PUBLIC LEDGER.

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Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Rejected manuscripts WILL NOT be returned.

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All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to

E. WHITMORE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 22, 1879.

GREENBACKS AND GOLD.

Letter from Wendell Phillips---What the Greenback Conference Wanted.

BOSTON, January 11, 1879.—To the Editor of the New York Herald: A few days ago you published some remarks I made at the Greenback conference in this city. The report was correct as far as it went, but imperfect.

Allow me to state my views a little more definitely.

I think the Greenback party or the new finance party has been thus far uniformly victorious and has gained everything it has asked.

First—That party demanded the remonetization of silver. It is done, and the step is not likely to be reversed.

Second—We claimed that the greenback should not be destroyed, but be reissued. The secretary of the treasury, who was in his usual chronic state of perplexity and bewilderment, gladly submitted to this compulsion; indeed welcomed our victory. Thus the derided "rag"—the "dishonored rag"—is the national currency to-day and likely to remain so.

Third—We asserted that if the greenbacks were made receivable at the custom-house and for all debts due the government, coin and greenbacks would be equal in ninety days, and that this was the proper step to be taken.

For this we begged, argued and petitioned three years ago. Then we got no attention. Now the secretary, without law or authority, has ordered this step to be taken, and congress is about to sanction what he illegally did. Without this step resumption would be impossible, or extremely dangerous if possible. Without this help resumption would be a failure. When, in March, 1876, I argued for such a step before the Boston board of trade, the Solomons of that body held up their hands in holy horror, insisting that the government was pledged to the public creditor to demand its customs in coin.

It was very convenient to dodge—a plausible excuse—but one easily forgotten the moment the government needed the help of such a measure as I proposed. That pledge to the national creditor is as binding to-day as it was in March, 1876. But the men who screamed themselves hoarse in lying talk about the greenback as a dishonored note now clamor that the government shall break its pledge to its creditors by receiving greenbacks at the custom-house! "When I said I would die a bachelor," cried Benedict, "I did not think I should live until I were married." When I said I would die a hard money man, exclaims Sherman, I did not think I should live to owe my salvation to greenbacks.

With these three victories behind us we now advance to the next outwork of the enemy. In the future, as in the past, the true policy is to attack one thing at a time, to pledge the movement to only one claim at a time. The people can attend to only one issue at a time. Every unnecessary word in a platform robs it of voters by the thousand. The next point to attack is bank issues of currency. Put only one line on our flag—"No State or National Banks of Issue." Let the government issue all the currency the nation uses. This claim—that the nation shall resume its sovereignty over the currency, and not share it, as heretofore, with private corporations—is debated to-day and well received in England. All commercial nations must see the importance and all free nations its necessity.

Let journals and conventions discuss all points as freely as they please—bonds or no bonds; demonetization of gold and of all coin; funding the debt or paying it in greenbacks, and all methods of regulating the amount of currency; but let the party—the movement—be responsible for only this one claim, an exclusive national currency. When that step is gained we will rally on the next. Planted now on this one issue, we shall not wait long for victory. But the moment that point is gained the Republican party and John Sherman will claim it as "their thunder." Let all good people remember this, my prophecy, and when, a few years hence, they hear the loud party boasts of what wonders they have done and how much we owe them, it will be seen I prophesied truly as to their self-conceit and adroit pretense of being themselves victorious, while they have only been slyly stealing the measures and principles they have all along denounced. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The Scientific American has just discovered a new substance called uranine, a single grain of which will color three hundred gallons of water. This will be glorious news to the makers of circus lemonade.—[Rockland Courier.

What They Say About It.

About the hard times the heathen Chinee says "Melican man buy too muchee and no savee." His nomad brother of the forest and prairie puts it, "pale face buy heap, big heap, ugh!" The civilized citizen says "we spend too much for developing the resources of the country," as the vapid cant phrase is; have too much railroad, too much brown-stone with Mansard, too much vox populi in congress, too much fast civilization, too much Paris, too much art and dilettanteism, too much shoddy, too much tax, too much law for the amount of money, a great deal too much opinion of ourselves, with credulity enough to chain an earthquake; besides too much of to-day and too little of to-morrow. In a word, "too fast" epigrams the whole tale. With us, male and female, we have made but a slight acquaintance with true economy. What we call economy is stopping at the bung and giving the spiggot a free ticket. That is economy only which is prudent in most things and spends unnecessarily or foolishly nothing. No matter what your neighbor may do or buy; his purse may be longer, his wits daft, his account overdrawn or soon will be, or something worse to happen him. The best guide for spending will be your necessary wants prudently served after carefully consulting your purse. In prosperous times most of us are apt to be a little free if not fast in our outlays. In times like the present, to avoid want and suffering, we must apply the breaks and hold up, or we may soon be brought face to face with that which we would most avoid. We must deny ourselves frivolous gratifications and pleasures, which not only consume our sparse substance, but in the end change a pleasant life for a dreary one. Let us but do of all these what we can, and with but little effort and less sacrifice, standing solid upon our own perhaps humbler, and like as not honester, condition; ever working dutifully, kicking shoddy pride out into the gutter, loving our Creator and forgetting not to remember the commandments. This done, and in the manner of St. Paul giving our own a hearty and holy facial salutation, we are prepared to walk forth in the pride and glory of a greater strength, "conquering and to conquer." F. S. L.

ABOUT TO SURRENDER.

The corporate government of Memphis, after an active and honorable existence of near three score years, is about laying itself down to die, as the only propitiation in sight for all its past sins. Confessedly and notoriously as well as legally, having no soul to be saved, funeral pageants and the usual round of civic eulogies may probably not take place, as the moribund functionaries will be puzzled to find either cash sufficient in the city coffers to pay the expenses, or law, gospel or precedent to justify such overt expression of their profound sorrow. But "sic transit gloria mundi." And now, farewell Old Corp., if you're going sure enough. May your bones be laid softly, silently and reverently, where bonds and mandamuses are unknown forever! For it is they that have worried the life out of you, and sorely distressed and brought to much grief the large and notable constituency comprising your representative household.

F. S. L.

HORN LAKE, MISS.

Boy Wanted.

Detroit Free Press.]

A few mornings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out all the offices where he is," said the boy, as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said, as she advanced and extended her hand.

"O, 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, cause I know he'd gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill left her to buy coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter and don't say a word to Mr. —— about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there hain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!"

She took it and entered the house and the boy with peach-colored ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage," etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye he will please call between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., when he feels the strongest.

Appearances indicate that the rumpus in the Mapleson Opera Company has been smoothed over for the present, and that Miss Hauk will complete her contract. The lady herself now authorizes the announcement that she is betrothed to the Chevalier Ernst Von Hesse Wartig, the Austrian gentleman who has attended her constantly since her departure from Europe, and whose solicitude lest his adored should not receive the proper degree of consideration had much to do with her action Wednesday night in leaving Haverly's Theater, Chicago.

Story, the American sculptor, who lives in Rome, likes to consider himself as an Italian. In his studio he has many nightingales, which sing among his marbles. He works late into the Italian twilight. At home he rests himself on a sofa after dinner, while his wife reads to him until midnight—a time when he goes to his own room and reads to himself until 2 o'clock in the morning. Story was born rich, and he has never had any troubles about money.

OUR SERIAL LETTER.

Something About Salvador, Its People and Products.

Contributed to the Public Ledger.]

On the morning of April 23 we had reached the confines of the city of San Miguel. Many unusual objects now presented themselves, which betokened a section of no mean advancements in civilization. The first unusual sight was the appearance of a bridge, which spanned the Rio San Miguel. This was a novel structure, if we consider the entire absence of such a convenience in every other part of the country through which we had passed, of over 250 miles—and stranger still, the bridge was constructed of iron, conveyed from the sea coast on the backs of mules. Elegant plantations, well inclosed, now also opened before the gaze, and an occasional vehicle, an actual buggy sped by us. As we approached nearer the city, the different advancements of these more civilized people grew the more charming. Handsomely paved thoroughfares, beautiful flower gardens, arrayed in exquisite patterns, well-dressed and polite citizens are moving past you and everything will at once impress you that ignorance and indolence have long since been replaced by industry and by education, that great architect of national progress.

What a striking contrast did this scene present, as compared with sections of Honduras through which we had just passed. Though scarcely a half century from under the yoke of bondage, they have made astonishing strides in progressive intelligence and industry, and their superiority over their surrounding neighbors is a practical illustration of the results of energy and industry, under the guidance of that great power, education.

All this life and bustle takes place in the early morning, for when the noon's heat is beating, each one betakes himself to his hammock to enjoy a favorite siesta. The pleasant evenings, delightful and brilliant, entices out everyone, and a round of gayety is in vogue. Grand fetes and balls are quite frequent, and all over the city is heard the light music of the guitar, or the sweet tones of the marimba, mingled with the voices of the joyous votaries of Terpsichore.

San Miguel is situated near the base of a volcano, and upon a river of the same name. It has a population of about 25,000, and controls the bulk of the trade from Fonseca Bay to the Department of the San Salvador. It has many handsome edifices, storehouses and public buildings, and is not wanting in many of the appliances and conveniences of modern ingenuity. In the center of its plaza is a handsome fountain, to which a good portion of the people of the city resort for water, especially during the dry season, when all the little streams about the city dry up.

On a tour of inspection we visited several of the coffee and cocoanut plantations just without the city limits. One of these particularly attracted our notice. It was a large coffee estate, fenced in by hedges of tall cactus. This novel hedge is planted very thick and shoots up a stalk as straight as an arrow to about ten feet, forming an almost impregnable barrier to even the smallest animal. Within this enclosure was a luxuriant growth of the coffee plant, resembling in appearance a field of evergreens. As the shrub is found to thrive much better and to produce a more healthful and equal berry in the shade, this was supplied by long rows of cocoa trees, with their extensive coronal leaves waving in the breeze. Coffee seems to be one of the chief products of this immediate section. The plant was first introduced into this country from Costa Rica, about thirty years ago.

San Miguel is honored with being the site of the great annual fair for all this surrounding country. The varied products of Gautemala, the grains of Honduras, the coffee off Costa Rica and the minerals of Nicaraugua being all brought, in competitive array, upon the occasion of these great national expositions. During this festive season one day is set apart for a grand jubilee and feast, in which the whole multitude participate, it being a sumptuous welcome offered by the citizens of the city to all in attendance upon the fair.

San Salvador, and especially this city, are reaping excellent results from a wise law, which the opinion of most nations seems to antagonize, viz., that of encouraging the immigration of skilled artisans, by the introduction of implements, new inventions, machinery, etc., from abroad, free of import duty. Similar enactments, with like good results, have been passed in regard to export duties, which has been found to be a withering curse to all enterprise, since the extravagant duty recoils upon the producer.

One of the most unexpected and pleasurable sights which greeted our gaze in this remote region was the presence of a piano. This becomes a fact of no small consequence, when you realize that it was conveyed here upon the backs of stalwart men from the sea coast, a distance of no less than seventy-five miles from the nearest port. Though remote from the advantages of a thorough musical training, we found several accomplished performers among the aristocratic senoritas of the city, who had visited and received an education in foreign lands.

At last the time of our delightful stay in this city drew to a close, and we reluctantly packed our baggage for departure. Many were the hospitalities we had enjoyed here, and when I say hospitality, I do not mean hospitality only in name, for it was the outflowing of a generous, warm-heartedness that would redeem a thousand failings.

A. J. MILLER.

Soon after Fanny Elsler's return from America to Europe, she married a wealthy physician of Bremen, where she still lives contented, in a green old age, exempted from all the ills except declining sight. Her equally famous sister, Theresa, married before Fanny. She wedded Prince Adalbert of Prussia, first cousin of the emperor of Germany, and brother of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria and of Princess Elizabeth of Hesse Darmstadt. Her husband died last year. Since his death she has lived in Austria. There she died last month. Her large fortune (due to her own talents on the stage and to her husband) goes to her sister Fanny. Neither sister has any descendants.

A Manager's Fire Works.

Belgravia.]

A good story is told of Elliston's management at Worcester. For his benefit he had announced a grand display of fire works! No greater proof of the gullibility of the British public could be adduced than their swallowing such an announcement. The theater was so small that such an exhibition was practically impossible. A little before the night Elliston called on the landlord of the property, and, in the course of conversation, hinted at the danger of such a display, as though the idea had just struck him. The landlord took alarm, and, as Elliston had anticipated, forbade it. Nevertheless, the announcements remained on the walls, and on that night the theater was crowded. The performance proceeded without any notice being taken by the management of the fireworks, until murmurs swelled into clamor and loud cries. Then, with his usual kingly air, Elliston came forward and bowed. He had made, he said, the most elaborate preparations for a magnificent pyrotechnic display; he had left nothing undone, but at the last moment came the terrible reflection, would it not be dangerous? Would there not be collected within the walls of the theater a number of lovely, young, tender girls, of respectable matrons, to do him honor? What if the house should catch fire—the panic, the struggle for life—ah, he shuddered at the thought! Then, too, he thought of the property of that worthiest of men, the landlord—he rushed to consult him—and he now called upon him—there he was seated in the stage-box—to publicly state, for the satisfaction of the distinguished audience he saw before him, that he had forbidden the performance from considerations of safety. The landlord, a very nervous man, shrank to the back of his box, scared by every eye in the house being fixed upon him; but the audience, thankful for the terrible danger they had escaped, burst into thunders of applause.

Only a "Nigger."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who is traveling through the South, writes: At Bowling Green, Ky., a nicely dressed and lady-like young person entered the smoking-car, which, on all Southern railways, is set apart for colored people as well as for the votaries of the weed. As she was the whitest woman I had seen on the train, I supposed she had made a mistake and would go immediately to the ladies' car, but she sat down, with her feet in a pool of tobacco juice, and evidently intended to stay. With her, carrying two traveling bags, came a man of unmixed African blood, but of intelligent countenance and dignified manners. He turned the back of a seat, deposited his bags, and, sitting down beside the young lady, began a familiar conversation. When the conductor came around the man paid the fare for both. Still I thought he might be a servant, but I marveled at his easy manner with his mistress. The girl had an unusually bright and pretty face, blue eyes, and fine, straight, light-brown hair. She wore a fur-trimmed cloak over her black dress, and a natty seal-skin cap. The negro was well clad, his polished boots were encased in rubbers, and his overcoat was of excellent material. The girl listened with interest to his talk and gave him now and then an affectionate glance. My curiosity was more and more aroused to know what could be the relationship of this ill-assorted couple. Was it a case of practical amalgamation? "Who is that white woman traveling with a negro man?" I asked the conductor. He laughed and said: "That's no white woman; she's colored. She keeps a nigger school in Franklin. The man is probably a porter in some hotel. Very likely they are going off to get married." I went back to the smoking-car and took another look at the woman, but I could discover no trace of negro blood in her pretty face. Her lips were rather full, but in most white women such fullness would be thought beautiful. She could not have had more than one-sixteenth of black blood in her veins, and yet Southern race-prejudice cuts her wholly from white society.

American Sight-Seeing Abroad.

Cor. Paris American Register.]

I was seated in a coupe at Dresden; it was two years ago. An American lady with her daughter got in just at the last moment before the train started for Prague. The mother was apparently 40, the daughter half her age. So soon as the train had started the daughter took a good long breath and said, "Well, I think if anybody ever did Dresden thoroughly, we have." The mother replied, "I think we ought. Two whole days in a little town like Dresden?" The daughter said, "I think I saw every picture in the gallery." The mamma said, "I didn't miss a single thing in the 'green vaults,'" I copy verbatim from my note-book. Now, if one had given years of close study to art, and besides, was an art critic, he might see Dresden moderately well in six months—provided he was very industrious. Last winter when I was in Rome, a wide awake and agreeable American lady, with a typical, self-assertive, mother-domineering, but bright and charming daughter and a remarkably pretty niece were at our hotel. They would drive to a picture or a sculpture gallery or a church, rush in and out. Five minutes did St. Peter's! Half an hour the Vatican! I was at the Villa Borghese when they alighted, and said, "I will wait and see them leave." They were off again in seven minutes and thirty seconds by the watch! They spent three-fourths of their time shopping. At the end of three weeks they departed. At Florence I heard them say complacently, "If there is anything in Rome we did not see, it is something not worth seeing." There were not ignorant nor stupid people. These stories are only interesting because their authors were perfect types of a large class of "Americans abroad."

One of the Vassar Girls.

At Vassar College, not more than a dozen years ago, was a young girl from an interior town of Wisconsin. Of wealthy parents, herself handsome and unusually bright, about to graduate, after which she was to wed her heart's choice, her cup of happiness seemed full to the brim. Probably prompted by pure cussedness, an unnatural brother set about breaking the engagement, and only too soon succeeded in his purpose. The sorrow-stricken young girl returned, though on the eve of honors that had cost several years' hard labor. Her lover left home and friends for the Far West, never to return. A short time after the girl's parents died, and the large estate was divided between the surviving children. Taking her share, nearly $400,000, she turned her back on the home of her childhood. She came to Milwaukee, and has since lived a most isolated life, not admitting anybody to her confidence, repulsing all attempts at friendship; the heart that had thrilled at the delicious words of love became thoroughly crusted over and suspicious of mankind. Retiring deeper into seclusion year by year, today but few dare face her stern presence. She seldom if ever writes or receives a letter, makes no calls or has no callers, and, in short, is as entirely alone as one can be in this busy world. With an immense income, and one that is rapidly increasing, she spends but little money, and that for necessities. Rarely is she seen on the streets, and then as if she feared the touch of the bustling pedestrians. The brother does not live a hundred miles from Milwaukee.

Prurient Preaching.

Some years ago a minister in New York city made a great sensation by advertising a sermon to thieves and harlots. The house was crowded, of course, with people who wanted to get a good look at the wicked people who, for their part, did not come. This kind of prurient interest is easily excited by any discussion of social evils that is trumpeted. It is only the minister of firm, but delicate, touch who can advantageously treat such topics at all, and he will not use them as baits to catch gudgeon with. Such themes are sure to excite curiosity, whether they be treated in the pulpit, or the daily papers, or the weekly deadfuls; but the chief purpose of the moral reformer should not be to excite evil curiosity. A certain kind of pathological information a reformer needs; but it is not information to be generally disseminated. About all such evil a pure spirit will say, "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret."

Miraculous feats in dentistry are frequently performed; sometimes a subject is chloroformed, and when he recovers to consciousness his shirt-studs are gone and the double cluster firmly fixed in his jaw still remains. But the most marvelous dental achievement has just transpired with a Brooklyn dentist, wherein a lady has not spoken for six months. Through a mistake he caught hold of her breath and pulled her voice out.—[Claude DeHaven, in Court Journal.

Prejudice often rules in the physical treatment of babies. They are allowed to suffer and scream with pain from colic, flatulence, bowel disorders, etc., when some simple, reliable and safe remedy as Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, would give almost immediate relief and perfect ease to the little sufferer.

LOTTERY.

L. S. L.

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LEGAL.

HAVING qualified as the administrator of the estate of Catherine Sheehan, deceased, all persons indebted to same will please come forward and settle. Those having claims will please present them to me or my attorney.

J. M. SHEEHAN, Adm'r, 336 Front st.
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82-3

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THE partnership heretofore existing between JOHN E. RANDLE, J. W. HEATH and A. S. LIVERMORE, under the name of **Randle, Heath & Livermore**, has been dissolved by the death of Mr. J. W. HEATH. The surviving partners will continue the business under the name of **Randle & Livermore**, and solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended. The new firm assumes all the liabilities of **Randle, Heath & Livermore**, and will collect outstanding debts.

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