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## A Fair Impostor.

A Jane evening. An upper room in a city "School for Young Ladies and Children." A damsel with unbound hair, in a white wrapper gazing, somewhat disconsolately, from an open window.

The clock had struck 10, and according to the receipt for being healthy, wealthy and wise, as well as the rule of Mrs. Mickle's establishment, the young person should be in bed and asleep instead of being in bed and gazing into futurity, and almost wondering for what earthly purpose she had been born. She was 17, and pretty—real pretty in her way—which ever was pronounced "so odd, you know."

The day before had been a graduating day, and she, too, had had her white dress and dainty gloves and slippers and all the et ceteras of such occasions; taking, as she rather bitterly thought, the whole of her Christmas present from the wealthy cousin who had generously kept her at Mme. Mickle's that she might be qualified for the post of under teacher.

In the next house a large party was in progress, and the star-gazer was enabled to see much of what was going on—windows raised and lace draperies waving in the soft June breeze. A party, indeed! What should she ever do with parties? She wondered who would ever ask her to one.

Here she caught a glimpse of a girl's figure in white, and beside her a tall, distinguished-looking man, with such a face as sometimes visits one in a dream—a face that might have belonged, she thought, to a hero of the middle ages. And the girl at the window envied the girl surrounded by light and love, and wondered if, after all, she were so very much prettier and more attractive than herself.

An idea flashed into her mind—she would see! It would be something to do in the way of amusement. And, quick as thought, she had drawn the shades down, lighted the gas and unheated her graduating dress from the drawer. It was beautifully made, this simple white tarlatan, and fitted her slender figure perfectly. But Miss Liftwood's crowing glory was the shining mass of golden-brown hair which rippled far below her waist.

Almost before she realized what she was doing little feet twinkled rapidly down the stairs; a white-robed figure with flying hair fluttered like a butterfly across the alley, where a convenient gate afforded entrance to the premises of the party-giving people, and Margaret Liftwood, saying to herself in mingled terror and delight, "An adventure! an adventure!" suddenly stood at the side door of a house, with the owners of which she had never exchanged a word and didn't even know them by sight. It stood wide open and there was no one around.

She advanced to the staircase and stood gazing undecidedly upon the gay scene beyond, when the very girl she had watched from the window, flying up to her with the most beaming of faces, embraced her rapturously.

"I knew you would come!" "Did you?" responded the bewildered intruder.

"Yes, you dear, darling Daisy!" I was sure of it, and I told Daisy so. You don't know how we have talked you over! You have not seen him yet, I suppose. But who brought you, dear?—or were you wanted on this side?"

"Don't ask me any questions, please," replied our heroine, dreadfully embarrassed.

"I understand! You shall not be plagued, dear. But let me get a good look at you. Why, Daisy, you are lovely! And so like your photograph, only a great deal prettier. To think of it being six years since we met. But here comes Reginald. Perhaps I ought to retire, though it is all in the family, you know."

Our debutante would have liked to sink through the floor when the new comer, after regarding her with an admiring look, raised her white-gloved hand to his lips and said:

"Th's much, at least, I may be permitted?" "Poor child," said pretty Clara, for Margaret looked thoroughly frightened. "I shall see you again presently, and remember, Daisy, you do not leave us to-night. Papa, too, will put his veto on your departure."

"Then there is evidently no mamma," thought the young adventuress.

could not think of calling you Miss Charters." Margaret was led rather against her will, into the conservatory.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Gladstone, in a fatherly, reassuring manner. "I want to tell you that I know all about it. You—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, in a paroxysm of shame, "what must you think of me? I will go at once."

"Indeed, you will not!" replied her companion, with detaining arms.

With a frightful shriek Margaret tore herself from his grasp and before Reginald could recover from his astonishment she fled through the side door and back to her own premises.

The next day Mrs. Callister's Equipage stopped at Mme. Mickle's door, and its stately occupant asked for Miss Liftwood. She had just moved to her country seat for the summer—felt a little lonely, and did not expect any fashionable visitors yet—so concluded to give her little cousin the benefit of a fortnight's sojourn at Beechwood.

Margaret was most pleasantly pervaded by the consciousness of good looks and becoming attire, one afternoon about a week after her arrival, as dressed in a white, dotted muslin, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, she walked through a by-path at Beechwood, reading, until, raising her eyes suddenly, she found herself face to face with Reginald Gladstone.

"I am so glad that I have found you again!" said Mr. Gladstone, "a thing that I almost despaired of doing. How could you slip away from us in that Cinderella style, without even leaving a slipper behind? At least, tell me who you are, since I know you are not Daisy."

"I am an impostor!" replied Margaret, gravely; "one who had no right whatever in your house that evening, but I really had no intention to deceive you. I am to be a teacher at the school next door to you, and they all had gone away that night, and I watched the lights and the dancers from my window, and felt so lonely that I foolishly resolved to go in. I hoped to pass unnoticed, but you mistook me for another, and I cannot tell you how mortified I am at the very remembrance of it. Pray forgive me, if you can; I am staying at present with my cousin, Mrs. Callister."

"Is Mrs. Callister your cousin?" I am very glad to hear of it, for we are old acquaintances, and Mr. Callister has just brought me home to dine with them. How strangely things will turn out!"

How could all this be told to Cousin Sylvia? How could she account for her acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone? He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"It was a schoolgirl frolic you know. I think Mrs. Callister will be lenient when she learns all."

She was wonderfully lenient, for Reginald Gladstone was a great favorite and an excellent match, and she began to look upon Margaret with eyes suddenly open to her merits. The latter was urged to spend her entire vacation at Beechwood, and Clara Gladstone was speedily invited there to meet "the mock daisy," as she was laughingly called.

Things advanced very rapidly after this, and Margaret did not return to Mme. Mickle's.

**A Picture.** Only an idle moment, Only a thoughtless son, Spurning a mother's counsel, And the work of ruin begun.

Only a small beginning, "A glass for friendship's sake," That will lead him on to his ruin, And many a tear drop make.

Only a mother weeping, For a reckless, wayward son; All of her bright hopes shattered And fading, one by one.

Only a bar-room quarrel; A fight that began in fun. The fatal blow is given, And the fearful work is done.

**DECEMBER.** December's come, and with her brought A world in whitest mantle wrought; The trees and fence and all the posts Stand motionless and white as ghosts, And all the paths we used to know Are hidden in the drifts of snow.

December brings the longest night, And cheats the day of half its light; No bird-song breaks the perfect hush; No meadow-brook with liquid gush. Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme Of Liberty and summer-time.

But frozen is its joyous spell, Breathe once upon the window-pane And see the misty mists that pass— Fanciful shapes that go and come Forever slivery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring, Of happy children hapless king, Who with his sleigh and reindeer stops At all good people's chimney-tops.

Then let the holly red be hung, And all the sweetest carols sung, While we with joy remember them— The journeyers to Bethlehem, Who followed trusting from afar The guidance of that happy star.

Which marked the spot where Christ was born Long years ago on Christmas morn! —St. Nicholas.

**Ma'm Goodsell's Angels.** BY AGNES POTTER MAGEE.

The dreary prospect of a country road, stretching desolately around a hillside, with deep ruts frozen in the mud, and scrubby trees outlining its sinuous windings, seemed to have great attractions for a lad standing at one of the windows of the poor-house. He had watched the "country wagon" out of sight, and was looking longingly at the place where a bend in the road had hidden it from view.

A vague desire to get away from the place began to grow in Jerry's heart when he saw by Jake crack his long whip over the back of the patient mules, as they started down the road, and now the memory of a trip to town the summer before comes back to him, temptingly, alluringly.

This had been the one bright spot in the child's pitiful existence. He had felt as proud of the vehicle, with its dingy lettering on the side, "Poor Farm," as any prince might feel of his coach, and when Jake had allowed Jerry to hold the whip, and to try with his puny strength to crack it, a thrill of intense delight coursed through him.

For Jerry's life had been so starved of joy and amusements, that the mere sight of the streets of the town looked that day with the June sunlight spilling its golden web over velvet lawns, and vine-embowered houses; and the children playing among the colored flowers, made Jerry think of the angles Ma'm Goodsell was so fond of talking about. She was an aged inmate, who had, in her dotage way, shown the boy almost the only kindness he had ever known.

Jerry knew that the wagon was bound for that beautiful place again, and oh! if Jake had only taken him along, how happy the child would have been. How many, many times had he stood at this very window looking wistfully down the road since that happy day, wishing, oh! so eagerly, that Jake would ask him to go and, each time the hoarse rattle of the wheels was smothered in the distance, the tears of a heart hungry for joy would course down Jerry's cheeks. This time he recalled the sensation of delighted impetuosity which he held the reins while Jake went into a store, and how delicious the stick of candy tasted—old pink and white—which Jake gave him when he returned. Many a curse, and even blows, had been Jerry's portion from this man since, but this one kindly action made Jake one faithful friend.

This is the only home the boy has ever known, and standing there, he looked the embodiment of pathos. There was a hungry, pleading look in his eyes, such as is only seen in those of an unloved child or a homeless dog. His hands thrust into the pockets of a ragged coat, played nervously with two diminutive red apples—his share of the Christmas treat doled out that morning Jerry had looked at and smelt them unnumbered times, but with something of the instinct with which a miser hoards gold, had returned them to his pockets. They were so pretty he could not bring himself to eat them just yet.

The temptation to run away could not withstand any longer, and, with the desire to see once more the beautiful picture he carried in his mind, the lad turned from the window and noiselessly hurried out of the building. Just as the gate closed behind him a shrill voice arrested his footsteps:

"Jerry, you young rascal, where are you going?" The eager light died out of his eyes, and the flush on his face was succeeded by a deadly pallor. He stopped an instant, irresolutely, and then destruction leading keenness to his wits, stooped back.

"Jake forgot something, and I must er'sent me after him," and not waiting for a reply, sped quickly down the road.

He did not heed the wind cutting like a knife through his thin garments, but clutching the precious apples tightly, he ran on and on, until the last chimney of the gruy building was lost to view. An exhilaration totally new to Jerry coursed through his veins, and the glad sense of being free sent a joy to his heart never before known. He did not think of the consequences of his action, he only knew that somewhere in the valley lay the wonderful place where everyone seemed so happy and the children played among the flowers; that this road led there was enough for him.

Jerry carried the June-time memory in his heart, and to him it seemed that all must be as he had seen it. No thought of the fell change that December's ice fingers had wrought, entered his mind.

Great, feathery flakes of snow had been falling for some time slowly at first, but as the wind moaned and sighed through the trees, they came down faster and faster, touching the little desolate boy with a clinging caress and tangling themselves in his curls. A sob rose in Jerry's throat, followed by another and another. How far it seemed, and how tired he was! The tears that coursed down his face were wiped away with one dirty little hand that relinquished its hold on the apple long enough to perform this service.

Suddenly the sobs ceased and a jocular exclamation succeeded them. There just ahead of him loomed the spires of the town. The sight gave renewed strength and energy to the tired little limbs as he hurried on.

A little farther and he was on the well-remembered street with its pretty houses, and tasteful grounds; but how changed! Where were the flowers, and leaves, and birds? Nothing but withered stalks, bare branches and a carpet of soft, white snow where the happy children had played in the summer sunshine.

Poor Jerry's spirit sank again. How altered every thing was, and how cold and desolate. The snows fled through the rents in his garments, and he shivered as he walked along.

Tempting odors of Christmas feasts floated out to this lonely wail, as he walked up one street, and down another, only accentuating his hunger, and inducing another futile peep at the treasures in his pockets. "I'll eat 'em live-an'-bye," he murmured.

The winter twilight fell dusk and drear, and lights began to glimmer and flash from windows and street corners, and Jerry for a little while forgot his hunger and fatigue, in watching the sleighs, with their laughing occupants and clinging bells, dash by. It was so new and strange that he vaguely wondered if he should not soon awaken and find it all a dream.

A magnificent church raised its imposing mass towards the sky, and as the child drew near, glad chiming rang merrily from its towering steeple. Jerry paused in the sheltering shadow of a tree opposite and watched with wondering eyes the worshippers enter the edifice. How beautiful the light looked streaming through the stained glass windows, and falling in rainbow tints upon the snow. What visions of loveliness the women were in their costly robes of fur! And the men, how brave and grand they appeared to the little outsider.

Creeping nearer Jerry stood spell-bound listening to the sweet sounds that swelled out on the frosty air. "Peace on earth," joyously chanted the choir, and the deep, rich tones of the organ rolled and swelled such a volume of delicious harmony that the boy held his breath in eagerness to catch every note. The music ceased, the massive doors were closed, and Jerry—color trembling, homeless Jerry—was left like a lost soul shut out of Paradise.

The weary child roused himself from the numbness creeping over his frame, and started on. Reaching a quieter street he was attracted by a brilliant light in the windows of a palatial residence.

Softly opening the gate, he stole across the lawn and up to one of the windows. Never in his wildest dreams had Jerry conceived such magnificence as met his astonished gaze. The mosaic carpet, the gleaming pictures and vases, the velvet chairs, and flowers everywhere, filled him with delighted surprise, almost painful in its intensity.

"I've found 'em, oh! I've found 'em, Ma'm Goodsell's angels," he joyfully exclaimed as he saw some little children dancing around an object that filled him with amazement. It was only a Christmas tree, very pretty and bright with its tapers, and tinsel, and glistening toys, but to Jerry it represented the sum total of the world's beauty.

A little came in quick gasps, and the precious apples were forgotten as he clasped his benumbed hands in ecstasy. This must be heaven, poor Jerry thought, and Ma'm Goodsell had not described one-half its beauties.

Crouching close to the window he watched the merry games within. All hunger and weariness was forgotten, as he saw the little ones and heard their joyous laughter.

The snow still fell, and wove with magic fingers a fairy garland over Jerry's tinted coat. The lights gradually grew dim, and the children's merry shouts sounded as if far away. Jerry's face sank forward until one tear-stained cheek rested upon the cold window ledge. A delicious, dreamy languor crept over him, while strains of distant music welled its cadences through his brain. The children swelled into an innumerable host, seemed to beckon him to join their number; his eyelids grew heavy—drooped, and at last wearily closed; the little starved body fell heavily forward, and the red apples rolled out and were lost in the snow.

The next evening's papers contained this paragraph: "A little paper ran away from the poor-house yesterday, and was found dead in Judge Brown's yard this morning." But we know that Jerry had found "Ma'm Goodsell's Angels."

**A Willing Martyr.** "Mister, would you like to do a little suthin' in the cause of science?" "What science?" "Perfical economy."

"What can I do?" "I's'pose you've heard the discussion 'bout whether a man can live on fifty cents a week?" "Yes."

"Well, if you want to encourage science, you jest let me have fifty cents and I'll make the experiment for a week." —Chicago News.

## FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

**WEDNESDAY.** In the senate the report of the committee on elections was presented, and Mr. Faulkner seated. A report amending the rules was agreed to. After the introduction of a number of bills, the Morrill bill to regulate immigration was taken up, and Mr. Morrill addressed the senate. The bill was referred to the foreign relations committee.

**SENATOR COCKRELL AT WORK.** Senator Cockrell introduced the following bills in the senate to-day: To pension James D. Whaley of Lawrence county, Missouri late of Co. H, Fourth regiment, Missouri state militia cavalry.

For the relief of William Wolf of Shelby, Shelby county, Mo., in satisfaction of his claim against the United States for the schooner Anna Sophia and cargo, while in the service of the United States, in the month of August, 1865.

For relief of captains, pilots, engineers and mates of steam vessels for refund of license fees and for certificates authorizing them to prosecute the occupations from May 1, 1871, to April 5, 1882, less the sum of 50 cents for each certificate of license issued by the inspector of steamboats to such captains, pilots, engineers and mates during said period.

**THURSDAY.** Among the papers laid before the Senate was a communication from Italian residents of Washington proposing to present to the United States a marble bust of Garibaldi, as a link in the chain of sympathy which all free men feel for the champions of liberty and Republican government. Referred to Committee on Library.

Bills were introduced and referred as follows: By Mr. Call: To prohibit United States judges and courts from authorizing the borrowing of money by receivers of railroads and other corporations beyond the amount of their annual net incomes; also, to prohibit the appointment of such receivers without evidence of the financial condition of the company. He moved their reference to the committee on Interstate Commerce.

By Mr. George: To protect employes and servants engaged in interstate commerce and in the Territories and District of Columbia.

By Mr. Hoar: To extend the general law on mining laws over the Territory of Alaska.

Also, to facilitate the settlement and develop the resources of Alaska and to open an overland commercial route between the United States, Asiatic Russia and Japan.

By Mr. Furbush: To forfeit lands granted to the state of Michigan for a railroad from Marquette to Ontonagon.

By Mr. Coke: To limit the jurisdiction of the United States Circuit and District Courts.

Mr. Butler offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire and report whether in the present state of the law, the Government has the power or the Attorney General of the United States the authority to institute judicial proceedings to vacate a patent for an invention on any ground whatever.

The Senate then took up the bill introduced by Mr. Stewart last Monday, for the issue of coin certificates to circulate as money, and was addressed by that Senator in explanation and support of the bill.

The purpose of the bill is to allow the deposit, at any mint or assay office, of gold and silver bullion in quantities not less than 5 ounces of gold or 80 ounces of silver, and the receipts therefor of coin certificates, which are to be a legal tender; the existing gold and silver certificates canceled when received at the Treasury; to have no gold coin hereafter, except as necessary to redeem obligation expressly payable in coin; to have the bullion received and deposited in the Treasury, and to repeal the act of the 28th of February, 1878, requiring the coinage of 2,000,000 silver dollars monthly.

Referring to the demonetization of silver by Congress in 1873, Mr. Stewart said that that act was done so secretly that even the President of the United States was ignorant of it two years afterward, when he sent a special message to Congress recommending the opening of new mints to coin silver dollars, so as to be able to carry out the plan to resume specie payments, and of course, when the President was ignorant of it, the Secretary of the Treasury, who must have sent the special message, must also have been ignorant of it, and Congress itself was ignorant of it.

If silver, he said, were made valueless through being no longer used as money, its production would cease; and the failure to bring silver mines would result in diminishing by one-third the product of gold which now comes from silver ore. But the silver mining industry, prosecuted with intelligence and vigor, would furnish the world with gold and silver, keeping pace with the increase of population. It would be criminal to destroy one of those metals for the purpose of benefiting any favored class.

At the close of Mr. Stewart's remarks the bill was referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Senate on motion of Mr. Spooner, then proceeded to executive business, and soon after adjourned till Monday.

bonding of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. A committee on Constitutional Convention of the Territory of Utah, asking admission into the Union as a State—with copies of the Constitution. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

Among the bills introduced and referred were the following: By Mr. Frye: For the collection of more accurate statistics of exports, emigration and immigration.

The following bills were reported favorably from committees, and placed on the calendar: To establish two additional land offices in Colorado; to provide in certain cases for the forfeiture of wagon roads grants in Oregon; granting to the State of California 5 per cent of the net proceeds of cash sales of public lands in that State; to amend the law concerning the commission of fisheries; to provide the establishment and temporary support of common schools; and to enable the State of California to take lands in lieu of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections found to be mineral lands.

Among other bills introduced and referred were the following: By Mr. Pratt: To prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquors and intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia.

By Mr. Manderson: To divide the State of Nebraska into two judicial districts.

By Mr. Callom: To annex a portion of Montana to Idaho.

By Mr. Palmer: To extirpate contagious pleuro-pneumonia, foot and mouth disease and rinderpest among cattle, and to facilitate the exportation of cattle and the exports of live stock.

Also to forfeit lands granted to Michigan for a railroad from Ontonagon to the Wisconsin State line.

Mr. Sawyer called up his motion to reconsider the vote whereby, last Monday, the resolution offered by Mr. Butler for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the advisability of establishing a Government postal telegraph was agreed to.

Mr. Sawyer said his object was to have the subject referred to the Post Office Committee, where it properly belonged. After some debate the vote was reconsidered and the bill was referred to the Post Office Committee.

Mr. Call offered a long preamble and resolution in reference to railroad land grants. Laid on the table.

Mr. Sherman moved that the President's message and accompanying documents be referred to the committee on Finance, and gave notice that after the holidays he would address the Senate on the subject. Motion agreed to.

In the House the Speaker announced the appointment of the Committee on Rules, as follows: The Honorable Messrs. Randall, Mills, and Cannon.

Mr. Dibble of South Carolina, offered a resolution referring to the Committee on Appropriations the reports of the Court of Claims on the French spoliation claims, with instructions to that committee to report all claims which have been decided favorably to the claimants in the general deficiency bill.

Mr. Blount, of Georgia, objected to instructing a committee to report back claims which would involve millions of dollars before the resolution containing such instructions had been considered by a committee.

Mr. Blount coincided in this view and suggested that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. Dibble said that the amount involved in the spoliation claims was variously estimated at from \$9,000,000 to \$30,000,000. According to the best estimate he could make, the amount involved was about \$10,000,000. The volume was about \$10,000,000. The volume was about \$10,000,000. The volume was about \$10,000,000.

Mr. Blount could see no reason why these claims should be placed in any more favorable position than any other spoliation claims to the Court of Claims expressly declared that the report of the Court should not be considered in the light of a judgment, but merely advisory to Congress.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

As a choice of evils, a well behaved blizzard beats a winter fog.—Chicago Herald.

A total abstinence preacher should not keep his sermons in a barrel.—New Orleans Picayune.

The man who "buidled better than he knew" was not a New York contractor.—Lowell Courier.

A bride is always becoming to a Boniface, and a bonny face is always becoming to a bride.—Hotel Mail.

The English Government want good men to defend its coercion policy. No Irish need apply.—Lowell Citizen.

The Duke of Marlborough is in Chicago. That borough is enough like him to be his cousin.—San Francisco Alta.

If all the glass factories shut down we shall have to be careful of our beer glasses for some time to come.—Boston Post.

"Light money," murmured the unfortunate in the police court as he paid the usual fine and costs.—Boston Bulletin.

"Does your husband swear as much as ever?" "Swear! Why, I can't keep a parrot two weeks in the house.—Town Topics.

The older a man gets the more difficult it is to pull the wool over his eyes. He has a good deal less wool, you know.—Fowler's Statesman.

The carpenter is an unreasonable fellow. He objects to plain board, and yet he don't like a board until it is planed.—Davenport Democrat.

Flossie came home from the park in a state of mind. "Mama," she said, "I saw a team of horses in the park what had their bustles cut off."—New York Sun.

The man who was told to keep watch and ward over his friend's chattels, did keep the watch and then warred against being arrested for it.—Whitehall Times.

Eastern railroad companies should revise their passenger tariffs at once so as to make a slight distinction between the quick and the dead.—Duluth Paragon.

A lump has more sense than some people. If it is in a room where there are two souls with but a married thought it invariably goes out.—Fowler's Statesman.

What at the beginning may have been regarded merely as a side issue frequently turns out to be the most important subject. It was so in the case of Eve.—Picayune.

They say over in London that Gould is little, but like most little people, mighty. We don't think it is respectful to speak of Jay as though he were a cheese.—Boston Globe.

Sweet Girl (disrobing)—"Did you look under the bed?" Old Maid—"What for?" "To see if there was a man there." "No, dear, I've given up all hope."—Omaha World.

## A Grim Subject.

If those are to be believed who, having been more or less hanged, have been resuscitated and have narrated their experiences, the much-commerated victim of the law's extreme penalty is not wholly miserable. It would seem that death "sua per colla" has its ameliorating condition of circumstances.

One sufferer in the religious cause in France is said to have "complained" because he was called back to consciousness from an evergreen of surprising delirium, in which he enjoyed the pleasure of gazing upon the most beautiful scenery. The immediate sensation of pain is momentary; and it would appear not unlikely that, in our anxiety for the avoidance of needless annoyance of those we put to death judicially we may be actually increasing the sufferings and diminishing the pleasure.

The instantaneous deaths have all the pain attendant on the pleasure of the brain. A slowly induced congestion of the brain may be the least painful, and if only the blood pressure be effectually raised at the center that sees, the beautiful light and charming scenery are enjoyed in the highest perfection. The subject is a grim one, and we are not quite sure that the new view of hanging experience tends to make the death penalty increasingly deterrent; but it is really that both sides of a question which the merit of the House of Commons by describing as "a poor man's question," should be carefully considered at all costs.—London Lancet.