"My Little Room." A POEM BY THE LATE PATHER STAFFORD ON HIS WOLFE ISLAND HOME.

The following poem by the late Father Stafford was written upon his removal from Wolfe Island to Lindsay.

Alone I sit within this little room, Which first I entered nigh three years ago, And which since then I've petted as "my And which since then Tve perice as more home."
To-morrow it shall be my home no more;
And what of that? The world is very wide,
And men in bondage struggle to be free!
Ah, yes! but even hermits love their caves,
And men have even loved their prison walls,
'Tis human nature, not to leave the spot
Where we have lived for years without a
sigh,
Een though we hate the cause that brought
us there.

It is wonder then that I feel sad,

Is it a wonder then that I feel sad,
Who have been happy in this little room,
To think that it shall know my face no mo!
For in this room I've said and done a
thought

thought What I shall never say, nor do, nor think What I shall never say, nor do, nor think In any other spot upon the earth. The same is true of every other place On which we set our feet. This little room, What is it, that it was not when I came, Save older, and not better for the wear? And yet, indeed, it seemeth part of me, I know not how nor why, but this I know,—My heart is very sorry, leaving it. How oft its fill of air have I exhausted! How often have I paced its length and breadth!

How oft my eyes have wandered o'er it's walls

walls
Till every pattern on the paper seemed
A living thing! How often have I made
Strange forms from out the spees that dim
the white
Upon its ceilings, that I almost feared
My own imaginings would dart on me!
Dear is each corner of my little room;
Dear each familiar object; every one
Speaks to me now of days that have gone by,
Dear is that window, through whose panes
the sun

Has sent his myriad couriers of light
Ninety-five millions of celestial miles
To grace with smiles from Heaven my little
room.
How oft, on summer evenings, I have
watched watched
That slow, meandering river turn to gold
And watched it till the gold was turned

lead,
(As it is now,) while on the high hill side,
The trees, in panoply, rank over rank,
stood, as the rebel giants stood of old,
showing bold faces over the face of Heaven.
How oft, from here, as now, I have seen the

moon
Trace through the night a little silver bow,
And then with virgin bashfulness retire!
How often has the wind, like school-bo

Around the gable, muttering reproach, Leaving me sad; for I had heard that voice Utter the self-same music long ago, Before my feet had trod this little room! How oft, when frigid, fairy artists drew Their frost engendered fancies on the pane Have I, regardless of their chilly art, Paid homage to their deadly enemy, That flery monster, who, If treated well, Is kind and gentle; but, If overfed, Is thankless, flerce, insatiate, terrible; Is kind and gentle; but, if overfed, is thankless, fierce, insatlate, terrible; But, in his friendly moods on winter nights I loved within the door of his black cage To peep, and see him crack with noisy teeth His dole of food, and watch his merry eye, That set whate'er it rested on aglow. And then shut up his cage and hear him sing Such pleasant songs as cheered old winter's heart.

Oh! manya winter's night have I thus sat, And peopling my domain with forms I loved, Held sweet communion, asked and heard reply!

ply! There came, too, sometimes, uninvited guests— And I have lain upon a weary couch, Bound, hand and foot, with sorrow, till the

Bound, hand and toot, with sorrow, the cut touch of hope undid the cords; or some bright spark of gentle wit remembered lit the place With smiles of happy faces, dear to me. Oh happy winter's nights, most happy now You seem, when you are gone—forever gone. Next winter I shall miss thee, little room!

And I shall go away, and be forgot,

hoped, For nigh three years, within this little room Shall be no more remembered than the dream.
That's whispered in a sleeping infant's ear,
What matter? Yet the veriest stoic loathes
To be annihilated in the hearts
Of those that knew him,—to be trodden

down
I down
I consciously by those whom he had loved.
Like last year's leaves in cold oblivious dust.
Hope whispers you will not be all forgot;
Some one will give thy memory a sigh,
And, many a time, when thou art far away
These walls shall hear kind blessings on thy And God may hear them, too, and answe

And yet, in spite of Hope, I'm very sad To think that I must leave my little room.

TRUE TO TRUST

OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER IV. CHAPTER IV.

It was midsummer eve. The fiery sun of June was on the decline, a refreshing breeze blew from the ocean, the waves rippled lazily over the yellow sands; St. Michael's Mount, on the western side, was bathed in a flood of light, the broken outline of its ivy-clad sides standing sharply defined against the unclouded sky of that eautiful evening.

The shadows lengthened as the sun gradually sunk on the horizon, and at length was lost, leaving only a faint recol-lection of its glory in the golden clouds. Then the scene became enveloped in the soft and pleasant glimmer of twilight :

ced the splendor of the vision. In a few minutes the whole bay glowed with a girdle of flame.

inhabitants hurried through the streets, some bearing torches, some singing quaint old ballads, others laughing and talking. The children especially seemed overjoyed, and joining hands they com-menced the game of thread-the-needle, running through the streets vociferating, 'An eye, an eye!"

Catherine had come with her cousins to

ee the festivities which at Penzance always celebrated the summer solstice. While the latter joined in the sports, the young girl, whom a more serious disposi-tion and recent sorrows rendered less inclined to take part in those riotous games, stood watching with a quiet enjoyment the novel and striking scene; the beautiful effect of the bright blazing fires, and the strange appearance of the groups as they moved about amidst the glare of the torches. At length the children by their noisy mirth attracted her attention. Suddenly the joyous band would stop, the two last in the string elevating their clasped hands and forming a large eye, through which all the rest must pass. As she stood watching them, she happened to look across the street, and noticed a man standing half concealed in a small arch-

ler. A person with a torch just then passing threw a strong light on his features; and no sooner had they become visible then Catherine recognized with astonishment the priest who had attended her dying mother, and had so often visited in the vite the pit of Eveter Ves. it was dying mother, and had so often visited in disguise the city of Exeter. Yes, it was Father Ralph. She could not mistake those features, on which a long life of virtue and suffering had imprinted a maj-esty, while they still retained the energy

priests.

The last of the merry party had passed on, and Catherine, finding herself alone, advanced towards Father Ralph.

"O father! do you remember me?" she said; I am Catherine Tresize, whose mother you attended when she was dying. After that you know I came here. I am

so happy to see you."

"Indeed, I have not forgotten you my child. Often have I thought of you since we parted at Excter. You are, I believe, with Protestant relations. There are, perhaps, no Catholics near you, and it is a dangerous position for one so young: but dangerous position for one so young; but keep firm to your faith, and thus you may become the instrument of their conmay become the instrument of their conversion. I have received a letter from a friend," he went on to say, "to a Catholic gentleman who resides in this neighborhood; but night has overtaken me, and I do not know the road to his house; per-haps you can tell me where Reginald de Courcy lives. The name of the Manor-

house is Bron-Welli."
"I have been here so short a time," replied Catherine, "that I know very little of the country; and I have not heard of

any one of that name."
"Then, my child, I must seek shelter elsewhere for the night. But ere I bid you farewell, I must conjure you not to forget the good instructions which your poor mother gave you. She taught you your religion, I know; and if you have any difficulties, and have no friend to whom you can confide them, remember there is One Who will never abandon you. Pray often, dear child."
"O, indeed, I will do all you tell me. I

hope the place you are going to is near; then I shall be able to hear Mass, and to have your good counsels to direct me."

A slight noise made Catherine turn her A slight noise made Catherine turn her head, and she was surprised to see Maw standing close behind her. He laughed He laughed noticed her astoni-hment.

this gentleman to be put to death, and I should be put in prison. Maw, will you promise? I know, if you do, I can trust you."

Catherine spake so sericusly that the child believed her words, and promised not to mention any part of the dialogue he had overheard. Just as Father Ralph he had overheard. Just as Father Ralph was about to depost, Maw turned to his cousin. "I know the road to Sir Regin-

cousin. "I know the road to Sir Reginald's," he said.
"Well then, I pray thee, my lad, guide me thither," said the priest.
"No, no; I should be afraid to come back all alone in the dark," said the child,

after a moment's reflection.
"You shall not come back all alone,

danger. He would climb the steepest rocks; he would run carelessly along the narrow ledges, where one false step would have precipitated him into the foaming abyss beneath; he would, for the sake of a bird's nest, risk his life on the slender branch of the highest tree; but the idea indistinct.
Suddenly, as if by magic, the whole town and neighborhood became illuminated. From the Mount, from Marasion, from Newlyn and Mousehole shone forth trees whose reflection in the shone for

cousin could persuade him to guide Father Ralph to his destination. The three started; Maw leading the way. Across the moors they went, their path lit up by the bright beams of the moon. As the distance between them and the village increased, the voices of the children, the shouting and singing, all died away, and the stillness of a summer's

night reigned around.

They had proceeded some way along a winding path, which on leaving the moor ran through a wood, when they reached the embattled walls which bounded the more immediate precincts of the extensive domain of Sir Reginald. Fronting them stood an ancient archway, partly clothed with ivy; its heavy doors thickly studded with nails, and well strengthened by large iron bars. Through this entrance they now passed into an avenue. The lofty trees, in full summer foliage, met over their heads, and in spite of the brightness of the moon they were almost in darkness; a white line, worn in the grass by the feet of men and horses,-for passed, carriages and carts being then alike unknown at Penzance,—was the only in-dication of road they must follow.

As they walked through the park occasionally a deer, startled by the sound of footsteps, would rush through the path, then disappear in the nearest thicket. The avenue ran straight for about a quarter of way, who seemed desirous of avoiding a mile before reaching the manor-house.

observation, for he leant close up against It was a quaint and venerable looking old the wall. His guise was that of a tlayed 1 structure, part of it dating from a very with her friends and acquaintances, one day.

early period, the tower from the days of the first Norman kings. Other buildings had been sub-equently added, and it now formed a large and somewhat straggling edifice, with a courtyard in the centre.

Thus there was alike the charm of antiquity and a pictures of a tree plants. quity and a picturesque irregularity, totally different from the straight formal

mansions of modern times.

Beneath the fairy touch of moonlight esty, while they still retained the energy of youth. This zealous priest had been educated and received Holy Orders in France, but he had afterwards returned to England to carry consclation to his Catholic countrymen, and endeavor to win back those who had strayed from the true faith. For nearly thirty years he had been engaged in such labors, and had encountered numerous difficulties and dangers; yet, with the help of God, he had succeeded in cluding the vigilance of his enemies, although a reward had been offered for his capture, and the magistrates had been on the alert to discover priests.

The large white outlet of mooningat the scene was peculiarly enchanting. There was a mysterious gloom where the dark was a mysterious gloom where the dark shadows fell from projecting buttresses or from the more a tvanced parts of the building; while to parts more in view, building; while to parts more in view, building; while to parts more in view, the soft rays gave additio al beauty, the top of the tower, especially, shining as though roofed with silver; here a multion or a cornice standing out in bold relief, there the diamond panes of the long narrow windows receiving a brilliant lustre. The large white owl that issued with doleful hooting from the thick ivy mantled part of the edifice, seemed as its snowy wings glistened for an instant in the moonlight ere it vanished again in the

row windows receiving a brilliant lastre, if The Lrge white owl that issued with doleful hooting from the thick ivy-mantled part of the edifice, seemed as its snowy wings glistened for an instant in the moonlight ere it vanished again in the shade, like a forlorn spirit doomed to haunt at night the place of its former abode. Maw regarded the bird with superstitious dread, and shrank close to his cousin, as in its uncertain flight it passed near him.

On reaching the house Father Ralph, after having thanked his young guides, knocked at the massive door. After some delay the face of an old man appeared at the grating. "Who is it that comes at this late hour?" he asked.

"One who desires to speak to Sir Reginald de Courey."

At the name of his master the aged porter opened the door and admitted the traveller, while the two children seeing the priest safe inside, hurriedly retraced their steps homeward.

"Kate," said Maw to his cousin, after they had walked some way in silence, "do tell me who that gentleman is, and how you came to know him."

"I will tell you but only on condition that you do not repeat it." Maw gave his promise and Catherine continued: "That good gentleman is a priest. He goes about among the Catholics, consoling them and encouraging them to keep to the true faith; and this at the risk of his life, for should he be discovered he would be put to death. I have known him a long time. When dear mother was alive, and we lived at Exeter, he used often to come to the house of a Catholic in the town. We used to go to Mass there, and he would give me beautiful instructions. Those were happy days."

"Then are you, Kate, what they call a Papist?" inquired the boy. "They are convineed her that the task she was about to undertake was one more arduous than in undertake was one more arduous than to undertake was one mor

of the great God who created all things? has no one ever taught you to pray? Well, then listen to me, and I will tell you. God is a pure Spirit, that is to say, He has no body; we cannot see Him while we are in this world, but He sees us at every moment, and knows even our most secret thoughts. He is all-powerful, all-just, all-merciful."

The two children had, at this moment, reached the borders of the moors. Catherine paid the hand on her companion's the countenance of its bed-ridden inhabitant. Affectionately did the youthful visitor.

erine laid her hand on her companion's shoulder, and asked him to stop for a

shoulder, and asked him to stop for a moment.

"Look, Maw," she said, pointing to the glorious heavens; "Look at the beautiful stars; see, how fair the moon is; then look down below, look at the ocean, how mighty and wonderful it is. On the other side of us are the trees, with the soft breeze rustling through their leaves. Even the grass we tread under foot, and the yellow clumps of gorse which cover the moor, are full of beauty. Well, Maw, it was God who created all these things for our use and happiness. Just now you asked me why we should love Him. Do you not see how much He has done for us? And God has done far more, and greater things for us, as I shall tell you another time."

"O' Kate," exclaimed the boy, "I never knew all that before."

knew all that before."

The two then proceeded on their road

We usually hear the great truths of re-We usually hear the great truths of religion at so tender an age that they sink gently into our hearts without producing in us any vivid impression; we learn the existence of God, and our love for Him awaken in our young souls before the mind can fully comprehend the object of the frequency of its affections. And thus are happily implanted in us the seeds of religion, which gradually expand as our reason developes. But this had not been the case with Maw. He had reached the age of nine without having received any religious instruction: so that now, for the first time, he heard of the Great Being who created the universe, and learnt that it was his duty to love Him, and that God was ever present, and witnessed all his actions, he was filled with wonder and awe. The stars, the ocean, the trees and plants, were not new sights to him: yet they seemed to wear a different aspect since Catherine had pointed them out as the works of God, and specially made for the use and happi-

ness of man. It is true the uncultivated intellect of the child could not form a just idea as to what a pure spirit was; nor could he understand how God could be present without his seeing Him. The boy, there-fore, proposed to question his cousin con-cerning all this another time; but in the meanwhile he believed, with the simple and earnest faith of childhood, what one

"MURDER WILL OUT."

How the Freemasons Killed Morgan. THURLOW WEED'S DYING REVELATION.

From the N. Y. Sun, Nov. 28th.

duties; and, again, her conversation with little Maw, awakening the joyful hope that she might, as the good priest had told her, be the means of converting her aunt

days."

"Then are you, Kate, what they call a Papist?" inquired the boy. "They are bad people. I heard the blacksmith, who is a very clever man, say so."

"I have the happiness of being a Catholic," replied Catherine warmly. "It is a "I have the happiness of being a Catholic," replied Catherine warmly. "It is a holy religion, and it teaches us to be good. Those who speak against it do not under—which was boiling on the fire, and which was boiling on the fire, and which was indeed a thing deserving attention, the family support. Having

when he noticed her astoni-hment.

"Maw," she asked, "how long have you been her?"

"All the while you've been talking," replied her little cousin; "I heard all that you said."

Catherine drew aside the child who was still laughing with mischievous delight at the thought of having startled her.

"Maw," she saked, "how long have you been halking," replied her little cousin; "I heard all that you said."

Catherine drew aside the child who was still laughing with mischievous delight at the thought of having startled her.

"Maw," she saked, "how long have you been halking," and it."

"I don't know what you mean," said was indeed a thing deserving attention, as the teach you? and what is the good of it?"

"It teaches us first, to know. God, to love Him and serve Him in this world; love Him and serve Him in this world; have heard there is a God. But I don't know God, to love Him and serve Him!" repeated Maw, thoughtfully.

"Because you must then promise me not to repeat a word of what you just now heard. If you did, you might cause this gentleman to be put to death, and I should be put in prison. Maw, will you promise? I know, if you do, I can trust you."

"In the who speak against it do not under.

Those who speak against it do not under.

"I don't know what you mean," said the child the family supper. Having seen that all was right, she again went out, this time proceeding along a little love Him and serve Him in this world; love Him and serve Him in this world; and what she good of it?"

"To know God, to love Him and serve Him in this world; and if we do this, we shall be happy with Him for ever in the next."

"To know God, to love Him and serve Him in this world; and if we do this, we shall be happy with Him for ever in the next."

"To know God, to love Him and serve Him in this world; and if we do this, we shall be happy with was now heard."

"To know God, to love Him and serve Him in thi

tant. Affectionately did the youthful visitor inquire after her health, and tender were the words she addressed her. Nor did she leave until all around had been made as comfortable and as clean as circumstan-ces would permit; and what perhaps pleased and touched the old woman more than anything was a large nosegay of wil flowers placed by her side, that so, if do prived of the enjoyment of nature during that sweet season of summer, she might a least see some of its beauties. No won der that Catherine felt happy as she re

these Just love to a sorrowful heart. TO BE CONTINUED.

> In Rochester the church attendance on last Sunday morning has been taken by the Morning Herald with the usual result. Catholics form about sixty-three per cent of the church-goers. The total church attendance was 29,697. Those attending Protestant Episcopal churches are 1,397 in number; Presbyterian, 2,633; Baptist, in number; Fresbyterall, 2,053; Baptist, 1,271; Methodist Episcopal, 1,248; German Protestant, 3,311. Other Protestant churches, 824, making a total Protestant attendance of 10,784. The total Catholic attendance is 18,913. It should be stated that the figures are taken from actual count. The same thing will be found true in every part of the country where a count

is made.

**"Example is better than precept."
It is well known that dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause.

Kidney-Wort has been proved to be the most effectual remedy for these, and for these, and for most effectual remedy for habitual costiveness, which so afflicts millions of the American people.

An Important Office.

One of the most important functions of

the animal economy is the depurtive action of the Kidneys. If they are obstructed in their work great suffering and dangerous disease ensues, such as Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and many other dangerous disease ensues, such as Dropsy,
Diabetes, Bright's Disease and many other
painful affections. Do not suffer from
Lame Back and inactive Kidneys, when
Burdock Blood Bitters act so promptly
upon the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels and all
upon the Kidneys and the Liver, Bowels a Burdock Blood Bitters act so promptly upon the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels and all the secretions, and speedily restores health

to the afflicted. Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, says regarding Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, that she would not keep house without it. She cannot speak too highly of its merits older and evidently better instructed than himself had told him.

They soon regained the village, where the festivities had not yet terminated. Dame Barnby had been so busy gossiping

The unveiling of a monument to Capt. illiam Morgan recalls an event of starting interest arousing deep popular feeling, irst at Batavia, Le Roy, Canandaigua, and first at Batavia, Le Roy, Canandaigua, and Rochester, then pervading our own and other States. After reading the proceed-ings of a meeting at Batavia, with Hon. David E. Evans as presiding officer, I wrote a six line paragraph for the Rochester Tele-graph, in which I stated that a citizen of Batavia had been spirited away from his home and family, and that, after a mysteitous absence of several days, a village meeting had been held and a committee of citizens appointed to investigate the matter; adding that, as it was known that Freemasons were concerned in this abduc-tion, it behooved the fraternity whose

tion, it behooved the fraternity whose good name was suffering to take the laboring oar in restoring the lost man to his liberty. That paragraph brought dozens of our most influential citizens, greatly excited, to the office, stopping the paper and ordering the discontinuance of their advertisements. I inquired of my partner. Robert ments. I inquired of my partner, Robert Martin, what I had done to exasperate so many of our friends. He brought me a book, and directed my attention to an embraced so large a number of its patrons, I saw that my brief and, as I supposed, very harmless paragraph would ruin the establishment. Unwilling that my partner should suffer, I promptly withdrew, leaving the establishment in the hands of Mr. Martin. The paper was doing well, and until that paragraph appeared my business future was all that I could desire.

At that time an editor was wanted a Utica, where I had formerly worked, and where I had many friends, but my offer to go there was declined. I was equally unfortunate in my application for editorial employment at Troy. The objection in both cases was that I had been too busy in getting up an excitement about Mor-

good citizens would unite in an effort to vindicate the law. A committee was appointed, consisting of seven, three of the state of the ing at Rochester it was assumed that all whom were Masons. It was soon discovered that the three Masons went from the It was soon discov- clothes.

Our committees took no part in the ered that the three Masons went from the committee to the lodge room. It was subsequently ascertained that two of these gentlemen were concerned in the abduction, and that Morgan had been committed to the jail in Canandaigua on a false charge of larceny, and that he had been carried from thence secretly by night to Fort Niagara. The committee entry of the secret of the committee of the committee and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. I went in the committee took no part in the third inquest, and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. I went in the committee took no part in the third inquest, and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. I went in the declared by a third inquest to be that of the proposition of the committee took no part in the third inquest, and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. Simultaneously an incident occurred showing the vindictive spirit of our opponents. On the evening of the day that the body is a known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. Simultaneously an incident occurred showing the vindictive spirit of our opponents. On the evening of the day that the body is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. I went to the committee took no part in the third inquest, and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. Simultaneously an incident occurred showing the vindictive spirit of our opponents. to Fort Niagara. The committee encountered an obstacle in obtaining in dictments to five of the six counties where indictments were needed. The Sheriffs who summoned the Grand Juries were Freemasons. In four counties no who was placing billings, two were received and successful to the second suc

that he was taken from the magazine and eral places divided the public sentiment. town meetings, several months after Morgan's disappearance, the question was carried into politics. A large number of zealous Anti-Masons determined to make it a political issue. Solomon Southwick was nominated at Le Roy for Governor. Our committee firmly resisted all such

efforts, urging all who were connected with us in an effort to vindicate the law to vote for the candidates of the party with which they had been previously connected. We endeavored to induce the Wihig State Convention to nominate Francis Granger, but, failing in that, we gave our support to Judge Smith Thompson. Afterward, at a village election in Rochester, Dr. F. F. Backus, who had Rochester, Dr. F. F. Backus, who had been Treasurer by a unanimous vote of the electors from the time the village charter had been obtained, was again the candidate of both parties. No whisper of opposition was heard before the election or at the polls, but when the votes were captures and a majority appeared in favor canvassed, a majority appeared in favor of Dr. John B. Elwood. Dr. Backus was an active and influential member of the Morgan investigating committee. That astounding result produced an instantan-That

eous change Political Anti-Masonry from that moment and for that reason became an element in our elections. It was alleged and extensively believed that the "Morgan Committee," to gratify personal aspirations, went voluntarily into politics. These allegations were as untruthful as they were unjust. It was not until we they were unjust. It was not until we ascertained that the fraternity, by a secret movement, was strong enough to defeat the candidate of both political parties, that we consented to join issue with them politically.

the Coroner who held an inquest over it, induced a belief that it was the body of Wm. Morgan. Our committee decided to hold another inquest. Impressed with the importance and responsibility of the question, I gave public notice of our intention, and personally invited several citizens who had known Morgan to be present. One of our committee went to tavia to secure the attendance of Mrs.

In the autumn of 1827, the discovery

Morgan, and as many others who knew him as would attend. The body had been interred where it was found. The rude coffin was opened in the presence of between forty and fifty persons. When it was reached, and before removing the lid, I received from Mrs. Morgan and others who knew him well descriptions of others who knew him well, descriptions of his person. Mrs. Morgan described the color of his hair, a scar upon his foot, and that his teeth were double all round. Strong confirmed Mrs. Morgan's Strong confirmed Mrs. Morgan's state-ment about double teeth, one of which he had extracted, while another was broken, indicating the position of the extracted and broken teeth. When the coffin was opened the body disclosed the peculiar-ities described by Mrs. Morgan and Dr. Strong.

This second inquest and the examina-

This second inquest and the examinations of the body proceeded in open day,
and in the presence of Masons and AntiMasons, not one of whom dissented from
the Coroner's jury, by which the body
was unanimously declared to be that of
William Morgan. Mrs. Morgan, in her
testimony, failed to recognize the clothes.
The body was taken to Batavia, where it
was reinterred, no one as yet expressing was reinterred, no one as yet expressing any doubt of its identity. Subsequently, however, we were surprised by a state-ment that the body supposed to be that of Morgan was alleged to be the body of Morgan was alleged to be the body of Timothy Monroe, who had been drowned in the Niagara River several weeks before holding the first inquest. This awakened general and intense feeling. Notice was given that a third inquest would be held at Batavia, where the widow and son of Timothy Monroe appeared as witnesses. book, and directed my attention to an obligation invoking severe penalties as a punishment for disclosing the secrets of Masons, inquiring what I thought of a man who, after taking such an obligation, violated it I replied that I did not know any punishment too severe for such a perjurer. The discontinuance of the paper punishment too severe for such a perjurer. The discontinuance of the paper conference as large a number of its parters. different from that found at Oak Orchard Creek. Her husband, she said, had black hair that had been recently cut and stood erect. Her testimony made her husband from three to four inches taller than that of the body in question. She testified that her husband had double teeth all round, and described an extracted tooth from the wrong jaw and knew nothing of the broken tooth. The hair upon the head of the drowned man was long, silky, and of a chestnut color, while that of Monroe, according to the testimony of Mrs. Monroe and her son, was short, black, and close cut. While Mrs. Monroe failed in describing the body, her description of the clothing was minutely accurate. The heel of his stocking was described as having been darned with yarn different in mployment at Troy. The objection in oth cases was that I had been too busy a getting up an excitement about Moran.

Meantime the mystery deepened, and Coroner, who testified that it had not heantime the hystery deepened, and been seen either by Mrs. Monroe or any lages, Rochester included. In the meeting at Rochester it was assumed that all obtained information. On the other hand,

were Freemasons. In four counties no indictments could be obtained. In Ontario, however, the District Attorney, Bowen Whiting, and the Sheriff, Joseph Garlinghouse, though Massa, several design of the Carlinghouse though Massa, several design of the Garlinghouse the Garlingh Bowen Whiting, and the Sheriff, Joseph Garlinghouse, though Masons, regarded their obligations to the laws of the State paramount. Sheriff Garlinghouse and District Attorney Whiting discharged their duties independently and honestly. As the investigations proceeded the evidence increased that Morgan had been unlawfully confined in the Canandaigua jail, and secretly conveyed to Fort Niagara, where he was confined in the magazine. There was every reason to believe that he was taken from the magazine and drowned in Lea Ontario. This however. drowned in Lake Ontario. This, however, was boldly and persistently denied—detailed in the maxim that "Falsehood will travel miles while nials accompanied by solemn assurances that Morgan had been seen alive in severaged. I suffered obloquy and reproach verified. I suffered obloquy and reproach from that wicked perversion for nearly half a century. Indeed, there is reason to believe that even now, where I am personally unknown, generations are grow ing up believing that I mutilated a dead body for political effect, and, when exthat I mutilated a dead posed, boasted that it was a good enough Morgan till after the election. Forty years afterward the editor of the paper who originated the calumny, by a series of pecuniary reverses, was compelled great wrong he had done me by obtaining or him a situation in the Custom

House.

This served to extend and intensify the "excitement." It was everywhere charged and widely believed that I had mutilated the body in question for the purpose of making it resemble that of Capt. William Morgan. I encountered prejudices thus created both in Paris and London twenty years afterwards.

Our investigations were embarrassed and protracted by the absence and concealment of important witnesses. One of these witnesses was an invalid soldier who had had the care of Morgan while confined in the warging of Port Nicorofined in the magazine at Fort Niagara out he disappeared, and all efforts to find him were unavailing for more than a year. I finally traced him (Elisha Adams) to Brookfield, a mountain town in Verto Brookfield, a mountain town in vermont. We reached the log house of Adams' brother-in-let, with whom he was hiding, between twelve and one o'clock at night. Our rap was responded to by the owner, to whom, on opening the door, the Sheriff introduced me, directly after which, and before anything more hed been said we heard a wave from had been said, we heard a voice from the second floor of the cabin saying, "I an ready, and have been expecting you all winter." Immediately afterward the old man came down the ladder, and in ten minutes we departed on our return.
While waiting for breakfast at the foot

of the mountain several men dropped into the barroom, where we were sitting When called to breakfast, the landlady carefully closing the doors, remarked that her husband had sent for Masons, some of whom had already appeared, but that we need not fear them, for she had sent her daughter to inform other villagers what was going on, and that before we had done breakfast there would be twice as many Anti-Masons as Masons in attendance Continued on Page 6.

The corn would floss, the gray grass hay,
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would heed us pass away. How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold;
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade
Beneath the sodden churchyard cold

DEG 22, 1812.

We are not Missed

If you or I To-day should die,

Yes, he is dead. Would then be said.

Yes, it is so—
We come and go!
They hall our birth, they mourn
A day or more,
The winter o'er
Another takes our place instead. CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

As told in General Sheridan's Recor

of Indian Fights. One of the most interesting offici reports ever published in any country General Philip H. Sheridan's "Record Engagements with Hostile Indians." Th report has just been published from the headquarters of the Military Division of the Missouri, commanded by Lieut Gen. Sheridan. It embraces all engagements with hostile Indians from 1868 to the contract of 1882. The Report is compiled from official records. It is a marvel of matter

of-fact writing, not a word of sentimer and hardly one of description being used One example taken by chance from the first page will illustrate the style of the modest and manly record:—

"1868.—June 6th, Captain D. Monahar and Captain in the style of 3d Cavalry, in command of detachment of Troops 'G,' and 'I,' 3d Cavalry starte from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in pusuit of a band of Navajoe Indians whad murdered four citizens, within twelve miles of that post. He followed their trail for a hundred miles of inally entering the started of th trail for a hundred miles, finally surprising them in a ravine, where he kille three Indians, and wounded eleven, the balance escaping. The troops sustaine

There are 120 pages of just such item covering "deeds of daring-do" and heroist unexcelled in the most elaborate report of European nations. There is materia in the book for all the American novelist

in the book for an the American hoveled of the generation.

CUSTER'S FIGHT.

We extract the following report of the last fight of chivalric Custer with the

Sioux Indians:—
On the afternoon of June 22d, 186 Custer's column marched up the Rosebu twelve miles and there encamped. The next day, June 23d, we continued up th Rosebud thirty-three miles, passing heavy lodge pole trail, though not ver fresh. June 24th, the advance was con tinued up the Rosebud, the trail an signs constantly growing fresher, unt the column had marched twenty-eigh miles, when camp was made. At eleve o'clock that night, the column was agai put in motion, turning from the Rosebu to the right up one of its branches which headed near the summit of the "divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bi Horn. About 2 o'clock in the mornin of June 25th, the column halted for about three hours, made coffee and then resume the march, crossed the divide, and be eight o'clock were in the valley of one of the branches of the Little Big Horn. B this time Indians had been seen, and as

was certain they could not now be sur prised, it was determined to attac them.

Custer took personal command of Troops "C," "E," "F," "I," and "L," Major Reno was given Troops "A," "G, and "M;" Captain Benteen, Troops "H, "D," and "K;" Captain McDougall wit Troop "B," acted as guard to the pactroin

The valley of the creek was followed towards the Little Big Horn, Custer of the right of the creek. Reno on the it, Benteen off still further to the left, a not in sight. About eleven o'cle not in sight. About eleven o cloc Reno's troops crossed the creek to Custer column and remained with them untabout half-past twelve o'clock, when it was reported that the village was only two miles ahead and running away.

Reno was now directed to move for ward, at as rapid a gait as he thought pru dent, and to charge, with the understand ing Custer would support him. Th troops under Reno moved at a fast tro for about two miles, when they came t the river, halted a few minutes to collect the men, and then deployed. A charg was made down the river, driving the In was made down the river, driving the In dians rapidly for about two miles and half, until near the village which was still there. Not seeing anything, however, of the sub-divisions under Custer and Ben teen, and the Indians swarming upon him from all directions, Reno took position dismounted, in the edge of some timbe which afforded shelter for the horses of which afforded shelter for the horses of his command, continuing the fight on foo until it became apparent he would soot be overcome by the superior numbers of the Indians. He then mounted his troop charged through the Indians, re-crosses the river, and gained the bluffs upon the opposite side. In his charge, First-Lieu tenant Donald McIntosh and Second tenant Benjamin H. Hodgson, 7t Cavalry, with Acting Assistant Surgeot J. M. DeWolfe, were killed.

Reno's force succeeded in reaching the

J. M. DeWolfe, were killed.
Reno's force succeeded in reaching th
top of the bluff, but with a loss of thre
officers and twenty-nine enlisted mer
killed, and several men wounded. Al
most at the same time Reno's troop
reached these bluffs, Benteen's battalion reached these blurs, betteen's battanov
came up, and a little later, the pack train
with McDougall's troop escorting it
These three detachments were all unite
under Reno's command, and numbere about three hundred and eighty-one men

in addition to their officers.

Meanwhile nothing had been heard Meanwhile nothing had been hear from Custer, so the re-united detachment under Reno moved down the river, keepin, along the bluffs on the opposite side from the village. Firing had been heard from that direction, but after moving to the highest point without seeing or hearing anything of Custer, Reno sent Captain Weinwick his weir with his troop to try to open communication with the former. Weir soot sent back word that he could go no fut ther, and that the Indians were getting around him, at the same time keeping use heavy fire with his skirmish line Reno then turned everything back to the first position has been stated as the same time keeping use heavy fire with his skirmish line. first position he had taken on the bluf which seemed the best for a defence, ha