

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.
QUAY, GORMAN AND HARRISON.

(Copyrighted by Frank G. Carpenter, 1895.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27th, 1895.



NE OF THE biggest of the men who will take their seats in the United States Senate next week is Matthew Stanley Quay. For the past two or three years some of his brothers have been

sneering at him. Not a few thought he would be downed in his campaign in Pennsylvania this year, and I can count more Senators than I have fingers and toes who would have rather rejoiced at his defeat. He comes back stronger than ever, and will be the leading political figure on the Republican side of the chamber. He has already shown that he is by no means a nonentity in the Senate, and the day when he will be looked upon as a sort of a second to Don Cameron has passed away forever. When Quay was first elected to the Senate, the other Senators spoke of him as Don Cameron's little twin. They said that Cameron would twist him around his finger, and one Senator remarked that if you could turn down Quay's coat you would find the letters "D. C.," or Don Cameron's initials, written on his collar. This was the belief for about three months. After that the opinion of the Senate decidedly changed, and another Senator remarked, after quoting the above:

"They say that Quay was made by Don Cameron. I don't believe it. I find that Quay manages nearly everything as far as Pennsylvania is concerned, and I will be much mistaken if within two years from now Don Cameron will not wear a collar with the letters 'M. Q.,' written upon it." This day has now practically come. "M. Q." and not "D. C." are the initials which run Pennsylvania.

I have spent some time studying Senator Quay. There is no man so little known to the public as he. He never submits to an interview, and seldom talks to newspaper men without an understanding that the matter is not to be published in connection with his name. He has but little personal magnetism, and has none of that "hail fellow well met" air about him which makes up the capital of the average politician. Still, he is a man of great strength. He is one of the best organizers among our public men, and he knows human nature like a book. He is a man of remarkable literary tastes. His library at Beaver, Pa., is one of the finest private collections of books in the country, and he is thoroughly well posted on all kinds of literature. He is fond of his library, and

is domestic in his tastes. He is seldom seen about the hotels, and here at Washington he spends all of his evenings at home. The great points of strength in his composition are his powers of keen-sighted organization and bulldog perseverance. He don't know when he is beaten, and he will fight again and again for little things that other men would let slip rather than have trouble concerning them. Take, for instance, the manner in which Quay got possession of one of the biggest committee rooms at the capitol. One of the Senators told me the story yesterday. Stanford was chairman of the committee owning the room, and as such by senatorial tradition it belonged to him. He used the room but little, however, and Quay wanted it as a political headquarters. He may use it this year for his presidential plotting. At any rate, he went to Stanford and asked him to give the room up to him, as he needed a large place in which to work. Senator Stanford was very obliging, and he readily acceded. As he did so Quay said:

"Senator, I am very glad that you can let me have this room, and I will now tell you what I want it for. You see, there are a lot of these Pennsylvania politicians who hound my heels here at the Capitol. A number of them know something of my plans. If I let them run at large, they are sure to say something foolish, divulge lines of policy, or in some way get us into trouble. If I have this room I can cage them up in it while they are here by telling them to wait until I come. In some cases I will not be able to come, you know, until just about time for them to make the train, and in such cases the business will have to stand over, and both myself and the country will be saved."

"Oh," replied Senator Stanford, "I see, but I don't intend to let you have my committee room for any such purpose. If you want to use it for that purpose, I retract my consent to give it up. You can't have it."

"Now," continued the Senator who told me the above story, "you would have supposed that that would have been the end of the matter. Most Senators would have let it drop. Not so with Quay. He went to every Senator on the committee and got them to sign a paper, stating that he ought to have the room. Stanford was shown the paper, but he still held out. Quay then brought the matter up during one of the committee meetings, and the result was that Stanford gave him the room to avoid further bother."

"Matt Quay," said this man, "has a wonderful will power. When he determines to do a thing, he throws himself into it body and soul. He curbs his appetites. He courts discomforts, and he hangs on day and night until he accomplishes his end. I remember a conversation which I heard between him and Senator Daniel just after two great national conventions, in which each had played an important part. Senator Quay had been at the head of the forces of one of the candidates of the Republican convention, and Senator Daniel had been acting for one of the candidates of the Democratic convention. The work had been hard, and they had

both returned to Washington hollow-eyed and worn out. They looked very seedy as they stood under the clock at the front entrance of the Senate, and took, as it were, account of stock. I was sitting on a chair just below, and I overheard them. It was Daniel who spoke first, saying:

"Where have you been, Senator Quay?"

"I have been in h—l," was the reply.

"Me, too!" said Daniel.

"Yes," continued Quay. "I have been in h—l. I have been at that convention, and for four days and four nights I have been working to my utmost tension. For four days I have fought and schemed and planned. I did not lose consciousness for one minute in all the minutes of those ninety-six hours. At times I felt faint, and I thought I would die, but I kept at it. And, oh, how I did want to take a drink!"

"Me, too!" said Daniel.

"There were times," Quay went on, "when I felt I must have a drink. I did not see how I could do without it. Just a drink! Just one drink!"

"But why did you not take it, Senator?" asked Daniel.

"I drink at such a time!" replied Quay. "I drink at a national convention! Why, man, I had one physician and two men guarding me all the time to keep me from drinking. I take a drink in such a fight! No, no. You don't know me, Senator. With me one drink means a barrel."

"Me, too!" said Daniel.

I saw Senator Gorman on the street today. He has occupied until the last election the position which Quay holds now in Pennsylvania. He is fully as good an organizer as Quay, but his nature is essentially different. Quay looks like a business man. You might take him for a merchant, a politician or a Wall street broker. Gorman is statesmanlike. His face seldom smiles. His iron gray hair is always brushed well up from his high, broad forehead, and his cold blue eyes seldom shift or change in their expression. He makes you think of Pitt Crawley in "Vanity Fair," who would sooner have died than have gone to dinner in anything else than a dress suit and a white necktie, and he is the pink of propriety in all his actions. The fact that he has been defeated in Maryland has not dimmed his influence in the Senate, and he will be a strong quantity in the next Democratic convention. He is pre-eminently a politician. He took his first lessons while he was a page in the Senate, and he has been learning ever since. It was while he was a page, he was thinking of going west, when Stephen A. Douglas told him that he ought to stay in Maryland and decide to be a Senator. Mr. Douglas told him that the Senate was a much easier place to reach than is generally supposed. He advised him to study politics and to learn how to manage men and things, and that it would not be very hard for him to succeed. Young Gorman took this great statesman's advice and succeeded. He has become more than a politician, however, and there are many who believe that he has some statesmanship as well. He lives quietly at Washington, spending most of his evenings at home, and running off to his country estate in Maryland now and then on Sundays. He neither drinks nor smokes, and he is one of the