

The tryal of Mary Blandy, spinster; for the murder of her father, Francis Blandy, Gent. At the assizes held at Oxford for the county of Oxford, on Saturday the 29th of February, 1752 / Before the Honourable Heneage Legge, esq; and Sir Sydney Stafford Smythe, knt., two of the barons of His Majesty's Court of exchequer. Published by permission of the judges.

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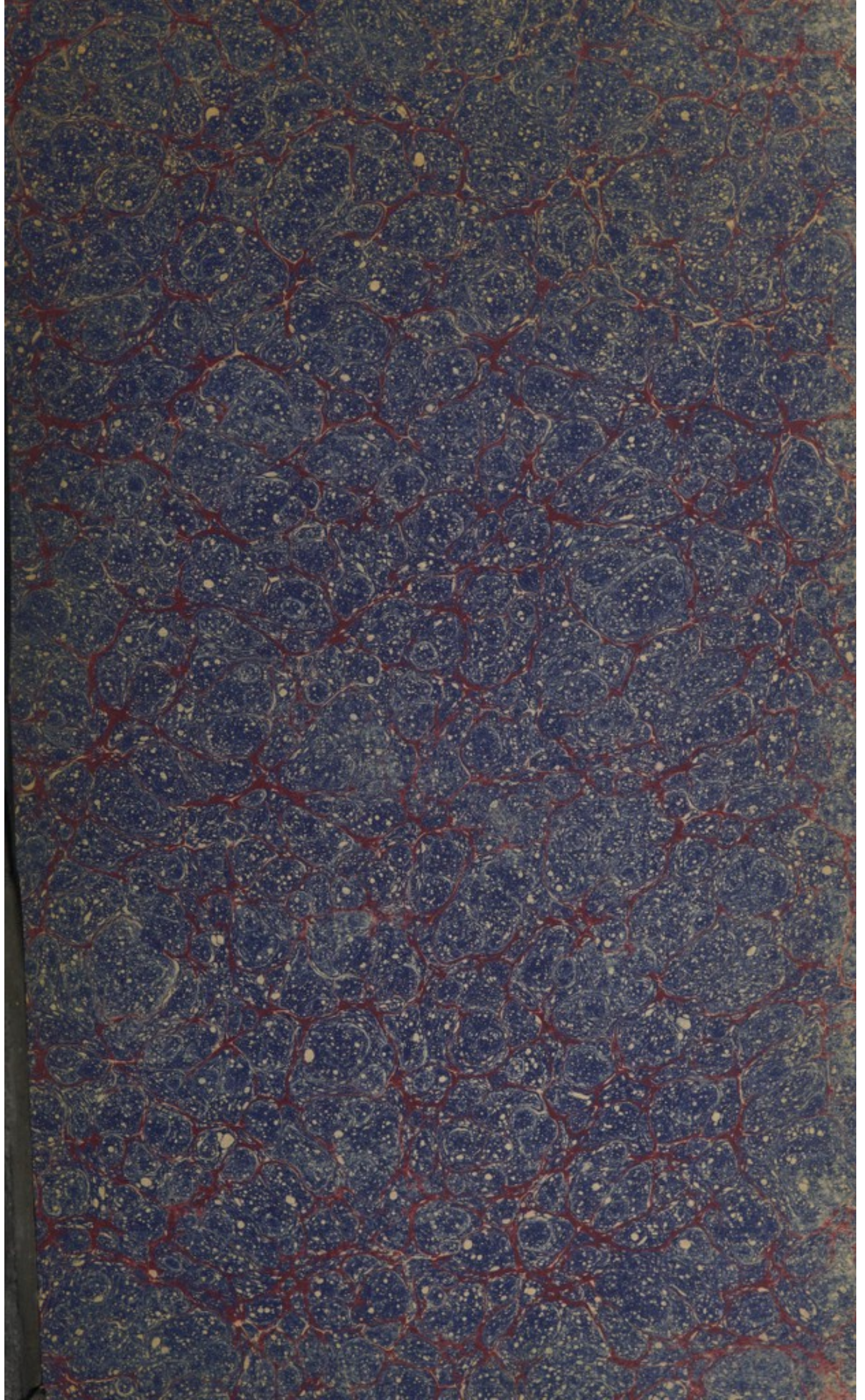
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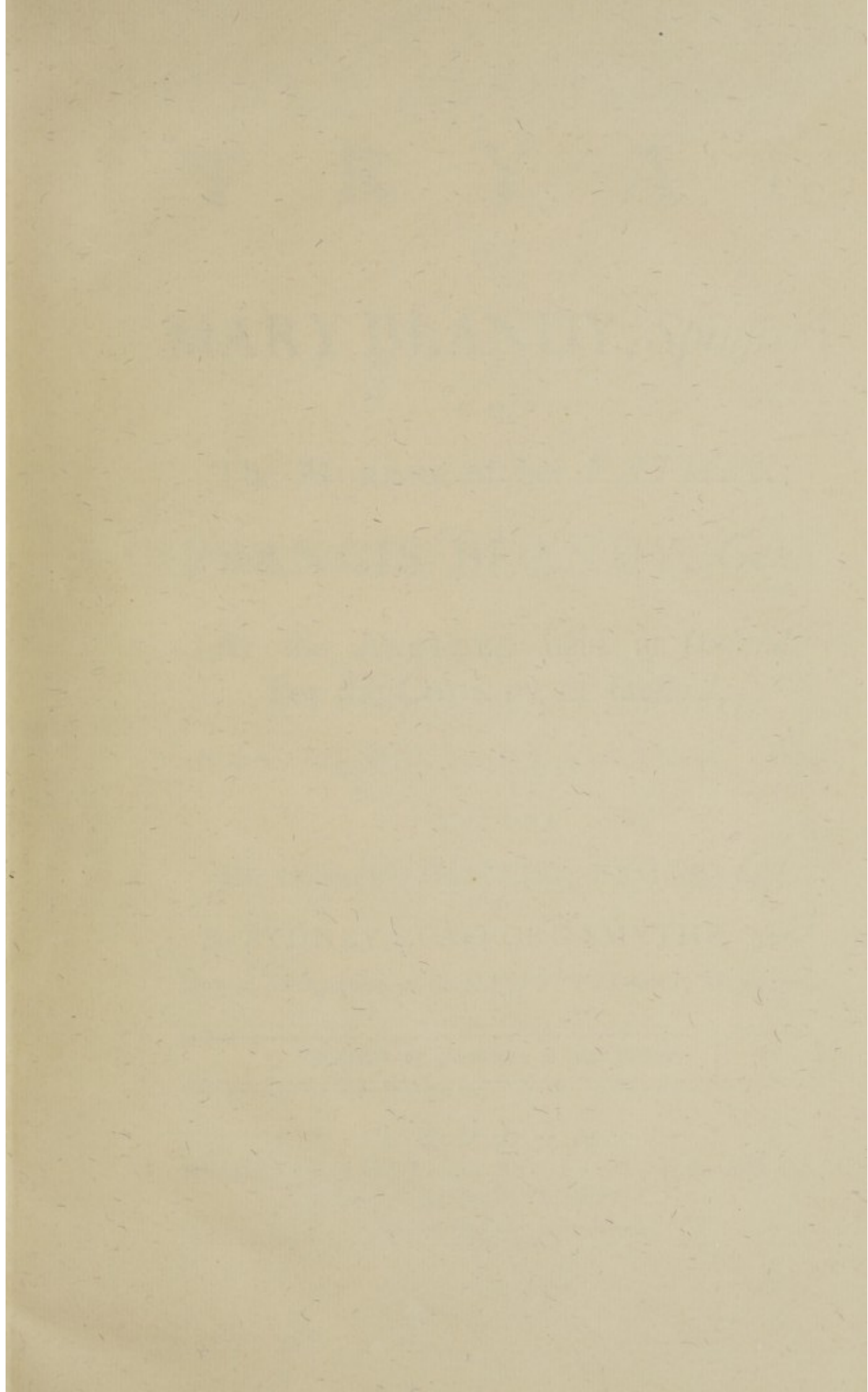
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T H E
T R Y A L
O F
MARY BLANDY, *Spinster*;

F O R
The MURDER of her *FATHER*,
FRANCIS BLANDY, *Gent.*

At the ASSIZES held at *Oxford*
For the COUNTY of *Oxford*,
On SATURDAY the 29th of FEBRUARY, 1752.

B E F O R E
The Honourable HENEAGE LEGGE, *Esq*;
A N D
Sir SYDNEY STAFFORD SMYTHE, *Knt.*
Two of the BARONS of his MAJESTY's Court of EXCHEQUER.

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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.

THE

T R Y A L

OF

MARY BLANDY,

FOR

The Murder of her FATHER,

FRANCIS BLANDY,

At the Assizes held at Oxford
For the County of Oxford

On SATURDAY the 24th of February, 1752.

BEFORE

The Honourable HENRAGE LEGGE, Esq.

A. N. D.

ST. SYDNEY STAFFORD SMYTHE, Esq.

Two of the Barons of his MAJESTY'S Court of King's Bench.

Printed by W. Johnston at the Theatre.

L O W D O N :

Printed for J. and J. Knapton at the Theatre,
Court in St. Paul's Church-yard.

M. DCC. LII.

T H E

T R Y A L

O F

MARY BLANDY, *Spinster*;

F O R

The MURDER of her *FATHER*,

FRANCIS BLANDY, *Gent.*

ON *Monday*, the 2d of *March* 1752, a Bill of Indictment 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 thus :

Clerk of the Arraignment. *Mary Blandy*, hold up thy Hand; (*which she 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 seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, and of your Malice aforethought, contriving and intending, him the said *Francis Blandy*, your said late Father, in his Life-time 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 said Sovereign Lord *George* the second, now King of *Great Britain*; and on divers Days and Times, between the said 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* afore said, in the County afore said, did knowingly, willfully, and feloniously, and of your Malice aforethought, mix and mingle certain deadly Poison, to wit, white 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

2 *The TRYAL of Mary Blandy, Spinster,*

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 said deadly Poison as aforesaid, was then and there prepared for the Use of the said *Francis Blandy*, with Intent to be then and there administr'd to him, for his drinking the same; and the said Tea with which the said Poison was so mixed as aforesaid, afterwards, to wit, on the said 10th Day of *November*, and on the divers Days and Times aforesaid, at *Henley upon Thames* aforesaid, was delivered to the said *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 said Tea, did afterwards, to wit, on the said 10th Day of *November*, and on the said divers Days and Times aforesaid, there drink and swallow several Quantities of the said Poison, so mixed as aforesaid with the said Tea; and that you the said *Mary Blandy* might more speedily kill and murder the said *Francis Blandy*, you the said *Mary Blandy*, on the said 5th Day of *August*, and at divers other Days and Times between the said 5th Day of *August* and the 14th Day of *August*, in the 25th Year of the Reign of our said 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 said *Mary* then and there well-knowing that the said Water-Gruel, with which you did so mix and mingle the said deadly Poison as aforesaid, was then and there made for the Use of the said *Francis Blandy*, with Intent to be then and there administr'd to him for his drinking the same; and the same Water-Gruel, with which the said Poison was so mixt as aforesaid, afterwards, to wit, on the same Day and Year, at *Henley upon Thames* aforesaid, was delivered to the said *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 said Water-Gruel, did afterwards, to wit, on the said 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 said Poison, so mixed as aforesaid with the said Water-Gruel; and the said *Francis Blandy*, of the Poison aforesaid, and by the Operation thereof, became sick, and greatly distempered in his Body, and from the several Times aforesaid until the 14th Day of the same Month of *August*, in the 25th Year aforesaid, at the Parish aforesaid in the County aforesaid, did languish; on which said 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 said *Mary Blandy*, him the aforesaid *Francis Blandy*, at *Henley upon Thames* aforesaid, in Manner and Form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of your Malice aforethought, did poison, kill and murder, against the Peace of our said Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

Clerk of the Arraigns. How sayest thou, *Mary Blandy*, art thou guilty of the Felony and Murder whereof thou standest indicted, or not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty.

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

Pris. By God and my Country.

Cl. of Arr. God send thee a good Deliverance.

Cl. 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, answer to your Names, and save 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 sworn: 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 sworn) and their Names are as follow :

<i>Anthony Woodward,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Charles Harrison,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Samuel George Glaze,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>William Farebrother,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>William Haynes,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Thomas Crutch,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Henry Swell,</i>	- - - - -	challenged.
<i>John Clarke,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>William Read,</i>	- - - - -	challenged.
<i>Harford Dobson,</i>	- - - - -	challenged.
<i>William Stone,</i>	- - - - -	challenged.
<i>William Hawkins,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>John Haynes, the Elder,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Samuel Badger,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>Samuel Bradley,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.
<i>William Brooks,</i>	- - - - -	challenged.
<i>Joseph Jagger,</i>	- - - - -	sworn.

Cl. of Arr. Cryer, count these.

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

Cryer. Gentlemen, are ye all sworn?

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 Indictment 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 since: 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. *Batbursf* 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 surpris'd 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, 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

taken with the utmost Deliberation; carried on with an unvaried Continuation of Intention; and at last accomplished by a frequent Repetition of the baneful Dose, administered 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 Benefits? 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 Tendernefs 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 honouring 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 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 six Years ago, one Captain *William Henry Cranstoun*, 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 insinuated 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 Possession of the 10,000*l.* that the poor Man had unfortunately said 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 surpris'd 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 wife 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 *October* 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* left *Henley*. The Effects 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 Sicknefs: Yet instead of desisting, she wanted more Poison 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 Remainder, together with a Dish or two more out of the Por, 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 Miss *Blandy* how ill her Mother was; she, sorry 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 sent her Daughter again to Miss *Blandy* to beg a little small Beer. *No, no small Beer,* the Prisoner said, *that was not proper 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 10,000l? 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 so for three Weeks. This second Accident alarmed the Prisoner. She was afraid of being discovered. She found it would not mix well with Tea. Accordingly she wrote to Mr. *Cranstoun* for further Instructions. In answer to it, he bids her *put it into some Liquid of a more thickish Substance.*

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 busy about her Father's Gruel. But lest *Susan 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 Binfield*, 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. *Cranstoun* 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 sorry there are such Occasions 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 last. I am afraid 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 afraid it will be too weak, and will take up too much Time. And, as a farther Incitement to her to make haste, describes the Beauties of *Scotland*, and tells her that his Mother, *Lady Cranstoun*, had employ'd Workmen to fit 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, *he never will be well till he has got rid of it.* And yet you will find she herself, fearful lest he should get rid of it, was continually adding Fuel to the Fire, till it had consumed 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 stir'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 had been in the*

*Pantry, and after stirring her Papa's Water-gruel, had eat the Oatmeal at the Bottom, saying, that, if she was ever to take to the eating any thing in particular it would be Oatmeal. Strange Inconsistence! 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 so all the next Day, with a griping, purging, and vomiting. Yet she herself orders a second Mefs, of the same Gruel, for her Father's Supper on the Tuesday, and was herself the Person who carry'd 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 Mefs 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 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 *Wednesday*, 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 Susan 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 Master had been treated, went to his Bed-side, 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 felt before, cried out, *Poor love-sick Girl! What will not a Woman do for the Man she loves! But who do you think gave her the Powder?* She answer'd, *She could not tell, unless it was sent by Mr. Cranstoun.* *I believe so too,* says the Master, *for I remember he has talk'd 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 bad 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 shock'd than the Daughter, poured the Tea into the Cat's Basin, 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 flung 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 she had now clear'd herself 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 save 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 im-

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,

M*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 sorry 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 Wafers. 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. Took a Copy of it. Upon further 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 seeing 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 sent 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 said, "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 answer'd, *I do forgive you, but you should, my dear, have consider'd that I was your own Father.* Upon this the Prisoner said, "Sir, as to your Illness I am innocent." *Susan Gunnell*, who was present interrupted her at this Expression, and told her she was astonish'd 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, *Oh 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 said, "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 her Heart,* for near half an Hour. Going down Stairs she met Betty Binfield, and whilst 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,

endeavour'd to persuade the Man Servant to go off with her; but he was too honest to be tempted by a Reward to assist her in going off, tho' she told him it would be 500 *l.* 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 sat up with her, that she never, during the whole Night, shewed the least Sorrow, Compassion, or Remorse upon his Account. But in the Middle of the Night she propos'd to get a Post-Chaise in order to go to *London*, and offer'd 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 poison'd him; accus'd of being a Parricide; and would she have it thought she was capable of joking?

When I see 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 advis'd 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 dress'd 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, follow'd 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 prevail'd 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 hang'd that Villain, but I have burnt them. My Honour to that Villain has brought me to my Destruction.* And she spoke the Truth.

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 her 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 saw a Gentleman, though it was one she did not know, she accosted him, "Sir! you appear to be a Gentleman; for Heaven's sake; what will become of me?" *Madam!* said he, *you will be sent 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, stamp'd with her Foot, and said, *Oh! that damn'd Villain!* then pausing, *But why do I blame him? I am most to blame myself, for I gave it, and I knew the Consequence.* If she 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 interpos'd to bring her to this Day's Tryal that she may suffer the Consequence. For what, but the Hand of Providence, could have preserv'd 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 preserv'd 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 oblig'd to the two noble Lords, whose indefatigable Diligence in inquiring into this hidden Work of Darknes 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 open'd 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 Fact may be supported by false Testimony, but where it is attended with a Train of Circumstances that cannot be invented, (had they never happened) such a Fact will always be made out to the Satisfaction 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 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 administered 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 had 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 administered 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 suffer from such a Sight.

And since 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 Afflictions 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 Consideration.

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 Tribunal 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 first 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, till her unfortunate Acquaintance with the wicked *Cranston*, 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 fix in your Mind the excellent Maxim of the good Physician, *Venienti occurrere 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 sincerely wish that he was; because we should be able to convince him, that such Crimes as his cannot escape unpunished. The unhappy Prisoner, ruin'd and undone, by the treacherous Flattery and pernicious Advice of that abandon'd, insidious and execrable Wretch, who had found means of introducing himself into her Father's Family, and, whilst there, by false Pretences of Love, gain'd 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 designed to be carried on between them, and therefore he must be remov'd, before that imaginary State of Felicity could be obtain'd, 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 predetermin'd? 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, *Cranstoun* 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 *Cranstoun's* Departure; he mixes the deadly Draught; but the Prisoner'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 *Cranstoun* 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 *mix'd in too thin a Liquid*, because it might be discover'd; 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 Sicknefs, 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 sent for to attend him? Any healing Draughts prepar'd 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 Assistance. 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 sought 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 inform'd that there was great Reason to suspect his own Child, what Expressions does he make use of? No harsher,

harsher, than in the gentlest Method saying, *Poor Love-sick Girl. I always thought there was Mischief in those Scotch Pebbles. O! that d—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, soon alarm'd 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? 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 appear 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 he 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 seem to me, rather to be the 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 Corpse was not yet cold, when she 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 Chaise, 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 soon aware of her, and forc'd her to take Shelter in a Publick-House 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 such amazing Behaviour.

Let us put Innocence and Guilt in the Scale together, and observe to which Side the Prisoner's Actions are most applicable. *Innocence*, Cœlestial 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 unjustifiable Means to conceal her wicked Designs and prevent Discovery. Artifice and Cunning are her Supporters, Bribery and Corruption the Defenders of her Cause; she flies before the Face of Law and Justice, and shuns the Probation of a candid and impartial Inquiry. Upon the whole Matter, you 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 hang'd that Villain? And again, says, *my Honour, Mr. Fisher, to that Villain has brought me to Destruction*: And again, in her Inquiry of Mr. *Lane*, What they would do with her, she bursts out into this bitter Exclamation, *O! that d—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 disregard.

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 ſodoing.

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. *Aſten*.

Dr. *Anthony Addington*, and Dr. *William Lewis*, ſworn.

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 did 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. 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 felt the Grittineſs in his Mouth again, and that the Burning and Pricking in his Tongue, Throat, Stomach, and Bowels had return'd 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 ſoon after drinking the Gruel?

Dr. *Addington*. Almoſt immediately. He told me likewise, that, at the ſame time, he had had cold Sweats, Hiccup, extreme Reſtleſneſs 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 thoſe 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*.

On Inſpection, I found his Tongue ſwell'd, and his Throat ſlightly inflam'd, and excoiated. 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 obſerv'd 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-ſpoonful of the thinneſt Liquor at a Time.

As I ſuſpected that theſe Appearances and Symptoms were the Effect of Poiſon, I aſk'd 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 ſuppos'd this was only a Fit of that Sort, and wou'd ſoon go off, as uſual. I told Mr. *Blandy*, that I aſk'd 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 10th*, he ſeemed much reliev'd; 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 found it almoſt ſurrounded with gleety Excoiations and Ulcers.

About Eight o'Clock this Morning I took my Leave of him; but before I quitted his Room, Miss *Blandy* desir'd I wou'd 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 Supercription was effaced. The Supercription 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 open'd the Paper very carefully, and found in it a whitish Powder, like white Arsenic in Taste, but slightly discolour'd by a little burnt Paper mix'd 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 cou'd be depended on.

Council. What do you really suspect it to be?

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

Council. Please to proceed, Sir.

Dr. Addington. As soon as the Maid had left me, Mr. *Norton* the Apothecary produc'd a Powder, that he said had been found at the Bottom of that Mess of Gruel, which, as was suppos'd, had poison'd Mr. *Blandy*: He gave me some of this Powder, and I examin'd 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 left him the Day before. His Complexion was very bad; his Pulse intermitted; and he breath'd, and swallow'd with great Difficulty. He complain'd more of his Fundament than he had done before. His Bowels were still in Pain.

I now desir'd 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 ask'd him more than once, whether he really thought he had taken Poison? He answer'd each Time, that he believ'd he had. I ask'd him, whether he thought he had taken Poison often? He answer'd in the Affirmative. His Reasons for thinking so, were, because some of his Teeth had decay'd much faster than was natural; and because he had frequently, for some Months past, especially after his Daughter had receiv'd a Present of Scotch Pebbles from Mr. *Cranston*, 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 ask'd him, whom he suspected to be the Giver of the Poison? The Tears stood in his Eyes, yet he forced a Smile, and said;--- *A poor Love-sick Girl--- I forgive her--- I always thought there was Mischief 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 swallowing, were got much better again; but he complain'd 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 Person, were taken from her.

Council. How came that?

Dr. Addington. I propos'd 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. Addington*, 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 Occasions an ulcerous Matter generally issued from his Fundament. Yet, in his sensible Intervals, he was chearful, and jocos: He said *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 Wednesday Morning, August the 14th, he recovered his Senses for an Hour or
E more.

more. He told me, he would make his Will in two or three Days; but he soon grew delirious again; and, sinking 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. Addington. It is; and I have never had the least Occasion to alter it. His Case was so 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 Arsenic.

Council. When was his Body opened?

Dr. Addington. On Thursday in the Afternoon, 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.

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 extravasated Blood had stagnated between their Membranes. They contained nothing, as far as we examined, but a slimy 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 Schirrhus 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. Lewis.

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

Dr. Lewis. I did.

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.

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

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 sometime 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 insipid, so is white Arsenic. 3. Part of it swims on the Surface of cold Water, like a pale sulphureous Film; but the greatest Part sinks 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 rises entirely in thick white Fumes, which have the Stench of Garlick, and cover cold Iron, held just over them, with white Flowers: White Arsenic 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 Glas 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 Glas. The Spirits of Vitriol and Salt made a considerable Precipitation of a lightish-coloured Substance; which, in the former, hardened into glittering Chrystals, sticking to the Sides and Bottom of the Glas. 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 four Ounces of clean Water; and filtering and dividing it into five equal Parts, proceeded with them just as I had done with the former 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 found 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 sent 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 Cholick, he complained of a violent Pain in his Stomach, attended with great Reachings, and swell'd, and a great Purging; I carried him Physick, 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 Physick 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 Musick?

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. She said, Mr. *Cranstoun* saw her Father's Apparition one Night.

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

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

Council. Was the Powder you deliver'd to Dr. *Addington*, the self-same 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.

Prif. 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 disagreed with him. Miss *Blandy* made answer, and said, her Pappa had had nothing that she knew of except some Peas, on the *Saturday* Night before.

Prif. Council. Did you hear any thing of Water-gruel?

Norton. I knew nothing of that, till it was brought to me.

Prif. 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.

Prif. Council. What did Miss *Blandy* say to you?

Norton. She desired me, to be careful of her Father in his Illness.

Prif. Council. Did she shew any Dislike to his having Physick?

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 Physician.

Prif. Council. When was this?

Norton. This was on *Saturday* the Tenth.

Prif. Council. When he grew worse, did she advise a Physician might be call'd in?

Norton. Yes, she did, after I said he was worse; she then begg'd that Dr. *Addington* might be sent 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 saw but at such times she has behaved with true Affection and Regard?

Prif. 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 apprise Mr. *Blandy* of it.

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

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

Pris. 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 saw the old Washerwoman, 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 not 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* sent 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 desired me to look at it: I sent 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 saw, 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.

Pris. Council. Did you on the *Sunday*, in the Afternoon, mention it to Mr. or Miss *Blandy*?

Mounteney. No, not to either of them.

Susannab 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 made 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*, she had been in the Pantry, (I did not see 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 see him come down?

Gunnell. I did not.

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

Gunnell. It was betwixt Nine 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 Master was in haste 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. 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?

Gunnell. About Six o'Clock I went up the next Morning, to carry him his Physick: 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 full which I left 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 Physick, 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 seen 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 took 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 afraid 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 six 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. What was it * *Betty Binfield* said to you about Water-gruel?

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

Council. What time was this?

Gunnell. I cannot say, 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 Physick, I met *Elizabeth Binfield*, with the Water-gruel in a Bason, which he had left; I said, to the Chairwoman, *Ann Emmit*, Dame, you used to be fond of Water-gruel, here is a very fine Mefs 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.

* N. B. The Council for the Prisoner wou'd the Objection to this as Hearsay-Evidence; because the Council for the Crown assur'd them, they should call *Betty Binfield* herself next.

For the Murder of Francis Blandy, Gent. 19

- Council.* How was she afterwards?
- Gunnell.* She said, the House smelt of Physick, and every thing tasted of Physick; she went out, I believe into the Wash-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, she was not able to come in; I said, I would lead her in; I did, and sat 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 Symptoms of this poor Woman?
- Gunnell.* I 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 Master's Physick 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 said, she was very glad, she was not below Stairs, for she should have been shocked, to have seen her poor Dame so ill.
- Council.* As you have lived Servant in the House, how did you observe Miss Blandy behave towards her Father, and in what Manner did she use to talk of him, three or four Months before his Death?
- Gunnell.* Sometimes she would talk very affectionately, and sometimes 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 she wished for his long Life, sometimes for his Death.
- Council.* When she wished for his Death, in what Manner did she express herself?
- Gunnell.* She often said, she was very unkind, and that if he was dead, she would go to Scotland and live with Lady Cranston.
- Council.* Did she ever say, how long she thought her Father might live?
- Gunnell.* Sometimes she would say, 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 sent for, on the Saturday?
- Gunnell.* I do.
- Council.* Had Miss Blandy used to go into her Father's Room after that Time?
- Gunnell.* She did as often as she pleased till Sunday-Night; then Mr. Norton took Miss Blandy down Stairs, and desired 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, soon after Mr. Norton came in, or with him; I went in about 10 o'Clock again.
- Council.* What Conversation passed, between Miss Blandy and her Father?
- Gunnell.* She fell down on her Knees and said to him, Banish me, or send me to any remote Part of the World; do what you please, so you forgive me; and as to Mr. Cranston, I will never see 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 should'st have considered, I was thy own Father.
- Council.* What said she to this?
- Gunnell.* She answered, Sir, as for your Illness, I am intirely innocent. I said, Madam, I believe you must not say you are intirely 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 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 said, 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, *Ob! 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 further, 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 left 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, folded 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, sealed up with the Earl of MACCLESFIELD and Lord CADOGAN'S Seals.*) This is the Paper, I believe by the Look of it; but I did not see 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 say: 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 saying, she had been stirring her Pappa's Water-gruel, and eating the Oatmeal out from the Bottom: He said, 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 said, 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; saying, *Ob! that Villain! that ever he came to my House!* I told him likewise, I had shewed the Powder to Mr. Norton; he asked, what Mr. Norton said 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 said, 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 said, 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 secure it.

Council. Do you remember when *Ann Emmett* was sick (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 my Master's Death.

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

Gunnell. She sent 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 four or five 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 pour'd 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 six Weeks and three Days before his Death.

Council. How did you find yourself, 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 seiz'd 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* Evening, when I was mixing it for my Master; and on *Wednesday*, 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 Disorder till the *Wednesday* Morning about 2 o'Clock, before my Master's Death; then I was seemingly seized with Convulsions. My Throat was very troublesome for 5 or 6 Weeks after, and seemed a little forish 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 2 that Morning, and apply'd 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 use to shew the Pebbles to any Body?

Gunnell. She used 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.

Prif. Council. Was he or was he not in good Health for a Year before?

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

Prif. Council. Did he make any other Complaints?

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

Prif. Council. Was there any other Complaint for 7, 8, 9, or 10 Years?

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

Pris. 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 say positively; because I have not continued these things in my Memory. He order'd me to give him some dry Oatmeal and Water, for the Heart-burn.

Pris. Council. Is that good for the Heart-burn?

Gunnell. I have been told, it is very good for it.

Pris. 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.

Pris. 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.

Pris. Council. When have you heard it?

Gunnell. I believe in the last 12 Months; but cannot be sure.

King's Council. Recollect on what Occasion?

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

Pris. Council. When did you first communicate your Suspicion to Mr. Blandy, about his being poisoned?

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

Pris. 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.

Pris. Council. Did you ever say any thing of it to Miss Blandy?

Gunnell. No, I did not.

Pris. Council. Pray what Conversation passed between her Father and her down upon her knees, &c?

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

Pris. Council. Was any Thing said about Mr. Cranstoun's Addressees 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.

Pris. Council. What was that Message?

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

Pris. Council. Did she say, with what Intent the Powder was given to her?

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

Pris. Council. Did she say? Upon what Intent?

Gunnell. She did not say that. He did not ask that.

Pris. Council. Was not that explained?

Gunnell. It was no ways explained.

Pris. Council. Did he treat her, as if she herself was innocent.

Gunnell. He did, Sir,

Pris. Council. Then all he said afterwards was as thinking his Daughter very innocent.

Gunnell. It was Sir.

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

Gunnell. Mr. Blandy said, he believed his Daughter intirely innocent of what had happened.

Pris. 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?*

Gunnell. I do think so; he said, Where is Polly? I answered, In her Room; he said, *Poor unfortunate Girl! that ever she should be imposed upon and led away by such a Villain to do such a thing.*

Pris. 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 so; she said, she was innocent.

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

Gunnell.

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

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

Gunnell. I don't remember there was a Word said, about the Father's having eat any of it.

Pris. Council. During the Time of his Illness, was not Miss *Blandy's* Behaviour to her Father, with as much Care and Tendernefs 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.

Pris. 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 said, Poor unfortunate Girl, that ever she should be imposed upon, and led away by such a Villain to do such a Thing! What do you imagine, he meant by such a Thing?

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

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 she 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 unusual 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 prefiged 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 said, 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 told me so.

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 Manner?

Binfield. She did till his Death; I have often heard her say, 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. *Cranstoun* had been to some famous Woman who had informed him so, and named one Mrs. *Morgan* who lived either in *Scotland*, or *London*; I can't say which.

Council. Did she exprefs herself glad, or sorry?

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 said, 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 eat the Water-gruel, I can't particularly say, I believe a Fortnight 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 Emmet* was taken ill?

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

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

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.

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

Binfield. I believe I should, (*she is shown 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 about a Month or six 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 Fortunes.

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. Cranstoun* 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 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 say 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 staid 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 said so?

Binfield. It was on the 10th of *August*, saying, he was once at the Coffee-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 look'd 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?

Binfield. She look'd in great Confusion, 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 fifteen 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 discover'd, and fill'd 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 happen'd 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 Afternoon, 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 Afternoon, 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 clasp'd 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.

Pris. Council. What was his Illness?

Binfield. He had a great Cold.

Pris. Council. Did he take any Physick?

Binfield. I believe he did once or twice.

Pris. Council. Can you tell the Time?

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

Pris. Council. Who made the Whey and Broth, that were sent to the Washerwoman?

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

Pris. Council. Was she a kind Mistress to the Washerwoman?

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

Pris. Council. About this Musick, Who did she say heard it?

Binfield. She mostly mentioned herself hearing that.

Pris. Council. Was this Talk when *Cranstoun* was there?

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

Pris. 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.

Pris. 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.

Pris. Council. Have you had any ill Will against her?

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

Pris. Council. Did you ever say, *D—n her for a black Bitch, I should be glad to see her go up the Ladder, and be hang'd*?

Binfield. 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 six 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.

26 *The TRYAL of Mary Blandy, Spinster,*

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 in Discourse 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 said, 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 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 desired 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 Poison, 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 assured her it was harmless; that he had often taken it himself; that if she would give her Father some 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 six 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 sinking 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? After 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 she took any Step to the Prejudice of Mr. *Cranstoun*; whom she considered as her Husband, tho' the Ceremony had not passed between them.

King's Council. Was any thing more said 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 ventur'd 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 endeavour'd 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.*

Dr. *Addington*. She said, that she did not know it to be Poison, 'till 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 solely 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 desired to say, whether those Agitations of Body and Mind which Miss *Blandy* shewed at this Time, did not seem to you to arise intirely 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, seem'd 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 wou'd inevitably be ruin'd.

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 sollicitous that you shou'd do him all the Service in your Power?

Dr. *Addington*. I cannot say that I discover'd any Sollicitude in her on this Score, 'till Monday Night, August the 12th, after she was confin'd, 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 Case.

King's Council. Did her Symptoms agree with Mr. *Blandy's*?

Dr. *Addington*. They differ'd 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. *Blandy's*, she had been seized with Prickings, and Burnings, in her Tongue, Throat, and Stomach, which had been followed by severe Fits of Vomiting and Purging. And I observ'd 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 poison'd by drinking that Gruel at Mr. *Blandy's*, she was sure that she had been poison'd there the Day-Time before by drinking something else.

Alice Emmet 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 send her something, as she wanted something to drink, saying she was very dry; Miss said, she would send something, which she did in about two Hours.

Council.

Council. Did you tell her what your Mother had eat or drank ?

Emmet. No, I did not ; only said, my Mother was very ill, and very dry, and desired something 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 *Warwickshire*, 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 Taste, 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 Basin, and set it to be filled again ; after this, when he was not there, Miss asked me, what he did with the Tea ? I said, he had not drank it, but put it into the Cat's Basin 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 it, 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 say.

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

Council. Have you ever seen her write ?

Littleton. I have very 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 *August* 1750 ?

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

Council. Did you hear any Talk about Music 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 of his being 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.

Cross-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 said, 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 *Thursday 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 found her at the Sign of the *Angel*, on the other Side the Bridge; I told her, I was very sorry for her Misfortune, 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 afraid very hard, unless she could produce some Letters to bring Mr. *Cranston* to Justice. She said, "Dear Mr. *Fisher*, I am afraid 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 stamp't 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 say, 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 Wife 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 I, 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 Henry 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 Defence.

My Lords,

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 said, that I have spoke ill of my Father; that *I have cursed him and wish'd 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 forsaken by my Friends—affronted by the Mob—insulted 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 most 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, desired me to walk in till the Mob was disperd; 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 sent to Goal, and was in
Hopes,

Hopes, there, at least, this Usage would have ended. But was told 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 said 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 so ironed? He said, 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 such a Thought, and I would bear it with the other cruel Usage I had received on my Character. The Reverend Mr. Swinson, 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 save 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 say 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 RUIN'D 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 pretty near a Quarter of a Year before: I have heard her curse Miss *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.

Council. How long after?

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

(*Cross Examined.*)

King's Council. What was this Quarrel about?

Anne James. I don't know, I heard her say she had a Quarrel, and was to go away, several Times.

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 not.

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 James. 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?

32 *The TRYAL of Mary Blandy, Spinster.*

Elizabeth Binfield. We had a little Quarrel some Time before.

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 Character?

Mary Banks. I don't recollect.

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

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

Council. When was this?

Mary 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 *November*, 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 Illness?

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?

Herne. 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 seem to be satisfied with her Behaviour 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 she was put under your Care, to 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 Cup.

King's Council. When did she tell you this?

Herne. In *August*, 1750.

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

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 hers.*

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 Design to hurt her Father?

Herne. At that Time, she declared, that when *Cranstoun* 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 Misfortune that she then laboured under?

Herne. She said, she should be glad *Cranstoun* 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 Poison, 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?

Cawley. I never saw any other than dutiful.

Thomas Staverton sworn.

Thomas Staverton. I have lived near them five or six-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 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 softly 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 was.

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 Infamy 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 honourable 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 laid before the Jury, I will take up but little of your Lordships 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 Pretence.

Examine then, Gentlemen, whether it is possible she could do it ignorantly.

It has appeared in Evidence, that she owned she saw *Mr. Cranstoun* 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 Effect from it, and therefore concluded it was not hurtful.—Her own Witness, *Thomas Staverton*, says, that *for a Year past Mr. Blandy used to sprinkle in his Cloaths*; that he made the Observation to his Wife, 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 Occasion 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 styles him her *dear Willy*,—acquaints him, her Father is so bad that he must not be frighten'd if he does not soon hear from her again,—says, she is herself better,—then cautions him to take Care what he writes, lest his Letter should fall into a wrong Hand. Was this such a Letter as she would 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 saying, *She should be glad to see 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 sent 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 *Thursday* Night on which Mr. Blandy was open'd, and during the Time that *Miss Blandy* was in the House. These two Witnesses therefore, grossly 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 used by *Miss Blandy*;) but what was confirmed by the other Maid-Servant, *Susan 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 Parricides, 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 the 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 *Cranston*.

Mr. Baron LEGGE.

GENTLEMEN of the Jury.— *Mary Blandy*, the Prisoner 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 pleaded 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 Indictment, 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 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 Vomittings, for he had had some bloody Stools; that he imputed the Sensations 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, his Throat excoriated and a little swelled, his Lips dry, and Pimples on them, Pimples on the Inside 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 Arsenic; that the same Morning a Paper was put into his Hands, by one of the Maids, which she said had been taken out of the Fire, and which she saw Miss *Blandy* throw in, there was a Supercription 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 softened 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 desired the Assistance 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 Vomitting and Purging; that he had had these Symptoms especially, after his Daughter had received a Present of *Scotch Pebbles* from Mr. *Cranston*. He then asked the Deceased who he suspected had given the Poison to him; the Tears then stood in his Eyes, but he forced a Smile, and said: *A poor Love-sick Girl, I forgive her: I always thought there was Mischief in those cursed Scotch Pebbles.*

Dr. *Lewis* came that Evening, and Miss *Blandy* was sent in o 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 secreted; for it was not then publickly known that Mr. *Blandy* was poisoned, and they thought themselves accountable for her forth coming. On *Monday Night* the Deceased mended again, and grew better and worse, unaccountably, as long as he lived. On *Tuesday Morning* every Thing growing worse, he became excessively weak, rambled in his Discourse, 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 himself like a Man bit by a mad Dog, *I should be glad to drink, but I can't swallow.* About Noon his Speech faltered more than before; he grew ghastly; was a shocking Sight; and had a very bad Night. On *Wednesday Morning* he recovered his Senses a little, and said he would make his Will in a few Days, but soon grew delirious again, sunk 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 loose 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 resembled Bladders filled with Air, blotched 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 Gall-bladder; the Bile was very fluid, and of a dirty yellow Colour, inclining to red; the Kidneys were stained 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 Inside of the Stomach was quite smooth, and, about the Orifice, 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 Sort of Gruel a second Time, nor did he ask him. He tells you, as to the Powder that was given 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 sent 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 say, 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 *Doctor 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 sent for, to *Mr. Blandy* on *Tuesday* the 6th of *August*; that he was very ill, as he imagined, of the Colic, and complained of a violent Pain in his Stomach, attended with Reaching and Purgings, 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 see him, but went again about Twelve o'Clock, and then saw him; he desired 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 saw him thus out of Order; that the last Illness he had had, was thirteen Months before. He tells you, that he has heard the Prisoner say, that she had heard Music in the House, which portended something, and that *Cranston* 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, but that, when he came, he found *Mr. Blandy* and the Prisoner together; that he asked if he had eat any Thing that had disagreed 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 sent for. *Mr. Blandy* himself would have deferred it till the next Day, but she, notwithstanding, 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 left 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 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. Mountney'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 *Monday* the Prisoner told her she had been stirring her Papa's Water Gruel, and eating the Oatmeal out of the Bottom; that she gave him a half Pint Mug of it that *Monday* Nigh, 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 said 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 Halte 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 Bafon 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 Bafon, 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 busy ironing; to which she answered, that it was stale, if there was enough of it; that it would not take much Time, and she 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 taste 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 said, 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 therefore locked it up in a Clofet, and on *Thursday* Morning carried it to *Mrs. Mountney's*, where *Mr. Norton* saw it. She tells you, that about Six Weeks before *Mr. Blandy's* Death, she was not very well herself, 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 she 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 hurts me, and may hurt you. To which she 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 his Physick, she saw *Ann Emmett* the Chairwoman; and said to her, Dame, you used to be fond of Water gruel, here's a fine Me's for you, which my Master left last Night; and thereupon warmed it, and gave it her; that the Woman sat down on a Bench in the Kitchen, and drank some of it, but not all; and said the House smelt of Physick, and every thing tasted of Physick, and she must go out and reach before she 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 some fair Water, upon that she persuaded her to come into the House; but she said, she was not able without Help; that then she led her in, and put her in a Chair by the Fire, where the Coughing and Reaching continued;

nued ; that she staid in the House about half an Hour, and grew worse ; and she thought her in a Fit, or seized 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 Physick had made her sick, 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 she should have been shocked to have seen her poor Dame so ill.* She tells you, that sometimes 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 say, *that she was very unkind ; and that if her Father was dead, she would go to Scotland, and live with Lady Crantoun.* That by her Father's Constitution he might live twenty Years ; but sometimes would say, she did not think he looked so well. She remembers Dr. Addington being sent for on Saturday Evening ; and tells you, that the Prisoner was not departed 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 Master's Room, except herself, 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 said, *Sir, Banish me where you please, do with me what you please, so you do but forgive me ; and as for Crantoun, I will never see him, speak to him, or write to him more, as long as I live, if you will forgive me :* To which the Deceased made Answer, *I forgive thee my Dear, and I hope God will forgive thee ; but thee 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 innocent :* To which the Witness replied, *Madam, I believe you must not say you are entirely innocent, for the Powder left in the Water-gruel, and the Paper of Powder taken out of the Fire, are now in such Hands, that they must be publickly produced.* The Witness then told her, that she believed she had herself taken about six Weeks before, a Dose in Tea, that was prepared for her Master : To which the Prisoner answered, *I have put no Powder in Tea, I have put Powder in Water-gruel ; if you have received any Injury I am intirely innocent, it was given me with another Intent :* The Deceased hearing this, turned himself in his Bed, and said, *Oh, 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 Daughter.* 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 hope 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 him for thy Friend ; Poor Man ! I am sorry 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 of the 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 saw 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 small 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, she had been in her Master's Room about Seven of the Clock, to carry him something to drink, and when he had drank it, she said to him, *Sir, I have something to communicate to you, which nearly concerns your Health and your Family ; I believe 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 gruel, and eating the Oatmeal out of it :* Upon which he said, *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

had found a Powder in the Pan; upon which he said to her, *Dost thee know any thing of this Powder, didst thee ever see 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 oftener than usual:* Her Master then said, *now you mention it, I remember when he was at my House, he talked of a particular Poison they had in his Country: Ob! 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, she can't say how long before this, it was, that *Anne Emmett* had been sick 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 she thought Somebody had been taking Salts in that Cup; and this was about six 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 seemed 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 says she tasted the Water Gruel twice; once on the *Tuesday*, when she was mixing it for her Master, and again on the *Wednesday*, but found no remarkable Disorder 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 six or seven Weeks after she 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 she don't remember he was so ill as to send for the Apothecary; that he used to be equally complaining of the Gravel, Gout, and Heart-burn for Twelve Years, knows nothing complaining 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 says 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 said, *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 say, 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 prefiged 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,

London, but which the Witness cannot say, had said so; 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 six 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 Gunnell*, had again from her, and then delivered to *Dr. Addington* and *Mr. Norton*. She tells you, that when *Susan Gunnell* 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 Gunnell*, about a Month or six Weeks before her Master's Death, in which Particular she is confirmed by *Susan Gunnell*. She says further, that she heard the Prisoner say, *Who would grudge to send an old Father to Hell for 10,000 l?* And this she introduced 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. Cranston* had been at her Master's about three Quarters of a Year before his Death, and she 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 says, 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 Publick-house; 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 Prisoner 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 Chaise, 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 said 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 flung it away, and filled the Cup up again, which *Susan Gunnell* drank, and was ill for a Week after. She says, that upon *Monday* the 5th of *August*, the Prisoner came into the Wash-house, 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 leave your Friends*. To which the Witness replied, that if she should go there and not like it, it would be expensive travelling. She says, 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 this Time; and that it was at the time when *Susan 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 Circumstance of *Susan Gunnell's* being ill with the Tea.

He says, 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 assured 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 pass 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 persisted 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 sorry, 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 ask'd the Prisoner if 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 the Room; the Deceased then poured the Tea into the Cat's Basin, and went away. Soon after the Prisoner came into the Room again, when he told her that he thought the Deceased 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 Basin, she seemed a good deal confused. That the next Day being Sunday Morning, Mr. *Blandy of Kingston*, came to their House, and went to Church along with him; that after they returned from Church, the Prisoner desired 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. *Cranstoun*, (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 lovesick Girl! what won't a Girl do for a Man she 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 1750. he has often heard the Prisoner say, that she heard Musick 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 say 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 Musick 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 Master 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 sorry for her Misfortune, 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 broug't 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 afraid 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 says, 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 stamp't 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 Consequence*. 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 stamp't 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 *Cranstoun*, without any Date to it, which was opened 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 such an Imputation upon her, and her Appearance here, without her being convicted. She then calls her Witnesses, and the first is,

Anne James, 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 few Words of Difference with the Prisoner, and had said, that she was to go away.

Mary Banks is then called, who says 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 Binfield* and *Anne James*, till the Words are directly put into her Mouth, and then she recollects that *Elizabeth Binfield* 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 seldom 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 saw; 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 Desire, to enquire how he did; that he never heard her swear, or speak disrespectfully of her Father: He says he was not in the way when she went over *Henley-Bridge*, (being sent for to dig a Grave, he being the Sexton) that he has seen her since her Confinement at *Oxford*, and she told him that Captain *Cranstoun* 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 Effects 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 Staverton, that he has known the Prisoner five or six 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 Sixty-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 willfully 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 aforethought, 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 Person killed, from which the Law will as certainly infer Malice, as where it is express.

Poison in particular, is in its Nature so secret, 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 Presumption*, amounts in Law to full 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 consider 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 administered 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 Poison, and what Effect it would have?

If you believe, that she knew it to be Poison, the other Part, *viz.* that she knew the Effect, 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?

Jury. 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 she at the Time of the same Felony and Murder committed, or at any Time since, to your Knowledge?

Jury. None.

Cl. of Arr. Hearken to your Verdict as the Court hath recorded it. You say that *Mary Blandy* is guilty of the Felony and Murder, whereof she stands indicted; and that she had not any Goods or Chattels, 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 yourself upon God and your Country: That Country has found you guilty.

You have had a long and a fair Tryal, and sorry 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 Softness 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 Darknest, 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 upon you, which is,

That you are to be carried to the Place of Execution, and there hanged 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 sure 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.

F I N I S.

