

## THE HARD TIMES.

If there is any one whose memory can carry him back to the outbreak of the panic in 1873, it must be very depressing to him to contrast the steady duration of the hard times with the jaunty assurance which looked on the panic as a passing cloud. It was held to be the part of a wise man and of a good citizen to argue that the panic represented merely a disturbed condition of the public mind, and not a depleted condition of the public pocket; there were even those who thought that the hallucination could be alleviated if the newspapers would only refrain from publishing sensational accounts or using startling head lines, while all men agreed that this was the greatest, most glorious, prosperous country under the sun, and that no matter what follies we committed, or what extravagances we indulged in, we were certain to be spared the punishments which have lain in wait for national folly and extravagance since civilization began.

It has been nearly three years since the rotten fabric of worthless credits and wild-cat enterprises commenced to crack and to crumble, and in that long history there has not been a single day in which the situation has mended. Every day we have gone to bed poorer than we waked up, and have waked up poorer than we went to bed. The industries connected with iron, on which the first burden of the disaster fell, were slow to realize that a contraction of business was inevitable; but they have learned that lower wages and diminished profits were merely a part of the sacrifice exacted of them. The industries of cotton, which rank next in public estimation as the employers of skilled industry, have carried on a useless struggle against a similar contraction in their wages and profits and in their productions. The value of real property in cities and in farms, which represents the accumulated wealth and savings of the Nation, has undergone a shrinkage fairly represented by one-third of its value three years ago. In every department of industry, in every form of investment, this Nation has known a loss and a decline, unrelieved by a single gleam of prosperity, and to-day there is no prudent business man who will say that he sees a prospect of relief, no political economist who can say that the panic which was looked on as a passing cloud has exhausted itself.

And yet, to judge from the popular tone of comment, it looks as though we were as willing to deceive ourselves about the remedy for all this sad misfortune as we have been to deceive ourselves about the cause. Even now, when there can be no doubt about the cause, and when the history of the destruction of value and of the loss of capital is plainly written in every day's record, from April, 1861, to September, 1873, we pretend to wonder what can be the cause of the hard times, and of the general depreciation. During four years we were constantly engaged in a thorough and systematic work of destruction. The strong hands and the clear heads that should have been at work in the harvest and in the counting-room increasing and storing up the additions with which God rewards labor, were in the battle-field and on the march wasting, burning, consuming, destroying. From one side of the fight alone \$4,000,000,000, one-fourth of the wealth with which we went into the war, was spent in making payments for the work of destruction; no estimate has been made of the destruction we did not pay for, or of the loss to our industry, by the withdrawal of so many hands from production. The cost to the other side was surely no less; when we add them both together, the estimate is appalling. But by a strange fatality, by an inconceivable blindness, instead of reckoning up this destruction as a loss, we have acted as if it represented rather an enrichment of the country, and every paper dollar and every bond which had been issued as an evidence of property destroyed was considered as an evidence of property created. Instead of realizing that we had less to spend, we followed the delusive phantom of credit as far as it would lead us, built railroads beyond the power of patrons to pay for, furnaces for iron which was not needed, mills for fabrics we could not afford to wear, and now we are finding out by harsh experience that building a furnace or railroad that will not

pay comes next to destroying a railroad or a mill that does pay.

We ought to be learning this truth, but we are not; we still cling to the delusion that our misfortunes came without a cause, and we blindly hope that they will pass away without cause. Instead of realizing that the property lost and wasted and fooled away is as absolutely gone as if it had never existed, instead of realizing that it can be replaced only by hard work and strict economy, we hope that the evils which were gathering during ten years may be dissipated in a day; we flattered ourselves that if we would spend five or six millions of dollars in a show and call it the Centennial year we would not feel the loss of the five or six thousand millions which represent our impoverishment. That hope has failed us, and now the sagacious politician takes the public by the button-hole and says that all that is needed is a change of administration, that a change in Washington will restore public confidence, etc., etc. Now do not seek to emulate the politicians and to make party capital out of a pure question of political economy; even the stupidest politician might be expected to know that no matter which way the election turns it will represent the popular confidence, and we say that is a very unfavorable indication, it is a proof of every abject imbecility, when the toleration of a public hearing is accorded to such nonsense. A nation which spends more money for whiskey than all that it pays to the tax-gatherer—Federal, State and National—may be very ready to believe that it will start on the high road to wealth because Smith controls the appointments instead of Jones; but those whose public position gives them a public responsibility ought to know better. The cheapest capital for a demagogue is a virtuous profession, to be used as a catch-word; it is not a bad sign that demagogues are compelled to assume virtuous professions; but it is a very bad sign when the people put faith in them, and it is especially hard when real grievances and heavy losses, such as are summed up in the words "hard times," are expected to disappear before the cheap promises of a political quack. Those who really desire to form a just appreciation of the condition of the country, would do well not to mix up politics with it; and those who do not wish to deceive themselves about the future will do well not to base any hopes on relief coming from politicians.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## President Grant's Preacher Photographed by a Woman.

I am sorry that Mrs. Hayes is a Methodist, if she is going to be the next President's wife, solely for the reason that that fact will be likely to impose upon this community for another four years or more the Rev. Mr. Newman, ostensibly of the Methodist Metropolitan church—but who has been retained here, I don't know how many years, as a sort of Congressional and Court Chaplain. There will be dreadful eyes made at me for saying this, and more than one voice lifted up: "Naughty woman to speak against a minister." "Wicked woman to write disrespectfully of a clergyman." I rather suspect a part of my vocation (I have no "mission") is to protest against frauds, and if you will only convince me that this unctuous individual is not a fraud, I will never protest against him again; more, will I say I am sorry that I ever spoke of him at all. I am moved to this by reading in this morning's journals his advertisement that to-morrow he will preach on "The Fathers of the Republic," and that on Monday at midnight the Centennial year will be rung in with the chimes of the Metropolitan church, and that on Tuesday morning in the Metropolitan church Col. Fred Grant will read the Declaration of Independence, L. A. Gobright will read a poem, and Rev. Newman will deliver himself of an address. I respect my mother too much not to respect all good clergymen, but I object to politicians and "trimmers" in clergymen's clothing. No man has been more openly and shamelessly a politician than this man has been here year after year. The sight of him stretched out on the sofas of either house of Congress, hobnobbing with politicians, is an offense to any one to whom the sanctities of pure religion and undefiled morality are dear. Na-

ture made him a politician and a voluptuary. Did he appear in his true colors it would be easy enough to leave him to his Maker and himself, but to see him with such a visage and such a record calling upon the Holy of Holies, and weeping over Sinai, is more than honest human nature can bear. My objection to him is this: that standing in a high representative position, he is in every sense a pretender. He pretends to a scholarship that he does not possess. He is not a liberally educated man. He entered the Methodist ministry, as so many men did years ago, with no scholastic training, with nothing but the "pickings and stealings" of learning, and pages of poetry learned by heart, with which to garnish his sermons. He was not to blame perhaps, that his advantages were few, but he is certainly to blame for assuming a scholarship that he never possessed. He is an egotist, and imagines himself, no doubt, a great man and a very pious man, because he can work himself up to tears of sentiment over sacred scenes which he depicts; therefore, I am too charitable to accuse him of being a deliberate hypocrite. But in the place in which he stands, he is a hypocrite, nevertheless. How can he preach to the officeholders before him of integrity when he knows that he has held the pulpit he stands in for years by personal maneuvering, and that he and his wife traveled entirely around the earth for their own amusement at the government expense, under pretense of filling an office that did not exist? If President Grant was so anxious that his beloved pastor should take so extended a journey, it would have been more to his credit if he had paid the reverend gentleman's expenses out of his own pocket, rather than out of the treasury of the United States. He is not a scholar; he is not a thinker. He is a fat, weeping prophet, who tells anecdotes and cries over them, and can make broad genre pictures of what he has seen. Superficial people make this for wonderful talent, and even General Grant said, "I never hear Dr. Newman but he gives me a new idea." It was Schuyler Colfax who told this, and the lady to whom he repeated it replied, "I never heard General Grant was not overburdened with ideas of an intellectual kind, but I never imagined him so poor as that."—*Mary Clemmer (Ames) in Cincinnati Commercial.*

## By Telegraph.

## AMERICAN.

PHILADELPHIA, 22.—A mulatto, named George, from Utica, New York, declares to members of the Ross family that he saw Charlie Ross alive and well five weeks ago. He avows he was cook of a gang of thieves who operate in the south and west. That Charlie was turned over to this gang near Cincinnati, Ohio, soon after his abduction, and that subsequently he was taken south, where his custodians constantly changed their quarters. Charlie's hair is kept cut close to his head to prevent recognition. George says he had no hand in the abduction; that he wants to earn the reward; and if the facilities he asks are placed at his disposal, he will restore Charlie within a week. He says he could have offered his services long ago, but feared for his life. His answers to questions by the detectives seemed to support his claim to recent knowledge of the missing child. Some of the officers suspect the man is crazy, but he is very quiet and self-possessed. He says his gang was a branch of the thieves' organization to which Niozier and Douglass, the abductors, were attached.

WASHINGTON, 22.—The proposed impeachment of Robeson is a humbug. Few believe that any evidence has been discovered which gives a reasonable chance for conviction; but Glover, chairman of the real estate pool committee, apparently thinks he can make political capital by submitting a report proposing impeachment and delivering a campaign speech in its support. Several wiser democrats, realizing that this would look like conspiracy, have earnestly opposed the scheme, hence the failure of the impeachment programme designed for last Wednesday.

CHICAGO, 22.—The *Tribune's* Washington special contains the following: General Taft says that no pardon has yet been

granted to W. O. Avery, now undergoing a sentence of two years in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., for complicity in the whiskey frauds a month ago or more. Mrs. Avery, wife of the prisoner, industriously circulated a petition for the signature of newspaper men. It was represented by her that if she could present to the President a petition bearing the signature of representative leading newspapers he would consider it in the light of a declaration, and if he ordered the pardon he would not be subject to criticism from that quarter. Mrs. Avery secured the endorsement of nearly every correspondent in Washington, but none, however, signed the paper as newspaper men, but all as individuals. It was then presented to the President who referred it to the Attorney General. He in turn referred it to District Attorney Dyer who approved the issue of pardon on the ground that he (Dyer) believed that while Avery was guilty, he was simply used as a cat's paw by others who escaped conviction. Taft has said that if the pardon was issued it would cost the republican party 100,000 votes. Mrs. Avery left Washington yesterday with the cheering assurance to her husband that the pardon was forthcoming.

One thing is certain, Avery is pardoned, and the papers bear date in advance of 12 o'clock on July 22nd. Judge Taft knows nothing about it.

SAN FRANCISCO, 22.—A train on the Central Pacific Railroad, to-day, ran over and killed a man near Truckee, who was found to have been lashed to the track by parties unknown.

NEW YORK, 23.—With the trains of yesterday morning ended the brief existence of the fast mail railway service, and its decease, as well as its birth, was made the subject of something of a celebration by the postal clerks, not on account of any dislike of the employment, but from the feeling that such an important want should be duly noticed. As the train left the Grand Central depot its course was marked for a considerable distance by the noise of fire crackers and display of roman candles and colored lights. The trains on both routes—the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads—each took out about the average amount of mail matter, the former about twenty-five tons and the latter about eighteen. It is impossible at the present time to state what arrangement will be made with the Post Office authorities for the prompt carriage of the mail. To arrange for all the many connections which will have to be made with new trains, will take a large amount of work. The change in one schedule necessitates another, and this in turn necessitates inquiry and delay before it can be made. Proper arrangements, however, have been made covering the next two days, and early in the week it is hoped to have every thing in good running order.

Elven prostrations from the heat yesterday. The weather is considerably moderated, however, with the thermometer at 85.

W. L. Jewett, for many years sketch artist for Frank Leslie's illustrated papers, committed suicide by shooting at his residence in Jersey City this morning.

The police during the past week arrested 11,742 persons that were reported.

During the past week there were 997 deaths, 463 births, and 84 marriages, showing a decrease of 301 deaths, 7 births and 26 marriages as compared with the preceding week.

Seven European steamships left this port yesterday, carrying 1,259 passengers. All took out full cargoes.

WASHINGTON, 23.—The last of the new detachments sent to reinforce the other troops engaged in fighting the Sioux, are now on their way westward. General Sherman, by judicious distribution of the troops stationed on the seaboard, has been able, notwithstanding the present numerical weakness of our army, to respond promptly to the calls of Sheridan for reinforcements, and no volunteers will be needed to push the Indian war to a successful conclusion.

Sheridan reports from Chicago that everything is making satisfactory progress, and that active operations will be resumed within a few weeks.

It is officially reported here, that as soon as the necessary provisions are made and supplies forwarded, Sheridan will take the field and

personally superintend the movement of the troops.

BOSTON, 23.—Patrick Ford killed his wife with an axe to-night, and while attempting to escape the officers, jumped from a roof and was almost killed instantly; jealousy was the cause.

GREEN RIVER, WY., 24.—The freight train bound east that left here at 12 m. to-day, ran into a washout, one mile east of Point of Rocks, and killed Mike Quinn, engineer, William Leaf, fireman, and a machinist from here, by the name of J. Plunkett, that was the engine. The men are all under the engine and fourteen or fifteen freight cars on top of the engine.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., 24.—There was a slight frost, a few miles north of this place, last night.

WASHINGTON, 24.—General M. C. Butler, the leader of the whites in the Hamburg massacre, has written another elaborate letter defending himself. This letter is particularly abusive of the negroes and speaks in very light terms of the actual massacre.

The following dispatches have been received by General Sherman—

The following dispatch from General General Crook is transmitted for general information—

"General Merritt will reach Gen. Crook's camp on August 1st, with ten companies of cavalry, instead of eight, as at first contemplated. Gen. Terry has moved his depot from north of the Powder river to the Big Horn on Rosebud, and has notified me of his intention to form a junction with Crook."

"Signed, P. H. SHERIDAN, 'Lt. General.'"

"Headquarters Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition, Camp on Goose Creek, Wyo., July 16, via Fort Fetterman, 22."

"To General Sheridan, Chicago:

"I send in a courier to-day to carry in duplicates of my dispatches to Gen. Merritt for fear the originals may not have reached their destination. I send a courier to Gen. Terry to-night to inform him that I will co-operate with him, and where to find me, and also giving what information I have in regard to the Indians. It is my intention to move out after the hostilities as soon as Merritt gets here with the Fifth, and shall not probably send in another courier unless something special should require me to do so. I am getting anxious about Merritt's ability to reach soon, as the grass is getting very dry and the Indians are liable to burn it any day."

"Signed, GENERAL CROOK, 'Brig. General.'"

The plan of the campaign determined upon is a combined movement of three columns, with Fort Ellis as a base. Two of these columns will move directly against the Indians and their villages.

Gen. Sheridan will, according to his present plan, in all probability establish his headquarters in the field at some advantageous point on Goose Creek, about forty miles north-west of Fort Phil Kearney, and near the point of Crook's battle on the Rosebud on June 17th.

The troops of the different columns aggregate from 3,000 to 4,000. The physical features of the country are decidedly against them.

Speaking of the war, Gen. Sherman says it will be a stubborn and bloody battle. The Indian chiefs will naturally have a choice of position, and to fight them it will be necessary to take them where they offer and wherever caught. They will not fight if they can help it unless they have the advantage of ground and number, and, as a consequence, we must suffer losses. He says Crook and Terry have no superiors as Indian fighters, and if they get anything like a fair chance they will make it warm for the warriors of Big Horn. He estimates the fighting force of the Sioux now in arms at 2,500.

The Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies have been turned over to the military by the Indian commissioner.

The Senate confirmed George F. Talbot solicitor of the treasury; and Thomas B. Shannon, collector of customs for San Francisco; Thomas J. Brady, of Ind., assistant P. M. General; Mason Brayman, of Wisconsin, governor of Idaho Territory.

The President has signed the silver bill, also the army appropriation bill.

NEW YORK, 24.—Francis D. Moulton had a conference on Sat-