

was beginning to rain. I looked out towards the prisoner's house and all was then quiet. I returned to bed. My neighbor Celestin Blais aroused me crying "Au feu." I forthwith went to the place, the house was then in a blaze, and it was impossible to get in. The windows were open and the door partly open. The flames were bursting out. I saw the stove inside the house through the window; it was beginning to get red hot. On arriving I saw prisoner near the fence near the house, lying in the water and mud, crying out and calling for his children. A woman who was there said "When one thinks they are all in the house, the people of the house!" I asked her where the prisoner was, and she said "He is there," showing me him. I did not recognise him. I asked him where his wife was. He replied that he did not know, and told me to try and find out where she was. He was in great distress about his wife and children. I asked him how he had escaped. He told me he was lying down near the stove when the smoke awoke him and stifled him, and that he had rushed out calling to his wife to save herself, and that he had gone towards Mr. Powell's house to rouse him up. He was lamenting the loss of his children and property, and begged of us to go and look for his wife. Blais and I and another went round the house outside to see if we could find his wife. As we approached the place where the bed was, I said to Blais that we ought to pull down that side of the house to see if she was in her bed, and he said that we two would not be able to do it. The other person had gone. The prisoner came to my house once on the eve of his departure for Wotton. He asked me to lend him my vehicle. My wife said to the prisoner "There seems to be considerable discord (que ça foudaillé) between your wife and the little girl Marie Le Blanc." He drooped his head saying there had been something between them. My wife said to him "It seems that your wife took the tongs to beat the little girl." The prisoner lowered his head, and at that moment his wife called him "Elzéar," and he went away. Marie Le Blanc lived with the prisoner before the fire. After the fire the prisoner went away. The conversation that we had had was to the effect that he had been informed that he was to be arrested. His brother-in-law Gendreau came to my house, to tell him but he addressed himself to me. I warned the prisoner of it, and then Gendreau joined in the conversation. I told the prisoner that from what Gendreau had said to me, it appeared that Narcisse Leblanc had made a deposition against him with a view to his arrest. The prisoner didn't seem to think much of it. Gendreau then told him that he had come to warn him that he was to be arrested, and advised him to make his escape. He replied that he was not guilty, and that he would not run away. I told him that it would be better for him to go away, and added "If you are taken, you will stand a trial, and that is a disagreeable thing. If you go away your trial will take place, and if you are found guilty you will be out of the way, and if you are not, you will come back." We forced him to go. He said he had no money. Gendreau told him that he must start in the night and walk during the night. After the prisoner had made up his mind to go, I said to him "Gendreau will lend you some money." He did not wish to start at night, and he said "You must come and drive me in my own vehicle." I did so, and we started at dusk. We stopped at Richmond until day, and reached Sherbrooke at noon, and we remained there some time. At starting the prisoner told me to write to him and tell him what might happen. He returned by the cars and went to Berthier en Bas to his father's house. I know the clothes which the prisoner wore before the fire. I have seen the overcoat of thick cloth which he wore on Sundays. When the prisoner was not travelling, he kept his overcoat in the garret. After the fire I saw the overcoat. On the morning of the fire I went to the barn, I lifted the cushion of his vehicle and saw the overcoat folded up beneath it. I know the clothes which he used to wear. He had a waistcoat of country cloth. I lifted the seat of the vehicle and I there found a pair of trowsers and a waistcoat. He had a better overcoat for fine weather, and took it with him to Wotton. He had only one pair of fine boots and one pair made of thick leather for working. The prisoner was at the burial of his wife and wore his pilot cloth overcoat, and I think he wore the trowsers which I had seen in his vehicle. When I saw the prisoner at the fire he was wearing his Sunday boots.