

A POLITICAL CEMETERY.

HOW THE CABINET BLENDERS A PUBLIC MAN'S CAREER.

The Old Stepping-stone to the Presidency. Turned to a mere Road to Oblivion—Example of Its Building Officers.

WASHINGTON, November 2.—From the time of John Adams until the administration of Andrew Jackson, the Cabinet was the stepping-stone to the Presidency. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams had been Secretaries of State. Van Buren, though he had the portfolio of the State department during Jackson's first term, stepped from the Vice-President's chair in the Senate chamber to the head of the table in the White House. With a single exception of Buchanan, no man since Van Buren's time has been elected to the Presidency who had previously served in a Cabinet, though General Grant had been in charge of the War Department temporarily during Johnson's administration. A number of very able men who had served as Cabinet officers were nominated for the Presidency. Clay, Crawford, Webster, Cass and Blaine were of this number, and were all defeated. Indeed, for very many years it has seemed as much of a habit in the way to the White House to have been a Cabinet member as to have been a Senator. No man has ever been chosen President from among the Senators, and since Lincoln's time no one has either been nominated or elected who had at any previous time in his career served in the Senate. More and more the tendency seems to be toward getting as near the people as possible in choosing candidates for the executive office. The history of the career of Cabinet officers serves not only to indicate to us almost fatal to any higher aspiration, but, most remarkably, has culminated the political careers of nearly all those who have acted as advisers for the President. If the record of those who have been Cabinet officers shows anything, it indicates that a seat in the Cabinet is the climax of the public life of those who hold it. Not always, but in nearly all cases, this can be shown to be true.

The historian, George Bancroft, is the only living representative of an administration prior to 1850. Bancroft was an original member of President Polk's Cabinet, taking the office nearly forty years ago. It was the climax of Bancroft's political career, although he afterwards represented the Government at one of the European Courts, an honor which he was induced to accept, mainly for the opportunity it afforded for historical research. With an exception of one or two of the members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, who espoused the Confederate side, there are none alive, and of Mr. Lincoln's original Cabinet only one is left with us. This is General Cameron, who, though in his 88th year, retains his keenness of intellect and his accurate power of judging men and events. General Cameron served in the Senate, for two terms after he retired from Lincoln's Cabinet, but had been a Senator fourteen years before he entered. He had been a possible candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

Who can tell to-day who composed Andy Johnson's Cabinet? Events, to be sure, held the office of Attorney-General for a short time, and Everts has since served as Secretary of State under Hayes, and doubtless regards a continuation of events as possible in the future which will permit him to deliver an inaugural on the east steps of the Capitol two and half years hence. But where are the others? McCullough has been temporary Secretary of the Treasury, but only to fill an emergency that occurred during Arthur's administration.

Of General Grant's first Cabinet, Washburn, who has since dreamed of being President, cultivates a life of elegant leisure in Illinois. Hamilton Fish is living in retirement in New York. George Boutwell is practicing petty law before the Court of Claims and in the Treasury Department, over which he used to preside. Ebenezer B. Hoar is practicing law in Boston. His career in the Cabinet was such that the Senate would not confirm his nomination for Chief Justice of the Supreme Bench. Scorer Robinson is a political bankrupt, and a petty lawyer in Camden. Columbus Delano is a farmer in Ohio, Bristow a lawyer in New York, and the only one of them all who has now a place of consequence and honor is Don Cameron, now a United States Senator, who for a few months was General Grant's Secretary of War. Delknap was dismissed in disgrace.

What shall be said of Hayes's bogus Cabinet? With the exception of Everts and Sherman, every one of them has lapsed into obscurity. Even Carl Shurz's whereabouts are unknown. McCree is a justice in one of the Western United States districts. Devens is a State judge in Massachusetts. Key is a United States judge in one of the Southern districts. Schurz flizzed as a newspaper editor, flatted as a mugwump and lecturer, and is believed to be earning a humble living in some railway company's employ. Thompson is believed to be earning a living as counsel for Lesseppe; little God, who succeeded Thompson, is a member of the lower house, and a very inconspicuous one.

Of Garfield's Cabinet, Mr. Blaine, of course, has a possible future; but poor old Kirkwood is forgotten, except by his neighboring farmers in Iowa, and they are going to send him back to Congress. Wayne McVeagh is practicing law in Philadelphia; General Jackson is a lawyer in New York; Lincoln is a lawyer in Chicago, and Windom is trying to make a future in New York. He suffered absolute political bankruptcy on account of his short career in the Cabinet. Hunt is dead.

General Arthur's Cabinet has only one representative now in public life. Teller was fortunate enough to step from the Interior Department into the Senate, but with all the supposed influence of the Navy Department Secretary Chandler three times failed to secure election as United States Senator.

STOKERS BY STEAMSHIPS.

Some Features of the Lives of Men Who Work Hard to Good Purpose.

"How long do stokers live?" asked a Tribune reporter of an engineer of one of the swiftest ocean racers that ply between this country and England.

"As long as anybody," was the unexpected reply.

"How do they like their work?" "If they don't like their work, they get out; there are plenty willing to take their places," was the answer. But it is hard to persuade the average landsman that the stoker's life is not shortened by constant exposure to the extremes of temperature. Trans-Atlantic passengers who have braved the intense heat of the furnaces and visited the fire room wonder how men can endure such a life even for a voyage.

The stokers work four hours at a stretch, hemmed in between two long lines of furnaces that keep the temperature ordinarily at 120 degrees, sometimes soaring as high as 160. The space between the furnaces is so narrow that when the men throw in coal they must take care when they swing back their shovels, lest they should hurt their arms on the furnaces behind them. The only means of ventilation is one large air pipe that reaches down into the center of the stokers' quarters, and on a big stanchion the men have to take the air in batches. On a great ocean steamer or like the Umbria, the men come on in gangs of eighteen stokers and twelve coal passers, and the "watch" lasts four hours. The Umbria has 72 furnaces, which require nearly 350 tons of coal a day, at a cost of almost \$20,000 per voyage. One hundred and four men are employed to man the furnaces, and they have enough to do. They include the chief engineer, his three assistants, and ninety stokers and coal passers.

The stoker comes to work wearing only a thin undershirt, light trousers and wooden shoes. On the Umbria each stoker tends four furnaces. His first task is to open the furnaces, tosses in the coal, and then cleans the fire; that is, puts the coal apart with a heavy iron bar, in order that the fire may burn freely. He rushes from one furnace to another, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each. Then he dashes to the air pipe, takes his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to his furnace, which comes speedily. When the "watch" is over, the men shuffle off, dripping with sweat from head to foot, through long, cold galleries to the forecastle, where they turn in for eight hours. Four hours of scorching and eight hours' sleep make up the routine of a stoker's life on a voyage.

The reporter ran across a group of stokers in West Street and had a chat with one of them. "I went to sea as a coal passer when I was fourteen years old," he said. "Then I got to be a stoker, and I am now twenty-eight." The speaker was about six feet in height, and weighed 180 pounds or more. His face was ruddy with health, and his eyes beamed with good nature. His robust appearance was in strong contrast to that of some of his mates who had just landed from a voyage, a pale, streaked out, listless-looking set of men.

"How do we stand the work?" Well enough if we get plenty to eat. But the work is terribly hard, all the same. It comes hardest, of course, on those who don't follow it regularly. They are the fellows who get played out so badly. I heard once of a young English doctor who came over here on a visit. He got out of money, and was that proud that he wouldn't send home for some. So he worked his way back as a stoker, and got a sickness that he could never get rid of. But if we get plenty to eat, and take care of ourselves, we are all right. Here's a mate of mine nearly seventy years old, who has been a stoker all his life, and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold."

"Why do you appear more healthy than the other men here?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have been on land now about two weeks, and these men just came off the ship. You see, when we finish our watch at the furnaces, we are just covered with sweat, dirt and oil, and we have to wash the stuff off with warm water. Washing so much with warm water gives us people think we are being killed with consumption. But after we have been on land three or four days that look disappears, and the men look natural again. We get more ventilation than the old timers used to get, but we don't have any too much. I tell you, when I used to go down into the tropics I wanted to keep under the air pipe all I could. Now I go to England and back, and have four furnaces to tend. Four hours is just about as much as we can stand before the fires. It uses some of the men up so badly that when the watch is over they can just crawl to the forecastle, and throw themselves on their backs without washing a bit. But others of us don't mind it so much. We heat our water, take a wash, and then have a pipe or two before turning in."

"What do we eat and drink?"

"We have hash, all the oatmeal we want, coffee and other good things."

"How about the grog?"

"Well, the fact is that the grog was knocked off about eight years ago on the English and American lines. The truth is the men got drunk too much, and grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd work just like a lion while the effects lasted. I'd throw in coal like a giant and not mind the heat a bit; but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could upset me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires, and the heat would sober him off in half an hour or give him a stroke of apoplexy. The French lines still give their men grog. I have seen big tanks on their ships filled with brandy, rum and wine, all for the stokers. The French are great fellows for that. Their men look strong, but I think it must hurt them. We get grog occasionally now when we are having a race, and then we 'play it.' I remember one race we had about a year ago with a Dominion mail steamer. She got ahead, and our captain was mighty anxious to beat her. So he sent down grog to us, and told us to fire up like mad. Well, we did until we learned that we were ahead. Then we took a rest. Down comes the captain with another lot of grog. Fire her up, boys, yells he, and we did fire her up like lions, until we were ahead

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Where People Go to Bed in Broad Daylight—A Cold Fourth of July.

"I've been across the ocean more times than I care to tell, and I know London almost as well as I do Philadelphia, but I have never been in Northern Europe before this summer," said ex-Attorney General Brewster to a Philadelphia Times reporter. "I left here on the 12th of June and arrived in London on the 21st. I went up to Hull on the 23rd, and on the 24th I joined the ship Angelo, and after a very smooth and pleasant passage arrived at Christian sand, in Norway, on the following Sunday. It's a very interesting old place. I went to church there. It's a clean, nice style of Norwegian town. The people are very quiet, nicely behaved, plain and simple. Monday was passed in Christiania, a town of considerable importance. I stayed there one day and went by rail up to Thronjelm, the old capital of Norway, which at one time was the largest and wealthiest town in Norway. It had at one time many monasteries and churches. I was there three days.

In Thronjelm is the cathedral in all Norway. It was founded in 1016 by St. Olaf, and on the ground where he was buried the present building was erected in 1151 and completed in 1240, and was enlarged in 1390. The cathedral is a very interesting work of gothic architecture. It was damaged three or four centuries ago by fire, and in rebuilding it large walls were erected, which changed the architectural appearance of the structure. It is now being restored with very much pains and care. There was an annual fair being held in Thronjelm while I was there, and it was filled with specimens of farmers and working people. It was held in an open street.

It was quite crowded, and everything was orderly and quiet, and all of the people appeared to be comfortable, well dressed, sturdy, vigorous and simple in their ways, and a very honest and friendly intercourse. All the time I was in Norway I saw no dirty poverty, no beggars, no tramps or idle, worthless people. The farms all appeared to be thoroughly taken care of. Everything around the house was kept in good order. Farms were in perfect condition. The houses were clean and comfortable, and small and unpretending. All the women were plain looking but very vigorous, and they are very clean and mild in their ways. They look as if they were exposed to hard work, and they have a healthy, comfortable, satisfied look. They look like people who have no wealth and they appeared to be all on a social level. There seemed to be no distinction between them, but they wear an air of independence. I saw no drunken people there and heard no noisy people. It is a very peaceful place. Thronjelm is a very old wooden house, good broad streets, well paved, and has plenty of good shops.

The sun reaches its uppermost point on the 21st of June. I got in Thronjelm at 7 o'clock in the morning on the 29th of June. There was no night. It was broad daylight at midnight. There was scarcely any darkness. The sun shone night and day. The people went to bed regularly at an early hour, with the sun shining, and closed their shutters and pulled down their curtains and slept, and the town was as quiet as if the night were totally dark. After leaving Thronjelm I took a ship named after some ancient Norwegian king, and the company with fifty or sixty other tourists, all people of respectability and intelligence, and men from different nations. There were twenty-two Americans, the rest were natives of France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and England. We went up the coast to Tromso and then to Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. I saw the high mountains and the whole coast all the way up to the North Cape, the extreme northern point of Europe.

I arrived there on the 4th of July. It was a cold, wet day. The climate is harsh, cold and wet, rainy and damp. When it's not raining there is a heavy mist. The North Cape is on a point of land at least 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. When I was at the North Cape the sun was obscured with clouds. At 12 o'clock at night the sun was visible for a time. In winter it is dark there nearly all day, as well as all night. I returned by the same route, but through different waterways. The whole of the coast was protected by land, therefore the sea was mild. We were surrounded by immense mountains, covered with snow. On my return to Thronjelm I went across Norway through a country which was filled with lakes, high mountains and green valleys, cascades and falls, and faras well cared for. It all had a soft yet bleak appearance. People were making the most out of what they had, but their life was evidently a hard one. The railway stations are supplied with eating houses that are clean and with abundance of good and wholesome food and fruit and wines at reasonable prices. The traveler is treated liberally. The women attend these eating houses generally. They are all quiet women, pleasant and prompt."

FATHER, YOU MUST DIE.

The Fell Demolition of a Son upon His Father—The End of the Pariahs.

Frank H. Walworth has just died at Saratoga, aged thirty-one. The young man descended from a distinguished ancestry, and might have been very prominent in his own day. His mother was a wonderfully beautiful woman at the time of her marriage, but her husband was a man of dissolute habits, and was very cruel. The coming of the baby "Frank" did not work a reformation in the father. At last a divorce was granted Mrs. Walworth, and she moved from Saratoga to Kentucky.

In the course of time the divorced husband, who was no other than Mansfield Tracy Walworth, began to make fame and fortune as a writer.

In 1873 Mrs. Walworth moved back to Saratoga and established a gallery. Then her ex-husband began to pesther her with notes, making improper proposals. He went further, caused the poor woman great annoyance, talked against the legitimacy of Frank's birth, and threatened to kill both mother and son.

Frank was then nearing manhood. He had looked upon his father as only the tormenter of his mother, and when by accident he discovered the real burden which was being heaped upon his mother he grew desperate.

He went to New York, where his father lived, sent him a note to call at the Sturtevant house and then waited in his room. That was in June, 1873.

Just before dark his father's card was sent up. "Show the gentleman up," said the son.

The boy returned with the answer, and Mr. Walworth walked quickly up to his son's room, humming a tune as he did so. When he was admitted to the room, the young man placed his back against the door, drawing his pistol, presented it at his father's breast.

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?" the father cried. "Do you mean to murder me? Think of what you are doing!"

The son shuddered. "I know you are my father," he said; "but now you must die."

"Die!" shrieked the father. "Have you called me here to murder me—your own father?"

"Yes. May God have mercy on your soul, father, but I have none. You have threatened and insulted my mother. The father sank on his knees and appealed for mercy and promised to leave them alone and never interfere with his wife again.

"You have lied before and you would lie again—I cannot believe you," was the son's cold answer. "Father you must die. Say your last prayer."

An instant later there was a flash, another, and the father staggered back as if struck by lightning. "My son!" he breathed, gave a gasp, and as three more shots finished the work, the pallor of death overspread his features. He had died at the hands of him to whom he had given life.

The young man gave himself up, and was convicted of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in Sing Sing, but in 1877 was pardoned out. About two years ago he married Miss Corinne Bramlett, daughter of the late Governor Bramlett, of Kentucky, who, with one child survives him. He was a grandson of the late Chancellor Reuben H. Walworth, his maternal grandfather having been Colonel John J. Hardin, of Illinois, who was killed at Buena Vista.

WANTED BY HIMSELF.

The Wonderful Popularity of White-Hot Joe Brown Down in Georgia.

Senator Joe Brown is as strong in Georgia as ever and I notice a Sunday school story going around the press in which one of the pupils, on being asked who made the world, replied "God."

"And who made God?" was the next question.

"Joe Brown," was the reply, after a thought.

This same state of admiration prevailed in Georgia while Brown was Governor of the State. He had been Governor for several terms and it was the question in the minds of the people whether he would accept a renomination. He was especially anxious to know. If Brown desired to run they knew there was no hope for them, and if not, the man who got the knowledge of the fact first might gain in the start and win the race. But Brown is a very ticklish man to handle. His fur is like that of a cat. It doesn't rub well the wrong way, and the candidates were afraid to ask him a question. One of them, however, concluded to try to worm out of Brown's wife, and as the story goes, called upon Mrs. Brown while the Governor was away. After hemming and hawing about for some time, he finally said:

"For Mrs. Brown, I understand that the Governor does not intend to run again, and that he is going to give the other boys a chance. Now, if he wants the office, of course we would not run against him, but if he don't, we think he ought to let us know."

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

South Carolina All Solid—Democratic Losses in Other States.

The election on the 2nd inst. resulted in a Democratic triumph in South Carolina. There was no opposition except in the counties of Berkeley and Chesterfield, where there was an Independent ticket, and in the Seventh Congressional District, where the contest was between Col. Wm. Elliott, the Democratic nominee, and Robert Smalls, the negro incumbent.

The Democratic ticket won in Berkeley, as also in Chesterfield. Latest returns assume the election of Col. Elliott over Bob Smalls.

OTHER STATES.

Great interest all along centered on the city of New York, where there were three candidates for mayor. Henry George, the well known writer on political economy, was nominated by the Irving Hall Democrats. The Tammany Democrats nominated Abram S. Hewitt, whose services in the campaign of 1876, and for some terms in Congress, have made him prominent in the party. The Republicans nominated Theo. Roosevelt, a wealthy young man who distinguished himself in his three years' service in the State Legislature by active efforts and great success in reforming long-standing abuses in the Government of New York City. Few persons seriously thought that Henry George would be elected, but that he might receive votes enough to make the contest close between other candidates. It was thought his votes would be drawn principally from the Democrats. Both Democrats and Republicans were confident of success. The probabilities, however, appeared to be in favor of Hewitt's election. Of the Mugwump papers, the Post has vigorously supported Roosevelt. Eighteen out of twenty-four aldermen elected are Democrats. The city complete, with the exception of one election district, shows the following vote: Roosevelt 60,392; Hewitt 90,296; George 67,620; Wardwell 571.

In other States the chief notable results are the changes in the Virginia delegation, which will stand six Republicans, three Democrats, and one Labor man. In the eighteenth district of Illinois Morrison is defeated by John Baker, Republican—owing, it is said, to Morrison's free-trade views. It was at first thought that Speaker Carlisle was defeated by George H. Thobee, a woodworker and Knight of Labor; but the last returns give Carlisle the victory by a few hundred majority.

Further reports are given in the dispatches published below.

WASHINGTON, November 4.—Edward McPherson, Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, makes the following compilation from returns received up to 9 o'clock this evening of the political complexion of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Returns so far as received indicate the election of 134 Republicans, 129 Democrats, five Labor and Independent, six doubtful and one vacancy; total, 325.

The "doubtful" are one in Illinois (Laudes), one in Kentucky (Carlisle), one in Ohio (Campbell), and three in Mississippi (Chas. Glover and Maunster). The Labor and Independents are one in Florida (Ben. Dole), one in Indiana (Munsh), one in Iowa (Anderson), one in Virginia (Hopkins), and one in Wisconsin (Smith). If the Democrats get four of the doubtful they will have 162, or a majority of the House.

Mr. McPherson says the attitude of the Democracy toward the administration is similar to that of the Republicans toward the administration of President Hayes, and that many dissatisfied Democrats voted the Labor ticket. Labor, he thinks, will be an organized faction in the political contests of the future, and the labor vote must be taken into serious consideration.

Phil. Thompson, Secretary of the Democratic Committee, says the Democrats will have a good working majority in the House.

NEW YORK, November 4.—Considerable uncertainty attends the election in the Third Congressional District. Deacon V. White, Republican, has been credited with the victory until now. Bill, Democrat, now leads White 19 votes, with two districts to hear from.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. CONCORD, N. H., November 4.—The election of McKemy, Democrat, to Congress in the First District over Hayes, Republican, is conceded by a plurality of about 150. This is a Democratic gain of one member, and equally divides the New Hampshire delegation.

ON THIS DATE. RALEIGH, November 4.—The Second Congressional District carried by the Republicans—Abbot (colored) being elected.

STANTON, Va., November 4.—The Republican majority continues to grow in the Tenth District. Yost, for Congress, now claims 2,000 majority.

The following is a summary of the latest returns. Labor Representatives being counted with the Republicans in Rhode Island there was no election in the Second District, the Prohibition candidate polling enough votes to prevent either Democratic or Republican candidates from obtaining a majority.

Table with columns: STATE, D. R., G. R. listing election results for various states including Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin.

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