

**HORATIO SEYMOUR.**

**ONE BY ONE NOTED MEN OF THE WAR TIMES ARE GOING.**

Picture of Mr. Seymour's Home Among the Deerfield Hills—A Dignified and Beautiful Old Age—The House in Which He Died.

[Special Correspondence.]

UTICA, Feb. 16.—There is something strange in the death within four months of three defeated Democratic candidates for the presidency—McClellan, Hancock and Horatio Seymour. Mr. Seymour was chairman of the convention that nominated McClellan in 1864. Again, in 1868, he was chairman of the convention to nominate another Democratic presidential candidate. There, in spite of his protests, amid a tumult which persistently drowned all his efforts to make himself heard so that he might decline, he himself was nominated. It is the only instance in our history in which the chief officer of a presidential convention himself received the nomination.

Of late years not much has been heard of this venerable and distinguished man. After his defeat in 1868, although not at all an old man, being only 58, he made up his mind fixedly that he would never be a candidate for political office again. He might have been senator, and governor also of New York again, but he resolutely declined.



HORATIO SEYMOUR.

On this subject he said: "When I see tottering old men, upon the brink of the grave, engaged in an unseemly scramble for office, I am always reminded of Holbein's picture of 'The Dance of Death.' It shall never be said of me that I took part in such a cotillion. I shall never be a figure in such a picture." And he certainly never did.

Horatio Seymour was born at the hamlet of Pompey, Onondaga county, New York, in May, 1810. It has been said that he was born and reared in the "days of vital piety, sound democracy and pure liquor."

Seymour served on the staff of Governor William L. Marcy. That was his first office. He was elected to the New York legislature, as a Democrat, in 1842, mayor of Utica in 1843, and to the legislature again in 1844, being speaker of the house; Governor of New York in 1853, and again in 1863. He died Feb. 12, 1886.

Mr. Seymour married, early in life, Miss Mary Bleeker, of Albany, a daughter of one of the old Dutch Knickerbocker families. She was heiress, among other inheritances, to an estate of 500 acres lying on the northern bank of the Mohawk river three miles from Utica.

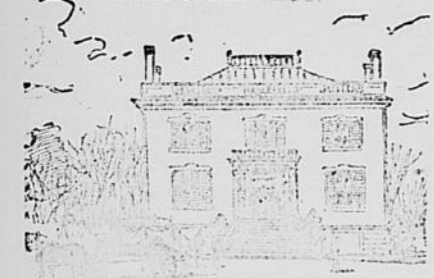


GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S HOME.

This homestead is on the range of the Deerfield hills and has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour for many years. Upon one of them is the old-fashioned cottage which was their residence. From the porch in front can be seen the beautiful Mohawk valley for fifteen miles. It is in a most picturesque and commanding spot. A lovely emerald lawn stretches in front. The occupants of the old-fashioned cottage had the admirable taste not to tear it down and rebuild it in the style of some of the meaningless monstrosities fashionable in our time.

When one thinks of this lovely home, with everything in and about it to make life desirable and happy, one is not surprised at Mr. Seymour's fixed resolution never to leave it again for political office. He chose certainly the more comfortable part. Another thought comes to mind in this connection, too. It will be remembered that in 1876, when Hon. Samuel J. Tilden was the Democratic standard bearer, there were misgivings as to whether, if elected, he would live his term out. He seemed even then to some good judges to be such a feeble old man that it was almost folly to nominate him for president. Well, McClellan is dead, Hancock is dead, and now Horatio Seymour, all presidential candidates of their party. Mr. Tilden yet lives, 72 years old the very day Gen. Hancock died. His health is as good as it has been for years, and his mind is lively enough to write a national letter about our coast defenses that "echoes round the world." Fate makes strange playthings of us.

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MR. SEYMOUR'S RESIDENCE.

Mr. Seymour's residence in the city of Utica, N. Y., is a beautiful and comfortable home. It is a two-story building with a large porch and a well-kept lawn. The house is situated on a hillside overlooking the city. The interior is well-furnished and the house is in excellent condition. Mr. Seymour lived in this house until his death in 1886.

probably be too much for his suffering wife. They have been married over fifty years. Although Mr. Seymour figured so prominently in the politics of his party for so many years, yet it is to be remembered that he never held a national office. He was never even in congress. His political career was confined to his own state of New York. The most prominent part of his official career is connected with the famous draft riots in New York city when he was governor. This subject was not a pleasant one to Mr. Seymour to talk of. He was regarded during the war as in favor of a peaceful dismemberment of the Union. But in his inaugural address in 1863 he said: "Under no circumstances can the division of the Union be concealed." SARAH KING.

One of the Molders of Public Opinion. Few journalists have had a more varied or eventful career than Henry Watterson, of The Louisville Courier-Journal. He was the son of a Democratic politician of the Jackson era, and born in Washington forty-six years ago. His first newspaper work was done when a mere boy, as a musical critic, being himself a born musician, on The States, a Washington paper.



HENRY WATTERSON.

Just as he reached manhood the war broke out, and he plunged into the conflict on the Confederate side, serving in various capacities as a staff officer, a deficiency in sight preventing him from military command. His work for a year, in 1862-63 in the publication of The Chattanooga Rebel aided largely in endearing him to the people he defended, and permitted him afterwards to give these same people many a scoring without the loyalty of his purpose being questioned. The publication of this paper was certainly a trying undertaking; his endeavor was to issue his paper as near the front as possible. The latter being subject to frequent change, kept Watterson and his printing office on the jump. At the close of the war he returned to Tennessee, and helped resurrect The Nashville Republican and Banner, which became prosperous. In 1868 he went to Louisville, Ky., and became a protégé of the celebrated George D. Prentice, of The Louisville Journal. He proposed the scheme of uniting The Courier and Journal, and succeeded in bringing it about that year. The death of Mr. Prentice in 1870 left him full swing, and from here dates his career. Mr. Watterson threw himself into the violent partisan controversies of these troublous times as an advocate of a spirit of forgiveness and forgetfulness on the part of the south. In this he proved a leader and the annihilator of Ku-Kluxism, contending, in and out of season, for the education and elevation of the black population. In 1872 he was one of the four newspaper editors called the Quadrilateral, who were the backbone of the Liberal movement, which culminated in the nomination of Horace Greeley. In 1876 he presided at the Democratic national convention, being then the most ardent champion of Mr. Tilden's candidacy, which was accomplished. In 1876 Mr. Watterson was elected to congress, but declined a re-election. As one of the most vigorous of writers and thinkers and speakers, many of Mr. Watterson's epigrams will go down into history. "No point of order is in order when a woman has the floor" established a precedent for all future conventions. The "Star-eyed Goddess of Reform" and the 100,000 Kentuckians which he proposed to march on Washington are his creations.

**NOTES FROM LONDON.**

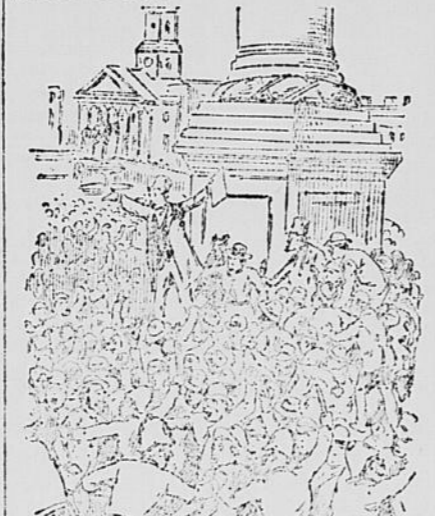
The Riot—Choking Off An Orator with a Red Flag.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Feb. 8.—You will get some idea of how large London is by remembering that the population of this one city is only about 100,000 less than that of the whole state of New York, New York city included. London has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Four-fifths of those are wage workers. The problem of bread to eat for them becomes more and more serious every year. It is a question that, "like a hungry lion creeping ever high and higher," must be faced before many years. When the time comes the hundreds of thousands of derelicts in the United Kingdom must be made to yield bread for the people instead of game for gentlemen, or there will be revolution.

The mob which has scared London out of its seven senses to-day started in a meeting of unemployed workmen to state their grievances.

Ose Berns was the speaker. Those dirty workmen assembled in Trafalgar square, the most fashionable and finely adorned part of London.



AT THE FOOT OF THE NELSON MONUMENT.

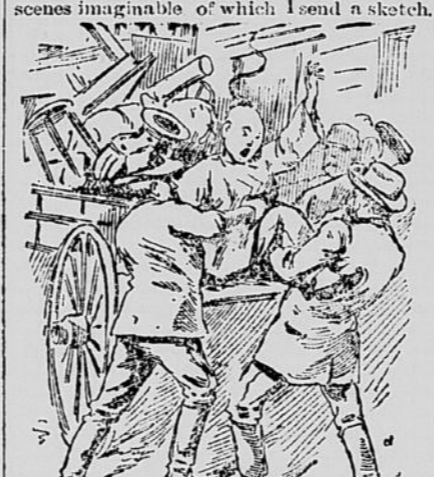
That of itself was enough to set the blood of the British aristocracy boiling. But when one of the common herd ascended the steps of the Nelson monument, which is in the very heart of the Mall and is a highly ornate square, that was adding fuel to the fire. The four crawling brasses which were on the monument were the only ones that were not broken.

also waved a red flag. Red flags are carried in processions in America, and nobody minds them much. But while Mr. Berns was reading his resolutions and holding his red flag, the police made a dive for him. There is every probability that if the constables had let the orator finish his speech, there would have been no trouble. But they laid hands on him and choked him off. Then began the trouble that you have read of in your dispatches. There are 12,000 policemen in London, but all their efforts could not dispel that rabble. It was composed of workmen and socialists at first, 10,000 strong. Afterward the tuns from the slums joined in and swelled the number to 50,000. Oxford street, along which they marched, smashing windows and pilaging, is the fashionable retail shopping street of London. It was fortunate they did not attack the National Gallery on the square. Had the mob chosen, blood would have been spilt in abundance, for they had it all their own way. The worst damage to person was received by a dainty sprig of the nobility, Lord Cremorne. He had some of his pretty clothes pulled off and a valuable scarf pin stolen. JOHN STETSON.

The Anti-Chinese Troubles at Seattle.

[Special Correspondence.]

SEATTLE, W. T., Feb. 13.—The long pent-up feeling which our otherwise peaceable people have felt toward the Chinese has at last broken out, and to understand the causes, which are many, at the bottom of this trouble one has but to look at our geographical location. We are but ninety miles from British possessions, where Chinamen are freely admitted. Victoria, on Vancouver island, is their principal port of entry to this continent, from there across to the San Juan islands, possession of the United States, is but a sail of five miles, and this is said to be the principal "strange ground" route by which so many strange Chinamen have found their way into our community. Now at the bottom of the whole trouble here, as all along the coast, is the fact that the Mongolian can live luxuriously on that which a Caucasian would starve. This of course renders the latter envious and anxious to find some grievance by which he can "bring the law" on the Chinamen. This is a most difficult thing to do, for no matter how great a law breaker a Celestial may be, it is like trying the Egyptian sphynx every time one of them is brought into court. The way in which they can pile up testimony as to their innocence would prove that they as a race were too immaculate for this earth, or at least this corner of it. They have a society among them called the "Cheo Kung," or Highbinders. This society can give points to any secret society on earth. Thus far it has defied the best of detective efforts to reveal its methods, and it seems to be able to keep its members without the pale of American law. This has driven many of our poor citizens to form an anti-Chinese organization, which has just revealed its purpose and strength. At a meeting of this society, held last Saturday, a committee was appointed with the ostensible purpose of visiting the Chinese quarters to ascertain if the city's sanitary regulations were observed. Early Sunday morning they began work. The committee would go to a Chinaman's door, present a few questions, as if taking a census of its inhabitants, a crowd would gather, and then commenced one of the most curious scenes imaginable of which I send a sketch.



THE ANTE-CHAMBER—COMMITTEE AT WORK.

Quietly and with military precision the crowd went to work and laid the Chinamen, effects and all, on wagons which seemed to come in from all parts of town. Then they were driven down to the wharf with the intention of slipping them aboard the steamer. Here the crowd met with the first resistance, everything up to this time having been clear sailing for them. The officers and crew of the steamer put on a warlike appearance and refused to take the Chinamen on board unless their passage was paid. A collection was immediately taken up in the crowd, which resulted in money enough to pay the passage of 100 of the Chinamen, or one quarter the number huddled together on the dock. While all this was going on the authorities were trying in every way to put a stop to the proceedings. Warrants and writs were issued by the sheriff, judges and mayor, and finally the governor issued a proclamation. The militia were called out and United States troops will be sent for. Where the whole affair will end time only can tell, but it seems to-night as if it had gone past the bounds of riot and become a revolution which may spread down the whole coast. HAMILTON E. HARVEY.

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