Poland; at Mr. Derby
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s for the toast just given.
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as P. E. Island was con-
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the United States and the
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a tendency to that desired

ire on rising to propose,
ress of Great Britain and
Press would have to dis-
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much still remained to be
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E. Island, but, now that
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elled against Imperial tax-
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from the other Provinces,
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delegation whether they
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would give it, in case of
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mean to say that the people
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r, that the Mother Country
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, and her people were, he
nt to enter into negotiations
he subject of Reciprocity as
w Dominion It was quite
by one of our ablest lawyers,
to prevent the going at large
erside without the Royal per-
of every man, woman, and
oul protest against any un-
al affairs. He regarded the
Committee as one of the great-
happened in connection with

Editor of the *Patriot*, in re-
proposed by Mr. McNeill, ob-
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ly the mother of their liber-
at the mother had a great deal
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Britain and America lost a
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t he (Mr. Laird) did not think
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ree access to the United States
appeared, within the limits of
was perfectly willing to hand
icans. The Press, he believed,
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Bar, especially when they alone
all those statistics of which Mr.
sample that evening.

and intimated that the time
it would be necessary for him-
who accompanied him to lift
n unwilling departure for their
herefore, to take leave of the
whilst doing so, assured them
ld, immediately on their return,
arter their high appreciation of the
ess with which they had been
ncluding with the hope that their
but the beginning of the end,
which would be highly advan-
oncerned in it.

instructed by a young member
wished to say before parting—
lf we'd ask no more, &c."

e up.

above report appeared in this
tant, and, had our original inten-
on, the remainder would have ap-
g issue. We subsequently deem-
ver, to cause the first portion of
ad, in the meantime, been distri-
and have now the pleasure to pre-
h a Supplement containing the
sting speeches in one connected
.)

LANDING,
ngon TEA,
OSENE, (Standard White)
ulated SUGAR.
B. WILSON HIGGS.
1868.

R SALE.
gar,
do
l do
right Molasses,
Coffee,
r. Boxes Pipes,
lo and Quarter do Layer Raisins,
scene, Sole Leather,
trong Proof Demerara Rum,
y, &c., &c., &c.
B. WILSON HIGGS.
e, 1868.

IBER OFFERS FOR SALE,
LOW,
nent of Brandy and Gin,
AND HOLLAND, Consisting of
NDY, } Pinet, Camillon & Co.
do
do
GIN,
do
do 6 and 12 Gallons each,
do 12 and 15 Flasks do
B. WILSON HIGGS.
17, 1868

AR! SUGAR!
ED—
} Brig Stretelling SUGAR.
B. WILSON HIGGS!
July 22.

The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 30, 1868. NO. 50.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR OCTOBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 1st day, 3h. 46m., even., N. E.
LAST QUARTER, 9th day, 2h. 1m., morn., N. W.
NEW MOON, 15th day, 6h. 49m., evening, W.
FIRST QUARTER, 23rd day, 5h. 30m., morn., S.
FULL MOON, 31st day, 6h. 53 m., morn., W.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water		Moon rises.		DAY'S LENGTH
		h m		h	m	h m	h m	
1	Thursday	6 1	5 35	10	24	5 35	11 36	
2	Friday	2	33	11	17	6 24		31
3	Saturday	4	31	11	51	6 53		17
4	Sunday	6	29	even.		7 24		27
5	Monday	8	27	1	9	8 2		23
6	Tuesday	9	25	1	54	8 45		19
7	Wednesday	10	24	2	48	9 38		18
8	Thursday	12	23	3	9	10 33		14
9	Friday	13	20	3	57	11 35		11
10	Saturday	14	18	4	32	morn.		7
11	Sunday	16	17	5	26	0 43		4
12	Monday	17	15	6	23	1 57		1
13	Tuesday	18	12	7	8	3 9	10	58
14	Wednesday	19	11	8	3	4 22		54
15	Thursday	20	10	9	55	sets.		52
16	Friday	21	8	10	34	6 6		50
17	Saturday	22	6	11	55	6 43		47
18	Sunday	24	4	morn.		7 20		40
19	Monday	26	3	0	30	8 2		39
20	Tuesday	28	1	1	3	8 51		33
21	Wednesday	29	4 59	1	58	9 40		30
22	Thursday	30	57	2	27	10 33		27
23	Friday	31	55	3	9	11 28		24
24	Saturday	32	53	4	37	morn.		21
25	Sunday	34	52	5	44	0 23		18
26	Monday	36	50	6	29	1 24		14
27	Tuesday	37	49	7	39	2 24		12
28	Wednesday	39	48	8	12	3 24		9
29	Thursday	41	46	9	57	4 26		5
30	Friday	42	44	9	56	rises.		2
31	Saturday	43	43	10	53	5 30		0

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, September 26, 1868.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	3½d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	3½ to 5½d
Do (small)	5d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 3d to 1s 4d
Do by the tub,	1s to 1s 2d
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	
Flour, per 100 lbs.,	25s to 26s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	18s to 20s
Eggs, per dozen,	9d to 1s
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 6s 6d
Oats per do.,	2s 6d to 2s 8d
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	6d to 7d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 6d to 2s
Turnips per bush.	1s 9d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese,	3s
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 6d to 3s
Ducks per pair,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	70s to 75
Straw, per cwt	2s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s 6d to 2s
Sheepskins,	2s to 2s 3d
Apples, per doz.,	6d to 9d
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. BERRANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.
BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, [illegible] Churches [illegible]

THE OLD FAVOURITE HOSPITABLE
BOARDING HOUSE,
At The Head Of St. Peter's Bay.
ESTABLISHED by the late John Sutherland, Esq., is now opened for the accommodation of travellers, and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage. No trouble or expense will be spared to make visitors comfortable.
ANTHONY McCORMACK.
Head of St. Peter's Bay, }
June 17, 1868. }

RONALD McDONALD,
Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,
AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868.

CORNS & WARTS
Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of
ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT.
For Sale by
W. R. WATSON
City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
CONVAYNCER, &c.
Office,---Great-George St., Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
August 22, 1866.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Office - - - - O'Halloran's Building,
Great George Street.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Oct. 23, 1867.

KING STREET.
NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.
THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has on hand a
Large Stock of Ready-made Men's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, Women's Balmoral, Elastic Side, and other Boots.
ALSO, 250 PAIRS
Children and Misses Boots,
which will be disposed of low for Cash.
JAMES STANLEY.
Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK.
THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the celebrated
Russel Mills Cotton Duck,
and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the least possible delay.
Also on hand COTTON BOAT DUCK, and COTTON DRILLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.
CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon Cans of
Tarr & Wonson's Copper Paint,
which effectually prevents the action of worms on the bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET
BETWEEN
SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.
THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R. McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlottetown, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the navgation permits.
DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.
January 29, 1868. 1 y

FRESH SALMON.
PARTIES wishing FRESH SALMON may be supplied by leaving their Orders at the Subscriber's Store, Water Street.
Arrangements have been perfected to place the Salmon in Ice as soon as taken from the Nets at St. Peters, thus insuring their perfect freshness; and those who order Salmon may let them remain in the Ice until they are wanted for use.
July 8. I. C. HALL

MAILS.
Summer Arrangement

THE Mails for the United Kindgdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—

Monday,	May, 18.	Monday,	September 7,
Wednesday,	do 20,	Wednesday,	do 9,
Monday,	June 1,	Monday,	do 21,
Wednesday,	do 3,	Wednesday,	do 23,
Monday,	do 15,	Monday,	October, 5,
Wednesday,	do 17,	Wednesday,	do 7,
Monday,	do 29,	Monday,	do 19,
Wednesday,	July, 1,	Wednesday,	do 21,
Monday,	do 13,	Monday,	November 2,
Wednesday,	do 15,	Wednesday,	do 4,
			16,

Literature.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

'Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?' she asked, 'you have plenty of lovers, I know.'

'But they don't suit me,' said Barbara, cooly, tying back her curls before the mirror.

'Why not?'

'I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want somebody to take care of it.'

'Silly child! what is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?'

'He is big, but I never learned that he was brave.'

'And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest the gunsmith?'

'He's as placid as goat's milk.'

'That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner: he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?'

'He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers.'

'It's not always strength that wins a fight, my girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come, now, Barbara, give these young fellows a fair trial.'

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

'I will, mother,' said she, at last.

That evening, Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

'You sent for me Barbara?' he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

'Yes, Ernest,' she replid. 'I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here.'

'Well, Barbara?'

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark-blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

'I want to test you.'

'How?'

'I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing.'

'What is it?'

'There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells of mold. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week; and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room my grandsire died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?'

Ernest laughed.

'Is that all? I will that, and sleep soundly. Why pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?'

'Your nerves will have good proof, if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that wing of the house.'

'I shall sleep all the sounder.'

'Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber, if you stay until morning,' said imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, 'I will marry you.'

'You vow it?'

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting, through dim rooms and passages, echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scattered before them to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away; but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

'Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit,' said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the room.

'Barney,' said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp when he would have kissed her, 'I've a test to put you to before I give you an answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post: you will not ask me to marry again in vain.'

'You will give me a light and a bottle of wine, and a book to read?'

'Nothing!'

'Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?'

'All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again.'

'I'll take them, then.'

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him

'Have you changed your mind, Barbara?' he asked.

'No, and I shall not until I know that you [illegible] satisfy you, [illegible] plan [illegible] thing.' [illegible] show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning.'

Barbara did as required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber quickly.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and, so far, all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he would here low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still, it was very lonely, and not at all cheerful

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them, and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, and something made a slight noise as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy—finally he nodded and snored

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

'Curse you, get out of this?' he exclaimed in a fright, using the first word that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer and nearer, pressing him into the corner.

'The d——l take you!' cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back, still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met with, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he was pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind from him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

'Take one of your size, Big Barney!'

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

'It is very early; one more little nap,' said he, turning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

Selections:

WHELAN'S SENTENCE.

In pronouncing sentence of death upon Whelan, Chief Justice Richards said:—

You, Patrick James Whelan, have been found guilty, upon a fair, full trial, according to evidence. This you have acknowledged yourself. Everything has been done which could legally and reasonably be done to put your case before the jury dispassionately and secure a fair consideration of your case, and the jury have just pronounced a verdict of guilty upon the evidence, which you say yourself would have induced you to give a similar verdict, had you been in their position. As far as our Courts and systems of judiciary are concerned, we must assume now that you are guilty. With regard to many of the observations you have made here, being a native of the country myself and knowing more of it than you can do, I may be permitted to say that every man is held equal here in the eye of the law and the Courts of Justice. In this country, of which you speak, the administration of justice is fair and impartial; no man's religion or antecedents of birth or country go to prejudice him on any charge coming against him in a court of justice. Your countrymen in this country are precisely on the same level, and enjoy precisely the same advantages as any others, and as far as regards the man whose death has been here the subject of inquiry, he, as a Roman Catholic, pronounced in language which has been well described as most eloquent, that in this land his fellow countrymen were well treated and had no reasonable ground of complaint; that in fact, just across the river, here, not only do they enjoy equal, but actually superior rights and privileges to those enjoyed by them in any part of the world. So far, therefore, I should say none of your countrymen have any ground of complaint; but this matter is foreign to the present inquiry. What we have now to consider is the terrible position in which you have been placed by the verdict pronounced against you. The evidence given on the part of the Crown, some of which has been entirely uncontradicted, leaves it undoubted that during the heat of an election contest you did make use of strong language against Mr. McGee. Then there were the other facts of your carrying the weapon, having frequently visited the neighborhood in which Mr. McGee lodged; having been in the Parliament Buildings from time to time, and being altogether in a position to commit the act. Other evidence was also presented to the jury, and they have, in considering it all, brought in a verdict against you. That being the case, the law declares emphatically that you are the guilty man, and it only remains for me to warn you of the dreadful position in which you stand. (Here his Lordship was much affected.) Your [illegible]al impetuosity has, I must assume, driven you to take the life of the man you eulogized such a [illegible] while ago, and having done that, you must [illegible]ed that the law allows no alternative to the Court; and if the sentence I am about to pass is ratified, as it must be by the conviction of those who read the evidence, that the jury are warranted in bringing in their verdict, then the sentence must be absolutely carried out without any hope of reprieve. Let me implore you to consider and weigh well your future during the little time left you in this world. The solemn duty now remains for me to pronounce on you the extreme penalty of the law—that you, Patrick James Whelan, be taken from the place where you may be confined to the place of execution, between nine o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 10th day of December next, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you are dead: and may God have mercy on your soul.

The prisoner then said—"Well, my Lord, that does not make me guilty."

His Lordship was deeply affected while delivering the sentence, and there was a good deal of sensation in the Court; but the prisoner wore his old look, and before he put his hat on, when leaving the dock, he brushed it with the sleeve of his coat.

WHELAN'S SPEECH.

So much has been published respecting Whelan that it seems almost necessary to make an apology for the publication of any other matter concerning him. After all that has been said against him, it is, however, only fair play to publish his speech before sentence of death was passed upon him. That speech must go for what it is worth, and that is very little, for the latest Ottawa reports indicate that it is not improbable the unfortunate man will make a full confession:—

My Lord and Gentlemen,—I have been tried and found guilty, of course, of the crime of murdering Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and I protest, as I am about standing on the brink of the grave, and I must shortly appear at the bar of God, I swear to you before God Almighty that I never committed that deed. I know this in my heart and soul well. In the next place I have been accused by the Counsel for the Crown of Fenianism, I can assure you, and every loyal British subject in Canada, that I never was a Fenian at home or abroad; that I never belonged to any organized body either in this country or at home. I never belonged to the Hibernian Society, as was asserted; I certainly did belong to one Society for a short time. I was Marshal of the St. Patrick's procession here on the last occasion, and that came about in this way:—They asked me if I could ride; I said I could, having been once in the cavalry, and hence I joined the procession as Marshal, and for no other reason. I must admit, certainly, that I am a Roman Catholic, but I am none the worse for that, in my opinion. I was in Quebec three months during the last Fenian raid. I went to the barracks at the Citadel, to the P. C. O. Rifles, to work, and got an engagement with the master-tailor. In one of the companies was a man named O'Brien, and I remember, when once drinking with him, hearing a conversation between him and another man. I heard this man (for there was a plank between us,) offer one of the P. C. O. 220 to join the Fenians. I was seated at the table at the time, and was subsequently arrested, but no charge was preferred against me. When they asked my name, I gave "Sullivan," my mother's name, not wishing my own to appear in print. Subsequently I joined the cavalry, Captain Scott's Troop. I got to be Sergeant there, and those gentlemen know me well, whether I was a Fenian there, or anything of the kind. The name I bear now is the one I went by in Quebec, and thousands know it. After leaving Quebec I came to Montreal, where I remained 18 months. There I did assist in the election between Messrs. McGee and Devlin. I was asked by a man to be scrutineer; I did not know what that was, but I consented, and stopped till dinner-time one day. That is my election experience. In the course of time I came to Ottawa, and boarded with four young English chaps. I went to a place called Bearbrook, to shoot for a fortnight; I did not like it. I went to work and found that I earned good wages. In October I took a house in the Market, as I intended to settle down. On Christmas evening I wrote several letters to my wife, stating that I would go down. I settled up with Eagleson, and at one o'clock of that day I left the shop. At half-past one the train started, and I got into Montreal next morning. Scanlan's was the first house I called at. I stayed in Montreal till three or four days after New Year. I stayed there, drinking and amusing myself at a well-known house in Montreal. One night—it was represented here to be a dancing house; it was not such—I heard a conversation between two men there, who were separated from me by a thin partition, and I heard one of them say, that that night Mr. McGee's house would be burned. There was a man with me when I went to give the information at Mr. McGee's that night, and that man never left the door of Mr. McGee's house till I came out. John McGee was not in the room with D'Arcy McGee and myself when we had the conversation that night; he did not hear the conversation, and I swear solemnly I did not give my name as Smith, but my friend at the door gave that name. While in Montreal I have been watched to Mr. McGee's house, and my life was threatened, hence made up my mind to come back here. I did so and went to work, never giving McGee a thought. Several days, also, I went to the House to hear the debates, when not busy.

On the night of the murder I got three or four, it might be five, tickets from Buckley: I went there that night between ten and eleven; that was the first time. I had on several occasions to come down from the gallery that night, and Dr. Sweatland, who has been attending on me in jail can tell you why. But I did not leave the buildings further than to go through, and was not absent more than two or three minutes each time, when I went back to the galleries. I remember looking over carelessly this way—(here he leant over the dock)—and during the time I was there I did not hear Mr. McGee speak. I sat there till the House was over, and went down stairs and stood with my back to the door. I thought he was coming; I saw him coming out and also saw Sir