The Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most Interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

Advertising Rates.

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WEEKLY, 50 cents a line; no extra charge for large type. Preferred positions from 75 cents to $2.

The regular circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending Feb. 21, 1885, was:*

Sunday	110,850	Thursday	99,860
Monday	109,140	Friday	98,958
Tuesday	100,010	Saturday	99,870
Wednesday	99,386	Weekly	50,365

Total for the week 768,258

The Dollars and the Offices.

For the past three or four years of Republican rule, the annual expenditures of the Government have exceeded the needs of honest and economical administration by from fifty to seventy-five million dollars. Every Democratic success that has been gained, has been a protest on the part of the people against Republican extravagance and dishonesty. That is the whole story. That is the sole reason why a Democratic President is to be inaugurated two weeks hence.

Yet there are well-meaning Democrats whose sense of proportion has been so benumbed by a crank theory that they would probably rather see the annual appropriations doubled than have ten clerks or mail carriers appointed without a preliminary examination in geography and grammar.

It is the independent voters who turn the scale one way or the other in elections; and they will finally judge the success or failure of the party now coming into power not according to the way in which it disposes of the offices, but according to the way in which it disposes of the people's money.

Charges of False Pretences.

Mr. J. H. BATES, an advertising agent of large experience, complains with good reason of the impossibility of obtaining exact information with regard to the circulation of most newspapers. In fact, the number of journals in the United States which publish their regular circulation from day to day and week to week is very small—not half a dozen, so far as we can count them up.

The rest keep their circulation a carefully guarded secret, and though it must be known to several individuals in each office, it does not leak out. Even in the newspaper world itself the size of the editions sold by journals of great prominence can only be guessed at. Advertisers and advertising agents, therefore, are in the dark as to a matter which is of the first importance to them, for, other things being equal, the value of a newspaper to them depends on the extent of its circulation. A man buys other things, and he knows exactly what he is getting, and can compare the prices charged with those which the same articles command in the market generally; advertising space he must take "unsight, unseen"—without being able to inform himself as to the amount of publicity he gets.

But the worst effect of this secrecy is the distrust awakened in the minds of advertisers with regard to the truthfulness of newspaper publishers. We are sorry to say that the prevalent opinion is that such publishers commonly lie about the circulation of their journals—even the publishers of newspapers which are severe critics and censors of social and political morals. Experienced advertisers never think of relying on them for information as to that subject, having no confidence that they will get the exact facts, but either make their own guesses or take the estimate of some agent like Mr. BATES, who gives the newspapers, as he puts it, the circulation which "I think they are respectively entitled to," though he acknowledges that there must be errors in his figures because of his own ignorance.

Now, listen to what this advertising agent, who has had so much to do with newspaper publishers, is constrained to say to his customers with regard to them:

"It ought to be the easiest thing in the world to learn the exact circulation of the various newspapers of the country, but it is, in point of fact, extremely difficult and in the vast majority of cases impossible. This I am sorry to be obliged to say, is brought about by the secrecy and deception of the publishers themselves, who for the most part either refuse exact information, or furnish it so deceptively that it has little positive value. This is not because newspaper publishers are as a class less honest than other men in the ordinary affairs of life. But there has grown up a vicious practice among them of regarding the actual circulation of their respective journals as a thing to be kept secret or misrepresented, a thing the public has no right to know anything definite about; and while they set a price to advertising based on circulation, refuse to let their patrons know what that circulation is, or misrepresent it. To this there are honorable exceptions, men who recognize an advertiser's right to know just what he is paying for, and meet it by stating their true circulations from day to day, or week to week, conspicuously in their own columns. But the actual number of these is small, and the great body of publishers do not look on it with favor, for the singular reason that should they do so their own actual circulation would appear to disadvantage beside those of less scrupulous rivals.

"Some of the efforts made to avoid stating the exact truth, and yet obtain the advantage of some extraordinary claim are almost ludicrous. One would think the great dailies of this city could afford to be honest in this respect, and yet it is not uncommon to see one of them quote an item from some remote country weekly, referring to itself to the effect that the morning —— has reached the enormous circulation of ——, when the morning —— has never ventured to claim so high a figure, and could easily remove all question and settle the matter by regularly printing the facts from day to day. Another deception is to print in big figures the number of copies printed on some special occasion, such as the day after an important election, or other great event, and then either keeping that up as the regular circulation, or else for a long time after so quoting it when applied to."

These are very serious charges—charges of doing business on false pretences—and we cannot agree with Mr. BATES that because newspaper publishers are not "less honest than other men in the ordinary affairs of life," they should escape condemnation if they lie about what most concerns their pockets. Nor is it any excuse for one publisher's deception that if he told the truth his newspaper would "appear to disadvantage beside those of less scrupulous rivals." One man's lying is no justification of another's.

But has Mr. BATES found the true explanation of the "secrecy and deception" of which he speaks so unreservedly? As he says, the publishers who are usually so close-mouthed as to their sales are ready enough to take the public into their confidence when their circulation reaches great figures on some exceptional day. Is the conclusion unfair, then, that ordinarily their circulation is not large enough to be boasted of, or is too small to be revealed, and its extent is left to the imagination of the public, on the principle of the old Latin proverb that everything not known is thought to be magnificent? Any way, that is the conclusion men commonly draw.

Such a practice of secrecy and deceit, if it exists generally as described by Mr. BATES, is altogether disgraceful and very harmful to the newspaper business, which is one that comes more prominently before the public than any other. Dishonesty in the publishing office must weaken confidence in the honesty of the editorial rooms, for, in the majority of cases, the editor is a partner in the business, and directly profits by the lying down stairs, if, indeed, it is profitable. For we believe that, as a whole, and in the end, the practical effect of doing business on false pretences is always bad. Besides, advertising is something about which men are in great perplexity, even after long experience with it, and their doubts are increased by their inability to find out truthfully how much newspaper publicity they are getting for their money; nay, they are chiefly due to it.

Accordingly, we are glad to see that the example which THE SUN has so many years furnished, of publishing the exact number of copies it sells from day to day, in all seasons, and whatever the mutations of its circulation, is now followed by a few of our contemporaries. It is true that the number is only three or four out of thousands of newspapers, but they are better than none.

The French Adventure in the East.

The French military and naval forces in Tonquin and Formosa have made good use of the last month, during which attention has been diverted from their operations by the critical position of the British troops in the Soudan. The Pekin Government should now be pretty well convinced of its inability to cope with France, either by land or sea, and as the hope of English interposition has quite vanished, it must doubt even the expediency of a prolonged defensive war, whose strain would prove more ruinous to China than to her opponent. The report is, therefore, not improbable that negotiations for the arrangement of a compromise through the mediation of some neutral power have been renewed. China beaten will be willing to yield more, and France successful can, without loss of dignity, exact a little less.

When the troops available for discharging the double duty of controlling the Red River and expelling the Chinese from their strongholds in the northeast of Tonquin had been raised by reënforcements from France to about 18,000 men, aggressive movements were resumed with vigor and efficiency by the new French commander, Gen. BRIÈRE DE L'ISLE. The situation which confronted him was serious, and compelled the demonstration that Englishmen are not the only Europeans capable of surmounting obstacles and evincing reckless bravery. Since the ill-timed attempt to occupy Langson, which provoked the Court of Pekin to reject the Tien-tsin treaty, energetic efforts had been made by the Viceroys of the Chinese frontier provinces to strongly fortify and garrison this place, from which a flood of invaders could at any hour be poured into the heart of Tonquin. On the other hand, approach to Langson from the south would, under the most favorable circumstances, be difficult for the artillery and supply train of a modern army, for the sole means of access is a very narrow causeway, winding through a marshy country, for the most part submerged. But when the French troops were ready to begin their march, this causeway had been rendered almost impassable by huge breaches, by massive ramparts of stone and *chevaux-de-frise*, while every point of rising ground was occupied by Chinese sharpshooters. The lowest estimate of the force massed along this strong line of defence puts it at 40,000 men, and the courage displayed by the Black Flags during the previous campaigns in Tonquin and by their fellow insurgents in the Taeping rebellion has taught us not to underrate the Chinese capacity for desperate fighting.

Against this force, possessing every strategical advantage, Gen. DE L'ISLE could not employ over half of the French soldiers under his command in Tonquin, or at the utmost 9,000 men. Nevertheless, the column of attack, though weak in numbers, was so skilfully handled and behaved with so much gallantry that the hard task of driving the enemy from one outwork after another, and of wrenching Langson itself from their grasp, was thoroughly performed. Not, indeed, without a fortnight's incessant fighting and the storming of at least two forts, in defending which the Chinese must have displayed steadiness and valor, for the losses suffered by the French seem to have been considerable. But the work undertaken by Gen. DE L'ISLE was done. With the evacuation of Langson, and the recoil of the Chinese behind their own frontier, the subjugation of Tonquin is virtually accomplished, for with all the keys to the Song-koi delta in French hands, the inhabitants will cease to look for help to China, and will speedily resign themselves to the French protectorate.

In Formosa Admiral COURBET has managed to keep, and even to improve, his footing, although his resources have been much more inadequate to the work required of him than were those of Gen. DE L'ISLE. In his attempts to dislodge the Chinese troops occupying the heights near Kelung he met with some reverses, but these have since been offset by decided advantages. Nevertheless, should the war be prolonged, he will probably need a somewhat stronger force to hold and work the coal mines, which are the capital object of the French demonstration in Formosa. In his engagement with the Chinese squadron, from which great things seem to have been expected at Pekin and Shanghai, he was brilliantly successful. We do not, indeed, know as yet how many of the Chinese vessels that entered the Ning-po River were ironclads or whether they were commanded by European officers, but it is undisputed that of the five men-of-war three fled before the French could engage them in close action, while the remaining two were sunk by torpedo boats. Their complete failure in this experiment will probably disabuse the Chinese of the notion that, because they have become proficient in navigating merchant steamers, they are therefore able to contend with Europeans in naval warfare.

On the whole, the prospect is just now decidedly propitious for the fulfilment of the French dreams of colonial empire in the East, and China, which can no longer look for avowed or secret support from any quarter, may do well to agree quickly with her despoiler, lest harder terms should be imposed.

An Unremunerated Philosopher.

This is an old, old question, but perhaps it is worth while to answer it again; and, besides, our correspondent introduces it in a very civil and ingenious way:

"I have been a reader of THE SUN for several years, and I consider it a paper which contains more worth reading, both of news and other instructive and interesting matter, written in a terse and pointed style, than any other paper published. The contrast between THE SUN, with its solidified wit and wisdom, and some of the mammoth, heavily padded, and frothy sheets is such as to make one think that the latter have yet to learn some of the first lessons of successful journalism. I do not say this for flattery, but simply as my sincere conviction and what I have long felt like saying.

"I am a young man with literary ambition. Being of an oversensitive imagination and dreamy temperament, when very young I took to writing short stories and sketches for the newspapers, which were generally printed, but I have been writing off and on now for over ten years, and as yet have never received a cent as remuneration for my labor, and am at times very much discouraged at the prospect. Being also of a humorous turn of mind, I have for some years past been writing paragraphs and brief humorous sketches, which have also been generally printed, but still no offer of compensation, though I flatter myself that some of my work will compare favorably with that of some of the so-called funny men.

"I enclose two or three specimens of my shorter productions, and I would be very grateful for your candid opinion of them, and also whether you would advise me to keep on writing or give it up as a bad job. Perhaps you could advise me as to the best way of trying to gain a foothold. I claim originality in everything I write. Sincerely yours, "JOHN W. FISK.

"P. S.—I am a distant relative of the late JAMES FISK, Jr., of your city."

We are glad that Mr. FISK likes THE SUN, but his letter—barring the sensible and discriminating introduction—shows that he has failed to profit by its teachings, and that he is not in harmony with its spirit. He ought to have learned long ago that we have no sympathy and no encouragement to offer to young men who boast of a morbid temperament, and even in their work cannot forget themselves and their vanities.

The distant relative of our young friend, the well-remembered JAMES FISK, Jr., had great failings and conspicuous vices, but he was not a milksop. There was something virile about the fellow, a dash and an audacity which won for him much popular admiration of a certain sort—the kind of admiration which boys give to the pirates, brigands, and freebooters of romance. He was too active, too full of energy, to spend his time in analyzing his emotions and in dreaming instead of working.

What would have come of him, whither he would have tended if STOKES had not put an end to his career with a bullet, very many people have vainly asked themselves. Probably a violent death was the only logical conclusion of such a life; but if he was alive now, what would be his condition and what his relations to his old partner, Mr. JAY GOULD?

Of course, we do not advise our young friend to imitate his distant relative. Very likely if he tried to do so, he might soon find himself in the jail of his county, and it would be the proper place for him. Yet he may learn even from the career of that man that to accomplish anything he must give up coddling himself, and set to work so earnestly that he will forget to think about what sort of temperament he has. If he is oversensitive, that will be a great bar to his success, for he cannot expect that he will have soft usage through life when he throws himself into the contest for its prizes. Besides, oversensitiveness is a disease which is curable, and the sufferer ought to lose no time in subduing it, instead of nursing the weakness as an indication of possible genius.

Dreamy? What does our correspondent mean? That he goes about mooning, and cultivates the habit of indulging in idle fancies? If he does that, he is weakening his mind to no purpose, for the propensity is morbid and vicious, and tends to sap the intellectual strength. If he wants to make a mark in the world, he must stop dreaming and go to work.

Probably the best thing for him to do is to give his imagination a rest, for he seems to have been overworking it, and has got no substantial return for the waste of tissue. A man who can get no pay for his stories, even after more than ten years' experience in writing them, is sensible if he turns his energies to some other industry than the production of novels. If his work had been remarkable, its merits would have been discovered before now, and he would have no difficulty in selling his stories at a good price. The fair inference, therefore, is that he has to give them away because they are not worth paying for. Nor need he be mortified because that is the case. Only here and there is a man to be found who has a gift of story telling of which he has any reason to be proud.

Besides, the market is overflooded with fiction of one sort or another, and just now especially the business of the average American novelist is far from profitable. So poor is the sale of miscellaneous books that publishers dare not accept manuscripts which they know to be good; and even in the best times a publisher of books, of a magazine, or a newspaper gets ten, nay, twenty times as many stories as he can print.

As to the specimens of writing submitted by our correspondent, they do not justify us in urging him to go ahead with literary work. At any rate, we advise him to stop, to give it up as a bad job, unless he can get pay for his fun and his fiction.

A Young Men's Debating Society.

This is a letter to which we gladly give the prompt attention it requires:

SIR: Some time ago I saw an editorial comment on a note which a young man had sent to you. It was to ask your aid in organizing an association of young men. You declined. I regretted your course very much, for it is a fact that we have no really first-class literary society for young men. I had hoped that under your lead we could organize one, because we know you as the young man's educator, and we know THE SUN as the young man's paper. So we write this in hope that you may either change your views or modify them somewhat.

A dozen young men who are desirous of organizing the grand work of such a club have made arrangements to meet in Justice GROSZY's court, Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, on Thursday night, Feb. 12, with that end in view, and would ask your cooperation. Will you invite the young men who read THE SUN to meet with us in council? Will you give us your views on this subject?

Shall we organize as a literary society only or shall we be a distinctly political science club? Many of us believe that economic subjects should be better understood and discussed, and think it advisable that only questions of political and social science should be debated. Yours, &c., E. D. JUNN,
Secretary Political Science Club, Court Room, Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue.

Mr. JUNN is mistaken. We declined to undertake the work of organizing the debating club only on the ground that the young men themselves must start the enterprise; but we called the attention of the public to what they desired to do, hoping that by so doing we would give them a lift.

So now we applaud the purpose of Mr. JUNN and his friends, and if they succeed in getting up first-rate debates, we advise clever and ambitious young men to join the club and take part in the discussions, which they will find stimulating and profitable.

Many of the best public speakers in England and America, we remind them, have got their first oratorical training in such societies, several of which existed in New York before the war, and included among their members men whose names are now more or less famous. There was, for instance, the old Athenæum Debating Society, which held its meetings in Clinton Hall, whose walls often resounded with the eloquence of the orators and with the applause which the interested audience gave to the bold contestants.

As to the subjects of debate, they may be both literary and political. But care should always be taken to make the theme of discussion one which will necessitate studious preparation on the part of the debaters. There are pretty sure to be in every such society frothy young fellows with no end of assurance, who are fond of making a show of their glibness, but are too lazy to inform themselves as to what they assume to talk about. Such vain spouters are soon shut up if the subjects for discussion selected require laborious preparation in the way of reading and searching after authorities.

If political questions are raised, let them be those larger questions which do not stir partisan animosities, for these will soon break up any debating society. The first object is to learn to think and talk clearly and simply on your feet; and secondly, you want to get yourself into the habit of acquiring exact information about the subjects you discuss. Those ends can be served whatever the theme, so long as it requires study of facts and comprehension of their meaning.

Queer, Isn't It?

Mr. BLAINE is an out-and-out protectionist, and fought his Presidential campaign as much as possible on that question. He charged that Mr. CLEVELAND was a free trader, and although this imputation was not proved, and people are still in doubt about it, yet thousands and thousands of voters, especially among our fellow citizens of Irish origin, cast their ballots against CLEVELAND on that ground.

Yet here we have this avowed protectionist and this accused free trader both turning their backs on American art and employing Englishmen to paint their portraits! Of course we shall be told that it is a matter of taste, and has nothing to do with political preferences; and the answer to that is that if BLAINE and CLEVELAND have been led by taste to prefer the Englishmen when American artists are a great deal better, their taste must be very poor indeed.

For Mr. BLAINE especially the thing seems injudicious. With his avowed opinions and his high Americanism of feeling, he oughtn't to have done it. Mr. CLEVELAND, on the other hand, is much freer, because he has not set himself up as an extra American. He might employ a dozen Englishmen to paint his portrait without violating any great political doctrine that he has proclaimed to be his rule of conduct.

But it is funny, any way, and we dare say neither of them will do so any more.

The proceedings before the Senate gas investigation committee have a suspicious appearance of being directed rather in the interest of private parties than in that of the public. The point that consumers want to know is whether they get the quantity of gas they are obliged to pay for, and whether its quality is what it ought to be. Fishing into the accounts of the companies for information regarding capital and dividends will properly come later on, after the charges of fraud and extortion have been proved. As yet no intention of inquiring into this first branch of the subject is manifested, and there seems to be great danger that it may be overlooked.

It is altogether likely the Legislature of Delaware now in session will be called upon to elect a successor in the United States Senate to Mr. BAYARD. In performing this duty it cannot do better than to choose GEORGE GRAY, the present learned Attorney-General of that State. Mr. GRAY is an able and upright man, well qualified for the Senate. His election would strengthen the Democratic party at large and reflect credit on the State.

The strain upon the public mind in England yesterday was intense. Rumors of further and fearful disaster in the Soudan were flying about, and the fact that they could be traced to no trustworthy source, and were vaguely attributed to some stock-jobbing scheme, only made them all the more disquieting in their effect. Enough is known to make it certain that Gen. BULLER's peril in the desert, where the hordes of the MAHDI are pressing close upon him, is very great.

Gen. STEWART's official report of the battle in which he received his mortal wound confirms the previous accounts of the impetuous fury with which the English advance was resisted, even after the victory at Abu-Klea wells was supposed to have shaken the confidence of the Arabs in their prowess. Recent events must naturally have increased the self-confidence of the MAHDI's followers, and as they are in greater force than ever, and the English are trying to get away from them, it can hardly be cause for wonder that London is startled at every rumor of misfortune that comes from the valley of the Nile.

In the mean time the feverish feeling has been increased by the popular demonstrations at the departure of the Guards, which, it would appear, could hardly have been more exciting yesterday if the soldiers had been going forth to meet a formidable enemy on English soil.

There is one bit of civil service reform that we think President CLEVELAND will apply without much hesitation and with slight regard to politics. Gen. GEORGE H. SHARPE has been drawing $7,500 a year for some time past as a member of the Commercial Commission to South America, and all the while he has been staying in his comfortable home in Ulster county. The other members of the Commission have travelled abroad and are now somewhere in Columbia, we believe; but Gen. SHARPE does his share of the work in the State of New York. We suppose he will get reformed out pretty suddenly after the fourth of March; and nobody will shed a tear.

Has our esteemed contemporary, the *Atlanta Constitution*, no appreciation of true greatness? It must be very deep in the dumps to find "a grain of comfort in the fact that the two champion bores of the House—WHITE of Kentucky and OCHILTREE of Texas—will have to stay at home hereafter." Mr. WHITE occasionally makes a row, and so things become lively in the House, and excited members fall upon him vehemently and try to suppress him. Surely this is not the part of a bore. And as for TOM OCHILTREE, what will the House do without him? He is understood and admired everywhere except in Atlanta.

Mr. Blaine at the Inauguration Ball.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Among the invitations delivered at Mr. Blaine's house this week was a delightful card with two pictures on it, inviting him to be present at the ball given to commemorate the inauguration of Cleveland and Hendricks. He will probably go, as there is an unwritten law that the defeated candidate shall commit hari-kari at every opportunity offered.

The Illinois Senatorial Contest.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 21.—The Democrats refused to answer to the roll call in the joint session of the Legislature to-day. The Republicans were in full force. Some debate occurred as to whether the Speaker was competent to preside when he refused to answer to the roll call, but the Speaker was of the impression that it would come out all right. The total number of votes cast was 101, of which Logan received 100 and E. Washburn 1. No quorum voting, the joint session adjourned. A number of Democrats left for home, and it is not probable that they will return in time to vote on Monday.

Glad to Hear Long Beach Escaped so Well.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of the 17th inst., referring to the damage wrought at Long Beach by the storm of Sunday night and Monday, the report says that the basement of the hotel was filled with water, and one end of the bathing pavilion was undermined. Permit me to say that the only damage done to the company's property by the said storm was the washing out of line of a few feet of the common board walk leading to the boathouse, and a couple of panes of glass in the hotel, the damage all told not amounting to $50, and there was no water in the basement. J. RAYMOND BACKUS, Receiver.
NEW YORK, Feb. 20.

HONORS PAID BY THE SIXTH CONGRESS TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

On the 15th of December, 1799, Mr. Tobias Lear wrote to President John Adams announcing "the death of the great and good General Washington," which, he said, had occurred after a short illness, from inflammatory sore throat, between 10 and 11 o'clock the night before. "His last scene," said Mr. Lear, "corresponded with the whole tenor of his life; not a groan nor a complaint escaped him in extreme distress. With perfect resignation and in full possession of his reason he closed his well-spent life." This letter, written at Mount Vernon, reached Congress, at Philadelphia, four days later, with the following introduction:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The letter herewith transmitted will inform you that it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life our excellent fellow citizen, George Washington, by the purity of his character and a long series of services to his country rendered illustrious through the world. It remains for an affectionate and grateful people, in whose hearts he can never die, to pay suitable honors to his memory.
UNITED STATES, Dec. 19, 1799. JOHN ADAMS.

The House of Representatives, having thus "received intelligence of the death of their highly valued fellow citizen, George Washington," unanimously resolved:

1. That this House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this national calamity.

2. That the Speaker's chair be shrouded in black, and that the members and officers of the House wear mourning during the session.

3. That a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to report measures suitable to the occasion, and expressive of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated on the loss of a citizen first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

These resolutions were drawn up by Major-Gen. Henry Lee, and introduced by John Marshall, a Representative from Virginia. Their closing phrase, since become famous, was repeated the same day in a resolution of the Senate, passed when that body had been informed of the action of the House. Gen. Lee reiterated it one week later, in his funeral oration before Congress, to which production its origin is usually, but erroneously, traced.

The Speaker, Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, attended by the House, then proceeded to the residence of the President of the United States, whom the Speaker addressed as follows:

SIR: The House of Representatives, penetrated with a sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the nation in the death of that great and good man, the illustrious and beloved Washington, wait on you, sir, to express their condolence on this melancholy and distressing event.

The reply of Mr. Adams was equally terse and direct:

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: I receive with great respect and affection the condolence of the House of Representatives on the melancholy and afflicting event in the death of the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced. I sympathize with you, with the nation, and with good men through the world, in this irreparable loss sustained by us all.

The Senate had on the same day (Dec. 19) passed resolutions of condolence and of going into mourning. Its address to the President, however, was more elaborate than that of the House, and, having been prepared by a committee of which Mr. Samuel Dexter was Chairman, was presented four days later (Dec. 23) by the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, Mr. Samuel Livermore, whom the Senate accompanied for that purpose to the house of Mr. Adams. The address declared that "our country mourns her father," and her greatest benefactor and ornament.

His fame is whiter than it is brilliant. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtue. It reproved the intemperance of their ambition and darkened the splendor of victory. The scene is closed, and we are no longer awakened by his fall from the lofty station he so long and so worthily filled. He has travelled to the end of his journey, and carried with him an increasing weight of honor. He has deposited it safely where misfortune cannot tarnish it, where malice cannot blast it.

President Adams, on his part, made an elaborate response:

The attributes and decorations of royalty could have only served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary. For himself, he had lived enough to life and to glory. For his fellow citizens if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal. * * * His example is now complete, and it will teach wisdom and virtue to magistrates, citizens, and men, not only in the present age, but in future generations, as long as our history shall be read.

While these addresses were exchanged the House had agreed to a series of five resolutions, in which the Senate, on returning to its chamber, concurred. The first may be quoted in full, inasmuch as it links the year 1799 with this present year 1885, and with the current ceremonies at the national capital:

That a marble monument be erected by the United States, in the Capitol at the city of Washington, and that the family of Gen. Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument thus designed be inscribed with a suitable inscription, to perpetuate the great events of his military and political life.

The other resolutions provided for a general procession from Congress Hall to the German Lutheran Church, on the following Thursday, and an oration, to be prepared at the request of Congress by a member selected by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House and delivered on the same day. The resolutions further recommended the people of the United States to wear mourning crape on the left arm for thirty days, and requested the President to assure Mrs. Washington of the condolence of Congress and "of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character."

Major-Gen. Lee was requested to prepare and deliver the oration, and on the third day after, Dec. 26, he pronounced it before Congress in the German Lutheran Church. After speaking of Washington's greatness as a soldier and as a statesman, Gen. Lee thus referred to his personal character:

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind, and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His fame survives, bounded only by the limits of the earth and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affections of the good throughout the world; and when our annuals shall be done away, when nations now existing shall be no more, when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's chart unfolded shine, and die not until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.

The next day the House, "highly gratified with the manner in which Mr. Lee has performed the services assigned to him," thanked him for his oration, and requested "that he will permit a copy to be taken for publication." To this Gen. Lee consented with grave courtesy, "much as I had flattered myself," he added, "with a different disposition of it."

To complete its system of public mourning, Congress passed this resolution:

That it be recommended to the people of the United States to assemble on the 22d day of February next, in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to testify their grief for the death of Gen. George Washington, by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses, or by public prayers.

These historic records may serve to remind us now, when Washington's Birthday is a day of rejoicing only, of the grief universal in the country during the melancholy closing days of the eighteenth century.

Gordon.

Khartoum, January, 1885.

Here's your health, General Gordon!
Here's your health, gallant soul,
Be you live or be you dead!
For the sullen thunders roll,
And the fires of hell encircle
In the desert, lost Khartoum,
And the English braves are dribbled
To their doom.

Here's your health, General Gordon,
Be you live or be you dead!
Be you marching thro' the desert
With your English flag o'erhead,
Or, your pulses stilled forever,
The black vultures of the East
On the noblest heart of England
Make their feast.

Oh! for an hour of Gordon
In this time of dole and woe!
When our great old mother, England,
Is the sport of every foe!
And the black-coats there in London
See Earle stretched on his bier,
And strike for the name of England—
In the rear!

So, a health to General Gordon,
Be he live or be he dead!
Be he marching through the desert
Or cold in a bloody bed;
He cares not, living or dead,
But a deathless fame shall bloom
From the cloud of fire that hovers
O'er Khartoum! J. E. C.

Prudently break up your cold by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for sore lungs and throats, and a certain curative for coughs.—Adv.

CRESCENT CITY ODDITIES.

A Very Leisurely Way of Extinguishing Fires in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 13.—There was considerable excitement in upper St. Charles avenue at 4 o'clock this afternoon, which illustrated the workings of the New Orleans Fire Department. The fires are taken care of by volunteers, who are not unlike the old New York fire laddies as far as influence and pull is concerned, but behind them in snap and grit. They go to the scene of the conflagration at a fast walk, and come home with their arms over one another's shoulders singing musically. Every man is a boss, and if the fire is a dangerous one the men keep right on singing and stand resolutely out of harm's way.

The system of conveying news of a fire strikes an observer at first blush as being full, rounded, and complete. When a fire breaks out all a citizen has to do is to go and telephone to a bell tower, the alarm is then given, and preparations by the firemen to attend the scene of the conflagration ensue.

This afternoon the people loitering near St. Andrew's street, on St. Charles avenue—which is the Fifth avenue of New Orleans—had their attention attracted to a big white house by a crowd of negroes who were looking over the fence at a smoking chimney on an extension.

"Mus' be a flah," remarked a red-whiskered man, pensively.

"I'll make a mighty party flah o'f buss th' hull house," answered his neighbor, with an air of shrewd prediction, as he partook of half a paper of tobacco, and leaned more comfortably against the house. Time wore on, the crowd increased in numbers, and flames appeared coyly at the base of the chimney, and began to advance toward the ridge pole. It was a curious crowd. One-half was made up of lazy negroes and open-mouthed children and the other of round-shouldered, hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed men. All wore scraggy beards, and were invariably ill-kempt and slovenly.

After the fire had been burning some time longer the man with the red beard, who seemed to be the most vigorous and bustling citizen of them all, opened his mouth several times with the palpable intention of saying something. The prospect of going to so much trouble discouraged him three times, and then he drawled:

"Seems t'me as how th' people in th' hausue might be told uv that there flah, eh?"

This suggestion did not meet with much encouragement, and the red-whiskered man relapsed into permanent silence. A moment later a tall, dare-eyed, and willowy young woman dashed out of the house and appealed excitedly to the crowd:

"The house is a burnin' up! Gentlemen, won't some of yo' go an' give the alarm, an' please come in and help us put it out?"

Not a man moved. She was very much excited, and, leaving the crowd of stolid men, she ran down the street and started a fat-cheeked young man at the telephone. He yelled "Hel-l-o-o-o-o!" twenty-six times before he caught his breath, and the girl left him still at it. The girl hurried back, and found that a nimble young negro, who bore the somewhat unexpected name of Haggerty, was on the roof of the extension pouring water on the flames. After ten minutes' work the fire was all extinguished; but the crowd of sombre men stood there for nearly an hour thereafter, saving and doing absolutely nothing. Eventually a boy was sent down to relieve the fat-cheeked enthusiast who had bawled at the telephone disk until his voice had become a husky cross between a cough and a cough.

Before the last traces of the event had disappeared a white-faced policeman arrived. He was smoking a brown paper cigarette, and carried a big green umbrella under his arm. He looked sad, and dragged his rather ample feet after him slowly. After borrowing a bit of pencil from a small boy and a piece of paper from the red-whiskered man, he leaned against the post and drawled mournfully, "I'll jis' wait heah until some un comes out o' de hausue an' then make a report."

An hour later on he was still waiting.

THREE DEFAULTING CASHIERS.

The Men who Robbed the Banks in Norwich, Conn., to be Tried this Week.

NEW LONDON, Feb. 21.—The trial of the three defaulting bank cashiers of Norwich—James M. Meech, Charles Webb, and Wm. Roath—will be begun next week before the United States District Court in New Haven. Each of the men is under bonds of $7,500, and each is liable to a term in State prison of five years. The amount lost to the banks, the Merchants' National and the Shetucket National, will aggregate over $130,000. And all went to keep up margins in Wall street speculation. The Merchants' will probably cover its loss by reducing its capital from $300,000 to $200,000. The Shetucket Bank, it is said, will go out of existence. The swindling cashiers are all men of cultivated taste, used to refinement and luxury, and have fine families and beautiful homes. Their ruin has proved a severe blow to their friends, and is used as a sad commentary upon the craze for stock gambling which pervades eastern Connecticut. With the exception of Meech, they are comparatively young men. Meech was taken to New Haven to-day and locked up to await trial, his bondsmen fearing that he would skip. His wife and son followed him to the jail and had an affecting parting. The trial will begin on Tuesday.

THOSE MISSING MAIL BAGS.

The Mail of the British Consul Does Not Pass Through the Post Office.

Postmaster Pearson was asked yesterday what he knew about the following despatch, printed in THE SUN yesterday:

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Upon the arrival of the Celtic to-day a sensation was caused by the announcement that when the steamer was three days out from New York a mail bag was found concealed in a saloon closet, which had been cut open and the contents, including despatches from the English Consul to this Government, had been torn and crumpled inside the bag. Another bag, which had been specially sealed, was also opened.

"The responsibility does not rest upon this department," Mr. Pearson said. "Our foreign mail is put up in sealed bags, and delivered here at the Post Office to the representative of the vessel that is to carry it. He receipts for each bag on the platform of the Post Office, and we have nothing to do with it once it is loaded on the truck that carries it away. As to the British Consul's mail, that we have nothing to do with whatever. It does not pass through the Post Office, but is fastened up in a small leather satchel and taken directly to the steamship company without any postage being paid. As to the bag 'specially sealed,' I do not know what that can mean."

Three mail bags were missing from the Celtic on her November trip from New York.

The Crazy Quilt Mania, and its Effect on the Logan Family.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Wives of public men in Washington constantly receive letters from all parts of the country asking for pieces of their dresses or other articles of apparel; also for neckties of their husbands, to be used in making crazy quilts. Mrs. Logan is more frequently asked for contributions of this kind than any other lady in Washington, and she almost always complies with the request. It is said that she has not a dress that has not been clipped for this purpose. The General declares that he finds it hard work to keep a necktie. He does not complain, however, for he enters fully into the spirit which prompts his wife never to refuse such a request when it can be granted. Cast-off dresses and ties are scarce in the house of the Logans. There are hundreds of quilts in all parts of the country specially prized because they have a piece from one of Mrs. Logan's dresses, or from one of the General's neckties.

The Residence of a Philadelphia Editor.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Mr. George W. Childs has distributed among his friends an interesting illustrated description of his country seat in Delaware county, named from that of the place of his close friend the Duke of Buckingham. This description recites the names of many of the great of all countries who have been the guests of our generous townsman. We have not seen Wooten, but are told that it surpasses in beauty and grandeur of scenery anything in this country, and that even many of the titled grandees of Europe who have visited it have been constrained to admit that its beauties are without parallel. Let it be a matter of constant pride to our citizens that the public spirit and boundless hospitality of a great man who modestly presents the story of his homestead in this little souvenir have tended largely to make the city great in which he dwells, and for whose interests he labors with increasing and unselfish devotion.

Lucky J. Hagerty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I state, in answer to Col. "Bob's" question, "What has God done for liberty, justice, charity?" that for my part in this work some Superior Power has promised me, in plain English words, the hand of America's fairest daughter. If you wish your reporter to call at 61 Gerlandt street, between 3 and 4 o'clock to-day, I will show him that I am accepted as the real original Moses by the roosters, who crow or flap their wings as I pass or look at them. Respectfully, J. HAGERTY.
Feb. 17.

Some Questions Answered.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*