

WAITING FOR FORTUNE.

FROM A STORY BY HEINE.

An old man sat on a lonely strand. Old and wrinkled and gray was he; Around him shimmered the bare brown sand, Before him glittered the wide blue sea. He never noticed the fresh green land That stretched behind him in summer glee, Or the rocks that towered on either hand, But ever and always he watched the sea. "O sea! O sea! I have waited long For the barque I launched in the past on thee, When my days were young, and my heart was strong, Say, where are the dreams of my life O sea?" White gleamed the face of each swelling sail, As in strength and beauty great ships swept by, Bending proudly before the gale, In graceful ease 'twixt the sea and sky. But never heeded those passing ships That old man seated upon the strand— Nor stroke of oak broke the brown hush On the barren stretches of frozen sea sand, "My heart is sad, and my eyes are dim, A-watch for my gold-laden argosie, Sweeping up from the ocean's rim, Why cometh no vessel for me, O sea?" "In my youthful days I heard egress tell That a ship called Fortune floats past this way, And whoever watches her gray sails swell Will never more know a weary day, So I've sat and waited these dreary years— Waited morning, and night, and noon, Through Hope's bright blushes and sinking fears In the wintry rime and the flowers of June. Yet never beneath the wished-for sail; Life has lost all its sweets for me— My steps are treading the downward vale— Why cometh no vessel for me, O sea!" A young man came to that lonely strand When the winds were hushed and the waves were still. And there stretched the ridges of bare sea and sand 'Twixt the trembling surf and the fresh green hill; And still the old man was waiting there, A watching the good ship that never came, With his wrinkled brow and his scant white hair, And eye that had parted its youthful flame. Out spake the youth to the aged man— "What watchest thou, father, so long?" said he But he only heeded the glittering waves. "Why cometh no vessel, O sea, to me?" Fresh and strong in manhood's strength, Did the youth stand there by the drooping sire "This is my warning," thought he at length, "And it speaks to my soul with a voice of fire; Should I dream like this, so frail and bent, Old age will leave me but time to rue— While my heart is fresh and my days unspent, Let me do what my arms shall find to do, He wrought. And soon came a booming sail Nearer and larger across the sea; And a voice came down on the evening gale: "O, worker! the good ship is bound for thee."

"A GOOD ENOUGH MORGAN."

THURLLOW WEED'S REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD TIME TRAGEDY.

STORY OF THE MORGAN MURDER.

A DOUBLE IDENTIFICATION OF A DROWNED MAN

WAS IT MORGAN OR MONROE?

The following letters appeared in the New York Herald of the 9th and 10th ult. To the Editor of the Herald: The recent inauguration of a massive Masonic Hall and Asylum in this city and the imposing demonstration of Knights Templars from various parts of the Union, recalled an event in the history of that institution which occurred almost fifty years ago and was the occasion first of local and subsequently of general enquiries and excitement. This is known and remembered as the "Morgan abduction." Having been connected with that question as a member of an investigating committee and as the editor of an anti-Masonic journal, I have been called on by the New York Herald for information concerning the body of a man found on the shore of Lake Ontario, alleged to be that of William Morgan, but claimed afterward to be the body of Timothy Monroe. The allegations of mutilating that body, of palming it off upon the public for political effect and of boasting that it was a "good enough Morgan till after the election," were publicly made, widely circulated, and at a distance generally believed. I was painfully conscious of this in meeting strangers at home and abroad for more than forty years. In 1843, when in London, by a strange chance I lodged in a hotel near Blackfriars Bridge, which had been the ancient "Freemason's Tavern," and which was then frequented by the oldest London lodges. My presence, as I was surprised to learn from its host, was the subject of enquiry. While in Paris, a few weeks afterward, I was informed by my friend, B. Perley Poore, that my visit had occasioned some uneasiness among Freemasons in that city. I had been repeatedly informed by gentlemen in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., that until their minds were relieved by long and intimate acquaintance, their intercourse with me had been embarrassed with the early impression that I had, for political effect, been guilty of a highly discreditable act. Prompted, therefore, by appeals, first in the Herald and then in the Albany Argus, I determined to furnish the facts and circumstances out of which the "GOOD ENOUGH MORGAN" accusation originated. The completion of this narrative, however, has been delayed. In resuming, although this question opens a wide field, I will endeavor to compress it. To do so I must assume preliminary questions as fixed facts. In regard to these fixed facts there will be no controversy among those who have made themselves acquainted with a truthful history of that most extraordinary event. I did not personally know William Morgan, who was for more than two months writing his book in a house adjoining my residence, at Rochester. When applied to by Mr. Dyer, my next door neighbor, where Morgan boarded, to print the book purporting to disclose the secrets of Masonry, I declined to do so, believing that a man who had taken an oath to keep a secret, had no right to disclose it. Although not a Freemason, I had entertained favorable opinions of an institution to which Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette belonged. On my refusal to print this book, Morgan removed to Batavia, where he made the acquaintance of David C. Miller,

editor of the Advocate, also a Mason, who became his publisher. I pass briefly over a series of facts which were judicially established, embracing the arrest of Morgan, his conveyance to and confinement in the county jail at Canandaigua, from which he was released and conveyed by night in close carriages through Rochester, Clarkson, and along the Ridge road to Fort Niagara, in the magazine of which he was confined. While thus confined a Knight-Templar encampment was installed at Lewiston. When at supper, the zeal and enthusiasm of the Templars having been aroused by speeches and wine, Colonel William King of Lockport, invited four men (Whitney, Howard, Chubbuck, and Garside) from their seats at the banquet table into an adjoining apartment, where he informed them that he had an order from the Grand Master (De Witt Clinton), the execution of which required their assistance. This party was then driven to Niagara, reaching the fort a little before twelve o'clock.

UPON ENTERING the magazine, Colonel King informed Morgan that his friends had completed their arrangements for his removal to a residence upon a farm in Canada. Morgan walked with them to the wharf, where a boat was held in readiness for them by Elisha Adams, an invalid soldier, into which the party passed and rowed away, Adams remaining to warn the boat off by signal if on its return any alarm had been given. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when the boat came back, having, as Adams expressed it lost one man, only five of the six being on board when the boat returned. When the boat reached a point where the Niagara River empties into Lake Ontario, a rope being wound around Morgan's body, to either end of which a sinker was attached, he was thrown overboard. It is due to the memory of Governor Clinton to say that Colonel King had no such order and no authority to make use of his name. It is proper, also, to add that none of these men survive. John Whitney, of Rochester, whom I knew well related all the circumstances connected with the last act in that tragedy to me at Albany, in 1831, in the presence of Simeon B. Jewett, of Clarkson, and Samuel Barton, of Lewiston.

IN OCTOBER, 1827, more than a year after the abduction of Morgan, a body drifted on shore near a small creek which entered into Lake Ontario. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict rendered that it was the body of an unknown person. The coroner wrote out a minute description of the body, and published it, along with the finding of the jury, in an Orleans County newspaper. That description, attracting the attention of persons well acquainted with Morgan, excited considerable interest. The widow and several intimate friends of Morgan, seemed so confident that it was his body that the committee appointed to investigate the abduction determined to hold another inquest, of which public notice was given. On the day appointed some sixty or seventy people assembled at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, where the body of the unknown man was interred. Before opening the grave Mrs. Morgan and Dr. Strong described certain marks upon Morgan's body, by means of which it could be identified. When the rude coffin was opened the body it contained disclosed the peculiarities described, and after deliberate examination the jurors declared it unanimsly the body of William Morgan. From this verdict no one person dissented, and for a week or ten days the question seemed to be settled.

LATER IN OCTOBER there came a report that the body declared to be that of William Morgan was claimed by his family to be that of Timothy Monroe, a Canadian, who was swept in a small boat over Niagara Falls eleven days previous to the time that the body was washed ashore at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek. The remains in the meantime had been taken to Mrs. Morgan to Batavia. A third inquest was now to be held, for the purpose of establishing the claim of Mrs. Monroe. A large concourse of citizens was in attendance. Mrs. Monroe appeared, and gave a description of her husband's person and of the clothes in which he left home on the morning of the day he was drowned. Previous to her examination Bates Cooke, chairman of the Morgan Investigating Committee, examined the clothes taken from the body and carefully preserved by the coroner with great minuteness. This enabled him to test the accuracy of Mrs. Monroe's knowledge and memory.

Neither Mrs. Monroe nor any person sympathizing with her or interested in the identification of the body as that of Monroe had access to it, or had seen any of the wearing apparel of the deceased. And yet Mrs. Monroe not only gave a general description of each garment, but underwent a rigid cross-examination by Mr. Cooke of more than an hour, in which she described with singular accuracy every rent and patch found in each garment. She indicated buttons she had sewed on the pantaloons to replace those lost which did not match the others. She also described one stocking which had been darned with yarn of a different color. In a word, her description of the clothing was so accurate in every particular as to leave no doubt that each article had been under her special care. But, wonderfully accurate as she had been on this point, she was most strangely wrong in her description of the body, Monroe being at least three inches taller than the corpse. She described her husband's hair and whiskers as coarse and black, adding that his hair had been cut quite short a few days before he was drowned, while that upon the head of the deceased was long, silky, and of a chestnut color. Monroe's son confirmed his mother's testimony relating both to the clothes and the body. No attempt was made to impeach either, nor was there any doubt that Monroe had been drowned as alleged. It was difficult to reconcile these conflicting statements. Mrs. Monroe was as clearly right about the clothes as she was wrong about the body found in them.

THE THIRD INQUEST resulted in finding that the body previously adjudged to be Morgan's was that of Timothy Monroe. There were other circumstances connected with the disappearance of both Morgan and Monroe—assuming that both had been drowned in Lake Ontario—calculated to complicate the questions of identity. The body was found at Oak Orchard Creek a full year after Morgan's disappearance; of course it could not have been drifting about that length of time. It was known, however, that Morgan was weighted heavily when thrown into the lake; and, two months before that body was found, the mouth of the river and that part of the lake where Morgan was supposed to have been thrown overboard had been thoroughly raked. In this way it was supposed that the body had been released from its weight, risen to the surface, and drifted to Oak Orchard Creek. Monroe was drowned on the 25th or 27th of September. The body at Oak Orchard Creek was found on the 8th of October, leaving but eleven or twelve days to drift a distance of forty miles, where it was found. It is understood that drowned persons remain several days under water. It was ascertained by meteorological records that, during the interval between Monroe's death and the finding of the body at Oak Orchard Creek, the wind blew most of the time up the lake. Now, as there is no current in Lake Ontario, as objects float with rather than against the wind, it seemed improbable that the body found should be that of Monroe; while on the other hand it seemed improbable that a man drowned in the latter part of September, 1826, could have been found in a tolerable state of preservation in October, 1827. So that there were irreconcilable facts and circumstances connected with this strange history.

Mrs. Morgan and the intimate friends of Morgan described marks upon his person before seeing that body, which left no doubt in the minds of all present that it was the remains of her husband.—Strangely enough, however, she repudiated every article of clothing found upon the body. And yet Mrs. Monroe, who came from Canada, readily described every article, garment by garment, with minute and startling accuracy. While, therefore, up to the time that Mrs. Monroe appeared there were no just grounds for discrediting the correctness of the second inquest, yet after the third inquest had been held at Batavia there was a strong reaction in public opinion. Although the gentlemen associated with me in the investigation were still strongly of the opinion that the body was that of William Morgan, my own previously clear and strong convictions were a good deal disturbed. Nor can I now, after nearly fifty years' anxious enquiry and reflection, say that I am satisfied that it was or was not the body of William Morgan. The discrepancies about hair and beard between Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Monroe, after the conclusion of the third or Batavia inquest, induced those who claimed the body to be that of Timothy Monroe to say that the hair was pulled out and the whiskers shaven off to make it resemble Morgan. That could only have been done in the presence of between sixty and seventy persons, some of whom were Democrats and others Freemasons, and yet all must have seen and consented to the fraud. The last inquest was held only a few days before the election. No other question entered into the canvass. The excitement was greater than I had previously or have since witnessed.

A FEW EVENINGS before the election I went into a billiard-saloon to see my friend Gustavus Clark. A number of gentlemen were present, and among them Ebenezer Griffin who, as counsel for several persons indicted for the abduction of Morgan, had conducted the inquest at Batavia. As I was leaving the room Mr. Griffin said, "Well, Weed, what are you going to do for a Morgan now?" I replied, as I was closing the door, "That is a good enough Morgan until you bring back the one you carried away." This remark was reproduced in the Rochester Daily Advertiser, with an apparently slight but most important variation, instead of what I did in fact say. I was represented as saying, "That is a good enough Morgan until after the election." What I did say in reply to Mr. Griffin's question was a proper and harmless response, while what I was erroneously accused of saying was highly discreditable, and has subjected me, at home and abroad, for nearly fifty years to reproach, and obloquy. Mr. Dawson, senior editor of the Albany Evening Journal, who resided at Rochester during the Morgan excitement, recently wrote an article on the subject, in which he said: "The phrase had its origin something in this wise. In 1827, a few months after William Morgan disappeared, the body of a drowned man was found in Lake Ontario, near the outlet of Oak Orchard Creek. It was believed by many who saw it to be the body of the kidnapped and murdered Morgan, while others alleged it to be the body of another missing man—one Timothy Monroe. The latter met with this difficulty, however. Monroe had whiskers; this body had not. But to overcome this important fact the then editor of the Rochester Advertiser charged that Mr. Weed had shaved off Monroe's whiskers, and by doing so he made a 'good enough Morgan until after the election' then pending. The slander was industriously used at the time, and has been a thorn in the side of Mr. Weed from that day to this. Of course its repetition is less irritating now than it was forty-eight years ago but its use even as a joke has always chafed Mr. Weed, and his more intimate friends were careful never to allude to it in his presence."

MR. DAWSON'S article brought a correspondent of the Albany Argus "to the front," who not only reiterates the charge against me, but furnishes what purports to be an affidavit of the person who saw me commit the offence. The Argus correspondent says: "William Morgan was a man of medium size, very bald, and shaved his whiskers off even to the top of his ears; and the body which was found and called Timothy Monroe, was six inches longer than the height of William Morgan. Besides the face of the body found was covered with whiskers, and it was said to make the body found appear like Morgan some of the committee who were sent to Oak Orchard Creek to an immense mass meeting of anti-Masons, among whom were Thurlow Weed and his right hand man Friday, named Jack Marchant, had pulled out his whiskers and shaved the face of Monroe. Some time after this in the fall of 1827, when anti-Masonry had become rife in politics, Mr. Weed, who was younger than he is now and quite poor and desirous of making himself somebody, became the leader of the anti-Masonic party, and entertained much hatred and contempt for all who did not vote the anti-Masonic ticket, especially for those Democrats who were not Masons, to which he gave the name of 'Masons' Jacks.' And some Jack Mason, as I then understood it, was rallying Thurlow about his false Morgan, when he, either jocosely or in earnest replied, 'It is a good enough Morgan till after election.' Such has always been the understanding until the Journal contradicted it, as above stated. As prima facie evidence that he did say so, I will relate a fact to show the animus of Thurlow Weed then. In the fall of 1828 General Jackson was the democratic candidate for President, Martin Van Buren for Governor, and Enos F. Throop for Lieutenant-Governor. The polls were open three days in different places in the town. Your correspondent was then a resident of Rochester, and was one of those offensive animals called 'Jack Masons.' At that election about four miles southwest of Rochester the polls were held, and our venerable friend, then quite young, to show his ineffable contempt for Jack Masons, led up to the polls a jackass and put a vote into its mouth, and pushed its head towards the window where votes were taken, whereupon your correspondent read in quite a loud voice the printed copy of an affidavit, which was in these words: 'Monroe County, ss.—Zephania Green, of the town of Henrietta, in said county, doth depose and say that he saw Thurlow Weed pull out the whiskers of Timothy Monroe, and Jack Marchant he did shave the same. And further deponent saith not. Sworn to before me, September, 1827.' "ZEPHANIA GREEN."

THE ARGUS correspondent, it will be seen, claims to have had personal knowledge of the matter about which he writes, and is evidently one of those who believed, and still believes, the accusations against me to be true. Relying, as he evidently does, on his memory, I will not hold him severely responsible for utterly mistating every material fact in his article. The election to which he refers was not held in 1828, but in 1827, when neither General Jackson nor Martin Van Buren nor Enos F. Throop were candidates. The affidavit which, he says, he read aloud at the polls at that election is a mere skeleton perversion of an affidavit which was published in handbills and freely circulated, not only at the polls referred to, but throughout the county. I preserved, and still retain in my possession one of those handbills, of which the following is a literal and exact copy: "William C. Green, being duly sworn, depose and says that he saw Thurlow Weed, with others did attend the poll of election held at Howard's, in the town of Gates, in the county of Monroe, and that there Mr. Thurlow Weed did say that he, said Thurlow did pull the whiskers from the face of the body found at Oak Orchard Creek, and that John

Marchant did have the same, he said Thurlow being one of the Morgan Committee. "WILLIAM C. GREEN." "Subscribed and sworn, this 6th day of November 1827, before me—SAMUEL MILLER, J.P." This affidavit appeared in the Rochester Daily Advertiser, November 7, 1827, and was circulated in handbill form at the polls the same day. I preserved one of the handbills, from which the above is a literal copy. The affidavit is signed by William C. instead of Zephania, Green. Mr. W. C. Green swears that he "heard me say that I did pull the whiskers from the face of the body found at Oak Orchard Creek." The Argus affidavit-maker, "Zephania Green," swears that he "saw me pull out the whiskers," etc. Now, the fact is that no such affidavit appeared or was read at the poll of the election referred to; nor, as far as I know, was there any such man in or about Rochester as Zephania Green. But I did know William C. Green, a Democratic electioneer, by whom, it was arranged I should be followed and importuned with questions about Timothy Monroe's hair and whiskers. The object was to keep me so surrounded and occupied as to withdraw my attention from the electors as they came to vote. Discovering its object, I determined to put an end to the by-play, and when asked by Green if I pulled out Monroe's whiskers, I answered affirmatively, and to the question, "Who shaved the body?" I replied "John Marchant." This turned the laugh against my opponents. Nobody, however, was misled by it, for all received it as it was intended. Green's occupation was spoiled for that day. On the following morning, however, his affidavit appeared in the Daily Advertiser, and was circulated freely at the polls. Green swore to the truth, but in a manner to make truth a falsehood. All who heard me, including Green himself, knew that it was a joke. Judge Miller, the then young Justice of the Peace before whom the affidavit was made, is now a venerable citizen of New Haven, Conn. I had no reason to complain, and did not complain of the use made of my jocos admission.

THE OTHER ACCUSATION, of boasting that the body found at Oak Orchard Creek was a "good enough Morgan till after the election," though an utter perversion, proved serious and enduring. My action in reference to the body in question was influenced by a sincere and earnest desire for truth. I realized, in every step taken, the high responsibility of the investigation. I knew that a mistake upon a question of such exciting and absorbing interest would react powerfully. Thus impressed, I exerted myself personally to induce all who knew Morgan, whether Masons or anti-Masons, Democrats or Whigs, to be present at the second inquest. In looking back upon an event which occurred nearly half a century ago, with the asperities and impressions which it occasioned allayed and corrected, and in view of the embittered feeling existing between the editor and proprietor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser and myself, I am free to admit that they had provocations which, from their standpoint, excused the use of such political weapons as they found available. It was a sort of hand-to-hand conflict, in which I remember to have been unsparring. The term "Mason Jacks," freely applied to all who acted politically against us, was a peculiarly offensive one, and most especially so to the editor and publisher of the Advertiser, neither of whom were Masons. Even now it is evident that the correspondent of the Argus has not forgotten or forgiven that offence. In conclusion, I affirm, in the strongest language, and in the broadest sense, that I acted in perfect good faith throughout the investigation touching the body found at Oak Orchard Creek, and that I have truthfully repeated a playful and innocent reply to a question out of which grew the unfounded charge of boasting that it was a "good enough Morgan till after the election," under the odium of which I have rested forty-eight years. It may not be out of time or place to add that in this case it is not too late to "vindicate the truth of history."

THE THEN editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser is now a resident of this city. He was actively and warmly opposed, as I was devoted, to the cause of anti-Masonry. He was familiar with the question from the beginning to the end. I have never conversed with him upon this subject, nor do I know what his impressions are, but he is in possession of evidence either that I mutilated the body in question or boasted that it was a "good enough Morgan till after the election," he will, doubtless, regard this a fitting occasion to produce it. August 6, 1875. T. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD. The kindly editorial with which you accompanied my letter in this morning's Herald is suggestive of anticipated criticisms, to which I am induced to submit a brief reply. That no "adequate cause" existed for the murder of Morgan will occur to other minds as it did to yours. My reply to this is that no such intention existed in the minds of those who were connected with his abduction. I have prepared for publication, at another time and in another form, a full and impartial account of the abduction and murder of Morgan, so far as the facts were developed by investigating committees or established judicially, together with a history of the origin, progress, and dissolution of the anti-Masonic party. Meantime, it seems due to the question in its present aspects to say that what originated in a desire to suppress a book which it was known Morgan was writing, progressed step by step, becoming more and more intricate, until it assumed aspects unforeseen by all the individuals who became involved in it. After Morgan's manuscripts were seized at Batavia it became necessary, in the judgment of those concerned, to separate him from Miller, his publisher. That object was effected by Morgan's arrest on a charge of larceny, on which he was taken to Canandaigua and confined in the Ontario County jail. Here assurances were given by a Canadian that if Morgan was taken to Niagara, Captain Brandt, an Indian Chief, would provide a home for him in a far-western company. Confiding in this assurance, Morgan was secretly conveyed from Canandaigua to Fort Niagara, a distance of 120 miles. By this time many of the most influential citizens of Canandaigua, Rochester, Clarkson, Gaines, Lockport, and Lewiston were necessarily let into the secret. After Morgan was confined in the fort those who brought him there crossed over the river to attend the meeting of a lodge, by which it was expected that Morgan would be received and sent West; but, after long and anxious consideration, the Canadian lodge refused to become parties to or complicated in the affair. This occasioned serious embarrassment. They could go no further, and it seemed dangerous to recede. Two or three days of bewildering anxieties brought a large number of men high in the Order to Lewiston, where a Knights-Templar Encampment was inaugurated. All knew that Morgan was confined in the magazine at Fort Niagara, and all were greatly disquieted by that knowledge. While at the table, after dinner, the chaplain and orator of the day gave a sentiment so significant that all eyes and thoughts were turned toward Fort Niagara. Immediately afterward Colonel King, as stated in my letter, was driven in a carriage to the Fort, accompanied by John Whitney, of Rochester, Mr. Chubbuck, of Lewiston; Mr. Garside, a Canadian; and Mr. Howard, of Buffalo. Colonel King has been an officer of the United States Army; Whitney was a stone-mason; Chubbuck a farmer; Garside a butcher; and Howard a book-binder; all men of correct habits and good character, and all, I doubt not, were moved by an enthusiastic but most misguided sense of duty. I knew Colonel King, and John Whitney intimately. Both would have shrunk from

the commission of a known crime, and yet both, impelled by the delusive idea that they were discharging a duty, participated in the commission of the highest crime. Of all the persons connected with the abduction, arrest, imprisonment, and subsequent fate of Morgan, there was not one within respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. It was a "strange," therefore, that facts subsequently established beyond denial were at first generally and indignantly rejected. The people would not believe that respectable citizens were guilty of open and gross violations of law, and yet none but reputable citizens were thus complicated, none of whom, however, intended or apprehended a catastrophe. Nor would that catastrophe have occurred but for the unforeseen and infelicitous conjuncture of difficulties and circumstances which I have related. August 9, 1875. T. W.

THE SIEGE OF CORK, 1690.—SEPT. 22.

The Earl of Marlborough arrived in Cork harbour with a body of forces, which consisted of nine complete regiments, besides two detachments amounting to 300 men, his entrance was opposed by the enemy with a battery of eight guns, which he soon, however, silenced by sending some armed boats on shore, and on the 23rd landed without further opposition. On the 23rd Major-General Sgravenmoer was sent by the Baron de Ginckle with 900 horse and 300 dragoons to join the earl, who on the day he landed detached the greater part of the land forces, headed by the Duke of Grafton to Passage, and followed himself; and having the day after appointing the cannon, in which he gave orders for assistance from five or six hundred seamen and a body of marines, who headed by the Duke of Grafton, drew the artillery, though opposed by two troops of dragoons and a body of foot from the town. On the 25th, Tettau with 1,000 men, having drawn some cannon to the Fair Hill at the north side of the town, for the purpose of attacking the new forts and Shandon castle, the Irish immediately set fire to the suburbs between him and them, and abandoning the forts and castle, retired with precipitation into the city. The English having occupied the castle, planted some guns there and fired into the city. About the same time Sgravenmoer with 4,200 horse and dragoons, passed the city, and took up his quarters at Gill-abbey. On the 26th the Duke of Wirtemberg with his Danes, and La Melloisiers with some French and Dutch foot, arrived and encamped before the town. On the 27th, the English took possession of Cat-fort which the enemy had abandoned and raising a battery there, threw bombs into the city, and fired their cannon upon the great fort, from the friar's garden, and from another battery above the fort near the Abbey. At the same time General Sgravenmoer, having passed the river, sent Lieutenant Horatio Townshend with two files of men to the top of the steeple of the cathedral, which commanded the fort, who shot the governor, and did other considerable execution. To remove this party, the Irish traversed two guns against the steeple, and shook it exceedingly; whereupon the men offered to go down, but Townshend with invincible courage commanded those below to take away the ladder, and continued in that post till the fort surrendered the next day. By this time the cannon from the Red-abbey had made a breach in the city wall, and brought the besieged to a parley; but in consequence of their not accepting the terms which were offered, the besiegers soon made a considerable breach, and the Danes from the north, and four regiments of English from the south, under Brigadier Churchill, passed the river to the custom-house marsh, in order to storm the town. The grenadiers under Lord Colchester led the van with incredible bravery, exposed to the enemy's fire, being encouraged by the Duke of Grafton and other resolute volunteers. Here it was that the duke was mortally wounded by a musket shot. The van posted themselves under the bank of the marsh, which served as a counter-scarp to the city wall; and at the same time the Salamander and another vessel coming up with the tide to the end of the marsh, directly before the wall, played their cannon at the breach, and threw bombs into the city. On the 28th, every thing being ready for a general assault, Colonel M'Elliot the governor agreed to surrender the town and the garrison and himself as prisoners of war, upon condition that no injury should be done to the inhabitants, and that the general should endeavour to obtain for them his majesty's pardon. The governor, previous to the capitulation, had taken £500 from the inhabitants, to spare the town and suburbs from being burnt; notwithstanding which, without any provocation or necessity, he caused the suburbs to be set on fire at both ends, whereby a great part of the city was destroyed, and hundreds of Protestants by this breach of faith reduced to beggary. The Protestant magistrates now re-assumed their offices, and proclaimed the king and queen, and put the place into some order. On the morning of the 29th, several seamen and other persons entered the city through the breach, and plundered many houses, especially those of the Catholics; but as soon as the breach could be repaired, the Earl of Marlborough, the Duke of Wirtemberg, and General Sgravenmoer, entered the town, and took much pains to preserve it from further damage. In the afternoon all the Catholics were ordered by proclamation, on pain of death, to deliver up their arms, and repair to the east marsh, where all who had been in arms were secured, and put under guards, the officers, in the county-court house, and the rest in other places, which was very necessary, there being near 5,000 prisoners, and 350 officers. This conquest cost his majesty not so many as 50 men killed and wounded. Cork being thus reduced, was put under the government of Colonel Hales, Brigadier Villiers was the same day detached with a party to possess himself of Kinsale, which not being tenable was deserted by the enemy. On the 2nd of October Lord Marlborough came thither with the army, and on the following day Major-general Tettau and Colonel Fitz-Patrick, with about 800 men, got over in boats unperceived near Ringroan castle, and marched down towards the old fort, which they boldly assaulted and took by storm, whereupon the enemy retired into the castle; but at the same time three barrels of their gunpowder took fire at the gate, and blew it up with about 40 soldiers. At length the governor, Colonel Driscoll, and 200 of the garrison being killed, the rest surrendered upon promise of quarter.—Tuckey's Reminiscences.

The Place is now Grafton's Alley.

MISS SUSAN AUGUSTA PENIMORO Cooper daughter of the novelist is devoting her life to the support and training of homeless boys and girls, the orphanage being situated on the Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown, N. Y. A MASTER OF £ S. D.—There was some humour in the retort of a country actor of the name of Knipe to the famous Barry, who was, like myself, impatient at the incompetency of the players of the company. "Do not speak your speech, sir, in that drawing way," said Barry, in his energetic manner. "Look at me, sir; speak it in this way. 'To ramshorn home revolted Mortimer' that's the way to speak it, sir." To which the actor immediately replied, "I know it, sir; that is the way. But you'll please to remember you get one hundred pounds a week for speaking it in your way, and I only get thirty shillings a week for mine! Give me one hundred pounds and I'll speak it in your way; but I'm not going to do for thirty shillings what you get paid one hundred pounds for."—Macready's Reminiscences.