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1862, on a Sunday, I was shaving in the upper kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron had just gone out to church. They were waited on to the door by Agnes Marshall. She came immediately down stairs and took up my brush and lathered the side of my face; I was sitting with my razor in my hand. I told her if she did not quit I would give her a good shaking; she said I was not able; I told her I would show her; she said she could kill me in a month. I immediately pulled her, and she, I may say with no reluctance, entered my bed-room. On that occasion for the first time in my life, I had connection with her. This familiarity was too often indulged in. Every time she met me she would strike me in the stomach and tempt me in every way. She tried to induce me to leave my wife and go with her to the States. This I refused to do, and I most truthfully assert as a man about to die on the scaffold, that prior to September 1862 I had no connection of an improper kind with her. That I heard that she had children, Abraham told me and said they were very bad characters.

"As to my going to Mrs. McCord's room in March, as she spoke of at the trial, I have not any recollection of it; but I have often gone up with cold water to her bed room. When she called me to do it she was lying drunk in bed. She has dragged me out of my bed while I was perfectly naked, in a joke, when she was under the influence of liquor. About three weeks before Agnes Marshall had the child, for whose death I am innocent-ly about to suffer, she told me she was in the family way, and stated she wished to leave after a while as there was plenty of time to give Mrs. Cameron notice. After Mrs. Cameron got better I advised her often to leave; she always stated that I need not care, it would cost me nothing. I need not trouble myself about it. On the day she was confined she came down early, about eight o'clock, and got a jug of well water to fill the water bottles. She came over to me and complained of feeling very bad the night before through the night. I asked her what was the matter. She made no reply. She said Mrs. Cameron wanted to know if Abraham and myself would get through sawing the pile of wood that day. I answered that we would have it finished about twelve

At 12 o'clock Abrahams and myself left, Mrs. Grieses and Lamont sat down to dinner, they surely recollect it well. About half-past twelve we finished dinner. Abrahams got up and was going out of the back door, while Lamont was getting up from his chair. I heard Agnes Marshall say from the head of the stairs, Mrs. Warren bring me a pail of water. I had a bill I paid Mr. Oliver the merchant for bran and oats the same was re-ceived and the orange was wrapped in the bill; I took it up as I always be-fore did to lay them on the hall table for Mrs. Cameron. I was just go- ing up the back stairs from the kitchen Mrs. Warren was coming up the Hall with a pail of water. I halted and said, as you have not yet had dinner I will take up the pail. I had not the slightest suspicion of Agnes being ill. I merely thought it was to use washing in the water closet or elsewhere, when I went up to the hall, I did not see Agnes; I looked in at the nursery door, she was lying on the floor opposite the door two yards from the fender. I said what's the matter? She said I am sick. I said here is the bill for Mrs. Cameron on the table, this table was in the room close to where she was lying. I asked her would she let me lift her up. She said oh, no, I feel better as I am, bring me a drink of water. I left