

draws; Charles Renaud dit Blanchard, yeoman, St. Jean Baptiste; Patrick Drumgoold, tanner, Montreal; John Daly, gentleman, Montreal; John Drew, grocer, Montreal.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL opened the case, and addressed the Jury, in French and English, nearly to the following effect, in substance:—

The attention of the Jurors had hitherto, he said, been directed to the consideration of minor infractions of the law. The case about to be submitted to them, was one of a most solemn nature. The prisoners at the bar stood before them accused of a crime of the deepest dye—of the murder of the late Louis Marcoux, the circumstances of which it became his painful duty to detail.

It was, no doubt, known to them, that Sorol was a Borough that sent but one Member to the Provincial Parliament. The usual period for renewing the Representation of the Province having arrived, an election took place there, in the latter part of October last. Two candidates had offered themselves, Mr. Pickel from Montreal, and Mr. Jones from Quebec. This election partook of the character of former elections at the same place; it was warmly, nay, violently contested. Though the number of voters was necessarily small, it was spun out for several days.

The Jury was, of course, sufficiently acquainted with the nature of contested elections, to know the results which they inevitably produced. All the bad passions of the human breast were roused into action. Friendships were hastily formed, and were as speedily dissolved, because formed by the selfish interest of the moment. But enmities were engendered which led to the greatest excesses, and left a deep rooted hatred never to be eradicated. As the voters grew scarce, animosities and collision increased, and expedients of every description were resorted to by the conflicting parties.

With respect to the election in question, it appeared that, in the last stage of it, one Dumas was desirous of voting for Mr. Jones, but was not sufficiently qualified, inasmuch as a certain house, of which he was the proprietor, had been left in an unfinished state, and wanted a chimney to give it the character of a dwelling-house. It happened to be the erroneous opinion of Mr. Jones' party, that by supplying this defect, Dumas would be sufficiently qualified to vote, and accordingly, at rather a late hour on the fifth of November last, it was resolved that they should set about building a chimney, and a contract was forthwith entered into for building one during the night. The preparations for building the chimney in question, drew several of Mr. Jones' friends to Dumas' house during the evening. It often happened through life, that events of the utmost importance could be traced to trifling and accidental causes. Thus it was with respect to the melancholy event which gave rise to the present prosecution. To that erroneous opinion respecting the chimney might be ascribed, as to its remote cause, the fatal catastrophe which ensued. He was aware that there were a great many circumstances connected with that melancholy event; but as his knowledge of these circumstances was not, he presumed, very correct, and as that knowledge, such as it was, was not derived from the witnesses whom he should call, he would confine himself to the few facts, and few they were indeed, which it would be his duty to prove, in support of the prosecution.

Immediately opposite to Dumas' property, was the house of a woman known by the appellation of the Widow Paul, *Madame veuve Paul*, at which a certain number of individuals, amongst whom were several witnesses for the Crown, had assembled on the evening of the same day (5th of November), for the purpose, as stated by them, of amusing themselves. About nine o'clock that evening, the deceased Marcoux arrived at Madame Paul's, in a caleche, driven by Andre Lavallée. He had not been long in the house, when the company broke up, and Marcoux left the house with them. Upon reaching the street, they heard a shot fired in the direction of Dumas' house. It had been fired in the air. The deceased immediately ran to the spot where the flash of the gun had been seen. On coming up to it, he found the pri-