



"My Little Room."

A POEM BY THE LATE FATHER STAFFORD ON HIS WIFE'S DEPARTURE FROM HIS HOME. The following poem by the late Father Stafford was written upon the removal from Wolfe Island to Lindsay.

ler. A person with a torch just then passing threw a strong light on his features; and no sooner had they become visible than Catherine recognized with astonishment the priest who had attended her dying mother, and had so often visited her in 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 majesty, while they still retained the energy of youth.

early period, the tower from the days of the first Norman kings. Other buildings had been subsequently added, and it now formed a large and imposing structure. Thus there was alike the charm of antiquity and a picturesque irregularity, totally different from the straight formal mansions of modern times.

that she had taken little notice of the absence of Catherine and Maw. Ere Catherine fell asleep she thought over the occurrences of that evening; her fortunate meeting with Father Ralph, the prospect she now had of being able to see him, at least, to attend to her religious duties; and, again, her conversation with Maw, awakening the joyful hope that she might, as the good priest had told her, be the means of converting her aunt and cousins.

"MURDER WILL OUT." How the Freemasons Killed Morgan. THURLOW WEED'S DYING REVELATION. From the N. Y. Sun, Nov. 29th. The unveiling of a monument to Capt. William Morgan recalls an event of startling interest, arousing deep popular feeling, and in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens, first at Batavia, Le Roy, Canandaigua, and Rochester, then pervading our own and other States.

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 forty and fifty persons. When it was reached, and before removing the lid, I received from Mrs. Morgan and her person, Mrs. Morgan described the color of his hair, a scar upon his foot, and that his teeth were double all round. Dr. Strong confirmed Mrs. Morgan's statement 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 peculiarities described by Mrs. Morgan and Dr. Strong.

This second inquest and the examination of the body proceeded on a legal day, and in the presence of Masons and Anti-Masons, 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 retained for a few days, expressing any doubt of its identity. Subsequently, however, we were surprised by a statement that the body supposed to be that of Timothy Monroe, who had been drowned in the Niagara river several weeks before, had been discovered in the same manner, 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. Mrs. Monroe swore to a body essentially 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, and described an extracted tooth from the strong 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 to describe the clothing of the body before her, the heel of his stocking was described as having been darned with yarn different in color. Her cross-examination was very rigid, and her answers brought out facts found to be correct. The clothing thus described had been in possession of the Coroner, who testified that it had not been seen either by Mrs. Monroe or any stranger from whom she could have obtained information. On the other hand, Mrs. Morgan's description of the body before she had seen it, was quite as satisfactory as Mrs. Monroe's description of the clothes.

WOMAN NOT MISSED. If you or I To-day should die, The birds would sing the same to-morrow. The winter winds Her flowers would bring, And few would think of us with sorrow. Yes, he is dead, Would that we said, The corn would show the grass had laid, The cat would mew, The summer go, And few would heed us pass away. How soon we pass! Remember those who turn to mold; Those faces dead, With autumn's fall, Beneath the sodden churchyard cold. Yes, it is so— We come and go, They hail our birth, they mourn us dead; A day or more, The winter's snow, Another takes our place instead.

TRUE TO TRUST.

OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT. 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 beautiful evening.

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