

went as quickly as possible to prisoner's house. On arriving there I saw the prisoner alone: he was lying on the ground, and appeared in great distress about his little children. I told him to get up, that he might kill himself as the ground was wet. I asked him where was his wife? and in reply, he said "Save my wife!" My wife asked prisoner where his wife was, and he told her that she was in the fire, and was burnt. I was the first who arrived at the fire, and the fire was then so strong that the house was about to fall in. Almost immediately after the roof fell in. The fire was inside the house. I cannot say whether the fire began on the inside or outside of the house, for when I arrived the house was enveloped in flames, and it was impossible to ascertain whether the fire had begun inside or outside. I live near to the road. I was woken by the cries of the prisoner. I first heard one cry, and seven or eight minutes after I heard more shouting. It was then that I got up and went to the prisoner's house. He was still shouting, and it was the same voice that I heard the first time. When I arrived, the window near the door, and in the same wall, was open. The door was wide open. I do not think there were any hinges to the window. I think the windows were held in their places by nails. I did not get near enough, on account of the heat of the fire, to observe whether the glass had been broken. I know the position of the beds. I saw the dead body of prisoner's wife near the place where a bed had been; near enough to have slipped off the bed. I had seen them sleep before in a bed in another part of the house. The body might have been from 10 to 11 feet from the bed in which they were in the habit of sleeping. The bed near which I saw the body was nearer the outside door than the other bed. I used often to see prisoner before the fire. During that summer prisoner used to wear trousers of country linen when at his work, a shirt of grey country stuff, and beef mocassins (*bottes sauvages*.) When I saw him on the night of the fire he had on gaiter boots, his Sunday boots. Generally speaking the prisoner wore, on Sunday, trowsers of country cloth dyed black, and coat of the same material, and a waistcoat of grey cloth. On Sundays, when the weather was fine, he wore a coat (*surtout*) of cloth, such as is bought in town shops. I saw him at the burial of his wife; he then wore trowsers of country cloth, and an overcoat of pilot cloth. I had seen the prisoner wear this overcoat before. It was a long overcoat such as is worn in winter. After the fire I saw the prisoner during the week wearing a grey waistcoat, which I have seen him wear before the fire. The prisoner had two sets of harness. On the day of the fire I remained about the place until about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. His best set of harness was in the carriage (*voiture*), which was in the milk-house. I saw the prisoner on Sunday night after sunset and the day following. After that I did not see him any more. He had gone away. It was about two or three weeks after the burning of his house that I saw the prisoner on the Sunday evening. I do not know whether the prisoner and his wife agreed well together. I know Marie Le Blanc, wife of Prosper Beauchérie.

*Cross-examined.*—I have been several times into prisoner's house. The joints were filled in with mortar, and the walls were papered. There was no chimney in the house, the stove-pipe passed through the roof. I have been in the garret of the house. The roof was covered with boards and shingles. It was slightly damaged at the North end. Four or five days before the fire the weather had been raw, rather cold and cloudy, and it had rained. It sometimes happens that the harness is left in the vehicle especially when you arrive late. I cannot swear that the overcoat which the prisoner wore at the burial was the same which I had seen him wear before. I think it was the same. I should have no doubt whatsoever, if this were not such a serious matter.

6. *David Guillemette.*—I am the prisoner's brother. I am a farmer and reside at St. Christophe, I was the prisoner's neighbor. I know the situation of his house. The distance between his house and mine is two or three arpents. I resided to the south-east of his house. Sometime about Michaelmas I remember the burning of the house. It was raining a little at the time. The night before, the weather had been fine but betokened rain. About midnight my wife awoke me and I observed that it