

time I took you to Wotton, you did not give me time to go and see the lands." The wife of prisoner thereupon said "yes! I will go with you and see the lands." Thereupon I said to her that if she was going to Wotton she might look out for another girl, that I wasn't going to stay here to be abused (*manger de bêtises*.) It was on Friday night. All that I can recollect is, that the prisoner's wife said to me, I was engaged and should finish my time. I do not recollect all that then took place, it is so long ago. I know that Onésime Richard was proposing to take me to Wotton to live with him. The prisoner's wife had insulted me, she told me that I was a slut, a bitch, and a wh—e. As far as I can recollect, I told her that if I had so many bad qualities I had better go away. During the day that Onésime Richard was at our house for the purpose of taking a load, prisoner's wife was wrangling with me, because I had said in the morning that I wanted to go to Wotton. During the day she was quarrelling with me, I washed my linen, and after having finished, I put away the tubs; thereupon prisoner's wife said "There are still some dirty clothes upstairs." I said to her, "I don't intend to wash your clothes, I have finished my time." As far as I can recollect, she said that I had been engaged for 2 months, and I should finish them. I went out of the house. At that time prisoner had gone with Onésime Richard to my mother's to get a load. Prisoner and Onésime Richard set out on Friday morning to go and get the loads, and returned in the afternoon of the same day. The cause of the quarrel between the prisoner and his wife, after the arrival of the prisoner, was the journey to Wotton. When prisoner came back with his load he said "It was I who engaged her and she will remain." I do not recollect prisoner's wife said anything in reply, prisoner and his wife quarrelled frequently, not a day passed that they did not quarrel, I never quarrelled with prisoner's wife except on that night. I never quarrelled with prisoner, we were good friends. The next day, just as I was leaving, prisoner's wife said to her husband, "If you like anybody better than me, they will not remain here," That was the first time she ever spoke in that style. On Friday night, when Onésime Richard was at prisoner's house, I was there also. I was sitting near the stove. Prisoner, and prisoner's wife and Onésime Richard were there. The prisoner was sitting near the stove, at the distance of three feet from me, near enough to touch him, prisoner was sitting on a chair and I was sitting on the ground near him. Prisoner's wife was then sitting beside her husband. Onésime Richard said, "Madame Guillemette and Marie shake hands, both of you," thereupon I got up placing my left hand on prisoner's knee, and I held out my right hand to Madame Guillemette and we shook hands; after having shaken hands with Madame Guillemette, I went and sat at a greater distance. When I left prisoner's house, I went to Wotton to my sister's. I left prisoner's house on Saturday at noon, with my father who took me to Onésime Richard's at Wotton. Prisoner was in the habit of putting his Sunday harness in the garret when I lived there. He had a black overcoat, but I cannot say of what kind of cloth. When I lived there, he did not wear it. It was hung up in the garret. During the week, he wore linen trousers, and slippers (*savattes*). On Sunday he sometimes wore black trousers and waistcoat and gaiter boots, beside that, he had trousers of grey cloth and a waistcoat of country cloth. There was no partition in prisoner's house. I left St. Christophe on Saturday, and on the next day, Sunday, I saw prisoner at Wotton. He came to Onésime Richard's house. As far as I can recollect prisoner was dressed in grey country cloth. He remained there three or four days, he had brought with him his black cloth clothes. At that time there was a Retreat of three days at Wotton. I went to the Retreat with my sister and the prisoner, my sister is the wife of Onésime Richard. The service ended about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Church at which the Retreat was held is three or four miles from Onésime Richard's house. In the evening I returned to Onésime Richard's alone with the prisoner. He arrived about dark. It was on Wednesday. I milked the cow at Onésime Richard's. The first time I milked the cow, prisoner came to look for his horse. He spoke to me. I was milking the cow, and the prisoner came and sat on a stone and asked me what means he should take to get rid of his wife. I asked him what he was thinking about to put me such a question as that. Thereupon he told