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.

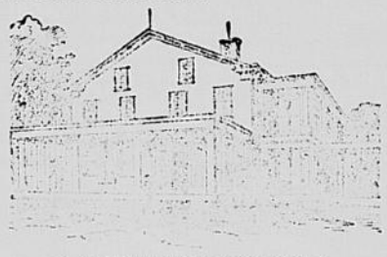
HORATIO SEYMOUR.

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 1850, and again in 1863. He died Feb. 12, 1886.

Mr. Seymour married, early in life, Miss Mary Bleecker, 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 play things of us.

ROSCOE CONKLING'S RESIDENCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour came into the city of Utica to spend the winter. Mrs. Roscoe Conkling was Mr. Seymour's sister. They lived in her house, and it was here the ex-governor died. Mrs. Seymour was very ill, and she it was who was expected not long to survive. The ex-governor's death was not looked for. The shock of his death will 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 conceded." 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 while a mere boy, as a musical critic, being himself a born musician, on The States, a Washington paper. 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 protege 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 "Sixty-seved Goddess of Reform" and the 100,000 Kentucky farmers which he proposed to march on Washington are his creations.

HENRY WATTERSON.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

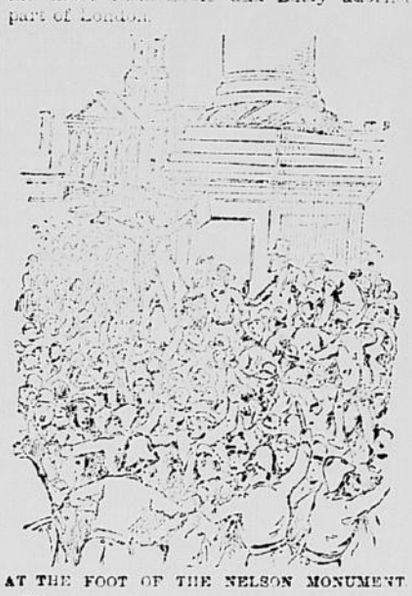
The Riot—Throwing Off An Orator with a Red Flag.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Feb. 14.—You will get some idea of how large London is by remembering that there is no [illegible] city about little [illegible] that of the whole state of New York, or Massachusetts. London has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants, four million more than twice Boston. The population increases at the rate of 100,000 every year. It is a question [illegible] "the larger London grows the more country" [illegible] every year. [illegible] the United Kingdom [illegible] to yield bread for [illegible] people, or [illegible] the revolution.

The most [illegible] London out of its seven [illegible] parts in a meeting of unemployed workmen to state their grievances.

One [illegible] was the spokesman. These dirty workingmen [illegible] 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 this fashionable and highly ornate square, that was adding insult to injury. The four crouching bronze lions that adorn the corners of the pedestal of the Nelson column didn't seem to mind it much, but the live British lion couldn't stand it. Burns, the big mouthed orator, began reading a set of resolutions denouncing the government as the author of the workingmen's misery, and demanding that parliament give them employment. The orator also waved a red flag. Red flags are carried in processions in America, and nobody minds them much. But while Mr. Burns 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 workingmen and socialists at first, 10,000 strong. Afterward the bums from the slums joined in and swelled the number to 50,000. Oxford street, along which they marched, smashing windows and pillaging, 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, possessions of the United States, is but a sail of five miles, and this is said to be the principal "underground" 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 Chinaman. 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 "Chee 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.

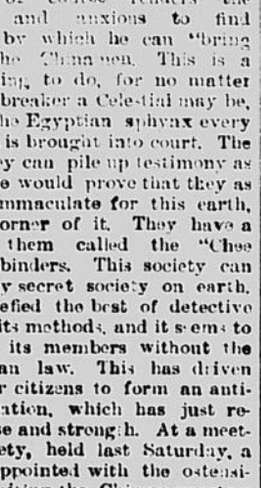
THE ANTI-CHAMBER—COMMITTEE AT WORK.

Quietly and with military precision the crowd went to work and to fit the Chinamen, effects and all, on [illegible] which seemed to come in from all parts of town. Then they were driven down to the wharf with the intention of shipping them aboard the steamer. Here the crowd met with the first resistance, everything up to this time having been carried along 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 aboard, [illegible] on the deck. 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 tonight as if it had gone past the bounds of riot and become a revolution which may spread down the whole coast.

HAMILTON E. HARVEY.

The New American Cardinal.

The second citizen of the United States who has been raised to the ecclesiastical dignity of a membership in the college of cardinals is Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore. The college of cardinals corresponds to our electoral college, as its chief purpose is to elect the pope or president of its church. The cardinals, who number about sixty, are chosen by the living pope in order that they may elect his successor. Archbishop Gibbons is 52 years of age and a native of Baltimore. He began life as a clerk in New Orleans. His vocation appearing to be toward the ministry he began a long series of studies and was ordained a priest. He was connected for many years with several Baltimore churches; took an important part in the deliberations of the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, and presided at the following councils held in 1879 and 1885 in the same city. He was sent to labor in North Carolina in 1868 and was soon afterward consecrated bishop. In 1872 he was transferred to the see of Richmond, Va. In 1877 he was consecrated coadjutor archbishop to Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, and upon the death of the latter succeeded him. His has been a democratic promotion by unquestionable merit, and by hard work he has stepped slowly from the plane of a humble priest to the next to the highest honor in his church. Among Baltimore citizens of every creed he is distinguished for his humility, piety and broad Christian views.



ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS.

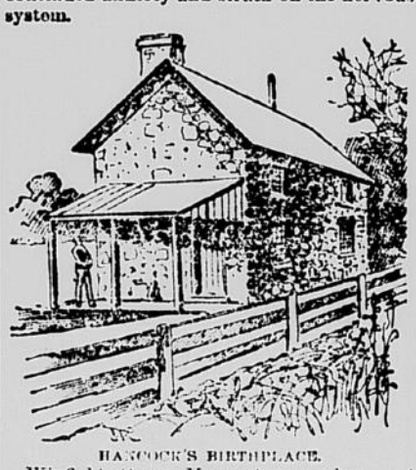
A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.

House Where He Was Born—The White Horseman of Gettysburg—The Fighting General—His Last Headquarters—Mrs. Hancock.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The early age at which so many of the generals on both sides in the late war have died is an impressive fact. Within six months of one another Grant, McClellan and Hancock have all departed from among the living. Grant was 63. McClellan was the youngest of all, being not yet 59 years old. Hancock would have been 62 if he had lived till Valentine's day. All three were men of deep chest and strong physique. In the ordinary course men of their build, having reached 55, should have continued to live till they were 70 or more. Yet they are gone. It shows how the fierce excitements and wasting anxieties of the war years told on them and undermined constitutions that, in Gen. Hancock's case at least seemed of iron. He was six feet two inches in height, and weighed at the time he was candidate for president, in 1880 240 pounds. When a boy he was a large, strong-framed, good-tempered lad. He kept all three characteristics as long as he lived. Two, at least, of the three generals mentioned—Grant and Hancock—died of diseases that are apt to be engendered by long-continued anxiety and strain on the nervous system.



HANCOCK'S BIRTHPLACE.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born at Montgomery Square Pa., in 1824, in the simple but picturesque house that appears in the illustration. He had a twin brother, Hilary. Soldier of his country though he was, Pennsylvania was always dearer to him than any other state of the Union. When the war of the rebellion broke out he—then Capt. Hancock—was stationed at Los Angeles, Cal. He immediately applied for a command in the Pennsylvania volunteers. It is in Pennsylvania so that his remains rest, after his funeral in New York was ended.

Some years ago the general and his twin brother, Hilary, built a costly burial vault at Norristown.

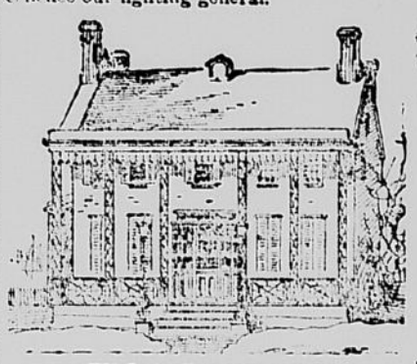
Most of the Hancock family are buried there. The general's body was buried beside that of his mother. The Hancocks do not seem to be a long-lived race. The general himself is no living children. His beautiful daughter Ada, who died nine years ago, is buried at Norristown. The grave of his only son, Russell, who died two years ago, aged 35, is at St. Louis. There are living three grandchildren, two daughters and one son, of Russell Hancock. The son Gwynne, the general's favorite grandchild, was with him when he died. The "Alne" and "Myra," whose names were the last words the dying man pronounced, were his niece, wife of Lieut. Eugene Griffin, and his wife, Almira Russell Hancock.

THE GETTYSBURG RIDE.

Gen. Hancock at Gettysburg is one of the historic figures of the late war, except at the storming of Petersburg in the last days of the war. The Gettysburg fight was probably the hottest fight of the rebellion. When shall we have a great American battle painter? When we do, Gen. Hancock will adorn his creations prominently. Since Washington, there has not been so superb and picturesque a figure in our military history. When American battle scenes are painted, too, Hancock's famous ride at Gettysburg will be one of them. The story is a marvellous one. That battle was the turning point of victory against the southern Confederacy. Those were bloody days, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863. The second day the fighting was terrible. "Streams of shot and shell hissed everywhere," says a writer. The oldest soldier had never seen anything like that cannonading. Thousands were stricken down, the shrieks of animals and screams of wounded men were appalling. Still the awful rushing sound of flying missiles went on, and apparently never would cease. The Union officers began to feel uneasy about the result.

Suddenly a band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner." At that moment Gen. Hancock and his staff appeared on the right of the line, uncovered their heads and deliberately rode down the front of the line to the left through the thickest of the battle. But that was not all. As they reached the left of the line Longstreet's Confederate infantry, 18,000 strong, were seen advancing up Cemetery hill. The Union soldiers lay flat, hugging the ground. Gen. Hancock saw the advancing enemy. Then turning his horse he rode slowly and coolly back up the front of the line from left to right. Every soldier's heart stopped beating, for

He was a great field soldier, literally the hero of almost a hundred battles. Late in the last day at Gettysburg, after having led his men to victory, he himself was dangerously wounded. It was months before he recovered sufficiently to take the field again. He had been badly wounded once before, at Fredericksburg, in 1862. His horse was shot under him at Chancellorsville, and again at Ream's station in 1864. He was par excellence our fighting general.



HIS LAST HEADQUARTERS.

The element of the picturesque has always entered into his life. His very surroundings partook of it. Since 1872 he has commanded the military division of the Atlantic, with his headquarters at Governor's Island. There is scarcely a lovelier spot on the coast than this. Just far enough from shore to be out of hearing of the roar and rush of the city, Governor's Island nestles like a gem in the heart of New York bay. It is a favorite resort for visitors. The whole island is used by the government for military purposes. Gen. Hancock improved and beautified the green island till it looked like the lawn of a wealthy private residence. The low wooden building in which the general lived, and where he died, is shown in the illustration. It was furnished in the simplest way.

This perfect mannered man was courteous to every human creature. He was said to be the handsomest man in America, but he never seemed to know it. Rather strangely, he was finer looking at 55 than he had been at 35.

MRS. HANCOCK.

His wife, too, was a beautiful woman, and is to this day, grandmother though she is. When the couple were married in 1850 they were feted for being the handsomest bride and groom. Mrs. Hancock was Almira Russell, daughter of Samuel Russell, a St. Louis merchant. She, too, has that warm-hearted, open-handed way which makes the stranger feel at once the friend and acquaintance.

A newspaper paragraph of nine days before the death of Gen. and Mrs. Hancock some time ago at their home on Governor's island, has also shown of both it seemed a fitting, the night in which, even at a remote distance, no matter how distinguished, should always appear.

It was some sort of a ceremonial day, and the general was in uniform and was busy [illegible] days.

"I'm sorry I'm in my fuss and feathers," he said to the newspaper man, "for I should have time to show you some things which might interest you."

Gentle Mrs. Hancock took him into the house and showed him the portrait of her lost daughter, sweet Ada Russell Hancock, who died just as she stood on the fair threshold of womanhood. Near the portrait hung a beautiful piece of tapestry, the handiwork of Ada. She excelled in needlework especially.

THE END OF ALL.

The same democratic simplicity and lack of ostentation characterized the funeral, at old Trinity church, Feb. 13. He died on the 9th. No tickets of admission were required to the church. The military ceremonial of the funeral was very simple. A few of his personal friends among officers and generals, a band, and an escort of artillery gave a military air to the sad rite. At his grave the major general's salute of thirteen guns and three salvos of artillery was fired. He was buried in a steel casket, covered with cloth, on the lid of which rested, while in church, the general's sword and hat.

Gen. Hancock's twin brother lives in Minneapolis. Another brother, John, is living. A. J. BOTHWELL.

affectations are the outcome of his originality, and if he comes to America people will make much of him, especially as he returns to his native country with the English trademark on him.