

THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Vol. VII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 29, 1862.

New Series.—No. 51.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

New and Improved Style for Economy, Comfort, and Cheapness.

JUST received at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, a new stock of the most everlasting and best made STOVES—SUITABLE MANUFACTURE. They are numbered 1, 2, and 3, with single and double ovens for cooking.

Large and Small Franklin & Box Stoves, for Schoolhouses, Churches, &c. They will burn any kind of wood, and are so made that they will save over one half as much fuel as any other stove. They are supplied with metal boilers, very useful for heating purposes, for making soup, or preparing food for the sick, and for heating water in a very small space, and without the least risk from fire. In short, the great advantages to be derived from these stoves, and the great economy of the ORWELL CHEAP STORE, are such as only be known from a trial of them; and our customers are now invited to come and select for themselves, from the cold winter sets in upon them, and to get ORWELL CHEAP STORE, the cheapest and most reliable of goods, may be secured by a NEEDLE to an ANCHOR, both included.

P. STEPHENS.
Orwell, November 10, 1862.

WANTED, at the above Store, 500 COW and 100 HIDE, and 500 SHEEP SKINS, for which the highest price will be paid in CASH or trade.

Labrador Herrings!
LABRADOR HERRINGS!
420 BELLS, and 40 HALF BELLS, very superior LABRADOR HERRINGS for sale by **WILLIAM DODD**, Queen-street. Dec. 22.

"Christmas Requires."
LAYER, MUSCATEL and VALENCIA Raisins, Currants, Apples, Onions, Cheese, Spices, Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, &c. All warranted Fresh and of the BEST QUALITY. **BEER & SONS.** Dec. 15, 1862.

Warranted Axes
Of the most approved pattern. **BEER & SONS.** Dec. 15, 1862.

Buffalo Robes.
BEER & SONS. Dec. 15, 1862.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND CLOTH MANUFACTORY, TRYON.

THE Subscriber, encouraged by the very liberal support received in his Cloth Dressing business, begs to inform the inhabitants of P. E. Island that he has imported from the best makers in the United States,

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving.
and shortly in addition to finishing Cloth will be prepared to receive Wool from manufacturing into the various descriptions of Cloth usually made in the Colonies. The range for picking, gleaning, Carding, Spinning, and Weaving, including One shilling and three pence per yard. Other branches in the same proportion. Wool which must be washed and dried, may be left with H. J. CALLECK, Sidney Street, Charlottetown, or any of the agents for the Mill, from whom further particulars can be learned. **CHARLES E. STANFIELD.** Tryon, April 29, 1862.

Valuable Freehold Estate at PRIVATE SALE.
THE "VICTORIA" STEAM MILL, owned by the subscriber, and situated at the Eastern end of this City. If preferred, the machinery and mill race would be sold separately at a very low price, and on terms. The price is of 30 horse-power. The machinery is in good working order, and could easily be replaced. The whole premises, consisting of Mill, Dwelling House, and Outhouse, would be sold at a moderate price, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest. For information please apply at the office of **ALFRED PHILLIPS**, 50 Bells, WINTER APPLES, Dec. 22, 1862.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.
THAT DESIRABLE WATER LOT, in GEORGETOWN, containing half an acre of LAND, with usual privileges, known as No. 1, or POINT LOT. Terms Cash or short time on security. Apply to the Hon. JOSEPH HESSLEY, Charlottetown. Dec. 22, 1862.

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale A VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, fronting on the west side of the River, containing eighty acres, of which about sixty acres are under cultivation, and the remainder is covered with long grass. There is also a very good SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSE, and good Out-Houses for farming and mercantile purposes. For further information application to be made to the proprietor on the premises. **RICHARD HAYES.** Marcell, Nov. 17th, 1862.

Valuable Freehold Property FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber offers for sale that well known tract of Land, fronting on Bellevue Bay, &c. containing 300 acres of excellent Land, well stocked with building timber and cedar poles. There is a good mill attached to the property, from which a man, if instructions, can cut from forty-five to fifty tons of Hay every year. There is also a good Dwelling House, barn, and other outbuildings erected thereon. An abundance of Sea produce can be procured at any season of the year. It is an excellent place for fishing, and oysters and lobsters are in abundance. The above property is well fenced, and a large part of it is in a good state of cultivation. It can be divided by a plan, in fifty or a hundred acres to suit purchasers. **ALSO**—500 acres of Freehold Land, fronting on Bellevue Bay, Lot 17, and within a mile or so of the flourishing town of Summerside, fifty acres of which is well fenced, and about 18 under cultivation, with a fine barn, and a new House, newly finished, thereon erected, and a new falling mill of water at the foot, and is known as Harvey's farm. The remaining two hundred acres, adjoining Lenal Green's farm, is well stocked with timber, and a small stream of fresh water running through it. There is a small Dwelling house and a large barn, erected on the premises. The whole of the land is of an excellent quality, and not one foot of it is fit for tillage, and level ground. **ALSO**—The Leasehold Interest of Two Farms adjoining the above property, on the Linkletter road, one containing 100 acres of land, and known as Thomas Murray's farm, rent, 25 a year; the other containing 50 acres, and known as Delley's farm, rent, £1 10s. per annum. The above land is known as part of Welling's Point, and is part of the Estate of the late Lieut. Ann O'Connell, of Chatham, Kent, England. The purchase money may remain on security on the premises. For further information, application to be made to M. P. BERTON, opposite the Nursery, Charlottetown, or to **MARIA ANN BOTCHFORD.** Administratrix. If the above Property is not disposed of before the first day of JUNE next, it will be put up and sold at Public Auction. **CHARLOTTETOWN, Dec. 8, 1862.**

NEW GOODS!

FOR PRESENT AND ENSUING SEASON.

THE subscriber has received Ex. from London and Liverpool, a well assorted STOCK of British and Foreign Goods, embracing every thing in his line.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
In British and Foreign Prints, Plain and Checked, Alpaca, Cashmere, Colours and Velvets, Black, Glacé and Coloured Silks, Persian, Shawls and Indian, and the newest styles, Mantle Cloths, and Feathers to match; a large assortment in Gloves, Hosiery, Amaltes, Hair Nets, &c. &c.; Black and Coloured Silk, Patent Faced and Genoa Velvets; Eagleston's, Bradley's and Balmoral steel Skirts.

Gents' Coatings and Trowersings.
In superfine Black Cloth, Black and Fancy Doebies, Brown Melton, Black Beavers, Fines and Seal Cloths, Ready-made Over and Business Coats, Vests and Pants, Neck Ties, Scarfs, Cravats, Mothers' Bonnets, and Woollen, Fanny and White Dress Shirts, Shirt Collars, &c. &c.; Paris and Exhibition Hats and Caps, latest style, Felt Hats, South Sea, Astracan, Neustria, Sable and Common Seal Caps.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, SERGES.
Grey, White and Printed Cottons, striped ditto, Ombre, Huckabacks, and Diaper Towellings, Printed and Plain Linens, &c. &c.

LADIES' & GENTS' BOOTS & SHOES.
Ripper ditto, Felt and Kid Slippers.

Hardware, Oil Paint,
Plough Mounting, Chain, Boxes and Pipes; a large assortment of Shear Plates, Blister, Trowel, and 9 feet chain Traces, cut and wrought Nails, from 1 to 2 inches, English cut, American pattern Horseshoe Nails, and various sizes of Wire, Glass, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps, Cotton Mountings, Black Lead, Blanking in tin and packages, Brushes of all kinds, Hoes, Shovels, Manure Forks, Spades, Hammers.

A great variety of SMALL WARES and DYE STUFFS.

GROCERIES.
English TEA of the best quality; bright Porto Rico SUGAR, Crushed, and No. 1 and 2; Soap, Candles, Bloom Raisins, Spices, &c. &c.

The remainder of his Stock daily exported by the "Lady Maria" to Halifax, and Brig "Maria White," from Boston.

PATRICK WALKER.
Walker's Corner, Nov. 17, 1862.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FASHIONABLE Tailoring Establishment!

CHARLES BELL,
QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

ANNOUNCES the arrival of his FALL AND WINTER GOODS, which are all of the most desirable in the Market. Every Department of the Woollen Drapery Trade is completely represented in his Establishment. His GOODS are decidedly of the Newest and Best Class manufactured in the Colonies, and are selected from the best Wholesale Houses in Britain for his trade, and have been purchased for CASH, which is a very important and valuable circumstance.

CHARLES BELL, is therefore, in a position to give his customers the very best value, and can, at the same time, confidently recommend the article he sells. He encloses a few leading articles as follows:—

West of England and Yorkshire CLOTHS; Heavy Beavers, Watchings and Pilot CLOTHS; Broad Cloths; English and Scotch TWEEDS; Velvet, Silk, Valencia, and Marselles; EDWARDS' Island Hosiery; Twilled and Shirting FLANNELS; Gentlemen's Shirts and Collars; Shagreen and Lamb's Wool LINENS; CLOTHING; Scarfs; Ties; Mufflers; Fur, Cloth, Wool & Kid Gloves; Hosiery, Socks, Umbrellas, and various other articles.

Reversible, and other WINTER CAPS; Silk Felt, Wool, and Gilted HATS; FURS; Russian Dog, Siberian Lamb, Nutria, and Blanking, &c. &c.

The best assortment of TAILORS' TRIMMINGS ever imported to this Island, in Coat Linings, Sleeve Linings, Vest Backs and Linings, Coat Canvas, Padding, Washings, Coat and Vest Brads and Bindings, Buttons of all kinds, and other

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS,
Too numerous to mention.

Ready-Made Clothing.
This Branch of his Trade is unusually large at present. Owing to the depression of the times persons requiring Suits will get them at very REDUCED PRICES.

MORNING,
and all other orders for Clothing promptly attended to, and good fitting Fashionable Articles guaranteed.

Get your Clothing made up, through Talbot's Clothing, in the Cloth Store, from whom, from the different Stores, would find it to their advantage to examine the Stock of Cloths and Trimmings, and enquire the prices for making up at this Establishment, before they purchase elsewhere, as they can save time and money, by getting all the articles required.

At the lowest rate in one Place.
The principle recognized and practically carried out at this Establishment, is to sell Suits and Light Profits, for CASH.

THE LATEST FASHIONS are always secured. **CHARLOTTETOWN, Oct. 27, 1862.**

Hardware.
THE Undersigned is landing, per ELMARIA, from Boston and from ENGLAND, EAGLE PLOUGHS, EAGLE O. PLOUGH MOUNTINGS, and various other articles, including POWDER AND SHOT. **ALFRED PHILLIPS.** Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1862.

APPLES!
JUST Received, by Schooner CECILIA, from BOSTON, 50 Bbls. WINTER APPLES. **DODD & ROGERS.** Potwell-street, December 8, 1862.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE UNDERSIGNED has this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as IMPORTERS & DEALERS in

British, French & other Foreign DRY GOODS,
Under the Style and Firm of

VAUX BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. **C. U. VAUX.** **H. B. VAUX.** Tropic's Buildings, 125 Grandville-street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

TAKE NOTICE!
ALL parties indebted to the Subscriber, are requested to make payment before the FIFTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, as any amounts remaining unpaid after that date will be sued for without distinction of persons. **F. C. LOWDEN.** Charlottetown, Oct. 27, 1862.

No More Choking!
THE Hairs of Hopkin's Adamantine Cemented TOOTH BRUSH will not come out by main force. For sale at the City Drug Store. **W. R. WATSON.** Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

A Beautiful Set of Teeth.
PERFECT freedom from premature decay, and Tenth of a pearl-like whiteness, the use of **J. G. GOSWELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE.** For sale at the City Drug Store. **W. R. WATSON.** Ch. Town, Nov. 10, 1862.

LITERATURE.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEASONS.

A BRASSBAND.

What music fills the evening air,
From Summer skies when day retires?
Wander some fairy spirit there,
And strike their little enamel lyres?

Well might the passing shepherd tell,
So clear the trembling notes arose,
That seraphs woke the cooled shell,
To toll the zephyr to repose.

In closing Autumn's pensive hour
The spirit of the falling year,
Still sadly haunts her golden bowler,
And murmurs through her valleys dear,
And there it seem'd as rose the strain,
As though some stainless soul had fled,
While viewless seraphs thrill'd again
The plaintive "music of the dead."

Lo! Winter's giant specter strides
In darkness o'er the midnight heath,
High on the gathering storm he rides
The cloud robed minister of death!
Lo! on the lyre his breezes lo! he
And lo! the echoing chords reply,
Breathe in chill pauses on the soul,
As far in distant murmurs die.

Hark! through the crystal gates of morn,
What strain wails gently on the gale,
And pours on wildest echo borne
And milder beauty o'er the vale?
That note has charmed the shepherd's ear,
And, as the full-toned numbers ring,
He stays awhile his flock to hear,
The cheerful melody of Spring!

And could you roam in darkness here,
And list that music so divine,
Norsich for Heaven's eternal year,
Or wish its endless Spring were thine!—
No!—Nor it tools of brighter day—
Those deep celestial notes of love—
Notes, which unceasingly organs play
In ceaseless harmony above!

MY SHIP.
Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's taint, and dust, and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Kiss with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks lightly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight—
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"When does she come?" they ask me,
"Who is her master, and what is her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and over the mane.

Oh, who sees a vessel of strength and truth;
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece;
She sailed long since from the port of Youth;
Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away—
With only a tremble of snowy wings,
She floated, swanlike, along the bay.

Carrying with her a precious freight—
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate Fate—
And still I watch for her back again.

Watch for the earliest morning light,
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvass white,
Among the yachts which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come,
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more,
And my heart grows hopeless, and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the loneliness shore—

Knowing the tempest, and time, and storm,
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark—
Bank swallows cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered, and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse—
And still with the sailors tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FAMOUS RUN.
BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

On Tuesday morning, September the 18th, 1862, I started at ten o'clock to attend the petty sessions of S—, in the county of —.

The magistrates were sitting when I arrived. The petty sessions were held in the gate-house of one of them, and not more than a mile from the residence of the other, while I lived upwards of six miles from the place. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at if I was a few minutes late.

I went into a small stable attached to a public-house hard-by, to put up my horse; and as it happened, there was a boarded stall at the far end, with room for about two horses between it and the door, but which space was, in this instance, occupied by four or five, crammed so tight together, as to prevent the possibility of their kicking or hurting each other. The stall, however, was vacant, and while I was tying my horse up, two men came and stood within the door. I was quite out of view, and from their conversation it was evident they conceived they were alone.

"I'll tell you what it is, Barney," said one, "unless we put in that Flanagan by some means or other, we can't get foot on that side of the mountain, but he's at his heels, and every dog is a game dog with him. He got two of the boys fined and left in goal already; and pursue to the ground they had, no more than I'm a hare. I wonder the fellow has no conscience."

"It's all true, Tom; and he's on his oath to summons yourself and myself for the trip we took on Wednesday last. Bad luck to him! I thought he was the fair; but there's no being up to him; and how he never showed until Skip had nearly killed. 'Twas the luck of the world she binked the dog when she did, or we were done."

"That's very well now, Barney, but let us make out our case about the potatoes, for you're entered on the books again him; and if we stick to the one story, we'll leave him where he or he'll trouble him for twelve months, and who'll look after us then?"

"Well, how is it to be done?"

"Ready enough. He can't deny I met him with the reel upon his back, not four perch from the place; and it is only to swear that he was at the face of the pit instead of on the road, and the thing is done. Let you swear that your pit was broken open, and as good as eight or nine stone of potatoes taken away that night, and have the rest to me, do you see?"

"To be sure I do; but he had no-acre in the same field himself, and maybe he'd foil us there."

"The sorra foil. I'll swear that it was after night, or after dusk, and that I saw him upon his knees at the face of your pit, and that I watched him till he came out on the road, and went his way home. He can't deny but what I met him."

"Well, be steady now, Tom, and stick to your oath, and I'll stick to mine; and we'll send him in for a twelvemonth, if we don't send him across the water out and out."

Just then I heard a roar from the petty sessions door, of Bernard Higgins against John Flanagan, when a thundering 'here' occupied one of the men, and both quitted the stable. I watched them into the door of the court, and almost immediately after followed quietly in.

The case had just commenced, and Barney Higgins was giving evidence. He swore that on a certain night some person had taken away between eight and ten stone of potatoes out of a pit belonging to him in a certain field; but he knew nothing himself of who took them; he had witnesses, however, who did; and Thomas Filan was then called.

I was on the point of standing up to prevent the oath from being administered, but I was far back, and could not easily get forward in sufficient time. Besides, upon consideration, I thought the act of perjury had already been as fully committed as if the oath had been actually taken, and the statement made, so that, morally, I could say nothing. I was, therefore, determined to await and see how far bold-faced villainy could exhibit such self-confidence as to carry so nefarious a project through.

He swore positively to the statements agreed to with his partner in perjury, and so far the case was clear. Flanagan was asked what he had to say. He stated that it was all spite, because he would not allow them to kill hares upon Mr. Saunderson's mountain; that he had intended summoning these very two persons for cursing there on the Wednesday before; he had no-acre himself in the same field, and admitted that he had gone late one evening for a reel of potatoes to his own division, and brought them home. Flan was re-questioned very closely by the magistrates; but swore home and plump to the point. The magistrates then said they had no course left but to receive informations, and send the case for trial; and one of them turning to Flanagan, asked him if he had any witnesses to produce. He replied that he had not.

"You have," said I, pushing forward. "Gentlemen, I request to be sworn and examined in this case."

The magistrate looked rather astonished, and Higgins and Filan completely so. I took the book, was sworn, and detailed the conversation I had accidentally heard in the stable. I could not, of course, identify the man; but the Christian names by which they addressed each other, and the subject of their conversation so exactly corresponded with the whole case, and the cause of spite given by Flanagan himself, that no doubt of a conspiracy existed. The magistrates then refused to entertain the complaint, and spoke of prosecuting Higgins and Filan for perjury, who were immediately hooded out of court.

On June —, 18—, as John Brooke, of Creola, in the county of —, was bringing his cow to pasture, after she had been milked, about eight o'clock in the evening, and within a few perches of his own house, he was suddenly set upon by three men, one of whom sprung up from behind a stone gap and knocked him down with a bludgeon. Brooke cried for mercy, and his wife hearing the blows and shouts, rushed towards the spot. On turning the corner of the garden hedge, she saw two men strike her husband, while the third lifted a large stone in both his hands, and jumping up came down with his whole force upon the head of the unfortunate man. They then perceived her advancing, and ran off. She had a decided opportunity, however, of remarking the man who struck her husband with the stone—his face was towards her at the time, and he was dressed very differently from the other two, and altogether a remarkable man. As Mrs. Brooke rushed towards the spot, this man stopped short, and turned towards her, lifting a stick and calling to her. On no account to come on or he'd stretch her alongside of her husband! Fearless, however, she pressed forward, and contrary to his menace, the man turned and ran. Mrs. Brooke came up, but it was only to lift the corpse of her husband.

The widow, as may be supposed, was inconsolable, and early on the following morning a Mrs. Kearns, who lived within a field or two of the spot, and who had remained at the wake, prevailed upon her to take her arm and go home with her. Mrs. Brooke sat by the fire at Mrs. Kearns's, swinging back and forward in her grief. Soon after a man came into the house, and Mrs. Kearns said, "Good-morrow, Mr. Barnan; sit down, sir, if you please, and take a cup of tea. This is a bad business which has happened." Barnan sat down on the end of a form, and stretched out his hand to take the tea. Mrs. Brooke just then raising her head, got up immediately and staggered backwards towards the fireplace, where she swooned away. Barnan at once rose up, and turning on his heel, abruptly quitted the house.

When Mrs. Brooke came to herself, Mrs. Kearns pressed her to take tea, but all she could get from her was, "My God! to come and sit at the table with me—to come and sit at the table with me—oh, the murderer of my husband; how could I sit at the table with him? Oh, Mrs. Kearns, I saw him with my two eyes, not three feet from me—the sight 'll never leave my heart until I die."

Four days after this occurrence there was a large meeting of the magistrates and gentry of the county, convened by the Lieutenant, and some very proper but useless resolutions passed upon the occasion. Mrs. Brooke was in attendance, and described the affair, stating what took place at Mrs. Kearns's on the following morning. Her

informations were taken upon oath, and a warrant made out against John Barnan. A subscription was entered into, and names opposite each, amounting to no less than £1,300 in the total, for the purpose of forming a reward fund. The Government, too, came promptly forward, and offered a reward of £100. Here the matter rested, as matters of a similar nature generally do rest, about the same point.

So things lay from the latter end of June until the beginning of January, in the following year. Neither tale nor tidings could be got of John Barnan.

On January 6th, 18—, I was sitting in my parlour window, in B—, just as I was beginning to get dark, when I observed a man with a peculiarly shaped hat pass along the wall at the opposite side of the road. I remarked the hat as a curious one, with a very broad peak of brim in front, something like a peak, the rest of the brim had been cut off. I laughed at the hat, but took no more notice of him. Some time after he passed again, and seemed to linger; I thought he looked rather sharp at the windows, but he went on. Soon after he passed a third time, and stopped upon a bridge which I could see from the window. I took it into my head from all the passing and counter-passing, that the fellow was about something which required explanation, and putting on my hat, I strolled towards the bridge. I met him coming towards me, not far from it, when he touched his hat, and said in a low voice—

"Is your honour Mr. C—the chief?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am the person."

"I wanted to speak a word with your honour."

"Well," said I, "now is your time; what do you want with me?"

"Your honour won't let on?"

"No, certainly not; what is it you have to say?"

"You know Constable Norris, of the Ballyfallon station of police; he told me I was safe to tell your honour anything, and that if any man could serve me it was your honour."

"Well, I know Constable Norris; is it any information you wish to give me?"

"Yes, your honour, it is; but I'm in a houl, and I'm a man of a very few words. Isn't there a large reward for the taking of any one of the murderers of Mr. Brooke, in summer last?"

"Yes, indeed, there was a large sum promised by the magistrates and gentry of the county, but I cannot say how much of it would be available in case of success."

"Well, let that lie by, your honour, for a bit. Didn't the Lord Lieutenant offer a hundred pounds for any one of the murderers?"

"Yes, the Government did do so, but I apprehend the period of time to which such proclamations are usually limited must have expired, they seldom extend beyond six months."

"Well, all I have to say, your honour, is this, that if you get me the hundred pounds from the Government, and as much as you can—say fifty—from the county, I'll be able to tell you where you'll put your hand upon John Barnan, and I believe he's the principal man that murdered Mr. Brooke."

"All I can say at present is this, that I will communicate with the Government upon the subject; if you meet me on Thursday next, at this hour, I will be able to let you know."

"That's all fair, your honour, but I don't meet you here again, 'twould be as much as my life is worth if I was seen speaking to you now; but I'll meet you after dark at the three roads of Mordenby; that wouldn't be too far for your honour to come out after yourself?"

"No, but you must recollect that I know nothing whatever of who, or what you are, not even your name, or where you live—you are confessedly willing to betray one man—perhaps a friend, certainly an acquaintance, and you cannot be surprised if I am cautious that you should not betray me."

"A murderer, your honour, a murderer; and if I can bring him to justice and serve myself at the same time, why not—why not? Mr. Brooke was a very decent, honest man, and a good neighbour, and was a cruel shame to murder him."

"Well, if there is any sense of justice mingled with your feelings, and that you're really wish to be of use, and serve yourself, as you propose, you can have no objection to my having a confidential policeman with me—I pledge myself that nothing shall transpire through him."

"There's but one policeman in your county that I will agree to have anything to say to. I spoke to him already about it, and this is Norris; 'twas he told me you were the only fittest man to speak to; and if you wish, I'll bring him to Mordenby Cross."

"No," said I, "I don't see how that would mend the matter one bit; I'll bring Norris with myself, are you satisfied?"

"It's all right; I may depend that you'll say nothing of this, except to him; my name you can't know, and if you met me to-morrow at twelve o'clock in the day, you would not know you ever saw me before; good night, your honour," and he hopped over a low wall into a young plantation, and was out of sight in a moment.

January 6th.—I wrote a detailed statement of the circumstances to the Chief Secretary, and had, by return of post, a reply to the following effect:—That the conditions of the proclamation advertised to were limited to a period of six months, which time having expired, the person proposing to give the information could not avail himself of its provisions." It authorized me, however, to offer him a reward of fifty pounds, provided that he gave me such information as would lead to the apprehension and conviction of John Barnan.

January 9th.—Wrote to Constable Norris, of Ballyfallon station, to come in to me in plain clothes, and he was with me early in the evening. I had a long conversation with him relative to the informer; he told me he knew him well; that he offered to give him some information as to where John Barnan could be found, but that he referred him to me as the proper person to speak to. He said he was certain that if John Barnan was in the county at all, this man knew where he occasionally resorted; and as he was willing to ask nothing until he was taken, he was quite sure he would set him

He told me his name was Cleary, that he was a servant-man to the Rev. Mr. —, a priest, who lived in a very out-of-the-way place. He also stated that he himself knew John Barnan; that he had been educated for a priest, and was considered an excellent scholar. Norris was himself a Roman Catholic, and told me that no effort or expense would be spared to get Barnan safe out of the country, but that he was so well screened, that his friends did not apprehend any danger, and were only waiting until spring, by which time they would have a good sum of money collected, and send him off. All this he had from Cleary.

Off we started, and an hour, or something less, brought us to the spot. Nor had we long to wait, for as we passed a crooked bush—the only one within two miles of itself—we heard a cough; it was Cleary.

"Is that Mr. Norris?" said he, standing up, when he saw that we had stopped.

"It is," said Norris; "and this is 'the Chief.'"

I spoke, and Cleary recognized me at once.

"Well, Cleary," said I, "I have heard from the