

MANY WORKMEN IN LINE

REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITION BY AN ARMY OF ARTISANS.

THE LABOR PARADE NOT SO LARGE AS WAS EXPECTED, BUT DOUBLE THE SIZE OF ANY PREVIOUS DEMONSTRATION.

The great expectations and sanguine predictions of the leaders in the big labor movement vanished with the dew after sunrise yesterday morning. Out of 20,000 or more workingmen whom they expected would leave their shops and parade in the streets not more than 6,000, by actual count, fell into line behind the bands. But even at the early hour at which the procession started there was a great outpouring of men, women, and children in the streets. Broadway from Union-square to City Hall was paraded by a throng of people who seldom see it except on holiday occasions. The greatest crowd was in and around Centre-street, where the line was made up. Considering the annoying hindrances that Grand Marshal McCabe and his aids had to contend with, and the stupidly obstinate people who insisted on getting in the way, it was a creditable piece of work to get the line in motion within ten minutes of the appointed time.

The hod-hoisting engineers first reported for duty. Soon after 9 o'clock their engines were at Broome and Centre streets, with steam up. The painters came along soon afterward, and by 9:45 the delegations were filling up the side streets. At 10 o'clock 3,000 union printers, with the handsome silk banners of their several chapels, marched up the Bowery behind the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band. They turned into Broome-street without halting, continued their march down Centre-street, and the parade was begun. All the different trade organizations filed into line from the side streets like a score of little tributaries flowing into one broad river. The divisions were kept just far enough apart to prevent a too serious blockage of vehicles. The procession reached City Hall-square at 10:15 o'clock, and marched up Broadway to Union-square. The windows of the down-town shops and factories were black with workingmen who stopped work just long enough to see their fellows go by, and then went back to their benches and earned a day's pay. Many of them, who evidently wanted to get off but could not, looked like a lot of schoolboys kept in after school and watching the other fellows go off for a swim in the river. The labor men could not blame the weather for the thinness of their ranks; the day was certainly all that could be desired.

The men in the parade, many of whom were unaccustomed to a long tramp, looked quite tired when they reached Union-square. John Swinton, Patrick Ford, Alexander Jonas, Victor Drury, and others who are favorites with the workingmen's organizations, waited for them on the piazza of the Cottage. Among several ladies who chatted with them was Mrs. Twichell, who used to publish a labor paper in San Francisco. John Swinton got the first cheer from the printers, and the printers got the first cheer from the crowd. Capt. Williams, with his polished club and a new pair of white gloves, stood near Seventeenth-street like a switchman, and shunted the different divisions off through that thoroughfare to Fifth-avenue. Occasionally he called a halt long enough to permit a few belated horse cars to rush through the gap. Robert Blissett stood in front of the platform behind a stupendous bouquet and incessantly waved an American flag. The thousands of hats which were lifted as the workingmen passed the reviewing stand disclosed an astonishingly large number of bald heads. The procession was undoubtedly twice as large as any labor parade ever given in New-York, and an interesting one to look at. There were men of all sizes, all shapes, all colors, many nationalities, many occupations, and in all kinds of clothes. From the appearance of most of them they might have dropped their tools upon impulse and rushed into the streets to join in the demonstration. One woman, in a clean-looking green-checked gingham, tramped along contentedly with the cigarmakers, smiling and waving her worn-out sunshade at friendly faces in the crowd. She was heartily cheered. As an enthusiastic labor man, who was taking care of his wife and babies on the review stand expressed it: "There ain't no snobs in that lot."

The banners were numerous and mostly of the "Three tailors of Tooley-street" order. Many of them, not only those carried by the printers, but in other organizations also, were directed against one of the city newspapers. Some of the larger ones portrayed with all the vividness of the sign painter's art the condition of the laboring man to-day as the labor organizations see it. One of them represented the unorganized workman sitting disconsolate, lean, and hungry over a fireless grate, with his wife and children starving around him. The organized workman, on the other side of the screen, was laughing, with fat and healthy children around a cheerful fire, while the prosperous wife was in the act of dismissing the grocer boy. Another one pictured a man bearing a striking resemblance to Jay Gould riding on the back of a tottering workingman who could only rid himself of his load by one of two means—"Ballot" or "Revolution." Still another pictured the Southern slave driver standing over his crouching victim with the cruel lash, and compared it with the Northern mill owner keeping his eye on the clock and forcing a woman to sit at a loom for 14 hours. Some of the lettered placards the labor men evidently thought very apt, for they repeated them over and over again. Here are a few of them:

- An Injury to One is the Concern of All.
- Labor is Noble and Holy.
- Fair Wages for Fair Work.
- Capitalists are Thoroughly Organized. Why not Labor.
- Cheap Labor Don't Pay.
- No More Convict Labor.
- Workingmen Can Vote.
- Down With Tenement House Labor.
- Spend Your Money With Them Who Spend it With You.
- By Organization We Obtain Our Rights.
- A Right to Live Carries With it the Right to Earn an Honest Livelihood.

Many of the placards were of a purely personal character, advising all beholders to boycott all tradesmen against whom the particular organization carrying it had a grievance. The display of the practical workings of the different trades was very interesting. The cigarmakers hired three big wagons and rolled up pound after pound of the leaf for free distribution. They smoked the cigars they made themselves, so the fortunate ones in the grab took confidence. Boxmakers worked away industriously with hammer, plane, and saw, contrasting machine-made boxes with their own handiwork and emphasizing their views with placards. Sleek-looking butchers, in natty blue jumpers, marched along shoulder to shoulder, and carted live stock in wagons. Mr. Bergh found no fault with them, though he was all prepared for any violation of the rules of his society. Richard Matthews, the oldest bricklayer in the city, was distinguished by being put into a carriage with eight children, typical of the "eight-hour" idea. Everything was quiet and orderly. The parade passed off satisfactorily and without a hitch. It was just 55 minutes in passing the review stand.

Preparations had been made for a big time and a big crowd at Washington Park in the afternoon. Calculations were made for fully 20,000 people, but at 3 o'clock there were not 2,000 on the grounds. Waiters sauntered around empty tables quite disconsolately. Toward evening the crowd increased. There are 11,000 cigarmakers in Capt. Gunner's precinct, where the park is situated. Most of them were at work all day.