

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.

"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 thing?" "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 relics?"

"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 pass in.

"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," explained Gen. Butler, "and he imagines he has the right to count as well as to open."

writes franks from morning till night, stopping only for his gruel. The other inmates are celebrating the Fourth but 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.

"Rather? We have a good reading room connected with the institution, and most of the inmates take great 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 wanted 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 following note, which I have preserved:

THE RETREAT, JULY 3, 1880. DEAR SYLVE: Although writing comes hard, I thought I would send you a single line. I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

I 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 seemed 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-Governor 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 days.

apt to appropriate little articles belonging to the institution or to each other. Secor 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 Parsou Newman, our chaplain, exhorts him twice a day. "What do you do with turbulent subjects?"

"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 that?" 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 like 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 mental 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 demonstrations.

We had reached the door of the asylum. I 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 more."

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos 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 you last upon some one you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again.

The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who, after this once, will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer form; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words—"never again."

DON PIATT'S BLAST.

The Famous Article that Made Grant Hoel—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 until now, in its final trial, it has reached its stench the nostrils of all honest citizens.

The appeal made to Judges of the Supreme Court from the people, sorely distressed 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 hard-earned taxes; they saw 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 carpet-baggers, 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, created 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 with those of the States, make a horde of treasury eaters greater than any standing army of Europe; with all the accumulated capital in the hands of monopolies arrayed on the side of their oppressors—they made one despairing effort, and came up from the poll with a majority of over half a million in their behalf. And of what avail?

Through a dishonest returning board, and up to the Supreme Court, they have escaped 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 horse for another term of years—perhaps forever.

From this an appeal was taken to five justices of the Supreme Court—for that, no more and no less, was the Commission created. It was believed that by such process the question at issue, being a charge of conspiracy against certain corrupt men, could be lifted from the political arena to a tribunal of high-toned, impartial judges, who would decide in accordance with law and justice.

To the amazement and disgust of all thoughtful minds, these justices divided, as the partisans had, on a political line, and three indecent old men joined with the quackeries of the people in fixing corruption upon us, and destroying all confidence in the very foundation of our political structure, the ballot. They decide that fraud does not vitiate, and beyond this, that they have nothing to decide, and so send the question 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 secondaries 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, 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 inauguration.

We do not believe the people of the United States are of this servile sort. We do not believe that they are prepared, without a blow, to part with their hard earned, blood-stained possessions. Notice is now served on the citizens of Louisiana and

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 the toil to which they are subjected, that bondholders and monopolists may fatten secure, is repaid by no security for their rights, and that a shrinkage of values is now in order. If there is law for fraud there is reason for violence. And to that we make our last appeal.—Washington Capitol.

THE DRUNKARD'S APPETITE.

There was living (says *Heath and Home*) not long since, in Brooklyn, a man who had inherited from a drunken father an appetite for rum. He was a hopeless drunkard. The man had many noble instincts, and, better than all these he had a loving, faithful, brave wife, who made skilful war upon the demon, 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 the passion for drink, she bent all the energies of her woman nature to the task 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 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 prescription. She told him of her long struggle and her victory, and said she preferred that her husband should die than a sober man, than that he should fill a drunkard's grave a year later. But the freed 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 physician should direct. He died during 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 distinguished 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 trust. I speak not by his authority, but as his name has been mentioned in this connection, I say that I am sure he would shrink from such a coalition as his soul would recoil from a cruel wound of dishonor.

The men you could bribe in the South are not worth having. You would loathe them when you got them; they would have no followers or influence at home. And if they were to join with your party to sustain it in its past and present policy, they would find themselves political pariahs in the land of their birth. Nothing will conciliate the South but justice, and you will so find it. 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 seceders to villains. In the precious name of their manhood and womanhood, I repudiate the intimation with scorn unutterable.

There will be no division in the Democracy. Lay not that flattering unctious 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 civilization, in the name of all these, I ask you to halt. Forbearance has its limits; I say it not in menace, but in sorrow and solemn earnestness.

The manacles must fall from the limbs of our sister Southern States. You must call off your dogs. These unfortunate people have 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 victory for which she had toiled so hard and suffered so bitterly, she turned, in her grief, to the brandy which had been left in the house, and, drinking it, she fell herself into the power of the devil which she had fought so heroically. And that woman died, not many months later, a hopeless, helpless drunkard.

THE ACTION OF THE COMMISSION DENOUNCED.—At a public meeting in Washington Tuesday night 1,000 persons were present. Ex-Congressman George W. Julian, Representative Bright, of Tennessee, 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 tainted with fraud and therefore those who voted for the electoral bill were relieved from their obligation to observe it. Resolutions to this effect were adopted.

HOT BLOOD.—Tuesday morning a difficulty occurred at Winnsboro, S. C., between two young men named Fleming and 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 endeavored to separate the parties. Milford then fired at Fleming, but the ball missing its mark struck Mr. Brown in the right shoulder, ruing 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 pictures, before choosing which they will have. Marshall's famous engravings are attracting unusual attention. The superb large line engraving of Washington, from Stuart's celebrated oil portrait in the Boston Athenaeum—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 Europe and America, the most exacting and discerning 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, moreover, the 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 engraving of Washington of Stuart's head of Washington. 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 satisfactory a purchase as to possess 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 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.

And from the Columbia Register the accompanying letter: THE HAMPTON PORTRAIT.—We publish for the information of the people of the State the following extract from a letter received from Charleston, addressed to Mr. C. E. Pelham: "Some misapprehension exists as to the proprietorship 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 and permanent arrangements are concluded. I originated 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. These services entitle him to be presented to his countrymen everywhere in a style equal to that in which Washington and Lee and other representative gentlemen of the country are shown.—Time was required for this great work, that care and skill should make it perfect. Its publication has been anticipated by another issue, of the 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 declares him to be 'the veritable master of art in America.' If we do not reach 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 IMPRESSIVE 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 choice with MARSHALL'S SPENDIT WORK, BEFORE THEY.

WM. A. COURTNEY, Charleston, S. C., February 5, 1877.

Rice, McLure & Co. ANNOUNCE that they have received a full line of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they respectfully call the attention of purchasers. These goods have been carefully selected, purchased at low prices, and are offered on the most reasonable terms. The attention of the Ladies is especially directed to the DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY GOODS, SILK NECK TIES, RUFFLES, ZOSIERY, GLOVES AND FANCY ARTICLES, Displayed by RICE, McLURE & CO. Oct. 15

Seasonable Goods. PLANTATION tools, farming implements, traces, Harness, Axes &c., &c., very low. RICE, McLURE & Co. Feb 2

Gent's Hand Made Shoes. A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT just received, GEE & HUMPHRIES' Hotel Store. April 21, '76

Pure Corn Whiskey. PURE Mountain Corn Whiskey, for medicinal purposes, for sale at A. IRWIN & CO.'S Feb 9