

Did you expect, after what you had heard, that inquiries would be made by the police, and that the houses in the neighbourhood would be searched?—Yes.

Therefore you were not surprised to see the police?—No.

I brought meat home on the Saturday afternoon, and the Friday afternoon I heard a Mr. Tasker give his evidence at my trial. [Evidence of Tasker read to witness.] I had no photographs. I did not imagine his evidence was important. I was unable to follow it, or make out what they were talking about. I had no photograph, papers, or documents. I could not have explained that evidence in my report to the Governor.

*By the Court.*] I could not say how long that evidence took; it took a considerable time. The witnesses were shown different papers. Photographs were given to the jury. I understood it referred to paper found in my house and on the ground. I understood Carroll had found paper on the ground and the detectives found paper in my house. All the talk was about the papers. I did not know if it was danger to me.

*By Mr. Jellicoe.*] I believe Mr. Bunny sent out subpoenas, and the men were there, but he never called them. I had a private interview with you at the gaol. It was a long interview. I was told of certain evidence that had been obtained, and I knew it before. You spoke to me about William Dybell, the blacksmith's, evidence; in fact, that man mended my powder-flask, and put a new spring on it for me—that spring there [pointing to spring on flask]. I paid him 1s. for it. He kept it about a day. This was about a week or a fortnight before Hawkings was killed. You spoke to me of John Holmes and Fred Greaves's evidence. I believe Gibson's no more. You wrote down everything I said from first to last. It was a long statement. It principally related to what had occurred from the time of my arrest. I plucked the quail and put them on a plate for my wife to put in the oven. I had one quail for dinner. I was not there when she put them in the oven. There were twelve bullets Gibson gave to me. I used three bullets. I used the last of the three bullets about nine months before Hawkings was killed, about the time when Gibson was shooting pigs at my place. The detectives left one bullet in the drawer, left-hand drawer. I found it next morning when I went for a razor to shave myself. On Saturday I said I took out some silver and a sovereign from the tin cocoa-box. I tipped the tin up into my hand and the money came out.

Could you swear there were no notes at the bottom of it?—No, I could not swear that.

I got the stiletto from an old man named Andrea Zambon. He was going home to Italy. It was after the Wainui waterworks were finished. It was a present. I put it into the drawer, and it stopped there ever since. I said I had a knife to cut pigs with. The knife produced is the knife I meant [a large sheath-knife]. My wife used it more than I did. It was either with that or a pocketknife I cut the bandbox. The police went with the handkerchief with what they took from the drawer into the parlour. I went in with them. I still say they did not put any fragments of newspaper into the handkerchief when they were in the parlour. I followed them into the kitchen close behind them. I saw them put the handkerchief on the table before Thomson. I still swear that there were no fragments of newspaper in the handkerchief; in fact, the man himself said, "There is nothing in there that we want; there is nothing but letters, a bill, and documents." Mr. Thomson said that. Thomson did not take out of that handkerchief any fragments of newspaper. There was none in it. Benjamin and Campbell went into the children's bedroom. I went in, sat on the bed, and smoked a cigarette. After Benjamin had done searching the left drawer in the bedroom he left in the left drawer some cigarette papers and tobacco. I said, "Have you done with this drawer?" He said "Yes." I said, "I can have a smoke, I suppose?" He said, "You can do as you like." There were two or three little boxes on top of the drawers. Benjamin opened one and took out a long, black, gentleman's pocket-book. There was a string round it. He opened it hurriedly, and he found there was a little account-book inside, with Italian writing. He put it down again, and I could see he was disgusted. I said, "That is my pocket-book, old man," and I laughed at him. He put it back in the same place. The pocket-book was black, about 6in. long, as wide as a palm of my hand, and tied with a piece of common string. The pocket-book produced is the same. I have not seen it from that day to this. [Marked Exhibit G.] I was looking at them in the children's room, but I did not notice them so particular as I did when they were at the chest of drawers in my room. I greased the shot more than once. I greased my shot twelve months or so before. If any person used my shot-pouch they could know if the shot were greased or not. I cannot remember the last time I greased the shot. Sunday is my day at home. People come up to see me on Sunday afternoons. There are so many persons come to tea I cannot remember. I believe John Dowd was there on the Sunday afternoon, but I could not swear if he stopped to tea, because he comes there so often. I do not know if any one stayed to tea or not. If any one stayed to tea I would not know how much they would eat, but I would notice what they were eating, because they would eat the same thing as I eat myself. I did not have any quail for tea.

*Cross-examined by Mr. Bell.*] I was not present when Thomson was looking through the documents in the kitchen. I got the powder-flask from a man who is dead now; his name was Edward King. His nephew is alive, and I dare say he would know it; his name is Billy King. Edward King was working with me on the road. I got it about four or five years ago. I took it to Dybell about a week or a fortnight before Hawkings was killed. I went for it either the same night as I went home, or the next day—it was one or the other.

*By Mr. Jellicoe.*] It was kept in the right-hand drawer when I brought it back.

*Robert Dybell* recalled: I have just come in from Kaiwarra. I had a telephone message. No one has spoken to me as to what I am called for.

Have you ever seen that [powder-flask produced]?—Yes, I put a spring in it. Chemis brought it to me to get a spring in. I kept it about a day in the shop. I charged a shilling for putting it in. I think it was in April. I could not fix the date.

*By Mr. Bell.*] I only saw it once—that was when I repaired it. I never saw it in Dowd's possession. I know Dowd pretty well. He has called at my shop about once a fortnight, at odd