

The Minuet.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human roses!

Grandma's little eyes were blue,
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, now funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Mopping, rubbing, whirling, bumping,
Could have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Sliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,"
Long ago.

—Mrs. Mary Moses Dodge in the St. Nicholas

LOOKING FOR HER

At the age of eighteen I was light of heart,
Light of foot, and I fear light of head. A fine
property on the bank of the Ohio acknowledged
me sole owner. I was hastening home to
enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a
college life. The month of October, the air
bracing, the mode of conveyance a stage-
coach. The other passengers were few, only
three in all—one an old grey-headed planter
of Louisiana; his daughter, a joyous, be-
witching creature about seventeen; and a
son about ten years of age.

They were just returning from France, of
which country the young lady discoursed in
terms so eloquent as to absorb my whole
attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter
was vivacious by nature. We soon became
so mutually pleased with each other, she as a
talker, and I as a listener, that it was not
until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy
dash of rain against the windows elicited an
exclamation from my charming companion,
that I knew how the night passed us.

Presently there came a low, rumbling
sound, and then several tremendous peals of
thunder, accompanied by successive flashes
of lightning. The rain descended in torrents,
and an angry wind began to howl and moan
through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle.
The night was dark as ebony, but the light-
ning showed the danger of our road. We
were on the edge of a frightful precipice.

I could see at intervals huge jutting rocks
far away down its side, and the sight made
me solicitous for the safety of my fair com-
panion. I thought of the hairbreadths that
were between us and eternity; a single rock
in the track of our coach-wheels—a tiny
billet of wood—a stray root of a temper-
ment tree—restive horses, or a careless driver—any
of these might hurl us from our sublimity
existence with the speed of thought.

"This is a perfect tempest," observed that lady,
as I withdrew my head from the window.
"How I love a sudden storm! There is
something so grand among the winds when
fairly let loose among the hills. I never
encountered a night like this, but Byron's
magnificent description of a thunder storm
recurs to my mind. But are we not on the
mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."
"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied in as easy a tone
as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight that we
might enjoy the mountain scenery. But
what's that?" and she covered her eyes
from the glare of a sheet of lightning that
illuminated the rugged mountain with
brilliant intensity.

Peal after peal of crashing thunder in-
stantly succeeded; there was a heavy volume
of rain coming at each thunder-burst, and
with the deep moaning of an animal in dread-
ful agony breaking upon our ears, I found
that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveller,
became as pale as ashes. She fixed her
searching eye on mine with a look of anxious
dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly
remarked:

"We are on the mountains!"

"I know," was the unconcerned reply.
With instinctive inactivity I put my head
to the window and called to the driver, but
the only answer was the moaning of an
animal borne past me by the swift wings of
the tempest. I seized the handle of the door
and strained in vain—it would not yield a jot.
At that instant I felt a cold hand upon
mine, and I heard Louise's voice faintly
articulating to my ear the following appalling
words:

"The coach is being moved backward!"
Never shall I forget the fierce agony with
which I tugged at the coach door, and called
on the driver in tones that rivalled the force
of the blast, while the terrible conviction
was burning in my brain that the coach was
being moved backward!

I rushed again at the door with all my
force, but it withstood my utmost efforts.
One side of our vehicle was evidently going
down, down. The moaning of the agonized
animal became deeper, and I knew by his
desperate plunges against the traces that it
was one of our horses.

Crash upon crash the hoarse thunder rolled
over the mountain, and vivid sheets of light-
ning played round our devoted carriage as if
in glee of our misery. By its light I could
see, for a moment, the old planter standing
erect, with his hands on his son and daugh-
ter, his eyes raised to heaven and his lips
moving like those of one in prayer. I could
see Louise turn her ashy face toward me, as
if imploring protection, and I could see the
bold glance of the young boy flashing indig-

nant at the descending carriage, the war of
elements, and the awful dangers that awaited
him.

There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as of
an animal in the last throes of dissolution—
a harsh, grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream
of mortal terror—and I had but time to clasp
Louise firmly with one hand around the waist,
and to precipitate myself over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving con-
sciousness for a few seconds of time—how
rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but
of that tremendous descent I soon lost all
further knowledge, by a concussion so violent
that I was instantly deprived of sense and
motion.

On a low couch in a humble room of a
small country house I next opened my eyes
in this world of light and shade, joy and
sorrow, of mirth and sadness. Gentle hands
smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across
my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a
time all my questioning.

I was kindly treated by a fair young girl
about fifteen, who refused for a length of
time to hold any discourse with me. At
length, one morning, finding myself suffi-
ciently recovered to sit up, I insisted on
learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," she said, "sitting
on a ledge of rocks, amid the branches of a
shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your
broken coach with one hand, and to the
insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the
girl's face with an earnestness that caused
her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that
saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I im-
patiently demanded.

"We found both crushed to pieces at the
bottom of the precipice, a great way below
where my father and Uncle Joe found you
and the lady. We buried their bodies in a
grave close by the clover-patch in our meadow
ground."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity
you!" I uttered in broken tones, utterly un-
conscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir!" said the
young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sym-
pathy. "Would you like to see her?" she then
added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the
grave of her kindred. She received me with
sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not
detract your attention by detailing the efforts
I made to win her from grief.

The driver's body was found on the road,
within a few steps of the spot where the
coach went over. He had been struck dead
by the flash of lightning that blinded the
restive horses.

LAKE SUPERIOR IN WINTER.—Mr. Dawson,
M. P., is collecting evidence relative to the
condition of Lake Superior in winter. He
appears to think that the lake is open all
the winter, excepting that part near the
shores, and that where the ice is not very
thick it could be passed by such steamboats
as the Beauty Line have now on the lake.
The idea Mr. Dawson is endeavoring to
support by testimony is the practicability of
steamboat communication all the year round
between the western terminus of the Sault
Ste. Marie branch of the Canada Pacific
Railway and the eastern terminus of the
Thunder Bay branch. When the prevalence
of storms during winter was suggested Mr.
Dawson replied that the northern shores,
which were usually fairly free from thick ice,
could be hugged and the vessels sheltered.
Mr. H. Beatty, of the Sarnia Line of steamers,
when requested to furnish information re-
specting the possibility of winter navigation,
replied that on his return to the west he
intended to make a close investigation of the
subject. He did not possess any accurate
information at present.

There are now surviving five children of
the late Charles Dickens. The eldest son of
the great novelist bears the same name, and
is the well known proprietor of *All the Year
Round*. His other sons are Henry Fielding
Dickens, the barrister, well known on the
Eastern Circuit; and Edward Bulwer Lytton
Dickens, now a successful sheep farmer in
Australia. The daughters are Kate Dickens,
wife of G. A. Collins, the author of "A
Gruise Upon Wheels," and Miss Mary
Dickens. Two sons are also deceased—viz.,
Walter Savage Landor Dickens, who died
while serving as an ensign with the Forty-
second Highlanders in India; and Sydney
Smith Dickens, who died a lieutenant in the
navy. It will be noticed that Dickens named
four of his sons after writers as eminent as
himself in English literature. Bulwer
Lytton, indeed, was godfather to the youngest
of them.

The Algoma Pioneer says: "It has taken
considerable writing and talking to convince
the people of Ontario that any portion of
the great district of Algoma was valuable for
any other purposes than as mining and
timber limits. The rapid settlement of the
fertile lands in different parts of the district,
together with the arrival at the eastern mar-
kets of specimens of agricultural products,
which in some instances surpass the produc-
tions of the older settlements in the province,
has tended to awaken the belief that we have
here a territory as large as all the rest of
Ontario and equally fertile and healthy, and
the result is seen in an influx of settlers to
the district in the past year or so, that is
perfectly astonishing to those who know so
little of the real value of the country."

Mr. Wm. Osborne, of Hamilton, makes a
funny offer to the Ontario Government.
Being greatly exercised as to the site for the
proposed new Government buildings in
Toronto, he offers "in gift six acres of land
in the Town of Galt, beautifully situated,
having a commanding view of the town and
a considerable tract of lovely country. I
will also make a gift of all the sand required
for the building, and doubt not but the Town
of Galt and County of Waterloo will sup-
plement this offer with a bonus and never
propose to charge municipal taxes." Mr.
Osborne is very liberal and very patriotic,
and we have no doubt that the Government—
to use Mr. Mowat's favorite expression—will
take the offer into their serious consideration.
—*Guelp Mercury*.

POST-OFFICE ORDERS.—The commission on
sterling money order issued in Canada and
payable in the United Kingdom has been
reduced. The rates are now as follows: On
orders not exceeding £2 10s., 20c.; on orders
exceeding £2 10s., and not exceeding £5,
40c.; on orders exceeding £5, and not
exceeding £7 10s., 60c.; and on orders
exceeding £7 10s., and not exceeding £10,
80c.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL IN CANADA.

His Grace's Impression of the Niagara Falls.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for last month, the
Duke of Argyll speaks as follows of his visit
to the Falls of Niagara:

"The shades of night had blotted out the
northwestern sky, and the Falls of Niagara
for some time illuminated by summer light-
ning, which soon became forked and very
brilliant. As we crossed the Suspension
Bridge, seeing nothing but a dim whiteness
in the distance, a flash unusually long and
vivid lit up the whole splendor of the Falls
with its pallid and ghastly light.

"There is perhaps no natural object in any
part of the world which when seen answers
so accurately to expectation as the Falls of
Niagara. Pictures and photographs without
end have made them familiar in every aspect
in which they can be represented. Those in
what they cannot be represented are the last
to be seen and the last to be appreciated, and
the first approach to them is perhaps the
most imposing view of all. They are seen at
the distance of about a mile. They are seen,
too, from an elevation above the level of the
top of the Falls, and the great breadth of the
river as compared with the height of the
precipice makes that height look compara-
tively small. Nevertheless the effect of the
whole, with two great columns of spray from
the Horseshoe, suddenly revealed by a flash
of lightning, is an effect which can never be
forgotten. The power and beauty of Niagara
are best seen from the point on the Canadian
bank whence the Table Rock once projected.

THE BEST VIEW.

"I am inclined to think, however, that the
most impressive of all the scenes at Niagara
is one of which comparatively little is said.
The River Niagara above the Falls runs in a
channel very broad and very little depressed,
below the general level of the country. But
there is a steep declivity in the bed of the
stream for a considerable distance above the
precipice, and this constitutes what are called
the Rapids. The consequence is that when
we stand at any point near the edge of the
Falls and look up the course of the stream
the foaming waters of the Rapids constitute
the skyline. No indication of land is visible
—nothing to express the fact that we are
looking at a river. The crests of the breakers,
the leaping and the rushing of the waters, are
all seen against the clouds as they are seen
in the ocean when the ship from which
we look is in the 'trough of the sea.' It
is impossible to resist the effect on the
imagination. It is as if the fountains of the
great deep were being broken up and as if a
new deluge were coming on the world. The
impression is rather increased than dimished
by the perspective of the low wooded
banks on either shore, running down to a
vanishing point and seeming to be lost in the
advancing waters. An apparently shoreless
sea tumbling toward one is a very grand and
a very awful sight. Forgetting then what
one knows and giving one's self up to what
one only sees, I do not know that there is
anything in nature more majestic than the
view of the Rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

Funerals.

Notwithstanding the advice of the clergy
and the sharp criticisms of the newspapers,
"gorgeous" funerals are on the increase.
The Oil City Derrick has an account of one
which may not be much of an exaggeration.
After describing the magnificent coffin, which
had been imported from Paris and must have
cost an enormous sum, the Derrick says:
"The corpse was attired in a magnificent black
gros grain silk, with princess waist and full
train; the trimmings were rich velvet and
shirtings of silk, relieved at intervals by tiny
bouquets of natural forget-me-nots. Deceased
never appeared to finer advantage. Her
raven hair was brushed back from her broad
white forehead and confined in a simple knot
by an antique comb studded with diamonds
and amethysts. From her tiny ears hung glitter-
ing solitaire pendants, while a magnificent
diamond brooch sparkled at her throat. Her
brilliant arms were not crossed upon her
bosom, but lay in calm repose at her sides,
this being the latest and most approved
style. A grief-stricken relative informed our
reporter that the silk hose and white slippers
which the fair remains wore on this occasion
involved an expense of \$200. The bereaved
husband was elegantly but simply dressed
in conventional black, and the grace and
dignity with which he bore himself through-
out the exercises occasioned much favorable
comment. Rev. Archibald Slinser, A. M.,
D. D., presided over the obsequies, being
attired with his usual elegance and taste.
Instead, however, of his usual white necktie,
he wore the lilac tie which he purchased in
Vienna during his recent summer's vacation
in Europe. His remarks were eminently
refined and calculated to please even the most
fastidious, and all regretted that the deceased
could not have been present in spirit to enjoy
them with the rest."

THE STAMFORD ASSAULT CASE

Dr. Mewburn's Injuries Not Likely to be Fatal.

CLIFTON, Dec. —Leavitts, the man who
perpetrated the assault on Dr. Mewburn in
Stamford yesterday, was brought before
Police Magistrate Hill here to-day, when a
preliminary investigation into the affair took
place. The following additional particulars
were obtained: Leavitts was quite rational
this morning, and his temporary insanity of
yesterday afternoon is believed to have been
brought on by liquor. He affirms he was
under the conviction that the devil had told
him to kill the first person whom he met.
Before the attack upon the doctor he struck
with his axe at Mrs. Roskilly, whom he met
on the road, but she avoided the stroke by
falling on the ground. He did not repeat
the attack upon her, but continued on his
way, and shortly afterwards came upon Dr.
Mewburn. Leavitts was this morning re-
manded for trial till the 24th inst., in order
to await the result of the doctor's injuries,
which there is fortunately good reason to
believe will not prove fatal. Leavitts is mar-
ried and has a family of children, all of whom
were some years ago stricken with fever, and
the family not being in circumstances to
afford medical attendance, it was rendered
gratuitously by the victim of yesterday's
assault.

At Philadelphia yesterday, during a public
reception in Independence Hall, General
Grant sat in a chair occupied by John Han-
cock at the time of the signing of the
Declaration of Independence, and on his
right hand was the table on which the
declaration was signed.

CALCRAFT, THE HANGMAN.

Death of the Most Famous Executioner of the Age.

His Skill in Drawing the Bolt and
Sobbing for Treat—A Disciple of
Isaac Walton and Jack Ketch.

As has already been announced by cable-
gram to the Times, the noted executioner
Calcraft, who for forty-six years held the
office of hangman in England, is dead.
There is a stream in the suburbs of London,
known to jaunting clerks and holiday making
schoolboys as the River Lee, where cockney
youths take their aquatic diversion on Sat-
urday afternoons during the summer months.
On the days when the river was deserted a
lean, pensive and clerical person would fre-
quent the banks, a book in one hand, a fish-
ing rod in the other. It was Calcraft, the
hangman. Where he came from, who he
was, why he had chosen his particular
profession, nobody ever knew. Legend
had it that he was a convict, who had been
pardoned on the condition that he would
adopt the executioner's profession. Others
averred that he had embraced it through a
certain morbid love of death. Calcraft never
betrayed his secret, and all biographies of the
man are fictitious. This alone is certain,
that he has executed, with punctuality and
despatch, some of the most noted criminals
of the century. He entered the business in
1833, about fifty years after the Tyburn Tree
had been removed, and the gallows was set
up almost every Monday morning in the narrow
passage between Fleet street and Ludgate
Hill, known as the Old Bailey. He first came
into public notoriety at the hanging of James
Greensacre, in 1837. This man had murdered
Hannah Brown, a woman to whom he had
been engaged to be married, and then
had cut the body into pieces and hidden
portions of it in various parts of London, the
trunk being placed under a sack and con-
cealed behind some flagstones near the Pine-
apple Tollbar, in Edgeware road. He confessed
that Hannah Brown had deceived him by
pretending to have some property, and that
one night she called at his lodgings and
laughed at her trick. In a rage he struck her
with a silk roller, and the blow proving
mortal, he formed the resolution of cutting
up and concealing the body. No criminal case
since the trial of Dr. Dodd had stirred so
much excitement in London. On the night
of Greensacre's execution hundreds of persons
asleep on the steps of the prison and of St.
Sepulchre's Church, and boys remained
all night clinging to the lamp-posts. The
crowds in the streets whiled away the night in
ribald jokes and drunken brawls. Greensacre,
when he passed to the gallows, was totally
unmanned. He could not articulate the
responses to the ordinary and had to be sup-
ported or he would have fallen. Greensacre's
execution brought fame to Calcraft. He did
not rest long on his laurels. Three years later
he was called to carry out the sentence of
the law on Francois Benjamin Courvoisier,
a Swiss valet, found guilty of the murder of
his master, Lord William Russell. Lord
William, who was in his seventy-third year,
lived alone in his home in Norfolk street,
Park lane, with his establishment of two
maids and of Courvoisier, the body servant.
On the morning of the murder the housemaid
found his study in disorder, and entering
his bed-room with Courvoisier, saw that his
head was nearly severed from his body.
Two bank notes, supposed to have been taken
from Lord William's body, were found behind
the skirting board of the butler's pantry.
Those notes convicted Courvoisier. He was
hanged on July 6, 1840. Upward of twenty
thousand people were present at the scene.
Most of them waited all night at the debtor's
door of the Old Bailey. High fees were paid
for house roofs and the windows were
crowded. As the bell began to toll at eight
o'clock the multitude uncovered, and at two
minutes past the hour Courvoisier ascended
the steps leading to the drop, followed by the
executioner and ordinary of the prison. He
died without a struggle. The ease of his
death was universally attributed to Calcraft's
skill. A new genius had risen in the business.
Jack Ketch of Tyburn, was outdone. For
twenty-four years Calcraft continued to
win the applause of press and public.
Not confining his exertions to Newgate,
he travelled in the wake of the judges round
their circuit. He never bungled. He has
executed seven pirates together and performed
his work with entire satisfaction. He hanged
the three Fanlans at Manchester and showed
extreme contempt for the anonymous threats
that were made against his life. In 1864 he
hanged Franz Muller, the young German
tailor who, to pay his passage to America,
murdered Mr. Briggs in a carriage on the
North London Railway. On the night that
Muller died there was a disgraceful scene
around Newgate. The house was filled with
spectators, who had paid more than a couple
of guineas apiece for a place and who spent
the night playing at cards and singing choruses.
When Muller set foot on the scaffold, he
looked up at the chains with perfect self-
possession. Then he murmured a confession
to the attendant clergyman, and the drop
fell instantly. These were the three
great criminals of Calcraft's career—Green-
sacre, Courvoisier and Muller. In 1868 public
executions were abolished, and the hang-
man's glory was departed. The gallows was
henceforth erected in the prison yard of
Newgate, and only silence reigned on the
spot which had seen the executions of Gov-
ernor Wall, who flogged a man to death; of
Bellingham, Mr. Percival's assassin, of the
Cato street conspirators, whose heads were
cut off on the scaffold after they were hanged,
of Fauntleroy, the banker, and of Bishops
and Williams, the "burkers." Calcraft soon
retired from a business which was rapidly
falling in popular esteem, and Marwood, his
lieutenant, succeeded him.

REV. DR. ORMISTON.

Interest Pen-Picture of the Able
Divine.

A Toronto correspondent of the London
Advertiser thus refers to Dr. Ormiston's late
visit to that city: "Dr. Ormiston is a man
of fine physique. He is emphatically a man
of 'weight' in more senses than mere than
—punsus. I don't say his face is unique.
His hair certainly is. Some one has said,
I rather think *Harpur's Magazine*, that the
conundrum was once put in a large New
York company, 'Why is Dr. Ormiston's hair
like heaven?' Every one tried to
answer, of course, and as evidently every
one was puzzled till the disgusting answer
made its appearance. 'Because there is no
parting there.' 'True, though the fact would
equally hold good if there were no hair at
all. Time deals kindly with the shaggy head
and general person of this burly repre-
sentative Canadian. Still years are telling.
The hair that used to be dark as a raven's
wing is now a sable silvered, the lines on the
countenance are deepening, and everything
gives intimation that even the strongest must
wear. Nevertheless the doctor carries his
years, his honors and his work well, and
humanly speaking is good for many days to
come. Most of the Canadians know the 'man
and his conversation.' In the pulpit he is
lively, somewhat ornate and occasionally
labored in his periods, with a stentorian voice,
a twinkling eye, full of humor, which he has
a difficulty in restraining even in the sacred
desk, and a manly kindness passing some-
times into the deepest pathos, which combined
make him with many very popular, with all
greatly liked. The stily 'sides' of his sermons,
which sometimes set the staid hearers of the
Rev. John M. King off on a broad grin, were
too much for some, but generally they were
regarded as rather giving piquancy to the
whole, while they acted as a pinch of snuff to
those inclined to be drowsy. How much
laughter is fairly allowable in the house of
God, and in the midst of discussions on
sacred things, I shall not say. Evidently the
New Yorkers don't object to a certain quan-
tity, and Toronto Presbyterians can evidently
also stand some of it, at any rate."

A CHURCH-DISTURBER.

A Religious Enthusiast Fined for Over-
much Zeal.

LONDON, Dec. —John Munro, the indi-
vidual lately referred to in these despatches
as disturbing the worship in St. Andrew's
Church, by groaning in a loud voice, making
horrible grimaces and shaking himself, was
to-day brought before the Police Court on a
charge of disorderly conduct. The Rev. Mr.
Murray gave testimony against him. Munro,
in defence, attempted to justify his conduct.
He said he did not wilfully disturb the con-
gregation, but felt it a duty as a convert to
Christ to do as he had done. The man, it
will be remembered, was one of those affected
by the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Paynter
a couple of years ago. The Police Magistrate
fined Munro \$10 and costs, to be paid in four
days, in default his goods and chattels to be
levied upon. He left the Court saying he
would not pay the fine, but would suffer in
the body rather than deny Christ in his
heart. He would make no pledges to an
earthly tribunal.

ENGLISH MANNERS.—English people

impress you first of all by a sense of the
gentleness of their actions and of their
speech. Warm or cold they may be gracious
or ungracious, arrogant or considerate, you
feel that they are real. Englishmen ad-
mire their goods, but not their conduct.
If an Englishman makes you welcome, you
feel at home; and you know that, within
reason, and often out of reason, he will look
after your comfort—that for your well-being
while you are under his roof he considers
himself responsible. And yet he does not
thrust himself upon you, and you may do
almost what you choose, and go almost
whither you will. If he wants you to come
to him, he will take more trouble to bring
you than you will to go, and yet makes no
tuss about it any more than he does about
the sun's rising, without which he would be
in darkness. If he meets you and gives
you two fingers, it means only two fingers;
if his whole hand grasps yours, you have his
hand, and you have it most warmly at your
parting. His speech is like his action. His
social word is his social bond; you may trust
him for all that it promises, and commonly
for more. If you do not understand him
well, you may suppose at first that he is
indifferent and careless, until something is
done for you, or suggested to you that shows
you that his friend and his friend's welfare has
been upon his mind.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE END OF A FAMOUS MILL.—English

papers announce the total destruction by fire
of the famous Heathcoat Mill at Lough-
borough. The founder, Mr. Heathcoat, in
1809 invented an improved twirl lace machine
that virtually revolutionized the industry.
The introduction of these labor saving
machines led to the Luddite outrages, and in
1816 a gang from Nottingham, armed with
pistols, hatchets and axes, attacked Heath-
coat's mill, overpowered the armed watchmen,
shot and injured one of them named Asher,
destroyed fifty-five costly frames, cut and
burnt the lace, and did damage to the amount
of more than £10,000. Some accomplices in
the outrage gave evidence against their
companions, and at Leicester Assizes six
men were sentenced to death on a charge of
shooting with intent to murder. They were
executed at the New Bredwell in Leicester,
and it is a noteworthy fact that at those
Assizes twenty-three men were condemned to
the punishment of death. The six Luddites
were hung up with a man whose crime was
that of setting fire to a stack of oats. The
action of the Luddites drove the manufacture
from Loughborough to Tiverton, where Mr.
Heathcoat amassed a princely fortune.

There are several societies in London
which furnish wedding portions to Jewish
girls of the poorer classes. They are endow-
ed by wealthy members of the faith, and poor
Jews with daughters make weekly contribu-
tions, from sixpences down to a penny, in the
names of their girls. Once a year, before the
Passover or before New Year's Day, there is
a drawing by young women who are engaged
to be married, the prizes ranging from \$250
to \$1,000, according to the capital of the
society and the number of candidates. There
are no blanks—each candidate draws some-
thing. On the occasion of a wedding the
Jews of the neighborhood often contribute
towards the bride's dowry. Young men, on
seeking wives, make a point of learning
whether the girls they fancy belong to any of
these societies.