

kill one of their religion, and that it was by his own religion in his own country, that they would not scruple to kill a preacher, any more than a mad dog;—I replied, "That is not the way in our country, they are as charitable as any of the Catholics." Nothing further occurred until a little before he went to the ice, when he came to me and said, "Mr Bray refused me for a box and I have not the money to pay for it." "If all fails you," you shall have my box but exert yourself to make off a box if you can." In the course of a day or two he came to me again, when he told me he could not make off a box, I remarked "Then make your mind easy, you shall have my box when you are ready to start." If said he "We don't have Mr Bray's money to night we will never have it." I then asked him "How is it we can have it?" I will tell you that" said he, "The girl sleeps in the middle room, and Mr Bray and his wife stops up for a good piece after the maid goes to bed, I have a tomahawk and large hatchet prepared abroad in the back-house, do you go and you will get your choice of either the tomahawk or the big axe, but you must face Mr Bray first, and I will have his wife down, and if you miss him I will have him down with the big axe." I then said "No, I will not, but you go to Mr Bray and his wife, and if they struggle I will have them down with the axe, but if you kill them, I will kill the maid and the child." At this time we were between the houses of Mr Soper and Mr Bray, where we could see the girl in Mr Bray's house in the middle room quenching the candle. "Now is your time," said Malone, "to go in, or Mr Bray will have the doors soon closed." "Recollect," said I to Malone, "that before we stir out of this, you are to face Mr Bray and his wife, and kill them, and if you are not satisfied with that, never mention to me a word during your life about it." "I won't go down," said he, "you go and you kill one and I will kill the other," he then said, "I will not go down, don't you start this to me again during your life, it is the devil that is tempting us." We then blessed ourselves, when I wished him a good night and left him there. This summer, being engaged in Mr Soper's work, when Malone cast the first caplin, Mr Bray had such a quantity that he asked for Mr Kingwell's horse and got him, which I followed, and Patrick followed Mr Bray's. During that day, the money was the entire subject. "Now," said Patrick Malone to me, "I have matters made up with the maid, without your assistance at all." "In what manner," said I, "did you get it up with the maid?" "I promised her," said he, "that I would marry her in the fall of the year, and that I told her there was such a bag of dollars in Mr Bray's room. I led her into the secret of all, to open the kitchen door for me, then that there would be no noise, that he would go in himself and kill Mr Bray and his wife, and that they would have their bag of dollars, and sink them in the upper corner of the kitchen garden; that when he would come in, to hit him a couple of good strokes that would cut him well, and that he would do the same to her a cut or two; that they would break the door going into Mr Bray's bed-room with the axe, and break the two other doors, then—that he would crawl out and cry out a thousand murders that he was dead; that he told her then that she was to keep the bed and pretend to be in a faint; that when the people would assemble, he would tell them that it was a party of people that came and robbed the house, and that he did not know whether Mr Bray was killed or not." He (Malone) told me that this was his plan, but that he was a married man at home, and he did not know how he would manage with his brothers, when the fall came, about marrying the girl. That between this date and the night in which the murders were committed there were several conversations about the money that was in Mr Bray's house. The morning of the day on which the murders were committed, Patrick Malone went looking for Mr Bray's horse, while I was engaged in wheeling in caplin and mixing them up with earth in Mr Bray's yard, Patrick Malone arrived with the horse and Mr Bray gave him some oats

for the horse, when Mr Bray told me to hurry that breakfast was nearly ready, and to get the caplin covered to prevent the smell from coming into the house. When I had them covered I told Mr Bray of it and breakfast was then laid on the table for me and Malone. When we had done breakfast he (Mr Bray) told Patrick Malone to tackle his horse, and to take Mr Soper's wheel-barrow, that was outside, and carry it to the farm, and to have me wheeling in earth and covering the caplin that was there; accordingly we went to the place where the caplin were, and filled in part of the caplin into the cart, and went up to the farm. Patrick Malone then came down for the second load, the other man and I stuck to wheeling in the earth; Patrick Malone arrived with the second load, and went for the third. The first man that I saw after this was Mr Bray, after Mr Bennett's horse. When he arrived I tossed off the load and took out the horse on the road. Patrick Malone then arrived with Mr Bray's horse; when he cast off his load the other man was at the bank. At this time Patrick Malone beckoned with his hand to me; I followed him; when the first word he told me was, that Mrs Bray had left home. "Who told you so?" said I; he answered, "it was Mr Bray." We had no further conversation until about sun-set. At this time Mr Bray told me to hurry home with Mr Bennett's horse, and to take a load of stumps home on both horses. We did so. During the time we were filling the carts, the whole conversation was about the money, and if we could not get it that night we would never have it. This conversation continued until we threw the stumps into the yard, when Mr Bray told me to go back with Mr Bennett's horse, which he was to have to-morrow. Mr Bray brought out oats, which I gave to Mr Bennett's horse; Patrick Malone gave some to Mr Bray's. Supper was then ready, which I and Malone went to. "Now," says Mr Bray, "don't you be long out, Patrick, because you must go to bed; we will not cast any more caplin where we got it these three or four days, for we have as much as we will haul to-morrow, but be at Bear's Cove very early in the morning; when the horse and cart can go for them (the caplin), put in the cart as much as you can of them." Patrick Malone and I then walked out and went into my house, when I gave my son, Michael, six-pence out of my pocket to go for a pint of rum, which he brought, of which I took a wine-glass, which was something more than Malone took, the remainder we left on the shelf, and walked together down the road, and went very handy to the gate that turned into Mr Bray's hall door. Patrick Malone then said, "We will never leave this until we have the money this night." He was stripped in the very manner he is now, only he had not the same trousers on. We remained until we saw the maid putting the candle in the middle bed-room. "Peter," said he, "I will go into the kitchen, and give you the tomahawk, and when Mr Bray hears me he will come into the kitchen; when he is talking to me, you walk in and hit him a stroke of the tomahawk and kill him, and then I will go up stairs and kill the servant-maid and the child." "Tis the same story still with you," said I, "I never in my life will strike Mr Bray, and Patrick, in the name of God, as it has gone so far, if you don't do it yourself, do you go in there to bed, and I will go home." I then walked a few steps and turning back, told him never to bring it about during his life. I went on a few steps to my house a-head of Malone, who walked after me to stop me. "Now," said he, "if I kill Mr Bray, will you kill Samuel and the maid?" Well," said I, "I will." "You ought to go on," said Malone, "right on a-head." We then went to the house. Malone got the tomahawk in the back house before I entered the kitchen, where I was a bit before Mr Bray came out of the parlour. Malone was jingling with the casting net, making a noise in the back house. "Peter," said Mr Bray, "what brought you down?" "Sir," said I, "trying whether you had any commands for the morning." "None," said he, "but what I told you before." He then asked Patrick what was he doing with the casting net. Malone answered that there were a few leads loose. "You had better," said Mr Bray, "bring it in until we secure it." "There is no occasion," said Malone, coming in, "I will take out the light and secure it myself." He (Malone) walked to the table where the candle was—Mr Bray, at this time, made a wheel round, when Malone struck him with the butt end of the tomahawk on the side of the head, and he fell, and as he fell, I thought he gave a slight groan. Malone then hit him a stroke with the tomahawk on the head. The maid-servant, at this time spoke some words up on the bank. Before we reached we heard the

which I did not understand, when Patrick Malone told me to take up the light, that she would get out of the window. When I went up stairs I heard him in the girl's bed-room. I did not know where to turn; he (Malone) called me to turn here, so I did. When I went in the girl was sitting up in the bed; when Malone saw light, he struck her with the tomahawk on the head, and she fell back, when he (Malone) struck her again; she made a great noise with her groans, more than Mr Bray. Samuel Bray, the child, that slept with the girl, made some noise, when Malone struck him one blow on the side of the head that lay up. Malone then ran down stairs, and I followed him with the light. Mr Bray was laying on the flat of his back, dead, with one of his shoes off. When Malone saw this, he went into the parlour, and gave me the candle that was in the parlour to take up stairs. Previous he drew all the window curtains close. He went then to Mr Bray's bed-room and closed the window curtains; he had the tomahawk all along in his hand. Malone then drew out all the drawers, excepting one that was locked; from every drawer that he opened he took papers and clothes, and laid them aside on the floor; he then began to start a lock, that was not opened, with the tomahawk. In one drawer there were several smaller drawers, two of which contained dollars, the third, shillings, sixpences and brass. Malone said, "We have not the bag here." He then made search in every part of the house, while I held the light. We then went to the room that was over the parlour, where he began to start the lock off the door. There he was until his arms, as he said, was tired. I was helping him. He then went down and brought up another axe and gave it to me, when I, with the axe, and Malone with the tomahawk, broke open the door. We then went to a large chest of drawers which was there—all the drawers in it were locked,—"here," said Malone, "we must have the bag." He then started every lock that was on it with the tomahawk. In overhauling one of the drawers, he found some money which was in a bag, and some loose money that lay beside it. Malone opened the bag, when I took up the loose money, which was dollars, and put them into the bag. Malone and I then went into the other bed-room, where Malone made an overhaul in every part of the room, beds and all. Malone then said, "the bag must be in some part of the house." I then took up the bag, and laid it down on the other money on the drawers in the room over the kitchen. Malone and I then went down to the parlour and made an overhaul in every bit of it, and still the bag was not found. Malone said "it must be that he (Mr Bray) was such a keen man, that he must have it sunk down in the ground, that if the house took fire it might not be burnt. Malone, before leaving the parlour, said, "might we not take one of the jars that have brandy or gin in them, that we might take a drop when we like?" I replied, "not a taste, Patrick, for if we took it, we might take a drop too much, and it would discover on us." Up stairs we went, and we took the bag, and put the money in with as little noise as possible. When it was in, Malone took, to the best of my knowledge, two neck-handkerchiefs out of the room over the kitchen, and tied them round the money,—he went then and took as much clothes and papers as he could grasp in his arms, and threw them at the foot of the stairs, at the hall door; he threw another bundle of clothes and papers into Mr Bray's bed, and set fire to it. He then went into the other room, in the eastern end of the house; he told me to go down and take the casting net, which was hung up. I did not see him set the clothes on fire at the foot of the stairs. I had the money when I went out to the kitchen, and the casting net. I went out into the yard, Malone soon followed me, when he went into the back yard, where he climbed over the fence. I followed him and handed him up the money and the casting net. We then ran up the hill, and then down behind the town to Bear's Cove, where, after our arrival, we hid the money in the beach, where we had the caplin—it was opposite Mr Bray's garden and Bradbury's. Malone told me now he had Bray's watch. "Heave it out," said I, "into the sea, or give it to me, and I will heave it out; you had no business with it; that is a watch that would hang you in twenty years." "No," said he, "I will have the watch in lieu of my clothes that are burnt." I answered, "do so, in the name of God, for I will have no hand in it." He then turned back and put the watch where the money was: He then loosened the casting net and hove it out to wet it, and wet his feet—I did the same. We then went up on the bank. Before we reached we heard the