# POLITICAL.

## BALLOTS FOR STUFFING.

### How the Political Wirepullers Spent the Sabbath.

### Fitting Things in the Senatorial Districts and Smoothing the Way to the Assembly.

### Adroit Manipulations of Metropolitan Jeremy Diddlers—Fun in the Fourth Senatorial and Mystery in the Fifth—Tall Talk, Soft Promises and Interesting Conversations.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN THE STATE.

The ways of metropolitan politicians are past finding out even by a Committee of Seventy; but it were a difficult matter to prevent a corps of HERALD reporters, on business bent, from discovering the way in which party political machinery works and runs. Impressed with a due sense of the importance of the impending election, and desirous of enlightening its readers as to the *modus operandi* of ward, assembly and senatorial rulers, just before election, a bevy of inquisitive busy bees swarmed out of the marble building at the corner of Broadway and Ann street yesterday, and, winging their way through the different districts of the city, buzzed about and gathered the honey of knowledge from every gaping politician. They were quite successful. The articles that follow may be considered a proper guide for the voters of the city; and the statements they contain, though often couched in ambiguous language, for very obvious reasons, will be accepted as the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The reporters were instructed to note the preparations being made for the great political contest in each senatorial district; the ways, the wherefores and the what nots, and to describe the scenes in the various club rooms in the city. How faithfully they discharged their arduous duties let their articles subjoined declare.

#### Fourth Senatorial District,

being that which is more directly under the dominion of the "Boss," and embracing the lower portion of the city in regard to location, although not necessarily in regard to the character of its inhabitants, comes first on the list. This district embraces the wealthiest business interests of the city, and, in fact, of the entire country. Here are located the centres of commerce and finance, the great headquarters of the mercantile world on this Continent and the home of the real, material strength of the nation. It is indeed the most valuable district in the State, and yet for years past it has not been justly or fitly represented in any of the councils of the State. There have been representatives from this district smart enough in their own way, but wholly incompetent to comprehend or appreciate the really immense interests which they were called upon to represent, or defend, or forward, as the case may be. This district embraces the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Sixth Assembly districts, and having, therefore, within its limits

THE BATTLE GROUND

of the Dowling and Brennan factions, has all the elements of a severe political contest. In the First ward, where the Assembly district contest is very bitter, the crowds assembled yesterday at various places. At the headquarters of the Nicholas Muller Club a very earnest crowd had assembled, and were busily engaged folding and bundling the tickets of their devoted chief. At the Washington Hotel, corner of Dorburn and Baxter streets, where Muller resides, there was some of the bundling done, and between these two places the crowds, or leaders of the crowds, of Muller's followers vacillated for tickets and instructions. The veritable and tremulous Nick himself was on hand working like a beaver and looking as if he had not seen or enjoyed a bed for a week. Jimmy Hasson, Denis Keenan and a few others of more or less note were seated around the table working quietly and devotedly to

HAVE THINGS READY

by this evening. The district is a large and "scary" one, and there was work enough to be done to get the tickets bunched in time for the distribution. At the house of ex-Alderman Moore the tickets were being bunched for the First ward reformers, and while joke and gibe and jest passed around the work went quietly on. The only thing spoken of was

HOW BADLY THEY WOULD BEAT MULLER

for the Assembly. The crowd present embraced many of the young fellows who had made their residence in the ward for years, and they were very loud in their denunciations of the Tammany candidate.

"I know," said one young gentleman, "when Muller passed a stone on a countryman for a gold watch and stood with tears in his eyes while he was doing it."

"How is that?" said another.

Why, everybody down town knows how it is. He used to do it. Why, bless my soul, don't everybody know he was a bounty broker and a ticket man and a belt man and everything of that sort?"

"Well, I know, but I don't think you have any right to touch a man's private character in a matter of this sort now."

"Oh, now," said the first, "what are you chinning about? You fold the tickets, and bunch 'em straight up, if you know what you're doing. Do you suppose, now, just, for instance, that my dad will vote for Muller? I tell you I don't know much about Jimmy Healy. I don't suppose he is very heavy on the education, but I think he's square. And here is my father. He's lived in this district now going on thirty years, and I'm sure he won't vote for Muller, and he don't know Healy, and I am

NOT 'GIVING ANYTHING AWAY;'

but he is only an index to show how a good many quiet, old residents will go, and I tell you Muller can't win."

IN THE SECOND WARD

the chief part of the reformers' work was done at Ed. Cahill's, in Park row. Here were Ed. Cahill, John Galvin—one of the old sports—Blackey, Monaghan and a few others, very industriously working preparing the bundles and wondering where O'Donovan Rossa was to get his pull from, as nobody had seen any tickets from him or his friends. The Tammany folks did their work at Furlong's. Furlong is chairman of the Tammany General Committee, and he, with a few of his friends, were busy as beavers preparing the bundles, answering questions and making all other arrangements for the campaign. They were so busy and withal so quiet that they spoke not a word about the general result of their work.

IN THE THIRD WARD

the reformers met at the house of Jerry Rogers, on Greenwich street. Here was Henry Opp, chief of the reformers in this section, with Jerry Rogers, Jim Simone, Mike McOsnn and a few others, who joked and folded and bunched their tickets with many a good natured gibe and jest at the expense of Muller and O'Donovan Rossa. At the house of Andy Purtell the Tammany folks assembled and did their work quietly and lugubriously. They said but little and drank a little now and then to keep their spirits up.

WHERE WERE O'DONOVAN

and his cohorts. Nobody seemed to know. They must have been at work somewhere, but it was difficult to tell where. He and two or three friends were seen by the HERALD Commissioner driving along Hudson street early in the afternoon and looking quite good natured. Whatever they were bent on it seemed safe to presume that they were

"WORKING THE BARROOM ROUTE,"

endeavoring perhaps to counsel the breakers of the Excise law on the necessity of reform. But where were his tickets? There were plenty of the tickets of Anthony Miller, the original reform democracy candidate, to be seen, but none of O'Donovan Rossa's. In the Fourth ward, at Alderman Coman's house in Oliver street, the next Assemblyman, Dunphy, with his chief abettors, Coman, Kane, Fullerton and one or two others, were busy far into the night. They did not make a scene of it further than sitting, as in other places, around a big table and working steadily along. In

THE FIFTH WARD

the busiest place was the headquarters of the Terence Duffy Club. Here were a number of young fellows quietly at work copying the names of voters from the registry books on to envelopes. At the head of a long table sat John L. Whitton, who is getting to be "as broad as he is long" near him Assistant Alderman Duffy and Billy Moloney, who enjoy themselves "gibing" Whitton, while the rest of the crowd, some ten or fifteen in number, do nothing but write, write, write. At the rooms of the Constellation Club, the Healyites were engaged giving out the tickets. Here were Florence Leary, the counsellor, and a few others, who would not commit themselves in their speech, but who thought aloud that Healy would win. At Jim Fitzgerald's, on Washington street, near Hubert, a large amount of the general ticket of the reform democracy was being folded and bunched. Fitz himself, with his elegant mustache, was on hand "smiling like a basket of chips" and evidently feeling quite safe as to the results of the coming election.

THE SIXTH WARD.

At the headquarters of the Dowling Association, the honorable John Stacom, bosom friend of Rosenzweig and Scotchy in captivity, and prime planter and cultivator of castor oil plants, with a bevy of friends, was "busy as a nailer." Oh, how they did fold their tickets! and see that every one contained the names of Shandley and Ledwith. Occasionally a messenger was despatched to George Middleton's on some mysterious errand, and he invariably returned with something to "cheer up" with.

IN THE SEVENTH WARD.

The only places where any signs of political life were visible were the headquarters of the Blair Association, the house of the Tweed Club, at 105 East Broadway; the Oriental Club House and Judge Shandley's residence, in Henry street. At the latter place a happy crowd was gathered, bunching and tying, and all present seemed exceedingly confident of the Judge's triumphal election. At the other places there was little going on that could be detected as immediately connected with the campaign, although the results were predicted to be in favor of the entire Tammany ticket for county, Senatorial and Assembly nominations. In

THE THIRTEENTH WARD,

at Matty Patten's, the Tammany folks were hard at work, and also at the Thirteenth Ward Tammany Club, the Walton House, in Grand street, and one or two private houses, the bundling was being done. In the Fourteenth ward the work was done chiefly at the house of James Hayes, candidate of all parties for Assembly; at the house of Mr. James Monaghan, ex-President of the Board of Assistant Aldermen, and one or two other private houses. There were no scenes or incidents at any of these places worthy of mention, and, although the crackle of little white papers and the occasional snap of a rubber ring were heard, there was little said and less speculation indulged in as to the probable result of the canvass.

#### The Fifth Senatorial District.

The Hon. Mike Norton is a candidate for re-election in the Fifth Senatorial district. Mike knows the district thoroughly, and it may be said with equal propriety that the district knows Mike. The distinguished Senator's photograph on canvas, confronting wayfarers on Broadway and flapping at them in by streets, daily disturbs the populace. Many persons are now much disturbed in their minds and greatly afflicted on account of the canvass of the great Mike. They don't know whether they are to vote for a Tammany tool or for another Father of his Country. Political portrait painters are so exceedingly unreliable that tardy daubing means a slow return of desirable stamps. But not for Mike alone do the banners wave and target companies march, howl, shout and yell. The district is in arms and eager for the fray—not so very eager, however, as it was some years ago, for Sing Sing and Auburn is remembered by many a Tammany worker who has heard from his "friends" in those excellent institutions. The Assembly candidates who hold on to the skirt of the whilom reformer, Mike, are also eager to rush against the Seventy.

A HERALD writer, commissioned to describe the Fifth (Norton's) district yesterday, made due preparation, and at midday walked

DOWN MURDERERS' BLOCK

and entered upon his duties. It was no child's play. There were many very valuable citizens, agents of the overshadowing political organization, who, if they had divined his object, would have wished nothing better than an opportunity of using a slungshot, leaving the reporter's body to Kelso's police and the murder to Tammany. The following narrative affords sufficient proof that those public-spirited citizens did not distinguish themselves.

Reflecting as he went the writer stopped at Washington square and turned rapidly off towards Police Headquarters. Arrived at that building the great and perspiring Justice of the Tombs, bursting with far off recollections, and looking for all the world as if he never acted in other than "a ministerial capacity" strode out as the scribe walked in to the Palace of the Police.

"Things are going nicely," he said, with precisely the same look he wore when Bridget Casey came before him weeping, with a quilt for a stomacher, and was told that she burglariously entered Noah's Ark, stole a pair of doves and was sent up to Mount Ararat for six months, with a fine of $50.

"VERY QUIET, AIN'T IT?"

continued the man of prodigious memory as he squeezed out and disappeared.

There were, however, several citizens in and about headquarters who did not think matters were quite as pleasant as the oracle of Centre street represented.

"Say," said one of them, a red-faced fiery fellow, "this is a fight, it is. We are agoin' to be licked, I think. If we ain't licked, our victory won't be worth a damn, any way. The Legislature is sure to be republican, and thin what becomes of the whole combinasnna? I'd like to know that—damned if I wouldn't."

The gentleman was so exceeding vehement that the reporter moved off and left him to swear by himself in the very cool shade of the corridor. As he descended the steps and emerged into Mulberry street that gentlemanly and urbane detective, the distinguished superintendent of Police, trotted off in company with one who not only knows "how it is himself," but

KNOWS HOW IT IS WITH EVERYBODY

in the city who have more money than brains.

The reporter sped for the headquarters of the district when Mr. Kelso left. For a young man who is the proprietor of "a six shooter" and knows how to use it, whose army experience is such that he cannot consistently object to be fired at a few times, and is prepared to give as much as he gets, the Fifth Senatorial is quite a lively and pleasant locality at election time; but a timid man on election day has a poor chance.

The HERALD representative prepared himself at Herbert's, corner of Clinton place and Broadway, and dived into the district of the great Mike. He had not travelled far when he encountered a useful agent. A man was inspecting a "gutter-snipe." It ran thus:—

MIKE'S UNDERTAKER.
For Assembly.
JAMES WINTERBOTTOM.

"Damned funny fellows in this election," remarked the sage. "The regulars have got all the stamps, and the chaps who have not got the stamps have got all the wit. Damn me if I know whether to vote for stam s or not. Stamps made Tammany; wit has burst it!"

Leaving this man in the enjoyment of his reflections the HERALD reporter visited the Acorn Club, in Waverley place. Little Judge Deusenbury was absent, and consequently there was no fun. The writer accordingly proceeded. Trotting down to the corner of Barrow and Hudson streets he entered uninvited the Ninth ward General Committee rooms. There was nobody there; even the champagne glasses had nothing in them.

"Say, young fellow!" exclaimed a beetle-browed ruffian, as with a costly cigar in his wide mouth he walked the floor and expectorated in a free and independent manner, "say, you

GO AND SEE DUSE.

He knows what's what; he does.

The reporter went to see "Duse," but did not see him. "Duse" was blind to everything but the success of the Tammany ticket. But Duse or no Duse the HERALD detective reporter was determined to succeed, and accordingly he went to the Adriatic. The Adriatic, it must be said, is a liquor saloon at the corner of Hudson and Barrow streets. The "lights" of the Ninth Ward shine here. Many have gone out within the last few years, and the remainder are flickering. There were three men—or persons dressed as men—in the lower story. A shock-headed citizen, with a number of glasses before him, spread his ample hands on the counter, and with the assurance that self-possession gives, said as mildly as burmen usually speak, "Say, young fellow, what is it?"

The reporter gently insinuated his ardent desire for a soda cocktail, and in due time that exhilarating beverage was presented to him. But the barkeeper was disgusted. He said that he never knew a man in election time who knew anything who would

POISON HIMSELF WITH SODA WATER.

A proper apology was made. Wriggling out of this place the HERALD writer wended his way to Mercer street. Mercer street, be it known, witnessed the early triumphs the of honorable Mike, while adjacent Greene street looked on and grinned. It is said that Greene street sent Mike to represent the "people" in the Senate of the great State of New York. The reporter, dressed for the occasion, strolled down Mercer street and stopped at Canary's. The musical Canary is a friend of the honorable Senator, and his headquarters are in his house. *Veni, vidi, vici!* but the reporter didn't *vici* worth a cent. The avenues to the headquarters of the honorable gentleman were securely closed. The nearest liquor saloon was visited immediately. A curly-headed, much dressed and much oiled young man was leaning against the counter and blowing like a "right" whale on the political issue.

"We'll fix it this time I think," mildly remarked the reporter, as he vehemently demanded drinks, and nearly smothered himself in a huge glass of soda water.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE DUSE, I WOULD."

W—h—at! Douse? Know Dense, young fellow? Ye can't get in. I couldn't. Deuse knows what ees doin'.

"Fixed?"

"Think it was!" exclaimed the intelligent rounder. "Look here, of your a friend of Deuse, ye know how it is yerself.' They're a playing a fair game; they are; they have got all the trumps and don't care for the small cards. We'll euchre the republicans and spoil the game of the small fry. Tammany is sure in this deestrick I tell ye."

Here the Tammany politician disposed of a half pint drink of benzine, and looked compassionately at the reporter.

"Ye should have been up there," he said, "I hear it was fun. Billy Bergan, Mike Norton, Deuse, Drept Flanagan, Jimmy O'Neill, and all the fellows were there; an' Lord Almighty dhun't they deal out the tickets, and didn't the boys take 'em. Don't get frightened young fellow, we've got a heap of reckless cusses in every deestrick; they'll heel or fight as they're wanted, you bet. Committee of Seventy! Political Reform! YOUNG FELLOW, THAT'S TOO THIN!

We'll run this deestric, an' our representatives will have it their own way. Bet ye a hat."

"But the reform party will have something to say on election day. Confound 'em! they'll be slobbering about rights an' purity of the ballot box an'"—

"Not worth a cent, young fellow. They put up their tickets in bundles and sing a psalm between every count. Look here! How in hell do they know how to reel for a party? The first thing they know they'll know nothin.'" And this intelligent political brigand uttered a familiar oath indicative of great political disgust.

#### Sixth Senatorial District.

The Sabbath day was exceedingly well observed yesterday, politically and spiritually, by the wire-pulling politicians of all parties in the Sixth Senatorial district. There is a good deal of piety and a great many churches in the district for the public exhibition of the unadulterated article, but the politicians had too much profane work to do during the day to attend any one of the numerous houses of worship. With them, as doubtless was the case with the politicians of almost every other district in the city, the busy hum of preparation for the strife on election day had a more alluring effect than the chimes of the church bells or the peals of the organ. And when one looks at it in a purely human point of view, aside from all moral considerations, it is not to be wondered at that men who must work on Sunday to get their bread and butter on Monday should have no hesitation about disregarding the advice of the good religious reformers who like to see one day in the week kept holy.

It should be understood that the Sixth Senatorial district is made up in large part of Germans, who—if all that the German orators of day the say be true—are the bone and sinew in the city of the reform movement. It takes in the entire Seventeenth ward, the Eleventh and part of the Tenth ward.

THE GERMAN VOTERS

are as thick as bees in a well regulated hive in the Seventeenth and the Eleventh, and the cry of reform has made quite a stir in the district; in fact, it is said that it has taken a greater hold upon the German portion of it than upon any other class of voters in the city, the out-and-out American class excepted.

The rank and file of the various parties yesterday, judging from a tour made through the district, gave but little thought to the great contest of Tuesday next. Everything was quiet, The lager beer saloons were, of course, as usual, well patronized; politics were discussed over the well-filled glasses with just as much zest as they have been ever since the reform movement was started, and the good people who go to church regularly in the morning and in the afternoon, too, were as punctual as ever in their attendance, as though there never had been an election in the city, and they cared very little whether or not there ever would be. With them, to all appearances, the election was as far distant as the millennium. It was not so, however, with

THE WARD POLITICIANS,

many of whom not only do their share of the voting (and it may be more than their share when they get a chance), but whose position in the district and whose daily bread depends upon just who the man is who gets elected for this, that or the other office. They were up with the sun in the morning and hard at work all day and way into the small hours of the night. The work was the arranging of the ballots, which voters on election day find so handy at every step on their way to the polls, or the "bunching" of them, as the "boys" call it in their own expressive language. Nor was the work confined to any one particular party. The reformers were as indefatigable as the men whom they hope to send

"UP IN A BALLOON"

next Tuesday, and the republicans were as diligent as the reformers. In fact, the latter and the republicans seemed to make common cause of it all over the district and fraternized together and "bunched" their tickets in many places together as though the title republican was a synonyme for reformer, no matter how an out-and-out Tammanyite chose to look at it. As a matter of course the various candidates were on hand with the army of bunchers, purposely to see that everything went smoothly, or, rather, in a good many cases, to see to it that by one of those little accidents which will often occur in the best of well regulated political families their names were not left off the ticket to make way for that of somebody else who had got up early in the morning and

FIXED THINGS

in some out of the way "headquarters." The folding of the ballots for the entire seventeenth ward was done by Tammany democrats at the rooms of the Tammany Association, in St. Mark's place, where also the ballots for three districts of the Tenth and Eleventh wards were arranged. The two parlors on the first floor and the large room in the rear of the saloon on the ground floor were occupied exclusively by the folders. There were three centre tables in the parlors and a long deal table in the other room, and thirty-eight folders all told. During the afternoon the greater portion of the ballots for inspectors of election were made up, and in the early evening work was begun on the State ticket. The Assembly tickets for John Tyler Kelly and Christopher Flecke were also taken hold of at these rooms, as well as a few hundred for some of the election districts in the Tenth and Eleventh wards, which are comprised in the Senatorial district. Woltman's tickets were likewise a part of the folders' work at these rooms. Kelly and Woltman were on hand during the entire day, and did their best to make the folders feel as good-natured as possible by a liberal supply of the

"WHEREWITHAL"

to make the busy fellows forget that they were probably working harder than they ever worked in their lives before, at least for themselves. The Tammany politicians of the district, who are all expected to toil like day laborers for the success of the straight Tammany ticket when the fight is opened to-morrow, made the association rooms their rendezvous during the day, and all sorts of consultations were held in the rear rooms between them and the candidates.

The full five tickets that will be voted on Tuesday were printed by the district committees on Saturday, and so it was only a question of time last evening when the whole lot would be ready for distribution to the men designated to be in charge of the various booths. Great care was taken to make the tickets as simple as possible; that is, to print the names of the distinct candidates as plain as clear type could get them. It was discovered during the day that a spurious democratic Senatorial ticket in German text, with Weissman's name on it, was to be circulated on election day among some of the democratic boxes, and so it was decided to have this ticket in large, clear, full face type, thus to

AVOID ANY MISTAKE

on the part of the voter, who, in the hurry of voting, might be deceived by the name of Weissman, the reform candidate, if in German text, being on the ballot, instead of Woltman. The latter had no idea of having his tickets printed, or rather his name printed in German text, but some wag or other got the oppositionists to believe that he would, and thus made them spend a few dollars more than was necessary in getting up a ticket of their own in the text order that would look what they were led to believe the other would be. The Tammany State ticket made up and sent to the various districts by the General Committee, and which also contains the names of the party's nominees for Judges, Register and Aldermen, is printed in small capitals, the Aldermen's names being arranged together in two rows, headed by that of Lawrence J. Jerome. The name of Samuel Koch is the only one that makes the ticket differ from the old ticket voted at the last election, he taking Woltman's place. Ledwith's name has been faithfully put on it for Justice of the Supreme Court.

NICE LITTLE DODGES.

Every effort was made during the day to get a specimen of all the tickets printed by all the parties running candidates in the district, and among the reform and republican it was found that there were many State tickets which were headed with the regular democratic nominees, and Sigel's name substituted for that of Shandley. Others had the name of Barrett for Justice of the Supreme Court instead of Ledwith, all the rest of the ticket being regular democratic. Yet another was found with all the names of the democratic nominees, with the exception of that of O'Neil, the republican nominee, Kirkpatrick's being substituted. A Senatorial ticket was also discovered that was made up by one of the opposition factions, and which they intend to circulate on election day, with the name Henry W. Oliman instead of Henry Woltman. Several tickets, said to have been gotten up by republicans, have Judge Alker's name on the general republican reform ticket, instead of that of Spaulding, for Justice of the Marine Court. This would seem to indicate that Spaulding is to be overslaughed by some of his alleged friends. The ticket for inspectors of election for the Seventeenth ward contains fifty-four names, and a great many tickets are said to have been made out by the reformers and the republicans, they mixing up the candidates of Tammany with those of the other parties so extensively that a voter who can swear after voting for inspector that he voted straight Tammany will be

A VERY SMART MAN

indeed. The Tammany tickets for that portion of the Eleventh ward lying in the district were folded by the Tammany democrats in Seventh street, near avenue C, William Cook, the candidate for Assembly, supervising the operations of the folders. The republicans and reformers in those portions of the Tenth, Eleventh and Seventeenth wards in the district folded their ballots at Patterson Hall and corner of Bowery and Fifth street. A large number of reformers and republicans did the work for their side of the house. Each headquarters presented a lively scene within, and, judging from appearances, each party and faction is determined to have several hundred tickets for each box more than is necessary on election day, so that voters who want to vote right will have

NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT

on the score of having no ballots to use.

The Tammany men in the district contend that they will make a complete sweep in the Seventeenth ward with their candidates, and, in fact, carry the entire district by a handsome majority. The friends of Weissman, the reform and republican candidate for Senator, on the other hand, express themselves confident of being able to elect him beyond a doubt, they having canvassed the German vote thoroughly. Such is the situation in the Sixth district. What will it be on Tuesday night?

#### The Seventh Senatorial District.

The old saying says, "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown." It must be pleasant, indeed, for some of the city and county officeholders to pocket the enormous piles of stamps belonging to their positions; but all is not gold that glitters, and politicians, all things considered, have a hard road to travel. One does not easily see this in all the blaze of ward glory, but when you take a peep behind the scenes and see for yourself how the machine is run, then you behold a spectacle very

STRANGE TO UNSOPHISTICATED EYES;

and though it is one full of bewildering excitement, yet it is a panorama of such passing occurrences as most citizens would not care to be mixed up in. There is no time of the year when this extraordinary outgrowth of American institutions can be seen to such great advantage as on the eve of election day, and certainly no election has ever come so crammed with interesting peculiarities as that which takes place to-morrow. It seemed to be a fitting dispensation of Providence that the day of rest should this year almost immediately precede election day, for, did not the sinners need prayers, the virtuous continued supplications and all the soothing, softening influences of the Sabbath bells? But what do politicians care about morning or evening bells on Sunday, especially the Sunday before election day? So far from being in any way affected by the religious atmosphere of the day, so far from being stimulated in any way to "reform," in the way of preparations for a good day's repeating, the truth is they seized the blessed day itself as a fortuitous political windfall, and worked accordingly. There was not a beehive ever known in which

THE HONEY MAKER

ever worked so busily, so steadily and with such a will as did every follower of the four great candidates of this year's campaign at their several trysting places yesterday. Everybody knows by this time that the great fight of the campaign is being fought by Jemmy O'Brien vs. Bradley, and by Ledwith vs. Barrett. You may be sure these four gentlemen were yesterday and are just now in a pretty hot state. But their friends were yesterday so cool, so pleasant, so unctuous—so full of politics, honesty, virtue and friendship for reform—that any one not knowing all about it would necessarily believe that at last the day of triumph had come; that democracy had asserted herself, and taxpayers for evermore were to be hunky-dory. There was a good deal of talk going on about the Ledwith-Barrett fight, and bets, even though it was Sunday, were freely given and taken. Right or wrong, Ledwith was the favorite, and some money changed hands, or will change, on the result of this battle, owing to Sunday's engagements. Barrett's friends accuse the enemy of having gone over to Tammany. Ledwith's friends say why should not their favorite be endorsed by Tammany, when Tammany knew, for its own sake, that

LEDWITH WOULD ANYHOW BE ELECTED.

Had he not beaten Tammany before? It was true that Ledwith had been and was a reformer, but was he not unimpeachable, free from every stain of corruption, a leader of the pure and the undefiled. And, then, who was Mr. Barrett? A gentleman, indeed, of the legal profession, and an ex-judge; but how came he into the ranks of the reformers? Now, whether it is true or not, ex-Judge Barrett was said to have become a reformer just when the reform party wanted a lawyer and Judge Barrett wanted the handsome little sum of $10,000, which, as the story goes, he got from his clients of the reformation. But what is very strange in this Ledwith-Barrett fight is that it has given rise to the strangest complications of parties. Everybody knows that Jimmy O'Brien hates

HIS QUONDAM FRIEND, TOM LEDWITH,

and that Tom hates Jimmy just as cordially. Now, Ledwith's friends go heart and soul—at least a big bulk of them—for Jimmy O'Brien, and a big bulk of Jimmy O'Brien's friends are strong in favor of Ledwith, and mean to beat Barrett anyhow. This is the funniest and most inexplicable thing in the whole muddle of the campaign. O'Brien does not like it; Ledwith would much rather it could be helped; but it can't, and, therefore, must be endured. There is, it is said, a secret influence at work somewhere to bring this state of affairs about; but the boys have their own way this time, and will do as they like. Next to this conglomeration comes Christopher Pullman's intermeddling position in the Seventh Senatorial district, and in this connection his climax was reached last evening by the Committee of Seventy issuing

A CARD DENOUNCING PULLMAN,

and including on the black list the names of some seven or eight candidates for Assembly. O'Brien has the greatest contempt for Pullman, and doesn't care either for him or his friends. Evidently poor Pullman won't pull many men to the polls this time, and he is fortunate if he has his accounts square so far. His headquarters yesterday in Lexington avenue, near Jimmy O'Brien's, were deserted and desolate, and not even a hanger-on showed his face in the vicinity. Not so, however, at the Jackson Club rooms, where Jimmy O'Brien reigned supreme, moving around, and was

THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF A HUNDRED HENCHMEN,

all of whom seemed to delight in buttonholing the chief. On the piazza of the club house and in the immediate neighborhood hundreds of men were gathered, all very serious and very much excited. Inside, in all the rooms, were crowds of men folding the tickets, making them up into bundles and stowing them away into bags. The ticket folders worked silently, minding the duty they had on hand, while Jimmy, in the centre of the room, listened to the names of the "box-men" being called over, and from time to time issued his instructions. As each man was called for he answered spiritedly, giving a hopeful ring to his affirmative response. The scene here was most exciting, and probably Jimmy himself was the only man who was really cool, though it must be said he looked much more cool than he felt. The excitement was contagious, and the sturdy followers of the ex-Sheriff bustled in and out, up and down, here, there and everywhere; some hurrying for instructions, others returning with messages; some giving information of the movements of the enemy, others seeking for a moment's private talk with the leader, but all most decidedly working the route for Jimmy O'Brien. The preparations began here on Saturday evening and continued all night; relief came on Sunday morning for the night toilers and a new relay of hands was put on, and during all day yesterday and during last night the work went on unremittingly, and will be continued to-day and far into the "wee sma' hours" of to-morrow morning. Politics as worked yesterday in the Jackson Club House is or perhaps *are* no easy trade, and the youth ambitious for public honors might take worse advice from his parents than to

ESCHEW THE TORCH AND THE BANNER

and turn to some honest calling. A HERALD reporter elbowed his way up the stairs of the club house and into the room on the first floor, where he beheld the smoothly shaven face of the Grand Repeater of the State, and with some trouble approached the ex-Sheriff and said:—

REPORTER—Sheriff, you are very busy, I see. From all you know of the canvass so far tell me in a few words how do you think it will be on Tuesday at sundown?

Ex-Sheriff O'BRIEN—I am, as you see, very busy, but I keep my head cool, nevertheless. In answer to your question I would say that I shall get as many of a majority on Tuesday next as Bradley will get votes altogether. I am not, sir, by any means exaggerating. I know of what I am talking, and I think I know the Seventh Senatorial district pretty well. Men will vote in this district on Tuesday next who never voted before—old citizens and respectable men—and there is not a man of them but will vote for me. I never had a friend in this district who ever voted for me before—at least very few—who will not vote for me now. No one will vote for Bradley who would not vote for the Ring, and as far as Pullmanh is concerned, he is merely a tool put in by Tammany to cheat me; and, anyhow, he amounts to nothing. So, all things considered, I feel perfectly certain of being elected. If the other side thinks to overawe me or my friends at the polls they will be terribly mistaken. I am bound to get fair play at the polls under any circumstances, and I will have it.

The reporter retired, admiring the "pluck, push and piety" of the great ex-Sheriff, and moved on the enemy's works at the corner of Thirty-first street and Fourth avenue, otherwise known as the headquarters of Alderman Croker. This seemed to be the workshop of John J. Bradley, and a busier spot could not well be hit upon. The two pleasant rooms of the club were found to be devoted to a number of tables, some improvised after the most primitive fashion, and abandoned to

PAGS AND HEAPS OF TICKETS

bearing all the Tammany nominations, especially that of John J. Bradley for Senator. Seated around the benches and tables were in either room some twenty or twenty-five of the boys, and it is not exaggeration to say that a more mirthful, devil-may-care, up-to-anything sort of crowd could scarcely be got together even in Gotham. Whoever that wit called Mr. Riley is he deserves to be handed down to the supporters of future candidates for the State Senate as a ticket-folder of immense acquirements, and as a man in whose soul there is a flood of local anecdote, not to mention his great capacity as a retainer. A jollier crowd than that here assembled could not well be summoned on any emergency, and it is not much to be wondered at that one of them announced his regret that it was not election time from year's end to year's end. The HERALD reporter had been here but some ten or twelve minutes when one gentleman suddenly struck the table, and with a loud voice cried out

"TIME, BOYS, TIME!"

whereupon all hands suddenly stopped, folded their arms and urged a rapid motion on the part of some one down stairs. The bell was pulled again and in a twinkling up came decanters, glasses, cigars, &c., which were at once put to their respective proper uses, and when all was over "Time" was again called and every man went immediately to his tickets. This was not an unpleasant recreation for a Sunday afternoon in the minds of some; but religious people, of course, will be horrified at hearing of it, and the more so still when it is added that "Time" is called every thirty minutes. Here, too, the ticket folders worked all Saturday night, yesterday and last night, and will work to-day, and, if needs be, to-night also. There seemed to be more excitement at the Jackson and Croker club houses than in any other part of the Seventh Senatorial district. During the afternoon the Bradley headquarters, Eighteenth street and Third avenue, was surrounded by crowds of young men of the district, but as no tickets were being prepared there during the day, the hangers-on disappeared toward evening and did not again return, so that

AS DARKNESS WAS SETTING IN

no unusual signs of display of any kind were visible. An odd caller dropped in at Apollo Hall, the democratic reform headquarters, during the day, but dullness reigned supreme at this place also. The republican headquarters, Twenty-second street and Broadway, was all day and evening black, lonely and lifeless. The building was closed, and not "a member of the party" was visible to speak to a fellow man. Tammany, poor old Tammany, had "its hospitable door hung open wide in Fourteenth street; no blaze of light told of the spirits that might move within; no leading, proud and diamonded satellites of the great old saint moved around the entrance ways. It was as "a banquet hall deserted." During the afternoon the tickets had been carted away from the building to their destinations.

#### The Eighth Senatorial District.

The politicians of the Eighth Senatorial district, judging from their movements yesterday, felt that the success of their standard bearers was of more moment than the preservation of the Sabbath as a day of rest. To them it was a day of working, talking and thinking—thinking how best to circumvent their opponents and insure a glorious triumph on Tuesday next. The reformers had the fear of Genet instead of God before their eyes, while the adherents of Speaker Billy Hitchman seemed to fear nobody but Dowdney, who has buckled on the reform armor to do battle against the man of the silken side-whiskers and stentorian lungs.

A reporter circulated freely yesterday among the rival factions in Genet's district, and found everywhere his friends and the republicans active, if not hopeful, and the reformers listless, disheartened and apparently indifferent to the result. At the headquarters near Fifty-fourth street, in Third avenue, the reformers were nearly all absent. But two gentlemen were found, and they seemed careless whether—to use a questionable term—"school kept or not." They were making no disposition of ballots, but talked pretty freely of Tieman's chances agains. Genet being good in the lower end of the Nineteenth ward. In this (Twentieth) district the opponents of Hitchman are Dowdney and S. A. Moulton, the latter one of

THE SEVENTY SEARCHING STATISTICIANS

who have just finished exposing the frauds. Moulton is looked upon as a firebrand in the anti-Tammany parties, and an effort was yesterday being made to get him to withdraw. The reformers, in the event of such action, hope to send Speaker Billy on a long journey up Salt River to-morrow. At another headquarters of the reformers at

SHEVOORT HALL

there was not the slightest sign of political animation apparent. The club room was, however, open; but instead of its walls echoing back boisterous political banter it was the theatre of devout prayer and praise to God, under the direction of

AN EARNEST LABORER IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

About the other headquarters of the reformers, republicans and Tammanyites in the lower end of the district the same inactivity was observable. But not so further up. Third and Second avenues, from Fortieth street to Harlem, during the entire afternoon were covered with groups of excited gin-mill politicians, who gathered under the shadow of lager and fiery distillations to canvass the situation. While their opinions were as diversified as the colors of a rainbow, with a few exceptions they parted friends.

AT THE JEFFERSON CLUB,

situated in Ninetieth street, there was a large gathering of politicians of the upper Senatorial district, all of whom were of one way of thinking—personal adherents of Genet. From the looks of quiet confidence that rested upon their faces, as they smoked their Havanas and leisurely sipped the fluids so lavishly distributed in this elegant and fashionable uptown club, it was very evident that none doubted the success of their favorite on Tuesday next. Nevertheless, there was considerable stir about the rooms as messengers came for consultation with Judge McQuade, John M. Hall, candidate for Assembly against Wm. A. Whitbeck; J. W. Coleman, the well-known civil engineer; Patrick Kehoe and others, and left with messages for bodies in distant parts of the district. Scores came to consult with Prince Harry, but after waiting hours left disappointed, as it was rumored he was delayed down town in a final caucus of the party.

AT WASHINGTON HALL, AT HARLEM,

the headquarters of the Haws republicans, about twenty men were as busy as bees folding tickets and distributing them to their friends from the various wards. Mr. Haws, who says he entered the contest conscientiously, with a view to defeat Tammany, and withdrew finally at the solicitation of friends, who hoped by uniting the republicans and reformers on Tieman to rout Tammany's nominee, was there, on the upper floor, with James E. Watson, Peter O. Bench, William J. Mollan, James McKenna and others, hard at work and enthusiastic in their endeavors for Tieman.

AT M'QUADE'S OFFICE,

in the Harlem Court House, were congregated the Tammany lights of the district folding tickets and preparing for Prince Harry's race on Tuesday. Genet's friends are greatly perplexed over the candidates for Assistant Aldermen, who are as numerous as sandflies on the Florida coast in many of the wards, and great difficulty has been experienced in harmonizing them. However they hope to do so in such a manner that no votes will be lost to their ticket.

They claim that now that Haw is out of the fight fully half of the republicans, who have not forgotten Tieman's alleged treachery to the republicans in 1856, will vote for Genet, and that the late Senator will also divide the reform vote. Genet's friends have been engaged for three days in folding ballots, and they have not yet concluded the task. As far as public sentiment could be gauged by the conversation of politicians the election of Tom Fields is certain, as nobody believes the opposition are really in earnest in nominating Seymour or expect to elect him.

ON THE WEST SIDE

of the district all parties displayed a lukewarmness in the canvass not at all creditable to them. This is especially so with the reformers and republicans, whose organization is very incomplete. The republicans, it is reported, are divided very much by an internal scramble for office among themselves, and a prominent republican leader, who is working earnestly for Tieman, informed the reporter that his choice had no hope of success against Genet.

## THE MILITARY.

### A Hint to the Men Who Would Prompt a Riot To-Morrow.

As will be seen by the following order from headquarters, the Seventh, Twelfth, Twenty-second and Seventy-first regiments are ordered to be "at their armories at six A. M. on Tuesday, with the new repeating rifles, equipped for active service, and with forty rounds of ammunition" for each man. This looks like business, and, it is to be hoped, will be a sufficient guarantee to the well-intentioned citizens that they will be protected at the polls, and on the other hand, convince the communists and lovers of disorder that any outrages committed by them will be fully and summarily avenged:—

GENERAL SHALER'S ORDER.
HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, N. G. S. N. Y.,
NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1871.

In pursuance of a demand this day received from the police authorities of this city, the