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Head and Heart.

To all things thou shouldst be hearty, and yet
not heady;
Though heart and head must work in union calm
and steady.

Then let the head be sound, and let the heart
be strong;
Though a strong head is good, yet, *headstrongness* is wrong.

Fullness of will is good, but when it is good
will;
How then comes *willfulness* to stand for something ill?

Then learn'st hereby, thy child, how things for
good designed
May turn out bad, when they perversely are
combined.

Though a strong head is good, and better—will
for goey,
Willful and headstrong—these are but an evil
brood.

Voices.

I hear them in the raindrops
As they patter on the leaves,
Or one by one descending
From the eaves.

They whisper in the sunshine
As it cheers us after rain;
But I look to see their faces
All in vain.

They call me in the breezes
That dance upon the stream,
Yet know not what they utter—
What they mean.

But when at eve I linger
By the grave of one held dear,
Those voices fall the sweeter
On my ear.

Are they voices of Forever,
Sweetly calling me to come,
To a resting-place eternal,
In their home?

HORRID MISS LEIGH.

Tom Luttrell, aged twenty-four, was a thoroughly good fellow, good-tempered, good-looking, and heir to a good property, but he had one sorrow—he was engaged to a girl he had never seen.

Some ten years before a dispute had arisen about a certain Hillingdon estate, in Leicestershire, to which Mr. Luttrell—Tom's father—and a certain Carnworth Leigh both laid claim. Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to prick up its ears, when one morning Mr. Luttrell received the following note:

"DEAR LUTTRELL:—You and I have been good friends all our lives, and there is no man living for whom I have a greater esteem than for yourself. Cannot we, then, settle this wretched business without troubling these infernal lawyers? My uncle, Haughton Leigh, had a suit that lasted him twenty years and killed him in the end. Now, listen to me; my daughter Nellie will have all I've got at my death, except Barfield, which goes to Jack's boy. Why shouldn't she marry your boy Tom? Let the property alone for the next ten years; then Nellie will be eighteen and Tom four-and-twenty—if they like to marry then, well and good; if either should decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the other.

"This is a rough idea of my plan, which Jackson, your lawyer, could soon put into shape. What do you say?

"Yours, etc.,

"CARNWORTH LEIGH.

"Barfield."

To this proposition Mr. Luttrell agreed, and Tom found himself an engaged man at fourteen. Soon after this Mr. Leigh was obliged to leave England for his health; and for many years he resided entirely on the Continent. So it happened that Tom and his future bride had never met.

About a month before the time fixed for his decision Tom betook himself to a small inn in the village of Settlebourn, near Stockford, nominally to [illegible] but in reality to escape from his [illegible]r's arguments, and to get a little [illegible] to himself for quiet reflection, [illegible]e he solaced his wretched soul with [illegible]cco.

One day as he lay lazily smoking by [illegible] silver Beck, something fell from [illegible] high bank above him and dropped lightly on the water, while a girl's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my gracious, my hat!"

Tom looked, and saw a very neat little hat floating, boat-like, down the stream.

"Bother the young woman," he grumbled, "I suppose, now, she'll expect me to fetch it?"

As he rose he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw a girl whose beauty surprised him. She stood bareheaded on the bank, gazing with a look of comic dismay after the fast receding hat, and Tom had an opportunity of examining critically, from the little head, with its crisp, brown hair, disordered by the wind, to the slim ankles which her position revealed as she stood above him.

Running some yards down the bank, he stepped out upon an old willow, which protruded over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat within his reach. He was not disappointed, and in a few minutes more he was again on *terra firma* with his prize.

"I must make friends with this young person," he thought, as he carefully dried the dripping feather with his handkerchief.

The fair stranger had watched his efforts from her elevated post, and smiled sweetly on him as he climbed the bank with his recovered treasure. She had evidently been sketching, for her materials were scattered in picturesque confusion around her.

"I hope it's not much damaged," said Tom, as he looked rather ruefully at the result of his manipulations. "I'm afraid the feather's in a bad way."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, thanks. How kind of you to take so much trouble. But for you I must have walked home bare-headed."

"I wouldn't put it on just yet," Tom said. "Let it lie in the sun a little and dry, while you go on with your work."

"But suppose it starts off again, when there's no one to recover it for me?" she suggested.

"Let me guard it, then, and you can work in peace. You are sketching, I see; may I look?"

"Oh, yes; but it's a miserable failure, I'm afraid," she said, laughing, as she handed it to him. Tom examined it, and, being a bit of an amateur himself, proceeded to criticise, and, finally, to instruct. He found the girl very charming; she seemed so delightfully free from all conventionality, without at all resembling his *bete noir*, the "fast girl."

They grew quite confidential as the lesson proceeded, and were amazed when, on consulting their watches, they discovered that it was half-past six.

"I must fly," she said, "or I shall be late for dinner, and Sir John can't stand that."

"Have you far to go?" asked Tom, craftily.

"About a mile. I'm staying at Newlands. Good-by. No, I can carry them, thanks; I couldn't think of troubling you any more. "Good-by," and she was off.

Tom went to his room, thinking a great deal about his new friend, wondering where the charm lay which, even more than her beauty, had fascinated him. "Perhaps it's her dress," he thought; "she dresses better than any woman I ever saw; and then her boots!" Here he lit a cigar and fell into a dream about the said boots and about the little white hand which had worked so industriously and confidingly under the direction of his big brown paw. All the next day he wandered by the river, but she came not. That evening he was restless and ill-tempered with his hostess and everyone who approached him.

The day after he was more fotunate. She was sitting in the old spot, and greeted him smilingly.

"You're just in time," she said. "Look at my tree; isn't it like those bright green cauliflowers you see in the [illegible]?"

Tom sat down and set to work on the refractory tree, while she stood by [illegible] him.

"I say," said she at last, "isn't this dreadfully improper?"

"Which?" asked Tom, working away vigorously.

"Why, you and me," she replied, ungrammatically. "We've never been introduced, and I don't in the least know who you are or anything about you. Lady Turnbull would have a fit if she knew it."

"Let me introduce myself," said Tom, laughing. "My name is Luttrell—Tom Luttrell; or, if you prefer it, Thomas Curson Alvanley Luttrell."

If she had not been sitting behind him Tom must have noticed the flush which spread over her face at this announcement. After a pause, she said, slowly:

"So you're Tom Luttrell?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Newlands who is a great friend of mine; she has told me about you."

"Indeed! And what's her name."

"Nellie Leigh."

It was Tom's turn to flush now. "Miss Leigh," he repeated. "Good heavens! you don't mean to say *she* is in the neighborhood?"

"You don't seem fond of her," she said, quietly.

Tom painted viciously. "I hate fast girls," he said at last.

"How do you knew she's fast? You never saw her."

"I've heard about her," Tom said, gloomily.

"What have you heard about her?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"Why, there was Ernest Browne; he met her a little while ago. She talked along the whole time to him, and—and swore, I think he said, and wanted to smoke. Then Tiverton told me she was the best hand at quoting Artemus Wa d he ever heard. Bah! I hate a girl that quotes Artemus Ward!" and Tom switched viciously at the dandelions with his cane.

His companion watched him with a mischievous smile.

"I wish you'd be less keerless with that weapon," she said, "you'll upset my water, directly, and then you'll have to go and get some more."

"Now, don't *you* begin it," Tom pleaded.

"Why not? I like Artemus."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," his tormentor continued, "have you any other fault to find with your bride?"

"She's not my bride."

"But she will be."

"No, I'm bothered if she will!" Tom broke out, vehemently.

"What! will you buy your freedom with Hillingdon and seven thousand a year?"

"Aye, and think it cheap at that price."

"Complimentary to Miss Leigh. Shall I tell her?"

"If you like—but never mind Miss Leigh."

"You've not told me your name yet," said Tom, after a while.

"My name?" she repeated; "oh, never mind my name."

"But I do mind your name. Won't you tell me?"

"My name's Nellie, too," she said, musingly.

"Shall I call you Nellie, then?" he asked.

"Certainly not," she said coldly, and recommenced painting vigorously. He was getting on too fast.

Tom watched her silently. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded after a while.

"Shall I?" she said, holding her sketch at arm's length, to observe the effect.

"Yes, do," said Tom, it's so Christian."

"Then I will," and she gave him her hand with a most adorable smile. Tom felt sadly tempted to kiss it but refrained.

"Now," said she, consulting her watch, "I must be off."

"And will you allow me to carry your things?" asked Tom.

But at this moment she was capricious, as ladies will be sometimes, and positively refused to allow him to do any such thing. Then arose a struggle for the "things," which were, however, captured by Tom, after a short resistance. She turned and walked majestically away as Tom gathered up the implements with a grin, and followed her. When he came up to her she was sitting on a stile, looking dreamily on the ground. She raised her eyes as he approached.

"Mr. Luttrell," she said, "I want to speak to you seriously."

Tom deposited his burden on the ground, sat himself on a log facing her, and waited solemnly.

"I want to know if you're quite determined not to marry Miss Leigh?"

"I am," he replied, looking steadily at her, and tapping his teeth with her H. B. pencil.

"Since when?" He hesitated.

"Since when?" she repeated, imperiously.

Tom began to dig little holes with his stick.

"Well, within the last few days," he said at last.

If he had been looking at her, he might have seen the smile and blush of pleasure which lit up her face as he spoke.

"You see," he continued, "it's my father's marriage, not mine; and a man likes to choose his own wife. I dare say there's no real harm in the young person. If she's your friend, it speaks well for her, but still—"

"But still what? You've never seen her; how can you tell you won't like her?"

Tom became more than ever absorbed in his excavations.

"The truth is," he blurted out between the digs; "the truth is that lately, quite lately, I think I've seen the only girl I shall ever care to ask to be my wife," and he looked suddenly up at her.

She rose confused, and began to consult her watch earnestly.

"I must go, really. Please give me my things. This is the park boundary, so I won't trouble you any more."

She sprang over the stile as she spoke, interposing it between them as they said adieu.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, as he held her hand at parting. She allowed it to linger in his as she answered—

"Oh, soon, I dare say; perhaps when you least expect it. And gently returning the pressure of his hand, she turned away.

"Any message to Miss Leigh?" she asked, mockingly.

"Oh, confound Miss Leigh!" growled Tom, "I wish she was in Otaheite." Then, seating himself on the stile, he lit a cigar and watched her graceful figure till he could see it no longer. Suddenly he smote his thigh—"By Jove! I never got her name after all," he said.

Immediately on arriving at his inn he commenced a cross-examination of his hostess, by which he learned two facts. Firstly, that Newlands was the property of Sir John Turnbull; and, secondly, that there were two young ladies staying there, Miss Leigh and Miss Harding.

Next day saw him speeding in a hansom from Paddington to his father's house in Brook street, intent on destroying that worthy old gentleman's peace of mind by the announcement of his determination to give up Miss Leigh and Hillingdon.

"Is my father in, Simms?" he asked of the butler, when that functionary appeared to attend his young master.

"No, sir; Mr. Luttrell went out with Mr. Leigh just after lunch."

"Mr. Leigh, is he here?

"Yes, sir; Mr. and Miss Leigh arrived this morning from the country."

"The deuce!" said Tom; "they haunt me whereever I go," and he retired precipitately to his own den.

"Bring me something to eat here, Simms; and don't let miss Leigh know that I am in the house."

By the time he had finished his lunch his mind was made up. Selecting a hugely crested sheet of stiff note-paper, so as to give the document an official character, he sat down, squared his elbows, and commenced to write.

The following epistle was the result of his efforts:

MY DEAR MISS LEIGH: For the first time I address you, personally, though you doubtless must have been for some time aware of the link which in some way connects us. The time has now arrived when our decision must be made in regard to our future—whether we shall go through life together or separate at once and forever. I will not conceal from you, my dear Miss Leigh, that for some years I have looked on you as my destined bride, and have considered myself fortunate in the prospect of an alliance with one of whose beauty and goodness I have heard so much. It is but quite recently that I have discovered that my heart is no longer mine to dispose of, and I now feel that to urge you to fulfill our engagement would be to insure a life of misery for both of us. Let us, then, separate without a personal interview, which would only cause unnecessary embarrassment. As to Hillingdon, I resign it to you willingly, feeling sure that you would make a better mistress than I should a master.

Trusting, then, some day to meet you as the bride of some one more worthy to possess you than myself, I am, my dear Miss Leigh, your sincere friend,

THOMAS CURZON LUTTRELL.

"That'll do, I think. I hope it won't smell of tobacco, Simms," as that worthy answered the bell; "take this to Miss Leigh, with my compliments."

Simms was too well trained to show surprise at anything; he bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Leigh's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, hang her!" said Tom; but there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but Tom discovered a white figure at the far end, which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Leigh," he began, "to have the pleasure——Hullos, Miss Harding! *You* here?"

"Miss who?" said the laughing voice of his Settlebourne friend, "I am not Miss Harding."

"Then who in the name of goodness are you?" he demanded eagerly.

She looked down demurely.

"I'm that horrid Miss Leigh, as you called me the other day."

Tom sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she said, in an injured tone.

In a moment more he was kneeling by her chair, looking up into her eyes.

"Miss Leigh—Nellie——"

"I told you not to call me Nellie, yesterday," she said tartly.

"Yes, but yesterday isn't to-day; we're engaged now."

"Engaged, sir? What, after this?"

"Oh, hang the letter! You know I love you to distraction. You are your own only rival in my love, and you will marry me, dear, won't you?"

"Certainly not. You said I was fast and slangy, and that Hillingdon would be a cheap price to pay to be rid of me. And then this letter! Let go my hand—how dare you, sir? Be quiet, Mr. Luttrell! Tom, don't!"

But Tom was not to be denied. After this spirited resistance Miss Leigh surrendered ignominiously.

"Tom," she whispered, as her head lay on his shoulder, "do you really care for me?" (Kisses and protestations.)

"And do you really want to marry me?" (More kisses and protestations.)

"Then," and her voice sank lower yet, "then take down the card, for I'm let to a single gentleman."

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made. Send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands, and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what a true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and a man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ears, and whisper words of counsel, and her hands to his heart, and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of those get nothing more; the other half, surpaised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—*Beecher.*

A Mark of Homage.

In America, when a gentleman kisses the hand of a lady, the act is construed by her into one of marked devotion, American ladies who go abroad are somewhat startled, therefore, to find that kissing the hand is a national custom in Austria. A gentleman, in meeting a lady with whom he is acquainted, especially if she be young and handsome, kisses her hand. On parting with her he again kisses her hand. It is very common to see a gentleman kiss a lady's hand on the street on meeting or parting with her. If you give a beggar woman on the street a few coppers, she either kisses your hand or says, "I kiss your hand." Chambermaids, beggars, and even little children, all observe this custom. The words, "kiss your hand" appear to be the same in German as in English, or at least sounds the same. The gentleman kisses the hands of married women as well as the single, and it is taken as an ordinary salutation and a token of respect.

Life in Danbury.

Between four and six o'clock of every Sunday afternoon there are nearly three hundred young men in Danbury "putting out for her house." They are distinguished mainly for an air of easy nonchalance, as if they had no particular object in view; and also for an illy disguised interest in their boots as evinced at the crossings. Through Main street they move carelessly, but once on the side thoroughfares, where few people are met, their gait instinctively quickens. If lightning should strike down the backs of those who wear tails, to their coats the amount of peanuts, lozenges, and burnt almonds which would be brought to view would actually paralyze an ordinary statistician.

Marrying a China woman in Montana means tar, feathers and exile.

The Virginius Prisoners.

Details of Their Release—The Prisoners Led to Believe that They were on Their Way to Execution—Their Joy on Boarding the Juniata.

The prisoners captured on the Virginius have been delivered to the U. S. steamer Juniata, and taken to New York. A correspondent says:

It appears that the Spanish authorities to the last moment kept the poor wretches in ignorance of their prospective release, and with base inhumanity led them to suppose that they were to be executed. Priests were with them taking their confessions and dying declarations, and imploring them to look to God for pardon. They were taken out of prison in despair, but, on their way to the slaughter-pen, as they supposed, their eyes fell upon the Juniata flying the flag of the United States. When they realized the truth a scene occurred which beggars description. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. They were speedily transferred to the deck of the Juniata, and gave vent to the most extravagant but touching demonstrations of joy, embracing each other, some crying, some kissing, and others audibly offering thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance from the horrors of their dungeon and the prospect of an ignominious death. On the night before the surrender the officers and crew of the Juniata were stationed at quarters, her guns being turned on the city. The Spanish volunteers having been excited to an open riot by the rumor that the surrender was to take place, a large number of volunteers went in a body to the Governor's palace and begged permission to attempt the capture of the Juniata, saying that they could do it with knives alone. The Governor refused to grant permission. Officers believe that the application was made in earnest.

On the arrival of the Pinta at Santiago, orders came to the ship from Commander Braine for the paymaster to issue all blankets and pea-jackets in his department to the prisoners, who were hardly fit to be seen in their rags. This was speedily done, but as there was still great destitution, orders came for every man to give their own blankets and wearing apparel in the good cause, promise being made that all would be replaced on the arrival of the ship at Key West. The officers and men cheerfully complied with this order, only preferring that it should be issued as a request, in which case they would have obeyed with just as much alacrity. Every heart was touched by the pitiable condition of the prisoners. The poor fellows report that they were barbarously treated. They say that when the officers from the Tornado boarded the Virginius, one of them, in hauling down the flag of the United States, tore it into ribbons, and trampled on it, asserting with an oath, "This is what I have wanted."

The situation in Santiago de Cuba is reported very serious. A large majority of the population is in sympathy with the Cuban cause, but the Volunteers control everything with a high hand. It is believed that the surrender would not have been made at last but for the firm stand taken by Commander Brain and the prevailing impression that he would proceed to extreme measures if there was any trifling or postponement. Only a week ago twenty-five citizens of Santiago were arrested, and after a mock trial had been gone through with, without any evidence being adduced against them, they were told to go home. On the way they were cruelly waylaid and killed, onlyone escaping; he was riddled with bullets and dangerously wounded. Americans are continually in fear for their lives, and bitterly complain that nothing has been done to redress their wrongs. It is not safe for an American officer to go ashore alone in Santiago. All along the river line Spaniards are erecting new batteries.

The surrender took place at Morro Castle, six miles below Santiago. A receipt was given for the prisoners. It was reported in Santiago that when it was found that the Virginius had been towed out of the harbor of Havana, a large number of naval officers of high grade tendered their resignations to the Home Government by telegraph.

Where He Has Gone.

A gentleman who is entitled to credence, furnished the following particulars of Genét's escape to a reporter of the New York *Times:* He said that after escaping from Deputy Sheriff Shields, Genet, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, hastened to a close carriage in waiting near by, and was driven to the house of a friend in the lower part of the city, where he remained concealed until Tuesday afternoon. Then, skillfully disguised, he was taken in another close carriage to the foot of Canal street, and hurried on board the steamship Ontario, bound to St. Thomas, Acapulco, and Aspinwall. A passage had been previously engaged for him under an assumed name, and he was received by the officers without question. The Ontario sailed at a late hour on Tuesday, and remained in the lower bay until Wednesday evening, when she proceeded on her way. The reporter's informant did not know Genet's intentions, but was of the opinion that he proposes, after reaching Brazil, to take the first opportunity offering to go to Belgium, where his wife and family will join him, and where they will reside permanently. The fugitive is well furnished with funds, and with all the conveniences for a pleasant voyage. He is described as feeling quite contented, under the circumstances, with the prospect of perpetual banishment. Before leaving he adjured his friends to relieve Deputy Sheriff Shields of any stigma which might attach to him of having been bribed to permit his (Genet's) escape. He said that there had never been any intention of bribing Shields, knowing that it would have been useless to attempt it. Had strategy failed, force would have been resorted to, but this, too, was fortunately found to be unnecessary. A well-known citizen of Harlem so far corroborates this story as to aver that about 1:30 o'clock on Monday morning he saw two men (one about Genet's height and shape) enter a close carriage at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, and that the carriage was immediately whirled down the avenue at a furious rate.

1873.

Important Events of the Year.

JANUARY.

1. Fifth Avenue Theatre destroyed by fire.—Death of Dr. Henry Peet, of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institute.
3. Accident at Moravia, on Pittsburgh and Erie Railroad; twenty-two persons killed.
4. Stokes found guilty of the murder of James Fisk, Jr.
6. Wreck of a brig and loss of life on coast of Isle of Wight.—First trial of Tweed commenced.
8. Twenty passengers injured by accident on Nashville Railroad.
9. Ex-Emperor Napoleon III. died.
13. Earthquake at Boroda, by which many persons lost their lives.
15. Explosion of boiler in Belgium, killing eleven persons.
16. Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D.D., author and editor, died.
21. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, died.
22. Emigrant ship Northfield sunk, and over 300 lives lost.
31. First trial of Wm. M. Tweed concluded with disagreement of jury.

FEBRUARY.

1. Death of Commodore Maury.
2. Terrible gale on English and Irish coast; vessels wrecked and lives lost.
3. Wreck of steamer Clan Alpine; thirteen lives lost.—Earthquake on Isle of Samos.
4. One hundred persons frozen to death in England.
6. Death of Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, Vicar General of the Catholic Church.
9. Ex-Governor John Geary, of Pennsylvania, died.
12. Ex-Mayor Martin Kalbfleisch, of Brooklyn, died.
13. Burning of steamer Henry A. Jones, in Galveston Bay; twenty-one lives lost.
17. Flood on the Monongahela; loss of life.
18. Railroad accident at Poughkeepsie; several killed.—Explosion in coal mine in Staffordshire, England; thirty-five miners killed.
20. Jumel trial concluded, the claimant Bowen decided not Mrs. Jumel's son.
24. Death of Rev. Dr. Guthrie, D.D.
26. Samuel Brewer, New England editor, died.
27. Fire in Hanover street, Boston; several firemen and others killed.

MARCH.

4. Wreck of Alaska mail steamer George S. Wright; twenty-three persons drowned.
6. Great snow storm in Minnesota; people frozen to death.
10. Death of John Torry, M. D., LL. D., distinguished botanist and chemist.
11. Charles Temple Dix, son of Governor Dix, died in Paris.
12. Death of Henry A. Bellows, Chief Justice of New Hampshire.
15. Right Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, died.
16. Boston steamer Grace Irving sunk; eight lives lost.
17. Great fire at Lawrenceburg, Ky.
21. Erie Depot, Jersey City, burned; loss $170,000.
27. Death of Madame De Boissy, at Rome.
28. Death of ex Senator James Dixon, of Connecticut.
31. Charles M. Barras, dramatic author, died.—Accident and loss of life on Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad.

APRIL.

1. Wreck of White Star steamship Atlantic, at Megher's Island, while putting into Halifax for a fresh supply of coal; 535 persons drowned; all the women on board the vessel, and all the children but one, being included among the lost. Before the accident the ship had been in soundings eight hours, but the lead was not once used, nor were any of the precautions taken which are used when approaching land.
3. Collision on St. Louis Southern Railroad; train smashed up and passengers killed or injured.
4. Explosion of fire-damp in an English coal mine; loss of life.
8. Wall of new building at Rochester, N. Y., on which a crowd was standing, looking at a freshet in the Genesee river, gives way, and 30 persons drowned. Alderman Peter Gilsey, New York capitalist, died.
10. A manufactory in Rome, Italy, destroyed by lightning; five persons killed and several wounded.
12. Death of Saint Marc Girardin, the French historical writer. Massacre of General Canby and others.
14. Extensive cotton mills at Chicopee, Massachusetts, destroyed by fire; six thousand bales of cotton burned, and eight hundred persons thrown out of employment.
16. Severe thunder storm in Wales; people killed by lightning.
27. Commodore John H. Aulick, United States Navy, died.

MAY.

4. Fall of an iron bridge at Dixon, Ill., by which three hundred persons, who were standing upon the bridge witnessing the administration of the rite of baptism, were precipitated into the water. Seventy-five were drowned, and thirty-two more or less injured. The entire number of lives lost was conjectured to be between ninety and one hundred.
5. Palace of Mikado of Japan, at Yeddo, burned.—Death of United States Minister James L. Orr, in Russia.
7. Twenty-one persons killed and forty injured by railroad accident near Pesth, Hungary.—Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase died.
8. Death of Hon. Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts.—John Stuart Mill, philosophical author, died.
10. Intelligence reached New York of the arrival at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, of the steamer Tigress, having on board nineteen survivors of Captain Hall's Arctic expedition.
13. Series of fire-damp explosions in Drummond Colliery, Nova Scotia, caused by use of gunpowder in blasting. The mine was set on fire, and the single shaft through which egress was provided, was rendered useless. Number of lives lost, fifty-nine.
20. Boiler explosion and loss of life at Brussels, Belgium.
30. Boston suffered from a second conflagration. Loss, $1,291,000; insurance, $763,000.
31. Colliery explosion and miners killed at Wigan, England.

JUNE.

1. Death of Hon. Joseph Howe, at Halifax.
5. Murder of Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author, by his son, in New York City.—Death of Urbano Ratazzi, the Italian statesman.
6. William Adalbert, Prince of Prussia, died.
9. Alexandras Palace, London, destroyed by fire. It contained a fine collection of pictures and statuary. Loss, three million dollars.
10. Ten miners killed by fire damp in Henry Clay Colliery, Pa.—New York Court of Appeals decided to grant E. S. Stokes a third trial for the murder of James Fisk, Jr.
16. Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., of University of New York, died.
18. Death of Horace F. Clark.
19. John A. Kennedy, ex-Superintendent of Police, died.—Death of Samuel Wilberforce, D. D., in England.
21. Death of Lewis Tappan, the veteran abolitionist.
24. Thornton Leigh Hunt, English novelist, died.
26. Death of Hon. Abraham Zabriskie, of New Jersey.
27. Hiram Powers, sculptor, died.
30. Explosion of nitro-glycerine in Hoosac tunnel; five persons killed.

JULY.

1. Hon. Joseph G. Wilson, of Ohio, died.
4. Severe storm in Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin, damaging crops and other property.—Twenty persons drowned by capsizing of a pleasure boat on Green Lake, Wisconsin.
5. Steamer City of Washington wrecked on Gull Rock, Nova Scotia. Passengers and crew all saved.
8. News received that eighteen Norwegians, belonging to Arctic Navigation Company's service, who were left in Spitzbergen, were found dead by a party which went to their relief.
14. Amos Pillsbury, of Albany, died.
25. Fire-damp explosion in a Belgium coal mine. Loss of life.
26. Great conflagration broke out in Norfolk, Va., threatening destruction of the entire city. Fire burned two days.

AUGUST.

2. Great fire in Portland, Oregon. Loss $1,500,000.
3. Robert Chew, of Washington, died.
4. Death of Anna Livingston.
5. Standard Oil Works at Hunter's Point burned.
6. Death of Professor John F. Stoddard, of Newark.
8. Steamer Wawasset burned on Potomac. Between forty and fifty persons jumped overboard, and were drowned.
9. Maine Steamship Company's buildings, at Portland, and three steamboats at wharf burned. Loss $600,000.
10. Professor William W. Clarke, of Rochester, died.
11. Death of Richard Salter Storrs, D. D.
12. George N. Sanders died.—Forty persons killed in Wyoming Valley, Pa., by lightning striking a building.
17. Death of Hon. William M. Meredith.
18. Gardiner Spring, D. D., died.
19. Great fire in Quebec. Loss, $400,000.
20. A dispatch from Bombay announces thirty-five hundred houses swept away by flood in Province of Agra, India. Loss of life.
24. Rev. John Todd, of Massachusetts, died.—Destructive gale, wrecking many vessels on coast of British North America.
26. John W. Johnson, M. D., of Connecticut, died.
29. Terrible boiler explosion at Hillorved, Sweden. Loss of life.
30. Jacob N. Cardoza, editor of Southern *Patriot*, died.

SEPTEMBER.

1. "Beau" Hickman died at Washington.
4. Death of Hon. Charles Isham Reed, of Massachusetts.
6. William Hudson died at Hartford.—Great fire in Havana, Cuba. Loss, $8,000,000.
10. John A. Ware, of Portland, Me., died.
12. Vessel sunk in the Mersey, England. All on board drowned.
17. Fire in Chicago. Loss, $300,000.—Pacific Mail steamer Costa Rica ashore at Point Diable, California. Passengers saved.
17. Beginning of panic.
18. Suspension of Jay Cooke & Co.
19. Fisk & Hatch suspended.—Terrific storm, loss of life and property in Florida and Tennessee.
20. Union Trust Company suspended.—Closing of Stock Exchange.—Death of Dr. Thomas Miller.—Loss of ship Indus, loaded with Coolies; four hundred and eighteen drowned.
22. Dr. George W. Embree, of New York, died.
23. Suspension of Henry Clews & Co.
24. Death of Captain Samuel George, Chief of Onondaga Nation.—Suspension of Howes & Macy.
26. Dr. Dixi Crosby, of New Hampshire, died.—Railway collision and loss of life, near Carlisle, England.
27. Death of Os Wilson, he painter.
28. Deaths of Colonel Charles J. Biddle, editor Philadelphia *Age*, Right Rev. George M. Randall, Bishop of Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming, and of Rev. John H. Pollard, of Brooklyn.
29. Admiral John A. Winslow died.
30. Death of Hon. John B. Baldwin, of Virginia.

OCTOBER.

3. Rev. E. D. Kenney, of Connecticut, died.—Meeting in New York of the Evangelical Alliance.
4. Large fire in Brandon, Vt.
6. Destructive cyclone in Gulf of Mexico. Great damage to property and loss of life on water and land.
7. Commodore Jameson, United States Navy, died.
8. Death of Rev. Henry Wood, D. D., of Philadelphia.
11. James Bogle, artist, of Brooklyn, died.
17. Manuelde F. H. Borges, Portuguese Consul, committed suicide in Boston.—Castle of Marquis of Abercorn, containing many works of art, burned.
23. A. H. Davenport, actor, died.
26. Death of J. C. Heenan.—City Hall, Hartford, Ct., burned.
29. Sir Henry Holland died.
31. The Virginius, a ship of American origin and accredited by the American flag, captured on the high seas, near Jamaica, by the Spanish steamer Tornado.

NOVEMBER.

1. Vienna Exposition closed.
2. Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor, died. Collision on English Midland Railroad; twenty persons killed or injured.
4. Death of Laura Keene, actress.
6. Steamer Batavian burned on Lake Ontario; fourteen lives lost.—Death of W. J. Hardee, author of Military Tactics.
7. Tweed's second trial commenced.
9. Han. Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, died.
11. Boiler explosion at Harlem, N. Y.; seven persons killed and eight wounded.—Death of Abd el Kader, famous Arabian Chieftain.
17. Captain Matthew C. Perry, son of Commodore Perry, died.
19. Death of John P. Hale, of New Hampshire.—Verdict of guilty in Tweed trial.—Escape of Sharkey from the Tombs.—Death of Mrs. P. T. Barnum.
20. Sudden closing of canals.—Tweed sentenced.
22. Loss of the Ville du Havre, and 226 lives lost.
27. Ex-Senator Yates died.—Suicide of Colonel Morrow.—Opening of Hoosac Tunnel.
29. Tweed taken to Penitentiary.

DECEMBER.

1. Meeting of Congress.
2. Reformed Protestant Church organized.—President's Message.—Evidence in Tichborne case closed.
3. Opening of Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre.
5. Great gale in the West.—Tribute of New York Bar to late Judge Peckham.
7. Death of Bishop Armitage, Judge Underwood, and Senator Blake, of Canada.
9. Great fog in London, continued three days.—Death of Charles MacAllister, Philadelphia.
10. Judgment in Bazaine trial.
12. Bazaine sentenced.—Death of Judge Johnston, Nova Scotia.—Baltimore Theatre Comique burned.—Secretary Richardson proposes increased taxation.
13. Death of Judge Nelson, aged eighty-one.
14. Professor Agassiz, died, aged sixty-six.
15. Death of Queen Dowager of Prussia.—Mr. Henry Selfe Page Winterbotham, member of Parliament for Stroud and Under Secretary of the Home Department.
16. Colonel Dent, father-in-law of Pres. Grant, died at the White House.—A high wind made great havoc at Sheffield, England.—Virginius surrendered to United States.—Jury obtained in the Genet case.—"Tea Party in Boston.—Pennsylvania adopts a new constitution.
17. Great fog in New York.—Corner stone of Poughkeepsie Bridge laid.—Pacific Division of Northern Pacific opened, 115 miles.
18. Funeral of Judge Nelson and Professor Agassiz.—Survivors of Virginius delivered to Captain Braine.
19. Genet found guilty.
21. A special dispatch to the *Daily Telegraph* states that the Emperor William had a slight attack of apoplexy.
22. Escape of Harry Genet.—Third trial of ex-Mayor Hall begins.—Death of Charles Lenox Remond.
23. Death of Mrs. Alexander Agassiz.—News of Dutch successes in Acheen.—Death of Henri Rochefort reported.
24. Death of John S. Hopkins, of Baltimore.—Acquittal of ex-Mayor Hall.—Resumption of Fisk, Hatch & Co.
26. Bazaine goes into "seclusion" at Sainte Marguerite.—Death of Francois Hugo.
27. Caleb Cushing appointed Minister to Spain.
28. The Juniata arrives with the prisoners of the Virginius.—Funeral of Francois Hugo and Radical demonstration in Paris.
29. Arrival of the Ossipee, of New York, without the Virginius.
30. Health of the Emperor of Germany improved, and the project of making the Crown Prince, Regent, abandoned.

Hardships of the March to Khiva.

A body of Russian troops under command of Colonel Markosoff endured extraordinary hardships while on the march to Khiva from Krosnovodsk, a port on the Caspian Sea. The following account of this march is taken from the French periodical "La Nature."

"After unparalleled difficulties, Colonel Morkosoff came to some good wells. But still there remained six days' march over the desert before he could reach the wells of Orta Kin, whence he could easily make his way to Khiva. The Russians took up the line of march for Orta Kin on the 16th of April, after having taken every measure dictated by prudence; not only did each soldier take a small supply of water, but also the camels belonging to the expedition were loaded with a great number of casks. The ration of the men was fixed at four bottles per diem, and that of the horses at six quarts. But the atmosphere was so dry and the evaporation so active during this portion of the march, that the water in the casks decreased at a fearful rate. On the 18th the casks, which at the start had contained somewhat over thirteen gallons each, held only about 9½ gallons. The heat of the sun was excessive, the temperature exceeding 55 deg. Reaumur (or 155 deg. Fahr.) according to the official report; how much higher it rose cannot be ascertained, for the thermometers were graded only to 55 deg. Reaumur, and burst after that point was reached.

On the third day, April 19, this fearful temperature reappearing, Colonel Markosoff saw it would be madness to persist in marching on to Khiva, so he determined to retrace his footsteps. Measures were also taken to have water at hand for the men at all times. But the entire command would doubtless have perished, were it not that the scouts discovered some wells. The march to Khiva was definitely relinquished, and the troops returned to Krosnovodsk."

A Russian officer writes as follows to the "Invalide Russe": "To-day we experienced the effects of that burning, suffocating wind, to which M. Vambery gives the name of *tebbad*, and which is so much to be dreaded by the traveler on the steppes. It raises enormous masses of incandescent sand, changes entirely the aspect of the sand-hills, and buries whole caravans. After crossing the Amou-Daria and a portion of the oasis of Khiva—a distance of sixty versts (forty miles)—this wind is now blowing here in the city of Khiva. In the glare of the sun the heat is insupportable to-day with the temperature at 35 deg. Reaumur (110 deg. Fahr.); one can scarcely breathe except in the houses with high ceilings and with the shutters closed. The natives say that it will be still hotter later in the season."

The Women of Ashantee.

The social position of the women in Ashantee, as with all warlike tribes, is very inferior to that of the man. At best she is regarded as little better than an instrument to gratify his passions. If a man have many wives, to one of them is given a sort of pre