

ANATION'S LAW MAKERS

Some Charges Which Have Taken Place Since Congress Adjourned March Last.

Old and Familiar Faces Have Disappeared and New Ones in Their Places.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Two Houses at Washington, With an Interesting Look Behind.

One week from to-morrow congress will begin grinding again. A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, referring to the charges which have taken place since last March, in a gossip letter says: On the senate side we shall chiefly miss Palmer, of Michigan, the most interesting farmer who ever came to congress. He is over in Madrid just now, representing this country as minister; but he is coming back by spring and will not be able to keep away from Washington. No one will fill his place here while he is away, although his successor in the senate has many of his attractive qualities. But Palmer, seasoned by long public experience and a thorough knowledge of books, countries and men, entertained publicly and privately at the senate, at the club and at home as few men have ever done here. He came here to enjoy himself as much as anything, and his way of doing it being to make everybody else enjoy himself, it is needless to say that he succeeded. But besides this he rendered faithful service in the senate, and at least one interest which he represented—that of woman's suffrage—will suffer by his absence. We have learned that we must expect millionaire senators from Michigan, so we are a little thankful when they are good-hearted, sensible and cultivated millionaires like "Long" Palmer.

Sabin, of Minnesota, who soared from a clerkship in the treasury to the cares and pleasures of a millionaire manufacturer, and then lost his fortune, is now trying to wind up a new one out of telephone, photography and banking concessions in Venezuela. His wife, whom he divorced because she was suffering mental alienation, is still in a retreat in New York. His partner, William Drew Washburn, who has gotten rich old John Bull to set him on his financial pins again, will sit in Mr. Sabin's seat in the senate. Washburn had more money to spend on the legislature at the time of the election than Sabin, so he is here and Sabin is there.

I need not tell you that American Eagle Pillsbury has been succeeded by Mr. Anthony Higgins, who, I see it announced, has built a house here and proposes to settle down in the midst of us for at least two terms more.

Jonathan Chase, the last Quaker in public life, has sold his dist of his old-fashioned coat-tails and given place to one of Rhode Island's numerous commonplace ex-governors named Dixon. Chase is one of the few senators who have succeeded in attaching their names to public measures. The Chase international copyright bill will become the Chase international copyright law before we see another summer. I trust, however, that Chase will not be so active in the senate as he was in the house. He is a kind, bright, quick-witted, good speaker, well read, but ruined by care and champagne. Wolcott, a smart young lawyer, who is said to get \$20,000 a year out of his practice, and whose sly eloquence people come miles to hear, but who looks like what Boren would call "a society duds," takes Boren's place.

Barbour, who has snuffed out both Kid, digger and Mahone, takes the vacant Virginia seat. The only other new senator is the clever but wicked William E. Chandler, who succeeds himself, leaving Dr. Flinger, original Harrison man, lying senseless outside the breakfasts of New Hampshire.

Over on the house side we shall mourn the loss of the witty Cox and the faithful, industrious "Dick" Townsend, of Illinois, and Gay, the rich Louisiana planter, and Laird, the dashing Nebraska frontiersman, to say nothing of others less well known who have departed last winter. But the number of prominent men who have retired temporarily or permanently from the house since last winter is so large that for convenience I have made an alphabetical list of them.

First of all comes Brewster, of Pennsylvania, whose eminence is due chiefly to his agility in demagoguery. He has been seeking office ever since the 4th of March, but so far with little success. He was offered one last winter by way of putting him off, but he had the spirit to decline it, and so he is still seeking. But as Pennsylvania has about gotten her share of important Washington offices, Brewster will have to run for congress again, to get a \$5,000 salary from the government.

General Lloyd Bryce, who comes next, is the son-in-law of ex-Mayor Cooper, and was known chiefly as a New York society man. He is the successor of Allen Thorne, of Thorneville, in the North American Review, he promises to become a good journalist if not a newspaper man.

Edward Barnett, of Massachusetts, son of Barnett's famous extracts and proprietor of the famous Deer-foot farin, was not the slight person that some people inferred from his Congressional Directory autobiographical statement that he married the only child of James Russell Lowell in 1872, which appeared to be his chief achievement. He is a successful practical farmer, and was a successful, practical legislator, serving with much youngling upon the committee on labor as well as upon the committee on agriculture.

"Lion" Campbell left congress quite frankly upon the ground that he was out of pocket, having a redoubtable many thousand to get in, and not having made "a red cent" since he came here. He will be greatly missed, for he was the cause of much fun in the senate. Senator William E. Kyart will be lost without him, for he furnished that racy recounter with half his winter stock of stories, and amused him, besides, every day. Cockran, Tennessee's chief speaker in the Chicago convention of 1884, found congress a disappointment. I may say that congress found him a disappointment when he wasn't in New York. Cockran just missed being a great orator; but as he is wearing the house, besides he was too conceited and cocky.

Now the trouble with Gen. Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts, was that he didn't speak enough. Somehow or other his oratorical powers, so evaporating and commanding on the stump, did not shine in congress. I cannot recall one notable speech he made in congress, and I do remember that he killed several of his speeches by reading them. Somehow we always expected more from Collins than we got. Not that we were wrong, but he was not good; but he is so clever and so charming that our expectations were high. When he has made his pile at the law he will come back to us, I trust, to the cabinet or perhaps to the senate, for Massachusetts seems to be rapidly growing democratic.

Long, of Massachusetts, who has come back to Boston to practice law instead of coming to the senate in place of Dawes, as a fighter, we have had been more of a fighter. Long's back is straight, Able, accomplished, attractive, an elegant speaker, a delightful talker, conscientious and industrious, he needed only the decision and audacity of bravery to be a model public man.

Leopold Morse, of Boston, came to this country poor, an Israelite, a German. He is now rich and the most American of Americans. Pushing and painstaking, genial and good hearted, if he had education equal to his intelligence he would have a great place in politics. But with all his disadvantages he got on in Washington, both in society and in congress, in a way which astonished the natives. We shall always be looking for his familiar figure in front of the speaker's desk—hands in pocket, cigar in mouth, head thrown back, smiling, chaffing, chumming with the best of them.

Ex-Senator Norwood, of Georgia, lawyer and litterateur, who made one notable speech (in reply to Henderson, of Iowa,) during his last service in the house, and whose one political novel has come to Washington from Savannah to live, and is quietly practicing law and literature.

William Walter Phelps, suave, smiling, superior, has gone to Berlin to spend the winter as minister to Germany. I think you will find him back home again next year with his friend, Whiteleaf Heid. Neither of them has any desire to stay abroad more than a twelve-month. The republican side, weak in speakers, can ill-afford to spare both Phelps and Long at once.

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Deacon S. V. White, of Brooklyn, was not a success as a congressman. He wisely saw very soon that the methods which had made him a successful stock broker and amateur astronomer would not make him a successful member of the house of representatives. He could not catch the eye of the speaker. He could not catch the ear of the house. And the disrespectful younger members would smile, if not laugh, at his funny little figure, his excited gestures, his strident voice. Besides, the speaker ordered his private "ricker" removed from the house lobby, and with that the deacon found his occupation gone.

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Governor-elect James E. Campbell will sit in the capitol at Columbus this winter instead of in the capitol at Washington—a strong, skillful, fearless fighter, handsome to look upon, quick at speaking, kind to his friends.

I see few notable names among the new members who are to take the vacant seats in the next house. Ex-speaker and Gen. Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, of Massachusetts, and ex-Representative Roswell Prentiss Flower, of New York, are the best known. Banks comes back an old man, white with hair, and with a dignified reminiscence, although he will probably make at least one tariff speech before the winter is out. President Harrison has asked of him the only bit of patronage he has, so that he is not likely to figure much in the front. But he will do, like Webster's "Venerable Man," for the orators of the republican side to point to.

I don't know what Flower wants in congress, unless he is once more a candidate for the presidency and wishes to announce himself. I fancy he will hardly renew his experiments in trying to do it. He is a sturdy, four-foot senator and the three hundred and thirty representatives during the season, even at \$2 a plate. But whatever he does he will be interesting.

Massachusetts sends us John F. Andrew, the son of the war governor, who with his father's patriotism gave up a seat in the state senate, which he held as a republican, to become on principle first a mugwump and then a democrat. Having led the democratic hope as the candidate for governor, he comes here now as the successor of Leopold Morse. Mr. Andrew married an heiress. They have taken ex-Senator Fendleton's house, which the Endicotts had in the last administration, and so it is certain, which none of the other Massachusetts people do except in a very limited way.

Ex-Representative Mark H. Dannel, Secretary of the Indiana chief opponent, comes back at the head of the Minnesota delegation to be a thorn in the side of the amiable secretary of the treasury, whom he snuff out of the senate.

St. George Tucker succeeds to the seat in the Virginia delegation long held by his father, John Randolph Tucker. The old gentleman (though that seems absurd) is as proud of this as he was of his own first election.

Besides Banks and Andrew we get from Massachusetts, as the successor of John D. Long, strangely enough, a caricature of a statesman who is likely to keep us laughing all winter long. His name is Elijah A. Morse. He is a successful manufacturer of stove polish, endowed with the rare faculty of money-making, and with little else and unimpaired by education. He is a serious soul, who announces the most absurd propositions in politics, and especially in political economy, with all the gravity of dogmatism. He wears big diamonds and big fur coats, and tells you just how many dollars he made out of stove polish last year. Needless to say that he is an egotist, and a conceited egotist at that. It suffices to say that he is puffed up against President Eliot, of Harvard, in the late campaign, and flattered himself that the honors of the contest were with him. Loquacious and argumentative, if he is not awed by the house of representatives, as even conceited men sometimes are, he will entertain us not a little before spring. But the contrast with Long may make it painful.

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