

head to ache. Knows families who have been ruined by drinking intoxicating liquors. Quit the liquor trade about 12 or 14 years ago.

William Miller, Mariner—Examined by Mr. Craig—Has been acquainted with the Prisoner for about 33 years, who he considered a good and jovial companion, and made him feel merry and comfortable. Has seen liquor given to the hands on board ship to cause the men to work hard, especially when reefing top sails. Always considered a little done him good, and put courage in him, and made him think he was a handsomer and a better man—it warmed him and cooled him, and quenched his thirst, and was good for the health, and caused great mirth and amusement among the men. If his head ached through liquor, it was witness' own fault. Has got employment by treating his employers—but it took a good deal of his earnings to treat, to keep that employment.

Cross-Examined by Mr. Cole.

Found Prisoner destructive sometimes, and that he picked his pocket, and left his family poor. Witness made liquor at Beauport Distillery, and put vitriol, Irish soap, charcoal, drops out of doctors' bottles, and several things he does not remember, into it. One of his shipmates and he had been drinking in Champlain Street, and several other places, and when they returned to the ship, witness' comrade fell off the cross-trees in a state of intoxication, and was drowned. While witness was on the spree, he neglected everything else.

John Brereton, Messenger, Trinity House, Quebec—Examined by Mr. Craig—Has been perfectly well acquainted with the Prisoner, and several of his cousins, for upwards of 24 years. Liked Prisoner in a great degree. Never was an hour sick in his life through him. Has seen people knocked about, and shake the shillelah now and again in consequence of their acquaintance with the Prisoner. One morning, on the 17th of March, at a fox hunt in Ireland, witness made his first acquaintance with the Prisoner. The hunt was severe. Had a flask, and took a couple of *nips*, and, after that, he got so strong he was able to cross any ditch or wall; since then, he never gave up the acquaintance of the Prisoner—always takes a little to raise his spirits, and at balls, and christenings, and weddings. Prisoner would do no man *alive* any harm, if he was let alone.

Cross-Examined by Mr. Cole.

Prisoner does a little mischief sometimes. Witness has seen some little rows now and then, and has heard people complaining, but it was always when they took too much. I was acquainted with a man in Dublin, who was lying sick, and, in the absence of his mother, he sent a little girl for a glass of the *hard stuff*, a pen'orth of milk, and a ha'porth of bread, and mixed the whiskey and the bread and milk together, and was about to take the medicine, when his mother was heard coming up the stairs, when he was obliged to hide it under the bed; and, unfortunately, a cat came in, and coming at the mixture, she helped herself, and staggered and mewed all through the room, and she as dhrunk as a piper. O, by gosh, sir, divel a word a lie in what I tell you.