow had wings it would be a myth. So if the Raleigh had had sunshine on the day of its return the ecstasy of her welcome would have transcended the abilities of man to describe or the log of a protected cruiser to record.

It rained, and it blew, and it was cold, and there was a blur along the edges of every picture; nevertheless, most of New York is hoarse this morning with having cheered the ship that started the ball rolling in the Orient that tipped an empire into Uncle Sam's lap.

The press boats that had found the Raleigh at her anchorage during the night snorted a greeting to her in the morning. The Raleigh was a courteous lion. She roared a response through her deep, throaty whistle to the clamors of the floating things that soon surrounded her. Whenever some mud-colored, squat, down-in-the-stern boat, on its way to the city, shook its bunting at her, she gravely dipped her beautiful silken flag, and the humble passing steamboat almost howled itself out of the water with pride.

Like a flock of migratory birds fly the fan the vessels steamed down from the city to the Raleigh's anchorage, and each one of them had to try to blow its brass cap off to convey its feelings to the distinguished gray-sided cruiser.

Spanish Prizes Bobbed About.

The two little Spanish prizes, giddy with ribbons and streamers as school girls on graduation day, had already saluted her with their toy guns and were hovering like sparrows about her.

Gradually the throng of ships about the cruiser grew denser and larger. Yachts, tugboats, police boats, fire boats, revenue cutters, excursion boats, ferry boats, all the naval guerillas of Government, pleasure and commerce, settled near her and squatted and zigzagged and preened like wild ducks around a swan.

A bluejacket on the Raleigh's deck unrolled something, a puff of wind came along, and the cruiser's home-bound pennant—a line of color like a crack whip, longer than the ship herself, cracked and snapped over the company.

Then the ships sounded their greeting in chorus. Every steam contrivance that ever made a noise aboard ship roared its loudest. The symphony of a hundred steam whistles started the locomotives on the Staten Island shore. So huge was the roar that it woke up even New Jersey, and from over the waters a distant, many-toned bellow came back to the Raleigh.

The Official Welcome.

Then the official Reception Committee and their guests came down.

"Here come the kings," said the youngest ensign on the Raleigh to the junior lieutenant. In the flippant conversation of the mess the sovereign people are always "kings."

Mayor Van Wyck and his party had arrived and there were speeches to be made. The Raleigh spoke ahead of the Mayor. Her remarks were fifteen short thunder claps delivered by her forward six-pounders. Then the Mayor came aboard and was received by Captain Coghlan and his officers in cocked hats and the full glory of gold cord and braid of the naval uniforms.

What was to be said was said, and the dignitary in the silk hat welcomed the dignitary in the chapeau, and his men spoke the tale of their gallantry and the captain answered briefly, as is the fashion in the navy.

Then the civic delegation went back to its boat and the procession of ships majestically dropped into position and moved slowly up the river.

The voyage to Grant's Tomb, with an escort of screaming boats and the people cheering on the banks, is the end aim of every ship in the navy. The Santiago fleet of the grandest ships America has had the glory divided among half a dozen battle ships and flagships.

Proud End of the Voyage.

The Raleigh had it all alone, for all that she is only a little thing for a war ship and would be called a second-class cruiser if the nomenclature in our navy was that of most nations. She steamed the course proudly and dipped her flag, while ships all about her poured forth their adulation, while forts on shore puffed out salutes that were lost to the ear in the chaos of sound.

She did not speak until she was opposite the hero's tomb. Then she thundered her salute to the nation, twenty-one guns, and the thunder rolled across the Hudson and was thrown back by the Jersey bluffs and reverberated through the valley, mingling with the cheers of the people, who had waited hours in the drenching rain just for that chance to cheer their heroes, until you could not tell which was from the throats of men and which had been born in the throats of grim guns.

This was the Raleigh's reception to America. She lies now off Thirty-seventh street, where people can see her, and there she will remain until the Government gives her into the hands of the naval surgeons to make over.

MAYOR OF NEW YORK GREETS THE CRUISER.

In a drizzling rain New York's official welcomers of the Raleigh began to assemble on the American Line pier, foot of Cortlandt street, yesterday morning. On the north side of the pier lay the steamer Glen Island, which had been reserved for Mayor Van Wyck and his committee of citizens. On the other side of the pier was the auxiliary steamer Glen, to which only holders of tickets were admitted.

Although the crowd of passengers on the steamers were not quite so numerous as on Saturday, they were just as enthusiastic and good natured. There were fewer women perhaps on the Glen Island, but there were enough to make the bit of glass-covered afterdeck, where the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band played, a very blithesome place in spite of the rain that persistently sprayed against the windows.

Mayor Van Wyck alighted from a cab alone shortly after 9 o'clock and walked lightly over the Glen Island's gang-plank. Close behind him were Randolph Guggenheimer, President of the Council, and T. F. Wood, President of the Board of Aldermen. Commissioner of Charities John W. Keller acted as escort for Mrs. Heywood and Mrs. General Custer.

Off to Greet the Cruiser.

At about 9:45 o'clock the whistles sounded and the Glen Island pushed out into the lead-colored bay, followed at a short distance by the Glen.

The long strings of allegation flags that draped the upper deck were heavy and water-soaked, but the passengers were by no means droopy, and it seemed but a few minutes before some one cried out, "There she is; there's the Raleigh!" Camp stools and chairs were overturned in the rush that immediately took place from the cabins. Away down against the green of Staten Island there was a splash of bluish gray that was too dense and substantial to be either a piece of the mist or a part of the drab-colored bay.

Around it was a group of little tugs puffing and panting and bustling. Some of them were police boats, others were privately chartered craft, and two resplendent in white paint were the captured gunboats Alvarado and Sandoval. Although almost everything about bandied a bewildering string of flags that represented nearly every nation the Spanish flag was carefully omitted from the decorations of all of them except the Sandoval and Olvarado.

The Glen Island drew nearer. The outlines of the cruiser in war paint slowly developed out of the drizzle. A large copy of the Stars and Stripes was floating at the peak of both masts, and another hung over the stern.

Red-Coated Drummer Boys.

A few more revolutions of the paddle wheels and the welcomers on the Glen Island's deck could see the red coats of the Raleigh's drummer boys, and the epaulettes that the officers were wearing on this the cruiser's day of triumph.

The police boat Patrol came within hailing distance of the Glen Island on her port quarter. In the group around the pilot house were Commissioner of Accounts Mertel, Register Fromme and Chief of Police Devery. Captain Smith, of the harbor patrol lifted a megaphone to his mouth and shouted to Private Secretary Downs: "The Raleigh is ready for you. We will come alongside and put you aboard."

"We're ready if you are," Downs shouted back, and the Patrol came close to the port rail.

It took some time to run the gang plank out, because an order from the Mayor had forbidden any one but the committee of seven and the reporters from boarding the Raleigh, yet fully two hundred persons seemed to think the order did not apply to them and jammed themselves upon the gangplank.

Finally the deck hands succeeded in separating the boarding party from the rest of the passengers by ropes stretched between the posts, and the committee started, the Mayor leading, followed by his confidential clerk, Matthew Dobbins, and his messengers, Skelly and Hetherton. The committee consisted of Mayor's Secretary A. L. Downs, Randolph Guggenheimer, T. F. Wood, General Daniel Butterfield, president of the Committee of Arrangements; Warren W. Foster and Morris F. Hellman. A gangplank from the Patrol enabled the party to reach the platform at the top of the Raleigh's landing stairs. An officer in the seldom worn full dress of Uncle Sam's navy was waiting there to give his hand to the Mayor. He led the way through the captain's gangway to Captain Coghlan's room.

Lined up against the wall of the gangway were the Raleigh's officers, in full uniform. They stood at attention, and touched the metal tips of their chapeaus as the Mayor passed.

The Raleigh's captain stood at the head of the long table in his cabin as the Mayor entered.

"Have I the honor of addressing Captain Coghlan?" asked Mayor Van Wyck. "Yes," was the captain's reply, "and everything on board this ship is at the disposition of yourself and your committee."

The Mayor and the captain shook hands, and then, throwing back his overcoat, Mayor Van Wyck delivered his address of welcome, printed elsewhere. He spoke earnestly, even warmly, and looked directly into the captain's face as he spoke.

Raleigh's Captain Nervous.

Captain Coghlan wiped his glasses and his voice shook a little as he began his reply. He said in a blunt sailor way that he and his men appreciated the welcome New York was giving them, but that they shone only in the reflected light of their great chief, Dewey.

"I want to shake hands with your brave officers, Captain," said the Mayor, as he leaned across the table and, suiting the action to the words, gave Executive Officer Phelps a vigorous greeting.

"I wish Dewey were here," continued the Mayor. "Oh, what a welcome we would give him!"

"He's coming back soon," said one of the officers.

While the speeches were in progress Warren W. Foster was outside disposing of 200 medals of Dewey, made of the steel of the Maine, that the committee had struck off for distribution among the crew.

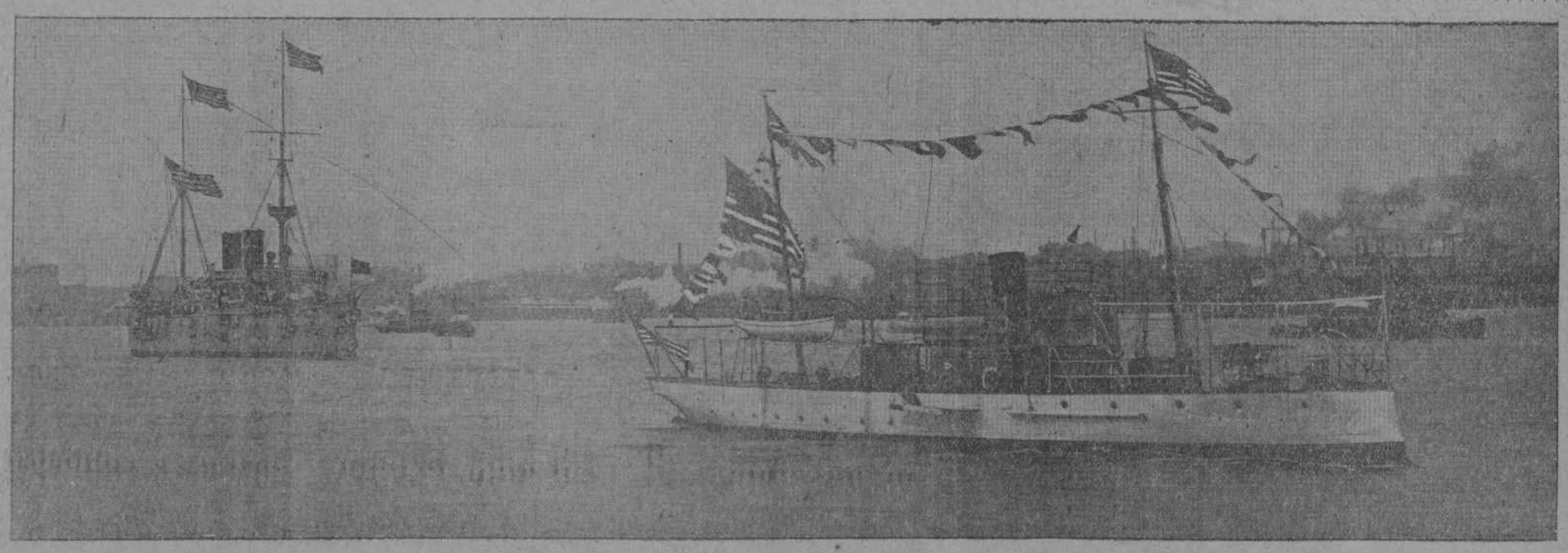
Mayor Van Wyck didn't wait for a beaker of the punch that the Raleigh's officers had prepared in the ward room. He shook hands hurriedly with the Captain and, followed by the committee stepped back into the Patrol. As she put off from the Raleigh's side, the "Home Pennant," 200 feet long, flashed out through the rain from the cruiser's mizzen mast.

The Home Pennant is the rarest of all of war ship's insignia. It is displayed only when the last section of the homeward voyage is begun. It seemed to say:

"I've been a long distance and done a great many interesting things, but after all, from whatever ocean I come, there is only one Tompkinsville."

That was the impression that the Home Pennant gave the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band. They played "Home, Sweet Home" until you couldn't hear the Glen Island's whistle.

As soon as the Mayor had returned to the Glen Island she started for the parade up the river.



THE CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT SANDOVAL ESCORTING THE RALEIGH UP THE HUDSON.

(Photographed by a Journal artist.)

Captain Coghlan and Some of His Officers.

Captain Coghlan and his officers posed for the Journal yesterday on the quarter deck of the Raleigh. The Captain is in the centre. In this group are shown, beginning on the left, Surgeon Marsteller, Lieutenant Rodman, Lieutenant-Commander Phelps, Passed Assistant Engineer Halstead, Chief Engineer Entwistle and Lieutenant Winder.

Auction sales advertised this morning will be found on page 11.

UP THE RIVER IN RAIN MID CHEERS FROM SHORE

A German Steamer Salutes the Little Fighter from Manila as She Enters the Hudson.

The scene in the upper bay put fire into the heart even of the skipper of a sulky looking German tramp steamer at anchor near the start of the procession. When the Raleigh and her escorting flotilla drew near the Teuton commander pulled his whistle string as if there were no trouble at Apia, and dipped his colors as if every vessel about flew the colors of Germany and was headed for the Elbe instead of the Hudson. The line moved up the bay in this order:

Police boat Patrol.
Steamboats Glen Island and Glen, carrying Citizens' Committee and others.
Captured Spanish gunboats Alvarado and Sandoval.
THE RALEIGH.
Revenue tug Nimrod, Street-Cleaning Department tug Scout, Health Department tug Franklin Edson, all manned by New York Naval Militia.
Geodetic Survey steamer Pathfinder, manned by New York Naval Militia.
Journal tug Wallace B. Flint.
Fireboats Zophar Mills and Robert A. Van Wyck.
Police tugboats D. S. Arnott and Jacob M. Heath.
Excursion steamboats Dolphin, John Sylvester and Mattewan.
Yacht America.

Flanking the line were the tugs J. S. T. Stranahan, E. C. Craige, A. A. Sumner, Edward T. Dalzell, America, John T. Foller, W. H. Jenks and a flotilla of police and private steam launches.

Castle Williams Speaks.

Through the cheerless mist, cleft by shrieks of whistles and streaked with dripping ensigns, the column floated slowly until Castle Williams showed against the rain. Then, as the advance platoon of police on the Patrol was seen from lower Manhattan, all the air suddenly became clamorous. The fort was saluting, as one could tell by the cottony puffs of smoke against the darker background, but the bellow of the cannon was silenced by the brazen cheers of the shipping along the water front. Distinct from the din rose and fell the clear soprano notes of a siren that sang an octave or more of major thirds. The Raleigh's deep-chested whistle responded gravely in the merely noisy intervals of the deafening tumult.

Along the piers little groups of hundreds where thousands would have stood on a fairer day bobbed umbrellas up and down as they shouted a greeting that only themselves could hear. All along the miles of commercial river from the noise repeated itself. Every pier held its mass meeting of citizens to tell the Raleigh "We're glad to see you," and to every one the cruiser's hoarse throat replied, "No gladder than I to get a look at old New York."

Near the Turning Point.

Then, along the rain-brightened green of Riverside Park, appeared the roadway, lined with packs of carriages and the bluff serried with platoons of men and women afoot, firing at the invaders of this home region a hospitable bombardment of cries and waving dainty banners of white. There was the real note of war in this semblance of it, when the batteries on the hill spat fire and smoke and more noise to show good will and reward gallant deeds on t'other side of mother earth.

Around that knoll, crowned with the diadem which tells where Grant sleeps, the people massed the thickest, and great was the crowd in spirit, although the elements had made its numbers few. Then spoke the Raleigh's guns the first word since their official greeting to Mayor Van Wyck. Now they paid homage to the nation in the twenty-one detonations which are the mark of sovereignty. Mount Tom threw the echoes back and the cliffs on the New Jersey shore redoubled them.

CAPTAIN COGHLAN MEETS HIS WIFE AFTER TWO YEARS.

The first visitor to board the Raleigh yesterday morning as she lay at her anchorage off Tompkinsville was Mrs. Coghlan, the wife of the captain. It had been two years since she had seen her husband and the members of his staff, all of whom she knew well. Not the President of the United States nor the highest dignitary of the navy could have received anything like the cordial reception that greeted her when she came up the companion way.

The meeting of the gallant sea dog and his wife was most affecting, but all too brief, for the Mayor and the committee followed closely, and Captain Coghlan's duties as host of the occasion took him from her side. After the reception it became his duty to take the bridge and bring his ship up the North River, and Mrs. Coghlan was left to his officers.

She was the toast of the ward room, and divided the attention of the officers with the reception the city gave them as they came up the bay. In her presence the restraints of official nomenclature were thrown aside, and the youngsters on board were "George," or "Charlie," or "Will" as the case might be. The visit of Mrs. Coghlan to the ship was one of the brightest and by far the most interesting features of the reception.

It was late in the afternoon before Captain Coghlan could leave his vessel, and he was rowed away with his wife to the city, and went to the Waldorf.

RALEIGH IS AT ANCHOR OFF WEST 38TH STREET.

Will Receive Visitors To-day, and Receptions Are Arranged for Her Officers—A Serenade Proposed.

After the parade the Raleigh anchored off the foot of West Thirty-eighth street. She will lie there to-day, and will be open to the inspection of visitors, most of whom will board her by boats from the foot of Thirty-fourth street.

It will be in accordance with the usual custom if Captain Coghlan goes this morning in his launch to pay his respects to Rear-Admiral Philip, at the Navy Yard. On his way back he may call at Governor's Island. In this case a return call from Rear-Admiral Philip in the afternoon would be in order.

The officers and men of the Raleigh will have no reason to doubt that they are among friends while they stay here, but no regular programme seems to have been laid out. Many attentions to the officers already decided on will depend upon the wishes of the officers themselves, who may wish some repose or have private duties to attend to before accepting invitations.

It was announced by a member of the Committee of Arrangements that the Manhattan Club would hold a reception for the officers; that the Union League would ask them to be the club's guests at a dinner, where the committee from the city of Raleigh will present to each officer a silver cup inscribed with his name, all of which will form a part of the silver service already belonging to the cruiser.

As for the men, any jack tar among them who comes ashore with Raleigh on his hat will doubtless find that a man can possess the freedom of the city without having it tendered to him in a gold box.

ALL HER BRAVE DEEDS IN THIS RALEIGH ALBUM.

Soon the Raleigh's library will have an addition in the shape of a book that all connected with the gallant cruiser are likely to read with interest for all time to come.

It is in the shape of an album containing newspaper comments of the Raleigh's work at Manila and of other events with which she has been associated.

It will be presented by the New York Journal as the most complete history of what the Raleigh has done to be had at present.

The album opens with the Journal's complete account of the victory won by Admiral Dewey at Manila on May 1, and with a picture of the Raleigh.

It has maps of her positions during the fight, photographs of Captain Coghlan and other members of the ship's company, as well as the timely cartoons and magazine articles printed all over the country.

It also contains clippings from New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco papers, and, in fact, from the daily press all over the country.

"There Are No Birds in Last Year's Nest."

So wrote Longfellow, and in Spring days the birds are getting new nests. Their blood beats warm and hearty in expectation, but how about yours, my friend, is it warm and hearty, vigorous and pure? If not, turn at once to that tried and true remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The difference in a person's feelings before and after using it is phenomenal. Hood's never disappoints.

Salt Rheum—"Entirely disappeared is the report on the salt rheum that bothered my wife for 5 or 6 years. It itched intensely, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured it as it did my rheumatism."—JAMES BARDEN, Rochester, Ind.

Nervous Prostration—"I was worn out, had a poor appetite and nervous prostration set in. I procured one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and relief came very quickly. Two more bottles restored me to health."—E. J. MOORE, 311 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PASTY CEREALS

Responsible for Many Cases of Indigestion.

Many cooks send cooked cereals to the breakfast table in a starchy, pasty and wholly indigestible manner. You are sure of a properly cooked dish when Grape-Nuts are served, for absolutely no preparation of any kind is required; therefore, the flavor and ease of digestion are just as intended by the food experts who make Grape-Nuts. Try them. Made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Leading grocers sell Grape-Nuts.