

There was some delay in taking freight on board and it was dark before the *Lady Le Marchant* left the wharf. Just at this moment many of those on the wharf saw a man push through the crowd, spring on board, and go directly below where he wrapped himself in a railway rug, stretched on a locker turned his face to the wall and very soon appeared fast asleep, but so quickly had this taken place that none of the other passengers had seen him. Those on the wharf who had observed the man's movements asked each other if that could be the orderly giving himself up but no one could say and all remained in doubt.

Sometime during the night Corporal Casey seems to have suspected that this was his man, and kept a close watch on him, hoping to see his face but the sleeper never stirred.

It was about four o'clock, on a very cold and drizzling morning, when we landed at Pictou; where the horses were being harnessed to a large mail stage, which would leave for Halifax as soon as we were all on board. Twelve of us who had engaged places before had got seats inside and six or eight others had to mount on top outside, and there face the drizzling sleet on a very cold and disagreeable morning. The roads were so bad that the horses could only walk with such a heavy load to drag, and we made slow progress.

Corporal Casey had an inside seat but we found him a very unpleasant and unwelcome companion and a scheme was quickly concocted to get rid of him before we had been long on the journey. We knew that he suspected one of the outside passengers to be the man he was looking for and at a suitable moment we turned the conversation to that subject.

"Mr Sheriff," said Walker "did you know George Bowlin, the soldier of the 76th who was the Governor's orderly but who cut stick before they were taken away.?"

"Yes; yes, certainly I did," said the Sheriff "I found him a very obliging and civil fellow too when I had to go to the Governor's office where public business often called me."