

McKenzie expected that Breen and his wife were to go to live in his small house. Breen went forward first and kindled a fire. I kept out of sight, and I rather think my son did not show himself either. I did not allow him; we were standing behind the house; Breen came for us, and I went in; I cannot say if my son went in; I did not pay him much attention. There was a good light, and I should not wonder but I told Breen there was too much light, and told him to toss it up, and he did, and made less light. I went into the room to be out of the way. I did not feel or see my son go into the room with me. I can't say if he was with me in the room at the time, as I was not thinking of him. I don't think I closed the door. I had an axe in my hand. The axe was in the house. I think Breen gave it to me. Breen went of his own election for McKenzie. I knew he was going for him—he told me. They came down and came into the house. They were talking with their backs to the fire; they were talking about Breen's wife. I rather think when I came out that I said she was on hand, and then struck. I might have said dead dogs tell no tales, but I think I did not. After I struck McKenzie, I saw my son on the floor, but I think he came in from outside at that time; we searched his pockets; there was nothing in them I could find. The boy gave me the key. I rather think that in the tumbling over the key fell out. I did not know what key it was.—Neither of us knew. I found no money in his pockets. I put my hand in every pocket, because it was said he always carried £100 to £150 about him. I have no doubt but my boy might have put his hands in his pocket. I did not feel any weakness. I might have felt a little through another. We threw the body into the cellar; it remained there until we came back from the upper house; it might be about two hours; I did not speak to my son at all; gave him no directions. Breen and I went pretty much together into the upper house. Breen showed me the way. I rather think he stood back. We opened an inside door before we saw Mrs. McKenzie. The front door was opened. We opened a door leading into a room. Breen stopped at the door. Mrs. McKenzie and Breen talked a few words about his wife coming before I went in; I made some remark to that; I don't remember what; there were four children round her; there was a fire in the fire-place; Breen and my son then came in; they could not do anything; they were not fit to do anything; they were so through one another and frightened; one was as bad as another; I searched the house myself.—There was not much blood. The boy looked at the clock while I searched the iron chest. The key fitted it. While we were going up, the conversation between Breen and me was about killing the woman and children. I did not tell Breen to watch and kill any one who came along; I gave no directions to my son; my son could not do it even if I told him; he told me so after; when I saw how they acted, I told them after that I saw neither of them was of any use, or was fit for anything of the kind, and says I, I have it all on me, and do neither of you ever put your hand to anything of the like of it; there was no paper money, not even a dollar. The chest was full of books and papers; I threw them all out on the floor; I expect they were burned. We went out, and stayed out some time, and returned again, and searched every place where we thought money could be, as we thought there must be more money; we found no more; we then went to the lower house; I put fire plenty in the bed. My son might have put fire in the bed, but there was no occasion; I went down myself and got the body of McKenzie up on the floor. Breen put his hand to one of the arms and helped it up. Breen took some straw up with him to the upper house. I went into the upper house and got a candle that was lighting there. The straw was put at the door, and a lot of firewood was piled upon it. I set fire to it myself.

The children were all about the fire-place, around their mother. When I came back to the house from the fields, I heard something like moans. I suspected what it was. I am sure they were all dead before the house was set fire to. My son did not, to my knowledge, put any fire to the straw. I should not wonder but my son was on the street somewhere about when we set fire to it. Breen helped me.

Breen brought away some butter; we had a carpet-bag and some bundles; all the traps were not very heavy; we all helped to carry them.

When we came home I did not notice whether Johnny got up. It was not more than twelve or one when we got home; my wife said neither aye nor no to us; asked us no questions; she might have had an opinion where we were going that evening. I never told her about it, for she never approved of such things. I did not tell her where I had been. I said I had put things through.

To a Juror.—She might have formed her own opinion. I made the remark because it was the readiest at the time.

When I gave my wife the money she hid it; she did not get it that night; it was on the table, and any of the family might have taken some; I knew it would not be lost; I gave Patrick the pocket-book; there was nothing in it when I gave it to him; when he gave it to me on Sunday there was nothing in it.

The boy would disobey me when he got his own liberty, he would be his own master, but I would not allow him. I sent him part of a year to school. He hired out and worked about; he was good to work; he worked on the railroad. I think the youngest boy, James, has as much wisdom and knowledge as Patrick; I suppose Patrick did not know the error of what I was doing at McKenzie's. I suppose, of course, he knew I was doing wrong; but I know he would not do it, and could not be got to do it. I thought it was foolish of him to throw the money about the road; I showed the money myself the night before. I don't think he is as wise, or has the same ideas as some boys of his age.

Though we went into the woods we did not conceal ourselves much, and I never had much idea of going away. If we had any idea of it we might have been three hundred miles away. If we determined to clear, we could have cleared in spite of fate: we had time enough. We may have talked of going but we never made up our mind to it. When Breen and I were in the house with Leet on the Thursday night, my son came in. We did not speak much to one another. I did not speak to him as my son.

To Mr. Wetmore.—I saw him fumbling rather about McKenzie, and he might have put his hand in his pockets. I shouldn't wonder but he put his hands in his pockets. Never told any one but Breen what I meant to do. I am just as well satisfied I did not escape, after having killed all of them. I would never have done any good after making such a wreck, and I am satisfied I would have gone on and done worse. If I had known the error of every thing before as well as I do, I would have been clear of it. I am just as well satisfied to die. It would be impossible to describe what horror pervaded the audience while he gave this evidence in a strong clear voice.

George Thomas is employed attending to the ironing of the prisoners. The prisoner at the bar has a foolish kind of laugh and smile that seemed strange. I tried to impress on him the awful nature of the position he is in. The boy has no education, says he was never at church. He tried to say the Lord's prayer, but he made a jumble of it, so that it was nothing. When first I ironed him, he cried to break his heart, but since I saw no serious impression on him. One time he said to me, "Why, they won't kill me—I did no