

Boston Medical Library in the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine ~ Boston



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2010 with funding from Open Knowledge Commons and Harvard Medical School

http://www.archive.org/details/tryalofmarybland00blan





TRYAL

OF

MARY BLANDY, Spinster;

FOR

The MURDER of her FATHER,

FRANCIS BLANDY, Gent.

At the Assizes held at Oxford for the Country of Oxford,

On Saturday the 29th of February, 1752.

BEFORE

The Honourable HENEAGE LEGGE, Esq;

Sir SYDNEY STAFFORD SMYTHE, Knt.

Two of the Barons of his MAJESTY's Court of Exchequer.

Published by Permission of the Judges.

L O N D O N:

Printed for John and James Rivington, at the Bible and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard. M.DCC.LII.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

LONDON.

Extract of a Letter from Dunkirk, Jan. 25, 1753. On the 2d of December, last died, at the Sign of the Burgundy-Cross in Furnes, a Town belonging to the Queen of Hungary, about fifty English Miles Last of this Place, Capt. William Henry Cranifoun, aged forty-fix. His Illness did not continue above inine Days, but the last three his Pains were so very great, and he was swelled to such a Degree, that it was thought by the Physician and Apothecasy that attended him, that he would have burst, and by the great Agonies he expired in, he was thought to be raving Mad. As he had just before his Death embraced the Roman Catholick Religion, he was buried in great Solemnity, the Corporation attend-ing the Funeral, and a grand Mass was said over the Corpse in the Cathedral Church, which was finely illuminated, and in which he was buried. Some little Time before he died he made a Will, which was sealed up in the Presence of one Mrs. Ross (whose Maiden Name was Dunbar, and which Name he went by) and two other Persons, who were also his Acquaintance. The Will he figned with his own Name, and gave all his Fortune which was in his Brother's Hands to his Child, who is now living at Hexham in Northumberland, with ! her Mother, to whom he had so villainously denied being married, and for which he often faid a Curse had attended him for injuring the Character of fo good a Wife. When he was asked concerning Mr. Biandy's Murder, he often reflected, on himself greatly, yet faid, that Miss Blandy should not have blamed him so much as she did, but the Particulars of which he faid should never be known till his Death; and for that Purpole he has left an Account, fealed up, with a Friend. He first made his Escape cut of England the latter End of last February to Bologne; but as foon as he was known to be there, was obliged to be kept concealed by Mrs. Rois. fome Relations of his Wife's, who were in that · Country, threatening Revenge for his base Usage to her; fo that Mrs. Rofs and he were obliged at last to fly from Bologne by Night, which was on the 26th of July last, and lived in Furnes from that Time. The Fortune in his Brother's Hands, which he has left to his Child by his Will, is 1500 l. his Patrimony, which he formerly received Five per Cent. for; but on his being cast before the Lords of Sessions in Scotland, in the Cause concerning the Validity of his Marriage, which was confirmed, to be paid the Wife annually for the Support of her and the Child, which the received, and has lived ever fince with force of her own Relations in Hexham afore-mentioned.

Inulia .

TRYAL

O F

MARY BLANDY, Spinster;

FOR

The MURDER of her FATHER,

FRANCIS BLANDY, Gent.

N Monday, the 2d of March 1752, a Bill of Indiament was found by the Grand Inquest for the County of Oxford, against Mary Blandy, Spinster; for the Murder of Francis Blandy, late of the Parish of Henley upon Thames, in the said County, Gentleman.

On Tuesday, the 3d of March 1752, the Court being met, the Prisoner Mary Blandy was set to the Bar, when the Court proceeded

Clerk of the Arraigns. Mary Blandy, hold up thy Hand; (which (he did.) You stand indicted by the Name of Mary Blandy, late of the Parish of Henley upon Thames, in the County of Oxford, Spinster; Daughter of Francis Blandy, late of the same Place, Gentleman, deceased; for that you, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, but being moved and feduced by the Instigation of the Devil, and of your Malice aforethought, contriving and intending, him the faid Francis Blandy, your faid late Father, in his Lifetime to deprive of his Life; and him feloniously to kill, and murder, on the 10th Day of November, in the 23d Year of the Reign of our faid Sovereign Lord George the second, now King of Great Britain; and on divers Days and Times, between the faid 10th Day of November, and the 5th Day of August, in the 25th Year of the Reign of his said Majesty, with Force and Arms, at the Parish of Henley upon Thames aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, did knowingly, willfully, and feloniously, and of your Malice a-fo-ethought, mix and mingle certain deadly Poison, to wit, white Arlenick, A 2

Arsenick, in certain Tea, which had been at divers Times, during the Time above specified, prepared for the Use of the said Francis Blandy, to be drank by him: You the said Mary, then and there well knowing that the said Tea, with which you did so mix and mingle the faid deadly Poison as aforefaid, was then and there prepared for the Use of the said Francis Blandy, with Intent to be then and there administred to him, for his drinking the same; and the faid Tea with which the faid Poison was so mixed as aforesaid, afterwards, to wit, on the faid 10th Day of November, and on the divers Days and Times aforesaid, at Henley upon Thames aforesaid, was delivered to the faid Francis, to be then and there drank by him; and the said Francis Blandy, not knowing the said Poison to have been mixed with the faid Tea, did afterwards, to wit, on the faid 10th Day of November, and on the faid divers Days and Times aforefaid, there drink and swallow several Quantities of the faid Poison, so mixed as aforesaid with the said Tea; and that you the faid Mary Blandy might more speedily kill and murder the said Francis Blandy, you the faid Mary Blandy, on the faid 5th Day of August, and at divers other Days and Times between the faid 5th Day of August and the 14th Day of August, in the 25th Year of the Reign of our faid Sovereign Lord George the second now King of Great Britain, &c. with Force and Arms, at the Parish of Henley upon Thames aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, did knowingly, willfully, feloniously, and of your Malice aforethought, mix and mingle certain deadly Poison, to wit, white Arsenick, with certain Water-Gruel which had been made and prepared for the Use of your said then Father, the said Francis Blandy, to be drank by him, you the faid Mary then and there well-knowing that the faid Water-Gruel, with which you did so mix and mingle the faid deadly Poison as aforesaid, was then and there made for the Use of the said Francis Blandy, with Intent to be then and there administred to him for his drinking the same; and the same Water-Gruel, with which the faid Poison was so mixt as aforesaid, afterwards to wit, on the same Day and Year, at Henley upon Thames aforefaid, was delivered to the faid Francis, to be then and there drank by him; and the faid Francis Blandy, not knowing the faid Poison to have been mixed with the said Water-Gruel, did afterwards to wit, on the faid 5th Day of August, and on the Day next following, and on divers other Days and Times afterwards, and before the said 14th Day of August, there drink and swallow several Quantities of the faid Poison, so mixed as aforesaid, with the faid Watergruel; and the faid Francis Blandy, of the Poison aforesaid, and by the Operation thereof, became fick, and greatly diffempered in his Body, and from the feveral Times aforesaid until the 14th Day of the same Month of August, in the 25th Year aforesaid, at the Parish aforefaid in the County aforefaid, did languish; on which faid 14th Day of August, in the 25th Year aforesaid, the said Francis Blandy, at the Parish aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, of that Poison died: And so you, the faid Mary Blandy, him the aforesaid Francis Blandy, at Henley upon Thames aforefaid, in Manner and Form aforefaid, feloniously,

loniously, willfully, and of your Malice aforethought, did poison, kill and murder, against the Peace of our faid Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

Clerk of the Arraigns. How fayest thou, Mary Blandy, art thou guilty of the Felony and Murder whereof thou standest indicted, or

not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty.

Clerk of Arr. Culprit, how wilt thou be tried?

Prif. By God and my Country.

Clerk of Arr. God fend thee a good Deliverance.

Clerk of Arr. Cryer, make a Proclamation for Silence. Cryer. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez; My Lords, the King's Justices strictly charge and command all manner of Persons to keep silence, upon pain of Imprisonment.

Cryer. Oyez; You good Men, that are impanelled to try between our Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at the Bar, an-

fwer to your Names, and fave your Fines.

The Jury were called over and appeared.

Cl. of Arr. You, the Prisoner at the Bar, these Men which were last called, and do now appear, are those who are to pass between our Sovereign Lord the King and you, upon the Tryal of your Life and Death; if therefore you will challenge them, or any of them, you must challenge them as they come to the Book to be sworn, before they are fworn: And you shall be heard.

Cl. of Arr. Anthony Woodward.

Cryer. Anthony Woodward, look upon the Prisoner; You shall well and truly try, and true Deliverance make, between our Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at the Bar, whom you shall have in Charge, and a true Verdict give, according to the Evidence: So help you God.

And the same Oath was administered to the rest (which were

fworn) and their Names are as follow:

Anthony Woodward, -	fworn.
Charles Harrison, -	fworn.
	· ·
Samuel George Glaze, -	
William Farebrother, -	fworn.
William Haynes, -	fworn.
Thomas Crutch, -	fworn.
Henry Swell,	
John Clarke,	
William Read,	challenged.
Harford Dobson,	
William Stone,	0 .
William Hawkins, -	fworn.
John Haynes, the Elde	er, fworn.
Samuel Badger, -	fworn.
Samuel Bradley, -	fworn.
William Brooks, -	challenged.
Joseph Jagger, -	fworn.
Α	3

Cl. of Arr. Cryer, count these.

Anthony Woodward, Charles Harrison, Samuel George Glaze, William Farebrother, William Haynes, Thomas Crutch, John Clarke,
William Hawkins,
John Haynes, the Elder,
Samuel Badger,
Samuel Bradley,
Joseph Jagger,

Cryer. Gentlemen, are ye all fworn?
Cl. of Arr. Cryer, make Proclamation.

Cryer. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez; If any one can inform My Lords the King's Justices, the King's Serjeant, the King's Attorney General, or this Inquest now to be taken, of any Treasons, Murders, Felonies, or Misdemeanours, committed or done by the Prisoner at the Bar, let him come forth, and he shall be heard, for the Prisoner stands now at the Bar upon her Deliverance; and all Persons that are bound by Recognizance to give Evidence against the Prisoner at the Bar, let them come forth and give their Evidence, or

they will forfeit their Recognizances.

Cl. of Arr. Mary Blandy, hold up thy Hand; Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the Prisoner, and hearken to her Charge; she stands indicted by the Name of Mary Blandy, of the Parish of Henley upon Thames, in the County of Oxford. Spinster, Daughter of Francis Blandy, late of the same Place Gentleman, deceased, for that she not having (as in the Indistment before set forth). Upon this Indictment she has been arraigned, and upon her Arraignment has pleaded Not guilty; and for her Tryal has put herself upon God and her Country, which Country you are: Your Charge therefore is, to inquire whether she be guilty of the Felony and Murder whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty. If you find her guilty, you shall inquire what Goods or Chattels, Lands or Tenements she had, at the Time of the Felony committed, or at any Time fince: If you find her not guilty, you shall inquire whether she fled for the same: If you find that she did fly for the same, you shall inquire of her Goods and Chattels, as if you had found her guilty: If you find her not guilty, and that she did not fly for the same, say so, and no more; and hear your Evidence.

The Hon. Mr. Barrington then opened the Indictment. After which,

The Hon. Mr. Bathurst spoke as follows:

May it please your Lordships, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, I am Council in this Case for the King, in whose Name, and at whose Expence, this Prosecution is carried on against the Prisoner at the Bar; in order to bring her to Justice, for a Crime of so black a Dye, that I am not at all surprized at this vast Concourse of People, collected together to hear, and to see, the Tryal and Catastrophy of so execrable an Offender, as she is supposed to be.

For,

For, Gentlemen, the Prisoner at the Bar, Miss Mary Blandy, a Gentlewoman by Birth and Education, stands indicted for no less a Crime than that of Murder. And not only for Murder, but for the Murder of her own Father; A Father passionately fond of her. And not only so, but for the Murder of a Father passionately fond of her, undertaken with the utmost Deliberation; carried on with an unvaried Continuation of Intention; and at last accomplished by a frequent Repetition of the baneful Dose, administred with her own Hands. A Crime so shocking in its own Nature, and so aggravated in all its Circumstances, as will (if she is proved to be guilty of it) justly render her infamous to the latest Posterity; and make our Children's Children, when they read the horrid Tale of this Day, blush to think that such an inhuman Creature ever had an Existence.

I need not, Gentlemen, paint to you the Heinousness of the Crime of Murder. You have but to consult your own Breasts, and

you will know it.

Has a Murder been committed? Who ever beheld the ghastly Corpse of the murdered Innocent weltering in its Blood, and did not feel his own Blood run slow and cold through all his Veins? Has the Murderer escaped? With what Eagerness do we pursue? With what Zeal do we apprehend? With what Joy do we bring to Justice? And when the dreadful Sentence of Death is pronounced upon him, every body hears it with Satisfaction, and acknowledges the Justice of the divine Denunciation, that, By whom Man's

Blood is shed, by Man shall his Blood be shed.

If this then is the Case of every common Murderer; what will be thought of one, who has Murdered her own Father? Who has designedly done the greatest of all human injuries to him, from whom she received the first and greatest of all human Benesits? Who has wickedly taken away his Life, to whom she stands indebted for Life? Who has deliberately destroyed, in his old Age, him, by whose Care and Tenderness she was protected in her helpless Infancy? Who has impiously shut her Ears against the loud Voice of Nature and of God, which bid her honour her Father, and instead of ho-

nouring him has murdered him?

It becomes us, Gentlemen, Who appear here as Council for the Crown, shortly to open the History of this whole Affair; that you may be better able to attend to and understand the Evidence we have to lay before you. And though, in doing this, I will endeavour rather to extenuate than to aggravate: Yet I trust I have such an

History to open as will shock the Ears of all who hear me.

Mr. Francis Blandy, the unfortunate Deceased, was an Attorney at Law, who lived at Henley in this County. A Man of Character and Reputation; he had one only Child,—a Daughter,—the Darling of his Soul, the Comfort of his Age. He took the utmost Care of her Education, and had the Satisfaction to see his Care was not ill-bestowed; for she was genteel, agreeable, sprightly, sensible. His whole Thoughts were bent to settle her advantageously in the World. In order to do that, he made use of a pious Fraud, (if I may be allowed the Expression,) pretending he could give her 10,000 l. for her Fortune. This he did in hopes

A 4

that some of the neighbouring Gentlemen would pay their Addresses to her: For out of Regard to him, she was from her earliest Youth received into the best Company; and her own Behaviour made her afterwards acceptable to them. But how short-sighted is human Prudence! What was intended for her Promotion proved his Death and her Destruction.

For Gentlemen, about fix Years ago, one Captain William Henry Cranssoun, a Gentleman then in the Army, happened to come to Henley to recruit. He soon got acquainted with the Prisoner, and hearing she was to have 10,000 l. fell in love, — not with her, but with her Fortune. Children he had before; married he was at that Time, yet concealing it from her, he infinuated himself into her

good Graces, and obtained her Consent for Marriage.

The Father, who had heard a bad Character of him, and who had Reason to believe what was afterwards confirmed, that he was at that very Time married, you will easily imagine was averse to the Proposal. Upon this Captain Cranstoun and the Prisoner determined to remove that Obstacle out of their Way, and resolved to get as soon as possible into the Possession of the 10,000 L that the

poor Man had unfortunately faid he was worth.

In order for this, the Captain being at Mr. Blandy's House in August 1750, they both agreed upon this horrid Deed. And that People might be less surprised at Mr. Blandy's Death, they began by giving out that they heard Music in the House. — A certain Sign (as Mr. Cranstoun had learned from a wise Woman, one Mrs. Morgan, in Scotland) that the Father would die in less than twelve Months. — The Captain too pretended he was indowed with the Gift of second Sight, and affirmed that he had seen Mr. Blandy's Apparition. This was another certain Sign of his Death, as she told the Servants: to whom she frequently said her Father would not live long. Nay, she went farther, and told them he would not live till the Oxober following.

When it was she first began to mix Poison with his Victuals, it is impossible for us to ascertain; but probably it was not long after November 1750, when Mr. Cranstoun lest Henley. fects of the Poison were soon perceived. You will hear Dr. Addington his Physician tell you, Mr. Blandy had for many Months felt the dreadful Effects of it. One of the Effects was the Teeth dropping out of his Head, whole from their Sockets. Yet what do you think, Gentlemen, the Daughter did when she perceived it? She d-n'd him for a toothless old Rogue, and wish'd him at Hell. The poor Man frequently complained of Pains in his Bowels; had frequent Reachings and Sickness: Yet instead of desisting, she wanted more Poilon to effect her Purpose. And Mr. Cranstoun did accordingly in the April following send her a fresh Supply; under the Pretence of a Present of Scotch Pebbles, he inclosed a Paper of white Arsenic. This she frequently administred in his Tea; and we shall prove to you that in June having put some of it into a Dish of Tea, Mr. Blandy disliking the Taste left half in the Cup. Unfortunately! a poor old Chair-woman, (by Name Ann Emmet) glad to get a Breakfast, drank the Remain-

. der.

der, together with a Dish or two more out of the Pot, and eat what Bread and Butter had been left. The Consequence was, that she was taken violently ill with purging and vomiting, and was in imminent Danger of her Life. The poor Woman's Daughter came and told Mis Blandy how ill her Mother was: she, forry that the Poison was misapplied, said, Do not let your Mother be uneasy, I will send her what is proper for her. And accordingly sent her great Quantities of Sack Whey and thin Mutton Broth, than which no Physician could have prescribed better. And thus drenched the poor Woman for ten Days together; till she grew tired of her Medicines, and fent her Daughter again to Miss Blandy to beg a little small Beer. No, no small Beer, the Prisoner said, that was not projer for her. Most plainly then she knew what it was the Woman had taken in her Father's Tea. She knew its Effect. She knew the proper Antidotes. Having now experienced the Strength of the Poison, she grew more open and undaunted; was heard to say, Who would grudge to send an old Father to Hell for 10,000 l? I will make no Remark upon such an horrid Expression, - it needs none. After this she continued to mix the Poison with her Father's Tea as often as she had an Opportunity. Soon afterwards, Susan Gunnell, another Witness we shall call, happened to drink some which her Master had left; she was taken ill upon it, and continued fo for three Weeks. This fecond Accident alarmed the Prisoner. She was asraid of being discovered. She found it would not mix well with Tea. Accordingly the wrote to Mr. Cranftoun for further Instructions. In answer to it, he bids her put it into some Liquid of a more thickish Subitance

The Father being ill, frequently took Water-gruel. This was a proper Vehicle for the Powder. Therefore from this Time you will find her always bufy about her Father's Gruel. But lest Sufan Gunnell, who had been ill, should eat any of it, she cautioned her particularly against it; saying Susan, As you have been so ill you had better not eat any of your Master's Water-gruel; I have been told Water-gruel has done me Harm, and perhaps it may have the same Effect upon you. And lest this Caution should not be sufficient, she spoke to Betty Binsield, the other Maid Servant, and asked her whether Susan ever eat any of her Father's Gruel, adding. She had better not; for if she does, it may do for her, You may tell her. Evidently then she knew what were the Effects of the Powder she put into her Father's Gruel; for if it would do for the Servant, it

would do for her Father.

But the Time approached beyond which she had foretold her Father would not live. — It was the Middle of July, and the Father still living. — At this Mr. Cranstown grows impatient. Upon the 18th of July he writes to her, and expressing himself in an allegorical Manner, which however you will easily understand, he says, I am forry there are such Occusions to clean your Pebbles, you must make use of the Powder to them, by putting it in any thing of Substance, wherein it will not swim a-top of the Water, of which I wrote to you of in one of my l st. I am asked it will be too weak

to take off their Rust, or at least it will take too long a Time. Here he is encouraging her to double the Dose; says, he is asraid it will be too weak, and will take up too much Time. And, as a sarther Incitement to her to make haste, describes the Beauties of Scotland, and tells her that his Mother, Lady Cranstoun, had imploy'd Workmen to sit up an Apartment for her at Lennel-House.

Soon after the Receipt of this Letter she follow'd the Advice. And you will accordingly find the Dose doubled. Her Father grew worse, and, as she herself told the Servants, complained of a Fireball in his Stomach, saying, be never will be well till be has got rid of it. And yet you will find she herself, fearful less the should get rid of it, was continually adding Fuel to the Fire, till it had

confumed her Father's Entrails.

Gentlemen, I will not detain you by going through every Particular, but bring you to the fatal Period. Upon the 3d of August, being Saturday, Susan Gunnell made a large Pan of Water-gruel for her Master. Upon Monday the 5th the Prisoner will be proved to go into the Pantry where it was kept, and after having, according to Mr. Cranstoun's Advice, put in a double Dose of the Powder, she stirr'd it about for a considerable Time, in order to make it mix the better. When fearing she should have been observed, she went immediately into the Laundry, to the Maids, and told them, that she bad been in the Pantry, and after stirring her Papa's Watergruel, had eat the Oatmeal at the Bottom, saying, that, if she was ever to take to the eating of any thing in particular it would be Oatmeal. Strange Inconfistence! She who had caution'd the Maid against it not above a Fortnight before, who had declared that it had been prejudicial to her own Health, " is on a sudden grown " mighty fond of it." - But the Pretence is easily to be seen through. That Afternoon some of the Water-gruel was taken out of the Pan, and prepared for her Father's Supper. She again in the Kitchen takes care to stir it sufficiently; Looks at the Spoon. Rubs some between her Fingers. And then sends it up to the poor old Man, her Father. He scarce had swallow'd it, when he was taken violently ill, and continued fo all the next Day, with a griping, purging, and vomiting. Yet she herself orders a second Mess, of the same Gruel, for her Father's Supper on the Tuesday, and was herfelf the Person who carried it up to her Father, and administer'd it to him as Nourishment. The poor old Man, grown weak with the frequent Repetition, had not drank half the Mess before he was seiz'd, from Head to Foot, with the most violent pricking Pains, continual reaching and vomiting; --- and was obliged to go to Bed without finishing it. The next Morning the poor Chairwoman coming again to the House, unfortunately eat the Remainder of the Gruel; and was instantly affected in so violent a manner, that for two Hours together it was thought she would have died in Mr. Blandy's House. The Prisoner at this Time was in Bed, but the Maid going up to her Room told her how ill Dame Emmet had been, at the same Time saying she had eat nothing but the Remainder of her Father's Water-gruel. The Prisoner's Answer was, Poor Woman! I am glad I was not up, I Should

should have been shock'd to have seen her. Should have been shock'd to have seen the poor Chairwoman eat what was prepar'd for her Father; but was never shock'd at her Father's eating it,

or at his Sufferings !

Gentlemen, in the Afternoon of the Wednefday, notwithstanding the poor Man, her Father, had suffer'd so much for two Days together, yet she again endeavours to give him more of the same Gruel. No! says the Maid, it has an odd Taste; it is grown stale; I will make fresh. It is not worth while to make fresh now, it will take you from your Ironing; this will do, was the Prisoner's Answer. However Sulan made fresh, after which wanting the Pan to put it in, she went to throw away what was before in it. Upon tilting the Pan, she perceived a white Powder at the Bottom, which she knew could not be Oatmeal. She shew'd it her Fellow-Servant. when feeling it they found it gritty. They then too \plainly perceiv'd what it was had made their poor old Master so ill. What was to be done? Susan immediately carried the Pan, with the Gruel and Powder in it, to Mrs. Mounteney, a Neighbour and Friend of the Deceased. Mrs. Mounteney kept it till it was deliver'd to the Apothecary, the Apothecary deliver'd it to the Physician, and he will tell you, that upon trying it, he found it to be white Arsenic. Mr. Blandy continued from Day to Day to grow worse. At last, upon the Saturday Morning, Susan Gunnell, an old honest Maid-Servant, uneasy to see how her poor Matter had been treated, went to his Bed-fide, and, in the most prudent and gentlest manner, broke to him what had been the Cause of his Illness, and the strong Ground there was to suspect that his Daughter was the Occasion of it. The Father, with a Fondness greater than ever a Father selt before, cried out, Poor love-sick Girl! What will not a Woman do for the Man she loves! But who do you think gave ber the Powder? She answered, She could not tell, unless it was sent by Mr. Cranstoun. I believe fo too, says the Master, for I remember he has talked learnedly of Poisons. I always thought there was Mischief in those cursed Scotch Pebbles.

Soon afterwards he got up and came to Breakfast in his Parlour, where his Daughter and Mr. Littleton, his Clerk, then were. A dish of Tea, in the usual Manner, was ready pour'd out for him. He just tasted it, and said, This Tea has a had Taste; looked at the Cup; then looked hard at his Daughter. She was, for the first Time, shock'd; burst into Tears, and ran out of the Room. The poor Father, more shocked than the Daughter, poured the Tea into the Cat's Bason, and went to the Window to recover himself. She soon came again into the Room. Mr. Littleton said, Madam! I fear your Father is very ill, for he has shung away his Tea. Upon this News she trembled, and the Tears again stood in her Eyes. She again withdrew. Soon afterwards the Father came into the Kitchen, and addressing himself to her said, Molly! I had like to have been poison'd twenty Years ago, and now I find I shall die by Poison at last. This was Warning sufficient. She immediately went up Stairs, brought down Mr. Cranstoun's Letters, together with the Remainder of the Poison, and

threw them (as she thought unobserv'd) into the Fire. Thinking fhe had now clear'd herfelf from the suspicious Appearances of Poison, her Spirits mend, she thank'd God, that she was much better, and said her Mind was more at ease than it had been. Alas! how often does that, which we fondly imagine will fave us, become our Destruction? So it was in the present Instance. For providentially, though the Letters were destroy'd, the Paper with the Poison in it was not burnt. One of the Maids having immediately flung some fresh Coals upon the Fire, Miss Blandy went well satisfied out of the Room. Upon her going out, Susan Gunnell said to her Fellow Servant, I saw Miss Blandy throw some Papers in the Fire, let us see whether we can discover what they were. They removed the Coals, and found a Paper with white Powder in it, wrote upon, in Mr. Cranstoun's Hand, " Powder to clean the Pebbles." This Powder they preserved, and the Doctor will tell you, that it was white Arsenic, the same which had been found in the Pan of Gruel.

Having now (as she imagined) concealed her own being concern'd, you will find her the next Day endeavouring to prevent her Lover from being discover'd. Mr. Blandy of Kingston, having come the Night before to see her Father, on Sunday Morning she sent Mr. Littleton with him to Church; while they were there, she sat down

and wrote this Letter to her beloved Cranstoun:

Dear Willy,

IVI Y Father is so bad that I have only Time to tell you, that if you do not hear from me soon again, don't be frighten'd. I am better myself. Lest any Accident should happen to your Letters, take care what you write. My sincere Compliments. I am ever Yours,

My Father is so bad. — Who had made him so? Yet does she say she was forry for it? No. She knew her Father was then dying by that Powder that he had sent her, yet could acquaint him she was herself better. Under those Circumstances could caution him to take care what he wrote lest his Letters should be discovered. What can speak more strongly their mutual Guilt? This Letter she sealed with no less than five Wasers. When Mr. Littleton came from Church she privately gave it to him, desiring it might be directed as usual, and put into the Post. Mr. Littleton was at that Time too well apprised of this black Transaction to obey her Commands. He opened the Letter. Pook a Copy of it. Upon surther Recollection, carry'd the Original to the Father, who bid him open and read it. He did so. What do you think, Gentlemen! was all the poor old Man said upon this Discovery?

He only again dropp'd these Words, Poor love-sick Girl! What

will not a Woman do for the Man she loves?

Upon the Monday Morning, after having been kept for two Days without feeing her Father, by the Order of the Physicians, her Conscience, or rather Fear, began to trouble her; she told the Maid she should go distracted if she did not see her Father, and

ient

fent a Message to beg to see him. Accordingly, she was admitted. The Conversation between them was this, " Papa, how do you do?" My Dear, I am very ill. She immediately fell upon her Knees and faid, " Dear Sir, Banish me where you will, do with " me what you please, so you do but pardon and forgive me. And, " as to Mr. Cranstoun, I never will see, write, or speak to him " again." He answered, " I do forgive you, but you should, my Dear, have considered that I was your own Father. Upon this the Prifoner faid, "Sir, as to your Illness I am innocent." Sufan Gun-, nell, who was prefent interrupted her at this Expression, and told her she was assonished to hear her say she was innocent, when they had the Poison to produce against her, that she had put into her Father's Water-gruel, and had preserved the Paper she had thrown into the Fire. The Father, whose Love and Tenderness for his Daughter exceeded Expression, could not bear to hear her thus accused; therefore turning himself in his Bed, cried out, Ob that Villain! that hath eat of the best, and drank of the best my House could afford, to take away my Life, and ruin my Daughter. Upon hearing this the Daughter run to the other Side of the Bed to him, upon which he added, My Dear, you must hate that Man, you must hate the very Ground he treads on. Struck with this, the Prisoner faid, " Dear Sir! your Kindness towards me is worse than Swords " to my Heart. I must down upon my Knees, and beg you not " to curse me." Hear the Father's Answer, a Father then dying by Poison given by her Hand, I curse thee, my Dear! no I bless you, and will pray to God to bless you, and to amend your Life; then added, So do, my Dear, go out of the Room, lest you should say any Thing to accuse yourself. Was ever such Tenderness from a Parent to a Child! She was prudent enough to follow his Advice, and went out of the Room without speaking. His Kindness was Swords to ber Heart, for near half an Hour. Going down Stairs she met Betty Binfield, and whilft she was thus affected, owned to her, she had put some Powder into her Father's Gruel, and that Susan and she for their Honesty to their Master deserved half her Fortune.

Gentlemen, not to tire you with the Particulars of every Day; upon Wednesday in the Afternoon, the Father died. Upon his Death, the Prisoner finding herself discovered, endeavoured to perfuade the Man Servant to go off with her; but he was too honest to be tempted by a Reward to affift her in going off, though she told him it would be 500 % in his Way. That Night she refused to go to Bed. Not out of Grief for her Father's Death; for you will be told by the Maid, who fat up with her, that she never, during the whole Night, shewed the least Sorrow, Compassion, or Remorfe upon his Account. But in the Middle of the Night she proposed to get a Post-Chaise in order to go to London, and offered the Maid twenty five Guineas to go with her. A Post-Chaise! and go to London! God forbid, Madam! I should do such a Thing. The Prisoner finding the Maid not proper for her Purpose, immediately put a Smile upon her Face, "I was only joking." Only joking! good God! would she now have it thought she was only

joking?

Her Father just dead by Poison: She suspected of having poisoned him; accused of being a Parricide; and would she have it thought she was capable of joking?

When I fee the Assistance she now has, (and I am glad to see she has the Assistance of three as able Gentlemen, as any in the Profession) I am sure she will not be now advised to say she was then joking. But it will appear very plainly to you, Gentlemen, that she was not joking; for the next Morning she dressed herself in a proper Habit for a Journey, and, while the People put to take care of her, were absent, stole out of the House, and went over Henley Bridge. But the Mob, who had heard of what she had done, followed her so close, that she was forced to take Shelter in a little Alehouse, the Angel. Mr. Fisher, a Gentleman, who was afterwards one of the Jury upon the Coroner's Inquisition, came there and prevailed with her (or in other Words forced her) to return Home. Upon her Return, the Inquest sitting, she sends for Mr. Fisher into another Room, and said, Dear Mr. Fisher! what do you think they will do with me? Will they send me to Oxford Gaol? Madam! said he, I am afraid it will go hard with you. But if you have any of Mr. Cranstoun's Letters, and produce them, they may be of some Service to you. Upon hearing this, she cried out, Dear Mr. Fisher! what have I done! I had Letters that would have hanged that Villain, but I have burnt them. My Honour to that Villain has brought me to my Destruction. And she spoke the

This, Gentlemen, is, in Substance, the History of this black Affair. But, My Lords! though this is the History in Order of Time; yet it is not the Order in which we shall lay the Evidence before your Lordships and the Jury. It will be proper for us to begin by establishing the Fact, that Mr. Francis Blandy did die of Poison. When the Physicians have proved that, we will then proceed to shew that he died of the Poison put into the Water-gruel on the 5th of August. After this we will call Witnesses, who from a Number of Circumstances, as well as from her own Confession, will prove she put it into her Father's Water-gruel, knowing it was for ber Father, and knowing it to be Poison.

Having done this, we will conclude with a Piece of Evidence which I forgot to mention before, and that is the Conversation between her and Mr. Lane at the Angel. Mr. Lane and his Wife happening to be walking at that Time, finding a Mob about the Door, step'd into the Alehouse to see the Prisoner. The Moment she faw a Gentleman, though it was one she did not know, she accosted him, "Sir! You appear to be a Gentleman; for Heaven's fake; what will become of me?" Madam! said he, you will be fent to Oxford Gaol, you will there be tried for your Life; if you are innocent, you will be acquitted; if you are guilty you will suffer Death.

The Prisoner upon hearing this, stamped with her Foot, and said, Oh, that damn'd Villain! then pausing, But why do I blame bim? I am most to blame myself, for I gave it, and I knew the Confequence. If the knew the Consequence, I am sure there are none

of you, Gentlemen, but who will think she deserves to suffer the

Consequence.

And let me here observe, how evidently the Hand of Providence has interposed to bring her to this Day's Tryal, that she may suffer the Consequence. For what, but the Hand of Providence, could have preserved the Paper thrown, by her, into the Fire, and have snatch'd it unburnt from the devouring Flame? Good God! how wonderful are all thy Ways! and how miraculously hast thou preserved this Paper, to be this Day produced in Evidence against the Prisoner, in order that she may suffer the Punishment due to her Crime; and be a dreadful Example to all others, who may be tempted in like Manner to offend thy divine Majesty!

Let me add, that next to Providence the Public are obliged to the two noble Lords, whose indefatigable Diligence in inquiring into this hidden Work of Darkness has enabled us to lay before you upon this Occasion, the clearest and strongest Proof that such a dark Transaction will admit of. For Poisoning is done in Secret and alone; it is not like other Murders, neither can it be proved with equal Perspicuity. However, the Evidence we have in this Case is as clear and direct as possible; and if it comes up to what I have opened to you, I make no doubt but you will do that Justice to your Country, which the Oath you have taken requires

of you.

Mr. Serjeant Hayward.

May it please your Lordships, and you Gentlemen of the Jury; I likewise am appointed to assist the Crown on this Occasion; but his Majesty's learned Council having laid before you so faithful a Narrative of this dismal Transaction, it seems almost unnecessary for me to take up any more of your Time, in repeating any Thing that has been before said; and indeed my own Inclinations would lead me to cast a Veil over the guilty Scene: A Scene, so black, and so horrid, that if my Duty did not call me to it, I could rather wish it might be for ever concealed from human Eyes. But as we are now making Inquisition for Blood, it is absolutely necessary for me to make some Observations upon that Chain of Circumstances, that attended this bloody Contrivance and detested Murder.

Experience has taught us, that in many Cases, a single Fast may be supported by salse Testimony, but where it is attended with a Train of Circumstances that cannot be invented, (had they never happened) such a Fast will always be made out to the Satisfastion of a Jury, by the concurring Assistance of circumstantial Evidence. Because Circumstances that tally one with another are above human Contrivance. And especially, such as naturally arise in their Order, from the first Contrivance of a Scheme to the fatal Execution of it.

Having suggested thus much, I shall now proceed to lay before you those Sort of Circumstances that seem to me to arise through

this

this whole Affair, and leave it to your Judgment, whether they do not amount to too convincing a Proof that the Prisoner at the Bar has knowingly been the Cause of her own Father's Death; for upon the Prisoner's Knowledge of what she did, will depend her Fate.

Of all kinds of Murders, that by Poison is the most dreadful, as it takes a Man unguarded and gives him no Opportunity to defend himself; much more so when administred by the Hand of a Child, whom one could least suspect, and from whom one might naturally look for Assistance and Comfort. Could a Father entertain any Suspicion of a Child, to whom under God he hath been the second Cause of Life? No sure, and yet this is the Case now before you. The unfortunate Deceased has received his Death by Poison, and that undoubtedly administred by the Hand of his own, his only, his beloved Child. Spare me, Gentlemen, to pay the Tribute of one Tear to the Memory of a Person, with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and to the Excellency of whose Disposition and Integrity of Heart, I can safely bear faithful Testimony; O! were he now living, and to see his Daughter there, the severest Tortures that Poison could give, would be nothing to. what he would fuffer from fuch a Sight.

And fince the bitterest Agonies must at this Time surround the Heart of the Prisoner, if she does but think of what a Father she has lost; I can readily join with her in her severest Assistance upon this Occasion, and shall never blame myself, for weeping with those that weep; nor can I make the least Question, but my learned Assistants in this Prosecution will with me rejoice likewise, if the Prisoner by making her Innocence appear, shall upon the Conclusion of this Inquiry find Occasion to rejoice. But alas! too strong I fear will the Charge against her be proved, too convincing are the Circumstances that attend it: What those are, and what may be collected from them is my next Business to offer to your Consi-

But before I enter thereupon, I must beg Leave to address myself to this numerous and crowded Assembly, whom Curiosity hath' led hither to hear the Event of this solemn Tryal; hoping that whatever may be the Consequence of it to the Prisoner, her present melancholy Situation may turn to our Advantage, and reduce our Minds to Seriousness and Attention. Solemn indeed I may well call it, as being a Tribural truly awful: For this Method of Tryal, before two of his Majesty's learned Judges, has scarce ever been known upon a Circuit; Judges of undoubted Virtue, Integrity, and Learning, who undergo this laborious and important Work, not only for the Sake of bringing Guilt to Punishment, but to guard and protect Innocence whenever it appears.

But You, young Gentlemen; of this University, I particularly beg your Attention, earnestly beseeching you to guard against the sirst Approaches of and Temptations to Vice. See here the dreadful Consequence of Disobedience to a Parent. Who could have thought that Miss Blandy, a young Lady virtuously brought up, distinguished for her good Behaviour and prudent Conduct in Life,

til

deration.

till her unfortunate Acquaintance with the wicked Cranstoun, should ever be brought to a Tryal for her Life; and that for the most desperate and bloodiest kind of Murder, committed by her own Hand, upon her own Father? Had she listened to his Admonitions, this Calamity never had befallen her. Learn hence the dreadful Consequences of Disobedience to Parents; and know also, that the same Mischief in all Probability may happen to such who obstinately disregard, neglect, and despise the Advice of those Persons who have the Charge and Care of their Education; of Governors likewise, and of Magistrates, and of all others who are put in Authority over them. Let this six in your Mind the excellent Maxim of the good Physician, Venienti occurrite Morbo. Let us defend ourselves against the first Temptations to Sin, and guard our Innocency as we would our Lives; for if once we yield, though but a little, in whose Power is it to say, Hitherto will I go, and no further?

And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, those Observations I had before-mentioned, I shall attempt to lay before you, in order to assist you in making a true Judgment of the Matter committed to your Charge. The Author and Contriver of this bloody Affair is not at present here, I fincerely wish that he was; because we should be able to convince him, that such Crimes as his cannot escape unpunished. The unhappy Pritoner, ruined and undone, by the treacherous Flattery and pernicious Advice of that abandoned, infidious and execrable Wretch, who had found Means of introducing himself into her Father's Family, and, whilst there, by false Pretences of Love, gained the Affection of his only Daughter and Child. Love! did I call it? It deserves not the Name; if it was Love of any Thing, it was of the Ten thousand Pounds, supposed to be the young Lady's Fortune. Could a Man that had a Wife of his own, and Children, be really in Love with another Woman? Such a Thing cannot be supposed, and therefore I beg Leave to call it Avarice and Lust only; but be it what it will, the Life of the Father becomes an Obstacle to the criminal Proceedings that were intended and defigned to be carried on between them, and therefore he must be removed, before that imaginary State of Felicity could be obtained, according to their projected Scheme. Mark how the Destruction of this poor Man is usher'd into the World: Apparitions, Noises, Voices, Musick, reported to be heard from time to time in the Deceased's House. Even his Days are number'd out, and his own Child limits the Space of his Life but till the following Month of October. What could be the Meaning of this, but to prepare the World for a Death that was predetermined? Who could limit the Days of a Man's Life, but a Person that knew what was intended to be done towards the shortening of it?

In order to bring this about, Cranssoun sends Presents of Pebbles as also a Powder to clean them; and this Powder, Gentlemen, you will find is the dreadful Poison that accomplished this abominable Scheme.

From Time to Time mention is made of the Pebbles; but not a Syllable of the Powder. Why not of the one as well as of the other, if there had not been a Mystery concealed in it?

Preparation is made for an Experiment of its Power before Cranfoun's Departure; he mixes the deadly Draught; but the Prifoner's Conscience, not yet harden'd, forc'd her to turn away her Eyes, and she durst not venture to behold the Cup prepared, that was to send the Father into another World.

Soon after this Cranfloun quits the Family, (having, no Question, left Instructions how to proceed farther in compleating the Scheme he had laid for taking off the old Man) and this you'll find by Letters under his own Hand, that the Powder, whatever it was, must not be mixed in too thin a Liquid, because it might be discovered; and therefore Water-gruel is thought fitter for the Purpose. By the frequent Mixtures that were made upon these Occasions, the unfortunate Servant and Chairwoman accidentally drank Part of the deadly Composition. When Complaint is made of their Sickness, how does the Prisoner behave? Does she not administer to them with as much Art and Skill as a Physician could? Does she not prescribe proper Liquids and Draughts to absorb and take off the Edge of the corroding Poison? If she knew not what it was, how could she administer so successfully to prevent the fatal Consequences of it both in the Maid and the Chairwoman? During this Transaction, the unhappy Father finds himself afflicted with torturing Pains, immediately after receiving the Composition from his Daughter. Is there any Care taken of him? Any Physician fent for to attend him? Any healing Draughts prepared to quiet the Racks and Tortures that he inwardly felt? None at all, that I can find. He is left to take Care of himself, and undergo those Miseries that his own Child had brought upon him, and yet had not the Heart to give him any Affistance. What could this proceed from, but Guilt only? Would not an innocent Child have made the strictest Enquiry how her own Father came to be out of Order? Would she not have fought the World over for Advice and Assistance? But instead of that, you hear the bitterest Expressions proceed from her, Expressions sufficient to shock human Nature. They have been all mentioned already by my learned Leader, and I will. not again repeat them.

Observe as Things come nearer the Crisis, whether her Behaviour towards her Father carries any better Appearance. When it began to be suspected that Mr. Blandy's Disorder was owing to Poison, and strongly, from Circumstances, that the Prisoner was privy to it, the poor Man, now too far gone, being informed that there was great Reason to suspect his own Child, what Expressions does he make use of? No harsher, than in the gentlest Method saying, Poor Lovesfick Girl. I always thought there was Mischief in those Scotch Pebbles. O! that d—mn'd Villain Cranstoun, that has eat of the best and drank of the best my House afforded, to serve me thus, and ruin my poor Love sick Girl. An incontestable Proof that he knew the

Cause of his Disorder, and the Authors of it.

The Report spread about the House of the Father's Suspicions, foon alarmed the Prisoner; What does she do upon this Occasion? Can any other Interpretation be put upon her Actions, than that they proceeded from a manifest Intention to conceal her Guilt?

W h y

Why is the Paper of Powder thrown into the Fire? From whence, as my learned Leader most elegantly observes, it is miraculously preserved. What Occasion for Concealment, had she not been conscious of something that was wrong? If she had not known what had been in the Paper, for what Purpose was it committed to the Flames? And what really was contained in that Paper, will ap-

pear to you to be deadly Poison. The long wished for and fatal Hour at last arrives; and but a little before, a Letter is sent by the Prisoner to Cranstoun, that her Father was extremely ill. Begging him to be cautious what be writes, lest any Accident should happen to his Letters. Do the Circumstances, the Language, or the Time of writing this Letter leave any room to suppose the Prisoner could be innocent? They feem to me, rather to be fullest Proof of her knowing what she had done. What Accidents could befall Cranstoun's Letters? Why is he to take Care what he writes, if nothing but the Effects of Innocency were to be contained in those Letters? In a very short Time after this, the Strength of the Poison carries the Father out of the World. Do but hear how the Prisoner behaved thereupon. The Father's Corple was not yet cold, when the makes Application to the Footman, with a Temptation of large Sums of Money, as a Reward, if he would go off with her; but the Fidelity and Virtue of the Servant was Proof against the Temptation even of Four or Five hundred Pounds. The next Proposal is to the Maid, to procure a Chaife, with the Offer of a Reward for so doing, and to go along with her to London; but this Project likewise failed, through the Honesty of the Servant. The next Morning, in the Absence of Edward Herne, (the Guard that was set over her) she makes her Escape from her Father's House, and dressed as if going to take a Journey, walked down the Street; but the Mob was foon aware of her, and forced her to take Shelter in a Publickhouse over the Bridge. Do these Proceedings look as if they were the Effects of Innocence? Far otherwise I am afraid. Would an innocent Person have quitted a deceased Parent's House, at a Time when she was most wanting to make proper and decent Preparations for his Funeral? Would an innocent Person, at such a Time as this, offer Money for Assistance to make an Escape? I think not: And I wish she may find a satisfactory Cause to assign for fuch amazing Behaviour.

Let us put Innocence and Guilt in the Scale together, and obferve to which Side the Prisoner's Actions are most applicable. Innocence, Cælestial Virgin, always has her Guard about her; she
dares look the Frowns, the Resentments, and the Persecutions of
the World in the Face; is able to stand the Test of the strictest
Inquiry; and the more we behold her, still the more shall we be
in Love with her Charms. But it is not so with Guilt, the baneful Fiend, makes use of unjustisfiable Means to conceal her wicked
Designs and prevent Discovery. Artifice and Cunning are her Supporters, Bribery and Corruption the Desenders of her Cause; she
slies before the Face of Law and Justice, and shuns the Probation
of a candid and impartial Inquiry. Upon the whole Matter, you,

15 2

Gentle

Gentlemen, are to judge; and judge as favourably as you can for the Prisoner.

If this were not sufficient to convince us of the Prisoner's Guilt, I think the last Transaction of all will leave not the least Room to doubt. When in Discourse with Persons that came to her at the House where she had taken Shelter, what but a Self-conviction could have drawn such Expressions from her, in her Discourse with Mr. Fisher about Cranstoun, you will find she declared she had Letters and Papers that would have hanged that Villain? And again, fays, my Honour, Mr. Fisher, to that Villain has brought me to Destruction: And again, in her Inquiry of Mr. Lane, What will they do with her, she bursts out into this bitter Exclamation, Ob, that d-mn'd Villain! then after a short Pause, But why should I blame him? I am more to blame than he is, for I gave it him. How could she be to blame for giving it, if she knew not what it was? And, as it is said, went yet farther, and declared, that she knew the Consequence. If she did know it, she must expect to suffer the Consequence of it too.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I endeavoured to lay before you some Observations upon this Transaction, and I hope you will think them not unworthy of your Consideration. I trust I have said nothing that relates to the Fact, that is not in my Instructions; should it be otherwise, I assure you it was not with Design. And whatever is

not supported by legal Evidence, you will totally difregard.

If any other Interpretation than what I have offered, can be put upon these several Transactions, and the Circumstances attending them, I doubt not but you will always incline on the merciful Side, where there is Room for so doing.

We shall now proceed to call our Evidence.

The other Gentlemen of Council for the King, were Mr. Hayes, Mr. Nares, and Mr. Ambler.

The Council for the Prisoner, were Mr. Ford, Mr. Morton, and

Mr. Aston.

Dr. Anthony Addington, and Dr. William Leavis, fworn.

Council. Did you, Dr. Addington, attend Mr. Blandy, in his last Illness?

Dr. Addington. Yes, Sir.

Council. When was you called to him the first Time? Dr. Addington. On Saturday Evening, August the 10th.

Council. In what Condition do you find him?

Dr. Addington. He was in Bed; and told me, that, after drinking some Gruel on Monday Night, August the 5th, he had perceived an extraordinary Grittiness in his Mouth, attended with a very painful Burning and Pricking in his Tongue, Throat, Stomach and Bowels, and with Sickness and Gripings; which Symptoms had been relieved by Fits of Vomiting and Purging.

Council. Were those Fits owing to any Physic he had taken, or

to the Gruel?

Dr. Addington. Not to any Physic; they came on very soon after drinking the Gruel.

Council.

Council. Had he taken no Physic that Day?

Dr. Addington No.

Council. Did he make any farther Complaints?

Dr. Addington. He said, that after drinking more Gruel on Tuesday Night, August the 6th, he had selt the Grittiness in his Mouth again, and that the Burning and Pricking in his Tongue, Throat, Stomach, and Bowels had returned with double Violence, and been aggravated by a prodigious Swelling of his Belly, and exquisite Pains and Prickings in every external as well as internal Part of his Body; which Prickings he compared to an infinite Number of Needles darting into him all at once.

Council. How foon after drinking the Gruel ?

Dr. Addington. Almost immediately. He told me likewise, that, at the same Time, he had had cold Sweats, Hiccup, extreme Restlessness and Anxiety; but that then, viz. on Saturday Night, August the 10th, having had a great many Stools, and some bloody ones, he was pretty easy every where, except in his Mouth, Lips, Nose, Eyes, and Fundament? and except some transient Gripings in his Bowels. I asked him to what he imputed these uneasy Sensations in his Mouth, Lips, Nose, and Eyes: He said, to the Fumes of something that he had taken in his Gruel, on Monday Night, August the 5th, and Tuesday Night, August the 6th.

Night, August the 5th, and Tuesday Night, August the 6th.

On Inspection, I sound his Tongue swell'd, and his Throat slightly instam'd, and excoriated. His Lips, especially the upper one, were dry and rough, and had angry Pimples on them. The inside of his Nostrils was in the same Condition. His Eyes were a little Blood-shot. Besides these Appearances, I observed that he had a low trembling, intermitting Pulse; a difficult, unequal Respiration; a yellowish Complexion; a Difficulty in the Utterance of his Words; and an Inability of swallowing even a Tea-spoon-

ful of the thinnest Liquor at a Time.

As I suspected that these Appearances and Symptoms were the Effect of Poison, I asked Miss Blandy, whether Mr. Blandy had lately given Offence to either of his Servants, or Clients, or any other Person? She answered, That he was at Peace with all the World, and that all the World was at Peace with him. I then ask'd her, whether he had ever been subject to Complaints of this kind before? She said, that he had often been subject to the Cholic and Heart-burn; and that she supposed this was only a Fit of that Sort, and would soon go off, as usual. I told Mr. Blandy, that I asked these Questions, because I suspected that by some Means or other he had taken Poison. He replied, it might be so, or in Words to that Effect: but Miss Blandy said, it was impossible.

On Sunday Morning, August the 11th, he seemed much relieved; his Pulse, Breath, Complexion, and Power of swallowing, were greatly mended. He had had several Stools in the Night, without any Blood in them. The Complaints which he had made of his Mouth, Lips, Nose, and Eyes, were lessen'd; but he said the Pain in his Fundament continued, and that he still felt some Pinchings in his Bowels. On viewing his Fundament, I sound it almost

farrounded with gleety Excorations and Ulcers.

About Eight o'Clock this Morning I took my Leave of him; but before I quitted his Room, Mils Blandy defired I would visit

him again the next Day.

When I got down Stairs, one of the Maids put a Paper into my Hands, which she said Miss Blandy had thrown into the Kitchen Fire. Several Holes were burnt in the Paper, but not a Letter of the Superscription was effaced. The Superscription was, The Powder to clean the Pebbles with.

Council. What is the Maid's Name that gave you that Paper?

Dr. Addington. I can't recollect which of the Maids it was that gave it me. I opened the Paper very carefully, and found in it a whitish Powder, like white Arsenic in Taste, but slightly discoloured by a little burnt Paper mixed with it. I can't swear this Powder was Arsenic, or any other Poison, because the Quantity was too small to make any Experiment with, that could be depended on.

Council. What do you really suspect it to be?

Dr. Addington. I really suspect it to be white Arsenic.

Coun. Please to proceed, Sir.

Dr. Addington. As soon as the Maid has left me, Mr. Norton the Apothecary produced a Powder, that he said had been sound at the Bottom of that Mess of Gruel, which, as was supposed, had poisoned Mr. Blandy: He gave me some of this Powder, and I examined it at my Leisure, and believe it to be white Arsenic.

On Monday Morning, August the 12th, I found Mr. Blandy much worse than I had lest him the Day before. His Complexion was very bad; his Pulse intermitted; and he breathed, and swallowed with great Difficulty. He complained more of his Fundament than

he had done before. His Bowels were still in Pain.

I now defired that another Physician might be called in, as I apprehended Mr. Blandy to be in the utmost Danger, and that this Affair might come before a Court of Judicature. Dr. Lewis was then sent for from Oxford. I staid with Mr. Blandy all this Day. I asked him more than once, whether he really thought he had taken Poison? He answered each Time, that he believed he had. I asked him, whether he thought he had taken Poison often? He answered in the Affirmative. His Reasons for thinking so, were, because some of his Teeth had decayed much faster than was natural; and because he had frequently, for some Months past, especially after his Daughter had received a Present of Scotch Pebbles from Mr. Cranstoun, been affected with very violent and unaccountable Prickings and Heats in his Tongue and Throat, and with almost intolerable Burnings, and Pains in his Stomach and Bowels, which used to go off in Vomitings and Purgings. I asked him, whom he suspected to be the Giver of the Poison? The Tears flood in his Eyes, yet he forced a Smile, and faid; A poor Love-fick Girl-I forgive her-I always thought there was Mifchief in those cursed Scotch Pebbles.

Dr. Lewis came about Eight o'Clock in the Evening. Before he came Mr. Blandy's Complexion, Pulse, Breath, and Faculty of

fwallowing,

fwallowing, were got much better again; but he complained more

of Pain in his Fundament.

This Evening Miss Blandy was confin'd to her Chamber; a Guard was plac'd over her; and her Keys, Papers, and all Instruments wherewith she cou'd hurt either herself, or any other Pe:son, were taken from her.

Council. How came that?

Dr. Addington. I proposed it to Dr. Lewis, and we both thought it proper; because we had great Reason to suspect her as the Author of Mr. Blandy's Illness; and because this Suspicion was not yet publickly known, and, therefore, no Magistrate had taken any Notice of her.

Council. Please to go on, Dr. Eddington, with your Account of

Mr. Blandy.

Dr. Addington. On Tuesday Morning, August the 13th, we found him worse again. His Countenance, Pulse, Breath, and Power of swallowing were extremely bad. He was excessively weak. His Hands trembled. Both they and his Face were cold and clammy. The Pain was intirely gone from his Bowels, but not from his Fundament. He was now and then a little delirious. He had frequently a short Cough, and a very extraordinary Elevation of his Chest, in fetching his Breath; on which Oceasions an ulcerous Matter generally issued from his Fundament. Yet, in his sensible Intervals, he was chearful, and jocofe: He faid he was like a Person bit by a mad Dog; for that he shou'd be glad to drink, but cou'd not swallow.

About Noon this Day his Speech faulter'd more and more. He was sometimes very restless, at others very sleepy. His Face was quite ghastly. This Night was a terrible one.

On We Inelday Morning, August the 14th, he recovered his Senses for an Hour or more. He told me, he would make his Will in two or three Days; but he foon grew delirious again; and, finking every Moment, died about two o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Council. Upon the whole, did you then think, from the Symptoms you have described, and the Observations you made, that

Mr. Blandy died by Poison?

Dr. Addington. Indeed I did.

Council. And is it your present Opinion?

Dr. Adlington. It is; and I never had the least Occasion to alter it. His Care was fo particular, that he had not a Symptom of any Consequence, but what other Persons have had, who have taken white Arsenic; and, after Death, had no § Appearance in his Body, but what other Persons have had who have been destroyed by white Arfenic.

Council. When was his Body opened?

Dr. Addington. On Thursday in the Asternoon, August the 15th.

Council. What appeared on opening it?

Dr. Addington. I committed the Appearances to Writing, and should be glad to read them; if the Court will give me Leave.

§ The Dostor intended to have excepted the Stone found in Mr. Blandy's Gall-Bladder.

Then the Doctor, on Leave given by the Court, read as follows. Mr. Blandy's Back, and the hinder Part of his Arms, Thighs, and Legs were livid. The Fat which lay on the Muscles of his Belly was of a loose Texture, inclining to a State of Fluidity. The Muscles of his Belly were very pale and flaccid. The Cawl was yellower than is natural; and on the Side next the Stomach and Intestines looked brownish. The Heart was variegated with purple Spots. There was no Water in the Pericardium. The Lungs resembled Bladders half filled with Air, and blotted in some Places with pale, but in most with black Ink. The Liver and Spleen were much discoloured; the former looked as if it had been boiled, but that Part of it which covered the Stomach, was particularly dark. A Stone was found in the Gall-bladder. The Bile was very fluid, and of a dirty yellow Colour, inclining to red. The Kidneys were all over stained with livid Spots. The Stomach and Bowels were inflated, and appeared, before any Incision was made into them, as if they had been pinched, and extravalated Blood had stagnated between their Membranes. They contained nothing, as far as we examined, but a flimy bloody Froth. Their Coats were remarkably smooth, thin and flabby. The Wrinkles of the Stomach were totally obliterated. The internal Coat of the Stomach and Duodenum, especially about the Orifices of the former, was prodigiously inflamed and excoriated. The Redness of the White of the Eye in a violent Inflammation of that Part; or rather, the White of the Eye just brushed and bleeding with the Beards of Barley, may serve to give some Idea how this Coat had been wounded. There was no Sch wus in any Gland of the Abdomen; no Adhesion of the Lungs to the Pleura; nor indeed the least Trace of a natural Decay in any Part whatever.

Council to Dr. Leavis.

Council. Did you, Dr. Lewis, observe that Mr. Blandy had the Symptoms which Dr. Addington has mentioned?

Dr. Lewis. Idid.

Council. Did you observe that there were the same Appearances on opening his Body, which Dr. Addington has described?

Dr. Lewis. I observed and remember them all, except the Spots

on his Heart.

Council. Is it your real Opinion, that those Symptoms, and those Appearances were owing to Poison?

Dr. Lewis. Yes.

Council. And that he died of Poison?

Dr. Lewis. Absolutely.

Dr. Addington Cross-examined.

Prisoner's Council. Did you first intimate to Mr. Blandy, or he to you that he had been poisoned?

Dr. Addington. He first intimated it to me.

Prisoner's Council. Did you ask him, whether he was certain that he had been poisoned by the Gruel that he took on Monday Night August the 5th, and on Tuesday Night August the 6th.

Dr. Addington. I do not recollect that I did.

Prisoner's Council. Are you sure that he said he was disordered after drinking the Gruel on Monday Night the 5th of August?

Dr. Addington. Yes.

Prisoner's Council. Did you ever ask him why he drank more Gruel on Tuesday Night August the 6th?

Dr. Addington. I believe I did not.

Prisoner's Council. When did you make Experiments on the Powder delivered to you by Mr. Norton?

Dr. Addington. I made some the next Day; but many more some

time afterwards.

Prisoner's Council. How long afterwards?

Dr. Addington. I can't justly say; it might be a Month or more.

Prisoner's Council. How often had you Powder given you?

Dr. Addington. Twice.

Prisoner's Council. Did you make Experiments with both Parcels? Dr. Addington. Yes. But I gave the greatest Part of the first to Mr. King, an experienc'd Chemist in Reading; and desired that he would examine it, which he did; and he told me, that it was white Arsenic. The second Parcel was used in Trials, made by myself.

Prisoner's Council. Who had the second Parcel in keeping till you

tried it?

Dr. Addington. I had it, and kept it either in my Pocket, or under Lock and Key.

Prisoner's Council. Did you never shew it to any Body?

Dr. Addington. Yes, to several Persons; but trusted no body with it out of my Sight.

Prisoner's Council. Why do you believe it to be white Arsenic?

Dr. Addington. For the following Reasons: 1. This Powder has a milky Whiteness; so has white Arsenic. 2. This is gritty and almost infipid, so is white Arsenic. 3. Part of it swims on the Surface of cold Water, like a pale sulphureous Film; but the greatest Part finks to the Bottom, and remains there undissolved; the same is true of white Arsenic. 4. This thrown on red-hot Iron, does not flame, but rifes entirely in thick white Fumes, which have the Stench of Garlick, and cover cold Iron, held just over them, with white Flowers: White Arfenic does the same. 5. I boiled ten Grains of this Powder in four Ounces of clean Water, and then, passing the Decoction through a Filtre, divided it into five equal Parts, which were put into as many Glasses. Into one Glass I poured a few Drops of Spirit of Sal Ammoniac; into another some of the Lixivium of Tartar; into the third some strong Spirit of Vitriol; into the fourth some spirit of Salt; and into the last some Syrup of Violets. The Spirit of Sal Ammoniac threw down a few Particles of pale Sediment. The Lixivium of Tartar gave a white Cloud, which hung a little above the middle of the Glass. The Spirits of Vitriol and Salt made a confiderable Precipitation of a lightish-coloured Substance; which, in the former, hardened into glittering Chryslals, sticking to the Sides and Bottom of the Glass. Syrup of Violets produced a beautiful pale green Tincture. Having washed the Sauce-pan, Funnel, and Glasses, used in the foregoing Experiments, very clean, and provided a fresh Filtre, I boiled ten Grains of white Arsenic, bought of Mr. Wilcock, Druggist in Reading, in sour Ounces of clean Water; and siltering and dividing it into five equal Parts, proceeded with them just as I had done with the sormer Decoction. There was an exact Similitude between the Experiments made on the two Decoctions. They corresponded so nicely in each Trial, that I declare I never saw any two Things in Nature more alike, than the Decoction made with the Powder sound in Mr. Blandy's Gruel, and that made with white Arsenic. From these Experiments and others, which I am ready to produce, if desired, I believe that Powder to be white Arsenic.

Prisoner's Council. Did any Person make these Experiments with

you?

Dr. Addington. No. But Mr. Wilcock, the Druggist, was present while I made them; and he weigh'd both the Powder and the white Arsenic.

Prisoner's Council. When did Mr. Blandy first take Medicines by

your Order?

Dr. Addington. As soon as he cou'd swallow, on Saturday Night, August the 10th. Before that Time he was under the Care of Mr. Norton.

Benjamin Norton sworn.

I live at Henley; I remember being fent for to Mrs. Mounteney's in Henley, on Thursday, August the 8th, in order to shew me the Powder. There was with her, Susan Gunnell, the Servant-maid. She brought in a Pan; I look'd at it, and endeavoured to take it out, that I might give a better Account of it; for as it lay, it was not possible to see what it was: then I laid it on white Paper, and delivered it to Mrs. Mounteney, to take Care of, till it dry'd; she kept it till Sunday Morning, then I had it to shew to Dr. Addington; I saw the Doctor try it once at my House, upon a red-hot Poker; upon which I did imagine it was of the Arsenic-kind.

Council. Did you attend the Deceased while he was ill?

Norton. I did; I went on the 6th of August, he told me he was ill, as he imagined, of a Fit of the Cholic, he complained of a violent Pain in his Stomach, attended with great Reachings, and swell'd, and a great Purging; I carried him Physic, which he took on the Wednesday Morning; he was then better; on the Thursday Morning, as I was going. I met the Maid; she told me, he was not up, so I went about Twelve, he was then with a Client in the Study, he told me the Physic had done him a great deal of Service, and desired more. I sent him some to take on Friday Morning: I was not with him after Thursday.

Council. Had you used to attend him?

Norton. I had for several Years. The last Illness he had before, was in July 1750. I used to attend him.

Council. Did you ever hear Miss Blandy talk of Music?

Norton. I did. She said, she had heard it in the House, and she fear'd, something would happen in the Family. She did not say any thing particular, because I made very light of it.

Council. Did she say any thing of Apparitions?

Norton.

Norton. She said, Mr. Cranstown saw her Father's Apparition one Night.

Council. How long before his Death was it that she talk'd about.

Norton. It might be about 3 or 4 Months before.

Council. Was the Powder you deliver'd to Dr. Addington, the felfsame Powder you receiv'd of Mrs. Mounteney?

Norton. It was the very same, it had not been out of my

Custody.

Council. Should you know it again?

Norton. I have some of the same now in my Pocket. (He produces a Paper seal'd up with the Earl of MACCLESFIELD and Lord CADOGAN's Seals upon it.) This is some of the same that I deliver'd to Dr. Addington.

Cross Examined.

Prisoner's Council. Who sent for you to the House?

Norton. I cannot tell that.

Pris. Council. When you came, did you see Miss Blandy? Norton. I did. She and Mr. Blandy were both together. Prif. Council. What Conversation had you then?

Norton. I ask'd Mr. Blandy, whether or no he had eat any thing that he thought difagreed with him. Miss Blandy made answer, and faid, her Pappa had had nothing that he knew of except some Peas. on the Saturday Night before.

Pril. Council. Did you hear any thing of Water-gruel? Norton. I knew nothing of that, till it was brought to me. Pris. Council. Had you any Suspicion of Poison then?

Norton. I had not, nor Mr. Blandy had not mention'd any thing of being poison'd by having taken Water-gruel.

Pris. Council. What did Miss Blandy say to you?

Norton. She desired me to be careful of her Father in his Illness. Pris. Council. Did she shew any Dislike to his having Physic?

Norton. No, none at all, she desired when I saw any Danger, I would let her know it, that she might have the Advice of a Phyfician.

Pris. Council. When was this?

Norton. This was on Saturday the 10th.

Pris. Council. When he grew worse, did she advise a Physician

might be called in?

Norton. Yes, the did, after I faid he was worse; fne then begg'd that Dr. Addington might be fent for, Mr. Blandy was for deferring it till next Day; but when I came down, she ask'd, if I thought him in Danger? I said, he is; then she said, though he seems to be against it, I will send for a Doctor directly, and sent away a Man unknown to him.

Prif. Council. Was he for delaying? Norton. He was till the next Morning.

Prif. Council. How has she behaved to him in any other Illness of her Father's?

Norton. I never faw but at fuch Times she has behaved with true Affection and Regard?

Pris. Council. Had she used to be much with him?

Norton. She used to be backwards and forwards with him in the Room.

Prif. Council. Did you give any Intimation to Miss Blandy, after

the Powder was try'd?

Norton. I did not; but went up to acquaint her Uncle; he was so affected, he could not come down to apprize Mr. Blandy of

Prif. Council. When did she first know that you knew of it?

Norton. I never knew she knew of it till the Monday.

Prif. Council. How came you to suspect that at the Bottom of the

Pan to be Poison?

Norton. I found it very gritty, and had no Smell. When I went down, and faw the old Washerman, that she had tasted of the Water-gruel, and was affected with the same Symptoms as Mr. Blandy, I then suspected he was poisoned, and said, I was afraid Mr. Blandy had had foul Play; but I did no: tell either him or Miss Blandy so, because I found by the Maid, that Miss was suspected.

Pris. Council. Who did you suspect might do it? Norton. I had Suspicion it was Miss Blandy. King's Council. When was Dr. Addington fent for? Norton. On the Saturday Night.

Mrs. Mary Mounteney sworn.

Susan Gunnell brought a Pan to my House on the 8th of August with Water-gruel in it, and Powder at the Bottom, and defired me to look at it: I fent for Mr. Norton, he took the Powder out on a Piece of white Paper, which I gave him: He delivered the same Powder to me, and I took care of it and lock'd it up.

Cross Examined.

Prisoner's Council. Did you ever see any Behaviour of Miss Blandy otherwise than that of an affectionate Daughter?

Mounteney. I never did. She was always dutiful to her Father,

as far as I faw, when her Father was present.

Pris. Council. To whom did you first mention that this Powder

was put into the Paper?

Mounteney. To the best of my Remembrance, I never made mention of it to any Body, till Mr. Norton fetch'd it away, which was on the 11th of August, the Sunday Morning after, to be shewn to Dr. Addington.

Pris. Council. Between the Time of its being brought to your House, and the Time it was fetch'd away, was you ever at Mr.

Blandy's House?

Mounteney. No. I was not in that Time, but was there on Sunday in the Afternoon.

Pris. Council. Had you not shew'd it at any other Place during that Time?

Mounteney, I had not, Sir.

Prif. Council. Did you on the Sunday, in the Afternoon, mention it to Mr. or Miss Flandy?

Mounteney. No, not to either of them.

Sufannab Gunnell sworn.

Gunnell. I carried the Water-gruel in a Pan to Mrs. Mounteney's House,

Council. Whose Use was it made for?

Gunnell. It was in de for Mr. Blandy's Use, on the Sunday Seven night, before his Death.

Council. Who made it?

Gunnell. I made it.

Council. Where did you put it, after you had made it?

Gunnell. I put it into the common Pantry, where all the Family used to go.

Council. Did you observe any particular Person busy about there

afterwards ?

Gunnell. No, No body; Miss Blandy told me on the Monday, the had been in the Pantry, (I did not fee her) stirring her Father's Water-gruel, and eating the Oatmeal, out of the Bottom of it.

Council. What Time of the Monday was this?

Gunnell. This was some Time, about the Middle of the Day.

Council. Did Mr. Blandy take any of that Water-gruel?

Gunnell. I gave him a half-Pint Mug of it on Monday Evening, for him to take before he went to Bed.

Council. Did you observe any Body meddle with that half-Pint

Mug afterwards?

Gunnell. I saw Miss Blandy take the Tea-spoon that was in the Mug, and stir the Water-gruel, and after put her Finger to the Spoon, and then rubb'd her Fingers.

Council. Did Mr. Blandy drink any of that Water gruel?

Gunnell. Mr. Blandy drank some of it, and on the Tuesday Morning when he came down Stairs, he did not come through the Kitchen as usual, but went the back way into his Study.

Council. Did you fee him come down?

Gunnel. I did not.

Council. When was the first Time you saw him that Day?

Gunnel. It was betwixt Mine and Ten; Miss Blandy and he were together, he was not well; and going to lie down on the Bed.

Council. Did you see him in the Evening?

Gunnell. In the Evening Robert Harman came to me, as I was coming down Stairs, and told me, I must warm some Water-gruel, for my Malter was in Halle for Supper.

Council. Did you warm some?

Gunnell. I warm'd some of that out of the Pan, of which he had some the Night before, and Miss Blandy carried it to him into the Parlour.

Council. Did he drink it?

Gunnell. I believe he did; there seem'd to be about half of it left the next Morning.

Council. How did he seem to be after?

Gunnell.

Gunnel. I met him soon after he had eat the Water-gruel going up Stairs to Bed; I lighted him up: As soon as he was got into the Room, he called for a Bason to reach; he seem'd to be very sick, by his Reaching a considerable Time.

Council. How was he next Morning?

Gunnel. About Six o'Clock I went up the next Morning, to carry him his Physic: He said he had had a pretty good Night, and was much better.

Council. Had he reach'd much over Night?

Gunnell. He had, for the Bason was half sull which I lest clean over Night.

Council. Was any Order given you to give him any more Water-

gruel?

Gunnell. On the Wednesday Miss Blandy came into the Kitchen, and said, Susan, as your Master has taken Physic, he may want more Water-gruel, and as there is some in the House, you need not make fresh as you are Ironing; I told her, it was stale, if there was enough; and it would not hinder much to make fresh; so I made fresh accordingly, and I went into the Pantry to put some in for my Master's Dinner, then I brought out the Pan (the Evening before, I thought it had an odd Taste) so I was willing to taste it again, to see if I was mistaken or not: I put it to my Mouth, and drank some, and taking it from my Mouth, I observed some Whiteness at the Bottom.

Council. What did you do upon that?

Gunnell. I went immediately to the Kitchen, and told Betty Binfield, there was a white Settlement, and I did not remember I ever had feen Oatmeal so white before: Betty said, Let me see it; I carried it to her, she said, What Oatmeal is this, I think it looks as white as Flour? We both toole the Pan, and turn'd it about, and strictly observed it, and concluded it could be nothing but Oatmeal. I then took it out of Doors, into the Light, and saw it plainer; then I put my Finger to it, and found it gritty, at the Bottom of the Pan; I then recollected I had heard say, Poison was white and gritty, which made me assaid it was Poison.

Council. What did you do with the Pan?

Gunnell. I carried it back again, and set it down on the Dresser in the Kitchen; it stood there a small Time, then I lock'd it up in the Closet, and on the Thursday Morning I carried it to Mrs. Mounteney, and Mr. Norton came there and saw it.

Council. Do you remember Miss Blandy saying any thing to you

about eating her Pappa's Water-gruel?

Gunnell. About fix Weeks before his Death, I went into the Parlour; Miss Blandy said, Susan, what is the Matter with you? You do not look well; I said, I do not know what is the Matter, I am not well, but I do not know what the Matter is. She said, What have you eat or drank? Upon which I said, Nothing more than the rest of the Family. She said, Susan, have you eat any Water-gruel, for I am told Water-gruel hurts me, and it may hurt you. I said it cannot affect me, Madam, for I have not eat any.

Council.

Council. What was it * Betty Binfield said to you about Wa-

ter-gruel?

Gunnel. Betty Binfield faid Miss Blandy ask'd, if I had eat any of her Pappa's Water-gruel? faying if I did, I might do for myself, a Person of my Age.

Council. What Time was this?
Gunnell. I cannot fay, whether it was just after, or just before, the Time she had spoke to me herself. On the Wednesday Morning, as I was coming down Stairs, from giving my Master his Phyfic, I met Elizabeth Binfield, with the Water gruel in a Bason, which he had left: I faid to the Chairwoman, Anne Emmitt, Dame, you used to be fond of Water-gruel, here is a very fine Mess my Master left last Night, and I believe it will do you good; the Woman soon sat down on a Bench in the Kitchen and eat some of it, I cannot say all.

Council. How was the afterwards?

Gunnel. She faid the House smelt of Physic, and every thing tasted of Physic; she went out, I believe into the Washi House, to reach, before she could finish it.

Council. Did you follow her?

Gunnell. No, I did not; but about twenty Minutes or half an Hour after that, I went to the Necessary-House and found her there vomiting and reaching, and, as she said, purging.

Council. How long did she abide there?

Gunnell. She was there an Hour and half, during which Time I went divers Times to her; at first I carried her some Surfeit-Water, she then desired, to have some fair Water; the next Time I went to see how she did, she said she was no better; I desired her to come in a Doors, hoping she would be better by the Fire; she said, fhe was not able to come in; I faid, I would lead her in; I did, and fat her down in a Chair by the Fire, she was vomiting, and reaching continually; she sat there about half an Hour or something more, during which Time she grew much worse, and I thought her to be in a Fit, or seized with Death.

Council. Did you acquaint Miss Blandy with the Illness and Sym-

ptoms of this poor Woman?

Gunnell. 1 told Miss Blandy when I went into the Room to dress her, about Nine o'Clock, that Dame (the Name we used to call her by) had been very ill that Morning; that she had complained, that the Smell of her Maller's Physic had made her sick; and that she had eat nothing, but a little of her Master's Water gruel, which he had left last Night, which could not hurt her.

Council. What did she say to that?

Gunnell. She faid, she was very glad, she was not below Stairs, for she should have been shock'd, to have seen her poor Dame so

Council. As you have lived Servant in the House, how did you observe Miss Blandy behave towards her Father, and in what Man-

^{*} N. B. The Council for the Prisoner wav'd the Objection to this as Hearlay-Evidence; because the Council for the Crown affur'd them, they should call B try Binfield next.

ner did she use to talk of him, three or four Months before his Death?

Gunnel. Sometimes she would talk very affectionately, and some-

times but middling.

Council. What do you mean by middling?

Gunnell. Sometimes she would say, he was an old Villain, for using an only Child in such a Manner.

Council. Did she wish him to live?

Gunnell. Sometimes the wished for his long Life, sometimes for his Death.

Council. When the wished for his Death, in what Manner did she

express herself?

Gunnell. She often said, she was very unkward, and that if he was dead, she would go to Scotland and live with Lady Cranfloun.

Council. Did she ever say, how long she thought her Father

might live?

Gunnell. Sometimes she would fay, for his Constitution he might live these twenty Years, sometimes she would say, he looked ill and poorly.

Council. Do you remember when Dr. Addington was fent for on

the Saturday?

Gunnell. I do-

Council. Had Miss Blandy used to go into her Father's Room af-

ter that Time?

Gunnell. She did as often as she pleased till Sunday Night; then Mr. Norton took Miss Blandy down Stairs, and defired me not to let any Body go into the Room, except myself to wait on him.

Council. Did she come in afterwards?

Gunnell. She came into the Room on Monday Morning, foon after Mr. Norton came in, or with him; I went in about Ten o'Clock again.

Council. What Conversation pussed, between Miss Blandy and

her Father?

Gunnell. She fell down on her Knees and said to him, Banish me, or fend me to any remote Part of the World; do what you please, so you forgive me; and as to Mr. Cranstoun, I will never fee him, speak to him, nor write to him more, so long as I live, so you will forgive me.

Council. What Answer did he make?

Gunnell. He said, I forgive thee, my Dear, and I hope God will forgive thee; but thee should have considered better, than to have attempted any Thing against thy Father; thee shouldst have considered, I was thy own Father.

Council. What said she to this?

Gunnell. She answered, Sir, as for your Illness, I am entirely innocent. I said, Madam, I believe you must not say you are entirely innocent, for the Powder that was taken out of the Water-gruel, and the Paper of Powder that was taken out of the Fire, are now in such Hands, that they must be publickly produced. I told her, I believed I had one Dose prepared for my Master Council. in a dish of Tea, about six Weeks ago.

Council. Did you tell her this before her Father?

Gunnell. I did.

Council. What Answer did she make?

Gunnell. She faid, I have put no Powder into Tea; I have put Powder into Water-gruel, and if you are injured, I am intirely innocent, for it was given me with another Intent.

Council. What said Mr. Blandy to this?

Gunnell. My Master turned himself in his Bed, and said to her, Oh! Such a Villain, come to my House; eat of the best and drink of the best, that my House could afford, to take away my Life, and ruin my Daughter.

Council. What else passed?

Gunnell. He said, Oh! My Dear! Thee must hate that Man, thee must hate the Ground he treads on, thee canst not help it. The Daughter said, Oh! Sir, your Tenderness towards me is like a Sword to my Heart; every Word you say is like Swords piercing my Heart; much worse than if you were to be ever so angry. I must down on my Knees, and beg you will not curse me.

Council. What said the Father?

Gunnell. He said, I curse thee! my Dear, how couldst thou think I could curse thee? No, I bless thee, and hope God will bless thee; and amend thy Life; and said surther, Do, my Dear, go out of my Room, say no more, lest thou shouldst say any Thing to thy own Prejudice: Go to thy Uncle Stevens, take him for thy Friend, poor Man! I am sorry for him. Upon this she directly went out of the Room.

Council. Give an Account of the Paper you mentioned to her,

how it was found.

Gunnell. On the Saturday before my Master died, I was in the Kitchen, Miss Blandy had wrote a Direction on a Letter to go to her Uncle Stevens. Going to the Fire to dry it, I saw her put a Paper into the Fire, or two Papers, I cannot say whether. I went to the Fire, and saw her stir it down with a Stick: Elizabeth Binfield then put on fresh Coals, which I believe kept the Paper from being consumed. Soon after Miss Blandy had put it in, she lest the Kitchen; I said to Elizabeth Binfield, Betty, Miss Blandy has been burning something; she asked, Where? I pointed to the Grate, and said, At that Corner; upon which Betty Binfield moved a Coal, and took from thence a little Paper; I stood by and saw her, she gave it into my Hand; it was a small Piece of Paper, with some Writing on it, solded up about three Inches long. The Writing was, The Powder to clean the Pebbles, to the best of my Remembrance.

- Council. Did you read it?

Gunnell. I did not, Elizabeth Binfield read it to me. (Produced in Court, Part of it burnt, fealed up with the Earl of Maccles-FIELD and Lord Cadogan's Seals.) This is the Paper, I believe by the Look of it; but I did not fee it unfolded, I delivered it into Elizabeth Binfield's Hand on Saturday Night, between Eleven and Twelve o'Clock. From the Time it was taken out of the Fire, it had not been out of my Pocket, or any Thing done to it from that Time till I gave it her. I went into my Master's Room about Seven o'Clock in the Morning, to carry him something to drink; when he had drank it, I said, I have something to say to you concerning your Health, and concerning your Family; I must beg you will not put yourself in a Passion, but hear me what I have to fay: Then I told him, I believe, Sir, you have got something in your Water-gruel, that has done you some Injury, and I believe Miss Blandy put it in, by her coming into the Wash house on Monday, and faying, the had been stirring her Pappa's Water-gruel, and eating the Oatmeal out from the Bottom: He faid, I find I have something not right: My Head is not right as it used to be, nor has been for some Time. I had before told him, I had found the Powder in the Gruel: he faid, Dost thou know any thing of this Powder? Didst thee ever see any of it? I said, No, Sir, I never saw any, but what I saw in the Water-gruel. He said, Dost know where she had this Powder, nor canst not thee guess? I said, I cannot tell, except she had it of Mr. Cranstoun. My Reason for suspecting that was, Miss Blandy had Letters came oftener than usual. My Master said, And now thee mentions it, I remember when he was at my House, he mentioned a particular Poison that they had in their Country; faying, Oh! that Villain that ever be came to my House! I told him likewise, I had shewed the Powder to Mr. Norton; he asked, what Mr. Norton faid to it? I told him, Mr. Norton could not say what it was, as it was wet, but said, Let it be what it will, it ought not to be there; and said, he was fearful, there was foul Play somewhere. My Master said, What, Norton not know! that is strange, and so much used to Drugs. Then I told him, Mr. Norton thought proper he should search her Pockets, and take away her Keys, and Papers. He faid, I cannot do it, I cannot shock her so much; canst not thee when thou goest into her Room, take out a Letter or two, that she may think she dropped them by Chance. I told him, I had no Right to do it: She is your Daughter, and you have a Right to do it, and no body else. He faid, I never in all my Life read a Letter that came to my Daughter, from any Person. He desired, if possible, if I could meet with any Powder any where, that I would fecure it.

Council. Do you remember when Ann Emmett was fick (the

Chair-woman?)

Gunnell. I do, but cannot say how long, or how little a Time before this; I remember she was ill some Time before this; I remember she was ill some Time before my Master's Death.

Council. What did the Prisoner order the old Woman to eat at

that Time?

Gunnell. She fent her some Sack-Whey, and some Broth. I believe to the Value of a Quart or three Pints at twice, about once a Day, or every other Day for sour or sive Days.

Council. Have you been ill, from what you eat yourself?

Gunnell. I was ill, after drinking a Dish of Tea one Sunday Morning, which I thought was not well relished, and I believed Somebody had been taking Salts in the Cup before.

Council. Who was it pour'd out for?

Gunnell. I believe it was poured out for my Master.

Council. Why do you believe that?

Gunnell. Because he used to drink in a different Dish from the rest of the Family, and it was out of his Dish.

Council. When was this?

Gunnell. This was about fix Weeks and three Days before his Death.

Council. How did you find yourfelf after drinking it?

Gunnell. I found no ill Effect till after Dinner: I then had a Hardness in my Stomach, and apprehended it was from eating plentifully of Beans for Dinner.

Council. What Symptoms had you afterwards?

Gunnell. My Stomach seemed to have something in it that could not digest, and I had remarkable Trembling for three Days, and after that for three Mornings was seized with a Reaching.

Council. Have you since that Time been ill, from what you eat

or drank?

Gunnell. I tasted the Water-gruel twice, once on the Tuesday E-vening, when I was mixing it for my Master; and on Wednesd y, when I was going to pour it away, I put the Pan to my Mouth, and drank a little of it.

Council. How did you find yourself after that?

Gunnell. I did not find any remarkable Diforder till the Wednefday Morning about Two o'Clock, before my Master's Death; then I was seemingly seized with Convulsions. My Throat was very troublesome for five or six Weeks after, and seemed a little sorish and a little swelled. I continued very ill for three Weeks and upwards, after my Master's Death, which was on the Wednesday. I went to Bed sick at Two that Morning, and applied to Dr. Addington.

Council. Do you remember any Thing besides Letters coming

from Mr. Cranstoun?

Gunnell. I remember she had once a large Box of Table-Linen, and some Scotch Pebbles in it; she said they came from him.

Council. What Time was this?

Gunnell. This was early in the Spring, before my Master's Death.

Council. Had she more than one Box sent to her?

Gunnell. She had a small Box sent afterwards of Scotch Pebbles; that might be about three Months before his Death, or less, I cannot say.

Council. Did she shew the Pebbles to any body?

Gunnell. She did use to shew them to any Person of her Acquaintance; but I never heard of any Powder to clean them.

Cross-Examined.

Prisoner's Council. For a Year before the 5th of August last, had any Thing ailed your Master, so as to call in the Apothecary?

Gunnell. About a Year before he had had a violent Cold.

Prisoner's Council. Was he or was he not in good Heal h for a Year before?

 C_2

36

Gunnell. He was frequently complaining of the Gravel, and Heart-burn, which he was subject to for Years.

Prisoner's Council. Did he make any other Complaints?

Gunnell. He used to have little Fits of the Gout.

Prisoner's Council. Was there any other Complaint for seven,

eight, nine or ten Years?

Gunnell. Nothing particular, but that of the Heart-burn; which I cannot tell whether I ever heard him complain of before or not.

Prisoner's Council. Can you take upon you to say, that he made any particular Complaint of the Heart-burn, more than he had

done at any other Time?

Gunnell. I cannot fay positively; because I have not continued these Things in my Memory. He ordered me to give him some dry Oatmeal and Water, for the Heart-burn.

Prisoner's Council. Is that good for the Heart-burn?
Gunnell. I have been told, it is very good for it.

Prisoner's Council. How was her Behaviour to her Father?

Gunnell. Her general Behaviour was dutiful, except upon any Passion, or a hasty Word from her Father.

Prisoner's Council. When did she call her Father, old Villain? Gunnell. She would use Expressions of that kind, when she was in a Passion.

Pris. Council. Upon what Account?

Gunnell. For using her ill.

King's Council. Were these Expressions made use of before his Face, or behind his Back?

Gunnell. I have heard her before his Face, and behind his Back?

Prisoner's Council. When have you heard it?

Gunnell. I believe in the last twelve Months; but cannot befure.

King's Council. Recollect on what Occasion?

Gunnell. It has been, I believe, on little Passions on both Sides, and that generally from Trifles.

Prisoner's Council. When did you first communicate your Suspici-

on to Mr. Blandy, about his being poisoned?

Gunnell. On the Saturday Morning before his Death, from what I saw on the Wednesday before.

Prisoner's Council. Why did you keep this Suspicion of yours,

from Wednesday to Saturday?

Gunnell. The Reason I did not tell my Suspicions to Mr. Blandy, sooner than Saturday, was, because I staid for Mr. Stevens the Prisoner's Uncle, who did not come till Friday-Night; I told him then, and he desired me to tell Mr. Blandy of it.

Prisoner's Council. Did you ever say any Thing of it to Miss

Blandy?

Gunnell. No, I did not.

Prisoner's Council. Pray what Conversation passed between her Father and her down upon her Knees, &c?

Gunnell. She faid, Sir, how do you do? he faid, I am very ill.

Prisoner's Council. Was any Thing said about Mr. Cranstoun's

Addresses to her?

Gunnell. Yes, there was. That Conversation was occasioned by a Message, that Mr. Blandy had sent to his Daughter by me on Monday Morning.

Prisoner's Council. What was that Message?

Gunnell. That he was ready to forgive her, if she would but endeavour to bring that Villain to Justice.

Prisoner's Council. Did she say, with what Intent the Powder was

given to her?

Gunnell. She said, it was given her with another Intent.

Prisoner's Council. Did she say, Upon what Intent? Gunnell. She did not say that. He did not ask that.

Prisoner's Council. Was not that explained?

Gunnell. It was no Ways explained.

Prisoner's Council. Did he treat her, as if she herself was innocent.

Gunnell. He did, Sir.

Prisoner's Council. Then all he said afterwards was as thinking his Daughter very innocent?

Gunnell. It was, Sir.

Prisoner's Council. As to the Ruin of his Daughter, did he think it was entirely owing to Cranstoun?

Gunnell. Mr. Blandy faid, he believed his Daughter intirely in-

nocent of what had happened.

Prisoner's Council. By what he said to you, do you think that the Father thought his Daughter was imposed upon by Cranstoun, when he used that Expression, She must hate the Man, &c?

Gunneil. I do think fo; he faid, Where is Polly? I answered, in her Room; he faid, Poor unfortunate Girl! that ever she should be imposed upon and led away by such a Villain to do such a Thing.

Prisoner's Council. Do you imagine from the whole Conversation that passed between her Father and her, that she was intirely innocent of the Fact, of the Powder being given?

Gunnell. I do not think fo; she said she was innocent.

Prisoner's Council. What was your Opinion, did the Father think her wholly unacquainted with the Effect of the Powder?

Gunnell. I believe he thought so; that is as much as I can say.

Prisoner's Council. When you told Miss Blandy that the Washer-woman was extremely ill, having cat some Water-gruel, was any Thing more said with Relation to the Father's having eat some of the Water-gruel before?

Gunnell. I don't remember there was a Word faid, about the

Father's having eat any of it.

Prisoner's Council. During the Time of his Illness, was not Miss Blandy's Behaviour to her Father, with as much Care and Tenderness as any Daughter could shew?

Gunnell. She seemed to direct every Thing as she could have

done for herself, or any other Person that was sick.

Prisoner's Council. Do you know that she was guilty of any Neglect in this Respect?

Gunnell. No, I do not, Sir.

King's Council. What did he mean when he faid, Poor unfortunate Girl, that ever she should be imposed upon, and led away by fuch a Villain to do fuch a Thing! What do you imagine, he meant by fuch a Thing?

Gunnell. By giving him that, which she did not know what

Court. When she told you, that Water-gruel would serve for her Father on the Wednesday, did she know that her Father had been ill, by taking Water-gruel on the Monday and Tuesday Nights?

Gunnell. She knew he was ill, but I can't tell whether she knew. the Cause of it; and knew that the Chair-woman was ill, before the proposed my giving him the same Gruel; but did not oppose my making fresh, for any other Reason, than that it would hinder my ironing.

Elizabeth Binfield sworn-

Binfield. I was Servant to Mr. Francis Blandy at Henley, and had been almost three Years.

Council. When did you first discover his Illness, and hear him complain of unufual Prickings in his Stomach?

Binfield. About a Fortnight before he died.

Council. Did you ever hear Miss Blandy talk of something in the House, which she said presaged his Death, or something like it?

Binfield. I have often heard her talk of Walkings and Musick in the House that she had heard; she faid, she thought it to be her Mother; saying, the Musick foretold her Father's Death.

Council. Who has she said so to? Binfield. She has rold me fo.

Council. How long ago?

Binfield. For some Time before her Father's Death; I believe for three Quarters of a Year.

Council. How long did she continue talking in this Manuer? Binfield. She did till his Death; I have often heard her fay, he would die before October.

Council. What Reasons did she give for that?

Binfield. By the Musick; saying she had been informed that Musick foretels Death within a Twelve-month.

Council. Who did she say had informed her so?

Binfield. She said Mr. Cranstown had been to some famous Waman who had informed him so, and named one Mrs. Morgan who lived either in Scotland, or London; I can't fay which.

Council. Did she express herself glad or forry?

Binfield. Glad, for that then she should soon be released from all her Fatigues, and soon be happy.

Council. Did she talk of the state of Health in which he was? Binfield. Sometimes she has faid, he has been very well, sometimes ill. I remember I heard her say that my Master complained of a Ball of Fire in his Guts; I believe it was before the Monday he cat the Water-gruel, I can't particularly fay, I believe a Fort-

night before he died; then she said Mr. Cranstoun had told her of that famous Woman's Opinion about Musick.

Council. Do you remember the first Time one Ann Emmett was

taken ill?

Binfield. It was about a Month or fix Weeks before.

Council. Do you know what Miss Blandy ordered her in that

Binfield. I do. She ordered her some white Wine Whey, and Broth several Times. I made it two or three Times, two Quarts at a Time.

Council. Do you remember a Paper being taken out of the

Fire?

Binfield. I do. It was on the Saturday before my Master died, I took it out myself.

Council. Should you know it again; if you fee it?

Binfield. I believe I should, (she is shewn a Paper,) I really believe this is it, which I took out of the Fire, and delivered it to Susan Gunnell; after which I had it again from her, and I delivered it to Dr. Addington, and Mr. Norton.

Council. Do you remember Miss Blandy's saying any Thing

about Susan Gunnell's eating the Water-gruel?

Binfield. I do. When Susan was ill, she asked me, how Susan did? I said very ill. Said she, Do you remember her ever drinking her Master's Water-gruel? I said, Not as I know of. She said If she does she may do for herself, may I tell you.

Council. Did she bid you tell Susan so?

Binfield. She did not bid me tell Susan, but I did tell her.

Council. What Time was this?

Binfield. It might be a Month or fix Weeks before Mr. Blandy's Death.

Council. Do you remember any Expressions she made use of about her Father?

Binfield. I heard her say, Who would grudge to send an old Father to Hell for Ten thousand Pounds? Exactly them Words.

Council. When was this?

Binfield. It was about a Month before his Death, or it may be more, I can't justly tell.

Council. How was this Conversation introduced?

Binfield. She was speaking of young Girls being kept out of their Kortunes.

Council. Who was with you at this Time? Binfield. It was to me and no body else.

Council. Have you heard her use him with bad Language?

Binfield. I have heard her curse him, call him Rascal and Villain.

Council. What was she so angry with her Father about?

Binfield. Mr. Cranssoun was at our House about three Quarters of a Year before Mr. Blandy's Death. He came in August 1750, and staid there till near Christmas. It was not agreeable to my Master; we used to think by his Temper, that he did not approve C 4

of his being so much with his Daughter; but I don't believe he debarred his Daughter from keeping him Company.

Council. Did you ever hear him fay any Thing to her, of his

having been once like to be poisoned?

Binfield. I was in the Kitchen when my Master came in to be shaved. I stayed there till he went out again. Miss Blandy was there, and he said, that once he had like to have been poisoned.

Council. When was that he faid fo?

Binfield. It was on the 10th of August, saying, he was once at the Cossee-house, or the Lyon, and he and two other Gentlemen had like to have been poisoned by what they had drank; Miss Blandy said, Sir I remember it very well; she said it was at one of those Places, and he said no, it was the other. He said, one of the Gentlemen died immediately, the other is dead now, and I have survived them both; but it is my Fortune to be poisoned at last. He looked very hard at her, during the Time he was talking.

Council. What did he say was put into the Wine? Binfield. I remember he said, it was white Arsenic.

Council. When he look'd hard at her, how did she look?

Binsteld. She look'd in great Consuston, and all in a Tremble.

Council. Did you sit up with Miss Blandy the Night after her Father died?

Binfield. I did till Three o'Clock, she went to Bed about One. She said to me, Betty, will you go away with me? If you will go to the Lyon or the Bell and hire a Post-chaise, I will give you sifteen Guineas when you get into it, and ten Guineas more when we come to London. I said, Where will you go then, into the North? She said, I shall go into the West of England. I said, Shall you go by Sea? She said, I believe some Part of the Way. I said, I will not go. Then she burst into a Laughter, and said, I was only in a Joke, did you think I was in Earnest? Yes, said I. No. said she, I was only joking.

Council. Did you ever hear Miss tell Dr. Addington, that she had

given your Master some of that Powder?

Binfield. I heard Miss Blandy tell the Doctor, she had given my Master some of that Powder before in a Dish of Tea, which, she said, he did not drink, and she throwed into the Street out of the Window, fearing she should be discovered, and filled the Cup again; and that Susan Gunnell drank it, and was ill for a Week after.

Council. When was this?

Binfield. This was on the Monday before my Master died.

Council. Do you remember what happened on Monday the 5th of

August?

Binfield. Yes. On that Day, I and two Washerwomen were in the Wash house. Miss Blandy came in and said, Betty, I have been in the Pantry eating some of the Oatmeal out of your Master's Water-gruel. I took no Notice of it; but the same Day, in the Asternoon, I went into the Pantry, and Miss Blandy followed

me, and took a Spoon and stirred the Water-gruel, and taking some up in the Spoon, put it between her Fingers and rubbed it.

Council. What was it in?

Binfield. It was in a Pan. When my Master was taken ill on the Tuesday in the Asternoon, Miss came into the Kitchen and said, Betty, if one Thing should happen, will you go with me to Scotland? I said, Madam, I don't know. What, says she, you are unwilling to leave your Friends? Said I, If I should go there, and not like it, it will be expensive travelling back again.

Council. Did she say, If one Thing should happen. What

Thing?

Binfield. I took no farther Notice of it then; but those were the Words. On the Monday Morning, before he died, she said to me, Betty, go up to your Master, and give my Duty to him, and tell him, I beg to speak one Word with him. I did; she went up; I met her when she came out of the Room from him; she clasped me round the Neck, and burst out a crying and said, Susan and you are the two honestest Servants in the World; you ought to be imaged in Gold for your Honesty; Half my Fortune will not make you Amends for your Honesty to my Father.

Cross Examined.

Prisoner's Council. Had Mr. Blandy at any Time, and when, previous to the 5th of August, been ill?

Binfield. About a Twelvemonth before, he had been ill some

Time; but I can't tell how long.

Prisoner's Council. What was his Illness?

Binfield. He had a great Cold.

Prisoner's Council. Did he take any Physick?
Binfield. I believe he did once or twice.
Prisoner's Council. Can you tell the Time?

Binfield. I believe it was the latter End of July, or Beginning of

August.

Prisoner's Council. Who made the Whey and Broth, that were fent to the Washerwoman?

Binfield. My Fellow-Servant made the Whey, I made the Broth.

Prisoner's Council. Was she a kind Mistress to the Washerwoman?

Binsheld. She was; she had a greater Regard for her than any other Woman that came about the House.

Prisoner's Council. About this Musick, Who did she say heard it?

Binfield. She mostly mentioned herself hearing that.

Prisoner's Council. Was this Talk when Cranstoun was there?

Binsteld. I heard her talk so, when he was there, and in his Absence.

Prisoner's Council. Was it when she was in an angry Temper only,

when she used those Words to her Father?

Binfield. I have heard her in the best of Times curse her Father.

Prisoner's Council. Was Susan Gunnell very ill, after drinking that Tea?

Binfield. She was, and continued so for a Week,

King's Council. Was it at the Time Susan was ill, from drinking of the Tea, that Miss Blandy asked you about her taking the Gruel, and said, It would do for her? And did she say any Thing else?

Binfield. Miss Blandy said, she poured it out for my Master;

but he went to Church and left it.

Prisoner's Council. Have you had any ill Will against her?

Binfield. I always told her, I wished her very well.

Prisoner's Council. Did you ever say, D-mn her for a black Bitch, I should be glad to see her go up the Ladder, and be hang'd?

Binsield No, Sir, I never did in my Life.

King's Council. Did you and the rest of the Family observe, that Mr. Blandy's Looks were as well the last fix Months as before?

Binfield. Miss Blandy has said to me, Don't you think my Father looks faint? Sometimes I have said, He is; sometimes not. I never observed any Alteration at all.

Here Dr. Addington is appealed to by the Council for the Prisoner.

Prisoner's Council. Do you, Dr. Addington, remember Miss Blandy's telling you on Monday Night, August the 12th, that she had on a Sunday Morning, about six Weeks before, when her Father was absent from the Parlour, mix'd a Powder with his Tea;

and that Susan Gunnell had drank that Tea?

Dr. Addington. I remember her telling me that Monday Night, that she had on a Sunday Morning about six Weeks before, when her Father was absent from the Parlour, mixed a Powder with his Tea; but do not remember her saying, that Susan Gunnell had drank that Tea. I have several Times heard Susan Gunnell say, that she was sure she had been poisoned by drinking Tea out of Mr. Blandy's Cup that Sunday Morning.

Prisoner's Council. Did not Miss Blandy declare to you, that she

had always thought the Powder innocent?

Dr. Addington. Yes.

Prisoner's Council. Did she not always declare the same?

Dr. Addington. Yes.

The King's Council then interposed and said, that he had not intended to mention what had passed between the Prisoner and Dr. Addington; but that now, as her own Council had been pleased to call for Part of it, he desired the whole might be laid before the Court.

Dr. Addington. On Monday Night, August the 12th, after Miss Blandy had been secured, and her Papers, Keys, &c. taken from her, she threw herself on the Bed and groaned; then raised herself, and wrung her Hands and sald, That it was impossible for any Words to describe the Horrors and Agonies in her Breast; that Mr. Cranstoun had ruined her; that she had ever, till now, believed him a Man of the strictest Honour; that she had

mixed

mixed a Powder with the Gruel, which her Father had drank on the foregoing Monday and Tuesday Nights; that she was the Cause of his Death, and that she defired Life for no End, but to go through a painful Penance for her Sin. She protested at the same Time, that she had never mixed the Powder with any Thing else that he had swallowed; and that she did not know it to be Poi-fon, till she had seen its Effects. She said, that she had received the Powder from Mr. Cranstoun, with a Present of Scotch Pebbles; that he had wrote on the Paper that held it, The Powder to clean the Pebbles with; that he had affured her it was harmless; that he had often taken it himself; that if she would give her Father fome of it now and then, a little and a little at a Time, in any Liquid, it would make him kind to him and her; that accordingly about fix Weeks before, at Breakfast-time, her Father being out of the Room, she had put a little of it into his Cup of Tea, but that he never drank it; that Part of the Powder swimming at Top of the Tea, and Part finking to the Bottom, she had poured it out of the Window, and filled up the Cup with fresh Tea; that then she wrote to Mr. Cranstoun, to let him know, that she could not give it in Tea without being discovered; and that in his Answer, he had advised her to give it in Water-gruel for the Future, or in any other thickish Fluid. I asked her, whether she would endeavour to bring Mr. Cranstoun to, Justice ? Ascer a short Pause, she answered, that she was fully conscious of her own Guilt, and was unwilling to add Guilt to Guilt; which she thought she should do, if the took any Step to the Prejudice of Mr. Cranstoun; whom the confidered as her Husband, though the Ceremony had not passed between them.

Ring's Council. Was any thing more faid by the Prisoner or you? Dr. Addington. I asked her, whether she had been so weak as to believe the Powder, that she had put into her Father's Tea and Gruel, so harmless as Mr. Cranstoun had represented it? Why Mr. Cranstoun had called it a Powder to clean Pebbles, if it was intended only to make Mr. Blandy kind? Why she had not tried it on herself, before she ventured to try it on her Father? Why she had flung it into the Fire? Why if she had really thought it innocent, she had been fearful of a Discovery, when Part of it swam on the Top of the Tea? Why, when she had found it hurtful to her Father, she had neglected so many Days, to call proper Assistance to him? And why, when I was called at last, she had endeavoured to keep me in the dark, and hide the true Cause of his Illness?

Council. What Answers did she make to these Questions?

Dr. Addington. I can't justly say; but very well remember, that they were not such as gave me any Satisfaction.

Prisoner's Council. She said then that she was entirely ignorant of

the Effects of the Powder?

Dr. Addington. She said, that she did not know it to be Poison, still she had seen its Effects.

Prisoner's Council. Let me ask you, Dr. Addington, this single Question: Whether the Horrors and Agonies which Miss Blandy

was in at this Time, were not, in your Opinion, owing folely to an

hearty Concern for her Father?

Dr. Addington. I beg, Sir, that you will excuse my giving an Answer to this Question, It is not easy, you know, to form a true Judgment of the Heart; and I hope a Witness need not deliver his Opinion of it.

Prisoner's Council. I don't speak of the Heart: You are only defined to say, whether those Agitations of Body and Mind which Miss Blandy shewed at this Time, did not seem to you to arise in-

tirely from a tender concern for her Father?

Dr. Addington. Since you oblige me, Sir, to speak to this Particular, I must say, that all the Agitations of Body and Mind, which Miss Blandy shewed at this Time, or any other, when I was with her, seemed to me to arise more from the Apprehension of unhappy Consequences to herself, than from a tender and hearty Concern for her Father.

Prisoner's Council. Did you never then observe in her any evident Tokens of Grief for her Father?

Dr. Addington. I never thought I did.

Prisoner's Council. Did she never wish for his Recovery?

Dr. Addington. Often.

* Prisoner's Council. Did not you think that those Wishes implied a Concern for him?

Dr. Addington. I did not; because I had before told her, that if he died soon, she would inevitably be ruined.

Prisoner's Council. When did you tell her this?

Dr. Addington. On Sunday Morning, August the 11th, just before I left Henley.

Prisoner's Council. Did not she desire you that Morning, before you quitted his Room, to visit him again the next Day?

Dr. Addington. Yes.

Prisoner's Council. And was she not very solicitous that you should

do him all the Service in your Fower?

Dr. Addington. I cannot fay that I discovered any Sollicitude in her on this Score, 'till Monday Night, August the 12th, after she was confined, and her Keys, and other Things, had been taken from her.

King's Council. Did you, Dr. Addington, attend Susan Gunnell in her Illness?

Dr. Addington. Yes, Sir; but I took no Minutes of her Cafe. King's Council. Did her Symptoms agree with Mr. Blandy's?

Dr. Addington. They differed from his in some respects, but the most material were manifestly of the same kind with his, though in a much less Degree.

King's Council. Did you think them owing to Poison?

Dr. Addington. Yes.

King's Council. Did you attend Ann Emmett?

Dr. Addington. Yes, Sir.

King's Council. To what Cause did you ascribe her Disorder?

Dr. Addington. To Poison: For she told me, that, on Wednesday. Morning, August the 7th, very soon after drinking some Gruel at Mr.

Mr. Blandy's, she had been seized with Prickings, and Burnings, in her Tongue, Throat, and Stomach, which had been sollowed by severe Fits of Vomiting and Purging. And I observed that she had many other Symptoms, which agreed with Mr. Blandy's.

King's Council. Did she say, that she thought she had ever taken

Poison before?

Dr. Addington. On my telling her that I ascrib'd her Complaints to Poison, which she had taken in Gruel at Mr. Blandy's, August the 7th, she said, that if she had been poisoned by drinking that Gruel at Mr. Blandy's, she was sure that she had been poisoned there the Hay-Time before by drinking something else.

Alice Emmett sworn.

My Mother is now very ill, and can't attend; she was Chairwoman at Mr. Blandy's in June last, she was taken very ill in the Night, with a Vomiting and Reaching, upward and downwards. I went to Miss Blandy in the Morning by her Desire, to see if she would fend her something, as she wanted something to drink, saying she was very dry; Miss said, she would fend something, which she did in about two Hours.

Council. Did you tell her what your Mother had eat or drank? Emmett. No, I did not; only faid, my Mother was very ill,

and very dry, and defired fomething to drink.

Mr. Robert Littleton sworn.

I was Clerk to Mr. Blandy almost two Years; the latter End of July last I went to my Father's in Warwicksbire, and returned again August the 9th, and breakfasted with Mr. Blandy and his Daughter the next Morning, which was on a Saturday; he was in great Agony and complained very much; he had a particular Dish to drink his Tea in, he tasted his Tea and did not drink it; saying, it had a gritty bad Tafte, and asked Miss, whether she had not put too much of the black Stuff in it? Meaning Bohea Tea. She answered, it was as usual; he tasted it again and said, it had a bad Taste; she seemed to be in some Sort of a Tremor; he looked particular at her, and she looked very much confused and hurried, and went out of the Room. Soon after, my Master poured it out into the Cat's Bason, and set it to be filled again; after this, when he was not there. Miss asked me, what he did with the Tea? I faid, he had not drank it, but put it into the Cat's Bason in the Window; then she looked a good deal confused and hurried. The next Day Mr. Blandy of Kingston came about half an Hour after Nine in the Morning, they walked into the Parlour, and left me to breakfast by myself in the Kitchen; I went to Church, when I returned, the Prisoner desired me to walk with her Cousin into the Garden; she delivered a Letter to me, and desired me to seal and direct it as usual, and put it into the Post.

Council. Had you ever directed any Letter for her before ?

Littleton. I have a great many; I used to direct her Letters to Mr. Cranstoun.

He is shown a Letter.

Littleton. This is one.

Council. Did you put it into the Post?

Littleton. I did not? I opened ir, having just before heard Mr. Blandy was poisoned by his own Daughter; I transcribed it, and took it to Mr. Norton's the Apothecary at Henley, and after that I showed it, and read it to Mr. Blandy.

Council. What did he fay?

Littleton. He said very little; he smiled and said, Poor Lowe-fick Girl! What won't a Girl do for a Man she lowes? (or to that Effect.)

Council. Have you ever feen her write?

Littleton. I have vory often.

Council. Look at this Letter, is it her own Hand-writing?

Littleton. I can't tell; it is wrote worse than she used to write, but it is the same she gave me.

Council. Do you remember Mr. Cranstoun coming there in Au-

gust, 1750?

Littleton. I do. It was either the latter End of July, or the

beginning of August.

Council. Did you hear any Talk about Musick about that Time? Littleton. After he was gone, I heard the Prisoner say, she heard Music in the House; this I heard her say very often, and that it denoted a Death in the Family; sometimes she said, she believed it would be herself; at other Times, it might be her Father, by reason he was so much broken; I heard her say once, she thought she heard her Mother.

Council. Did she say when that Death would happen?

Littleton. She said that Death would happen before October, meaning the Death of her Father, seeming to me.

Council. Have you heard her curse her Father?

Littleton. I have heard her several Times, for a Rogue, a Villain, a toothless old Dog.

Council. How long was this before her Father's Death?

Littleton. I can't justly tell that, but I have heard her a great many Times within two Months of his Death, and a great while before; I had used to tell her he was much broken latterly, and would not live long; she would say, she thought so too, and that the Music portended his Death.

Gross-Examined.

Prisoner's Council. When you breakfasted with them in the Parlour, who was there first?

Littleton. She was.

Prisoner's Council. Did you see the Tea made?

Littleton. No, Sir,

Prisoner's Council. Did you see it poured out?

Littleton. No; but he desired me to taste the Tea; I did mine,

and faid, I fancied his Mouth was out of Taste.

Prisoner's Council. Did not this Hurry you say Miss Blandy was in, arise from the Displeasure of her Father, because the Tea was not made to his Mind?

Littleton. I can't say that, or what it was from.

Prisoner's Council. What became of that he throwed into the Cat's Bason?

Littleton. He left it there.

Robert Harman sworn.

I was Servant to Mr. Blandy at the Time of his Death; that Night he died, the Prisoner asked me, where I should live next? I said, I did not know; she asked me to go with her, I asked her where she was going? She said, It would be 500 l. in my Way, and no Hurt to me, if I would; I told her, I did not chuse to go.

Council. Did she tell you to what Place she was going?

Harman. She did not.

Council. Did she want to go away at that Time of Night? Harman. Then immediately.

Cross-Examined.

Prisoner's Council. Did she give any Reason why she desired to go away?

Harman. No she gave none.

Prisoner's Council. How long had you lived there?

Harman. A Twelvemonth.

Prisoner's Council. What has been her general Behaviour to her Father, during the Time you was there?

Harman. She behaved very well, so far as ever I saw, and to all

the Family.

King's Council. Did you ever hear her swear about her Father? Harman. No I never did.

Mr. Richard Fisher sworn.

I was one of the Jury on the Coroner's Inquest, that sat on Mr. Blandy's Body on Thur/day 15 August. As I was going up Street to go to Market, I was told, Miss Blandy was gone over the Bridge. I went and sound her at the Sign of the Angel, on the other Side the Bridge; I told her, I was very sorry for her Missortune, and asked her what she could think of herself to come from Home, and if she would be glad to go Home again? She said, "Yes; but what must I do to get there for the Mob?" I said, I would endeavour to get a close Post-Chaise and carry her Home; I went out through the Mob and got one, and carried her Home; she asked me, whether she was to go to Oxford that Night or not? I said, I believed not; when I came to her Father's House, I delivered her

up to the Constables; when we were upon the Enquiry before the Coroner, a Gentleman was asking for some Letters, which came in the Time of Mr. Blandy's Illness; I went to her Uncle Stevens to see for them; she then asked me again, what the Gentlemen intended to do with her, or how it would go? I said, I was asraid very hard, unless she could produce some Letters to bring Mr. Cranstoun to Justice. She said, "Dear Mr. Fisher, I am asraid I have burnt some that would have brought him to Justice;" she took a Key out of her Pocket, and said, "Take this Key, and see if you can find such Letters in such a Drawer; there was one Mrs. Minn stood by, I desired her to go with the Key, which she did; but no Letters were found there; then Miss Blandy said, My Honour to him will prove my Ruin.

Council. What did she mean by the Word him?

Fisher. Mr. Cranstoun. When she found there was no Letters of Consequence to be found.

Mrs. Lane sworn.

I was with my Husband at Henley at the Sign of the Angel on the other Side the Bridge; there was Miss Blandy. The first Word I heard Mr. Lane my Husband say, was if she was found guilty, she would suffer according to Law; upon which she stampt her Foot upon the Ground and said, O that d—mn'd Villain! then paused a little and said, but why should I blame him? for I am more to blame than he, for I gave it him, and knew the Consequence.

Council. Did she say, I knew or I know?

Mrs. Lane. I really can't fay, Sir, for I did not expect to be called for to be examined here, and will not take upon me to swear positively to a Word; she was in a Sort of an Agony, in a very great Fright.

Mr. Lane sworn.

I went into the Room where the Prisoner was before my Wise the Day after Mr. Blandy's Death; she arose from her Chair and met me, and looked hard at me, she said, Sir, I have not the Pleasure of knowing you. Said, No, I am a Stranger to you; she said, Sir, you look like a Gentleman, what do you think they will do with me? Said I, you will be committed to the County Goal and be tried at the Assizes, and if your Innocence appears, you'll be acquitted; if not, you will suffer accordingly; she stamped with her Foot and said O! that d—mn'd Villain! but why do I blame him, I am more to blame. Then Mr. Littleton came in, which took off my Attention from her, that I did not hear so as to give an Account of the whole.

(The Letter which Littleton opened, read in Court.) Directed

to the honourable William Heyry Cranstoun, Esq;

Dear WILLY,

MY Father is so bad, that I have only Time to tell you, that if you do not hear from me soon again, do not be frightened; I am better myself, and lest any Accident should happen to your Letters take Care what you write.

My sincere Compliments,

I am ever Yours.

The Prisoner's Desence.

My Lords,

1 100 1151

IT is morally impossible for me to lay down the Hardships I have received ——I have been aspersed in my Character. In the first Place, it has been faid, that I have spoke ill of my Father; that I have curfed him and wished him at Hell; which is extremely false. -Sometimes little Family Affairs have happened; and he did not speak to me so kind as I could wish. - I own I am passionate. My Lords, and in those Passions some hasty Expressions might have. dropt: But great Care has been taken to recollect every Word I. have spoken at different Times, and to apply them to such particular Purposes, as my Enemies knew would do me the greatest Injury. These are Hardships, My Lords, extreme Hardships! such as You yourselves must allow to be so. - It was said too, My Lords, that I endeavoured to make my Escape. Your Lordships will judge, from the Difficulties I laboured under. I had lost my Father I was accused of being his Murderer — I was not permitted to go near him - I was forlaken by my Friends - affronted by the Mob - infulted by my Servants. - Although I begged to have the Liberty to listen at the Door where he died, I was not allowed it. My Keys were taken from me, my Shoe-buckles and Garters too, to prevent me from making away with myself, as though I was the molt abandoned Creature. - What could I do, My Lords? I verily believe I must have been out of my Senses. - When I heard my Father was dead, and the Door open, I ran out of the House, and over the Bridge, and had nothing on but an half Sack and Petticoat. without a Hoop, --- my Petticoats hanging about me, --- The Mob gathered about me. - Was this a Condition, my Lords, to make my Escape in? - A good Woman beyond the Bridge seeing me in this Distress, defired me to walk in till the Mob was dispersed; the Town-Serjeant was there, I begged he would take me under his Protection to have me Home; the Woman said, it was not proper, the Mob was very great, and that I had better stay a little. When I came Home, they said I used the Constable ill. I was lock'd up for fifteen Hours, with only an old Servant of the Family to attend me. - I was not allowed a Maid for the common Decencies of my Sex. I was fent to Goal, and was in Hopes, there, at least, this Usage would have ended: But was sold it was reported I was frequently drunk; - that I attempted

to make my Escape; - that I never attended the Chapel. A more

abstemious Woman, My Lords, I believe, does not live.

Upon the Report of my making my Escape, the Gentleman who was High Sheriff last Year, (not the present) came and told me, by Order of the higher Powers, he must put an Iron on me; I submitted, as I always do to the higher Powers. Some Time after he came again, and faid he must put an heavier upon me, which I have worn, My Lords, till I came hither. I ask'd the Sheriff, Why I was fo ironed? He faid, he did it by the Command of some noble Peer, on his hearing that I intended to make my Escape. I told them I never had fuch a Thought, and I would bear it with the other cruel Usage I had received on my Character. Reverend Mr. Swinton, the worthy Clergyman who attended me in Prison, can testify that I was very regular at the Chapel, whenever I was well; sometimes I really was not able to come out, and then he attended me in my Room. — They likewise have published Papers and Depositions, which ought not to have been published, in order to represent me as the most abandoned of my Sex, and to prejudice the World against me. I submit myself to your Lordships, and to the worthy Jury. - I can assure your Lordships, as I am to answer it before that Grand Tribunal, where I must appear, I am as innocent as the Child unborn of the Death of my Father. - I would not endeavour to fave my Life at the Expence, of Truth. — I really thought the Powder an innocent inoffensive Thing, and I gave it to procure his Love. - It has been mentioned I should fay I was RUIN'D : My Lords, when a young Woman loses her Character, is not that her Ruin? Why, then, shou'd this Expression be construed in so wide a Sense? Is it not ruining my Character to have such a-Thing laid to my Charge? And whatever may be the Event of this Tryal, I am RUINED most effectually.

For the Prisoner. Anne James sworn.

I live at Henley, and had use to wash for Mr. Blandy; I remember the Time Mr. Blandy grew ill; before he was ill, there was a Difference between Elizabeth Binfield, and Miss Blandy, and Binfield was to go away.

Council. How long before Mr. Blandy's Death?

Anne James. It might be proving near a Quarter of a Year before: I have heard her curse Misso Blandy, and d—n her for a Bitch; and, said she would not stay. Since this Affair happened, I heard her say, d—n her, for a black Bitch, I shall be glad to see her go up the Ladder, and swing. II

Anne James. It was after Miss was sent away to Goal.

and the state of (Cross Bramined.) the contract of the contrac

King's Council. What was this Quarrel about? Anne James. I don't know, I heard her fay the had a Quarrel, and was to go away several Times.

King's

King's Council. Who was by at this Time?

Anne James. Mary Banks was by, and Nurse Edwards, and Mary Seymour, and I am not sure whether Robert Harman was there, or

King's Council. How was it introduced?

Anne James. It happened in Mr. Blandy's Kitchen, she was always talking about Miss.

King's Council. Was you there on the 5th of August?

Anne James. I can't say I was.

King's Council. Do you remember the Prisoner's coming into the Wash-house, and saying she had been doing something with her Father's Water-Gruel?

Anne Fames. No, I don't remember it.

Elizabeth Binfield was called up again.

King's Council. Did you, Elizabeth Binfield, ever make use of such an Expression as this Witness has mentioned?

Elizabeth Binfield. I never said such Words.

King's Council. Did you ever tell this Witness, Miss and you had quarrelled?

Elizabeth Binfield. To the best of my Knowledge, I never told

her about a Quarrel.

King's Council. Have you ever had a Quarrel?

Elizabeth Binfield. We had a little Quarrel some Time be-

King's Council. Did you ever declare you was to go away? Elizabeth Binfield. I did.

Mary Banks Sworn.

I remember being in Mr. Blandy's Kitchen in Company with Anne James.

. Council. Who was in Company? Mary Banks. I don't remember.

Council. Do you remember a Conversation between Elizabeth Binfield, and Anne James?

Mary Banks. I don't remember any Thing of it.

Council. Do you remember her aspersing Miss Blandy's Cha-Mary Banks. I don't recollect.

Council. Did you hear her lay the should be glad to see the black Bitch go up the Ladder to be hang'd?

Mary Banks. She did say the should be glad to see the black Bitch go up the Ladder to be hang'd.

Council. When was this?

Mury Banks. It was the Night Mr. Blandy was opened.

. Council. Are you sure it was that Day?

- Mary Banks. I'm sure it was.

Council. Where was Miss Blandy then? Mary Banks. She was then in the House.

Edward Herne Sworn.

I formerly was a Servant in Mr. Blandy's Family; I went there eighteen Years ago, and left them about twelve Years ago last Navember, but have been frequently at the House ever since; that is, may be once, twice, thrice, or four Times in a Week.

Council. What was Miss's general Behaviour to her Father, and in

the Family?

Herne. She behaved, according to what I always observed, as well to her Father, and the Family, as any Body could do, an affectionate, dutiful Daughter.

Council. Did you see her during the Time of Mr. Blandy's Ill-

ness?

Herne. I did. The first Time I went into the Room, she was not able to speak to me, nor I to her, for ten Minutes.

Council. What was that owing to?

Horne. It was owing to the Greatness of her Grief.

Council. When was this?

Herne. It was the 12th of August at Night.

Council. How did her Father teem to be satisfied with her Behawiour and Conduct?

Herne. She was put into my Custody that Night; when I went into the Room, (upon hearing the Groans of her Father) she said, at my Return, pray Ned, how does he do?

Council. Did you ever hear her speak Ill of her Father?

Herne. I never heard her swear an Oath all the Time I have known her, or speak a disrespectful Word of her Father.

Cross Examined.

King's Council. What are you? Herne. I am Sexton of the Parish.

King's Council. On what Night did Mr. Blandy die?

Herne. On the Wednesday Night.

King's Council. How came you, as the was put under your Care, so let her get away?

Herne. I was gone to dig a Grave, and was sent for home; they

told me she was gone over the Bridge.

King's Council. Had you any Talk with her about this Affair?

Herne. She declared to me, that Captain Cranstoun put some Powder into Tea one Morning for Mr. Blandy, and she turned herself about when he was stirring of it in the Cap.

King's Council When did The tell you this?

Herne. In August, 1750.

King's Council. Have you seen her since she has been in Oxford

Herne. I have. When the Report was spread, that the Captain was taken, I was with her in the Goal; a Gentleman came in, and said, he was taken; she wrung her Hands, and said, I hope in God it is true, that he may be brought to Justice, as well as I, and that he

may suffer the Punishment due to his Crime, as she should do for bers.

Prisoner. Give me Leave to ask the last Witness some Questions. Court. You had better tell your Questions to your Council; for you may do yourself Harm by asking Questions.

Prisoner's Council. Did not the Prisoner, at the same Time, declare, that, as to herself, she was totally innocent, and had no De-

fign to hurt her Father?

Herne. At that Time, she declared, that when Cranstown put the Powder into the Tea, upon which no Damage at all came, and when she put Powder afterwards herself, she apprehended no Damage could come to her Father,

Prisoner's Council. When she spoke of her own Suffering, did she

not mean the same Missortune that she then laboured under?

Herne. She said, she should be glad Cranstown should be taken, and brought to Justice; she thought it would bring the whole to Light. he being the Occasion of it all; for she suffered (by being in Prison) and was innocent, and knew nothing that it was Poilon, no more than I, or any one Person in the House.

Thomas Cawley sworn.

I have known Miss Blandy twenty Years, and upwards, and her Father likewise; I was intimate in the Family, and have frequently drank Tea there.

Council. What was her Behaviour to her Father, during your

Knowledge of her?

Caraley. I never saw any other than dutiful.

Thomas Staverton sworn.

Thomas Staverton. I have lived near them five or fix-and-twenty Years, and upwards, and was always intimate with them; I always thought they were two happy People, he happy in a Daughter, and she in a Father, as any in the World; the last Time she was at our House, she expressed, her Father had had many Wives laid out for him, but she was satisfied, he never would marry till she was settled.

Cross Examined.

King's Council. Did you observe for the last three or four Months

before his Death, that he declined in his Health?

Staverton. I observed he did; I don't say as to his Health, but he seemed to shrink, and I have often told my Wife, my old Friend Blandy was going.

King's Council. Had he lost any Teeth latterly?

Staverton. I don't know as to that, he was a good looking Man.

Prisoner's Council. How old was he? Staverton. I think he was 62.

Mary

Mary Davis sworn.

I live at the Angel at Henley Bridge; I remember Miss Blandy coming over the Bridge the Day that Mr. Blandy was opened; she was walking along, and a great Croud of People after her. I seeing that, went and asked what was the Matter; I asked her, where she was going? She said to take a Walk for a little Air, for they were going to open her Father, and she could not bear the House; the Mob followed her so fast was the Reason I asked her to go to my House, which she accepted,

Council. Did she walk fast, or slowly?

Mary Davis. She was walking as foftly as Foot could be laid to the Ground; it had not the least Appearance of her going to make her Escape.

Robert Stoke Sworn.

Robert Stoke. I saw the Prisoner with Mrs. Davis the Day her Father was opened; I told her, I had Orders from the Mayor to detain her; she said, she was very glad, because the Mob was about.

Council. Did you think from her Dress and Behaviour, she was about an Attempt to make her Escape?

Stoke, No, it did not appear to me at all.

Cross Examined.

King's Council. Was you there when Mr. and Mrs. Lane came in?

Stoke. I wasi

King's Council. Did you hear the Words she said to Mr. Lane?

Stoke. I heard nothing at all.

Mr. Ford. As very unjustifiable and illegal Methods have been used, to prejudice the World against Miss Blandy; such as it is to be hoped, no Man will have the Boldness to repeat, I mean the printing and publishing the Examination of Witnesses before her Tryal, and as very scandalous Reports have been spread concerning her Behaviour even since her Imprisonment; it is desired, that the Reverend Gentleman who has attended her as a Clergyman, may give an Account of her Conduct whilst in Goal, that she may at least be delivered of some of the Insamy she at present lies under.

To which he was answered by the Court, that it was needless to call a Witness to that, as the Jury was only to regard what was deposed in Court, and entirely to disregard what Papers had been

printed, and spread about, or any Report whatsoever.

The bonourable Mr. Bathurst's Reply,

Your Lordships will, I hope, indulge me in a very few Words by way of Reply; and after the Length of Evidence which has been been laid before the Jury, I will take up but little of your Lord-

ship's Time.

Gentlemen, you observe it has been proved to a Demonstration, that Mr. Francis Blandy did die of Poison. It is as clearly proved that, he died of the Poison put into his Water-gruel upon the 5th of August; and that, the Prisoner at the Bar put it in: For so much appears not only from her own Confession, but from a Variety of other Evidence. The single Question therefore for your Consideration is, Whether she did it knowingly or ignorantly.

I admit, that in some of the Conversations, which she has had at different Times with different Persons, she has said she did it without knowing it to be Poison, or believing it to be so. —— At the same Time I beg Leave to observe, (as you will find when their Lordships sum up the Evidence to you) that she did not always make

the same Prétence.

Examine then, Gentlemen, whether it is possible to do it igno-

rantly.

It has appeared in Evidence, that she owned she saw Mr. Cranfloun put some Powder into her Father's Tea in the Month of August preceding; that she had herself afterwards done the same;
but she said she saw no ill Essect from it, and therefore concluded it
was not hurtful. — Her own Witness, Thomas Staverton, says,
that for a Year post Mr. Blandy used to shrink in his Cloaths; that he
made the Observation to his Wise, and told her, his Friend Blandy
was going. — Our Witnesses have said, that she herself made the
same Observation, told them, her Father looked very ill, as though he
would not live: and said, he would not live till October.

And here let me observe one Thing. She says she gave her Father this Powder to make him love her. — After having heard the great Affection with which the poor dying Man behaved towards her, can you think she wanted any Charm for that Purpose? After having heard what her own Witnesses have said of the Father's Fondness for the Daughter, can you believe she had Occa-

fion for any Love-powder?

But one Thing more. She knew her Father had taken this Powder in his Water-gruel upon the Monday-Night, and upon the Tuesday-Night; saw how violently he was affected by it, and yet would have had more of the same Gruel given to him upon the

Wednesday.

Yet one Thing more. When she must have been fully satisfied that it was Poison, and that it would probably be the Occasion of his Death; she endeavoured to burn the Paper in which the rest of the Powder was contained, without ever acquainting the Physicians what she had given him, which might have been the Means for them to have prescribed what was proper for his Relief.

Still one Thing more. She is accused upon the Saturday; she attempts to burn the Powder upon the Saturday; and yet, upon the Sunday she stays from Church in order to write a Letter to Mr. Cranstoun. — In that Letter she stiles him her dear Willy, — acquaints him, her Father is so bad that he must not be frighten'd

D 4

if he does not soon hear from her again, — says, she is herself better, — then cautions him to take Care what he writes less his Letter should fall into a wrong Hand. Was this such a Letter as she wou'd have wrote, if she had been innocent? If she had not known the Quality of the Powder? If she had been imposed upon

by Mr. Cranstoun?

I will only make one other Observation, which is that, of all our Witnesses, she has attempted to discredit only one. She called two Persons to contradict Elizabeth Binfield in regard to a scandalous Expression, (which she was charged with, but which she positively denied ever to have made use of,) in faying, She should be glad to fee the Prisoner go up the Ladder, and swing. - They first called Anne James; she swore to the Expression, and said, it was after Miss Blandy was fent to Oxford Goal. The next Witness, Mary Banks, who, at first, did not remember the Conversation, and, at last, did not remember who were present, said, (upon being ask'd about the Time) that she was sure the Conversation happen'd upon the Thurfday Night on which Mr. Blandy was open'd, and during the Time that Miss Blandy was in the House. These two Witnesses therefore, grofly contradict one another; consequently ought not to take away the Credit of Elizabeth Binfield. And let me observe that Elizabeth Binfield proved nothing, (beside some few Expressions psed by Miss Blandy,) but what was confirmed by the other Maid-Servant, Sufan Gunnell.

I will, in Justice to the Prisoner, add, (what has already been observed by Mr. Ford,) that the printing what was given in Evidence before the Coroner, drawing odious Comparisons between her and former Paricides, and spreading scandalous Reports in regard to her Manner of demeaning herself in Prison, was a shameful Behaviour towards her, and a gross Offence against public Justice. But you, Gentlemen, are Men of Sense, and upon your Oaths; you will therefore totally disregard whatever you have heard out of this Place. You are sworn to give a true Verdict between the King and Prisoner at the Bar according to the Evidence now laid before you; it is upon that we, (who appear for the Public) rest our Cause.

If, upon that Evidence, she appears to be innocent, in God's Name let her be acquitted: But if upon that Evidence she appears to be guilty; I am sure you will do Justice to the Public, and acquit your

own Consciences.

Prisoner. It is said I gave it my Father to make him fond of me.

— There was no Occasion for that, — but to make him fond of Cranstoun.

Mr. Baron-LEGGE.

ENTLEMEN of the Jury — Mary Blandy, the Prifoner at the Bar, stands indicted before you for the Murder of Francis Blandy, her late Father; by mixing Poison in Tea and Water-gruel, which she had prepared for him. To which she has leaded that she is Not guilty. In the first Place, Gentlemen, I would take Notice to you of a very improper, and a very scandalous Behaviour towards the Prisoner, by certain People, who have taken upon themselves very unjustifiably, to publish in Print, what they call Depositions, taken before the Coroner, in Relation to this very Affair, which is now brought before you to determine. I hope you have not seen them; but if you have, I must tell you, as you are Men of Sense and Probity, that you must divest yourselves of every Prejudice that can arise from thence, and attend merely to the Evidence that has now been given before you in Court, which I shall endeavour to repeat to you, as exactly as I am able, after so great a Length of Examination.

In Support of the Indicament, the Council for the Crown have called a great Number of Witnesses; in order to establish, in the first Place, the Fact, that Mr. Blandy died of Poison, they begin with Dr. Addington, who tells you that he did attend Mr. Blandy in his last Illness; that he was first called in upon Saturday Evening, the 10th of August last; that the Deceased complained, that after drinking some Water-gruel on Monday Night the 5th of August, he perceived a Grittiness in his Mouth, attended with a pricking Burning, especially about his Tongue and Throat; that he had a Pricking and Burning in his Stomach, accompanied with Sickness; a Pricking and Griping in his Bowels; but that afterwards he purged and vomited a good deal, which had lessened those Symptoms he had complained of; that on Tuesday Night, the 6th of August, he took more Gruel, and had immediately a Return of the same Symptoms, but more aggravated; that he had besides Hiccoughs, cold Sweats, great Anxieties, Prickings in every external as well as internal Part of his Body, which he compared to so many Needles, darting at the same Time into all Parts of him; but the Doctor tells you, at the same Time he saw him, he said he was easy, except in his Mouth, his Nose, Lips, Eyes and Fundament, and some transient Pinchings in his Bowels, which the Doctor then imputed to the Purgings and Vomitings, for he had had some bloody Scools; that he imputed the Senfations upwards to the Fumes of something he had taken the Monday and Tuesday before; that he inspected the Parts affected, and found his Tongue swelled, hi Throat excoriated and a little swelled, his Lips dry, and Pimples on them, Pimples on the Infide of his Nostrils, and his Eyes blood-shot; (that next Morning he examined his Fundament, which he found surrounded with Ulcers) his Pulse trembled and intermitted, his Breath was interrupted and laborious, his Complexion yellowish, and he could not with the greatest Difficulty swallow a Tea-spoonful of the thinnest Liquid; that he then ask'd him, if he had given Offence to any Person whatever. His Daughter the Prisoner was then present, and she made Answer, that her Father was at Peace with all the World, and all the World with him. He then asked, if he had been subject to this kind of Complaint before: The Prisoner said, that he was subject to the Heart-burn and Cholic, and she supposed this would go off as it used to do; that he then told them, that he suspected that by some means or other,

he had taken Poison: To which the Deceased replied, he did not know but he might, or Words to that Effect; but the Prisoner said it was impossible: He returned to visit him on Sunday Morning, and found him something relieved; that he had had some Stools, but none bloody, which he took for a Spasm; that afterwards Norton the Apothecary gave him some Powder, which he said had been taken out of Gruel, which the Deceased had drank on Monday and Tuesday; this Powder he examined at Leisure, and believes it to be white Arfenic; that the same Morning a Paper was put into his Hands, by one of the Maide, which she said had been taken out of the Fire, and which she saw Miss Blandy throw in, there was a Superscription on the Paper, Powder to clean the Pebbles; there was so little of it, that he can't say positively what it was, but suspects it to be Arsenic, for he put it on his Tongue, and it felt like Arsenic, but some burnt Paper mixed with it had discoloured and fostened it. He tells you, that on Monday Morning the Deceased was worse; all the Symptoms returned, and he complained more of his Fundament than before: He then defired the Affistance of some skilful Physician, because he looked upon him to be in the utmost Danger, and apprehended this Affair might come before a Court of Judicature : He asked the Deceased, if he really thought he was poisoned; to which he answered, that he really believed so, and thought he had taken it often. because his Teeth rotted faster than usual; he had frequent Prickings and Burnings in his Tongue and Throat, violent Heart-burn and frequent Stools, that carried it off again by unaccountable Fits of Vomiting and Purging; that he had had these Symptoms especially, after his Daughter had received a Present of Scotch Pebbles from Mr. Granstoun. He then asked the Deceased who he fuspected had given the Poison to him; the Tears then stood in his Eyes, but he forced a Smile, and faid: A poor Love fick Girl, I forgive her: I always thought there was Mischief in those cursed Scotch Pebbles.

Dr. Leavis came that Evening, and Miss Blandy was fent into her Chamber, under a Guard, and all Papers in her Pocket, and all Instruments with which she might hurt herself, or any other Person, and her Keys, were taken from her, that nothing might be fecreted; for it was not then publickly known that Mr. Blandy was poisoned, and that they thought themselves accountable for her forthcoming. On Monday Night the Deceased mended again, and grew better and worse unaccountably, as long as he lived. On Tuesday Morning every Thing grew worse, he became excessively weak, rambled in his Di course, and grew delirious, had cold clammy Sweats, short Cough, and a deep Way of fetching his Breath; and he observed, upon those Occasions, that an ulcerous Matter issued from his' Fundament. In the Midst of all this, whenever he recovered his Senses, he said he' was better, and seemed quite serene, and told him he thought himfelf like a Man bit by a mad Dog, I should be glad to drink, but I About Noon his Speech faltered more than before; can't swaltow. he grew ghafily; was a shocking Sight; and had a very bad Night. On Wednesday Morning he recovered his Senses a little, and said he would

would make his Will in a few Days, but foon grew delirious again, funk every Minute, and about Two in the Afternoon he died:

· The Doctor tells you he then thought, and still thinks, that he died of Poison; that he had no Symptoms while he lived, nor after he was dead, but what are common in People who have taken white Arsenic. He then read some Observations which he had made on the Appearances of his Body after he was dead; that his Back, and the Parts he lay on, were livid; the Fat on the Muscles of his Belly was loofe in Texture, and approached Fluidity, the Muscles of the Belly were pale and flaccid; the Cawl yellower than natural; the Side next the Stomach and Intestines brownish; the Heart variegated with Purple Spots; there was no Water in the Pericardium; the Lungs refembled Bladders filled with Air, blotted with black, like Ink; the Liver and Spleen were discoloured; and the former looked as if it had been boiled; a Stone was found in the Galf-bladder; the Bile was very fluid, and of a dirty yellow Colour, inclining to red; the Kidneys were flained with livid Spots; the Stomach and Bowels were inflated, and looked as if they had been pinched, and Blood stagnated in the Membranes; they contained slimy bloody Froth; their Coats were thin, smooth and flabby; the Infide of the Stomach was quite fmooth, and about the Orifices, inflamed, and. appeared stabbed and wounded, like the white of an Eye, just brush'd by the Beards of Barley; that there was no Appearance of any natural Decay at all in him, and therefore he has no Doubt of his dying by Poison; and believes that Poison to have been white Arsenic; that the Deceased never gave him any Reason why he took the same fort of Gruel a second Time, nor did he ask him. He tells you, as to the Powder that was given to him by Norton, he made some Experiments with it the next Day, and some Part of it he gave to Mr. King, an experienced Chymist in Reading, who, upon Trial, found it to be Arsenic, as he told him; that he twice had Powder from Norton; and that, what he had the second Time, he kept entirely in his own Custody, and made Experiments with it a Month afterwards; that he never was out of the Room, while those Experiments were making, and he observed them to tally exactly with other Arsenic which he tried at the same Time. I need not mispend your Time in repeating the several Experiments which the Doctor has told you he made of it; he has been very minute and particular in his Account of them; and, upon the whole, concludes the same to have been Arsenic,

Dr. Lewis, the other Physician, who has likewise been sworn, stood by all the while, and confirms Dr. Addington's Evidence, tells you he observed the same Symptoms, and gives it absolutely as his Opinion, that Mr. Blandy died by Poison, of which he has not the

least Doubt.

The next Witness that is called on the Part of the Crown is Benjamin Norton, who is an Apothecary at Henley; he tells you, he was fent for to Mrs. Mounteney's in Henley, on Thursday Morning the 8th of August; that there was a Pan brought thither by Susan Gunnell, Mr. Blandy's Maid Servant, with some Water Gruel in it; that he was asked, what that Powder was in the Bottom of the Pan;

to which he replied, that it was impossible to fay, whilst it was wet in the Gruel, but that he would take it out; that accordingly he did take it out, and laid it upon Paper, and gave it to Mrs. Mounteney to keep, which she did till the Sunday following, when it was delivered to him, and he shewed it to Dr. Addington, to whom he gave some of it twice, and by the Experiment made upon it with a hot Poker, he apprehended it to be of the Arsenic Kind; that the Powder he gave Doctor Addington was the same that he received from Mrs. Mounteney; that he has some of it still by him, which he now produces in Court: He tells you that he was fent for, to Mr. Blandy on Tuesday the 6th of August; that he was very ill, as he imagined, of the Cholic, and complained of a violent Pain in his Stomach, attended with Reaching and Purging, and Swelling of the Bowels; that he took Physic on Wednesday Morning, for which he found himself better; that on Thursday he went there in the Morning, but did not then fee him, but went again about Twelve o' Clock, and then faw him; he defired to have more Physic, which he sent him to take on the Friday Morning; that he has been used to: attend Mr. Blandy, but that he never faw him thus out of Order; that the last Illness he had had, was thirteen Months before. He rells you, that he has heard the Prisoner say, that she had heard Music in the House, which portended something, and that Cranstoun had seen her Father's Apparition; and this was some Months before her Father's Death; he says, that he can't tell who it was sent for him, butthat, when he came, he found Mr. Blandy and the Prifoner together; that he asked if he had eat any thing Thing that had difagreed with him; to which the Prisoner made Answer, nothing that she knew of, except some Peas on the Saturday Night before. That, at that Time, he did not apprehend any Thing of Poison, nor did Mr. Blandy mention any Thing of taking the Gruel to him: That on Saturday the Prisoner desired he would take Care of her Father, and if there were any Danger, call for Help; he told her, he thought he was in great Danger; and then she begged Dr. Addington might be fent for. Mr. Blandy himself would have deferred it till the next Day, but she, notwith standing, sent for him immediately: He tells you, that as to the Powder he found it to be gritty; and had no Smell; at first he could not tell what it was, till he took Notice of the old Woman's Symptoms to be the same as Mr. Blandy's; then he suspected foul Play, and, from what he heard in the Family, suspected Miss Blandy.

Mrs. Mounteney is then called, who tells you, that she remembers Susan Gunnell bringing a Pan to her House, with Water Gruel, and Powder at the Bottom of it, on Thursday; that she sent for Norton the Apothecary, who took the Powder out, and laid it on white Paper, which he gave to her to keep till it was called for; that she locked it up, and delivered the same to Norton on the Sunday following: She tells you, that the Prisoner always behaved dutifully to her Father, as far as ever she saw, when in his Presence; that she did not mention the Paper lest with her to any Body, till it was fetched away on Sunday Morning, the 11th of August: that she was not at Mr. Blandy's in that Time, and neither saw him, nor the Prisoner;

but

but she was there on the Sunday Afternoon, though she did not then

mention any Thing of it.

The next Witness is Susan Gunnell, who tells you, that she carried the Pan of Water Gruel to Mrs. Mounteney's, from Mr. Blandy's, which had been made at his House the Sunday Se'nnight before his Death, by herself; that she set it in the common Pantry, where all the Family used to go, and observed Nobody to be busy there afterwards; but on Mondoy the Prisoner told her she had been flirring her Pappa's Water Gruel, and eating the Oatmeal out of the Bottom; that she gave him a half Pint Mug of it that Monday Night, before he went to Bed; that she saw the Prisoner take the Tea Spoon that was in the Mug, stir it about, and then put her Fingers to the Spoon, and rub 'em together, and then he drank some part of it; that on Tuesday Morning she did not see him when first he came down Stairs, and the first Time she saw him was between Nine and Ten o'Clock, when Miss Blandy and he were together; that he then faid he was not well, and going to lye down; that on Tuesday Evening Robert Harman bid her warm her Master some Water Gruel, for he was in Haste for Supper; that she warmed him some of the same, which Miss Blandy carried into the Parlour, and she believes he eat of it, for there was about half left in the Morning; that she met him that Night, after the Water Gruel, as he was going up to Bed; as soon as he got into the Room he called for a Bason to reach, and seemed to be very sick, by reaching several Times; the next Morning, about Six o'Clock, she carried him up his Physic, when he told her he had had a pretty good Night, and was better; but he had vomited in the Night, as she judges by the Bason, which she had left clean, and was then about half full; that on Wednesday the Prisoner came into the Kitchen, and said to her, that as her Master had taken Physic, he might want Water Gruel, therefore she might give him the same again, and not leave her Work to make fresh, as she was bufy ironing; to which she answered, that it was stale, if there was enough of it; that it would not take much Time, and the would make fresh, and accordingly did so; that she had the Evening before taken up the Pan, and disliked the Taste, and thought it stale, but was now willing to taile it again; that she put the Pan to her Mouth, and drank some of it, and then observed some Whiteness at the Bottom, and told Betty Binfield, that she never saw any Oatmeal Settlement so white before; whereupon Betty Binfield looked at it. and faid, Oatmeal this! I think it looks as white as Flour; She then took it out of Doors, where there was more Light, and putting her Finger to the Bottom of the Pan found it gritty, upon which she recollected, that she had heard that Poison was white and gritty, which made her fear this might be Poison; she thérefore locked it up in a Closet, and on Thursday Morning carried it to Mrs. Mounteney's, where Mr. Norton faw it. She tells you, that about Six Weeks before Mr. Blandy's Death, the was not very well herfelf, and Miss Blandy then asked her what was the Matter with her, and what she had eat or drank; to which she answered, that she knew not what ailed her, but the had taken nothing more than the rest of the Family; upon which the Prisoner said to her, Susan, have you eat any Water-gruel? for I am told it hur s me, and may hurt

hurt you. To which the answered, Madam, it can't affect me, for I have eat none. She then mentions a Conversation, that Betty Binfield told her she had with the Prisoner on the same Subject; but that you will hear from Betty Binfield herself. She then tells you, that on the Wednesday Morning, after she had given her Master the Physic, she saw Ann Emmett the Chairwoman; and said to her, Dame, you used to be fond of Water gruel, here's a fine Mess for you, which my Master left last Night; and thereupon warmed it. and gave it her; that the Woman fat down on a Bench in the Kitchen, and drank some of it, but not all; and said the House fmelt of Physic, and every thing tasted of Physic, and she must go out and reach before the could finish it; that she went out to the Wash house, as she believes; that in about half an Hour she followed her, and then found her in the Necessary-house; reaching, and, as she said, purging; that the old Woman staid there an Hour and an half, during which Time she went frequently to her, and carried her Surfeit-water; she said she was no better, and desired fome fair Water, upon that she persuaded her to come into the House; but she said, she was not able without help; and then she led her in, and put her in a Chair by the Fire, where the Coughing and Reaching continued; that she staid in the House about half an Hour, and grew worse; and she thought her in a Fit, or feized with Death; that about Nine of the Clock that Morning, she went up to Miss Blandy, and acquainted her, that her Dame had been very ill, and complained that the Smell of Physic had made her fick, and at the same Time told her, that she had eat nothing but a little of her Master's Water-gruel, which could not hurt her; to which the Prisoner said, that she was glad she was not below Stairs, for the should have been spocked to have seen her poor Dame so ill. She tells you, that fometimes the Prisoner talked affectionately of her Father, and at other Times but middling, and called him an old Villain for using an only Child so. Sometimes she wished for his long Life, and sometimes for his Death; and would often fay, that she was very unkward; and that if her Father was dead, she would go to Scotland, and live with Lady Cranstoun. That by her Father's Constitution he might live twenty Years; but sometimes would fay, the did not think he looked to well. She remembers Dr. Addington being sent for on Saturday Evening; and tells you, that the Prisoner was not debarred going into her Father's Room till Sunday Night, when Mr. Norton brought her down with him, and told this Witness not to suffer any Person to go into her Mafter's Room, except herfelf, who looked after him. That about Ten of the Clock, on Monday Morning, the Prisoner came into the Room after Mr. Norton; that she then fell on her Knees to her Father; and faid, Sir, Banish me where you please, do with me aukat you please, so you do but sorgive me; and as for Cranstoun, I will never fee him, speak to him, or write to him more, as long as I live, if you will for give me: To which the Deceased made Answer, I forgive thee my Dear, and I hope God will forgive thee; but thou shouldst have considered better, before thee attemptest any Thing against thy Father; thee shouldst have considered I was thy own Father: That the Prisoner then said, Sir, As to your Illness I am intirely in-

nocent,

nocent: To which the Witness replied, Madam, I believe you must not fay you are entirely innocent, for the Powder left in the Water-gruel, and the Paper of Powder taken out of the Fire, are nowin such Hands, that they must be publickly produced. The Witness then told her, that she believed she had herself taken about fix Weeks before, a Dose in Tea, that was prepared for her Master: To which the Prisoner answered, I bave put no Powder in Tea, I have put Powder in Water gruel; if you have received any Injury I am entirely innocent, it was given me with another Intent : The Deceased hearing this, turned himself in his Bed, and said, Ob, such a Villain! Come to my House, eat of the best, and drink of the best my House could afford, should take away my Life, and ruin my Daugh. ter. Oh! my Dear, thee must hate that Man; thee must hate the Ground he goes on, thee canst not help it: That the Prisoner replied, Sir, your Tenderness to me is like a Sword to my Heart; every Word you say is like Swords piercing my Heart, much worse than if you were to be ever so angry; I must down on my Knees, and beg you will not curse me. To which her Father answered, I curse thee, my Dear! how shouldst think I could curse thee! No! I bless thee, and bope God will bless thee, and amend thy Life. Do, my Dear, go out of my Room; Say no more, lest thee shouldst say any Thing to thy own Prejudice: Go to thy Uncle Stevens, take bim for thy Friend; Poor Man! I am forry for him. And that then the Prisoner went directly out of the Room. This Witness further tells you, that on the Saturday before, she was in the Kitchen about Twelve o'Clock at Noon, when the Prisoner having wrote the Direction of a Letter to her Uncle Stevens, and going to the Fire to dry it, she observed her, put a Paper or two into the Fire, and faw her thrust them down with a Stick; that Elizabeth Binfield then putting some fresh Coals on, she believes kept the Paper from being consumed; soon after which the Prisoner left the Kitchen, and she herself acquainted Betty Binfield that the Prisoner had been burning something, that Betty Binfield asked where; and the Witness pointed to the Corner of the Grate; whereupon Betty Binfield moved a large Coal, and took out a Paper, and gave it to her; that it was a finall Piece of Paper, with Writing upon it, viz. The Powder to clean the Pebbles, to the best of her Remembrance. She did not read it herself, but Betty Binfield did, and told her what it was; that about Eleven or Twelve of the Clock that Night she delivered this Paper to Betty Binfield again, but it had never been out of her Pocket till that Time. She tells you, that before this, upon the same Saturday Morning, the had been in her Master's Room about Seven of the Clock, to carry him fomething to drink, and when he had drank it, the faid to him, Sir, I have fomething to communicate to you, which nearly concerns your Health and your Family; I helieve you have got something in your Water-gruel that I am afraid has hurt you, and I believe Miss Blandy put it in, by her coming into the Wash-house on Monday, and saying, that she had been stirring her Papa's Water-grue!, and eating the Oatmeal: out of it: Upon which he faid, I find I have something not right, my Head is not right as it used to be, nor has been for some Time: This Witness.

told him, that she had found a Powder in the Pan; upon which he said to her, Dost thee know any thing of this Powder, didst thee ever fee any of it? To which she answered No; none but what she saw in the Water-gruel; he then asked her, Dost know where she had this Powder, or canst guess? To which she replied, I can't guess any where, except from Mr. Cranstoun; my Reason to suspect that is, Miss Blandy has lately had Letters oftner than usual: Her Master then said, now you mention it, I remember when he was at my House, be talked of a particular Poison they had in his Country: Oh! that. Villain, that ever he came into my House. She likewise told him, that she had shewn the Powder to Mr. Norton, but he could not tell what it was, as it was wet; but whatever it was, it ought not. to be there; her Master expressed some Surprize, and said, Mr. Norton not know! that's strange, a Person so much used to Drugs? She told him Mr. Norton thought it would be proper for him, (her Father) to seize her Pockets, with her Keys and Papers; to which. he said, I can't do it; I can't shock her so much.—But canst not thee take out a Letter or two, which she may think she has dropped by Chance; the Witness told him, No, Sir, I have no Right, she is your Daughter; you may do it, and Nobody else. She tells you, the can't fay how long before this, it was, that Anne Emmett had been fick with the Tea; that Miss Blandy then sent her Whey and Broth, a Quart or three Pints at a Time, once a Day, or every. other Day; that she herself once drank a Dish of. Tea on a Sunday, Morning, out of her Master's Dish, which was not well relished, and the thought Somebody had been taking Salts in that Cup; and this was about fix Weeks and three Days before her Master's Death. that she found no ill Effect from it till after Dinner that Day; she had then a Hardness at her Stomach, which she apprehended was from eating plentifully of Beans at Dinner; that afterwards she feemed to have some Indigestion, and had a remarkable Trembling upon her; that she had no other Symptoms for three Days, but afterwards, for about three Days more, she was troubled with a Reaching every Morning. She fays she tasted the Water-gruel twice; once on the Tuesday, when she was mixing it for her Mafter, and again on the Wednejday, but found no remarkable Diforder till about two o'Clock on the Wednesday Morning before her. Master's Death, when she was seized with Convulsions. She says that her Throat continued troublesome for fix or seven Weeks after the had drank the Tea, and continued ill for three Weeks after her Master's Death; she remembers once that the Prisoner had a large Box of Linen, and some Pebbles from Mr. Cranstoun, in the Spring, before her Master's Death, and a small Box of Scotch Pebbles afterwards, about three Months before his Death; that the Prisoner shewed the Pebbles to many of her Acquaintance, but the Witness never heard of Powder to clean 'em; she tells you, that about a Year before his Death, her Master had a Cold, but shedon't remember he was so ill as to fend for the Apothecary; that he used; to be equally complaining of the Gravel, Gout, and Heart-burns for Twelve Years, knows nothing particular of any Complaint but the Heart-burn, and that he may have complained of all the Time, she has lived in the House, but she is not positive.

She fays the Prisoner's Behaviour to her Father, in general, seemed to be dutiful, but she used undutiful Expressions in her Passions; that there had been no Conversation between her Master and the Prisoner before her asking Forgiveness, but a Message sent by him to her, that he was willing to forgive her, if she would bring that Villain to Justice; in all he said afterwards, he seemed to speak of his Daughter, as if he believed her innocent of any Intention to hurt him, and looked on Cranstoun as the first Mover and Contriver of all, and had faid, Poor unfortunate Girl! that ever she should be led away by such a Villain to do such a Thing; she believes he thought his Daughter unacquainted with the Effects of the Powder; that the Prisoner, during his Illness, kept him Company, and directed every Thing for him as for herself; the Prisoner knew her . Father was ill on Monday and Tuesday Nights, but won't take upon her to fay, that she knew what was the Cause of it, but she knew that the Chairwoman had been ill on the Wednesday Morning, before she told the Witness that the old Water-gruel would serve for her Father.

The next Witness is Elizabeth Binfield, who tells you, that she was a Servant to the Deceased almost three Years before his Death; that he first complained of unusual Pains and Prickings, about a Fortnight before his Death; that she has often heard the Prisoner mention Walkings, and Music, that she had heard in the House; that she thought it to be her Mother, and three Quarters of a Year before her Master's Death, the Prisoner told her that the Music prefaged his Death, and continued talking in the same Way to the Time of it; that she has often heard her say, he would die before October; that the Prisoner told her, that Mr. Cranstoun had informed her, that a famous Woman, one Mrs. Morgan, who lived in Scotland, or London, but which the Witness cannot say, had said fo; that the Prisoner used to appear glad when she spoke of the Prospect of her Father's Death, for that then she should be released from all her Fatigues, and be happy. She tells you she heard the Prisoner say, that her Father complained of a Ball of Fire in his Guts before the Monday on which he took the Water-gruel; she tells you, that she remembers that Ann Emmett, the Chairwoman, was ill about five or fix Weeks before this Time, and that the Prisoner ordered her white Wine Whey and Broth; that she herself made the Broth two or three Times two Quarts at a Time; she says, that on Saturday the 10th of August, the Paper was taken out of the Fire by herself, which she looks upon, and says, she really believes it to be the same which she gave to Susan Gunnel, had again from her, and then delivered to Dr. Addington and Mr. Norton. She tells you, that when Susan Gunnel was ill, the Prisoner asked this Witness, if Susan had taken any of her Father's Water-gruel; and upon her answering, not that I know, the Prisoner said, If she does she may do for herself, may I tell you; with this Conversation she acquainted Susan Gunnel, about a Month or fix Weeks before her Master's Death, in which Particular she is confirmed by Susan Gun-nel. She says further, that she heard the Prisoner say, Who would grudge to send an old Father to Hell for 10,000 1? And this she introduced

troduced by talking of young Girls being kept out of their Fortunes. She has heard the Prisoner often curse her Father, and call him Rascal and Villain; she says, that Mr. Cransfoun had been at her Master's about three Quarters of a Year before his Death, and the believes her Master did not approve of his being so much with his Daughter, as she judged by his Temper; but she don't believe he debarred his Daughter from keeping him Company. She fays, that upon Saturday, the 10th of August, she was in the Kitchen when her Master was shaving, and the Prisoner was there; and her Master said he had once like to have been poisoned at a Publichouse; to which the Prisoner answered, that she remembered it very well: Her Master said, that one of the Company died immediately, the other is now dead, but it is my Fortune to be poisoned at last; and then looked hard at the Prisoner, who appeared in great Confusion, and seemed all in a Tremble; her Master said further. that it was white Arsenic that was put into their Wine. This Witness then tells you, that she sat up with the Prisoner the Night her Father died, till Three o'Clock, but the Prisoner went to Bed about One; that they had no Discourse at all of her Father, but the Prifoner asked her if she would go away with her, and offered, if she would go to the Bell, or the Lion, and hire a Post-Chaise, she would give her fifteen Guineas at getting into the Chaife, and ten Guineas more when they got to London; that on the Witness refusing to comply with this Request, the Prisoner burst into a Laughter, and faid she was only Joking; she tells you further, that she heard the Prisoner tell Dr. Addington that she had given the Powder to her Father before, and then it was in Tea; that she was afraid of a Discovery, so slung it away, and filled the Cup up again, which Susan Gunnel drank, and was ill for a Week after. She says, that upon Monday the 5th of August, the Prisoner came into the Washhouse, and said that she had been in the Pantry, eating Oatmeal out of her Father's Gruel, which she little regarded then, but the same Day in the Afternoon, she saw the Prisoner in the Pantry take a Tea-spoon, and stir the Water-gruel which was in a Pan, and then rubbed it between her Fingers; that on the Tuesday Evening the Prisoner came into the Kitchen to her, and said, Betty, if one Thing should happen, will you go into Scotland with me? To which she said, Madam. I don't know. What, says the Prisoner, you are unwilling to lea e your Friends. To which the Witness replied, that if she should go there and not like it, it would be expensive travelling. She fays, that on Monday Morning, the 12th of August, she went on a Message from the Prisoner, to beg of her Father that she might speak one Word with him, which being granted, the Prisoner went up, and that she afterwards met the Prisoner coming out of her Father's Room, when she clasped the Witness round the Neck, burst out o'crying, and said to her, Susan and you are the two honestest Servants in the World; you deserve to be imaged in Gold for your Honesty; half my Fortune will not make you Amends for your Honesty to my Father. She tells you that her Master had been out of order about Twelve Months before

before this Time; and that it was at the time when Sufan Gunnell was ill by drinking the Tea, that the Prisoner cautioned her about Susan's drinking her Father's Water Gruel.

Dr. Addington having been appealed to by the last Witness, in the Course of her Evidence, is again called up, and confirms all that this Witness has said, except, he don't remember the Circum-

stance of Susan Gunnell's being ill with the Tea.

He fays, that the Prisoner always told him she thought it an innocent Powder, but said, it was impossible to express her Horror, that she was the Cause of her Father's Death; tho' she protested that she thought it innocent when she gave it; for Mr. Cranstoun had affured her that he used to take it himself, and called it a Love Powder; that she had a Letter from him, directing her to give it in Gruel, as she had informed him it did not mix in Tea; that for her own Part she desired Life for no other Purpose than only to go thro' a severe Penance for her Sins; that on her being pressed by him to discover all she knew relating to Cranstoun, her Answer was, that she was fully conscious of her own Guilt, and would not add Guilt to Guilt, for she looked on Cranstoun as her Husband, tho' the Ceremony had not past between them. He tells you further, that he don't remember that she gave him any satisfactory Answer to any of the Questions which he put to her, which he has repeated to you, and which are very material ones, but always perfitted that she was intirely ignorant of the Effects of the Powder, till she saw them on her Father; and often said, pray God send it may not kill him, after he had told her and her Father too, the Danger of her Father, and that he apprehended her to be undone: He then tells you he attended Susan Gunnell, who had the same Symptoms with the Deceased, but in a less Degree; he also attended Anne Emmett who had the same Symptoms, and told her that she was poisoned.

Alice Emmett is then called, who is Daughter to Anne Emmett the old Chairwoman, who gives you an Account that her Mother was Chairwoman at Mr. Blandy's in June last, in the Time of Hay-harvest; that she was then taken sick, was seized in the Night-time with a Vomiting and Purging, and this Witness went in the Morning to the Prisoner, by her Mother's Desire, and acquainted her with the Condition she was in; that the Prisoner said she was forry, and would send her something to drink, which she

did in about an Hour or two afterwards.

The next Witness is Mr. Littleton, who had been Clerk to the Deceased about two Years, and tells you he came Home from his Father's in Warwickshire, upon the 9th of August last; that the next Morning the Prisoner, her Father, and himself, were at Breakfast together; that they stayed for the Deceased some Time; that when he came he appeared to be ill and in great Agony; that he had always a particular Cup to himself; that he tasted his Tea, and did not like it, but said it had a gritty bad Taste, and asked the Prisoner is she had not put too much of the black Stuff in it (meaning Bohea Tea) the Prisoner said it was as usual; he then tasted it again, and said it had a bad Taste, and looked very particularly at her; she seemed in a Hurry, and walk'd out of

上 2

the Room; the Deceased then poured the Tea into the Cat's Bason, and went away. Soon after the Prisoner came into the Room again, when he told her that he thought the Deceafed was very ill, for that he could not eat his Breakfast; on which she asked what he had done with it, and upon his acquainting her that it was poured into the Cat's Bason, she seemed a good deal confused. That the next Day being Sunday Morning, Mr. Blandy of Kingston, came to the House, and went to Church along with him; that after they returned from Church, the Prisoner defired this Witness to walk with her and Mr. Blandy, in the Garden, when she put a Letter into his Hand, and bid him direct it as usual, which he understood to be to Mr. Cranstown, (having been used to direct others before) to seal it, and put it in the Post. He tells you he had then heard so much that he opened the Letter, transcribed it, carried it to Mr. Norton, and read it to the deceased, who only said, Poor lovefick Girl! what won't a Girl do for a Man the loves? This Letter he has now looked at, tells you, that it is wrote worse than usual, therefore he can't swear whether 'tis her Hand or no, but he can swear 'tis the same she gave him; the Letter itself has been read to you, and I will make no Remarks upon it. He tells you that after Mr. Cranstoun was gone from Henley in August 1752. he has often heard the Prisoner say, that she heard Music which portended Death in the Family, and sometimes thought it might be herself, sometimes her Father, because he was so much broken; that he has heard her fay Death would happen before October; that he has often heard her curse her Father, damn him for a Rogue and a toothless old Dog, within two Months of his Death, and a great while before; that he has told her himself, that he thought Mr. Blandy seemed broken; upon which she said she thought so too, and that the Music portended his Death.

Robert Harman is called next, who tells you that he was Servant to Mr. Blandy at the Time of his Death; that the Night his Mafter died, the Prisoner asked him where he should live next; on which he told her he did not know, and she then asked him if he would go away with her, and upon his saying he did not care to do so, she told him no Hurt would come to him, but it would be 500 l. in his way, and wanted him to go away then immediately. He says the Prisoner behaved well to her Father, and all the Family, as far as he knows, and never heard her swear about her

Father.

The next Witness is Richard Fisher, who was one of the Jury on Inspection of the Body of the Deceased. On Thursday the 15th of August, he was informed that Miss Blandy was gone over Henley-Bridge, and went to her at the Angel; when he came into the Room, he told her he was forry for her Missortune, and asked her if she would not be glad to go. Home again: She said she should, but could not get through the Mob; upon which he got a covered Post Chaise; and carried her Home. As they were going she asked him if she was to go to Oxford that Night; that he told her he believed not; when he brought her to her Father's House, he delivered her up to the Constable; that after this he

was upon the Jury, and when he went to her again, she asked him how it was likely to go with her; upon which he told her he was astraid very hardly, unless she could produce Letters or Papers of Consequence to bring Cranstoun to Justice. Upon which she said, Dear Mr. Fisher, I have burnt those Letters that would have brought him to Justice, and gave a Key out of her Pocket to search a Drawer for Letters, but none being found, she said, My Honour to

him (meaning Cranstoun) will prove my Ruin.

Mrs. Lane is then called, who fays, she went to the Angel along with her Husband when the Prisoner was there; the first Word she heard her Husband say was, if she was guilty she would suffer according to Law; upon which the Prisoner stampt on the Ground, and the first Thing she heard her say was, O that damn'd Villain! then paused a little and went on again, but why do I blame him, I am more to blame myself, for it was I gave it him, and knew the Confequence. Upon being asked whether she said I knew or I know, the Witness tells you that she will not be positive which, but the Prisoner was in a Sort of Agony; which ever way it was it may

make some little Difference, but nothing material.

Mr. Lane, the Husband of the last Witness, is then called, and tells you, that he went into the Room before his Wife, that the Prisoner rose and met him, told him he was a Stranger to her, but as he appeared like a Gentleman, she asked him what they would do with her; that he told her she would be committed to the County Goal, and tried at the Assizes, if her Innocence appeared, she would be acquitted, if not, she would suffer accordingly. Upon which she stampt with her Foot, and said, Oh that damn'd Villain! but why do I blame him, I am more to blame —— That then Mr. Littleton came in, which took off his Attention; that he did not hear what followed so as to be able to give an Account of it.

The Letter from the Prisoner to Captain Granstoun, without any Date to it, which was open by Littleton, has then been read to you, and with that the Council for the Crown conclude their Evidence.

The Prisoner in her Defence complains of hard Usage she has met with, denies her ever speaking ill of her Father, owns herself to be passionate, and complains that Words of Heat, upon Family Affairs, have been misconstrued and applied to an ill Intention in her; that she was not in her Senses when she lost her Father, nor in a proper Dress to have made her Escape when she went over Henley-Bridge; that she was taken in at the Angel by the Woman of the House out of mere Compassion, and was then desirous to put herself under the Protection of the Town Serjeant; that, during her Confinement, she was not suffered to have decent Attendance for a Woman; that she was affronted by her own Servants, cruelly traduced, and heavily ironed, without any reasonable Cause; that she thought the Powder innocent, and never had a Thought of hurting her Father; but her own Ruin is effected by fuch an Imputation upon her, and her Appearance here, without her being convicted. She then calls her Witnesses, and the first is,

Anne Jumes, who tells you she lives at Henley, and used to wash at Mr. Blandy's House, that she remembers that, some Time before

Mr. Blandy's Illness, there was a Difference between the Prisoner and Elizabeth Binfield, and that the latter was to go away, and that she has heard Elizabeth Binfield curse the Prisoner, and damn her for a Bitch, and say, she would not stay; that since this Affair happened, she heard her say (speaking of the Prisoner) damn her for a black Bitch she should be glad to see her go up the Ladder, and Swing. She tells you, that when this Conversation happened, the Prisoner was gone to Goal, that it was in Mr. Blandy's Kitchen, and that Nurse Edwards, Mary Seymour and Mary Banks were present.

Elizabeth Binfield is then called up again, and absolutely denies the Words she is charged with: She says she never acquainted the Witness with any Quarrel she had had, to the best of her Remembrance, but that she had some sew Words of Difference with the

Prisoner, and had faid, that she was to go away.

Mary Banks is then called, who fays that she was in Mr. Blandy's Kitchen while he was dead in the House, but she does not remember who was in Company, nor any Conversation that passed between Elizabeth Binsield and Anne James, till the Words are directly put into her Mouth, and then she recollects that Elizabeth Binsield said she should be glad to see Miss Blandy, that black Bitch, go up the Ladder to be hanged; but she tells you this was on the Night that Mr. Blandy was opened, and that the Prisoner was then in the House.

These two Witnesses are called to impeach the Credit of Elizabeth Binfield, as having a Prejudice against the Prisoner, but I see no great Stress to be laid on their Evidence, for they manifestly contradict one another, but do not falsify her in any one Thing she has said.

The next Witness that she calls is Edward Herne, who was a Servant to Mr. Blandy Eighteen Years ago, and has left his Place about twelve Years, but he has been very feldom without going three or four Days a Week to his House ever since; that the Prisoner's general Behaviour to her Father and the Family was as well as any Body could do, with Affection and Duty, as far as ever he faw; that on the Monday Night before Mr. Blandy died he went to the House, and that neither the Prisoner nor he could speak for some Minutes, which he attributed to her great Concern; that she was put into his Custody that Night; that on hearing the Groans of her Father, he went in to him, at her Defire, to enquire how he did; that he never heard her swear, or speak disrespectfully of her Father: He fays he was not in the way when she went over Henley-Bridge, (being fent for to dig a Grave, he being the Sexton) that he has not feen her fince her Confinement at Oxford, and she told him that Captain Cranstown had before put some Powder in her Father's Tea; that she turned about, and when she turned again he was stirring it in; that on a Report that Captain Cranstoun was taken, she wrung her Hands, and said, She hoped in God it was true, that he might be brought to Justice as well as herself; that as she was to Suffer the Punishment due to her Crime, he might do so too; but at the same time she declared, that when Cranstoun put the

Powder into the Tea, and she herself did so afterwards, she knew no ill Essects of it, or saw any Harm from it, but if He were taken, it would bring the whole to light, for she was innocent, and knew no more of its being Poison than any Person there.

Thomas Cawley, the next Witness, says, that he has known the Prisoner twenty Years and upwards; that he was intimate in the Family, and never saw any other, than the Behaviour

of a dutiful Daughter from her.

Thomas Stawerton, that he has known the Prisoner five or fix and twenty Years; that he has lived near the Family, and always thought that her Father and she were very happy in each other. He has observed that Mr. Blandy was declining in his Health; for four Years or more he seemed to shrink, and believes he was about Six-

ty-two Years of Age.

Mary Davis is the next Witness; she lives at the Angel by Henley-Bridge, and remembers the Prisoner coming over, the Day her Father was opened; that she was walking along, with a great Crowd after her; that she went to her; and asked her what was the Matter, and where she was going? The Prisoner said she was going to walk for the Air, for that they were going to open her Father, and that she could not bear the House; the Mob followed so close that she invited the Prisoner into her House, which she accepted, and was walking gently, and had not the Appearance of making an Escape.

Robert Stokes tells you he knows the last Witness Mrs. Davis, and saw the Prisoner with her, in her House, the Day her Father was opened; that he was ordered by the Mayor to take care of the Prisoner, which she said she was very glad of, because the Mob was about; and he did not observe any Inclination or Attempt whatsoever

to make an Escape.

This, Gentlemen, is the Substance of the Evidence on both Sides, as nearly as I can recollect it. I have not wilfully omitted or mistated any Part of it; but, if I have, I hope the Gentlemen, who are of Council on either Side, will be so kind as to set me right.

A very tragical Story it is, Gentlemen, that you have heard, and upon which, you are now to form your Judgment, and give your

Verdict.

The Crime with which the Prisoner stands charged, is of the most heinous Nature and blackest Dye, attended with Considerations that shock human Nature, being not only Murder, but Parricide—The Murder of her own Father—but the more atrocious, the more flagrant the Crime is, the more clearly and satisfactorily you

will expect that it should be made out to you.

In all Cases of Murder, it is of Necessity, that there should be Malice afore-thought, which is the Essence of, and constitutes the Offence: But that Malice may be either express, or implied by the Law: Express Malice must arise from the previous Acts, or Declarations, of the Party offending; but implied Malice may arise from Numbers of Circumstances, relating either to the Nature of the Act itself, the Manner of executing it, the Person killing, or

the

the Person killed, from which the Law will as certainly infer Ma-

lice, as where it is express.

Poison in particular, is in its Nature so fecret, and withal so deliberate, that wherever that is knowingly given, and Death ensues, the so putting to Death can be no other than wilful and malicious.

In the present Case, which is to be made out by Circumstances, great Part of the Evidence must rest upon Presumption, in which the Law makes a Distinction: A slight or probable Presumption only, has little or no Weight, but a violent P esumption, amounts in Law to sull Proof, that is, where Circumstances speak so strongly, that to suppose the contrary, would be absurd: I mention this to you, that you may fix your Attention on the several Circumstances, that have been laid before you, and consider whether you can collect from them, such a Presumption, as the Law calls a violent Presumption, and from which you must conclude the Prisoner to be guilty; I would observe further, that where that Presumption necessarily arises from Circumstances, they are more convincing and satisfactory, than any other kind of Evidence, because Facts cannot lye.

I cannot now go through the Evidence again, but you will confider the whole together, and from thence determine, what you think it amounts to. Thus far is undeniably true and agreed on all Sides, that Mr. Blandy died by Poison; and that That Poison was administred to him by his Daughter, the Prisoner at the Bar. What you are to try, is reduced to this single Question, Whether the Prisoner, at the Time she gave it to her Father, knew that it was Poisoner.

fon, and what Effect it would have?

If you believe, that she knew it to be Poison, the other Part, viz. that she knew the Essect, is consequential, and you must find her guilty: On the other Hand, if you are satisfied, from her general Character, from what has been said by the Evidence on her Part, and from what she has said herself; that she did not know it to be Poison, nor had any malicious Intention against her Father, you ought to acquit her. But if you think she knowingly gave Poison to her Father, you can do no other, than find her guilty.

The Jury consulted together about five Minutes, and then turned to the Court.

Cl. of Arr. Gentlemen, are you all agreed on your Verdict?

fury. Yes.

Cl. of Arr. Who shall say for you?

Jury. Our Foreman.

Cl. of Arr. Mary Blandy, hold up thy Hand. (which she did.) Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the Prisoner: How say you, is Mary Blandy guilty of the Felony and Murder whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty?

Jury. Guilty.

Cl. of Arr. What Goods or Chattels, Lands, or Tenements had the at the Time of the same Felony and Murder committed, or at any Time since, to your Knowledge?

Jury. None.

Of Arr. Hearken to your Verdict as the Court hath recorded ou fay that Mary Blandy is guilty of the Felony and Murder, of the stands indicted; and that she had not any Goods or els, Lands, or Tenements, at the Time of the said Felony and Murder committed, or at any Time since, to your Knowledge;

and so you say all.

Cl. of Arr. Mary Blandy, hold up thy Hand. You have been indicted of Felony and Murder. You have been thereupon arraigned and pleaded thereto not guilty, and for your Tryal you have put yourself upon God and your Country, which Country have found you guilty. What have you now to say for yourself, why the Court should not proceed to give Judgment of Death upon you according to Law?

Cryer. Oyez; My Lords the King's Justices do strictly charge and command all Manner of Persons to keep silence, whilst Sentence of Death is passing on the Prisoner at the Bar, upon pain of Imprisonment.

Mr. Baron Legge.

Mary Blandy, you have been indicted for the Murder of your Father, and for your Tryal, have put yourfelf upon God and your Country: That Country has found you guilty.

You have had a long and a fair Tryal, and forry I am, that it falls to my Lot, to acquaint you, that I am now no more at Liberty to suppose you innocent, than I was before to presume you guilty.

You are convicted of a Crime, so dreadful, so horrid in itself, that human Nature shudders at it.—The wilful Murder of your own Father!—A Father by all Accounts, the most fond, the most tender, the most indulgent that ever lived:—That Father, with his dying Breath forgave you;—May your heavenly Father do so too.

It is hard to conceive, that any Thing could induce you to perpetrate an Act so shocking, so impossible to reconcile to Nature or Reason. One should have thought, your own Sense, your Education, and even the natural Sostness of your Sex, might have secured

you, from an Attempt so barbarous and so wicked.

What Views you had, or what was your Intention, is best known to yourself: With God and your own Conscience be it. At this Bar, we can judge only from Appearances, and from the Evidence produced to us: But do not deceive yourself; remember you are very shortly to appear, before a much more awful Tribunal, where no Subterfuge can avail; no Art, no Disguise can screen you, from the Searcher of all Hearts: He revealeth the deep and secret Things, he knoweth what is in the Darkness, and the Light dwelleth with him.

Let me advise you, to make the best, and wisest use of the little Time you are likely to continue in this World: Apply to the Throne of Grace, and endeavour to make your Peace with that Power, whose Justice and Mercy are both infinite.

Nothing now remains, but to pronounce the Sentence of the Law

ou, which is,

That you are to be carried to the Place of Execution, and ther. banged by the Neck until you are dead: And may God of his infinite Mercy, receive your Soul.

The Prisoner then addressed herself to the Judge in this Manner.

" My Lord, as your Lordship has been so good to shew so much " Candour and Impartiality in the Course of my Tryal, I have one " Favour more to beg, which is, that your Lordship would please

" to allow me a little Time, till I can settle my Affairs, and make

" my Peace with God."

To which his Lordship replied. " To be fure you shall have a proper Time allowed you."

On Monday the 6th of April following, the Prisoner was executed at Oxford, according to the Sentence pronounced against her.





COUNTWAY LIBRARY OF MEDICINE KD
371
B55

RARE BOOKS DEPARTMENT

