

the principal deviser of the cruel act before related, of obstructing the road, by which the two men from Montreal were killed, and I was on the ground a few minutes after, just as they were expiring. I assisted to search their pockets and wallets, where we found over 2,000 sovereigns in gold; the ill-fated Brown, who was executed at Halifax, was my principal assistant and perpetrator in the blackest deeds that ever disgraced a being. In 1840 I moved from my old stand to the suburbs of Fredericton, where I commenced business in April, 1841. With my own hands I killed a gentleman from Portland, Me., (who stopped at my house,) while he was at breakfast; I robbed him of \$900. In the month of November following, I assisted to rob a gentleman from Charleston, S. C., who stopped at my house. I, with two others, entered the room whilst he was sleeping, and cut his throat from ear to ear. We found in his wallet \$4,000 dollars in paper. Shortly after, I, with my own hands, killed a boy who was for some time in my house in the capacity of waiter, because he had threatened to discover of what he had previously seen. About six months before I was taken, I murdered a smuggler, who put up at my house frequently on his way to the States; I mixed a quantity of poison in the bread which I gave him; I then put him to sleep in a room separate from the main part of the house, so that if he should make any alarm during the night, it would be unheard, taking care to secure the money which he left in my charge until morning. Six weeks after this, I murdered two emigrants, on their way from Montreal to New York. Finding that they had considerable money, as they inquired about the currency of English gold in the States, I inquired how much they had; they showed it to me, and I told them that it was generally too light. I then put them to sleep in a room adapted for such persons, and in the night we entered by means of a slide door which was for the purpose, where we found them asleep. Each of us were armed, but we found no resistance; we soon committed them to eternity. Their bodies we buried in the wood-house, and found £400, in gold, in their bed; we then divided the spoil. Their names I never knew. And, last of all, I assisted to murder Morse, the Quaker, from New York, while boarding at my house. I am guilty of ten deliberate murders with my own hands, and accessory to many more. I will not confess any more, for I do not, nor cannot expect forgiveness; for I already feel the wrath of an avenging God searing my soul,—for my crimes are too black, my deeds too heinous, to expect to reign in happiness with those innocent beings that I caused to leave the world by my cruel treachery; the tears of the bereaved widows, and the cries of the helpless orphans, will speak with tongues of indignation against me.