THE AMERICAN SENATE.

Seen Through the Eyes of a Woman.

Mrs. Mary C. Ames, who has had seven years' experience as a Washington correspondent, writes for the *Independent* a description of the Senate, from which we take the following:

I have tried to adjust old seats and new Senators with satisfaction, and have failed. Private opinion, which, I know, is an undoing public) is that a number of these gentlemen might quite as well take a seat in their native wilds, or be still pursuing destiny, &c.&c.&c." in hand. It is very evident that they do not believe here. It is not in their poor power to reflect any lustre upon one of the greatest legislative bodies of the world. This being true, why are they here? Shall politics, trickery and money buy seats for third-rate men in this august assembly. They do. Mr. Muddlebrains takes his seat. He who by the birthright of God would adorn it, serve and honor his country in it, stays at home—at least, that is where he very often spends his time.

DIGNITY.

In personal aspect the Senate has retrograded within four years. Among the elders, one looks in vain for two such "grave and reverend seigeurs," two such grand old men, as Foster and Collamer, of Vermont. Senator Cameron carries his seventy years straight and stately as a winter pine; but he has not the noble head, the open, large expression, the grandeur of features, which made those two most admirable of Senators. And who looking down on his wrinkled seat, can cease to mourn for

FESSENDEN, THE GREAT DEBATER,

the incorruptible statesman, the lionhearted, sensitive, loving-hearted man! Not in his seat, it seems as if, waiting a moment, as he should, for him meditatively pacing up and down behind it, or slowly slipping through the door of the cloakroom, his hand upon his forehead, his fingers bent, his great head—so much too great for the frame which could not support it—always drooping! Not as if weighted down with thought, his lips compressed, his expression one of weariness, often of pain. The longer we look the more we miss his presence, the more unreconciled we feel to his loss and the more unreconciled we feel to his timely taking-off. The longer we listen to a dry dribble of talk the more we long to hear pierce the dilness, cleave through the listless sentences, cutting straight to the marrow of things. Without him his longtime associate, antagonist, Sumner, finds no foe, at once so provocative and worthy of his speech. Trumbull, more pugnacious and more keen than the sight and wide mental comprehension of Fessenden.

CHARLES SUMNER

still sits the figure-head of the Senate. The ladies look at him with opera glasses, as they and and. remarkable are the comments which may be heard on his beauty in the galleries. He has a new Apollo—not an antitude, not a gesture of years ago—not an attitude, not a gesture changed, apparently in the identical seat, the gray, with dark coat, in which he towered the New England school-girl's Pericles a score of years ago. Time, which has passed by others, has dealt less gently with him. Life, which leaves its subtle tracery on all our faces, has laid its lash heavily on him. It is always done on the face of man or woman in whom existence is a battle, not a dream. The silvering gray has fallen on his hair, the trace of many an inward and outward conflict is graven in the strong features; but he has still unbroken what he had in the beginning, that which is indispensable to the orator—a fine man and orator—the physical basis of oratory." Without his six feet of altitude, and a defective throat to shriek his dictum in a shrill treble, or in a quivering pipe, he could never, as a statesman, have been at once the king and the conqueror of an idea. If he had been as little a Sumner, I had my reply to brooding over the sensitive, the mar-vow of things. Without him his longtime associate, antagonist, finds no foe. at once so provocative and worthy of his speech. Trumbull, more pugnacious and more keen than the sight and wide mental comprehension of Fessenden.

CHARLES SUMNER

still sits the figure-head of the Senate. The ladies look at him with opera glasses,