

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

## SENATE ISHMAELITES.

U. S. SENATE PRESS GALLERY.

WASHINGTON, December 15, 1893.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
And all the king's horses  
And all the king's men  
Can't set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Humpty Dumpty is senatorial courtesy. It has set on the wall of congressional legislation for years and bossed the Capitol. It has made new Senators tremble in their boots, and has not allowed them to speak until they have sat at least two years in the chamber. It has made them get down and lick the feet of the graybeards of our house of lords, and it has turned the United States Senate into a gentlemen's club. It was the silver debate that knocked Humpty Dumpty down, and the United States Senate of today is a new Senate, modeled upon new lines and filled with new, wide-awake men. That debate has set the blood to jumping in the sluggish veins of the old stagers and has made the babies of the Senate a set of iconoclastic Ishmaelites. The new Senate will call a spade a spade. The varnish and veneering which Edmunds, Conkling, Don Cameron, Arthur P. Gorman, Thomas A. Bayard and others put on to the etiquette of legislation has been torn off, and we are coming back to a healthy state of nature. The fights of this session are to be with naked fists. There will be more eye-gouging than kissing, and the young men from the west have already sharpened their teeth and oiled their tongues with vinegar for the fray.

I sit in the press gallery and look down upon them. There sits Carey of Wyoming, whom Senator Wolcott charged with wearing dirty linen, and concerning whom he quoted the Spanish proverb—

"It's a waste of lather to shave an ass."

Wolcott may find that Carey has the kicking powers of an ass before he gets through, for he is a fighter from the wilds of the Rockies. He stands over six feet in his stockings. His fist is like a piece of beef, and his broad shoulders are topped off with a half-bald head, which looks for all the world like that of James A. Garfield. His eyes are a sharp blue. His manner is positive, and his muscles and feelings have been toughened by his having been the chief cow-boy of the state of Wyoming for a decade and more. He is a man of brains and common sense. Wolcott overdrew it when he said that he did not wear clean linen, for he is in fact as well dressed as any business man in the Senate. He is an eastern man and his native state is Delaware. He is well educated and well read, and he was in Congress six years before he came to the Senate. He has a good memory, and he will never forget Wolcott, and I doubt whether Wolcott ever forgets him.

I would like to see the two Senators fight it out in the ring. Wolcott is shorter than Carey, but he has the frame of a prize fighter, and he could knock down

an ox with his fist. He weighs two hundred pounds, and as he walks about the Senate he seems to be carrying an invisible chip on his shoulder. He is an iconoclast as to the Senate, and he feels himself the equal of any man in the chamber. He is a good-looking man. His big round head is set well down upon a pair of broad shoulders. His strong jaw is well shaven. His mustache bristles with courage, and his blue eyes look fiercely out from under white brows. He has more nerve than any other man in the chamber, and he delights in high stakes, whether his game be politics or poker. You have heard how he lost \$18,000 at Phil Daley's club house at Long Branch about five years ago. He staked this amount on one turn at faro, and when he had lost it his face did not change, and he left the room as though he had been playing for coppers. Wolcott is known in the west as a plunger. He has never cared for money, and his genius is such that he has been able to make and spend fortunes. He is not a man of coarse instincts. The blue blood which flows in his veins has come down from the most famous families of our colonial history, and he is one of the best bred men in the United States Senate. One of his ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence and another succeeded Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury. Wolcott went to school at Yale. He has always been a great reader, and he has more rare books in his library than George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts. He is one of the best types of well-educated New Englanders who have gone out to the Rockies and fought their way up to fame and fortune.

The same may be said of Dubois, the Ishmaelite Senator from Idaho. He sits near Wolcott. He is a straight, tall, broad-shouldered giant, with hair as black as Wolcott's well-polished boots, and with eyes which fairly jump in their brightness and life. He has a straight, belligerent nose, and he keeps his mouth shut as he sits in his seat in the Senate. He is a graduate of Yale and his nerve is known from the fact that he was once United States marshal of Idaho, and had to keep all the roughest of the territory in check. He has no respect for traditions and he will probably be heard from before this session is over.

The queerest gamecock in the senatorial pit, however, is David B. Hill. He has hopped to the front during the first few weeks of his term, and he jumps up and crows fiercely at his own brother Democrats and at the fighting cocks on the other side of the chamber. He wears gaffs of steel and he cuts to kill. He bloodied the combs of those old roosters, Morgan and Gray, during the last silver fight and they now poke their heads under their wings when he opens his bill. Senator Hill is a typical fighter. His eyes are so deep set that his forehead cuts them in half as they peep out from under his brows. He is as ambitious as Lucifer, and, while he is not speaking he sits in his seat and plots, now and then gripping his chair with his hand as a bright thought strikes him, and now figuring away on long slips of paper. He reads the newspapers and

spends a great deal of time doing nothing.

Senator Hill has some ways which make me think of that other Ishmaelite who sits beside him as I write. I mean Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, whom Senator Proctor says he likes; but it is an acquired taste.

Chandler reminds you of a snappy Scotch terrier, while Hill has the aspect of a bull-dog. Chandler annoys you, but Hill bites to kill and hangs on to the death. Senator Chandler is the most nervous man in the Senate. He is as straight as a walking stick, and not much bigger. His head does not weigh more than Grover Cleveland's fist, and it is covered with peppery-gray hair, which covers the crown in the back and comes out into a full beard on the face. He has a dark complexion, nervous, snapping eyes, and vitriolic tongue. He does not weigh over 125 pounds, and had Senator Blackburn tried to break his neck instead of pulling his ear when he had that fuss with him not long ago, he could, I venture, have snapped it in two with a jerk. Senator Chandler has had a wide acquaintance with public men and measures, but he is no respecter of traditions nor of persons. He is not bad looking and he makes me think of one of those ripe red peppers. They are pretty enough, but when you bite into them you wish you hadn't.

Speaking of Chandler, just in front of him sits Eugene Hale, whose father-in-law was Zach Chandler. I don't think these two Chandlers were related, and Zach Chandler had more of the bulldog about his nature than the terrier. He was more of an Ishmaelite than Eugene Hale, who is a stickler for senatorial reverence, and who has evidently forgotten the days when he came to Congress and was nicknamed by his enemies "Jim Blaine's Little Bub." He has made a name for himself since then and his wife has brought him a fortune. She inherited one-half of her father's estate, and Hale is probably a rich man today, because Zach Chandler thought a thousand dollars was a bigger thing than a college education. His father had sent him to the common schools, and one day told him that he would give him \$1,000 cash to start him in business, or, if he preferred, he could have instead of this a collegiate education. Young Zach chose the money, and he invested it in dry goods, and this formed the foundation of the millions he left. His daughter has now one of the finest houses in Washington, which was built with a part of the money, and Senator Hale lives there with her and her mother.

As to the rich men in Congress, the indications are that there will be less money spent during the coming social season than at any similar time for years. The gold bugs of the Senate are having their hard times and the investments of many of them are turning out badly. Congressional wealth is always overestimated, and some of the men on that floor below me who are supposed to be worth millions have, in fact, but little more than their salaries. Who would have thought that Charley Foster, when he was Secretary of the Treasury and was living within a stone's throw of the White House, was, in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy. He supposed he was worth a fortune and he had overdrawn his own bank account many times.