THE DECAYED POLITICIANS' RETREAT. PONDUCK, MASS., July 5, 1882 .- I want to give you an account of my visit to one of the most admirably organized and best administered charities on the face of the earth The Decayed Politicians' Retreat is, as you know, beautifully situated on Saline river. about six miles from here Being detained in this village over yesterday by business, I took advantage of the holiday to drive thither with a friend, and was kindly received by the Superintendent, Gen. Butler, who went to a good deal of trouble to show me the interior workings of the institution.

"The selection of this site was fortunate." said Gen. Butler, as he led the way across a beautiful lawn from his private house to the large brick building occupied by the inmates. "The lovely natural scenery does much to soothe disappointment and allay remorse, and there's always a fresh breeze blowing up Saline river."

"Are your wards contented as a general

"Some of them are positively cheerful," said the Superintendent with enthusiasm.

"And you, General? After your somewhat active career, don't you find it rather tedious at the Retreat, cooped up with a party of relies ?"

"O, I am satisfied," said Gen. Butler, smiling grimly, and shaking the large bunch of keys that he carried in one hand .-"When Jones of Nevada left all his money for this object, a little more than three years ago, and the trustees invited me to the post of duty, I came like a man and a patriot. Comme je trouve sir, is my motto.'

By this time we had reached the heavy oaken door at the main hall of the asylum Our conductor rapped smartly with his knuckles.

"How many outside?" asked a voice from within.

"Three," replied Gen, Butler.

The door slowly swung open and a tall man with a long red beard stood to let us

"Good morning, Mr. Ferry," said the Superintendent, pleasantly, "I wish you a happy Fourth of July."

One! Two! Three!" said Mr. Ferry in an impressive voice, telling us off with his fore-finger. "All right, gentleman, you can walk in. Oh, good morning, General. I wish you a great many." "We keep him here to open the door."ex-

plained Gen. Butler, "and he imagines he has the right to count as well as to open .-In all other respects he is perfectly harmless, and so we humor him a little. It's the only satisfaction he has in life now."

The General led the way through a long corridor, and as he stopped to unlock a door an inmate came up and, touching his cap asked permission to say a few words in pri

"Well, speak up, George," said Butler "Who has been sitting on you know?"

"If you please, General," said Boutwell for it was none other than the great but unappreciated financier, "nobody has been sitting on me, sir. But I have solved the problem at last, and I want leave of absence to go to Washington and lay my solution before Congress.'

"Solved what problem, George?" asked the General, winking at us.

"The problem of silver resumptiod, Gen-

eral," replied Inmate Boutwell. "It is very simple when you see it. Will you permit me to explain?"

"I'll give you just a minute and a half, George," said the General looking at his

"You see there are from a million and a quarter to a million and a half teething children in the United States- perhaps two million. Now every blessed one of 'em has to have a silver dollar to bite on. If you pass a law withdrawing this immense sum from use in the process of dentition, silver will flow into the national coffers, will find its way into the natural channels of trade, confidence will be reestablished and-

"All very good, George," interrupted the General, "but what is going to become of the babies? You can't teeth them on greenbacks. Don't you see that if you withdraw to haul down that flag, shoot him on the their silver dollars, the entire rising generation will be unable to masticate, consequently there won't be any market for beef, corn, or chewing tobacco, and the deuce will be to pay in trade circles generally. It won't wash, George.'

"I didn't think of that point, General," said the retired financier, taken a little aback.

"No, George, you didn't," continued the Superintendent. "You had better go to your room and think the whole matter over again; and when you have devised some way of obviating the difficulty I spoke of, why then we'll talk about a leave of absence to go to Washington.'

Boutwell moved rather ruefully away, "I'll to-morrow." show you our oldest case, the centenarian of the establishment." We entered a little dusky sedent moved reluctantly away, room, in the centre of which, bent over a "that the only cause of his political failure table, sat a person of extreme age, attired in a rusty swallow tail coat. He was writing diligently and without cessation.
"Look up, Hannibal," said the Superin-

tendent, poking him gently with his cane. "Look up and see the gentlemen."

When the aged Inmate looked up, we saw that he was tied in his chair to keep him from tumbling out. He smiled blandly upon us for a moment from behind his spectacles, and then began to write again as industriously as ever.

"What is he doing?" I asked.

"He is writing franks. He has lost all

writes franks from morning till night, stopping only for his gruel. The other inmates are celebrating the Fourth b t here is old Hannibal at his customary occupation .-He writes his name on every old envelope, newspaper, or scrap. of paper that he can find, and puts them all in the big mail box in the hall. Of course, like the contributions of the rest of the inmates, they never go any further than my office. But he doesn't know it, and he placidly keeps on writing franks. The only thing that ever exasperates him is the sight of a postage stamp. I suppose he will write franks till the Day of Judgment. Such," added the General, didactically, "is the force of habit." "You must find a curious collection of

epistles in your mail box, General?" "Rather? We have a good reading room connected with the institution, and most of the inmates take gleat interest in current affairs. Many of them fancy that they are still influential in shaping political events. They write innumerable letters which nobody ever reads but myself. Not long ago I found a letter from Blaine, addressed to the Pope, asking for the Vatican influence to help him along in the Presidential campaign of '84 You would have laughed at the piteous appeal which Schuyler Colfax once mailed to President Tilden. He wan ted the Post Office at South Bend, and said he could produce certificates of good moral character. Only yesterday I found this brief letter in the box. You may value it

as an autograph." The General had been fumbling in his pocket book and he handed me the follow ing note, which I have preserved:

THE RETREAT, JULY 3, 1880. DEAR SYLPH: Although writing comes hard, thought I would send you a single line. I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer fight it out on this the life to the life in may have made escapes, but my worst enemy cannot say that I ever let any guilty man mistake.

U. S. GRANT. "What !" I exclaimed ; "is he here?"

"Yes," said our guide. "We employ him about the stables, and he seems tolerably happy. If you give him a cigar when you pass there, he will be affected to tears."

The majority of the inmates had assembled in the large courtyard of the asylum, around which was a high brick wall patrolled by keepers. The recurrence of the national anniversary scemed to excite considerable enthusiasm. I recognized many faces once familiar, but now almost forgotten. The assortment of decayed politicians included representatives of every political caste, from the ex-Senator or the ex-Goveraor to the played-out ward striker. I remarked the peculiar satisfaction with which Gen. Butler pointed out Blaine. Apart from all the others sat Morton of Indiana. gloomy and morose, his chin resting upon the handle of a crutch. I started to approach him, having known him in other

"You'd better not," said the Superintendent, catching my intention and my arme at the same instant.

"Why not?" "You'd better not, that's all," said Gen. Butler, significantly; and just then Morton looked up from his crutch, and scowled across the courtyard at John Sherman, with an expression in his face which convinced me that the Superintendent was

The Inmates had hoisted a flag in honor of the day, and were making speeches. I regret that I am not able to report their remarks, which were full of patriotic sentiment. I was particularly impressed with the eloquent words of old Subsidy Pomeroy, who wept as he pointed to the flag and moved the following resolutions, which were seconded by Schuyler Colfax and passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the inmates of this Retreat point with pride to the record of their services in the past and pledge their unwavering support in the future to the Government of this grand Republic.

Resolved, That the purity of our institutions must be maintained at all bazards Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to lay these resolutions before Gen. Butler, and to ask at the same time that there be plums in the duff on the occasion of this anniversary of our national independence. In the cheering which followed the reading of these resolutions, one old mannearly as old as the centenarian whom I had seen inside-swung his cap feebly, and shouted in a tremulous voice: "Plum duff! Plum duff! If any snipe attempts

wing?' Gen. Butler gave me a meaning look, and tapped his forehead without making any remark. As we passed out of the courtyard into the dormitory building, we came across a solitary Inmate sitting upon a bench. He held a book in his hand, and was repeating over and over these words:

"A verb must agree with its nominative

When the studious Inmate saw us, he looked up eagerly, and said: "Will you hear me now in verbs, General?" Come, Logan," replied the Superintendent, "put up your book and go out with

"Now," continued the General, as Inmate | the others. It's a holiday. I'll hear you "He has an idea," said Butler, as the

was his weakness in English grammar, and that, if he can once master syntax, he will get back into the Senate. I consider it a process of taking up, while small trees susreal kindness to encourage him in this be- tain little injury from this source. Dealers lief. Bless you, I am perfectly safe in doing so.'

"The inmates are quite happy here," the Superintendent went on, as we entered the spacious dormitory. They treat each other affably as a general thing, and if a political discussion becomes at all heated, as once in themselves, have demonstrated that small a while happens, that small garden hose trees are the ones to buy. yonder is equal to the emergency. Of course we are obliged to keep a careful his teeth and his hair and his hearing and watch on kleptomaniae inmates like Colfax, counterfeit \$1,000 notes now in circulation his wits, but he can still hold a pen, and he Patterson, Belknap, and others. They are can be detected by their "greasy feel."

apt to appropriate little articles belonging to the institution or to each other. Secon Robeson was caught a day or two ago ransacking Hamilton Fish's trunk, and although the ex-Secretary stoutly denied any evil intention, a cake of Spanish scented soap belonging to Fish was found in his pocket. Robeson is now locked up down stairs, and Parson Newman, our chaplain, exhorts him twice a day."

"What do you do with turbulent sub-

"We are troubled-with very few. Down there, at the end of that corridor, where you see the grated door, is an iron-barred apartment where the unmanageable and violent are confined. I don't think you want to visit it.'

As the General spoke, a peal of demoniac grinning visage appeared at the gate, while the owner saluted us with a volley of horribly profane and ribald abuse. "Who was ' I asked, as we hastened away.

"The only occupants of the apartment for the unmanageable and violent at present," said Gen. Butler, "are Bob Ingersoll, formerly of Peoria, and Zach Chandler of Michigan '

"Before I go, General," I said, "I should ike to see-

"I know whom you mean," interrupted the Superintendent," and I am sorry that our rules will not allow me to oblige you. Mr. Hayes is a private patient, whose friends pay his board, and he has a room to himself. Nobody visits him but myself and Carl Schurz, who is detailed to attend him. You see his ment I capital gave out, and he had to be put in the hands of a receiver. But although a disappointed and broken down man, his heart continues to bleed for the poor African."

I thought that Gen. Butler winked just then, but it is always hard to speak with positiveness in regard to his ocular demon-

We had reached the door of the asylum. cordially thanked the Superintendent for his courtesy to myself and my friend, and also took occasion to commend the excellence of his administration.

"If you write an account of your visit," he said, as we shook hands," send several copies of the Sun. The poor fellows will be delighted to see their names in print once

FOR THE LAST TIME. - There is a touch or parmos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last upon some seene you have loved -when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand of years-perhaps forever. again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is cracked | justices of the Supreme Court-for that, no hopelessly, and who, after this once, will more and no less, was the Commission crenever stand before the sea of upturned faces ated. It was believed that by such process disputing the plaudits with fresher voiced | the question at issue, being a charge of con- trust. I speak not by his authorty, but as and fairer form; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know be lifted from the political arena to a tributhe hidden bitterness of the two words nal of high-toned, impartial judges, who "never again." How they come to us on would decide in accordance with law and our birthdays as we grow older. Never again justice. young-always nearer and never to the very last-the end which is universal, "the last thing," which shall follow all hast things, and turn them, let us hope, from pain to three indecent old men joined with the joy. We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts-too tall to play marbles on the side-walk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with does not vitiate, and beyond this, that they South but justice, and you will so find it. our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?—Good Words.

BUY SMALL TREES .- Nurserymen usually describe trees on their catalogues as 'second class," "medium," "first class" and "extra.' The difference in these classes is principally, if not wholly, in the size and height of the trees; and as most farmers desire the best, they suppose that the large 'extra" trees merit that description, and hence order them. The fact is, however, that a small tree will grow faster and (if a in number and person. A verb must agree | fruit tree) come into bearing condition sooner than a large one; and, as the New England Homestead states, in half a dozen years the tree that was small when planted will be larger and finer than the other .-The larger the tree, the larger the roots which it has, and the larger the roots the less fibers there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow readily if proper care is used in transportation; but no amount of skill can coax a tree to live and flourish which is destitute of these little fibers. The roots of large trees are always more or less mutilated in the in trees assert that experienced men buy small thrifty trees, while those who are just starting are anxious for the largest to be had. Those who are to set trees the coming season will do well to learn from the experience of those who, at considerable loss to

Editors breathe easier now. The new

DON PIATT'S BLAST.

The Famous Article that Made Grant Howl A Double-Distilled Essence of Editorial Aqua Fortis-Prepare for the Beginning of the End

The sickening apprehension felt by the people, to which we referred last week, that the Supreme Court would be found as rotten as the other powers of our unhappy government, has been realized.

The swift decay that in the last ten years has made our self-government a sham and a mockery, and in the executive and legislative branches shamed us before the world, has been silently working its way through the judiciary untill now, in its first trial, it stench the nostrils of a

horest citizens.

The appeal made to Judges of the Supreme Court from the people, sorely dis tressed and perplexed, was to save them from the wicked conspiracy of men they had repudiated at the polls. They saw their faithless agents for years robbing the treasury of their hardcarned taxes; they the passion for drink, she bent all the enersaw their highest officials indicted for the meanest crimes; they saw a President, coarse, brutal and ignorant, appointing sycophantic pimps to the highest positions; they saw him the associate of roughs and the commissioner of thieves; they saw carpetbaggers, sustained by bayonets, manipulating the polls, that ignorance and rascality might tyrannize over the South : they saw rings, organized in the lobby, control their Congress; they saw huge monopolies, ercated by their government, eating out their substance; they saw themselves reduced to want, trade paralyzed and labor without employ, and they made a desperate effort to right their wrongs through the ballot.

With a subsidized press against them. with an army of hungry office-holders, that, counting those of the General Government treasuary eaters greater than any standing army of Europe; with all the accumulated capital in the hands of monopolies arrayed en the side of their oppressors-they made poll with a majority of over half a million in their behalf. And of what avail?

Through a dishonest returning board conviction and punishment under the protecting arm of a corrupt government, enough votes are thrown out to render all their efforts vain and saddle upon them the old corruption and old horde for another term

From this an appeal was taken to five

To the amazement and disgust of all thoughtful minds, these justices divided, as the partisans had, on a political line, and quemies of the people in fixing corruption upon us, and destroying all confidence in the very foundation of our political strucquestion to the people.

We have not the patience to argue what the people in their broad common sense will not consider; the fine-spun legal technicalities under which these aged scoundrels seek to hide their shame. Their real brief is to be found in the utterance of one of their Commission, James A. Garfield, who said, ble. boastingly: "You'll have to grin and bear it; we hold the cards and intend to play them."

Poor political gambler! The stakes for which he plays are the rights of forty millions of people, the peace and prosperity of the only Republic known to humanity .-For all that freemen hold most dear these hands, stained with plunder, gamble, as the soldiers of Pilate severed in division the garment of the crucified Christ.

As we said a week since, this is not law, it is revolution; and if the people tamely submit we may bid a long farewell to constitutional government. Fraud no longer vitiates. A corrupt administration has only, by its bayonets, to hold a State usurpation long enough in power for a corrupt returning board to do its vile task, and the work is done.

If a man thus returned to power can ride in safety from the Executive mansion to the Capitol, to be inaugurated, we are fitted for the slavery that will follow the

ted States are of this servile sort. We do not believe that they are prepared, without a blow, to part with their hard earned. served on the citizens of Louisiana and drunkard.

South Carolina that they must care for themselves. How soon lamp-posts will bear fruit is for them to say. To the people of the North and West notice is given that all bondholders and monopolists may fatten secure, is repaid by no security for their rights, and that a shrinkage of values is now it order. If there is law for fraud there reason for violence. And to that we make tainted with fraud and therefore those who our last appeal .- Washington Capitol.

THE DRUNKARD'S APPETITE.

There was living(says Hearth and Home not long since, in Brooklyn, a man who had inherited from a drunken father an app

The man had many noble instincts, and, better than all these he had a loving, faithful, brave wife, who made skilful war upon the domon, her husband's master. Recognizing the fact that her husband was under an overpowering impulse, that he longed and struggled manfully to free himself from gies of her woman nature to the stask of helping him. She loved and suffered and toiled until at last the loving and suffering and toiling accomplished their purpose .-She took her husband by the hand, and shared with him his struggle, until, after years of labor, she overcame his devil, and saw him a free man again. Her battle with Rum had been a fierce one, taxing and wasting her strength sorely, but she was conqueror at last. Her husband stood upon manly feet, and showed no sign of falling again. Several years passed away, and this reformed man fell ill of consumption. The distinguished physician, from whose lips we we have the story, prescribed alcoholic stimulants as the only means possible of prolonging his life. The poor wife was in terror, and begged the physician to recall the with those of the States, make a horde of prescription. She told him of her long struggle and her victory, and said she preferred that her husband should die then, a sober man, than that he should fill a drunkard's grave a year later. But the freed one despairing effort, and came up from the spirit of the man was strong, and he undertook to take alcoholic liquors as a medicine and to confine himself absolutely to such times and measures in the matter as the phyduring the months thus added to his life,

> JOHN YOUNG BROWN, IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES :- Something has been said of bargaining with the South. You cannot win them over by bribes; they want nothing but justice. I see before me a distingushed and cherished friend from the South (Mr Lamar), a gentleman of the highest ability and unspotted integrity, honored by his people and worthy of their nection, I say that I am sure he would shrink from such a coalition as his soul would recoil from a cruel wound of dis-

The men you could bribe in the South are not worth having. You would loathe which Washington and Lee and other reresentathem when you got them; they would have no followers or influence at home. And if they were to join with your party to sustain tion has been anticipated by another issue, of it in its past and present policy, they would find themselves political pariahs in the land ture, the ballot. They decide that fraud of their birth. Nothing will conciliate the have nothing to decide, and so send the They want rest, order, home rule. Your largess there will be thrown away if given to corrupt. These people are! your peers, equals, before the law; and neither by bribery nor force can you change them from se. fdom to villainy. In the precious name of their manhood and womanhood, I repudiate the intimation with scorn unuttera-

There will be no division in the Democracy. Lay not that flattering unction to your souls. It is a. difference to-day only among them as to the policy of the hour. And now I ask you, my countrymen of the Republican party, in the name of justice. of peace, of truth, of liberty, of civ-purchasers. These goods have been carefully selected, purchased at low prices, and are offered ilization, in the name of all these, I ask vou to halt. Forbearance has its limits; I say it not in menance, but in sorrow and DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

The manacles must fall from the limbs of our sister Southern States. You must SILK NECK TIES, call off your dogs. These unfortunate peohave been baited and badgered until the just sentiments of the world in indignation condemn your cruel policy.

he never once drank a single drop more than the prescription called for, and he died at last a sober man, as the wife had so earnestly prayed that he might. But the end was not yet. When the loving and patient woman laid him in his grave, and saw her long labors thus ended in the vietory for which she had toiled so hard and We do not believe the people of the Uni- suffered so bitterly, she turned, in her grief, to the brandy which had been lef in the house, and, drinking it, she fell herself into the power of the devil which she had fought blood-stained possessions. Notice is now many months later, a hopeless, helpless

THE ACTION OF THE COMMISSION DE-OUNCED .- At a public meeting in Washington Tuesday night 1,000 persons were present Ex-Congressman George W. Julian, Representative Bright, of Tennessee, he toil to which they are subjected, that Gen. Young, of Georgia, and others, spoke on the political situation. They denounced the action of the electoral commission and countenanced resistance on the part of Democratic members to further the count, on the ground that the proceedings were voted for the electoral bill were relieved from their obligation to observe it. Resolutions to this effect were adopted.

Hor Brood.-Tuesday morning a difficulty occurred at Winnsboro S. C tite for rum. He was a hopeless drunkard. Milford. They came to blows, and finally a pistol was drawn by Milford. Mr. Mark Brown, the proprietor of the Winnsboro Hotel, here interfered and cudeavored to separate the parties. Milford then fired at Fleming, but the ball missing its mark struck Mr. Brown in the right shoulder, ranging downward, inflicting a painful but not a fatal wound. The ball was extracted by Dr. Aiken, of that place. At last accounts Mr. Brown was doing well. Milford has not been arrested.

Marshal's Portrait of Hampton.

There are two distinct portraits of Gov. HAMPTON. The one issued by the "Hampton Portrait Company," of Charleston, S. C., is engraved in line by MARSHALL, and will be of imposing appearance, and life-size. There is also a print out representing the Governor. We suggest that our people wait and see both pic-

tures, before choosing which they will have.

Marshall's famous engravings are attracting unusual attention. The superb large line engraving of Washington, from Squart's celebrated oil portrait in the Boston Atheneum-a plate valued at ten thousand dollars—when originally brought out about ten years ago, at once placed Mr. Marshall in the very front rank of engravers, ancient or modern, meeting, both in Europe and America, the most extravagant encomiums of artists, critics, and men of judgment. It was even selected for exhibition at the French Academy of Design, an honor accorded to none but the very highest works of art. It is, moreoverthe best, indeed the only satisfactory, portrait of Washington that exists, and is the acknowledged standard "household engraving" of him. The late Edward Everett said of it : "The magnificent engraving of Stuart's head of Washing-ton. It is truly a superb work." Bancroft, the historian, writes: "I have been for some years a collector of the many different engravings of the portraits of Washington. This is beyond comparison the best of them all—the only one that is perfectly satisfactory." Mr. George S. Hillard, the well known art critic, says: "Were it the head of some unknown person, a lover of art would be glad to have a copy of the engraving for its rare intrinsic merits, and every American should be ready to make so satismetory. We ways to order to passess Marshall's R. E. Lee, just out, is a wonderful work, and in a few days his "Gov. Hampton" will go to the people of South Carolina and the

And from the Columbia Register the accomanying letter: The Hanpton Portrait.—We publish for the nformation of the people of the State the following extract from a letter received from Chareston, addressed to Mr. C. P. Pelham :

country, a noble tribute to a great leader, who

conquers by his high character and by peaceful means, not by the sword.—News and Courier.

"Some misapprehension exists as to the proprictorship in the Hampton Portrait Company. Permit me to say that a majority of the investment is held here. As one of the proprietors, I am attending to its affairs until other an manent arrangements are concluded. I origi-nated the project of a portrait of Governor Hampton in a high style of art, thinking it a worthy manner in which to recognize his Excellency's public services to the people of this State during the past six months. Those servi-ces entitle him to be presented to his countrymen everywhere in a style equal to that in tive gentlemen of the country are shown .-Time was required for this great work, that care and skill should make it perfect. Its publicathe merits of which the public can judge. In selecting an artist the gentlemen associated with me have given preference to Mr. Marshall.— Gustave Dore, the great artist of France de-clares him to be 'the veritable master of art in America ! If we do not realize all our expectations in a pecuniary point of view by reason of a different publication, we must accept that fortune—the penalty of attempting to do the best possible in art for our best man, we shall hope, nevertheless, to possess an ample reward in the PRODUCTION of a GRAND AND IMPOSING PORTRAIT, which will command an appreciative circulation if not so large as might have been under more propitious circumstances. In a very few days the public can judge for themselves, and can very well afford to wait a little, and make their

WM. A. COURTENAY." Charleston, S. C., February 5, 1877.

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