

THE CRIME ATONED.

Carry's Murderer Executed Promptly on Time.

LONDON, December 17.—O'Donnell retired at an early hour last evening. This morning he rose promptly and took a good breakfast, shortly after five o'clock. At six Father Fleming arrived and received the prisoner's last communication and administered the holy sacrament. A few minutes before eight o'clock the prisoner was removed from his cell to the large room of the prison escorted by the wardens. In the large room were stationed Binn, the hangman, the sheriffs and under-sheriffs, governor of the jail, Rev. Dr. Duffield, prison chaplain, and the Newgate surgeon. The process of pinning the prisoner's limbs was performed by Binn, O'Donnell keeping a resolute silence and showing the utmost firmness, occasionally smiling in an abstracted way. This work done the procession moved to the court-yard, where was the scaffold. O'Donnell declined any assistance from the warden and ascended the scaffold. Father Fleming, by his side, repeated the service of the church for the dying and held the crucifix before O'Donnell's gaze. The prisoner took his place on the drop under the rope, the slack of which was held up over his head by a piece of thread. Binn appeared very calm and quickly fixed the noose around O'Donnell's neck, carefully placing the knot under the left ear. He at once stepped back and pulled the fatal lever, and O'Donnell fell eight feet. The rope hardly quivered. According to the surgeon, death was instantaneous, there being scarcely any muscular movement of the hanging form. As the black flag was run up, those in the prison could hear a hushed murmur from the multitude outside. The body hung one hour, when it was cut down and removed for the proper legal inquest.

Binn pulled the lever of the trap precisely as the neighboring church clocks were striking 8. The crowd in front of Newgate increased rapidly, and shortly before 8 o'clock numbered 20,000 persons. The streets were closely packed, but the throng observed a quiet and orderly demeanor. The Irish element was not conspicuous. As the moment for the execution approached the crowd swayed up against the prison wall, and the roadway, which had before been kept clear, became blocked. The police, however, moved rapidly through the multitude and easily cleared the way. When the black flag was hoisted, announcing the tragedy was at an end, there was no demonstration, although suppressed excitement marked many faces. O'Donnell's brother remained to the last, bitterly weeping in the center of a sympathizing group. The clouds began to break as the hour of 8 approached, and when the black flag was run up it was distinctly displayed against the rising sun. The people immediately dispersed after the hoisting of the flag.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.

Extensive precautions have been taken at London in consequence of information of the arrival of the Fenian, Daley, concerned in the storage of arms at Clerkenwell, for which offense Walsh was convicted. A special corps of police, many of whom speak the Irish language, are placed wherever it is thought mischief is likely to occur. All prisoners in the public buildings and the docks are carefully watched. A special corps of police have been detailed to guard the parliament buildings, Westminster Abbey, the government offices, national gallery, German embassy, Mansion house, stock exchange and the Bank of England. The luggage of all passengers landing from Atlantic steamers is carefully scrutinized.

EGYPT.

Baker Pasha has started for Suakim. He will have supreme command of Soudan. The khedive has instructed him to endeavor to conciliate the tribes before resorting to force, the object of the expedition being to pacify the countries between Suakim and Berber. The khedive also advised him not to begin operations until reinforced by black recruits, and not to engage the enemy unless under the most favorable conditions.

ENGLAND.

The steamer Grantully landed at Dover one passenger, chief engineer and fifteen men, rescued with great difficulty from the burning steamer St. Augustine. A heavy sea at the time rendered futile all efforts to get a boat along side the vessel, and the rescued men were hauled on board the Grantully with lines and buoys. They were the last that left the ship. The second mate shot himself, and a sailor stabbed himself during the fire through fright.

Lord Lyons, English ambassador to France, has written Victor Hugo expressing regret that the English government found it impossible to advise the queen to commute O'Donnell's sentence of death.

FRANCE.

France is reported not disposed to negotiate further with China before the occupation of Bacinh. It is said that Sir Charles Dilke is about to visit the continent to moot the question of mediation of the powers between France and China.

The chamber of deputies debated Bert's interpellation concerning the withdrawal of the prohibition against the importation of salted meats. Bert demanded that the withdrawal be postponed until the special bill on the subject be discussed. Herison, minister of commerce, opposed the motion on the ground that the withdrawal responded to the demands of interested persons, and showed that no case of trichinosis had occurred during the time the free importation of pork was permitted. The adoption of the order of the day was pure

and simple, and demanded by the government, but was rejected—273 to 200. The order of the day, as proposed by Bert, was carried—280 to 221.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—Monday, December 17.—Mr. Sherman offered a resolution that the senate proceed to the election of officers. Ordered to lie over till to-morrow. A message was received from the house announcing the death of Haskell, of Kansas, and was immediately taken up. After appropriate remarks by Ingalls, on his motion, the president of the senate appointed Senators Plumb, Cockrell and Dawes a committee on the obsequies of the deceased representative. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The chaplain, in touching words referred to the death of Hon. D. C. Haskell, of Kansas, and invoked divine blessing upon the bereaved family. Mr. Anderson offered the customary resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the house as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. Adjourned until Monday.

SENATE.—Tuesday, December 18.—Mr. Van Wyck offered a resolution calling upon the secretary of the interior for copies of the mortgages given by the Texas Pacific railway on lands granted by the act of March 3, 1871; also, to inform the senate of the names of railroad corporations claiming lands not earned during lifetime of the grant, together with the number of acres claimed by each road. The senate went into committee of the whole for the purpose of continuing the consideration of the new rules. Mr. Ingalls offered the customary resolution, which was agreed to, that the president and the house of representatives be notified of the election of a new secretary of the senate. Pending the vote on the rule the senate adjourned.

SENATE.—Wednesday, December 19.—Bills introduced.—Mr. Cullom, to provide for the acceptance by the United States of the Illinois and Michigan canal from Illinois. Mr. Ingalls, to provide for the appointment of a commission to investigate railroad transportation. Mr. Logan, to consolidate the bureau of military justice and corps of judges advocate of the army. The bill creating a new standard of time for the district of Columbia was passed. The senate took up the house concurrent resolution for a holiday recess. It was amended to make Monday, January 5th, the date for reassembling. As amended the resolution was agreed to and returned to the house.

HOUSE.—Mr. Morrison offered a concurrent resolution for a holiday recess from Monday, December 24th until Thursday, January 31. Agreed to, 143 to 21, with the understanding that no business should be transacted on Monday except the appointment of committees. On motion of Mr. Will an amendment was adopted increasing the membership of select committees from one to three members each over the last congress number. The original resolution as amended was agreed to. Mr. Colkins offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the secretary of state for all communications, documents, and papers in his possession relating to the trial, conviction and execution, of the late Patrick O'Donnell by the British government. Mr. Blackburn reported a resolution for raising a standing committee on labor, to which to be referred measures affecting labor, and limiting the jurisdiction of the committee on education and labor, and providing it shall hereafter be known as the committee on education.

SENATE.—Thursday, December 20.—A message was received from the house concurring in the senate amendment, making the date of the reassembly of congress after the holidays: Monday, January 7th. Mr. Van Wyck's resolution, introduced yesterday, calling on the secretary of the interior for information regarding lands granted to railroads, was called up. Mr. Ingalls had an objection to the preamble, as tending to commit the senate to an interpretation of the decision of the supreme court. Mr. Van Wyck insisted that his preamble was correct. In the course of the debate he referred to the opinions of Attorney General Devens and Justice Harlan on the same subject, and criticized their opinions, as well as the practice of the general land office in following the law laid down by those opinions rather than those by the supreme court of the United States. The discussion closed by the insertion in the preamble of the words, "it is alleged," so as not to commit the senate to any special interpretation of the supreme court decisions. As amended Van Wyck's resolution was agreed to. Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE.—A long discussion sprang up over a resolution offered by Mr. Geddes to grant a month's extra pay to discharged employes. Mr. Keifer called up the resolution for the appointment of a committee on woman's suffrage. Mr. Keifer spoke in favor of the appointment of a special committee to which will be referred all petitions and measures pertaining to the subject of woman suffrage. The resolution was rejected—yeas, 88; nays, 121. Mr. Hollitzell, from the special committee having the matter in charge, reported a joint resolution requesting the president to issue a proclamation recommending to the people, either by appropriate exercises in connection with religious services, on the 23d inst., or by such public observance as they deem proper on the 24th, to commemorate the surrender by Washington of his commission as commander-in-chief of the army. Adjourned till Monday.

The Case of Polin, Under Death Sentence.

Special to the Omaha Republican.

LINCOLN, December 19.—The supreme court adjourned to-day sine die. They have considered a number of civil cases, and a few criminal ones, the most prominent of which was that of Polin vs. the State. Polin, it will be remembered, was sentenced to be hung on the 21st, for murder committed in Platts-mouth some time ago. A strong effort has been made to get his sentence commuted, and, that failing, an equally strong effort has been directed toward securing a new trial. The motion in the matter was argued to-day before the supreme court but was overruled. The entry of the court was as follows: "In the matter of Polin versus the State, the motion for a rehearing is overruled. The former order fixing the date of execution is vacated, and now fixed for the 25th day of January, 1884."

One Hundred Years Old.

Mrs. Johanna Lipp celebrated her hundredth birth day at Maysville, Ky., a few days ago. She was born in Kerehheim, South Germany, in 1783; has five children, nineteen grandchildren and twenty-five great grandchildren. Her mental faculties are good, and she is an interesting and fluent talker. She held a levee on the occasion, and many gentlemen called to pay their respects.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

BY J. P. FLEISCHMAN.

The fountain of life! It sparkles,
Its diamond jets on high,
Till its waters clear and pearly,
Reflect on the azure sky.

The Graybeard sits and watches
His treasures with jealous care,
Watches and waits for visitors—
Visitors few and rare.

For he who would drink of the fountain
Must pass the portal of bliss;
Its passage is rocky and scraggy,
Surrounded by precipice.

And he would drink of its waters
That sparkle so clear and high
Must live the life of the righteous,
For the righteous never die.

—[Philadelphia Call.]

OLD TIME'S DEATH.

'Twas noon (old time); the busy ticks

A brief while ceased their ticking;
I crept behind my sweetheart, Nell,
My way with soft feet picking.

I snatched a kiss; she blushed and screamed,
And vowed me base to win it,
And that she'd ruin and tell her ma
That very, very minute.

"Old Time is dead!" I cried with joy,
And for this blessed quarter
All laws are off! 'Tis no time now!
I would not wish it shorter."

The clocks struck 12, and Nell's dear cheeks

Were bright as summer's posies;
New time for us winged on its way,
And strewed it deep with roses.

—[Life.]

CHRISTMAS.

Harper's Magazine for December.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.—Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who knew not Christ, and it is dear to those who now renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herriek exhorts his merrie, merrie boys to bring with a noise to the firing, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the hogan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Bracebridge Hall on Christmas-eve. The huge, smoking baron of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

The Christian and anti-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rite. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, Hobby-Horse and the Lord of Misrule, Maud Marion and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation, flows into an expression which makes the scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, musing by the glowing hearth on Christmas-eve, as he watches the romping revelry beneath the glistening berries, and listens to the waits carolling outside in the moonlight, or as he is wakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage, and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."

THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.—The English Christmas tradition makes good cheer the glory of the day. Forty years ago, when Leech was beginning his career, Kenny Meadows was the "character artist" of the Illustrated London News, and his chief holiday pictures were drawn by him. They were all scenes of eating and drinking, of games and jollity. They were full of bottles and smoking bowls, of roast beef and plum-pudding and mince-pie, of burning brandy and kissing under the mistletoe. "Old Christmas" was represented as a flowing-bearded satyr crowned with ivy and pouring huge flagons of wine, or as a rollicking boon companion stretching out one hand to the spectator over decanters and jugs and glasses, while the other holds an open tankard. The typical faces of the Christmas figures were those of the rubicund middle-class John Bull, and his hearty daughter gayly resisting the efforts of the young soldier—Irving's Julia and the Captain—to draw her under the permissive bough; or of the buxom chambermaid and greedy children in a frenzy of delight over the smoking plum-pudding. Christmas, according to these delectable pictures, was all guzzling and gobbling, love-making and other blindman's-buff; and as the reader of to-day looks with amused curiosity at these holiday sketches of yesterday, he too, like the stranger by the fire in Bracebridge Hall, through all the fun and the feasting, hears the music of the old Christmas song:

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

This is the spirit of Dickens' Christmas, and of Thackeray's, and, in a great degree, of Irving's, touched in all

of them by the modern humanitarian sentiment. It is the traditional English Christmas, when no man should go hungry. For there is no joy upon an empty stomach—except, indeed, the thin ecstasy of the starving saints in old pictures, and they were already dehumanized. This is a Christian truth which asceticism has forgotten. To identify squalor, emaciation, and denial of all human delights with especial sanctity was to degrade the rich and generous religious spirit which taught that all the world is for man's benefit and pleasure. It was George Herbert of whom Richard Baxter said that he sang as one whose business in this world was most with God, and whose beautiful lines,

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,"
are as fresh as when they were written; who also said,

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heavens move, and fountains flow;

Nothing we need but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure."

Christianity does not decline any wholesome use or beauty of the world, and it would be a sorry preacher in the church embowered and scented with Christmas greens who did not hold that Christmas good cheer contemplates body as well as soul.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CHRISTMAS.—While their neighbors upon Massachusetts Bay were banning Christmas, the Dutch at New Amsterdam gladly welcomed and honored him, and nowhere has he been so truly at home upon the continent as in the Dutch city. The character of the inhabitants naturally determined that of the day. It was less an ecclesiastical festival than a social and domestic holiday. The glittering tree of gifts was its lighted and decorated altar, and hearty good eating and drinking were its genial ceremonial rites. Hereditary Dutch pride sometimes looks askance and even angrily at Diederich Knickerbocker's story. But it is plain that the gay exaggeration of the old chronicler only emphasized the truth, and that his humorous imaginings touched produced a likeness as accurate as that of Bradford of the Pilgrims, or that of Winthrop and Sewall of the Puritans. The tranquil, contented burghers whom he drew were sure to make the most of Christmas-tide, and their neighbors who cursed it must have seemed to them the most whimsical of lunatics.

It was natural that the genius which described those burghers with so subtle a sympathy should seem to be kindred with them. Indeed, there was so much of the true Knickerbocker spirit in Irving that he is usually supposed, by those who do not reflect, to be of Dutch descent. It is this quality, perhaps, this ready sympathy with cheerful and simple domestic enjoyment, which made the author of English Christmas. The holiday that he describes affects him as it affected the citizen of New Amsterdam, as a day of pleasure consecrated by religious association. And the enduring popularity of his charming essay show that this is the Christmas of the English-speaking race. Even the New England air, which was so black with sermons that it suffocated Christmas, now murmurs softly with Christmas bells. The children of the resolute God-fearing men who did not rest from labor on that first Christmas morning now rest and rejoice in the happy day whose dawn is a benediction.

But it is no longer a superstition of any scartlet woman, no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatical errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dross away, and has left the pure gold of religious faith and human sympathy. When the neophyte asked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he explained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. The almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates His birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day, the stories, and the songs, and the half fairy-lore that gathers around it, the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the Pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portable throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to man.

The first international exhibition of the new year will be a display of culinary art at Vienna, early in January, at which all the best cooks in Germany and Austria will contend for prize medals.

W. B. Johnston has just ended at Webster, Mass., a buggy ride of eight months' duration, his starting place having been San Francisco.

Queer Shadows.

Detroit Free Press.

It was twilight. The red flashes thrown on the window-panes by the setting sun had slowly faded out and given place to the first soft shadows of night, which bring the cricket from his hiding place and send the bee and butterfly to sleep. There was a feeling of rest in the room—a feeling of quiet contentment and perfect satisfaction. The hum of voices from other rooms lulled instead of annoyed; the voices of children on the street seemed far away and had a touch of pathos.

The old man lay at perfect ease. His eyes rested on the wall at the foot of the bed—his, thin, wrinkled hands were folded one over the other—there was no pain to deepen the lines on his kindly face. He had seen the sun go down, and he had listened for the voice of the cricket and the call of the whip-poor-will.

What was that?

A shadow suddenly flitted across the wall in front of his eyes. Now another and another. Now the first shadow flit back to head a procession. Passing from right to left the procession moves—a procession of queer shadows. They take on faces as they move along, and the old man's heart beats faster as each face comes before him. Here are the friends of his youth—faces which grew white in death so long ago that he had forgotten them. This one was a child—that a youth—that a fair young girl when he stood by and saw the earth cover them. They smile at him, and his heart grows young.

One procession ends and another begins. There are the faces of men and women stricken down in the noonday of life. Some of them had shared his hopes and sympathized with his sorrows—all had been his friends. The sea, the lake and the forest gave up their dead to the procession of shadows, each face was recognized and remembered. The procession moves on and on. He is shocked to realize that so many of his friends fell in the battle of life while he was spared to grow old and rest in peace.

Now comes the third procession. There is a father, old and bent and feeble; a mother with wrinkled, patient face; brothers in youth and middle age; sisters who wept with him over some of the graves. Every face looks as it did in life; every eye meets his with a glad look of recognition. The shadows wave their hands and move on, and the old man's heart grows childish and big.

There is another procession. The first shadow is that of a loved wife, who died while the snow-white locks had scarcely turned gray. Then came the children—sons and daughters—five in all. One by one they had grown weary and rested by the wayside, leaving husband and father to pursue the journey alone. The procession halts, and every shadow holds out its hands to the poor old man as if in supplication. His heart swells—tears fill his eyes, and he cries out to them:

"I see you all—I am coming!"
Back with your light! But it is too late. The glare of the lamp flings the twilight out of the room with hasty hand, and the shadows which crept along the wall are gone forever. No one saw them but the old man, and yet there is proof of their presence. His poor old hands are outstretched—on his white cheeks are tears—on his wrinkled face a smile of joy and gladness.
His spirit had joined the shadows!

A Young Lady's Gift in Music.

From the Norwich, Conn., Bulletin.

The sense of absolute pitch, by which a person is able to name any note of the musical scale when sounded, is one of great rarity. Some interesting experiments were recently made with a young lady of this city who possesses this gift to a remarkable degree. The lady sat in a distant part of the room with her back to the piano, while a performer took his station at the instrument. In the first place, in order to produce a confusion of tone and deprive the lady of any pitch which she might be carrying in her mind as a basis of reckoning, the experimenter drew his thumb up and down the key board two or three times, with the dampers raised from the strings. When the noise had subsided he struck a single note at random, when the lady promptly declared that it was "E flat," which was correct. After she had been thoroughly tested on the single tones without a single mistake, the pianist went through a series of complicated modulations and when he rested and inquired, "In what key is this chord?" the response came quickly, "G." Although lacking the technical knowledge of harmony, and unable to call every chord by name, she could mention the component tones, as once in answer to the question, "What chord is this?" she replied, "I don't know the name of it, but the notes are C sharp, E, G and B flat," which was correct. At a public entertainment on one occasion, conversation turning on this subject, the lady said that the piece the orchestra was then playing was in the key of D. In order to test the correctness of the statement a gentleman went to the conductor at the conclusion of the piece and returned with the reply that they had played in D flat. The lady insisting on her accuracy, a second inquiry revealed the fact that the piano, to which the orchestra was tuned, was a semi-tone below concert pitch. Her ability in this direction is entirely a natural gift and not an acquired accomplishment.

The increase of live stock is not equal to the increase of population. Since 1860 the population of the United States has increased 65 per cent., while the increase in live stock has been about 50 per cent.