

that he was all right. Moor said that he did not know who had killed the man, but that he had heard that it was a white man who had done so. On Saturday morning Mary Dean called at the house, and said that he had better leave as the constables were after him. Moor gave my mother some silver to buy articles for the house. Moor and Over went after the gun on Friday morning; they brought the double-barrelled gun back then; the single-barrelled gun they brought back in the night, they said that Armstrong was with them, the knife was brought back, it is white handled. Over had his shot in a glass vial, and his powder in a horn."

The simplicity and candor with which the boy gave the above evidence, convinced all who heard it of its truthfulness, especially as it was corroborated in all its particulars, by his sister, a little girl about 10 years of age, who had not heard her brother's evidence.

Mrs. Armstrong was also examined, and said that her husband had been out very late on the night of the murder, and that in the morning he told her he had a \$100 bill, and upon her asking him where he got it, he first said he found it, and afterwards that Moor had given it to him.

All the circumstances and evidence taken together convinced the magistrates that they had arrested the right parties, and they determined to continue the examination until they obtained sufficient evidence to convict them. The shanty in which Moor and Over had been living was torn down, but no traces of the money could be found; and no positive evidence except the boy's could be obtained until Thursday, when Armstrong made a voluntary confession, of every particular connected with the commission of the crime—as he at that time alleged, but which he has since acknowledged is not a full confession, and, also, not correct in all its particulars. The following is the

CONFESSSION.

On Thursday, the 14th of April, 1859, I left town in company with Jno. Moor and Robert Over, about half-past 8 o'clock; went first to the Railway track; walked along near the same, till we got to the Paris Road; proceeded along, past the first toll gate; met no one before reaching it; Over asked me if I was a man; I answered that I was; he again asked me if I could be depended upon; I told him I could. He then related to me what he was going to do; he said the mail came along there every night about 10 or 11 o'clock, in the care of one man, and it was the best strike we could make; I asked him then how he was going to do it; he said "we will make the mail man get out of the wagon, or I will make him tumble out;" I said "how wilt you make him tumble out?" He said "it is easy; this old thing, (pointing to the gun) never lies," and I said "good God, don't shoot the man;" he said it was the best plan; for dead men tell no tales. Moor then said "we can spare the man's life, for there are three of us, and we must be poor men if we cannot make him give up the bags without killing him." Over then said again "if he sees us we are sold." I made answer that I would rather run the risk of him knowing me again, because murder can never be hid. Moor added words to the same effect. Over then said that he would not kill him but that we would see the consequence. I said

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