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Poetry.

One Year Ago.

What stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er,
Forever lost the hues they wore!
How like a death-knell, sad and slow,
Tolls through the soul, "one year ago."

Where is the face we loved to greet,
The form that graced the fireside seat,
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That thrilled our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah, vacant is the fireside chair;
The smile that won, no longer there;
From door and hall, and porch and lawn,
The echo of the voice is gone;
And we who linger only know
How much was lost "one year ago."

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of foot-steps o'er her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow w are her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago."

Literary.

Adam's Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer down South used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits ruinous in their effect:

Adam and Mary, his wife, were very good members of the church; good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was often, she contrived to have a glass of good toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe.

After awhile Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drank up everything he had and all he could get. Mary and Adam became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued still to get his glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said yes, and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many others, forgot all with the very Friday that the good minister was to return. "What shall I do?" said she; "the minister is to be here to-day, and I haven't looked in the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam; "give me a quarter, and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice, gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his jug filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed another, until he tumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house Mary asked very anxiously for the rum.

Poor Adam managed to stammer out that he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the jug, and spilled the rum.

Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. But here comes the minister! It won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk, so she for want of a better place to hide him put him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she could answer the question, "How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head first one way, and then the other, and finally stammered out:

"He fell over a pile of rocks."

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question, "Where did he hide himself after the fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she spoke out with:

"Under the bed, sir! There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about it."

The good minister retired—not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

A Tale of Chivalry.

In the early part of the reign of Henry the Second, of France, a famous combat was fought between two gentlemen of the court named Chataignerie and Jarnac. Some words of the latter were construed by the former to reflect upon his step-mother, and he afterwards repeated them at court. When Jarnac heard of the calumny that was abroad he came before Francis I, and declared that whoever had given birth to such a report "lied to the throat." A challenge immediately passed between them, but Francis forbade the combat. No sooner did Henry II. succeed to the throne than Jarnac renewed his challenge. The king assented. Both champions having sworn to the justice of their quarrel, the king gave the signal and the combat began.

The contestants were armed in proof, and battled on foot with sword and buckler. It was a goodly sight to see how the sparks flew from their swords and helmets, with what care they foyned, and how skillfully they availed themselves of every unguarded opening. Now they traversed hither and thither with short, quick steps, striking, thrusting, warding, as they alternately pressed forward and receded; now Jarnac beaten back by the overbearing force of his enemy. Covering himself with his buckler, he retired before the increasing violence of his adversary and cautiously watched for an opportunity which might be afforded by the other's fierce haste.—At length by a lucky stroke, he dealt C. a fearful blow upon the leg, and completely disabled him. He fell to the ground, and Jarnac standing over him with his sword pointed at his throat required him to confess the calumnies he had uttered. This the wounded man refused to do, and therefore his life became justly forfeited to the conqueror, who, however, generously placed it in the hands of the king. The proud and haughty Chataignerie, mortified by his defeat, refused to be spared, and on his wounds being dressed, he tore off the bandages, and died from the effusion of blood. Such was the combat fought between two squires in 1547.

— An eccentric clergyman, lately alluding in his pulpit to the subject of family government, remarked that it is often said, "There is no such thing now-a-days as family government." "But it's false," said he, "all false! There is just as much family government now as there ever was—just as much as in the days of our fathers and grand-fathers. The only difference is that then the old folks did the governing, now it is done by the young ones!"

Slander.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as granite dissolved to jelly and then ran to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated lash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their joy lay buried, also because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck made of noble natures and lovely life by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of scandal. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruelest weapons man has forged for his brother's hurt.

A Flower Story.

We are told that the Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of a pretty shrub of jasmine, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant whose want of dowry and his own poverty alone kept them from the hymenial altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay and to render it more acceptable, orna mented it with a jasmine. The poor girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into the earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew and was covered with flowers. It flourished and and multiplied so under the fair nymphs cultivation that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she gave her hand and wealth to the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this time preserve the remembrance of this day by wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb, which says a young girl wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.

The Beauty of Old People.

Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side; who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. *He* has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. *She* has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

Oysters in Coquilles.

The Professor instructed the class in the art of preparing oysters in a most delicious manner, to be eaten out of the shell. To a pint of oysters add half a gill of water, boil up once and pour them in a calander. To the broth which passes through the calander two tablespoonsful of flour and not quite so much of butter; season to taste; let it remain on the fire a moment, then add two eggs, and stir constantly to prevent burning until it boils, then pour in the oysters; give them one more boil and set away to cool. The shells in the meantime have been cleansed until they are as white as possible. When the oysters are cool fill each shell with an oyster and as much of the soup as it will hold, and sprinkle with a sparing hand fine bread crumbs over the top. A small piece of butter is then placed on the top of each shell of the oysters, and they are set in the oven to bake for ten or fifteen minutes. Let them go directly from the oven to the table.

Rupture Between Jefferson and John Randolph.

Randolph being asked to play chess on one occasion, refused, and gave the following reason: "I have not played at chess for the last seventeen years; the very sight of the board and men gives rise to painful reminiscences, for the last game I played lost me a personal friend forever. I was on the most intimate terms with Mr. Jefferson, as you may have heard, it being now a matter of history, and as I soon found out that, politician and philosopher as he was, he took more pride in his skill at chess than in anything else. Very few could beat him, and at last he could not endure defeat. Knowing this, and feeling I was his match, I had always declined playing, as I did not want to quarrel with him, until one unfortunate evening when he touched my Virginia pride in so pointed a way that I could no longer refuse with honor, and we sat down to the game. It was a warm contest. Greek met Greek. I at length cried 'checkmate;' and he never forgave me afterwards."

— Butter is falling in Maine. Grease the track and keep it sliding.

Miscellaneous.

The Poisoned Flower.

An Incident in the Life of One of the Early Kings of France.

There are various traditions as to the origin of the Golden Lily upon the shield of France. Among these is the following incident, said to have occurred in the latter part of the eleventh century, during the reign of Philip Augustus:

The Prince was only fifteen when he ascended the throne; but the strong hand with which he seized the reins of Government, awing the turbulent nobles and protecting the common people against their aggressions, soon convinced them that he was not to be despised for his youth.

Though by this course he greatly endeared himself to the mass of his subjects, his life was more than once threatened, and even attempted; but these plots invariably originated among the haughty nobles, who became restive under the restraints imposed upon them by the King's strong arm, and his just and kindly heart.

In the summer of the eleventh year of his reign, weary of the cares of state, Philip retired with his court to his royal residence at Chaumont, which was a favorite resort to him.

Among his train was Geoffrey, Count de Neville, the natural son of Louis VII., the King's half-brother. He was a mild and inoffensive man, apparently well contented with the title and estate conferred by the late King upon his mother, and which he had inherited upon her death, but, unfortunately he married a haughty, ambitious woman, who was but illy inclined to forego her claims to royalty.

At the death of Louis, she openly asserted that there had been a secret marriage between him and the late Countess de Neville, and upon the head of her son should rest the crown of France, he being the eldest born, urged her husband to assert his claims. But this the Count refused to do, being ill-fitted by nature to act a part requiring more than usual energy and ability, besides entertaining too strong an affection for the young King, who had treated him with unusual kindness, to seek to deprive him of his rightful inheritance.

If Philip heard of the pretensions which the Countess set forth, he manifested no outward token of displeasure or distrust. On the contrary, he gave his brother many evidences of regard, appointing him to honorary offices near his person, although he took care that they were such that they conferred but little power.

This was a new source of grievance to the haughty Countess, who never relinquished the idea of becoming a Queen, and had fondly imagined that, on account of Philip's youth, his brother would obtain such a strong ascendency over his mind, as would make him King in reality, if not in name.

This disappointment was felt with increased bitterness when she became the mother of a son, in whom she centered all her ambitious hopes, and all the love she was capable of feeling for any one.

Unlike our modern fine ladies, the dames of high degree of that remote period, were early risers; and the Countess de Neville often took long rides on horseback before the dew was off the grass, unattended, except by her groom who kept a respectful distance, just near enough to be within call, should his lady require assistance.

One morning, she paused in front of a little cottage, situated in a perfect wilderness of bloom. As an involuntary ejaculation of surprise and admiration escaped her lips, a pretty intelligent looking girl raised her bright eyes from the rosebush she was pruning.

"I have some handsomer within, arranged in boquets," she said smiling, "if madame would like to examine them."

Throwing the reins of her horse to her attendant, the Countess alighted much to the surprise of the servitor, who had never known his haughty mistress to be guilty of so much condescension before.

As the Countess entered the little, low room, the pretty flower girl displayed her beautiful collection of boquets with pardonable pride

"All or any of them are at your service, with the exception of this," she said, pointing to one composed of golden lilies and white roses, and relieved by a few leaves of green; "It is for the King."

"So King Philip buys the flowers, pretty maiden?"

"Yes, madame; I have orders to bring them to the palace daily. The golden lilly is his favorite flower, and there are only those in bloom to-day."

"I will take this," said the Countess, selecting one of the boquets, and taking from her purse a gold piece of more than double the value, "but first bring me a cool draught of water from the spring yonder."

With a light step the young girl took a pitcher and passed out to the spring that was but a short distance from the door. As she glided by the window on returning, she glanced in and saw, much to her surprise, her visitor bending over the stand of flowers, and apparently sprinkling something from her hand upon those she had laid aside for the King. When she took it away, her eye caught a gleam of a small golden flask, such as the ladies of that period used for their cosmetics and perfumery. But when she entered the room, she found her in the same position in which she had left her.

She could not forbear an exclamation of surprise as she observed how deadly pale was her countenance.

"'Tis but the odor of the flowers," said the Countess, as drawing her robes around her she turned to the door.

"Take my advice, my good girl; place the stand nearer the window, and be not much over them; their perfume is quite too strong for so small a room."

There was something about these words carelessly spoken though they were, that deepened the undefined suspicions in the young girl's heart; and, following her suggestion, she placed the stand of flowers directly in front of the open window. Then, by a close examination of the boquet destined for the King, she detected the presence of a fine white powder, impalpable to the eye upon the white petals of the rose, but clearly visible upon the lilies, whose peculiar shape, by exposing the leaves to the full rays of the sun as well as their vivid coloring, threw it into strong relief; and as she bent over them, the faint but penetrating odor that arose made her so giddy that she would have fallen, had it not been for the tall shapely youth who had just entered, and whose livery showed him to be in the service of the King.

It was her lover, Francois, King Philip's body servant, and who, passing by the house, called to have a chat with his betrothed.

"How, now, Marie?" he said, looking into her face. "What has frightened the roses from your cheek, and given you such strange look?"

The honest hearted fellow was sincerely attached to his royal master, and he listened gravely to Marie's account of the strange conduct of her visitor, and the suspicions to which it gave rise.

"It has a bad look, he said, thoughtfully; "though I believe there is nothing in it. By good luck, I have orders to attend his majesty in his private apartments an hour hence. I will put him on his guard: then surely no harm can come of it."

Somewhat to the surprise of Francois, the King manifested no disquietude at this disclosure, though the grave look and attentive manner with which he listened, showed that he considered it of no light import. He bade him charge Marie——

"To tell no one what she had discovered, but to come to the palace with her flowers an hour earlier than was her wont, by no means forgeting her golden lilies."

King Philip sat in his audience hall, surrounded his by retinue. A number of the royal family stood near him—among them the Count Neville, his wife and the little son, a boy of three, whose winning and sprightly ways made him a favorite with the King.

"And please your Majesty, Marie, the flower girl is awaiting without," said one of the guard.

"Admit her," said the King.

Marie had never seen King Philip in his robes of state, and the royal pomp that surrounded him impressed her with a feeling of awe as she entered. But this was quickly dissipated by the King's gracious manner, as he bade her approach.

"I see you have not forgotten my favorite flower," he said, taking the basket from her hand.

"Just admire these queenly lilies, fair Countess, and inhale the fragrance from the roses."

"But why do you start, and turn pale?" he added, as with an involuntary shudder she drew back from the flowers he would have placed in her hand.

"I—I crave your Majesty's pardon," she stammered, "but the odor of the roses affects me thus."

The King's eyes followed the Countess as she retreated to the window, at the further end of the hall, under the pretext of obtaining air. He then fixed them searchingly on her husband's face, whose mind seemed to be entirely occupied by the laughing boy he held in his arms.

Attracted by the bright color of the lilies, the child stretched out its hand for them. A sudden thought struck the King as he observed this.

"See how eagerly Louis is regarding them!" he said, turning to the Count. "Let him have them."

With a fond smile the father took the flowers and held them before the boy, who, catching them with both his dimpled hands, raised them with a gleeful shout to his lips.

Instantly, a deadly palor overspread his face, and with a faint gasp he fell dead in his father's arms!

The Countess had kept a furtive watch on the King's movements from her retreat, and forgetting everything in her terror sprang forward to arrest her husband's arm.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, glaring upon him like a tigress robbed of her young, "you have destroyed your child!"

"And you," said Philip, pointing significantly to the flowers, still clasped in the child's rigid fingers, "you would have murdered your King!"

"Is this the woman that called at your cottage this morning," he inquired, turning to Marie.

"The same, your Majesty."

As soon as the Count comprehended the full meaning of these words, he cast a look of horror and detestation upon his wife, then taking his dead boy, he laid him on the pile of cushions at the King's feet.

"I can lay before you no stronger proof, sire," he faltered, "that I was ignorant of the existence of this base plot against your life."

As Philip looked upon the still, sweet features of the child, and then upon his father, his eyes softened.

"You are right. God knows that I would fain have spared your loyalty such a severe test."

"I wish you all to bear witness," he said, addressing those around him, him, "that I fully exonerate Count de Neville from all complicity with his wife in this attempt upon the life of your King."

"As to you," he added, turning to the guilty woman, "I give you twenty days to leave the kingdom. If after that time you are found in my domains, you shall suffer the full penalty of your crime."

King Philip did not forget the debt of gratitude he owed to Marie and his faithful attendant. He was present at the marriage, which occurred a few days after, bestowing a dowry on the bride, and other substantial marks of favor; and ever afterwards, in commemoration of his Providential deliverance, he bore upon his shield the "Golden Lily."

The Country Church.

We clip the following tit bit of sentiment from the Lockport *Daily Union*. It brings olden memories back:

"We have been to the country church that was old when we were young. It is neither costly nor grand, but rude and homely, with moss growing about the eaves, where a pair of swallows built their nests in the summer that is dead. There are no lofty marble pillars near the porch, nor tesselated doors, nor has it skillful architecture: but there it stands, a plain old building, a hallowed relic of other days. It has no gallery, where the hired musicians let fall the liquid tones of sound,

"Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light streaming through pictured pane."

But still we like the old church. It brings back to us the daisied slopes of childhood, the joyous anticipations of the future, the golden gleams of gladness that hover around the steps of youth. We hear echoing through memory's corridor the holy words falling from the pale-browed man whose guileless teachings sank deep into our heart. We have listened since then to the sermons of the great, rhetorically rounded, and brilliant metaphors, and poetic imagery, and flights of fancy; but their high-toned beauty has failed to touch our hearts as did the simple eloquence of the minister in the old church.

There, too, is the graveyard where sleep in dust the ashes of those who were so dear to us in life, and whose memories come to us with the rise of sun, and the pale light of stars. There rest the companions of our schoolboy days, and our youthful sports. And there, too, *she* lies who roamed hand in hand with us about the valley, who plucked with us the wild flowers beside the brook, who saw with the appreciative eye the violets blooming on the robe of May, and wept with us happy tears at the glory and gorgeousness of summer sunsets. For eleven years she has listened to the harp notes of the angels. Still we love to linger beside her grave near the old church, and fancy that the mild breathing of the evening air is caused by the soft rustling of an angel's wings. Do not blame us for loving the old church, for memories are ours, pure and holy as the dreams of a dying saint, when we sit in the shadow of its walls."

The Expectants.

Who shall tell the hopes and fears that are stitched into little frocks for the form not yet seen? All the world over, the quiet, thoughtful brow of expectant womanhood bends over them silently. Sometimes a glad smile lingers on the lips; sometimes the busy hands lie idly folded over the soft cambric folds, as memory carries them back to their own childhood; just so their mother sat, with just such thoughts busy at heart and brain, before they were nestled in a mother's welcoming arms. Ah! never till now did they ever fully realize what a mother's love may be. Never till now did they retrace the steps of childhood, girlhood and maturity, so carefully, to note all the Christ-like patience and tenderness to which those long years bear witness. Then solemnly comes the thought; "Just as I looked up to my mother, this little one will look up to me. Me! Warm tears fall fast on the little frock that lies on the lap. Me! Ah! how do I know that I shall teach it aright?" and with the happy love-thrill is mingled a responsibility so overwhelming that it can not be borne alone. Nor, thank God, need it be, nor is it. Ah! whatsoever fathers may think, mothers must needs look upward. The girl-mother, from that sweet, sacred moment, will rise, if ever, disenthralled from her past frivolity, and with the earnest seal of a new baptism on her brow.—*Fanny Fern.*

A Peculiar People.

There is a peculiar people at Wallingford, Connecticut, who style themselves Communists. They ignore rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, swearing, quarreling, wrangling, gossiping, backbiting, lying, cheating and defrauding—all of which is well, so far as it goes. Unlike the Mormons they have but one "affinity" at the same time, with whom they live so long as they both can agree—when they are "divorced," not by a decree of the courts, but by mutual consent.—*Boston Herald.*

Discovery of the Supposed Murderer of the Joyce Children.

The Clues, and How the Case was Followed up.

Condensed from the Boston Advertiser, Mar. 9.

The mystery which has so long shrouded the tragedy which occurred in West Roxbury in June last, involving the brutal murder of Isabella N. and John S. Joyce, only children of a widow lady residing in Lynn, seems about to be fully unraveled. For three months a person supposed to be guilty of the heinous crime has been under surveillance of the officers of the law, and it now appears almost indubitably certain that the criminal has been discovered in a convict who is now, and has for some time been, incarcerated in the Massachusetts State Prison, under conviction of an offense of much less magnitude than that for which he has thus far eluded punishment. Before proceeding to the exciting narrative of the development brought out by the vigilant officers who have been so long at work to bring the miscreant to justice, it may be well to give a brief history of the tragedy which presents features of such unparalleled atrocity.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MURDER.

The two youthful victims, Isabella, a beautiful girl of but fourteen years of age, although almost a woman grown, and her brother John, some few years younger than herself, and a great favorite with all who knew him, had been spending a week with their aunt, who resides at the South End. During the early portion of Monday, the 12th of June, the two children left the house of their aunt for a day's frolic in May's Woods, a delightful retreat in West Roxbury, taking with them only a small amount of change with which to pay their horse-car fare, and a basket of lunch, as it was their intention not to return home until near nightfall. Before taking the cars the children called at the house of their grandmother, where they were last seen. When the sun had set on that Monday the two wanderers had not returned. Much anxiety was felt for their safety, and a vigorous but fruitless search was made for them. All night long, relatives, friends and neighbors kept up the search. Messengers were sent to scour the woods and the highways in the vicinity, but no trace of the lost ones could be found. It was not until Sunday forenoon, almost a week from the time that the children had left on their holiday excursion, that some gentlemen strolling in a tract of woods known as "Buzzey's Woods," discovered the body of the young girl stabbed in several places.—There was every indication of a most terrific struggle between the girl and the person who murdered her, her hands and arms being cut in several places, as if she had grasped the knife or other sharp instrument by which her life had been taken. Her mouth was found filled with grass, probably to prevent her outcries. The body of the boy was not discovered until about an hour after that of his sister had been found. In a thicket, lying upon his face, his body horribly gashed in several places, the poor boy was discovered by a party of lads who had joined in the search for the brother, after it had been announced that the sister had been found. Appearances indicated that the lad had fled in dismay, had stumbled headlong into the bushes, had been overtaken by his heartless, brutal pursuer, and had been cut and gashed to death. Near the body of the girl were found some unfinished wreaths of forest leaves from which it was inferred that the children had been engaged twining wreaths of oak leaves, and constructing mounds of moss, when the brute appeared before them, and the fiendish attack was made. The girl's hat, lying on the ground near by, was tastefully trimmed with an oak-leaved wreath, and the boy's cap, found subsequently, was also similarly adorned. Of course the discovery of this double murder occasioned the most intense excitement in the immediate vicinity, and in the city and State as well. Every person considered himself a self-appointed detective, and no effort was spared to find out the perpetrator of the atrocious crime. Several persons were arrested, but as nothing could be proved against them they were discharged. Full and as complete testimony as could be obtained was taken before a coroner's jury, but no clue could be found to the murderer.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE CASE.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the fifth day of August last, Mr. Marshall Wetherbee, of Ashburnham, a deputy sheriff of Worcester county, was informed that the house of a Mr. Brown, of the town of Gardner, had been entered that morning, and robbed of a silver watch, and several other articles of less value. Sheriff Wetherbee at once started in pursuit of the thief, tracked him successfully, and arrested him near East Wilton, New Hampshire, at about noon of Sunday, the following day. The culprit refused to give any other name than "Scratch Gravel," saying that his parents were too poor to give him any better. Although well armed, he offered no resistance to arrest, saying substantially to the sheriff—who was without arms of any kind—"I don't care a d—n for being arrested for stealing a silver watch; but I have done something which it would be a feather in your cap to fasten on me. I had rather go to prison for two or three months than to be traveling about the country as I have been." Before placing his prisoner in jail, Mr. Wetherbee took him to his house and provided him with supper. After supper, "Scratch Gravel," as we must call him in the main part of this narrative, sang with the little children of the sheriff's family, and entered into conversation with the sheriff's wife. Mrs. Wetherbee endeavored to draw his attention to spiritual matters, and to make some moral impression upon him. For this purpose she offered him a Testament, with the request that he would read it. "Scratch Gravel" refused to read it, saying he was too wicked; that he had done that since he had been in Massachusetts for which neither God nor man would forgive him. Mr. Wetherbee took his prisoner to the jail at Fitchburg, and at the August term of the Superior Court, before Judge Allen, he was convicted on the charge of robbery, and sentenced to be confined three years in the State Prison, to which he was taken on the 25th day of August. From the time of the first commitment of "Scratch Gravel," Sheriff Wetherbee entertained suspicion that he was guilty of the crime with which he is charged. His conduct while in jail at Fitchburg tended to confirm these suspicions. He entered into a conspiracy with the other prisoners to kill the turnkey, but during which he used expressions to his accomplices about "the Roxbury job," and made other statements which seemed to strengthen the suspicion that he was the murderer. While he was in prison the detectives took means to get further confessions from him, by putting a false convict in the prison, who gained his confidence, and to whom he made statements going still further to strengthen suspicion against him. He was then put in closer confinement. In reply to questions, the prisoner stated that he had never been in Massachusetts, and knew no one here; that he was in New York State all of last May, and in Connecticut during the latter part of June. Where he was the first part of that month he refused to tell; and when pressed upon that point he said, "What has that to do with my being in this prison? I know what your are driving at!" The warden saying to him that his question was a proper one, "Scratch" replied, "I know what you want. You think I murdered the Roxbury children." The warden told him he was suspected of that crime, and that it would be for his own interest to show where he was during the first part of June. He also told the prisoner that he was friendly to him, and would spend $100 in enabling him to collect the evidence of his whereabouts during the period which he had not accounted for. The prisoner cast his eyes upon the floor and began to tremble violently, manifesting the most extreme agitation, and talked in a confused manner of his whereabouts at all times except the fatal first part of June.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sheriff Kimball of Fitchburg, had an interview with the prisoner, who then admitted much which he had in the forenoon denied to the warden, but was still silent as to where he was during the interval which it concerned him so deeply to be accounted for. Yesterday morning, having had a night's reflection, the prisoner sent for the warden, and said he was ready to tell him where he was during the whole of June. He then proceeded to state that he was in New York State all that month, but on being asked to give precise localities, he again became confused, naming one town which, the officers have not yet been able to find in any gazetteer, and speaking of another locality as fifteen miles distant from another town unknown to the officers. The remainder of the month he accounted for by stating that he was in the woods and upon the roads.

The steps which have been taken to identify the prisoner as connected with the crime have revealed facts which bear as strongly against him as his own declarations.

The World of Fashion.

Modes for Spring—Newest Things About Dresses, Basques, and Bonnets—The Vernal Openings of the Modistes, &c.

The fashion-makers are not less prompt than the seasons. The first day of spring brought the first opening of styles for the new year; and it was of course an event of great interest among the ladies, who were invited to witness the display. It was not, perhaps, thought so important an occasion in certain circles as the 7th Regiment ball, or the Leiderkranz, or the Grant reception, and will not be remembered so long; but nobody can over-estimate the extent of the commotion that may be produced by the new styles when they are once established.

The new designs were exhibited by Madame Demorest in Broadway; and her rooms were crowded during the day. The air was so mild, and the weather in all respects so pleasant, that the ladies come in unexpectedly large numbers, and they were evidently pleased with what they saw. The styles of articles of apparel were numerous; and there was, in particular, a great variety of the new double and gored dresses; something to suit the admirer of the plain and neat, or of the elegant and elaborate.

LADIES' DRESSES.

A pretty style of dress was of alpaca. The skirt was gored and trimmed with quillings or lavender in the form of a tunic. On the back breadth—from seam to seam—were four deep scallops, the lower one ten inches from the edge of the skirt. From the back to the front there was a scollop on each breath, the quilling running up the seams so that each seam was covered, and the scollops were so graduated as to bring the one in front fifteen inches from the bottom. The plain, pointed waist was trimmed to match the skirt; and there was a coat sleeve having a fall of lace, headed with quilling on the shoulder, and opening at the hand with a puff of lace and quilling.

A tasteful style of mourning dress was made of buff and trimmed with blue. On the front pieces were set, so as to give the appearance of being left open and turned back, and of coming together at the waist. This was trimmed around with blue velvet and a row of blue buttons, and in the centre of the front were three rows of buttons. Around the bottom of the skirt were three rows of blue velvet. The waist was plain, with two points, and was buttoned; the dress turned back at the neck to match the skirt, and to be worn with a chemisette. The sleeve had caps, made in the same style, at the shoulder and head.

A handsome black silk robe was cut in very small gores, which had folds like those of a fan, around the skirt. The seams served as a base for the buttons, which covered the seams. The buttons were of black silk, with small gold sequins hanging from the centre.

The "Crystal" tunic was of green silk, over a dress of green poplin. The tunic was composed of a skirt and a little bodice, cut in one piece and open at the shoulder and at the sides. The grey body was cut square, and the grey skirt long, and bordered with green silk. The tunic was trimmed with ruching of its own material.

The Madeline gored dress was a beautiful garment, of very pale buff goat's hair cloth, trimmed with blue velvet. A novel feature was its long coat-tails, with imitation pockets. Smaller pockets were also in front. The skirt was gored and had a long trail.

The Adelaide dress is also pretty. It is partially gored, with an upper skirt also gored, and cut deep at the back, and open half its length at the sides, and in front. The entire dress is composed of two shades of green satin. The under skirt of dark green is trimmed with a band of the lighter shade, ornamented with silver buttons. The upper skirt, of lighter green, is trimmed with a band of the dark satin and studded with silver buttons. The waist, of light green satin, has a short basque, and is trimmed and and belted with the darker shade, with buttons to match.

BASQUES.

Ladies find basques so convenient that they cannot very well do without them. A pretty spring style is made of black silk, cut in point, front and back, with a material of a contrasting color inserted. This is crossed by narrow velvet, fastened to the points with silk or silver buttons. The color may be blue, green violet, or *cerise*, but should match the trimming on the dress. The sleeve has a cap, and an insertion at the hand to correspond with the basque. The front is *a la militaire.*

MISSES' DRESSES.

A very pretty dress for misses was made of lavender and trimmed with green. The skirt was gored with a box-plaited ruffle, headed with green, on the bottom. The same style of ruffle is so arranged upon as to represent a basquine, though the green runs up in front. This gives the dress the appearance of two garments. It is usually voted by the ladies that deception, when it is economy, is allowable. The neck is trimmed with green ribbon, to represent a pointed collar. The buttons are green.

The straight coat-sleeve is going out of favor: and those on exhibition were generally somewhat full. Some were sloped from the elbow with large puffs.

JACKETS.

The sleeveless jackets, in all colors and beautifully embroidered, attracted much attention. They are made to be worn over a white waist. One, a lavender silk, with trimming of the same material or color, and of green velvet, embroidered with beds, was particularly admired. The combination of lavender and green is unusual, but very effective, each looking richer for the blending. The sleeveless jackets were embroidered from entirely new designs. A lady, of a well-known family, who was thrown on her own resources, not only devised the patterns, but embroidered them.

BONNETS.

It is too early in the season to judge very definitely of bonnets, or to say what shape or style will be the favorite. It will not be difficult to make a prettier style, than the Empire, which, though it has been generally worn, has found admirers. There is already a considerable change, and more than the usual variety of shapes. The gipsy shape is new, and, for the present, popular. The bonnets are still so small that ladies are compelled to dress their hair elaborately.

THE HAIR.

Not long since curls were so much worn that it led to the invention of the hair-curler, which, being heated with boiling water, does not dry or burn the hair. Crimps, or frizzes, are fashionable now, however, and ladies who have had their hair "done up" in pins or papers all night, and have found that there was no soft spot, even upon a down pillow, will be glad to hear that a hair-crimper has also been invented. It is heated with boiling water, and will crimp nearly one-half the head at once, and in a few minutes, and without injuring it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

— Cream on milk is the only article that has not risen of late.

Horrible Revelations.

The *Round Table* of last week has an article calculated to create a great sensation in fashionable circles, as it lays bare what is well calculated to shock the modesty of most beholders. It is on the subject of "artificial or false calves," manufactured by corset-makers and sold by corset dealers. We present a specimen of the *Round Table's* disclosures:

By calves we mean just what the anatomists mean when they speak of the lower extremities. We do not know whose ingenuity devised them, nor when they were first introduced, nor indeed their method of construction. But that they were a popular article of apparel with young ladies, and especially with those who made a dashing display on skates, we have abundant reason to believe. In fact, several of the prominent corset-makers devoted all their energies to the fabrication of these rare bits of fashionable anatomy; and, notwithstanding the very rapid production, the supply fell short of the demand. Of course a good deal of care was taken lest any prying masculine eyes should penetrate the mystery, and give publicity to the newly created market; for this would have had a very injurious effect upon the sale of the article, and the tantalizing delusion would have been far less pleasing. But the fact of its existence was soon and easily transmitted by a sort of maidenly legerdemain, and all who were desirous of making sensations by marvelous perfection of form, knew very well where to supply their sweet selves with patent calves.

This may be an announcement altogether unwelcome to those ambitious young gentlemen who, at street corners, from club windows, and in the bewildering maze of the skating "carnival," have felt their hearts throb with the delicious titillations of delight at spectacles which kindly art has quite willingly placed at their disposal. It can hardly fail to be a disappointment to such to learn that for a very trifling consideration they might have procured the abounding source of their happiness, and that, too, in a very portable and enduring shape, by a visit to almost any ladies' furnishing store. And if discomfiture should chance to lead to rage, it may be that an inquiring spirit would discover yet other remarkable devices for lending enchantment still more alluring as concerns the "human form divine." But if they are wise they will be satisfied with but one revelation, and will hereafter devote themselves to studies less deceptive and far more profitable. If, however, it is a satisfaction to them to continue the investigation, horrible as the idea may seem, we should counsel an early visit to one of the very numerous stores consecrated to the anatomy of fashion, which is nothing more or less than the sculpture of cords, wires and cotton.

It would doubtless be a matter of interest to the innocent public to know who the ladies may be that patronize these entrancing little toys which call forth the ogling glances of so many admiring spectators. This is a secret which only the closet dealers and the ladies' bureau can reveal. We learn, however, that they have been very popular with the so-called "upper circles," and it is their surprising success with this class that has led to unusual mania for skating during the past season. The ponds have been thronged with young ladies as never before, and not until this writing has the mystery been fully revealed. In fact, the rage of the season has been these adjustable calves, nor has the demand fallen off very materially with the passing away of the skating season. They are worn by the most fashionable, if not the most respectable, in the daily promenade and at the weekly social gathering, and, in fact, almost everywhere. Very nice young men stand behind counters, all day long, and sell them to very nice young ladies in sizes to