

# HANGED FOR A MOTHER'S CRIME.

One of the Noblest Actions in the Annals of Murder.

Mr. Greville relates in his "Memoirs," that in November, 1829, he was on a visit at Roehampton at Lord Cliden's residence, when Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, and Thomas Moore, the poet, were also guests.

Mackintosh and Moore told a great many anecdotes, but one morning at breakfast Moore related a story which struck the company very forcibly. Mackintosh said it was enough to furnish materials for a novel, but that the simple narrative was so striking it ought to be written down without exaggeration or addition.

The late Sir Philip Crompton, Bart., the surgeon-general for Ireland, told it to Moore, and Moore repeated it in Crompton's words, which Mr. Greville wrote down as nearly as he could remember them.

"Some years ago I was present at a duel that was fought between a young man of the name of MacLaughlin and another Irishman. MacLaughlin was desperately wounded; his second ran up to him and thought to console him with the intelligence that his antagonist had also fallen. He only replied, 'I am sorry for it if he is suffering as much as I do now.'"

"I was struck by the good feeling evinced in this reply, and took an interest in the fate of the young man. He recovered, and a few years afterwards my interest again was powerfully excited by hearing that he had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, his mother's second husband. He was tried and found guilty on the evidence of a soldier who happened to be passing in the middle of the night near the house in which the murder was committed. Attracted by a light which gleamed through the lower part of the window, he approached it, and through an opening between the shutter and the frame was able to look into the room. There he saw a man in the act of lifting a dead body from the floor, while his hands and clothes were stained all over with blood. He hastened to give information of what he had seen."

"MacLaughlin and his mother were apprehended, and the former, having been identified by the soldier was found guilty. There was no evidence against the woman, and she was consequently acquitted. MacLaughlin conducted himself throughout the trial with determined calmness, and never could be induced to acknowledge his guilt."

"The morning of the execution he had an interview with his mother. None knew what passed between them, but when they parted he was heard to say: 'Mother, may God forgive you!' The fate of this young man made a deep impression on me till time and passing events effaced the occurrence from my mind."

"It was several years afterwards that I one day received a letter from a lady (a very old intimate acquaintance) entreating that I would immediately hasten down to the assistance of a Roman Catholic priest who was lying dangerously ill at his house, the symptoms of whose malady she described. Her description left me doubtful whether the mind or the body of the patient was affected."

"Being unable to leave Dublin, I wrote to say that if the disease was bodily the case was hopeless; but if mental, I should recommend certain unguents, for which I added a prescription. The priest died, and shortly after his death the lady confided to me an extraordinary and dreadful story. He had been her confessor and intimate friend, and in moments of agony and doubt, produced by horrible recollections, he had revealed to her a secret which had been imparted to him in confession. He had received the dying confession of MacLaughlin, who, as it turned out, was not the murderer of his father-in-law, but had died to save the life and honor of his mother, by whom the crime had been really committed. She was a woman of violent passions. She had quarrelled with her husband in the middle of the night, and, after throwing him from the bed, had despatched him by repeated blows."

"When she found he was dead she was seized with terror, and hastening to the apartment of her son, called him to witness the shocking spectacle and to save her from the consequences of her crime. It was at this moment, when he was lifting the body and preparing to remove the bloody evidence of his mother's guilt, that the sold er passed by, and saw him in the performance of his dreadful task. To the priest alone he acknowledged the truth, but his last words to his mother were now explained."

## Canada's Field Pea Crop.

The following is from the Rural New Yorker: "The field pea is an important crop in Canada, partly because it succeeds in localities where corn cannot be grown, and partly because in many localities the pea weevil, which infests peas grown in the states, is not known. It was long the habit of farmers near the Canada line to send north for seed peas free from the weevil. When Canada seed peas were procured each spring one or two crops and sometimes more could be grown in the states free from bugs before the pest would reappear."

## Wales was Butter-Fingered.

If report be true, the Prince of Wales has only once taken part in a cricket match. He was a young man fresh from Oxford, and was playing in a match at the Viceroyal Lodge at Dublin. The Prince missed two obvious catches, and his misfortune did not end here. When he went in to bat, the bowler sent a slow lob, and the Prince's middle stump fell. He has never played cricket since.

## CHANGE OF SEASONS.

The budding forth of plant life as spring advances reminds one forcibly of the changes that are constantly going on in nature. Nor is man exempt from this change of the seasons, for with the spring comes either renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of lassitude and a generally enervated condition. If you have that tired exhausted feeling you require a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest invigorator, blood builder, appetizer and restorative tonic of the age. All druggists sell it.

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# TOSSING COINS.

The Chances of Three Pennies Coming Down Heads or Tails.

Supposing a man to toss three pennies in the air, what are the chances of their coming down all heads or tails? This is a question discussed in a recent number of Nature by Francis Galton, of the Royal Society. He upsets a popular delusion regarding the laws of chance. It is obvious that at least two of the coins thrown in the air must turn up alike, for when the coins are on the ground there must always be either two heads or tails showing. The question then is as to the chance of the third coin turning up a head or a tail. It is of course an even chance whether a third coin turns one side or the other.

Is it, therefore, an even chance that all three coins will be alike? Mr. Galton says it is not an even chance, and that the man who bets his money on such a theory would lose in the end. He says the relative chance of all three coins turning up alike is two to eight, and he figures it out in this way: There are two different and equally probable ways in which a coin may turn up, there are four ways in which two coins may turn up, and there are eight ways in which three coins may do so. Of these eight ways one is all heads and another all tails. While it is an even chance whether a third coin is heads or tails it is not an even chance that the third coin will turn the same as the other.

In order to test the matter Mr. Galton tossed three coins three times. Only twice did they come up all alike, while the third coin was equally divided between heads and tails. Mr. Galton then made 120 throws of dice, with three dice in each throw, the odd numbers counting as heads and the even numbers as tails. The 120 throws were divided into three groups of forty in each, and gave the result of all alike—8, 12, 8, total, 28, as against not all alike—32, 28, 32; total, 92. This seemed to settle the matter, and indicated that the most probable expectation in the case of the dice was 30 to 90.

## Ingenious Smuggling.

One of the most ingenious devices for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago. A great number of false banknotes had been put into circulation within the domain of the Czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last, brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package and the Custom House officer, picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterwards, because it again needed a new point, he cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country.

## Gladstone's One Sleepless Night.

The following anecdote, which appears in "Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life," is worthy of preservation. It was told at a dinner-party by the great man himself. Gladstone said that all through his life he had been an excellent sleeper, and it was only on one occasion that he had ever lost a night's rest. All drew up their chairs more closely to hear the extraordinary matter that the premier to lie sleepless. They expected it might be some story of the greatest importance. "I had been trying," he said, "to cut down an oak at Bagley, and was getting on with it very well. Then I heard the dinner bell ring, and I was obliged to leave the work unfinished, although not much remained to be done. As I took my candle and went up stairs, the wind had risen high and was making a great noise. I went to bed, and then the thought occurred to me that the wind would topple down my oak. The thought occurred to me again and again, and I really lost a good night's rest through that oak."

## A New Use For Cats.

Cats are coming to the front as useful animals in our larger cities where all wires are laid underground. They have been utilized as carriers of wires through the tubes. A wire is fastened to the feline's collar, and the animal is pushed into the tube with the admonition to "seat." The tube is too small to turn round in, so there is nothing to do but find an outlet at the other end, which is done in the course of time. When we lay our wires underground, which will be done in the year when our electric lights burn all night and our new opera house is dedicated, our surplus cats will come in very handy, and in the interest of these useful and musical animals this item is published.

## The Boy Who Hugged Queen Victoria.

A friend of mine was at Westminster School. One day he was sent on a commission just before closing time. Tearing down the cloisters at full speed, he came suddenly upon a lady in black turning the corner. Being unable to check himself to avoid knocking her down, he caught her in his arms, lifted her aside with an apology, and rushed on. On his return the porter informed him, "You will be had up before the dean, sir," and when the boy protested, he was told that he had insulted the Queen. The lady in black was her Majesty the Queen, on her way to pay a quiet visit to Lady Augusta Stanley. The boy, however, escaped further consequences.

## An Original Jury.

A jury in Sylvania were shut up for the night in an upstairs room because they could not agree—but getting out by some means, serenaded the judge, the lawyers and all the parties concerned in the case, and made the town otherwise lively until morning Georgia juries are nothing if not original.

## Tired of Him.

Small Boy—I wish you would come over to the house and see about our new baby.  
Dr. Reeper—What's the matter with the new baby, my boy?  
Small Boy—I want you to take him back.

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# CRUEL TELEGRAPHIC HOAXES.

How Mr. Bravison Travelled Fourteen Thousand Miles Uselessly.

A few months ago there appeared in PROGRESS a story entitled "Cabling by Code," which told of the surprising mistakes of a lady and a gentleman by confusing different telegraphic codes, and the vast amount of travelling their mistakes caused them. In a more recent number of PROGRESS there was a story of how a message was sent from Duxbury, Mass., to Duxbury, Mass., via Canso, Newfoundland, etc., etc.—a distance of seven thousand miles. The following surprising adventures in connection with ocean telegraphy occurred to a cable operator stationed at this same Duxbury, Mass.

The managing director of a prominent cable company had been on a tour of inspection throughout the line. After visiting New York, Halifax, Canso, and other American points, he terminated his inspection at the Irish station.

His visit to this station led to the perpetration of a cruel practical joke. A vacancy for a principal clerkship having occurred, the managing director offered it by cable to one of the proteges, George Bravison, then in Duxbury. This offer was sent as a "deadhead," through the Bravison's brother, an operator in a rival company. It ran as follows:—

"Vacancy for chief clerkship, Irish Station, fifteen pounds per month. Wire acceptance and come immediately."

But some waggish clerk maliciously changed the fifteen into thirty, thus leading Bravison to imagine that he was on the road to fortune. He immediately wired "Thanks, accepted," and took the first ship for Queenstown. On arriving at the cable station he was horrified to find that his salary was only half what it had been announced. He refused to accept the appointment, as he was occupying a better one in Duxbury. There he returned.

It will scarcely be credited, but this same George Bravison was similarly victimized a year later. He was a great friend of the secretary of a certain Atlantic company, who offered him the position of assistant superintendent of a station in France. The offer was eagerly accepted and Bravison once more took ship for Europe. But when he arrived on the spot, he was given to understand by a couple of wags who knew their man, that he, an outsider, was taking a position which really belonged to the senior clerk in the station. They said that he would be boycotted by the entire staff, and probably violently assaulted by the enraged senior whose place he had come to take.

This made Bravison seriously reflect on the position he was about to find himself in. More sensitive than Thompson's galvanometer he determined not to brave the anger of the infuriated senior or the boycott of the staff, and immediately left the town, without reporting his arrival to the superintendent of the station. If he had done so he would have found that the whole story was a hoax invented by these two men. They had heard of his escapade in Ireland, and thought he would be an excellent medium for another practical joke. They were not disappointed.

Thus he had travelled 14,000 miles at his own expense in order to find that he had been, in both cases, the victim of practical joking. He is now a professor at Harvard college, safe from the uncertainties and surprises of the cable service.

**Mr. Pullman's Compromise.**  
The architect of Pullman was W. W. Beman. He was justly proud of his work and justifiably anxious to be identified with it in the memory of posterity. So one day, soon after the town was completed, he came to the proprietor and said: "Mr. Pullman, if you haven't decided on any name for the new town, what do you think of calling it 'Beman,' from the man who designed it?"

"Um-m," said the magnate. "Fact is, I had thought of calling the place 'Pullman,' from the man who built it and paid for it."  
"However," Mr. Pullman added, as he observed a look of disappointment on the architect's face, "however, I'm not particular. Now what do you say to a compromise? Suppose we take the first syllable of my name, 'Pull,' and the second syllable of your name, 'man.' There we have it, 'Pull,' 'man'—'Pullman.' You see, that combines your idea with mine."  
Mr. Pullman's suggestion prevailed, and the name, it seems, is a compromise.

**An Attempt at Assassination.**  
King William III was passionately fond of the chase and made it a point never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took advantage of this to plan the most pardonable design which was ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck and thereby relieved the king from further hazard.

**Cause For Alarm.**  
Aunt Wayback—Quick, Josh! let us get away from here.  
Uncle Josh—What's the matter?  
Aunt Wayback—I just heard one o' them women say she was goin' to cut some man dead her next time she seed him. I guess she's one o' them female anarchists we heard tell of.

The Old, Old Story Revised.  
Bashful Young man: "Ahem—Sally—ahem—"  
Sally (encouragingly): "Well, George?"  
B.Y. M.: "Sally, do you 'spose your mamma would be willin' to be my mother-in-law?"  
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