

**GLADSTONE'S MEN.**

**PORTRAITS OF THE "G. O. M.'S" NEW CABINET OFFICERS.**

The grumpy old lady who is the alleged head of British affairs has grown more grumpy and grumpy than ever, lately. The events of the past month in her realm are little to her taste. Her mouth naturally turns down at the corners. Rumor declares the angles have received an additional droop since she was forced to summon Mr. Gladstone to form a cabinet again.

Several members of the new Liberal cabinet themselves are not quite happy, it seems. For dignified high officials of a monarchical government they are acting amazingly like the fellows who are left out of our plain, common quadrantal republican cabinet when a new president comes in. It was a bitter pill to her majesty to take Mr. Gladstone again, but in their small way some British statesmen had to swallow as bitter a one.

The only person who seems to be quite happy is he whom his enemies call the G. O. M. (Grand Old Man), William Ewart Gladstone himself.

Mr. Parnell and his Irish party have promised Gladstone their support. They hold the balance of power. Ireland has a real statesman.

The full official title of Mr. Gladstone is prime minister and first lord of the treasury. He has taken the helm of government again lightly and gladly. He is not only hopeful, but jaunty. He wears his 76 years as lightly as most men wear half a century. When all is said and done, if the population of empires is counted, Gladstone is really the most influential of living statesmen. And he is really a splendid old man. His public services began in 1832, and have continued, in one capacity or another, without a break, ever since. He is not only a statesman but a politician. The large outlines of his career show him always on the side of liberality in thought and action. He has consummated some of the most important measures for the freedom of the British people in modern times. Let us hope that he will live to give home rule to Ireland.

The biggest hero delineated is the new Lord high chancellor. He gets a salary equal to that of the president of the United States and a life pension. The office carries with it, besides, the elevation to the rank of the peerage. This position is facetiously called the woodcock because the lord chancellor in the house of lords sits upon a square bag of wool covered with a red cloth. It has no back or arms.

Sir Farrar Herschell is not so old as he looks, having been born in 1837. He is the son of a clergyman, and was not born a knight, but was made one in 1880.

The lord president of the council is Earl Spencer, by name John Poyntz Spencer. He, too, has held high offices. He was born in 1835, and is the fifth earl of his name. He is lord lieutenant of Ireland under the Gladstone government that went out a few months ago.

The gentleman appointed to the office of home secretary is the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers. He, too, is the son of a clergyman, of York-shire. He is a Cambridge university man, stalwart and strong looking, like a big west-ru American. Mr. Childers is 58 years old. He has held many high places.

One point that strikes an American reader in glancing over the names of the new Gladstone cabinet is the number of responsible offices they have filled. They are men of grave and wide experience. They are largely, too, men in the prime of life, some of them not yet 50. They are, therefore, not old enough to drop into the ranks of old fogies, for which fact Ireland thank God and take courage.

The saddest thing about growing old is that one gets to be an old fog. Except in extraordinary cases, like that of Mr. Gladstone himself, the world is moved by young people. In them the generous impulses to help humanity have not yet all dried up.

The cherub-faced Earl Rosebery is the new secretary for foreign affairs. He it was who married Baron Rothschild's daughter Hannah. He was born in 1847 and is, therefore, not yet 40 years old. Besides having a cherub face and a billionaire wife he has a private name that is pretty enough for a novel. It is Philip Archibald Primrose. He is fifth earl of Rosebery, and succeeded to his grandfather's title in 1868. He appears younger than he is, and sitting in his place in the stupid old house of lords he looks like a rose

among last year's beanstalks. He did not take a prominent public place other than his seat in the house of lords very early in life, but has advanced rapidly since he did come into notice. He is rather a favorite with the premier. He holds office under the former Gladstone government. He is plainly one British lord who knows which side of his bread is buttered, and takes the Liberal side. All whose senses are not

dulled by prejudice, scent in the air marvelous changes to come for England. The dissolution of the house of lords is one.

Earl Granville is secretary for the colonies. His private name is Granville George Leveson Gower. Except the premier himself, Granville is the oldest man of the new council. He is heavily laden with honors, having gone into office as an M. P. in 1876. He was a member of the last Gladstone cabinet, and is one of the disappointed members. He wanted to be secretary of foreign affairs, as he was before. He is said to be intellectually the weakest man of the cabinet.

Another point that will strike the American reader is the large number of university graduates in this British cabinet. In our Yankee cabinet and congress the college graduates are the exception. In England the members of parliament and the government council, who are not such, are the exception.

The Oxford men are in the majority among Mr. Gladstone's present counselors. There are several Cambridge graduates, and one alumnus of London university. Earl Kimberley, the new secretary for India, is an Oxford man, born in 1826. Among the offices he has filled are those of a diplomat or to Russia and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He is not a born earl, but a made one. He received his title in 1896. The secretary for war is Mr. B. Campbell-Bannerman, a gentleman who is not yet distinguished himself.

The commander of the expedition is Sir William Verelstoun-Heron, who wanted to be lord high chancellor. He "yearned" for the two high offices people who do not like him. There are very few people who do like him, apparently. Mr. Gladstone does not, for one. He once remarked sneeringly that Sir William was a man of "horridly ornate life." He is a very earnest man, of long descent, and proud of it. He won his reputation as a journalist. He used to be a leader writer for The London Times which is enough to make any one honest to die for life. He wrote many articles, and over the signature "His oracles."

He is not a born "sir," but was knighted in 1872. His wife is an American, daughter of the lamented historian, John Lothrop Motley. It is to be hoped he is better natured to her than he is to his associates in parliament, or else the lady does not have a particularly good time.

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JOHN MORLEY.

As editor of The Fortnightly Review John Morley first became known to fame. Afterward he became editor of The Pall Mall Gazette, which he is at present. He changed it from a Tory paper to a high class Radical one. He is editor also of the series of books called "English Men of Letters," well known in America. He is 47 years old, a man of power and will. He it was who drove "Buckshot Forster" from the chief secretaryship of Ireland. He is the intimate friend of several of the Irish leaders.

Much is to be hoped from Morley in reference to the Irish question. Eight million dollars go out of the United States every year to Ireland to pay taxes and relieve poverty. Therefore the Irish question is interesting to Americans.

But the most disappointed man of the thirteen is Joseph Chamberlain, Esq., president of the local government board. This is a very small office for a man who in dreams saw himself in the great Gladstone's shoes. But Mr. Chamberlain slipped over on the Irish question during the last campaign. In a bitter, abusive speech he declared that England would never, no never, grant home rule to Ireland; that the very proposition was treason. The speech sailed his doom with Parnell and the Irish party. Besides that it is believed, severely that the ambitious commissioner has been ungrateful to unkindly Mr. Gladstone. Therefore the game does not like him.

Chamberlain is the duke of the cabinet. He does so quietly, and wears an oval to his forehead. He is a man of great wealth, being the son of a rich Birmingham banker and a successful manufacturer. Except on the Irish question, Mr. Chamberlain is a radical of the radical. He goes for dis-empowering church and state, for abolishing the house of lords, and stopping the vast sums voted to the royal family. Heaven only knows what he would not do if he had his way. He is a fine specimen of a man of great brain and ambition, and only 59 years old. He will go on, the little secret he has just received will not diminish a tittle of his.

Mr. George Otto Trevelyan is the secretary for Scotland. He is a distinguished man, and a nephew of Lord Macaulay. He was, among other things, a life of Charles James Fox. He has been in parliament since 1851. Once he made a speech in which he said that some noble lords had not the pluck of courage to support the cause of the Emperor. For some time he was called "Black- of-Hunger Trevelyan." He is opposed to home rule for Ireland, but would give that country local self-government.

It is astonishing the extent to which the senators peep for the galleries. There is one senator from the south who appears to make this almost the sole object of his service on the floor of the senate. He is dressed in a full black suit, with his frock coat buttoned across his breast. He strikes many attitudes, but he never remains one of them long at a time. He will sit in his own seat; then he will go into the lobby; soon he returns and walks back and forth behind the rows of benches; then he takes the seat of another senator; then he rises to pronounce a eulogy. He seldom talks with other senators; he is just on exhibition. Another from the west is not so tall, so large, or so handsome, but he is almost equally conspicuous. He looks so different from the rest that the visitor's eyes rest on him at once as it surveys the senate board, and generally the inquiry is made as to who he is.—Boston Herald.

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country. He is one of the most distinguished literary men of Great Britain. He is outspoken in favor of home rule. A person of the name of Smith was secretary for Ireland just two days under the recent Tory government. He was appointed Monday, and on Wednesday marched out to make room for Mr. Morley.



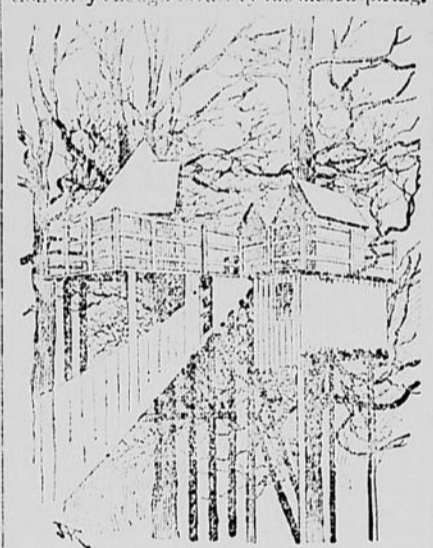
VIEW SHOWING ELEVATED ROADWAY.

From the terrace, where carriages can stand as well as pedestrians, will be a view almost unique, as looking to the west one sees the spires and high buildings of the city, while to the east is seen the lake, making a beautiful background for the sharply cut outline of the statue. Work is to be begun as soon as the weather will permit.

About forty plans were submitted, and the design was selected on account of its originality as well as general excellence. The committee has \$45,000, and say they will need about \$5,000 more, as it is proposed to have the best bronze statue that can be procured. It is estimated that the statue alone will cost \$15,000. The remaining \$30,000 is to be expended on the terrace. ANDREW J. FORBES.

UNIQUE WASHINGTON RESIDENCES. Joaquin Miller's Log Cabin and Haywood's Airy Castle. [Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—There is one man in the capital who is gradually rising. Though he now finds himself at night on a plain far above his fellow townsmen, it is a question whether his ambition is as yet satisfied. He is Mr. A. B. Haywood, who holds a position in the pension office. When a soldier from New Hampshire, during the late war, his left arm was taken away by a shot nearly to the shoulder. Since then he has had more or less pain in the part left after amputation, and has discovered that he suffers less when removed some distance from the ground. He first built a cot four feet above ground, later still he erected one twelve feet from the ground which was very picturesque. The preliminary roads of tramps and negroes gave great annoyance. So he bought a plot of building land covered with oaks, and proceeded to build a habitation forty enough to satisfy the most aspiring.



AIRY CASTLE.

His present habitation is called Airy Castle. It is situated on a hill about three miles north of the Capitol. From this hill a magnificent view of Washington, the Potomac and the Virginia mountains may be obtained. As will be seen by the picture a platform has been built away up in the trees, with supports extending from the ground. Below one portion of the platform hangs one apartment, the cellar or basement as it were to his home. A steep but strong stairs leads up to the platform, which is forty by seventy feet and is forty feet above the nearest point of ground below. The first thing one realizes after the trap door closes which covers the top of the stairway is the solidity of the whole structure. The planks in the platform are narrow like those on the deck of a ship. The bracing air, the sound as if the wind was whistling through the rigging and the shipshape way in which everything is designed about the place suggests steamship cabin life. The curious shaped building at the left of the illustration is a bedroom about ten by sixteen feet, with the corner angles cut off. The high-pitched roof is covered with canvas over boards; there is no window and but one door, but it is as snug and warm within as one could wish. All around the sides lockers extend from ceiling to floor, as in a ship's cabin, giving the little room increased warmth, as well as furnishing closets.

From one of the houses on the platform a stair leads to the lower story. This is a kitchen dining room, neatly finished, carpeted and papered. Canvas and other water proof materials are tacked close about the exit and entrances of the old oak to keep out the cold air and moisture. The shaggy limbs of convenient hanging places for a quantity of housekeeping toggery and clothing and chairs, tables and chests, dishes and tools complete the furnishing of this strange habitation, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. We see no little touches indicating woman's presence here, no traces of feminine adornings or knick-knacks. Windows look out on a broad expanse of country, and the feeling is that of being in an anchored balloon "far from the madding crowd." Mr. Haywood is a bachelor. His only companion in Airy Castle is a male colored servant.

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