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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[Special Correspondence N. O. Democrat.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27, 1876.

By a pleasant patriotic fiction, Congress did not adjourn for the usual holiday...

THE CHANDLER CONSPIRACY.

And the real logic of the situation was clear as noon and transparent as fine plate glass.

that we are part and parcel of one common country?

west of North Sand light-house, in the Malacca Straits, the weather being fine and the sea smooth, the air also perfectly clear, I saw a little forward of the beam, on the star-board side, about 200 yards distant from the ship, an object first pointed out to me by my third officer, who remarked, "There is a shoal."

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The back was much higher, some eight or 10 feet at times, than the head or tail. I was standing on the deck, and from my position I could not form any opinion of its progression. It was apparently of a gelatinous (i. e., flabby) substance. Though keeping up with us, its movements seemed lethargic. I saw no eyes or fins, and am certain that the creature did not blow or spout in the manner of a whale. I should not for a moment compare it to a snake. The only creatures it could be compared with are the newt or frog tribe.

HENDRICKS MUST NOT BE SOLD.

[Memphis Appeal.]

The success of Tilden must not be alloyed or tainted by any treachery to that pure and incorruptible statesman and patriot, Governor Thomas A. Hendricks.

The Democrats must insist on everything they honestly won at the polls, and the election of Governor Hendricks was one of their triumphs. In their desperation the Republicans would gladly compromise on Tilden and Wheeler. A few eager expectants would readily sacrifice principle for office, and sell out Governor Hendricks for peace and emoluments. But the Democracy of the country should tolerate no bargain which involves the sacrifice of Governor Hendricks, whose great name and unbounded popularity redeemed his own State and contributed largely to the victory of his party. Any compromise with the conspirators would be to condone the crime which was hatched to elect Hayes by fraud. There must be no concession on the part of Democrats. One party is all right, and the other is all wrong. The Democrats are as well satisfied that Tilden has been honestly elected by the people as they are of their own existence. They know, too, with equal certainty, that an effort has been made to elect Hayes by a gigantic fraud. In such a contest honest Democrats will not listen to any proposition to a compromise. They are not contending for office and spoils, but for principles, for justice, for right, for law, for the constitution in all its integrity, and for the perpetuity of the republic. In such a view of the case there is no room for anything but a fair and square consideration of all the stubborn facts. If we are right, we must maintain that right at all hazards by standing with equal firmness to both Tilden and Hendricks. If the facts show that Hayes and Wheeler have received a majority of the votes cast in Louisiana and Florida, that justice, the law and the constitution are with them, they should be inaugurated, and the Democrats must yield.

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JAKE MITCHELL, Agent.

THE OREGON CASE.

Enormous frauds! Gigantic conspiracy! Monstrous outrage! Unparalleled offense! Treason! Now there are those who imagine that the Senate has been in dead earnest about that Oregon matter. But those who so imagine lack knowledge of the fact. That Oregon debate in the Senate has been a solemn farce. When the commander of an army wants to get out of a tight place he begins a tremendous cannonade all along his line. Then under the cover of the noise and smoke he quietly moves his baggage and his heavy columns to the rear. So under the cover of this Oregon debate the Senate has been stealthily withdrawing its material and its main personnel of horse, foot and dragoons from the front. When the smoke rises next week you will see them in full retreat. Meanwhile, to carry out the metaphors they have put Grant, Chandler and others of the pig-headed variety in command of this diversion with the present intention of abandoning them to the enemy as soon as the retreat is disclosed and the pursuit begins. But the fun of it is that Grant, Chandler et al., don't suspect—even most faintly—that they have been detailed as rear guard, and fondly imagine that they are leading the van.

To abandon the metaphor and "talk-United States," the Senate caucus of Republicans, has concluded that the Chandlerian conspiracy is impracticable. Blaine has said flatly that to inaugurate Hayes under existing circumstances would be an unutterable calamity. Conkling has shaken his Apolline head and murmured that it wouldn't do to kill the mother for the sake of delivering the child. Morton has taken an additional shade or two of indigo upon his saturnine visage and growled that there was no way out except to back out, as slowly and gracefully as time and circumstances would permit; but back out. And so on. In short and in fine, the last caucus revealed that enough Republican Senators had weakened and abandoned the ultra Chandler programme to place its adherents in minority in open Senate. The next move of the conspirators will be developed very soon after the reassembling on the 2d of January. An offer will be made to compromise on the following basis:

1. The Senate will demand the electoral vote of South Carolina for Hayes, to keep up appearances, giving the State government to the Democrats.

2. They will agree to throw out the electoral vote of Louisiana, and thus throw the election of President into the House, the Senate, of course, electing the Vice President.

3. They will demand pledges of a composite administration—that is to say, that Mr. Tilden shall divide his Cabinet between the two parties.

I say this offer will be made. I know that it has been canvassed among Republican Senators, because I have myself heard it talked over between them. And I have good reasons at this writing to cast the Drama as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONE.—Heavy Villain, Zach Chandler; Walking Gentleman, all the Carpet-baggers, Saps, Grant.

Act I.—They wanted it all.

Act II.—They were willing to put up with half.

Act III.—They would take whatever they could get.

Act IV.—They couldn't get a smell.

Whereupon there will be low music and a slow curtain; the brass Colossus tumbles in a heap of clay, caused by the collapse of his own legs; the carpet-baggers disappear through the wings, and make off with whatever stage property they can lay their hands on, while the present Administration expires with the jim-jams, amid prodigious applause.

A FEARFUL FROG.

In the month of October last the British steamship Nestor arrived at Shanghai from the Straits of Malacca. Shortly after the anchoring of the vessel at Shanghai, John K. Webster, the master, and James Anderson, the ship's surgeon, appeared before Mr. Donald Spences, acting law secretary in her Britannic majesty's Supreme Court, and made affidavit to the following marvelous statement of facts:

We, John Keller Webster, of Liverpool, and James Anderson, surgeon, of Liverpool, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows: And, first, I, the said John Keller Webster, in command of the steamship Nestor, do declare that on Monday, the 11th day of September, at 10:30 A. M., 15 miles north-

And the real logic of the situation was clear as noon and transparent as fine plate glass.

A moment's reflection must have convinced any head not wholly daff, and satisfied any brain not utterly bedeviled with jim-jams, that the Chandlerian conspiracy was, like its author and chief promoter, a colossus of brass, towering on thin and attenuated legs of clay, already tottering to its fall. Half a minute of cool calculation must have produced the conclusion that, inasmuch as nature has forbidden the industrious pismire to carry off a mountain at one load, so even would the conspiracy of Chandler fail of ravishing away from our sight the Presidency of the United States. Now, it is true, nature has provided that the industrious pismire may transfer the mountain ultimately, by dividing it into myriad piecemeals and taking his time. So also might Chandler, if giving time in which to operate, have

ABDUCTED THE UNITED STATES

and carried them off, say a township or a precinct at a time. But when he bent his shoulder to the whole chunk its specific gravity was too much for him, and so great was the disparity between weight of burden and strength of back that the feeble boasts of the other pismires in the Senate and White House were unfelt.

In the meantime the Democratic House had got together and had surveyed the situation from the other standpoint. The temper of the House during the first flurry is perhaps best illustrated by AN OBSERVATION OF PISCATOR KNOTT. The Wednesday after the session began I met our solemn statesman of Kentucky on the floor of the House, and asked him how the situation looked to him at that moment, adding some light remark about the troops at the arsenal, and the peaceable inauguration of Hayes on the 5th of March.

Mr. Knott gazed upon me with solemnity. The pupil of his melancholy grey eye dilated. The corners of his funeral white moustache drooped sadly, and he said:

"How many people were there in the North when the war began?"

About twenty millions.

"And how many in the South?"

About eight.

"Correct. And didn't it take twenty millions four years to whip the eight?"

Yes.

"Well, then, at that ratio, how long will it take the five or six hundred soldiers at the arsenal to whip the forty odd millions in both North and South to-day?"

I told him that not having my lightning-calculator with me, I should beg to defer my answer till the next day.

"Well," said Knott, "when you solve that problem I will tell you the exact date upon which Hayes will be peacefully inaugurated."

This was, in outline, the view of the House. Whatever may have been the phantasms which took shape as possibilities in the distempered visions of the Chandlerian conspirators, there was

ONE COLOSSAL FACT

beaming as a beacon-light to the House, and that was that it was in the right. The conspirators sought in plain terms to end a protracted debauch with an easy revolution; to sober off from a big drunk on a grand fraud. And the House sought to evolve the order of law out of the chaos of license.

The Chandlerian conspirators based their programme upon the theory that the people were as debauched as themselves. But the House grounded its plan of resistance upon its faith in the sober second thought of the nation. This is no place to quote Carlyle. If it were I should say that "the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Peniless to Napoleon Bonaparte," could not have successfully led our pitiful snuff-pinch of a regular army to success against the embattled majesty which one sign of force in Washington would have worked at the back of the nation's sober second thought. As it is I shall suit the word more aptly to the occasion, and say that the whole

PAY ROLL OF THE TROOPY-LOLL,

from General Grant down to Private Galgell, would have been powerless to stem the torrent of fury that would have greeted the first attempt at armed consanguination of the Chandlerian conspiracy.

This the House saw and realized; and, seeing and realizing, the House went about its business with an unmindfulness of the rant and sustain at the other end of the Capitol, which was contemptuous to the end of contempt and the verge of pity. The Senate had expected that the House would mount a high horse and excite the ridicule of the people. This hope was dashed; but not as cruelly as another dream of Chandler had been disappointed. Chandler had dreamed that the South would rise up en masse the moment he sent his Dick Turpins down to commit highway robbery upon the ballot-boxes of the Three States. Then, when the House did not mount its high horse, and, moreover, when the South not only did not rise up en masse, but meekly offered its pantaloons to the thieves after the pockets thereof had been rifled, and turned a pitiful face to the millions of the North, with mute inquiry, "How long must we stand this sort of thing in order to convince you

west of North Sand light-house, in the Malacca Straits, the weather being fine and the sea smooth, the air also perfectly clear, I saw a little forward of the beam, on the star-board side, about 200 yards distant from the ship, an object first pointed out to me by my third officer, who remarked, "There is a shoal."

Surprised at finding a shoal in such a well-known track, I watched the object and found it was in movement, keeping up the same speed with the ship and retaining about the same distance as first seen. The speed of the ship was nine and three quarter knots, and the object was moving parallel with us during six minutes. Just after I observed it the Chinese deck-passengers discovered it, and raised a great outcry, and about the same moment it was descried by three saloon passengers and the surgeon. The shape of the creature, for that it was alive there is no doubt, I would compare to that of a gigantic frog. Referring to the head and body, as far as they were apparent above the water, the head, of a pale, yellowish color, was about 12 feet in length, and six feet of the crown was above the water; occasionally the head subsided until only a foot or a foot and a half remained above the water. I tried in vain to make out the eyes and mouth; the mouth, however, may have been below water. The head was immediately connected with the body, without any indication of a neck. The body was about 45 or 50 feet in length, and of an oval shape, perfectly smooth, and there may have been a light ridge along the spine. The back rose some five feet above the surface. An immense tail, fully 150 feet in length, rose a few inches above the water. This tail I saw distinctly from its junction with the body to its extremity; it seemed cylindrical, with a very slight taper, and I estimated its diameter at four feet. The body and tail were marked with alternate bands of stripes, black and pale yellow in color. The stripes were distinct to the very extreme of the tail; I cannot say whether the tail terminated in a fin or not. I examined it carefully at the above-mentioned distance, but could not satisfy myself how the tail terminated. The creature possessed no fins or paddles as far as we could perceive, never having seen any part of its belly. I cannot say it had legs. It is very possible that the creature was much broader and more massive than the dimensions above given, for the greater part of it was evidently under water, and we never caught a glimpse of any but the extreme upper parts. It appeared to me to progress by means of an undulatory motion of the tail in a vertical plane. The tail seemed to have an independent motion; that is to say, a quicker and a different one from the body. The head would raise slowly and the body become simultaneously lower, and vice versa. The undulations of the tail were brisker and very distinct, and I closely watched them through good glasses. I had for some moments the idea of running the creature down, but I shortly dismissed the intention on the account of the danger of breaking the screw blades. The creature showed no sign of fear. I cannot even say if it was conscious of our presence. It finally dropped under our stern and passed over to the port side, somewhat slackening its speed. Some time afterward, however, it increased its speed, and when last seen was on our port beam, at about one and one-half to two miles distance. The creature formed a distinct wake, and seemed to exude an oily matter as he moved. And, secondly, I, the said James Anderson, do solemnly and sincerely

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