

might be in the room when I struck McKenzie; he might be within two feet of me; saw him after McKenzie was killed; rather think he came in at that time. We did not stay there long; I searched the pockets of McKenzie; could not find the key; think it fell out, and the boy found it. In about a quarter of an hour we threw the body into the cellar; I could not tell how, but the boy first got hold of the key. Breen and I went up together to the house to kill what was in it, and rob the house; I went in first to the house; Breen showed me the way, for I was never in before; he gave me an axe at the door; he put it in my hand; I did not take up the same axe. There was an axe near the door. There was a bright light; I saw Mrs. McKenzie sitting on a rocking chair, with a child in her arms; when I went in I did not speak, but just struck her on the side of the head by the ear; think the first blow killed her; she struggled in the agonies of death a good deal; think the child was killed in striking at the mother; struck her as many as fifteen blows. The children cried a little; they did not run away, but kept about the mother; I killed the whole of them.

Breen was in and out, in and out. We searched the house, and got about £100 in the safe, all in gold. There was not a dollar in paper money. I ransacked the chest. There was some odd of £100 in gold; it was in a purse altogether. Breen could not get anything out without my seeing it. The purse produced (the long purse) was got there, but the money was not in it, nor in the portemonnaie, but in the yellow cotton purse produced. The way of the boy was knocking about back and forward; took him only to keep watch if any one was coming—nothing else. We took out some victuals, and had something to eat. Breen and I considered it was best to set fire to the houses, so that no one could tell what happened; guess Breen and I set fire to both houses—the lower house first. The boy was about with us at the time, but it was Breen and I in particular who set fire. The boy would do nothing but as I would let him. We did not go away until we were sure it would go. We then went homeward; it is six or seven miles at least. My wife let me in. She might have some idea of what we were going for, but we did not tell her what we were going to do. She would not approve of it. We had some supper; produced the money, and we counted the money.

My wife was by; did not say plainly what I had done; said as much as that we put them through; she did not want to know about it. When I gave her the money she put it aside, away out of the house entirely. Next day heard some of them say Pat had money. Johnny told me he had it. When I asked it of him, he at first rather denied it; thought he might have got it off the table when I was counting it over night; gave back the pocket book to the boy, and the sovereigns in it; think Breen got only three or four sovereigns; he had no paper money; he got the purse I believe a day or two after. He went to town on Sunday afternoon. He had the long steel purse. Breen came into town, and we afterwards went into the woods.

I have three boys (the wretched man's lips seemed to quiver a little); the eldest is about fifteen or sixteen; I think my youngest child has as much sense as he has; he could do no more than take money and throw it about the road. It is as much as a bargain that he knows the difference of right or wrong on some points, or knows the value of money. I am rather too severe; cruelly severe when I begin at him. He could not have known my mind when we went to McKenzie's. If he refused to let me I would have made him go; wanted him to keep watch; he knew that when I wanted him to do anything he should do it; he is a tender-hearted boy, and has not as much sense as a boy of his age should have.

From the time of the murder he never looked the same as he did before. I think it was the old woman who told them to take the things away out of the house when they hid them; do not remember telling the boy to go with me when we went to the woods. My firm conviction is that the boy did not know I meant to murder, and that he is not quite capable to discern right from wrong. I know that sentence of death will be pronounced on me, and am quite satisfied to die, let the time be short or long, and with that knowledge I now tell all that I believe to be the truth.

To the Solicitor General.—The boy is fifteen to sixteen years of age; did not send the children to church, and did not teach them any prayers; if he was taught any prayers, it was by his mother; she sometimes taught him.

To Mr. Wetmore.—I never laid out to make my escape; we had time enough if we liked to go, but we never represented properly to escape; think if we tried we could have done so.

To the Solicitor General.—First knew Breen on the railroad. While he lived at my house, my son was there. We were planning the murder of McKenzie from the time of our return from Fredericton; never told him, only he might have heard us talking of it; never told him particularly, as I knew, that when I wanted him to go he should go. He went with us on the Thursday night that Breen slept with Leet. We went that night to commit the robbery if things had suited. He probably knew in his own mind what we went for.—We told him nothing, but he might have heard us talking of it. I am perfect that he had an idea of what we were about; we were about going to murder the concern and rob it. We talked over this betwixt ourselves. My son might have heard "a whid" of it. We did not let him hear the worst of things. On Thursday we left Breen there. My son and I returned together. I don't recollect if I had an axe that day. I rather think I had, and brought it home again. I fetched an axe there once, and brought it home again.—My son and I might have many talks on the way home. I do not recollect what talk we had; he might suspect that we did not accomplish our purpose, because Leet was lumber there in the way; I can't recollect if I told him that. On the Friday Breen came to McKenzie's where we were working. It was understood that we could go on Saturday night, as Leet would then be away. Breen told me this; think Breen slept at my house on Friday night; can't say whether my son heard us talking of going back, but I did not want to allow any one to hear us talking of what we intended; it would not be talked of in presence of my wife, as she would not approve of it. On Saturday evening we went from my house to McKenzie's.—We started pretty much together; on the way, of course, Breen and I talked of what we were going to do; can't say that my son took any part in the conversation, and cannot tell how near he was to us. If he had been let alone I think he would as soon stay at home. He did not refuse to go.