

## Our Washington Letter

From our regular Correspondent.

Court room to look at the Judges who are to decide the presidential question. They were all on the bench, or rather in large arm chairs, metaphorically the bench. Justice Hunt sat at one end of the line, and Justice Bradley at the other.

Chief Justice Waite sat in the centre. Justice David Davis, senator elect from Illinois, successor of Gen. Logan, leaned forward resting his stupendous head and colossal countenance cherubically upon

the balustrade. They are all weighty men, mighty in averdupois, pithy venerable, incarnations of abstract justice. All of which may be attributed to the black silk uniform long gown they

wear. How a mortal can be swerved from a vertical or horizontal moral or legal equilibrium with one of those black silk investments, it is impossible to understand. I would not be sarcastic. I

believe they dwell as completely in the passionless atmosphere of law and fact, as is possible in the flesh. But these men are mundane, they enjoy life. If you doubt it, look at their stomachs, and at their lives too, if you can discern

at their minds too, if you can discern them. The Supreme Bench is not completely insulated, I know, for, when ex-Senator Matt. Carpenter, who was addressing the Court, indulged in one of his numerous humorous sallies, the

bellies shook with huge subterranean amusement, while your sensitive and verdant correspondent trembled lest the scales in the hands of the blind goddess might wobble, and the struggling, oppressed corporation fail to secure its pit-

It was thought that Justice Davis would be the fifth judge chosen to decide the electoral question. There is no objection that can be successfully urged against him, and his four associates are the best judges of this fact. Though his immen-

wealth, lifting him above the suspicion of selfish action, and by his conspicuous unimpeachable public life, the simple great man, appointed to the supreme bench by Lincoln seemed peculiarly qualified to act and to decide. But the transpiring evidence now is that Judge

It is believed here that there will be no disagreement, that the verdict of the court will be unanimous on all essential questions, and the fact that office holder

Democrats are as happy as the absorbing presidential question will allow them to be, over the result of recent senatorial contests. Two most bitter, narrow, and bigoted. Republicans have been elimin-

ted; one of them, Boutwell, has been succeeded by Judge Hoar, who, though strict Republican, is an unjaundiced, honest, man; the other, Gen. Logan, has been succeeded by Judge Davis, who, not a Democrat is still less a Radical. Then there is another happy change.

Amediocre senator who added no strength to the councils of his peers, and who reflected no credit upon his state, who caused those who heard him from the gallery or read his speeches in the Record to inquire with pity and contempt; "What is the use of that?"

been succeeded by Georgia's most eminent citizen, by one who in eloquence, in statesmanship, in extensive information, and wide experience, in all the brilliant and sterling qualities that characterize a great representative, is second to

no man in the South or in the country, have no personal ill feeling against Mr. Norwood, but the country, and especially the South, cannot afford in this crisis to be represented by weak incapable men. Nor is it our duty to deal softly with them. Those who seek conspicuous

places invite criticism, for mediocrity and incapacity the safest place, as well as for the country, is obscurity. There are high sacred to greatness; aspiring dunces who will ascend them must be taught that the light which surrounds these dizzy eminences is, for them, lightening! The

portions of the South have been misrepresented by such disreputable men as Spencer, Patterson, Ames, and Clayton. It is not the fault of the South but of the Administration ring in Washington that elected them, but Georgia cannot charge

the administration with imposing a senator, who, though not base and venal, was scarcely stronger, abler, or more eminent than the greedy strangers who have robbed and misrepresented that section.

It seems quite probable that after the fourth of March the Republicans will

have a bare majority of two in the Senate, and the brunt that has been so long and heroically borne and hurled back by Thurman and Bayard will now be met by Hill, Lamar, and Beck. Some Republicans are silyly chuckling over the supposed opportunities of Blaine, but let them

ness of wrath and parliamentary technicality beware. Ben Hill can compress more into a single sentence than would explode his idea-proof cranial bomb if he could find penetration and lodgement there.

C. A. S.

LITTLEFIELD, the clerk of the Louisiana returning board confessed yesterday to the investigating committee that by order of J. Madison Wells he made the

The remnant of conscience left to him after eight years fraternal relations with other carpet-buggers, restrained him from forging the name of the supervisor. This testimony expands the brevity of M. Chandler's famous dispatch, in-

amplified villainy; it corroborates the convictions which then possessed the public mind that Mr. Chandler's declaration was not so much the announcement of a fact as of a purpose.—*Washington Union*.

It is the opinion of well-informed persons that General Grant's recent visit to Baltimore was to escape the bull-dozing of Morton and Chandler about the elec-

needed a day of absolute repose of political excitement, and so he came and brought the administration with him. He left Z. Chandler behind, lost in a whirlwind of profanity, and the venerable Taft sitting on the legal aspects of the

Tyner and Mr. Cameron fled far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife, and had a nice quiet time in Baltimore. *Balt. Gazette.*

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