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VOL. LVI.—NO. 244. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889. PRICE TWO CENTS.

GLORIOUSLY FINISHED!

The Civic Parade Crowns the Centennial Festivity.

PLACE FOR THE ARTS OF PEACE!

They Adorn the Last Day With a Unique and Striking Pageant.

NEW YORK SCHOOLBOYS WIN HONOR,

And the Beauty-loving, Wine-loving, Song-loving German-Americans a Triumph.

The Living Pictures an Immense Success—President Harrison Declines a Proffered Glass of Red American Wine, and the Girls on the Float Thereupon Have Some More to Show That It Is Good—The Marching of the School Children a Wonder—The President and Gen. Sherman Amazed at Its Precision—An Address in a Silver Case Presented by the Mayor to the President—Home, Sweet Home—We Averaged 430,000 Visitors a Day.

Yesterday we gave the third act of the grand centennial drama. The bands whose music shook the air early in the morning were the orchestra, the hundreds of thousands of human beings crowding the streets were the audience, the miles and miles of paraders forming far up town were the players, the metropolis was the theatre.

The story of the last act of the beautiful and inspiring play was a tale of our country's strides in industry and art, and the climax represented the mighty numbers and power of the people. The people who were the players had seen their navy and their army move across the stage, and now they donned their costumes and became themselves the illustrators of the finish of the plot. Looking back over the whole joyous and perfectly successful spectacle, it is seen that the first act by the navy and the second by the soldiers were only grand from the standpoint of a peaceful nation. They would not have amounted to much in one of what we call the effete monarchies. But the third act of the play, the festival of the people, was something no other nation could have illustrated.

The lofty purpose which monuments serve in fixing heroism, power, or greatness in the public mind was better answered by this extraordinary show of yesterday. It strengthened as well as glorified Americanism. It set men who never did so before to boasting of their country, to extolling it, to thinking of it with new pride born of a palpable, substantial comprehension of its magnitude, progress, and aspirations.

This was the keynote of what was heard everywhere throughout the city. "I never was so proud of being an American," was exclaimed by thousands who did not know that any except themselves had framed the thought. There were two other very notable features of the day of which men will speak as long as they live—the parts taken by the German-Americans and by our schoolboys.

When the curtains of the day rolled away to display the great stage, all brilliant with the sunlight of a prime spring morning, the scene of the day before had not been changed. All the settings were the same. The great private boxes put up along the parks and before the rich folks' houses were once again packed with waiting spectators, and the upper tiers of windows and roofs were again sought by others. The folks who had no seats but had to stand along the route, now shortened to four miles, were not so numerous as on Tuesday. The people were tired—physically tired and tired of sight seeing. Not above 700,000 persons took the places of the full million of the day before. Lots of yesterday's spectators were newcomers, and they could be as plainly distinguished as if they were labelled. All the new arrivals looked white and pallid, while those who had been taking in the whole show were sunburned. This was so to such a degree that the hundreds of thousands of red noses along the streets and on the stands suggested a population of hard drinkers. As the slang of the day puts it, the city seemed to have had "a beautiful jag on." Burning red noses and peeling noses and noses varnished with new coats of tan were the portion of the women as well as the men. As for the actual drinking by the centennial multitude, it did not become excessive until yesterday. Then it was wonderful to behold. There never were so many reeling, rocky, thick-tongued, blear-eyed folks in New York since the days when the Dutch were extending the suburbs by swapping rum for real estate with the Indians. The Bowery was a sight to see yesterday afternoon on account of the unsteadiness of its pedestrians.

SURFEITED WITH PARADE SEEING.

The hundreds of thousands of persons who were tired of standing on the sidewalks and gaping at endless ranks of paraders scattered all over the city. Sixth avenue and Eighth avenue, Madison avenue, Central Park, and the Battery were equally crowded. What a wonderful multitude it must have been at its height! How interesting it would be to know just the number that came to town. The much-reported rush to Oklahoma by 75,000 men would not be noticed on any day in the year if the same raid was on New York. We have about 600,000 out-of-towners here every day. We must have had 800,000 during Tuesday and yesterday, and, what is more remarkable, the city's capacity was not strained anywhere. The only crowding was in the sleeping places of the militia. Thousands of signs are still upon the doorways up town, pleading with the energy of large type for single gentlemen or lodgers or table boarders during the great spree.

Men were renting soap boxes for spectators to stand on all along the line of yesterday's parade, and these brought 50 cents, $1, and $1.50 each. As quick as a wink a vagrant got twelve shillings for a badly broken soap box at Thirty-second street and Fifth avenue yesterday. It seems a great deal to pay, but that little difference in the height of a man's head that is provided by a soap box under his feet is often the difference between seeing the parade and not seeing it. On that very corner where the soap box brought twelve shillings a man and woman stood on just such another box nearly six hours the preceding day—he with his arm around her waist to keep her on the box, and she with her hat in one hand to keep it from scratching his face. Thousands of men and women performed feats of patience and endurance that seem impossible on each of the three days of the great celebration.

The dollar-and-a-half soap box is a text for reflections that it may be indiscreet to pursue. Those reflections are upon the prices New York charged her guests for their stay here. The big hotels and stores and restaurants made no difference in their rates, of course. One day is the same as another to them, and robbery is not part of the business carried on in them. But there are rumors of very cabmenlike behavior by the cabmen, of impositions in the boarding houses, and of petty cheating every here and there. Far be it from any one to justify this, but there is a view of it that softens one's first sensations. New Yorkers have been habitually and systematically squeezed and robbed in every city on the continent for the past century, and, therefore, the medicine some are giving back is only what the others have often had to take. Up at the centennial ball the other night a reporter tried to get into the banquet room. A policeman at the door remarked, "Five dollars, please." The reporter declined to deliver, and the officer said, "Well, it wouldn't have done you much good, for the other fellows inside would have struck you, too." How much of that sort of thing the reporters have missed and the countrymen have caught no one knows.

CHEERING FOR EVERYBODY.

Just at the neighborhood of the Madison square stand the crowd seemed fully as great as it had been at the military parade. A troubled, tremulous sea of hats reached along Fifth avenue and into Broadway, a sea bordered with sloping bluffs of other hats where the enormous wooden reviewing stands were hidden by the notables and the lucky ticket holders. The roofs around there were fringed with men and women, and all the windows held sightseers. Nothing more extraordinary could be said of any crowd or occasion than that it was big enough to make Delmonico's waiters forget that high grade of stolid and *frappé* dignity which has for years been the envy and the study of the dandies who imagine that an air of blank mental torpor is the next best thing to being born with a coronet. But yesterday Delmonico's waiters were just plain simple Dutchmen and Frenchmen and Swiss, with the same plebian interest in life that the crowds on the sidewalk exhibited. These once haughty servants had been conquered by the bigness of the parade. They clustered at the windows with their backs to the customers and they pushed and strained to see all that went by. After all, the only genuine hauteur and insouciance in town is that of the waiters in the eating houses at Washington Market. Nothing disturbs that.

It was just about 10 o'clock in the morning when the President arrived, with Vice-President Morton and others, at the grand stand at Madison square. He was dressed as on each previous day, but his appearance excited both comment and compassion, he seemed so tired and unnaturally pale. He was loudly and emphatically cheered. When Grover Cleveland came with J. Hampden Robb in a carriage, loud and general cheering followed the carriage as it rolled between the lines of spectators. When he stopped at the grand stand the cheering outran him and spent itself down the lines beyond. Mr. Cleveland lifted his hat at each restrengthening of the applause. President Harrison stood above him bowing to him and smiling. When all the notables were on the stand they included Mayor Grant, Gen. Sherman, Senator John Sherman, Secretaries Windom, Rusk, Noble, Wanamaker, and Miller, R. B. Hayes, Gen. J. W. Husted, Elliott F. Shepard, and Gen. Abram Dally. All were distinguished with varying degrees of popular approval, especially old Gen. Dally.

A SPEECH IN A SILVER CASE.

When Mayor Grant came to the stand it was in his new relation as Chairman of a committee formed of the heads of the different civic bodies in the parade, all wearing yellow sashes except the Mayor. They met on Broadway, and, while the others stood facing the stand, the Mayor advanced, bearing a silver cylinder in his hand, and presented it to President Harrison, with a few formal remarks.

Afterward while the procession was under way, all eyes were turned from it to a trio of men crossing Broadway. Two were supporting the third, who was so old and so decrepit that he was carried rather than supported. He was the ancient Dally, of whom New Yorkers have read on every such occasion as this since any one can remember. Reaching the front of the reviewing stand, he handed a letter up to President Harrison. It was altogether pathetic—the letter, the scene, and the natural thoughts both gave rise to. The letter rehearsed how how he and the other surviving veterans of the war of 1812 had asked for grand stand tickets, had got four seats on some other stand, had torn them up, and then had asked permission to ride in the procession in a carriage, and had been refused. What Gen. Harrison said when he read the letter nobody has reported, but he seemed to say, 'Come right up and take my place if you can't get any other." That was the translation of his manner. And sure enough, old Gen. Dally did go up and sit by the President, amid cheering that honored any who indulged in it. Long afterward there was more cheering. It was when the great concourse of people saw the President talking to the old General.

HURRAH FOR OUR SCHOOL BOYS!

Three parts of the industrial parade were very notable. Indeed, there was nothing to compare with them in the opinion of many spectators during the three days of great spectacles. These three features were the marching of the boys of our public schools, the bewildering and artistic floats contributed by the German-Americans, and the hearty, whole-souled enthusiasm of those citizens themselves. Perhaps we ought to include Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Marshal of the day's parade. He is certainly deserving of great praise for his share in the big spree.

Leading the procession was a short, stout young man outlined with a plenitude of ample curves. He was good looking, bright eyed, and alert. The countrymen wondered who he was. He was THE SUN'S City Hall reporter with a head full of political lore.

The first body of note was the dudish battalion of students of Columbia College. In bearing, in dress, in the enormous size of the canes they carried, and the height of the collars they wore, no other men in either parade approached them. They wore white gaiters, and reached from curb to curb. Very different were the country boys studying medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, who came next. They were of good mettle none the loss.

But hark! Hear the cheering. It sounds at first like the noise on a distant sea beach in a storm. It grows louder. It is approaching rapidly. Tens of thousands of throats are carrying loud applause rapidly along Fifth avenue toward the President. Every one is curious to know what provokes such excessive, ardent applause. In another two or three minutes the mystery ended. The prettiest sight New York ever saw was about to burst upon the President's vision. The boys of the public schools were approaching, 3,200 strong, in lines as close as those of the West Pointers the day before, with eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, or twenty-five in each file. At their head was President J. Edward Simmons of the Board of Education, ex-President of the Stock Exchange, President of the Fourth National Bank, handsome, wearing a soldierly moustache and in the very proudest age of man, the middle age. With him were Principal John D. Robinson of the West Fifty-second street school and Superintendent Jasper. As 7,000 persons were passing the President in an hour the boys remained the sensation for thirty minutes.

On and on they came, chins up, breasts forward, little feet swinging in unison, eyes as bright as jet beads, proud, happy, light heeled and brave hearted. On and on and on they marched, looking neither to the right nor left, but with smiles here and there in the ranks where the plaudits struck sensitive souls—a splendid, noble troop of eight great battalions of cosmopolitan New York boys—the Judges, merchants, soldiers, beaux, and leaders of the city yet to come, that Andrew H. Green thinks will be a greater London. How royally they were cheered! How royally they won every note of the mighty roar that went up alongside of them from the Reservoir to Canal street.

In age the boys ranged from 10 to 16 years. All were neatly dressed, and marched under Derby hats. Their lines were held as straight as the rows of desks in their school houses. In every way theirs was a superb exhibition of the rigid discipline of our school system. Trained like little soldiers every day within the schoolhouse walls, they looked like little soldiers in the parade. Every nationality that contributes its quota to our population was represented in their ranks. The women were in ecstacies over them. The President wreathed his face in smiles as he looked at them. He was so delighted with the unexpected and beautiful display that he caused a note to be written and sent to the reporters, in which he said that he considered this exhibition superior to any made by the troops yesterday. Vice-President Morton stood beaming by his side, and Gen. Sherman was so pleased that during the thirty minutes the boys took in passing he kept nodding and smiling and commending them to the President. The Grand Army men on the platform said that the boys marched better than the veterans, and that they were more thrilled with the sight of these fine little fellows than by anything they saw yesterday. Some one on the reviewing platform was so moved by the scene that he called out, "What becomes of the Anarchists now?" and late last night all over the city the beauty and moral splendor of this scene was the main and proudest topic of household conversation.

The boys did one very effective thing that nobody else thought to do. As each line approached the reviewing stand, it turned and came obliquely into the presence of the President.

While everybody else was cheering, while the delight on all the hundreds of thousands of faces made them radiant, while the air was electrified with the transports of the general pleasure, the little boys, with the instinctive self command of New Yorkers, kept their faces immobile. Never veterans of France were better schooled.

The captains saluted with a sabre movement of their canes. They had to do so with their left hand. This was a left-handed parade. The consequence of moving the great industrial procession over a reversed line of march laid out for the military men of the day before was that every marching man brought his left side toward the President, and had to salute with his left hand. The rear ranks of the Tammany men attracted attention by a disinclination to salute the President. They were brought to their politeness by commands from the crowd, and tardily they lifted their hats. Then came the Hibernians, wearing hats that told the fashions of distant epochs, as do the centennial curiosities in the Metropolitan Museum—strange, weird, wonderful hats, such as make St. Patrick's Day something to talk about.

Last of all came the squadrons and beautiful floats of the Germans. It was indeed a great day for our Teutonic fellow citizens—a day in which they endeared themselves to every New Yorker. By their numbers, by their fine appearance, by their intense enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, they exhibited their loyalty to the spirit of this holiday which has been no more than equalled by our native-born citizens. High credit, then, to Steinway, to Keppler, to Emil Schaefer and Col. Seifert, and to every marching man and artist of them all. Elsewhere their scores of moving tableaux are described. It is enough to say here that never has New York seen any sight of the kind to be compared with this. In truth, this city has seldom given expression to jubilation by means of these street tableaux. The most notable thing of the kind we ever did was in the attempt to transplant Rex and the carnival to this city several years ago—a farcical failure. The long lines of rapidly moving platforms, crowded with living figures, with workmen at their labor, with lovely women in the attire of goddesses, made a brilliant opulent and never-to-be-forgotten show. It was moved along too fast. It was bewildering.

But to come to the end, three days is too much of such festivities. The people were tired, the President was tired, the marching men were tired, our eyes, our minds, our nerves were tired. There is proof of this in a thousand matters, some of which have been referred to; but the strongest proof came when, because the President had to hurry away to catch a train after about 25,000 men had passed him, the rest broke ranks and vanished like fog banks before a hot sun, too tired to finish what little remained of the gigantic celebration.

LATE AND SLOW AT THE START.

Early Hours Too Much After Two Days of Energetic Celebrating.

Gen. Butterfield's order, made on Tuesday, that the civic and industrial parade would be started promptly at 8:20 A. M. from Fifty-seventh street brought to the places appointed from Fiftieth street to Fifty-ninth street, to the right and left of Fifth avenue, all organizations that were accustomed to obey orders, but all which were not, and they were in the vast majority, were wofully behind time. On time himself was Gen. Butterfield, with his 100 aides in broad chrome yellow sashes. From the riding schools on the west side the aides galloped at 7:30 A. M., and the guides on foot, with chrome yellow bannerets, who accompanied the aides, marched east on Fifty-ninth street to Fifth avenue, and with the aides took their place at Fifth avenue and Fifth-seventh street, between ex-Secretary W. C. Whitney's house on the south and Cornelius Vanderbilt's house on the north. They found Inspector Williams there when they arrived. The big Inspector was in full uniform.

"Havn't slept decently for two nights," said he, as he stood waiting for the formation to begin. "All I wanted this morning was a cigar, and I hired a carriage for $1 to come up town in, so that I could get a smoke. A dollar for a cigar is pretty dear, ain't it?"

Police Sergeant Boehme and a platoon of mounted police were in line bright and early on the east side of the avenue at Fifty-seventh street. All that could be seen at the appointed hour of the organizations that were to be ready to start were the New York exempt firemen at Fifth avenue and West Fifty-first street.

At 8 Inspector Williams called to Police Captain Eakins: "Shut off the people along, Joe." Sergeant Boehme at 8:30 with the platoon of police wheeled into Fifth avenue, and the parade was ostensibly begun. But only ostensibly. There were to be many halts to follow. Long halts. Halts of half an hour with only the police and Gen. Butterfield and his mounted aides in the avenue waiting with a long space of unoccupied avenue behind them.

When it was evident to Gen. Butterfield that the paraders were not coming to time he sent out his yellow-sashed aides in every direction to learn where the organizations were and when the floats would arrive. Some of the organizations, not half of them, could be found. They struggled into their places late. Of the floats, especially the patriotic floats, not one was in the place appointed for it. Gen. Butterfield had to start the parade without them. It was 10½ A. M. before the first float, an elaborate structure with a banner bearing the words "Fifty-eight Years of Liberty" started into line from Fifty-first street, and was followed by a score of German societies. An hour more elapsed before the organizations began to fall into line with any regularity. Members of bands became mixed up with other bands. Members of various organizations arrived late and found that their companions had started half an hour before, and there was nothing for it but to run down the avenue and find their places.

As late as 12 o'clock bands followed by organizations were converging toward Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue from north, east, and west. They were prepared evidently to make a day of it. Many members of organizations, weary with standing forever on one spot, deserted before their commands joined the parade.

The head of the line got down town at the start as slowly as a lumbering sloop works dead to windward on short tacks, missing stays now and then in coming about. The clear street, the half-filled sidewalks, and the not fully occupied stands were pleasant but not inspiring accompaniments to the smooth

VIRGINIA, 1607.

but intermittent progress. Except for the word brought from the rear by orderlies, which inspired the alternate orders of "halt" and "forward, march," nothing really hampered from the front a regular rush down town until Forty-third street was reached. There a little contrary eddy was formed by an engine company hurrying up to its designated station. At Forty-second street there was a strong head tide, so many organizations had chosen Fifth avenue to travel up on.

Opposing hosts seeming to be approaching the advancing column, fluttering standards and steadily moving ranks bore out the semblance, but there was no clash. The companies moving up town wheeled into Forty-second street, and the way was clear for the main body. Thenceforward down Murray Hill until the column halted in front of the Brunswick to wait a few minutes for the presentation, the way was easy, though progress was frequently broken by orders for delay from the rear. The stands at the reservoir and the private stands were well filled, and at the Republican Club and the Union League Club there were many who recognized and applauded Inspector Williams.

REVIEW OF THE PAGEANT.

Five Hours of a Constantly Varying Panorama of the Victories of Peace.

The neighborhood of Madison square, after its enormous crowd of Tuesday, seemed bleak and lonely at 8:20. There were two or three thousand people around the corners of Twenty-third street. A line of bluecoats across the avenue just at the foot of the grand stand kept the increasing crowd back and turned off all vehicles from 8 until after 9 o'clock. At that hour the two stands still showed large areas of empty benches, and only a thin stream of seat holders with red tickets was filtering through.

NEW YORK, 1614.

At 9 o'clock the line across the avenue was thrown back to close Twenty-third street, and things began to look a little crowded. Fragments of the procession went marching up Broadway to take their places above, and the music of their bands, out of sight behind the walls of the stands, kept the air trembling. Elliott F. Shepard and John Wanamaker, in a hansom cab, rattled down the avenue, recognized by no one except the reporters, on their way to make an early morning call on the President. That functionary had apparently not got up so early as Gen. Butterfield, or perhaps had information that Gen. Butterfield had got up earlier than the procession had, for at 9 o'clock, when he was to have been on the stand, and when a mounted aide clattered down the avenue and reported that the head of the procession had been brought down to Fortieth street, there was no sign of the President or of anybody else in the box for distinguished guests. Worth Monument seats across the way had apparently been held too high for the demand for this day, and even the grand stand was not nearly filled.

The eminent for whom this stand was reserved began to come along. Gov. Burleigh of Maine, with his staff, slipped in behind the place where the President was to be. Stephen

MASSACHUSETTS, 1620.

Van Cullen White found a seat, and Gen. Robinson, the crippled hero of Gettysburg, climbing the same stairs, was met at the top by another gray-haired man who, grasping his hand and exclaiming, "I fought with you, General," helped him up to a good seat.

The first burst of applause, a little one, was when Secretaries Windom and Rusk, with R. B. Hayes, walked across from the Fifth Avenue Hotel and took seats in the President's box.

THE MAYOR GREETS THE PRESIDENT.

At 10 o'clock the Mayor's flag, with Mayor Grant himself, escorted by a body of solid-looking men with the yellow sashes of Marshals, had marched as far down as Twenty-fifth street and were drawn up there across the avenue waiting. By this time the grand stand was getting crowded, people began to appear on the house tops about the square, and down the avenue it could be seen that the police had begun their wrestle with the crowd. There were probably then as many people about as at the same hour on Tuesday, but the sight did not in any way compare with that when the head of the column came in sight on that day. The thrill was missing.

At ten minutes after 10 there was the sound of a cheer from away down the avenue, follow-

DELAWARE, 1627.

ed in a few moments by the rattle of carriages and the clatter of hoofs. Twenty mounted policemen came swinging up in columns of fours, dropped into twos as they passed the stand, wheeled and clattered back on the other side to Twenty-third street, where they halted. Leads front and backs to the crowd, as the first of the carriages dashed by. It was occupied by President Harrison, Col. Cruger, and Lieut. Judson, special aide to the President. There was quite an encouraging cheer as the President stepped to the front of the stand. Vice-President Morton also appeared in the box a moment later in time to see the police hustle every one up into the stands, tickets or no tickets, to make way for the Mayor and his escort. There were cheers when the seventy yellow-sashed men halted in front of the stand, and Mayor Grant and his flag stepped out and advanced beneath the spot where the President stood. The Mayor lifted his hat and held it to shade his eyes from the glare of the sun, as he held up toward the President a silver cylinder three inches in diameter and a foot long. As he did so he made a little speech, but not a word that he said was audible three feet away, amid the clatter of hoofs and the noise of the crowd. The President, leaning over, took the silver case and made a speech, too. It was as follows:

"Thank you."

Then the Mayor bowed and put on his hat, the flag and he went back to their place at the head of the civic line, and the yellow-sashed body marched on, amid more cheers.

The seventy men were representatives of the leading civic and industrial organizations of the city, including these:

The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, the Hugenot, the Holland, and the New England societies; Cooper Institute, the Marine Society, the Board of Trade, the Historical and Geographical societies, the Society of Architects, the Artists' Society, the Bible Society, the Association for the Promotion of Art, the Ethnological Society, the Shipman's Association, the Art Students' League, the Columbia College School of Mines, the Bar Association, the Board of Underwriters, the Brewers', Builders', Coffee, Cotton, Stock, and Petroleum Exchanges; the Electrical Society, the Jewellers' Security Association, the Board of Trade and Transportation, the Society of American Artists, the Mercantile Exchange, the Master Painters' Association, and the Master Plumbers' Association.

WHAT WAS IN THE SILVER CASE.

The silver case enclosed this address:

To Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States.

April 30, 1889.

The undersigned representation of the civic, commercial, industrial, and educational organizations and bodies of the city of New York, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, the first President, present anew to the President of the United States, in his official capacity, their allegiance to the Government, Constitution, and the laws, with their congratulations upon the completion of a century of constitutional

MARYLAND, 1634.

government and the progress made in that century.

HUGH J. GRANT, Mayor of city of New York.
DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Chief Marshal.
CHARLES S. SMITH, President of Chamber of Commerce.
ROBERT RUTTER, General Society of Merchant Tradesmen.
HENRY DRISLER, Acting President of Columbia College.
BRUCE GRAY, President of St. Andrew's Society.
HENRY W. DUNSHEE, President of the School of the Collegiate Dutch Church.
AMBROSE SNOW, President of the Marine Society.

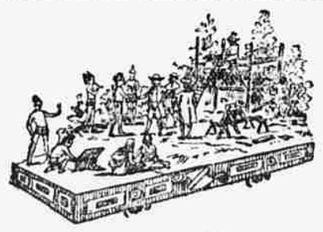
All the six societies represented above are older than the nation. Among the hundred other signers were Joseph J. O'Donohue, John F. Plummer, W. K. Garrison, Jesse Seligman, John H. Starin, Henry Clausen, Jr., Gen. H. L. Burnett, and Gen. Alexander S. Webb.

Mayor Grant, after passing the stand, returned to join the President and his party.

A vision in pink silk flap coat, white satin knee breeches, powdered wig, and elaborately cocked hat walked up the avenue between the two stands. He was evidently looking for his place upon some of the allegorical floats, but he made a bigger sensation than his whole float did later in the day. Under cover of the cheers and laughter over this dream of the seventeenth century, Postmaster-General Wanamaker and Attorney-General Noble walked down to the reviewing stand unnoticed. Secretary Noble, Elliott F. Shepard, and James William Husted got in the same way a little later.

HARRISON BOWS TO CLEVELAND.

Sergeant Boehm, with his picked mounted policemen, rode down ahead of Grand Marshal Butterfield and his body of nearly a hundred assistants and aides in yellow sashes. Gen. Butterfield got a big round of cheers, but it was nothing to the roar that began up the avenue and swept down over the stands and into the crowds below a moment later when a carriage rattled down among the horsemen with ex-President Cleveland in it. Park Commissioner Robb rode with him, and the cheering continued as he helped the ex-President out and up on to the stand. President Harrison bowed



PENNSYLVANIA, 1682.

to Mr. Cleveland as he came up and stood impassively until the applause subsided.

COLLEGE BOYS LEAD THE PARADE ON THE SCENE.

The cheering had scarcely died away when it was started up again by the appearance of the Columbia College boys, marching with big canes held horizontally along the front of their lines, from hand to hand, and with blue and white banners waving over them. The boys set up a rousing cheer on their own account as they passed, each platoon, as it came in front of the reviewing stand, giving three for the President and a cousin's "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A" to wind it up. These and other antics of the boys kept the crowd alternately applauding and laughing. There was a climax when somebody shouted out: "It's raining in London?" and every one saw that one conspicuous Freshman was trudging along with his trousers turned up at the bottom. The boys from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, all growing beards, marched with the regular Columbia students. There were 400 in all. The students of the College of the City of New York, 300 in number, came after Columbia—a more sedate set of young men, all wearing sashes of purple ribbon. They all lifted their hats to the President, but didn't cheer, and this was the rule with all salutes afterward.

Seventy-five boys of Weir Battalion, School 10, Brooklyn, in neat blue uniforms, with white leggings and belts, Major F. H. Nichols com-

GEORGIA, 1732.

manding, started applause, which was drowned in cheers and laughter a moment later at the sight of a fat little youngster waving his drum major's baton sedately in front of the boy band of the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum. One hundred and fifty little fellows, in gray suits, with knee breeches, marched behind him, and were followed by the Columbia Institute Cadets in dark blue uniforms, Charles F. Stone, commanding. The Bartholdi Battalion of Grammar School 15, Brooklyn, H. S. Johnson, commanding, turned out 200 boys, also in dark blue, bearing wooden guns.

THEY MARCHED LIKE VETERANS, THESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

By this time the crowd was awake to the fact that something worth looking at was happening. Nobody had paid much attention to the first few ranks of boys, but as they tramped on by it was noticed that their marching was something unusual. Their lines were almost perfect, their distances well kept, and their step the full swing of a regular soldier. The President stepped forward to see better, others stood up, everybody pointed at the lads and talked about them, and by the time President J. Edward Simmons of the New York city Board of Education, with Superintendent Jasper, came along ahead of 3,200 little fellows from the public schools of the city, commanded by Principal John D. Robinson of Grammar School No. 58, the crowd was thoroughly enthusiastic. Fifth avenue has never seen such uniformly excellent marching by so large a body of untrained men. Parades of some crack regiments may have equalled, but cannot have excelled it. Exclamations of wonder and admiration went up on every side as rank after rank of the boys marched by, as true and steady as veterans, their officers saluting with a grace and ease that is rarely seen among regular soldiers.

HERE ARE SOME COMPLIMENTS FOR YOU, BOYS.

President Harrison smiled and nodded his surprise and approval. Afterward he said:

"The marching of these school boys was better than any that I saw in the parade yesterday."

Gen. Sherman, who had come upon the stand, pressed up beside the President and told him such marching was simply wonderful. The Vice-President and Secretary Windom held their hands high so that the boys could see them, and clapped them hard.

The soldiers on the stand were the most enthusiastic. Here are some remarks overheard from a group of them:

"The Seventh can't beat 'em!"

"Cap'n, that knocks soldiers all out."

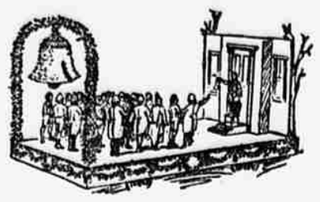
"I don't see how they do it; they step like one man."

"Ain't you pretty near glad you're an American?"

"Where are the Anarchists now?"

"Give 'em three months' drill and they'd lick the British."

There was a climax to the applause when a



DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

big boy marched along bearing in his arms little four-year-old George Erb, dressed in full Continental uniform.

ENTER THE FIRST MAIN DIVISION.

The Knights of Pythias, uniformed rank, Gen. W. H. Bowlsby, chief marshal, with Col. C. V. Wilson, Col. J. Durand, Col. H. McGill, and Col. Joseph Irwin as staff, made a very pretty show as they passed, 200 strong, leading the first main division of the parade.

The Second Battalion, Irish Volunteers, got a big cheer for their green flag. The Liberty Guards and the Guard Lafayette, with the old Lafayette flag, August Gross, commanding, followed by the Columbienne Guards, made a brilliant break in the Americanism of the procession.

The Knights of Temperance, with prohibition writ on all their banners, turned out 500 men under Grand Commander Robert Graham and Corps Commander John A. Davis, and were followed by a single line of colored people in brilliant red and black uniforms, who carried no banner or other means of designation, but got lots of applause for their beautiful marching.

Sons of Veterans made the next section of the parade, the 1,000 or so young men, including Theodore Winthrop Post, of Chelsea, Mass., on the right of line, Camp No. 15 and Kolte's Post of Brooklyn, with the smallest marcher of the parade stepping beside the Captain and trying his best to take as long strides as the rest.

Nine men, survivors of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, New York Volunteers, carried a Maltese cross banner along, amid the cheers of the crowd.

Two large bodies of societies that looked Italian, but were out of their place in the line, got plenty of applause as they marched by, one in gray and the other in blue uniforms, although nobody could make out just who they were.

There was a roar way up the avenue when the next body, the New York Caledonian Club, came in sight. There were 300 of them, mostly

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, 1776.

in kilts, and after the ladies had all said "Ain't they just dreadful," at the bare legs, everybody sat still and enjoyed the unique attire and other attractive features of the Scotch section of the procession. A little boy drum major in kilts got a round of applause. The veterans of the Seventy-ninth Regiment of Highlanders marched with the other Scotchmen.

THE PRESIDENT GETS GEN. DALLY A SEAT.

The Kingsbridge and Spuyten Duyvil Cadet Corps, Capt. Cortlandt Godwin, and the Yonkers Continental Guards, Capt. H. Stein, showed off their brilliant uniforms, but all attention was distracted here by the spectacle of two men, who looked rather old themselves, leading a man so old that he seemed scarcely able to stand. All three were old-fashioned uniforms and many badges and decorations. They stopped in front of the stand, and the oldest man, with a trembling hand, held up a letter, which the President, amid the cheers of the crowd, leaned far over to take. A moment later the President gave an order, and the police made a way for the old man to the stand. The crowd gave another cheer as the trembling veteran appeared amid the group of distinguished men who stood with the President. The old man was Gen. Abraham Dally, one of the two veterans of 1812 who were granted four seats on the City Hall stand by the committee, instead of the seats on the grand stand that they wanted. The letter informed the President that Gen. Butterfield had refused to allow the old man to have a carriage to ride in the procession, and that therefore he had walked, in spite of his 93 years. He walked no further, and he

WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE, 1777-78.

had his seat on the grand stand without any thanks to the committee.

The Phelps Guard of Paterson, in dandy lavender overcoats, Maj. James Parker commanding, a society of the Order of United Mechanics, and several other small organizations slipped by almost unnoticed in the interest over this episode, and the crowd did not settle down again until the brilliant spectacle of the Swiss delegation came along. A large banner inscribed, "Switzerland, the Oldest Republic," was carried in front of this body, which included men in half a dozen different sorts of uniforms, all brilliant, and ended with a long float loaded with beautiful girls in white, representing "The Years of Independence," who flung a shower of bouquets of roses at the President as they passed. A huge St. Bernard dog was one feature of the Swiss show.

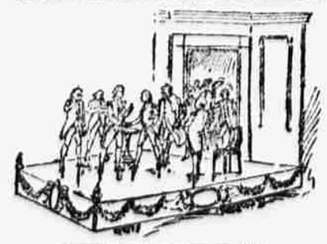
The first division was ended by the Rheinisher Schuetzen Bund and some other small organizations, apparently German clubs, with a banner to every two men.

TUBS OF THE FIREMEN.

Firemen made up Division B, under Marshal Wormser, headed by the Exempt Firemen's Association of New York, 200 strong, in citizens' dress, and the Volunteer Firemen's Association of New York, in uniform, with 600 men, and drawing an old hand engine, which chanced to have a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware for part of its decoration.

"How are you, Ben?" called out one of the red-shirted men as he passed the stand, and the President smiled.

Just here the President was seen talking to



WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL, 1781.

old Gen. Dally, and the story of the hard lot of the veteran of 1812 having spread about, there was another burst of applause at the sight.

Harry Howard, the old fire chief, limping along at the head of the Veteran Firemen's Association, started cheers that ran down the avenue ahead of him, and the President seemed to recognize him, and gave an extra fine bow as he passed. The veterans wore fawn overcoats and pulled a hand engine.

The Volunteer Firemen's Association of Philadelphia, in gray overcoats, had a tiny boy in full uniform on the engine they pulled. Other firemen's organizations hurried by, much of the time in double file, one company on each side of the avenue, as follows:

Cornell Hose, Rondout, with a giddy carriage; Veteran Volunteers, Brooklyn, fine dark-blue overcoats over red shirts; Clinton Engine Company, with ex-Alderman Tom Cleary in front, and drawing "Old Stag" hand engine, with a real stuffed stag mounted on it; Wyandotte Hose Company, West New Brighton, S. I.; Livingston Hook and Ladder 44, Long Island City, with a gigantic colored man, costumed as Othello, marching behind; Live Oak Engine and Hook and Ladder Company, Long Island City, with the little fellows of Young Live Oak marching inside their ropes and with a diminutive George Washington with a large hatchet riding on the truck; Rambler Hook and Ladder Company, with two Irish comedians in costume walking and acting behind their truck; Astoria Hook and Ladder Company; Lafayette Engine Company No. 13, with the very oldest old hand engine yet seen; Port Richmond Engine Company No. 3, Long Island City Exempt Firemen's Association, Jersey City Firemen's Exempts, Mazeppa Hose Company, Wandowannack Hook and Ladder Company, Newtown, with "Old Silver" engine; Whitestone Engine Company, with a chemical engine; Empire Hook and Ladder Company of Hoboken, with an Indian maiden, a pretty girl, a hawk, and a coon riding on the machine; Brooklyn Volunteer Firemen's Association, Independence Engine Company, Philadelphia; Exempts of Eastern District, Brooklyn; Friendship No. 1, Sheepshead Bay, with a white gull on its machine; Atlantic Hose Company, Coney Island, with a pretty little girl; Atlantic Hook and Ladder Company, Coney Island, with two little chaps in uniform, to whom the President bowed low; Washington Engine Company, Flatbush, dragging an old machine, with a banner recording that the company was incorporated March 31, 1821; New Lots Exempt Association, with a dog carrying a lantern and a man wonderfully like George Washington in a Continental uniform riding on the hose carriage; Neptune Engine Company, Tompkinsville, S. I.; Protection Engine Company, Fort Lee; Putnam Hose Company, Seaside Hose Company, Rockaway; Exempts, Melrose; Montclair, N. J., Hose Company No 1 with a dazzling carriage; Birmingham, Conn., Hose Company No. 2; Old Hope Hose Company of Philadelphia, founded 1805, one of the fighting organizations of the famous old fighting department of that city; Boston Veterans in uniform, Empire Hose Company, West Hoboken; Americus Hook and Ladder Company, Hoboken; Columbia Hose Company, Union Hill; Hope Fire Company No. 1, Burlington, N. J.; Washington Chemical Engine Company, Guttenburg; Firemen's Sons' Association, Volunteer Firemen's Sons, Brooklyn, and a number of other companies. The firemen jogged along regardless of the official programme, and generally without any special marks by which