GLADSTONE'S MEN.

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

The grouty old lady who is the alleged head of British affairs has grown more grouty 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 offices of a monarchical government they are acting amazingly like the fellows who are left out of our plain, common quadrennial 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.

GLADSTONE.

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 and 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 bigwig here 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 woolsack 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.

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 was lord lieutenant of Ireland under the Gladstone government that went out a few months ago.

EARL SPENCER.

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 Yorkshire. He is a Cambridge university man, stalwart and strong looking, like a big western American. Mr. Childers is 58 years old. He has filled 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 let Ireland thank God and take courage.

H. C. E. CHILDERS.

The saddest thing about growing old is that one gets to be an old fogy. 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 rosy

EARL ROSEBERY.

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 held 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 heavy laden with honors, having gone into office as an M. P. in 1816. 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.

EARL GRANVILLE.

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 councilors. 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 ambassador to Russia and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He is not a born earl, but a made one. He received his title in 1866. The secretary for war is Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, a gentleman who has not yet distinguished himself. The chancellor of the exchequer is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who wanted to be lord high chancellor. He "yearned for the woolsack" say people who don't 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 "portentous erudition." He is a very learned 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 hopelessly dull for life. He wrote many articles, also, over the signature "Historicus."

EARL KIMBERLEY.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

He is not a born "sir," but was knighted in 1883. 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. He is 58 years old, is said to be domineering and quarrelsome, and he is not handsome. He is dreadfully afraid of dynamiters besides.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT.

The first lord of the admiralty, the "Sir Joseph Porter" of the new administration, is the Marquis of Ripon, K. G. Nobleman have names like common people, and Ripon's common name is plain Robinson—George Frederick Samuel. He has had more experience as a diplomat than most of Mr. Gladstone's men. He has served his country many years in India, in various high capacities. Under the last Gladstone government Ripon was viceroy of India. He was converted to the Roman Catholic faith in 1874.

MARQUIS OF RIPON.

Mr. Mundella is president of the board of trade, which in Great Britain is a government and cabinet position. Mundella started in life a factory boy. He is a self-made man. He is now a manufacturer of Nottingham, a good, iron-sided, bulldog Englishman, who can neither be coaxed or driven, but rather likes to drive others. He is full of strong, wise common sense.

A. G. MUNDELLA.

The appointment of Mr. Morley to be chief secretary of Ireland gives much satisfaction to all who have hope for that was rapid and without any drawback from that time. An incident which helped to increase her popularity occurred at almost her first operatic engagement. She was insulted by one of the female artistes of the

JOHN MORLEY.

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.

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 the great Gladstone's shoes. But Mr. Chamberlain slopped 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 sealed his doom with Parnell and the Irish party. Besides that, it is believed strongly that this ambitious commoner has been intriguing to undermine Mr. Gladstone. Therefore the g. o. m. does not like him.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain is the dude of the cabinet. He dresses elegantly, and wears an orchid in his buttonhole. He is a man of great wealth, being the son of a rich Birmingham bolt and screw manufacturer. Except on the Irish question, Mr. Chamberlain is a radical of the radicals. He goes in for disconnecting 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 abolish if he had his way. He is a fine speaker, a man of great brain and ambition and only 50 years old. He will get on. The little setback he has just received will teach him a thing or two.

Mr. George Otto Trevelyan is the secretary for Scotland. He is a distinguished literary man, and nephew of Lord Macaulay. He wrote, among other things, a life of Charles James Fox. He has been in parliament since 1868. Once he made a speech in which he said that some troublesome Irish rascals should be relieved of our annoyances of complaint till they had felt the pinch of hunger. For a go while after that he was called "Pinch-of-Hunger Trevelyan." He is opposed to home rule for Ireland, but would give the country local self-government.

G. O. TREVELYAN.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

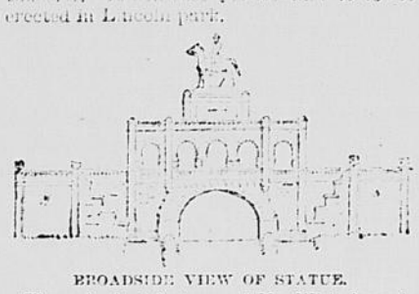
Senators on Exhibition.

It is astonishing the extent to which the senators pose for the galleries. There is one senator from the south who appears to make the tamous the side of just of his seat on the floor of the senate. He is dressed in a full back suit, with its long coat buttoned across his knees. He speaks many at tables, but he never reads one of them long at a time. He will sit in his own seat; then he will go into the lobby, some lounges and walks back and forth behind the row of benches; then he takes the seat of another senator; then he rises to pronounce again. 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 conscious. He looks so different from the rest that the visitor's eye rests on him at once as it sweeps the senate hall, and gossip has largely to do as to who he is.—Boston Herald.

Chicago's Great Monument.

(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The design for a monument to Gen. Grant has been selected. It is the one submitted by Mr. Whitehouse, of this city. It will cost $50,000 and is to be erected in Lincoln park.



BROADSIDE VIEW OF STATUE.

The principal features of Mr. Whitehouse's design are a solid terrace wall pierced by a massive granite arch which passes beneath the elevated roadway. This arch is to be 60 feet long and constructed of granite, and connects the Lake Shore walk with the many walks surrounding the artificial lake in the center of the park. This arched way affords a beautiful vista, looking east and west, and is faced by a granite terrace 150 feet long, with two flights of steps connecting the lower walk with the roadbed above. On this roadbed, and above the footway of it, is a massive granite constructure 50x18 feet, forming a covered terrace, through which the footway passes. The side walls of this terrace are pierced by small arched openings, giving a fine view of Lake Michigan from the one side and the park from the other. Surmounting the whole is the solid granite base for the colossal bronze statue of Gen. Grant, making a total height of 42 feet from the lower roadway to the bottom of the statue. The entire work will be solid and massive and constructed exclusively of blocks of granite, a durable emblem of the character of the man in memory of whom the memorial is built.

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 $35,000 is to be expended on the entrance.

ANDREW J. BOTHWELL.

UNIQUE WASHINGTON RESIDENCES.

Joaquin Miller's Log Cabin and Haywood's Airy Castle.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—There is one man in this capital who is gradually rising. Though he now finds himself at night on a plane far above his fellow townsmen it is a question whether his ambition is as yet satisfied. He is Mr. A. B. Haywood, who fills 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 predatory inroads of tramps and negroes gave great annoyance. So he bought a plot of undulating land covered with oaks, and proceeded to build a habitation lofty enough to satisfy the most aspiring.

AIRY CASTLE

His present habitation is called Airy Castle. It is situated on a hill about three miles northeast 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 leaves one a cellar or basement as it were to his house. A deep but strong stairway leads up to the platform, which is lofty, very secure and is forty feet above the nearest point of ground below. The first thing one realizes after the rapid or cross when crossing 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 in it. It is as snug and warm within as one could wish. All around the sides lockers extend from eaves to floor, as in a ship's cabin, giving the little room increased warmth, as well as furnishing closets.

Four steps on the house on the platform a stair leads to the lower story. This is a kitchen dining room, neatly finished, carpeted and papered. Canvas and other waterproof materials are tacked close about the exit and entrances of the old oak to keep out the cold air and moisture. The sloping roofs are convenient hanging places for a quantity of housekeeping roggery and clothing and chairs, tables and chests, dishes and tool 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.

a refusal to accompany him, but in the disclosure of a family skeleton, and the remark to a reporter that her "father possessed considerable of the plug ugly behind a Sunday school

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