

Miss Mary Blandy's own account of the affair between her and Mr. Cranstoun. From the commencement of their acquaintance, in the year 1746, to the death of her father in August 1751 ... / to which is added an appendix, containing copies of some original letters now in possession of the editor.

Contributors

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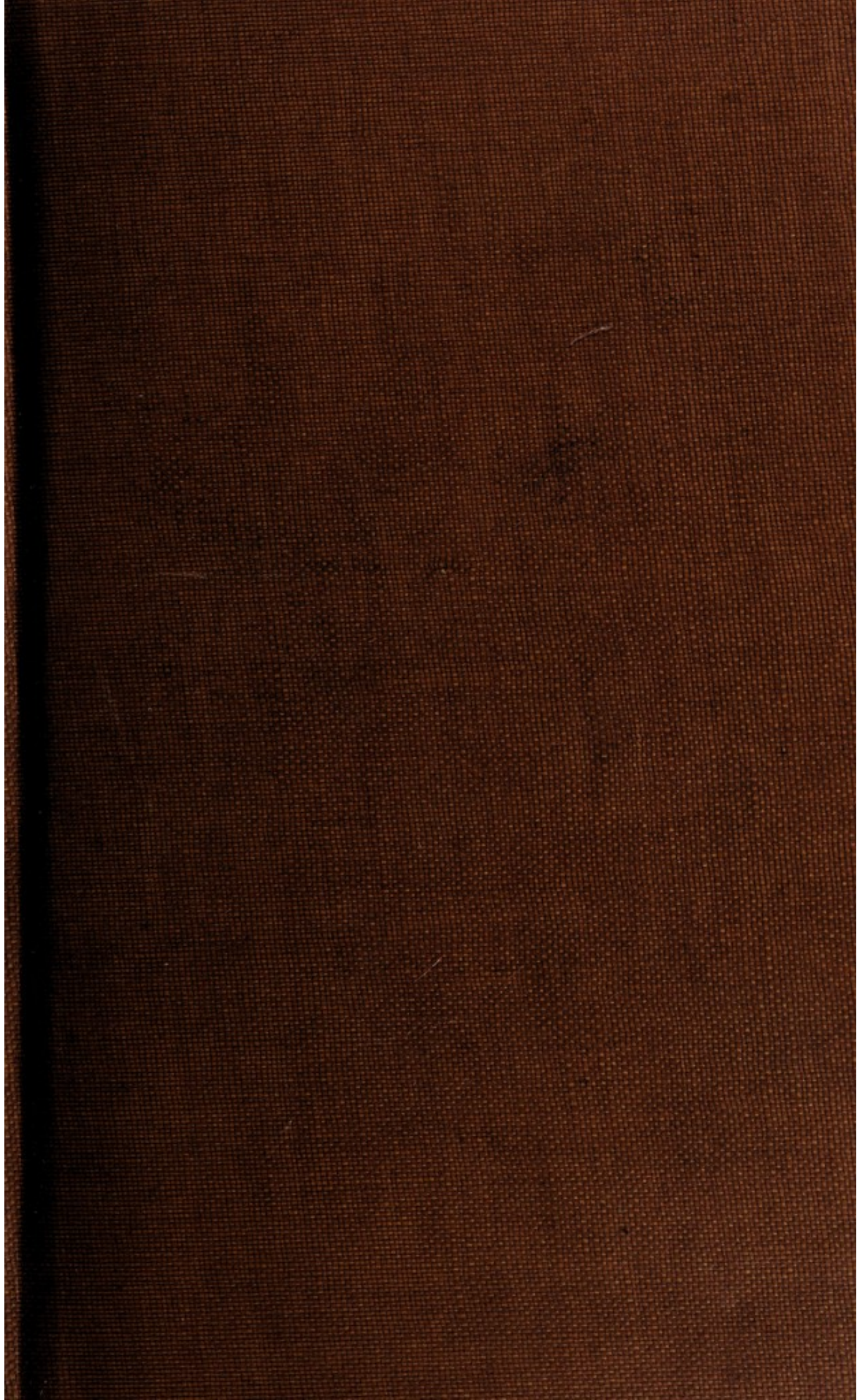
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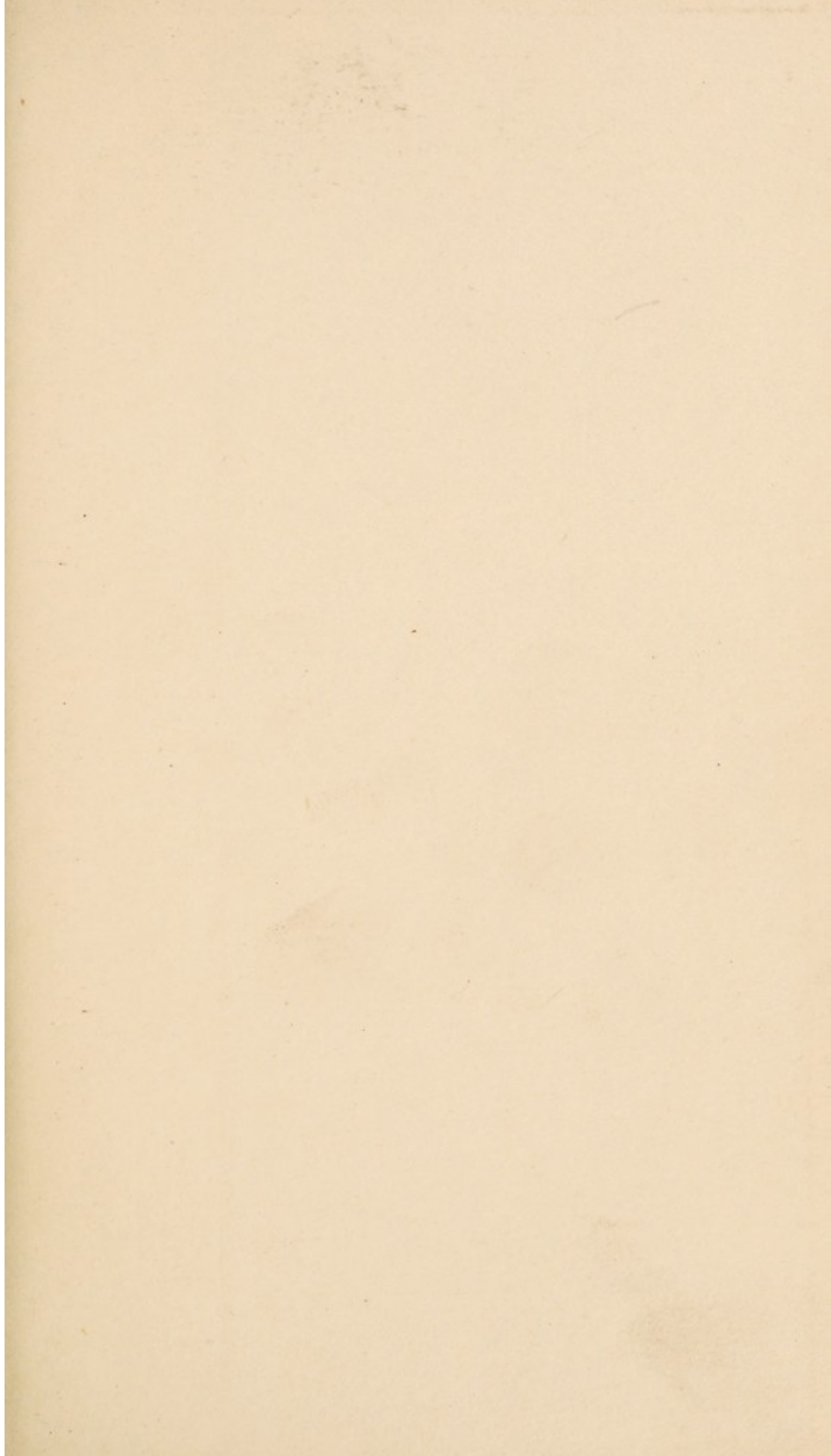
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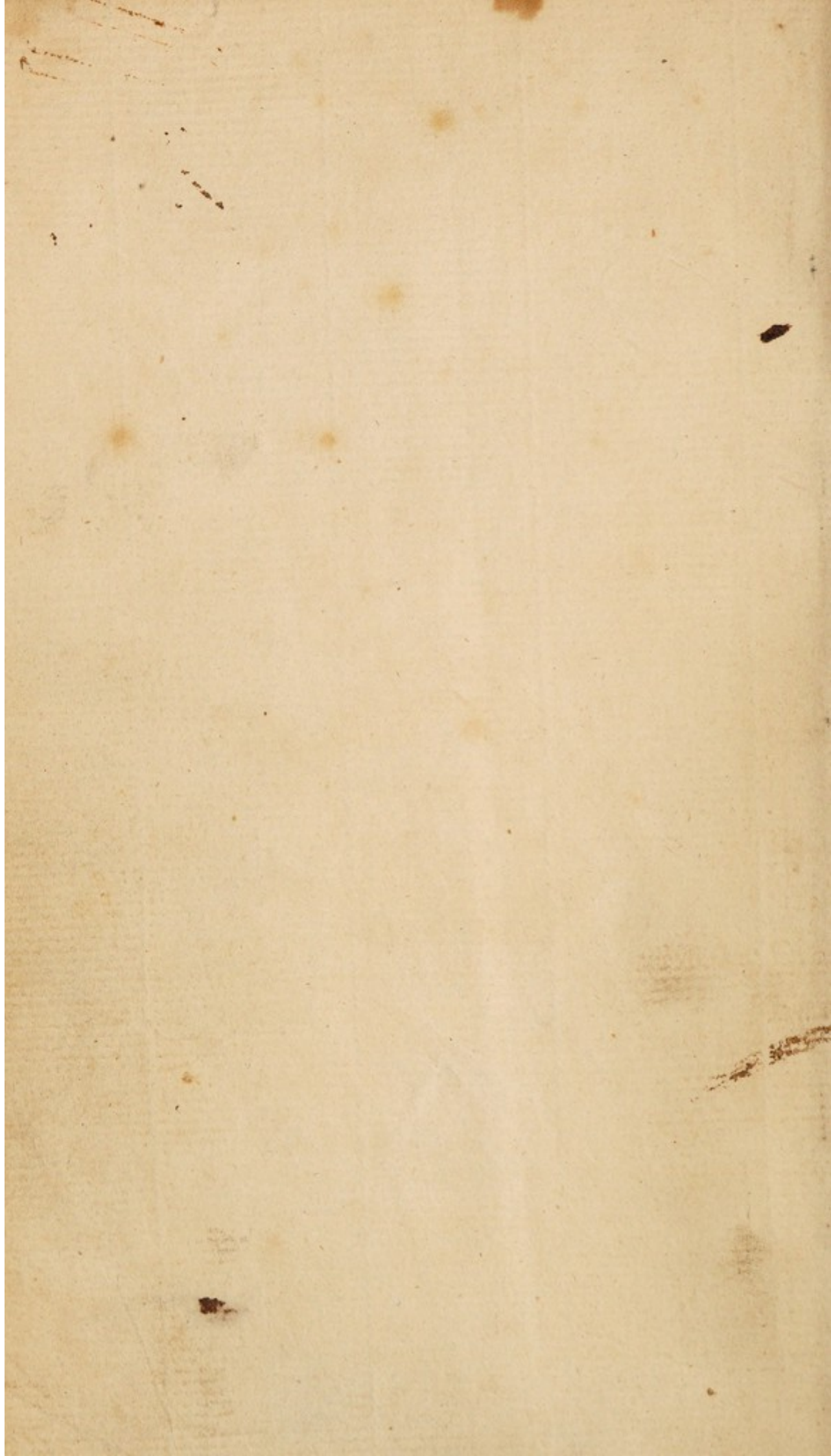


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9.





Miss Mary Blandy's own Account

Of the Affair between

HER and Mr. CRANSTOUN,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT of their ACQUAINTANCE,
in the Year, 1746.

TO THE

DEATH of her FATHER, in *August* 1751.
With all the Circumstances leading to that unhappy
Event.

To which is added,

An A P P E N D I X.

CONTAINING

COPIES of some ORIGINAL LETTERS
now in Possession of the EDITOR.

TOGETHER WITH

An exact RELATION of her BEHAVIOUR, whilst
under Sentence; and a COPY of the DECLARA-
TION signed by herself, in the Presence of two
Clergymen, two Days before her Execution.

Published at her dying Request.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, MDCCLII.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence)

N. B. The ORIGINAL ACCOUNT, authenticated by Miss *Blandy*
in a proper Manner, may be seen at the above *A. Millar's*.

Mrs Mary Bland's Account

Of the said

HER and Mr CHANSTON,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT of their ACCOUNTANCE
in the Year 1740.

TO THE

PLANTERS of the said PARISH, in New York
Who all the Circumstances relating to the said
Account.

To which is added

AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING

COPIES of some of the ORIGINAL
PARTS of the said ACCOUNTANCE
TOGETHER WITH

AN EXPLANATION of the said ACCOUNTANCE
and of the said APPENDIX
and of the said ACCOUNTANCE
and of the said APPENDIX

Printed at the Press of R. DODD

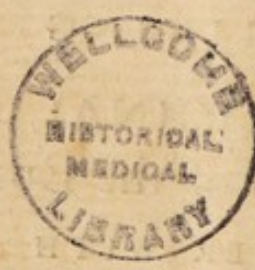
FOR B. DODD

Printed at the Press of R. DODD

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(VI)

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

A *S the Affair between Miss Blandy, executed on Monday the sixth instant at Oxford, and Mr. Cranstoun, has been the Subject of all Conversation, both in Town and Country, for several Months past; an authentic and circumstantial Account of it cannot fail of proving acceptable to the Public: which would of itself be a sufficient Apology for sending these Sheets into the World. But the Editor has a farther Motive for the Publication of the following Narrative. Miss Blandy, in some of her last Moments, most earnestly desired, that the Whole, which had been partly penned and partly dictated by her, might be submitted to the Judgment of the Public, without any material*

rial Alteration or Abridgment. In Compliance, therefore, with her dying Request, and at the Solicitation of several Persons of Rank and Figure in the University of Oxford, it has been thought proper to exhibit it, as near as possible, in her own Words. There are not then in this Copy, from the original MS. any considerable Departures, or Variations. Nor is it to be doubted but this, since such Care has here been taken industriously to avoid all bitter Invectives, all personal Reflections, and even all Asperity of Expression, will prove the most likely Means to procure it a candid and favourable Reception.

Mifs

(2)

Miss **BLANDY**'s own
ACCOUNT, &c.

MY Acquaintance with Mr. *Cranstoun*, who was Lieutenant of a Regiment of Marines, commenced at Lord *Mark Ker*'s, in one of the Summer-months, as I at present apprehend, of the Year 1746. At first we entertained of each other only Sentiments of Friendship, I being upon the Point of marrying another Gentleman; which, for some prudential Reasons, was soon put off, and at last came to nothing. Some Months after our first Interview, Mr. *Cranstoun* left *Henley*; and, about the following Summer, returned to his Uncle, Lord *Mark Ker*, who lived at a House he had hired in that Town, called *Paradise*. After his Arrival at *Henley*, our Friendship continued for some Time; in one Part of which I told him, as a Friend that wished me well, of another advantageous Match that had been proposed to me; but at the same time declared to him, that I was afraid the Gentleman was not formed to make me happy. Upon this, he asked me, "whether or no I preferred mutual Love to the Gran-

"deur of Life?" To which I replied, "I preferred the Man I loved and esteemed to all others." This induced him to make a Proposal to me in the following Terms: "Miss *Blandy*, I have upon my Hands an unhappy Affair, which to you I have made no Secret of: I can assure you, before I speak what follows, I am not now married, nor ever was; tho' by the Nature of the Laws of *Scotland*, I am involved in some Difficulties brought upon me by that Affair, out of which it will be some Time before I can extricate myself. Do you think you could love a Man well enough to stay till this Affair be brought to a Determination? I have, added he, wished such a Proposal might take Effect from the very first Moment that I saw you; but my Honour would not permit me to make it in form, till the Invalidity of my pretended Marriage did appear to the whole World." To this I made no Reply, as Lord *Mark Ker* at that Instant came into the Garden; Mr. *Cranstoun* and I being then at his House. The next Day Mr. *Cranstoun* came to my Father's, and renewed the Discourse; on which I told him, that "if my Papa and Mamma would approve of my staying for him, I readily consented thereto." After this he took the first Opportunity of speaking to my Mamma upon the same Subject; and received from her the following Answer: "Sir, you do my Daughter an Honour; but I have understood, that you have a perplexing Affair upon your Hands, and it is reported that you are married." He then made Answer, "Madam, as I have a Soul to be saved, I am not, nor ever was." To which she replied: "Very well, Mr. *Cranstoun*, I will take your Word as to that; but I have many more Reasons to give you why I disapprove of your Proposal. In the first
 " Place,

“ Place, you are a Man of Fashion, and I believe
 “ your Fortune small; my Daughter has been
 “ brought up with great Care and Tenderness; and
 “ as neither of you seem to me cut out to live upon
 “ a small Fortune, you would both like to live
 “ in a Manner suitable to your Station.” To which
 she added, “ I can assure you, Mr. *Cranstoun*, had
 “ my Daughter 10,000 *l.* and in my Disposal,
 “ I would give her to you with the greatest Plea-
 “ sure. There is one Thing, continued she, I
 “ think, Mr. *Cranstoun*, I ought to inform you of.
 “ Notwithstanding the World reports Mr. *Blandy*
 “ to be able to give his Daughter down a hand-
 “ some Fortune, I am sure he cannot do it; tho’ I
 “ was ever made a Stranger to his Circumstances.”
 To which he replied, “ If Mr. *Blandy* will give me
 “ his Daughter, I shall not trouble him about
 “ that.” This, as far as I can recollect, is the Sub-
 stance of what passed on Mr. *Cranstoun*’s first making
 his Addresses to me.

After the last Conference, my Mamma and Mr.
Cranstoun had several others to the same Effect; the
 last of which was followed by Mr. *Cranstoun*’s Jour-
 ney to *Bath*. He attended his Uncle, Lord *Mark*
Ker, thither; but before he left *Henley*, he obtained
 my Father’s Leave to correspond with me. He
 went to *Bath*, if my Memory fails me not, in the
 latter Season of the Year 1747; after I had been
 above a Year acquainted with him. He staid at
Bath about five or six Weeks; and, after his Return
 to *Henley*, lived at our House, with my Father’s
 and Mother’s Approbation, five or six Months.
 At the End of this Term, he went up to Town;
 and, within a few Days after his Arrival there, wrote
 to my Father, to beg the favour of him to comply
 with his Request, that I might be permitted to stay
 for him till his unhappy Affair with Miss *Murray*,

(for so was his supposed Wife called) was finally determined. This, he said, he was assured, by the best Judges, must end in a little Time with certain Success: Which, as he added, would make him the happiest Man living; and he doubted not but he should communicate the same Degree of Happiness to me, by the tender Treatment I should meet with from him. My Father gave the Letter to me with a Smile, and told me, “that was a Letter which he believed I should read with some Pleasure.” After I had read it, I said, “When will you answer it, Sir?” To which he replied, “Not at all.” Upon this, looking earnestly at him, said, “Not at all, Papa?” “No, replied he, you shall answer it yourself.” “In what Manner, Sir?” subjoined I. “As, returned he, is most agreeable to you.” To which, however, he thought fit to add, “Tho’ I give you Leave in this Manner, yet if you are prudent you will not think of having a Man of Quality without any Fortune, when you may marry a Man with a very ample one, of as good a Gentleman’s Family as any in *England*: But, continued he, if you can be contented, I’ll do what I can to make you happy with him. I believe he loves you, and mutual Love must make the Marriage-state happy.” Mr. *Blunt*, the Owner or Proprietor of *Paradise*, the House inhabited by Lord *Mark Ker*, was then at my Father’s, and knew, if I am not mistaken, from whom the Letter came: Be that as it will, no more passed on this Subject at that Time. The next Post I informed Mr. *Cranstoun*, that “My Papa had given me Leave to write to him whatever I pleased; in consequence of which I should take the Liberty to assure him, that I would stay for him, and accept of no other Offer till his Affair was brought to a Decision; and that if it

“ was not determined in his Favour, I doubted
 “ whether I should accept of any ever after.”
 Tho’ I did not see Mr. *Cranstoun* for several Months,
 our Correspondence still continued; Letters passing
 and repassing between us almost every Post.

During this Interval, my Mamma went to a Place
 called *Turville-court*, to the House of one Mrs.
Pocock; where she was seized with a Disorder, that
 it was thought would have proved fatal to her.
 Through the whole Course of her Illness, when in
 her Senses, she constantly cried out, “ Let *Cran-*
 “ *stoun* be sent for :” On which, I at last sent for
 him. He was then at *Southampton*; which, by the
 Miscarriage of one of his Letters, I was ignorant of:
 But the very Night he reached *London*, he set out
 for *Turville-court*, and arrived there about Ten
 o’Clock at Night. As soon as he came to Mrs.
Pocock’s House, he was instantly taken up into my
 Mother’s Chamber, which greatly refreshed and re-
 vived her: For she immediately raised herself up in
 Bed, took him about the Neck, and kissed him in
 the most affectionate Manner. At the same Time,
 she said, “ My dear *Cranstoun*, I am glad you are
 “ come; I now shall grow well soon.” Nor would
 she take any Medicines, but from his Hand, saying,
 “ My poor Nurse must not be jealous, (meaning
 “ her Daughter) since loving him I know is pleasing
 “ her.” The next Day she got up, and sent for
 Mr. *Cranstoun* into her Room; saying, “ This I
 “ owe to you, my dear *Cranstoun*; your coming
 “ has given me new Health and fresh Spirits: I
 “ was fearful lest I should die, and you not be here
 “ to comfort that poor Girl, how like Death she
 “ looks!” My Father came thither that Day to
 see his Spouse, and took Mr. *Cranstoun*, who met
 him in the Hall, up in his Arms, saying, “ I am
 “ glad to see you here, how does my Wife?”

" Upon Mr. *Cranstoun's* telling him, " she was
 " much better, and up," he said, smiling, " I
 " suppose they will both of them (meaning his
 " Wife and Daughter) be much better, now you
 " are come." My Father seemed in great good
 Humour all that Day. The next Time he came,
 (for he returned Home at Night) he appeared much
 out of Humour at the great Expence incurred by
 my Mother on the foregoing Occasion, and desired
 her to think of removing to her own House; since
 in that Case, neither the Physician's Fees nor the
 Apothecary's Journies could be so expensive. But
 she was too weak to be removed immediately:
 However, in a short Time, she returned Home, in
 Company with myself and Mr. *Cranstoun*, who, with
 my Father and Mother's Approbation, resided with
 us above six Months. During which Interval, my
 Father was sometimes extremely kind, and some-
 times very rude to Mr. *Cranstoun*, as well as very
 harsh to his Daughter. I observed, that this Rude-
 ness and Harshness generally appeared after he had
 been in Company with some Persons, and particu-
 ly one hereafter mentioned, who were known not to
 approve of my Marriage with Mr. *Cranstoun*. My
 Father also frequently made my Mother very un-
 easy, on account of her Approbation of that Mar-
 riage; tho' he always declared, that he thought Mr.
Cranstoun a most agreeable Man. Whilst he was last
 at my Father's House, the Regiment of Marines to
 which he belonged was broke at *Southampton*; which
 obliged him to go thither: But he did not stay
 there above two or three Days; and upon his Re-
 turn to *Henley*, was received by my Father with
 great Tenderness, who told him, that " as he was
 " now broke, he supposed his Cash would run low;
 " and that therefore he was welcome to stay
 " with him." This happening in my Presence, I

went up to my Father, kissed him, and said, “ Sir, “ I shall never forget this Goodness.” Mr. *Cranstoun* having lost his Post in the Regiment of Marines, did not remain long in *Henley*; but set out soon for *London*, where he made a pretty considerable stay. We kept up, however, our Correspondence, as usual in Times of Absence, he writing to me almost every Post.

A few Months after Mr. *Cranstoun*'s return from *Southampton*, my Mother went up to *London*, in order to ask Advice for a Complaint in her Breast, and took me along with her. Upon our Arrival there, we went to her Brother's, Mr. *Henry Stevens*'s, in *Doctors-Commons*, where we resided all the Time we remained in Town. I had before apprized Mr. *Cranstoun* of our intended Journey; and he waited upon me the next Morning after our Arrival at my Uncle's: Hither he came every Day to visit me, whilst we stayed in *London*. Once he brought his Brother, the Lord *Cranstoun*, with him, who was then just married. One of Mr. *Cranstoun*'s Visits happening a little before Dinner, my Mother asked her Brother, Mr. *Henry Stevens*, to invite him to dinner; but this Favour was refused her: On which, coming into the Dining-room, where she found me and Mr. *Cranstoun*, she took him by the Hand, and burst into Tears, saying, “ My dear Mr. *Cranstoun*, I am sorry you should be so affronted by “ any of my Family, but I dare not ask you to “ stay to dinner. However, continued she, come “ to me as often as you can in my own Apart- “ ment; in a Morning I am always alone.” To this Mr. *Cranstoun* made answer, “ My dear Mam- “ ma, don't be uneasy—I don't—come for the “ Sake of them, but of you and your Daughter: “ And let him put on never so terrible a Face, he “ shall not keep me from you.” At this Time

Mrs. *Pocock* was in Town, and had a House in *St. James's-square*, to which I used to go most Days. Hither Mr. *Cranstoun* perpetually came, when he understood that I was here; and that with my Father's, who arrived in Town after we had reached it, and Mother's Consent. Mrs. *Pocock* often asked my Father, whilst in *London*, to make one of the Party. But he answered her, "You keep such
 " Quality Hours, as neither agree with my Health,
 " nor suit my Business; however, you will have
 " Two Parts of me, my Wife and my Daughter."
 " Yes, replied Mrs. *Pocock*, and not only these
 " Two, but likewise another Bit of you, which
 " will be coming soon." At this he smiled, and
 said, "What *Cranstoun*! a little Bit, indeed, I
 " think! They are very well matched—I was sur-
 " prised not to find him here—I thought they
 " could not have been so long asunder." My Fa-
 ther went away, and left his Family there. The
 next Day my Mother and I were invited to dine at
 Mrs. *Pocock*'s, in order to meet the present Lord
Crauford, then Lord *Garnock*, and Mr. *Cranstoun*:
 The latter attended Mrs. *Pocock* in a Coach she had
 hired to fetch me and my Mother into her House.
 My Father met us in the *Strand*, and stopped the
 Coach, crying out, "For God's Sake, Mrs. *Po-*
 " *cock*, what do you with this Rubbish every Day?"
 "Rubbish do you call them, replied she, your
 " Wife, your Daughter, and one who may be
 " your Son?" "Aye, aye, said he, they are very
 " well matched; 'tis Pity they should ever be asun-
 " der." On which, Mr. *Cranstoun* took hold of
 my Father's Hand, and cried out, "God grant
 " they never may; don't you say *Amen*, Papa?"
 At this my Father smiled, and said, "Make her
 " these fine Speeches Seven Years hence." He
 then took his Leave of them; saying, "He had
 " so

“ so much Business upon his Hands, that he could
 “ not stand idling there ;” bidding the Coachman
 to drive on, and crying out, “ God bless you, I
 “ wish you merry.” Mrs. *Pocock* then asked him,
 “ If he could not contrive to come to them?” To
 which he made answer, alluding to the Distance of
 her House, “ God bless you, do you think I can
 “ now come down to *Henley*?” Then our Coach-
 man drove on to *St. James’s-square*; and soon
 after my Father left the Town, in order to return
 Home.

Whilst I was now in *London*, Mr. *Cranstoun* pro-
 posed a private Marriage to me, saying, “ It might
 “ help us with regard to the Affair in *Scotland*;
 “ since a real Marriage, according to the Usage
 “ of the Church of *England*, if Matters went hard,
 “ might possibly invalidate a Contract that arose
 “ only from Cohabitation.” In order to under-
 stand which, it must be observed, that Mr. *Cran-*
stoun had before cohabited with one Miss *Murray*,
 by whom he had had a Child then living; and was
 consequently considered, by the Laws of *Scotland*,
 as her Husband. This, he said, was the only
 thing that intituled her to him, as he never was
 married by any Priest. To Mr. *Cranstoun*’s Pro-
 posal I answered, “ I won’t, *Cranstoun*, do you so
 “ much Injury, as well as myself; for my Father
 “ never will forgive it, nor give me a Farthing.”
 To which he replied, “ There will be no Occasion
 “ to discover it, but upon such an interesting Event;
 “ and then surely, if you love me, you will suffer
 “ any thing rather than part with me. — What
 “ would not I suffer for you!” To this I made
 answer, “ I would do nothing in the Affair with-
 “ out he could procure the Advice of the best
 “ Council, and be certainly informed by this that
 “ such a Marriage would be valid. Consider with
 “ your-

“ yourself, said I, *Cranstoun*, what a Condition I
 “ should be in, if I should lose my Character, my
 “ Friends, and yourself?—And you I must lose,
 “ if your former supposed Marriage should be de-
 “ clared valid, and in Honour we must never see
 “ each other more.” He then said, “ He would
 “ go and lay the Case immediately before the best
 “ Council, particularly Mr. *Murray*, the Solicitor
 “ General.” But I heard no more of this Affair
 whilst we staid in Town, excepting that it was laid
 before the said Council; nor did I receive any more
 Sollicitations from him on this head.

About this Time my Mother being distressed for
 Money, was very uneasy, as well as in a bad state
 of Health; which gave me great Concern. Being
 one Day, therefore, alone, and in Tears, Mr. *Cran-*
stoun came unexpectedly into the Room, and in-
 sisted upon knowing the Reason of my Grief; which
 at last, after many tender Persuasions on his Part,
 I discovered to him. I told him my Mother owed
 Forty Pounds, and as she durst not inform my Fa-
 ther of it, did not know which way to get it. To
 this he replied, “ I only wish I had as many Hun-
 “ dreds: I will get it for you, my dear, to-mor-
 “ row. Poor Woman, how can her Husband use
 “ her so!” On which, my Mother coming in, no
 more was at that Time said: Mr. *Cranstoun* staid
 but a little while; and when he went away, he told
 me, “ He would see about it.” After he was
 gone, I took my Mother in my Arms, and said,
 “ My dear Mamma, you may be easy about this
 “ Money, for Mr. *Cranstoun* will get it for you to-
 “ morrow.” At this my Mother burst into Tears,
 and cried, “ Why will Mr. *Blandy* expose himself
 “ and me so? How can the poor Soul get it? But
 “ he shall have my Watch, if ever he wants it,
 “ and I cannot pay him in Money.” To this I
 made

made answer, " As to paying him in Money,
 " Mamma, that you never can ; having never been
 " Mistress of such a Sum, nor likely ever to be
 " so ; but make yourself easy, if we meet, you
 " will never be asked for it." The next Day she
 and I went to see her Sister, Mrs. *Frances Stevens*,
 who then lived with her Uncle, Mr. *Cary*, in *Wat-*
ling-street ; where Mr. *Cranstoun* and his Cousin,
 Mr. *Edmonstoun*, took their Leave of us, we be-
 ing to set out for *Henley* the Day following. Mr.
Cranstoun brought the Money with him, which he
 delivered into my Mother's own Hand ; on which,
 not being able to speak, she squeezed his Hand,
 and burst into Tears. He then kissed her, and said,
 " Remember 'tis a Son, and therefore don't make
 " yourself uneasy ; you can't lie under any Obli-
 " gation to me." Then he took me by the Hand,
 and led me into another Room. Here I was go-
 ing to return him Thanks for his Goodness to my
 Mother ; but this he prevented, by kissing me, and
 saying, " That was all he desired in Return." Then
 he gave me Five Guineas, and desired me to keep
 them by me ; since, in case the Council should
 think a private Marriage proper, they would enable
 me to come up in a Post-Chaise to *London*, and meet
 him there, with all possible Expedition. After a little
 farther Discourse, we parted in a very moving man-
 ner. I paid Ten Pounds for my Mother, out of
 the Forty Pounds she had been supplied with by
 Mr. *Cranstoun*, that very Night. The next Morn-
 ing we set out for *Henley*, where we arrived in due
 Time. The Day following, being *Sunday*, I wrote
 to Mr. *Cranstoun*, as he had requested me to do ;
 giving him an Account of our safe Arrival, and
 thanking him in the strongest Terms, for his late
 extraordinary Favour. The next Day, being *Mon-*
day, the other Thirty Pounds, being the remaining

Part of the Money my Mother had borrowed of Mr. *Cranstoun*, she paid to the Footman, for Fowls, Butter, Eggs, Wine, and other Provisions, brought into the House, chiefly on account of Entertainments, by him.

From this Time to *Sept.* 28th, 1749, my Mother continued in a good State of Health. But on that Day, which was about half a Year after her last Departure from *London*, at One o'Clock in the Morning, she was taken very ill. This giving me, who always lay with her, great Uneasiness, I immediately got up, and called her Maid, who instantly appeared; and then she got out of Bed, and retired. When she came into Bed again, she said, "My dear *Molly*, don't fright yourself: You know "there is now no Danger." In order to understand which Words, it will be proper to observe, that, when my Mother was in Labour of me, she received a Hurt; which made me apprehensive of ill Consequences, when either the Cholick, which was her present Disorder, or any Obstructions in the Parts contiguous to those which are the Seat of that Distemper, happened. She lay pretty easy 'till Six, when I dispatched a Messenger for Mr. *Norton*, the Apothecary to the Family, who lived in *Henley*. When he came, she complained of a Pain in her Bowels; upon which he took some Blood from her, and ordered her some gentle Physic. She seemed better after this, but nothing passed through her. It being *Friday*, and many Country-gentlemen meeting to bowl at the *Bell-Inn*, the Rev. Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley*, my Mother's Brother, came thither that Day, paid a Visit to his Sister, and found her greatly indisposed. When he left the Room, in which she lay, for she kept her Bed, I followed him out, and asked him, if he thought there was any Danger; telling him how she then was, the
Manner

Manner in which she was first seized, and what had been prescribed her. As she before had had several such Fits of the Cholick, Mr. *Stevens* did not apprehend any immediate Danger. I said, "If my Mamma was not better soon, I would send for a Physician." To which he replied, "You are much in the right of it; but stay a little, and see what Effects the Physic will have." He called again in the Evening, and found her better, tho' nothing had yet passed through her. About Twelve o'Clock at Night my Mother obliged me, who was then myself indisposed; to get into another Bed; and promised to send to me, if she found herself worse. Soon after this, she grew much worse; but would not send to her Daughter, saying, "She would know her Fate too soon." She farther said to Mr. *Norton*, who was then with her, "My Daughter loves me so well, that I wish my Decease may not be the Death of her." Between Five and Six o'Clock in the Morning, on *Saturday Sept. 30th, 1749*, my Mother's Maid came up to me, and told me, that, "If I would see my Mother alive, I must come immediately into her Chamber." I leaped out of Bed, put on my Shoes, and one Petticoat only, and ran thither in the greatest Confusion imaginable. When my Mother saw me, she put out her Hand, and said, "Now, *Molly*, shew yourself a *Christian*, and submit to what God is pleased to order. I must die, my Dear: God will enable you to bear it, if you pray to Him." On which I turned about in a State of Distraction, ran to my Father's Room, and said to him, "For God's Sake, Sir, come to my Mother's Room: She is this Instant dying." Then I ran, with great Inquietude, into the Kitchen, where I found my Footman, and sent him immediately to *Fawley* for the Rev. Mr. *Stevens*, my Uncle,

cle, and his Brother, Mr. *Henry Stevens*, of *Doctors-Commons*, who was then at his House in *Henley*. I also, at the same Time, dispatched a Messenger to *Dr. Addington*, who lived at *Reading*. After which I went up Stairs, and found my Father sitting by my Mother's Bed-side. She took him and me both by the Hand, joining our Hands together, and saying to him, " Be both a Father and a Mother
 " to her : I have long tried and known her Tem-
 " per, Mr. *Blandy*. She is all your Heart can
 " wish for, and has been the best of Daughters to
 " me. Use her with a generous Confidence,
 " and she will never abuse it. She has set her
 " Heart upon *Cranstoun* : When I am gone, let
 " no one set you against this Match." To these
 last Words Mr. *Blandy* immediately made Answer,
 " It shall not be my Fault, if this does not take
 " place ; but they must stay, you know, till the un-
 " happy Affair in *Scotland* is decided." " God bless
 " you, reply'd she, and thank you for that Promise ;
 " God bless you, Mr. *Blandy*, for all your Kind-
 " nesses to me and my Girl. God grant that you
 " may both live long, that you may be a Blessing
 " to each other. Whatever little Unkindnesses may
 " have passed, I freely forgive you. Now, if you
 " please to go down, Mr. *Blandy*, for my Spirits fail
 " me." My Father then kissed her, and retired in
 Tears, saying, as he went, " The Doctor still may
 " think of something that may be of Service to
 " you." At this she smiled, and said, " Not with-
 " out you can give me a new In-side." When my
 Father was gone, my Mother took hold of my
 Hand, drew me to her, and kissed me. Taking
 Notice that I had no Cloaths on, she ordered my
 Maid to bring 'em down, and dress me. This be-
 ing done, she ordered her Servants out of the Room ;
 and told me, " she had many Things, if her Strength
 " would

“ would perinit, to say to me. Be sure then,” said she, “ *Molly*, when I am gone, to remember the Lessons I have taught you. Be dutiful to your Father; and if you think I have been sometimes a little hardly used, do not remember it in Wrath; but defend my Character, if aspersed. I owe some more Money, *Molly*, God knows how you will get it paid. I wish your Uncles would stand your Friends. If your Father should know it, I am only fearful for you. Indeed, my Dear, I never spent it in Extravagancies. I was in Hopes you would have been married; I then would have told your Father all, as I could have come to you till his Passion had been over.” On my being drowned in Tears, she caught me in her Arms, and cried, “ I leave the World with the greatest Pleasure, only thee makes me sorry to go. Oh that I could but take you along with me!— But then what would poor *Cranstoun* do? Be sure, Child, you behave with Honour in that Affair; don’t, either thro’ Interest or Terror, violate the Promises you have made.” To this I reply’d, “ You may be sure, Madam, I never will. I will do all I can to act as you would wish your Daughter to do. Oh Mamma, you have been the best of Mothers to me! How can I survive you, and go thro’ all the Miseries I must meet with after your Death, without a Friend to advise with on any Emergency or Occasion.” “ My Dear,” returned she, “ your Uncle *John*, in Things you cannot speak to your Papa about, will help and advise you in the tenderest Manner; and you may repose an absolute Confidence in him.”

Soon after Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley* came, and I conducted him into my Mother’s Chamber. At his

Approach to her, he was so overwhelmed with Grief, that he could not speak a Word. She took him by the Hand, and said, "I am glad to see you, my dear Brother. You must help to comfort your poor Niece, who will stand in need of your Assistance. Never forsake her, my dear Brother. All that gives me pain in Death is the leaving of her behind me." Then turning to me, "Your Uncle *Jack*, my Dear, will take care of you, and look on you as his own." At which Mr. *Stevens* took hold of his Sister's and Niece's Hands, and, with Tears, told 'em both he would. Then turning about, he asked me if the Physician was not yet come? My Mother said, "They would send for him, but he could be of no Service to her;" giving her Brother at the same time such Reasons for her Despondency as convinced him, that there were little or no Hopes of her Recovery. He found himself so moved at this, that he was obliged to go down Stairs, and retire to my Father and Mr. *Henry Stevens*, who were at that Time both in the Parlour. The Physician, Dr. *Addington* of *Reading*, soon arrived, and went directly to my Mother's Room. When he came in, she shewed him the Inflammation and Swelling on her Bowels. He prescribed her some Physic, to be taken once in every two Hours, and ordered her to be bled immediately. Her Bowels also, according to his Direction, were to be fomented and poulticed once in every four Hours. This Operation I took upon myself, and punctually performed it. I also gave her every Medicine she took till she was at the Point of Death, and I myself was forced to be carried out of the Room in a Fit. Dr. *Addington*, before he prescribed any thing, went with me out of the Room, and told me he was afraid he could do nothing for her; repeating the same afterwards both to my Father and my two Uncles.

Uncles. Notwithstanding which, he thought fit to order the above mentioned Poultices and Fomentations; which, according to his Direction, were applied, tho' without producing any good Effect. In fine, my dear Mother died *Sept.* 30, 1749, about Nine o'Clock at Night.

For six Months preceding her Sickness, or thereabouts, being the Interval between her last Departure from *London* and the Time her Indisposition seized her, my Mother never saw Mr. *Cranstoun*; tho' I constantly, and even almost every Post, corresponded with him. It must here be observed, that Lady *Cranstoun* had wrote to my Mother some Time before, to return her Thanks for the Civilities her Son had received from her. It must also be remembered, that a little before my Mother went last to Town, I and my Father both received Letters from Miss *Murray*, signed *N. Cranstoun*, to inform us, that she was his lawful Wife. The Decree of the Court of *Scotland* in her Favour was sent with these Letters. When I received them, I carried them to my Father. After he had read them, I asked him "what I was to do."—His Answer was, "I do not trouble my Head about it."—On which I went to my Mother, and consulted with her about what was to be done; and, by her Advice, wrote to Mr. *Cranstoun*, begging him, as he was a Man of Honour, to let me know the Truth. At the same Time, I sent him the Letters that came from *Scotland*, and occasioned this Epistle. In answer to this, he said, "It was certainly her Hand; but that she never was his Wife, nor had any Right to the Name:" And, in order to gain Credit to his Assertion, he made the strongest Protestations. Before my Mother wrote last to him, and that a considerable Time, he had sent me a solemn Contract of Marriage, wherein he declared he never had
C
been

been married before, and stiled me therein *Mrs. Cranstoun*. But to put an End to this Digression, and proceed to what happened after my Mother's Death:—

On the Day following her Decease, which was *Sunday*, *Mr. Stevens* of *Fawley* was desired to write *Mr. Cranstoun* Word of this sorrowful Event; which he did, I being incapable of either knowing or doing any thing. *Mrs. Stevens*, the *Rev. Mr. Stevens's* Wife, staid with me from *Saturday* Night, when my Mother died, till the *Sunday* Night following. Then *Mrs. Mounteney*, a Friend of my late Mother's, came to me, and staid with me some Time. My Mother, on her Death-bed, had begged me not to oppose the Match between my Father and this *Mrs. Mounteney*, if, after her Death, he discovered an Inclination to marry her; as she was a Woman of Honour, and would use me well for her Sake. On the *Tuesday* following my Mother's Death, *Mr. Cranstoun* sent his Footman express to *Henley*, with Letters to me and my Father. When my Father opened his Letter and read it, the Tears ran down his Cheeks, and he cried out, "How tenderly does he write!" Then he gave *Mrs. Mounteney* the Letter to read, who, after having read it, said it was as pretty a Letter as could have been wrote on such an Occasion: "He has lost a Friend
" indeed, said she, but I don't doubt, speaking to
" my Father, but you will make up her Loss to
" them both." Then my Father said to me,
" Pray read your Letter to us." This I did, and the Letter contained an earnest Desire, that if I could not write myself, I would let his Footman see me, that he might know how I really was; since he was almost distracted for fear of my being ill after so great a Shock. He also begged me to remember, "That there was one left still, who loved
" me

“ me as tenderly as my Mother could do, and
 “ whose whole Happiness in this World depended
 “ upon my Life.” My Father told me, tho’ my
 Mother was to be buried that Night, “ I must write
 “ a Line to him, in order to ease the poor Soul as
 “ much as I could; and let him know, that he was
 “ as welcome to my Father’s House, whenever
 “ he would please to come, as he was before.” On
 this I wrote to him, and shewed the Letter to my
 Father. The Footman set out with it for *London*
 the same Night, or very early the next Morning.
 Mr. *Cranstoun* not coming down so soon as was ex-
 pected, my Father one Day, being alone with me,
 seemed to express himself as if he thought it wrong:
 Upon which I wrote a very pressing Letter to him,
 to come immediately to *Henley*. To this he in a
 Letter replied, that he was not able to go out at that
 Time for Debt, and was fearful if he should come,
 the Bailiffs might follow him; his Fortune being
 seized in *Scotland*, for the Maintenance of Miss
Murray and her Child. The Debt that occasioned
 this Perplexity, he said, was near Fifteen Guineas.
 I having borrowed Forty Pounds of Mrs. *Mounteney*,
 to pay off Part of my Mother’s Debts, sent him up
 Fifteen Guineas out of this Sum; on which he came
 down to *Henley*, and staid some Weeks with my
 Father, who received him with great Marks of Af-
 fection and Esteem.

During this Interval, he acquainted me with the
 great Skill of the famous Mrs. *Morgan*, who had
 described me and my Father, tho’ she had never seen
 us, in the most perfect and surprizing Manner pos-
 sible. He further acquainted me, that she had gi-
 ven him some Powders to take, which she called
 Love-powders. Some Time after this Conversa-
 tion, my Father seemed much out of Humour, and
 said several unkind Things, both to Mr. *Cranstoun*

and me. This induced Mr. *Cranstoun*, when alone with me not long after, to say, "I wish I could give your Father some of the Love-powders." "For what?" said I. "Because," replied he, "they would make him love me." "Are you weak enough," said I, "to think that there is such a Power in any Powders?" "Yes, I really do," replied he, "for I took them myself, and forgave a Friend soon after; tho' I never intended to have spoke to him again." This Subject was dropped for some Days, and no more said of it: But on my Father's being very much out of Humour one Night, Mr. *Cranstoun* said, "If I had any of these Powders, I would put them into something that Mr. *Blandy* should drink." To which I answered, "I am glad you have not, for I have no Faith in such Things." "But I have," replied he. Just before he returned to *London*, he received a dunning Letter. This was on a *Sunday*, when my Father was at Church. I perceiving him to look dull, begged to know the Reason. He said he must leave me the next Day. On which I asked him what could occasion such a sudden Departure? He then told me he had received a Letter, concerning a Debt he owed, that he had no Money to pay; and that if he staid in *Henley*, the Bailiffs might come down in quest of him thither: And you know your Father's Temper, said he, if that should happen. This induced me to desire a Sight of the Letter; which having perused, I immediately gave him the Money he wanted on this Occasion, which amounted to Fifteen Pounds, and was Part of the Sum I had before borrowed of Mrs. *Mounteney*. This, with the other Fifteen Pounds sent him from *Henley*, made up Thirty of the Forty Pounds he had formerly lent my Mother. As soon as he had received this Money, he wrote a Letter to his Creditor

ditor in *London*, informing him, that he would pay him on a Day therein mentioned. A few Days after this, he set out for *London*, and kept up his Correspondence with me for several Months, not returning to *Henley* till *August* 1750. The Morning he left *Henley*, my Father parted with him with the greatest Tenderness; yet the Moment he was gone, he used me very cruelly on his Account. This had such an Effect upon me, that it threw me into Hysteric Fits. His Conduct for some Time was very uncertain; sometimes extremely tender, and at other Times the reverse; he on certain Occasions saying very bitter and cruel Things to me.

During this Interval, my Father received a Present of some dried Salmon from Lady *Cranstoun* in *Scotland*, and a very civil Letter, which he did not answer, tho' he seemed pleased with the Contents of it. The first of *August* 1750, as I apprehend, Mr. *Cranstoun* wrote to my Father, that he would wait upon him, and I carried the Letter up to him, he then being in his Bed-Chamber. After he had opened and read it, he made no manner of answer. I then asked him what Answer I should write. To which he replied, "He must come, I suppose." On this I wrote to him, giving him to understand, that I should be glad to see him. This produced an Answer from him, wherein he told me, he would be with me on the *Monday* following; but he came on *Sunday*, whilst we were at dinner. My Father received him with great Tenderness seemingly, and said, "He was sorry he had not seen him half an Hour sooner, for he was afraid the Dinner was quite cold." My Father after Dinner went to Church, and left Mr. *Cranstoun* and me together: After Church was over, my Father returned, drank Tea with us, and seemed to be in

perfect good Humour; and so he remained for several Weeks; but afterwards changed so much in his Temper, that I seldom arose from Table without Tears. This gave Mr. *Cranstoun* great Pain; so that he one Time said to me, “Why will you not permit me to give your Father some of the Powders which I formerly mentioned? If I was to give him them, continued he, they are quite innocent, and will do him no Harm, if they did not produce the desired Effect.” He had no sooner spoke these Words than my Father came in; upon which a profound Silence ensued. Next Morning I went into my Father’s Study, and found him very much out of Humour: He had spent the Evening at the Coffee-house, as he frequently did, and generally came Home in a bad Humour from thence: I went from him into the Parlour, where I found Mr. *Cranstoun*: He insisted upon knowing what was the Matter, I appearing to him to have been lately in Tears; I told him the whole Affair. He replied, “I hate he should go to that House, he always comes Home from thence in a very ill Humour.” I had made the Tea, and got up to fetch some Sugar, which was in a glass Scrutore at the farther End of the Room; and when I rose up, Mr. *Cranstoun* said to me, “I will now put in some of the Powder,—upon my Soul it will not hurt him.” My Father was in his Study at the Time these Words were spoken: I made answer, “Don’t do it, *Cranstoun*; it will make me uneasy, and can do you no good.” To this he replied, “It can do no hurt, and therefore I will mix it.” After I had got the Sugar, I returned to the Tea-Table, and was going to throw away the Tea, in which Mr. *Cranstoun* had put some of the Powder; but my Father came in that Moment, and prevented me from executing my

my Design. My Father seemed very much out of Humour all Breakfast-time; and, soon after Breakfast was over, retired to his Study. Mr. *Cranstoun* and I then took a Walk. At Dinner my Father appeared in the best of Humours, and continued so all the Time Mr. *Cranstoun* stayed with him. Mr. *Cranstoun* and I used to walk out every Day. On one of those Days, Mr. *Cranstoun* told me, he had a Secret to impart to me, and begg'd me not to be angry with him for it; adding, he knew I had too much good Sense to be so. The Secret in short was this: He had had a Daughter by one Miss *Capel*, a Year before he knew me; and, as he pretended, all his Friends had insisted upon his telling me of it. To this I replied, "Your Follies, *Cranstoun*, have been very great; but I hope you see them." "That I do, said he, with Penitence and Shame." "Then, Sir, replied I, I freely forgive you; but never shall, if you repeat these Follies now after our Acquaintance." "If I do, said he, I must be a Villain; you alone can make me happy in this World; and, by following your Example, I hope I shall be happy in the next." Mr. *Cranstoun* gave my Father the Powder in August 1750, and stayed with him in *Henley*, as I believe, till some Day in the beginning of *November*, the same Year. A Day or Two after the preceding Dialogue, one Morning I got up, and asked my Maid, "How Mr. *Cranstoun* did?" Who answered, "He is gone out a walking, Madam." Upon this, I, as soon as I was drest, went up into Mr. *Cranstoun's* Room, to look out his Linnen for my Maid to mend. I could not find it on the Table, where it used to lie; and seeing a Key in his Trunk, I opened it. The first Thing I found there was, a Letter from a Hand I knew not, tho' he used al-

ways to give me his Letters to open, and that unasked by me. This I opened to read, and found it to come from a Woman he kept. Having read it, I shut the Trunk, locked it fast, and put the Key in my Pocket. The Letter I left in the same Place where I found it. I then went down to my Father in his Study, and asked him to come to Breakfast. He said, "No, not till *Cranstoun* returns home;" on which I retired into the Parlour. A few Minutes after, Mr. *Cranstoun* and Mr. *Littleton*, my Father's Clerk, both came in together. We all of us then went to Breakfast. My Father said to me, soon after we sat down, "You look very pale, *Molly*;" "what is the Matter with you?" "I am not very well, Sir," replied I. After we had breakfasted, my Father and his Clerk went together out of the Room. I then gave Mr. *Cranstoun* the Key of his Trunk, and bad him be more careful for the future, and not leave his Letters so much exposed. At these Words he almost fainted away. He got up, and retired to his Room immediately. I was going to my own Room, when he called to me, and begged me, for God's Sake, to come to him; which I instantly did. He then fell down on his Knees before me, and begged me, for God's Sake, to forgive him; if I was resolved to see him no more. On this, I told him I forgave him, but intreated him to make some Excuse to leave *Henley* the next Day: "For I will not," said I, "expose you, if I can help it; and our Affair may seem to go off by Degrees." The last Words, seemingly, so confounded him, that he made me no Answer, but threw himself on the Bed, crying out, "I am ruined, I am ruined. Oh *Molly*, you never loved me!" I then was upon the Point of going out of the Room, without giving him any Answer.

Upon

Upon which he got hold of my Gown, and swore, "He would not live till Night, if I did not forgive him." He bad me, "Remember my Mother's last dying Commands, and reflect upon the Pain it would give his Mother." He protested, "That he could never forgive himself, if I did; and that he never would repeat the same Provocations." He kept me then two Hours, before he could prevail upon me to declare, that I would not break off my Acquaintance with him. Mr. *Cranstoun* pretended to be sick two or three Days upon this unlucky Event; but I cannot help thinking this now to have been only a Delusion. Some Time after this Mr. *Cranstoun* had a Letter from his Brother, the Lord *Cranstoun*, to desire him to come immediately to *Scotland*, in order to settle some of his own Affairs there, and to see his Mother, the Lady *Cranstoun*, who was then extremely ill. Upon the Arrival of this Letter, Mr. *Cranstoun* said to me, "Good God, what shall I do! I have no Money to carry me thither, and all my Fortune is seized on, but my Half-Pay!" This made me very uneasy. He then said, "He would part with his Watch, in order to enable him to raise a Sum sufficient to defray the Expence of his Journey to *Scotland*." I told him, "I had no Money to give him, but would freely make him a Present of my own Watch; as I could not bear to see him without one." Then I took a Picture of himself, which he had some Time before given me, off my Watch, and freely made him a Present of it. Two Days after this he departed for *Scotland*, and I never afterwards saw him. He set out about Six o'Clock in the Morning. My Father got up early that Morning to take Leave of him before his Departure, at which he seem'd vastly uneasy. He took him in
his

his Arms, and said, " God bless you, my dear *Cranstoun*, when you come next, I hope your unhappy " Affair will be decided to our mutual Satisfac- " on." To this Mr *Cranstoun* replied, " Yes, Sir, " I hope in my Favour; or if this should fail, " that you should hear of my Death. Be tender " to," continued he, " and comfort this poor " Thing," turning towards me, " whom I love " better than myself." Then my Father took Mr. *Cranstoun* and myself in his Arms, and we all three shed Tears. This was a very moving Scene. My Father afterwards went out of the Room, and fetched a Silver Dram-Bottle, holding near Half a Pint, filled it with Rum, and made a Present of both to Mr. *Cranstoun*; bidding him keep the Dram-Bottle for his Sake, and drink the Liquor on the Road; assuring him, that if he found himself sick or cold, the latter would prove a Cordial to him. Mr. *Cranstoun* then got into the Post-Chaise, and took his Leave of *Henley*.

It will be proper to take Notice in this Place, by way of Digression, of a very remarkable Event, or rather Series of Events, that happened before Mr. *Cranstoun's* last Departure for *Scotland*. One Day whilst my Mother and I were last in *London*, we were talking of the Immortality of the Soul; and the Subject we were then upon led us insensibly to a Discourse of Apparitions; and that again to a Promise we made each other, that the first of us who died should appear to the Survivor, after Death, if permitted so to do. My Mother dying first, in the Manner already related, I sometimes retired into the Room where she died, in Hopes of seeing her. Here I lay near Half a Year, earnestly desiring to see my Mother, without being able either to see or hear any Thing. After this, my
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Father lay in that Room; but for some Time neither saw nor heard any Thing. Afterwards, one Night, he taxed me with being at his Chamber-Door, rapping at it, rushing with my Silk-Gown, and refusing to answer him when he called to me. My Chamber was at a small Distance from his, and into it he came the next Morning; demanding for what Reason I had so frightened him. To this I replied, "I had never been at his Door, nor out of my Bed the whole Night." He then inquired of all the Maids, who only lay in the House, whether any of them disturbed him; to which they all answered in the Negative. Soon after this, Mr. *Cranstoun* came to *Henley*, as has been already observed, and was put into a Room, called the *Hall-Chamber*, over the great Parlour; which was reckoned the best in the House. Here he was shut out from the rest of the Family. Till *October 1750*, above a Year after my Mother's Death, no Noise at all was heard, excepting that at Mr. *Blandy's* Chamber-Door abovementioned. But one Morning in the beginning of that Month, Mr. *Cranstoun* being in the Parlour, I asked him, "What made him look so pale, and to seem so uneasy?" "I have met, said he, with the oddest Accident this Night that ever befel me: The Moment I got into Bed, I heard the finest Music that can possibly be imagined. I sat up in my Bed upon this, to hear from whence it came; and it seemed to me to come from the Middle of the Stairs. It continued, as I believe, at least above Two Hours." At this I laughed, and said, "Oh *Cranstoun*, how can you be so whimsical?" "'Tis no Whim, replied he, for I really heard it; nor had I been asleep; for it began soon after I got into Bed." I then said, "Don't make your-
self

“ self uneasy, if it was so; since nothing ill, sure,
 “ can be presaged by Music.” When my Father
 came into the Parlour, this Topic of Conversation
 was instantly dropped. The next Night, I, who
 lay quite at the other End of the House, being
 awake, heard Music, that seemed to me to be in
 the Yard, exceeding plainly. Upon this, I got
 up, and looked out of the Window that faced the
 Yard, but saw nothing. The Music, however, con-
 tinued till near Morning, when I fell asleep, and
 heard no more of it. My Mother’s Maid coming
 into my Chamber, as usual, to call me, I told her
 what I heard. This drew from her the following
 saucy Answer: “ You see and hear, Madam, with
 “ Mr. *Cranstoun’s* Eyes and Ears.” To which I
 made no other Reply than, “ Go, and send me my
 “ own Maid.” As soon as I was dressed, I went
 into Mr. *Cranstoun’s* Room, whom I found sitting
 therein by the Fire. I asked him, at my first com-
 ing into the Room, “ How he had spent the Night,
 “ and whether he had heard the Music?” To
 which he replied, “ Yes, all Night long; I could
 “ not sleep a Wink for it; nay, I got out of my
 “ Bed, and followed it into the great Parlour, where
 “ it left me. I then returned into my own Room,
 “ and heard such odd Noises in the Parlour under
 “ me, as greatly discomposed me.” “ I wish,
 “ added he, you would send me up a Bason of
 “ Tea.” To which I replied, “ Pray come down,
 “ as you are now up; for you know my Papa is
 “ better tempered when you are by, than when I
 “ am with him alone.” We then both went down
 to Breakfast, but said nothing to my Father of what
 had happened.

A little while after this, *Susannah Gunnel*, my
 Mother’s Maid, who had before given me the im-
 pertinent Answer, came into my Bed-Chamber be-
 fore

fore I was up, and told me she had heard the Music. She also begged my Pardon for not believing me, when I had formerly asserted the same Thing. Mr. *Cranstoun*, myself, and this Maid then talked all together about this surprizing Event. Mr. *Cranstoun* declared he had heard Noises, as well as Music, which the other two at that Time never had. The Music generally began about Twelve o'Clock at Night. My Father obliging the Family to be in Bed about Eleven, I told the aforesaid Maid, who was an old Servant in the Family, "That she and
 "I would go together up into Mr. *Cranstoun's*
 "Room at Twelve o'Clock, and try if we could
 "find out what these Noises were." According to Agreement, therefore, we went up into that Room at the Hour proposed; and heard very clearly and most distinctly the Music. The Maid fell asleep about Three o'Clock in the Morning; but was soon waked with an uncommon Noise, heard both by Mr. *Cranstoun* and myself. This Noise resembled Thumping or Knocking at a Door, which greatly terrified Mr. *Cranstoun*, and the Maid. In less than a Minute after this, we all three heard plainly the Footsteps of my Mother, as I then apprehended, by which she seemed to be going down Stairs towards the Kitchen-Door, which soon after seemed to be opened. We all three sat silent, and heard the same invisible Being come up Stairs again. Upon this, I took the Candle, they still sitting by the Fire, and was going to open the Chamber Door, saying, "Surely it must be one of the Maids." Mr. *Cranstoun* observing this, cried out, "Perhaps it may be
 "your Father, don't let him see you here." Then he took the Candle, opened the Door, and looked down the Stairs himself; but could perceive nothing at all. In less than three Minutes after this, I said, "I will now go into my Room to Bed, being fa-
 "tigated

“tighed and frighted almost to Death.” I believe, continued I, “it is near Four.” These Words were no sooner uttered than we all heard the former Footsteps, as tho’ some Person had been coming directly to the Room where we were, but stopped short at the Door. Upon this I immediately caught up the Candle, went to the Door and open’d it; but saw nothing, tho’ I heard something plainly go down the Stairs. Then I went to the Maid, who was half asleep, and did not perfectly hear the last Footsteps. But Mr. *Cranstoun* heard them, and seemed greatly surprized. Then I bad the Maid go with me instantly to Bed, not being able to keep up my Spirits any longer. Soon after this, Mr. *Cranstoun* and I went up to *Fawley*, to pay a Visit to the Rev. Mr. *Stevens*; and whilst we were there, I gave my Uncle an Account of this surprizing Affair. But he laughed at me, and called me little Fool, for my Pains. Then Mr. *Cranstoun* said, “Sir, I myself heard it.” To which Mr. *Stevens* made no other Reply than, “Sir, I don’t doubt you think you heard it; but don’t you believe there is a great deal in Fancy? May it not be some Trick of the Servants?” To which I made answer, “No, Sir, that is impossible; since if they could make the Noise, they could not the Music.” Mr. *Stevens* not giving much Credit to what we affirmed, we immediately changed the Subject of Discourse. By this Time all the Servants that lay in the House had heard both the Music and Noise; and one Morning at Breakfast, Mr. *Cranstoun* ventured to tell my Father of the Music. At such a strange Report, my Father stared at him, and cried, “Are you light-headed?” In answer to which Mr. *Cranstoun* reply’d, “Your Daughter, Sir, has heard the same, and so have all your Servants.” To this my Father, smiling, returned, “It was Scotch
“ Music,

“ Music, I suppose ;” and said some other Things that shewed he was not in a good Humour. Upon which it was thought fit immediately to drop the Discourse.

Some few Days after this, on a *Sunday* in the Afternoon, Mr. *Cranstoun* and I being alone in the Parlour, *Betty Binfield*, the Cook-maid, came running into the Room, and said, “ There is such a “ Noise in the Room over my Master’s Study, for “ God’s Sake come into the Yard and hear it.” But when we came, we could hear nothing. However, returning into the Parlour through the Hall, we heard a Noise over our Heads, like that of some heavy Person walking. The Room over the Hall was once my Mother’s Dressing-room, tho’ it then had a Bed in it: But, now it was my Dressing-room, it had none at all. Hearing the Noise, we both went up into the Room ; but then, notwithstanding the late Noise, could see nothing at all. After which, we went down and drank Tea with my Father.

About a Fortnight before Mr. *Cranstoun*’s last Departure for *Scotland*, *Susannah Gunnel* one Morning going into his Room with some Vinegar and Water to wash his Eyes, he asked her, “ If ever her Master “ walked in his Sleep ?” She replied, “ Not that “ she ever knew of.” “ It is very odd, said he, he “ was in my Room To-night, dressed with his white “ Stockings, his Coat on, and a Cap on his Head. “ I had never, continued he, been asleep, and the “ Clock had just struck Two. I heard him walk “ up my Stairs, open the Door, and come into the “ Room: Upon which I moved my Curtain, and “ seeing him, I cried out, *Aha! old Friend, what “ did you come to fright me? I have not been asleep “ since I came to Bed, and heard you come up. But “ he went on, he would not answer me one Word.* “ How-

“ However, he walked quite across my Room, then
 “ turned back, and as he approached my Bed-side,
 “ kissed his Hand, bowed, and went out of the
 “ Room: Then I heard him go down Stairs.
 “ It was certainly, continued he, your Master,
 “ sleeping or waking; but which, I cannot tell.”
Susan, greatly surprized at this Story, then came
 running down to me, who was getting up, and told
 me what Mr. *Cranstoun* had said. To this I made
 no Answer, but went up immediately into his
 Room, and asked him what he meant by this Story
Susan had told me. In answer to which, he repeat-
 ed the same Story, and declared it to be true in
 every Particular. He then said, “ He supposed Mr.
 “ *Blandy* came to see whether he was in Bed or no.”
 When he went down to Breakfast, he asked my Fa-
 ther, “ What made him fright him so last Night?”
 My Father being surprized at this, and staring on
 him, asked him, “ What he meant?” Mr. *Cran-*
stoun then told the same Story over again. To which
 my Father replied, “ It must have been a Dream,
 “ for I went to Bed at Eleven o’Clock, and did not
 “ rise out of it till Seven this Morning. Besides, I
 “ could not have appeared in my Coat, as you pre-
 “ tend, since the Maid had it to put a Button upon
 “ it.” My Father did not seem pleased with the
 Discourse; which induced me to put an End to it as
 soon as possible. The surprizing Facts here men-
 tioned, of the Reality of which I cannot entertain
 the least Doubt, made a deep and lasting Impression
 upon my Mind. Since, therefore, in my Opinion,
 they were too slightly touched upon at my Trial,
 notwithstanding the Incredulity of the present Age as
 to Facts of this Nature, I could by no Means think
 it improper to give so particular and distinct a Re-
 lation of them here.

Mr. *Cranstoun*, soon after this, taking his Leave of *Henley*, set out for *Scotland*, as has been already observed. A Day or two after his Departure, Mr. *Cranstoun* wrote me a Letter on the Road, wherein he begged me to make acceptable to my Father his most grateful Acknowledgements for his late Goodness to him. “ This, he said, had made such an
 “ Impression upon him, that he never should for-
 “ get it as long as he lived; and that he should al-
 “ ways entertain the same tender Sentiments for
 “ him as for his Father, the late Lord *Cranstoun*
 “ himself, had he been then alive.” In the same Letter, he also desired me to permit my Letters to be directed by some body who wrote a more masculine Hand than mine; since otherwise they might be intercepted by some one or other of Miss *Murray’s* Family, as they were jealous of the Affair carried on between us two. He likewise therein insisted upon my subscribing myself *M. C.* instead of *M. B.* tho’ he did not discover to me the real View he had therein. Soon after he arrived at his Mother’s, he wrote me another Letter, wherein he informed me, that he told his Mother we were married, and had been so for some Time; and that she would write to me, as her Daughter, by the very next Post. This she did; and her Letter came accompanied with one from her Son, wherein he desired me, if I loved him, to answer his Mother’s by the Return of the Post, and sign myself *Mary Cranstoun* at length, as I knew before God I was, by a solemn Contract, intitled to that Name. This, he pretended, would make his Mother stir more in the *Scotch* Affair. On the Supposition that I was her Daughter, she wrote many tender Letters to me, always directing to me by the Name of *Mary Cranstoun*, and sent me some very handsome Presents of *Scotch* Linen. He also obliged his eldest Sister, Mrs. *Selby*, and her Husband,

band, to write to me as their Sister. *Lady Cranstoun* likewise wrote to my Father in a very complaisant Style, thanking him for the Civilities he had shewn her Son; and hinting, that she hoped it would be in her Power to return them to me, when she should have the Pleasure of seeing me in *Scotland*, which she begged might be soon. *Lord Cranstoun*, his Brother, also wrote to my Father, and returned him Thanks in the same polite Manner. During this whole Period, my Father's Behaviour to me was very uncertain; but always good after he had received any of these Letters. In a few Months, however, after *Mr. Cranstoun's* Departure, my Father's Temper was much altered for the worse. He upbraided me with having rejected much better Offers than any that had come from *Scotland*; and at last ordered me to write to *Mr. Cranstoun* not to return to *Henley*, till his Affair with *Miss Murray* was quite decided. I complied with this Order, writing to him in the Terms prescribed me. To this I received an Answer full of Tenderness, Grief, and Despair. He said, "He found my Father loved him no longer, and was afraid he would inspire me with the same Sentiments. He saw, he said, a Coolness throughout my whole Letter; but conjured me to remember the sacred Promises and Engagements that had passed between us." After this, I received several other Letters from him, filled with the same sort of Expostulations, and penned in the same desponding and disconsolate Strain. I likewise received several Letters from his Mother, the old *Lady Cranstoun*, and *Mrs. Selby*, his Sister, wrote in a most affectionate Style.

In *April*, or the Beginning of *May*, 1751, as I apprehend, I had another Letter from *Mr. Cranstoun*, wherein he acquainted me, that he had seen his old Friend, *Mrs. Morgan*; and that if he could procure

cure any more of her Powder, he would send it with the *Scotch* Pebbles he intended to make me a Present of. In answer to this, I told him, "I was surprized that a Man of his Sense could believe such Efficacy to be lodged in any Powder whatsoever; and that I would not give it my Father, lest it should impair his Health." To this, in his next Letter, he replied, "That he was extremely surprized I should believe he would send any Thing that might prove prejudicial to my Father, when his own Interest was so apparently concerned in his Preservation." I took this as referring to a Conversation we had had a little before he set out for *Scotland*; wherein I told him, "I was sure my Father was not a Man of a very considerable Fortune; but that if he lived, I was persuaded he would provide very handsomely for us and ours, as he lived so retired, and his Business was every Day increasing." So far was I from imagining, that I should be a Gainer by my Father's Death, as has been so maliciously and uncharitably suggested! Mr. *Cranstoun* also seemed most cordially and sincerely to join with me in the same Notion. Soon after this, in another Letter, he informed me, "That some of the aforesaid Powder should be sent with the *Scotch* Pebbles he intended me; and that he should write upon the Paper in which the Powder was contained, *Powder to clean Scotch Pebbles*, lest, if he gave it its true Name, the Box should be opened, and he be laughed at by the Person opening it, and taken for a superstitious Fool, as he had been by me before." In *June* 1751, the Box with the Powder and Pebbles arrived at *Henley*, and a Letter came to me the next Day, wherein he ordered me to mix the Powder in Tea. This some Mornings after I did; but finding that it would not mix well with Tea, I flung the

Liquor into which it had been thrown out of the Window. I farther declare, that looking into the Cup, I saw nothing adhere to the Sides of it; nor was such an Adhesion probable, as the Powder swam on the Top of the Liquor. My Father drank two Cups of Tea out of that Cup, before I threw the Powder into it: Nor did he drink any more out of it that Morning, it being *Sunday*, and he fearing to drink a third Cup, lest he should be too late for Church. It has been said by *Susan Gunnel*, at my Trial, that she drank out of the aforesaid Cup, and was very ill after it. In answer to which, I must beg Leave to observe, that she never before would drink out of any other Cup, than one which she called her own, different from this, and which I drank out of on that and most other Mornings. It has been farther said, that Dame *Emmet*, a Chairwoman, was likewise hurt by drinking Tea at my Father's House: Be pleased to remember, Reader, that I mixed it but in one Cup, and then threw it away. *Susan* said, she drank out of the Cup and was ill, what then could hurt this Woman, who to my Knowledge was not at our House that Day? Mr. *Nicholas*, an Apothecary, attended this old Woman in the first Sickness they talk of, which, by *Susan*, I understood was a Weakness common to her, *viz.* fainting Fits and Purging; and I know, that she had had fainting Fits many Times before. When I heard she was ill, I ordered *Susan* to send her Whey, Broth, or any Thing that she thought would be proper for her. She had long served the Family, would joke and divert me, and I loved her extremely. Nor can my Enemies themselves (let them paint me how they please) deny, that from my Heart I pitied the Poor. I never felt more Pleasure, than when I fed the Hungry, cloathed the Naked, and supplied the

Wants of those in Distress. Had God blessed me with a more plentiful Fortune, I should have exerted myself in this more; and I flatter myself, that the Poor and Indigent of our Town will do me Justice in this Particular, and own that I was not wanting in my Duty towards them. But to proceed in my Account: I would not fix on any other Chairwoman; and *Susan* said, that Dame *Emmet* would, she thought, by my Goodness, soon get Strength to work again. I told her, was it ever so long I would stay for her. I mixed the Powder, as was said before, on the *Sunday*, and on the *Tuesday* wrote to Mr. *Cranstoun*, that it would not mix in Tea, and that I would not try it any more, lest my Father should find it out. This has been brought against me by many: But let any one consider, if the Discovery of such a Procedure as this, would not have excited Anger, and consequently have been followed by Resentment in my Father. This might have occasioned a total Separation of me from Mr. *Cranstoun*, a Thing I at that Time dreaded more than even Death itself. In answer to this Letter, I had one from him to assure me the Powder was innocent, and to beg I would give it in Gruel, or something thicker than Tea. Many more Letters to the same Effect I received, before I would give it again; but most fatally, on the 5th of *August*, I gave it to my poor Father, innocent of the Effects it afterwards produced, God knows; not so stupid as to believe it would have that desired, to make him kind to us; but in Obedience to Mr. *Cranstoun*, who ever seemed superstitious to the last Degree, and had, as I thought, and have declared before, all the just Notions of the Necessity of my Father's Life for him, me, and ours. On the *Monday* the 5th, as has been said, I mixed the Powder in his Gruel, and at Night it was in a half-pint Mug, set

ready for him to carry to Bed with him. It had no Taste.—The next Morning, as he had done at Dinner the Day before, he complained of a Pain in his Stomach, and the Heart-burn; which he ever did before he had the Gravel. I sent for Mr. Norton at Eleven o’Clock in the Forenoon, who said, that a little Physick would be right for my Father to take on *Wednesday*. At Night he ordered some Water-gruel for his Supper, which his Footman went for. When it came, my Father said, taste it *Molly*, has it not an odd Taste? I tasted it, but found no Taste different from what is to be found in all good Water-gruel. After this he went up to Bed, and my Father found himself sick, and reached; after which he said he was better, and I went up to Bed. *Susan* gave him his Physick in the Morning, and I went into his Bed-chamber about Eight o’Clock; then I found him charming well. *Susan* says, that on my Father’s wanting Gruel on the *Wednesday*, I said, as they were busy at ironing, they might give him some of the same he had before. I do not remember this; but if I did, it was impossible I should know, that the Gruel he had on *Tuesday* was the same he had on *Monday*; as that he drank on *Monday* was made on *Saturday* or *Sunday*, I believe on *Saturday* Night; much less imagine, that she whoever made it, and managed it as she pleased, would pretend to keep such stale Gruel for her Master. *Thursday* and *Friday* he came down Stairs. I often asked Mr. Norton, “If he thought him in Danger: If he did, I would send for Dr. *Addington*.” On *Saturday* Mr. Norton told me, “he thought my Father in Danger.” I said, “I would send for the Doctor;” but he replied, “I had better ask my Father’s Leave.” I bid him speak to my Father about it, which he did; but my Father replied, “Stay till to To-mor-

“ row, and if I am not better then, send for him.” As soon as I was told this, I said, “ That would not satisfy me ; I would send immediately, which I did ; and Mr. *Norton* the Apothecary attested this in Court.” On the same Night, being *Saturday*, the Doctor came. I believe it was near Twelve o’Clock. He saw my Father, and wrote for him : He did not then apprehend his Case to be desperate. I have been by this Gentleman blamed, for not telling then what I had given my Father. I was in Hopes that he would have lived, and that my Folly would never have been known : In order the more effectually to conceal which, the Remainder of the Powder I had, the *Wednesday* before, thrown away, and burnt Mr. *Cranstoun’s* Letter : So I had nothing to evince the Innocence of my Intention, and was moreover frightened out of my Wits. Let the good-natured Part of the World put themselves in my Place, and then condemn me if they can for this. On *Sunday* my Father said, “ He was better ;” but found himself obliged to keep his Bed that Day. Mr. *Blandy*, of *Kingston*, a Relation of ours, came to visit us, stayed with me to breakfast, and then went to Church with Mr. *Littleton*, my Father’s Clerk. I went, after they were gone, to my Father, and found him seemingly inclined to sleep ; so left him, retired into the ParLOUR, and wrote to Mr. *Cranstoun*, as I did almost every Post. I had, on the *Friday* before, a Letter from him ; wherein some Secrets of his Family were disclosed. As I wrote in a hurry, I only advised him to take care what he wrote ; which, as my unhappy Affairs turned out, my Enemies dressed up greatly to my Disadvantage at my Tryal. I gave this Letter, as I did all of them, to Mr. *Littleton* to direct, who opened it, carried it to a Friend of his for Advice on the Occasion, and con-

veyed it to a *French* Usher; who, by the Help of it, published a Pamphlet intituled, *The Life of Miss Mary Blandy*. On *Sunday* in the Afternoon, Mrs. *Mounteny* and her Sister came to see my Father; who told them, “ He hoped he should soon be able to meet them in his Parlour; since he thought himself better then.” *Susan* was to sit up with her Master that Night. The Rev. Mr. *Stockwood*, Rector of the Parish, came in the Evening to visit him; the Apothecary was there likewise; and he desired the Room might be quite still; so that only *Susan*, the old Maid, was to be with him. After this I went up to my Father’s Bed-side; upon which he took me in his Arms and kissed me: I went out of the Room with Mr. *Stockwood* and Mr. *Norton*, the Apothecary, almost dead, and begg’d of the latter to tell me if he thought my Father still in Danger. He said “ he was better, and hoped he would still mend. To-morrow, said he, we shall judge better, and you will hear what *Dr. Addington* will say.” While Mr. *Stockwood* stayed, Mr. *Littleton* and *Betty*, my Father’s Cook-maid, behaved tolerably well; but as soon as he was gone, they altered their Conduct: However, upon Mr. *Norton*’s speaking to him, Mr. *Littleton* became much more civil; and *Betty* followed his Example. I took a Candle, and went up into my own Room; but in the Way I listened at my Father’s Door, and found every thing still there: This induced me to hope that he was asleep. On *Monday* Morning, I went to his Door, in order to go in: His Tenderness would not let me stay up a-Nights; but I was seldom from him in the Day-time. I was deprived Access to him; which so surpris’d and frightened me, that I cried out, “ What, not see my Father!” Upon which, I heard him reply, “ My dear *Polly*, you shall presently;” and

some time after I did. This Scene was inexpressibly moving. The mutual Love, Sorrow, and Grief, that then appeared, are truly described by *Susannah Gunnel*; tho', poor Soul, she is much mistaken in many other Respects. I was, as soon as Dr. *Addington* came, by his Orders, confined to my own Room; and not suffered to go near my Father, or even so much as to listen at his Door: All the Comfort I then could have had, would have been to know whether he slept or no; but this was likewise refused me. A Man was put into my Room Night and Day; no Woman suffer'd to attend me. My Garters, Keys, and Letters were taken away from me, by Dr. *Addington* himself. Dr. *Lewis*, who it seems was called in, was at this Time with him; but he behaved perfectly like a Gentleman to me. During this Confinement I had hardly any Thing to eat or drink: and once I staid from five in the Afternoon till the same hour the next Day without any Sustenance at all, as the Man with me can witness, except a single Dish of Tea; which, I believe, I owed to the Humanity of Dr. *Lewis*. I had frequently very bad Fits, and my Head was never quite clear; yet I was sensible the Person who gave these Orders had no Right to confine me, in such a manner. But I bore it patiently, as my Room was very near my Father's, and I was fearful of disturbing him. Dr. *Addington* and Dr. *Lewis* then came into my Room, and told me "Nothing could save my dear Father." For some Time, I sat like an Image; and then told them, that I had given him some Powders, which I received from *Cranstoun*, and feared they might have hurt him, tho' that Villain assured me they were of a very innocent Nature. At my Trial, it appeared, that Dr. *Addington* had wrote down the Questions he put to me, but none of my Answers to them. The Judge asked him the Reason
of

of this. He said, " They were not satisfactory to
 " him." To which his Lordship replied, " They
 " might have been so to the Court." The Questions
 were these. Why I did not send for him sooner?
 In Answer to which, I told him, that I did send for
 him as soon as they would let me know that my
 Father was in the least Danger. And that even at
 last I sent for him against my Father's Consent.
 This, I added, he could not but know, by what
 my Father said, when he first came on *Saturday*
Night into his Room. The next Question was,
 why I did not take some of the Powders myself, if
 I thought them so innocent? To this I answered, I
 never was desired by Mr. *Cranstoun* to take them;
 and that if they could produce such an Effect as was
 ascribed to them, I was sure I had no need of them;
 but that had he desired this, I should most certainly
 have done it. It is impossible to repeat half the
 Miseries I went thro', unknown, I am sure, to my
 poor Father. The Man that was set over me as my
 Guard had been an old Servant in the Family: which
 I at first thought was done out of Kindness; but
 am now convinced it was not. When Dr. *Addington*
 was asked, " If I express'd a Desire to preserve
 " my Father's Life, and on this Account desired
 " him to come again the next Day, and do all he
 " could to save him;" he said, " I did." He then
 was asked his Sentiments of that Matter; to which
 he replied, " She seem'd to me more concerned for
 " the Consequences to herself than to her Father."
 However, the Doctor own'd that my Behaviour
 shew'd me to be anxious for my poor Father's Life.
 Could I paint the restless Nights and Days I went
 through, the Prayers I made to God to take me
 and spare my Father, whose Death alone, unattend-
 ed with other Misfortunes, would have greatly
 shocked me, the Heart of every Person who has

My Bowels at all would undoubtedly bleed for me. What is here advanced, the Man that attended me knows to be true also, who cannot be suspected of partiality. *Susan Gunnel* can attest the same. She observed at this Juncture several Instances between both of filial Duty and paternal Affection.

(On *Wednesday*, about Two o'Clock in the Afternoon, by my Father's Death, I was left one of the most wretched Orphans that ever lived. Not only indifferent and dispassionate Persons, but even some of the most cruel of mine Enemies themselves, seem to have had at least some small Compassion for me. Soon after my Father's Death I had all his Keys, except that of his Study, which I had before committed to the Care of the Rev. Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley*, my dear unhappy Uncle, delivered to me. This Gentleman and another of my Uncles visited me that fall Afternoon. This occasioned such a moving scene, as is impossible for any human Pen to describe. After their Departure, I walked like a frantic distracted Person. Mr. *Skinner*, a Schoolmaster in *Henley*, who came to see me, as I have been since informed, declared that he did not take me to be in my Senses. So that no Stress ought to be laid on any Part of my Conduct at this Time. Nor will this at all surprize the candid Reader, if he will but dispassionately consider the whole Case, and put himself in my Place. I had lost mine only Parent, whose untimely Death was then imputed to me. Tho' I had no Intention to hurt him, and consequently in that respect was innocent; yet there was great Reason to fear, that I had been made the fatal Instrument of his Death,—and that by listening to the Man I loved above all others, and even better than Life itself. I had depended upon his, as I imagined, superior Honour; but found myself deceived and deluded by him. The People about me were apprized,

prized; that I entertained, and not without just Reason, a very bad Opinion of them; which could not but inspire them with vindictive Sentiments, and firm Resolution to hurt me, if ever they had it in their Power. My Cook-maid was more inflamed against me than any of the rest; and yet, for very good Reasons, I was absolutely obliged to keep her. My Mother's Maid was disagreeable to me; but yet, on account of Money due to her, which I could not pay, it was not then in my Power to dismiss her. But this most melancholy Subject I shall not prosecute any farther to expatiate upon. I have brought down the preceding Narrative to my Father's Death, where I at first intended it should end. Besides, I have now not many Days to live, and Matters of infinitely greater Moment to think upon. May God forgive me my Follies, and my Enemies theirs! May he likewise take my poor Soul into his Protection and receive me to Mercy, through the Merits of my Mediator and Redeemer, *Jesus Christ*, who died to save Sinners! Amen.

The foregoing Narrative, which I most earnestly desire may be published, was partly dictated and partly wrote by me, whilst under Sentence of Death and is strictly agreeable to Truth in every Particular. Witness my Hand,

MARY BLANDY.

Signed by Miss *Mary Blandy*, in the Castle at *Oxford*, April 4, 1752, in Presence of two Clergymen, Members of the University of *Oxford*.

A P P E N D I X

The Sentiments contained in the following Letter, which was sent to Miss Blandy soon after her Conviction, seeming to flow from a noble and generous Disposition, the Reader will not be displeas'd to find it inserted here.

L E T T E R I.

Madam,

WHO' I never had, what must once have been a Pleasure, the Fortune to see you, your lamentable Case affects me so much, that I can no longer resist an Inclination to write to you, which has haunted me ever since that solemn Day whose errors you encountered with such amazing Deceit. I believe this Impulse would appear so romantick to the Generality of Mankind, that I could hardly chuse to own it to my most intimate friend. But I dare say you have often wept at a Tragedy or Novel, where, perhaps, every thing was fictitious—much more may I at this too real Tragedy.

I should think any Trouble well repaid, could I contribute, were it ever so little, to your Consolation; and it is with that View I take the Liberty of making this Address to you. If the little I have to say, instead of giving you any Comfort, could only serve to teize you, I shall be extremely sorry for it, but hope you will pardon it to the goodness of my Intention. I am not so impertinent or presumptuous, as to offer to intrude upon the Province of those pious Men, who, I hope, sit nothing in their Way to alleviate your Grief. It I imagine it cannot be quite an indifferent affair to a Woman of your good Sense and Spirit,

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to know what the World thinks of you. The Crime you have most fatally been betrayed into, no Body can pretend to justify; but all the sensible People of my Acquaintance, and from them I judge of the rest, are disposed to extenuate it as much as possible, as far as yourself has been concerned in it. They are sensible that it must have been owing to the Operation of violent Causes upon the Weakness of Human Nature, that you could ever commit so much from the whole Tenor of your former Behaviour; and justly lay the great Burden of the Offence upon an execrable Man whom I am sorry to find my Countryman; and who I devoutly wish had met the Fate he deserves before you had the Misfortune to be seen by him. For my own Part I am, perhaps, as apt to startle at a shocking thing as most People: But your amiable Character, those fine Qualities and Accomplishments which made you an Ornament to your Sex, and the Dignity and Good-breeding of your Behaviour, make me consider the Misfortune you have been seduced into as the most deplorable Event that has happened in my Time; and after such an Instance all those who have any Passion in them ought to tremble for themselves. I cannot bewail your untimely leaving this World, if it was more engaging than it is; for alas! Madam, after what has happened, I think it impossible you should ever have much Relish of Life: But I comfort myself with the Thought that you will be happy in a World where our Passions shall be unattended with Pain, and where, I hope the only bad thing you probably ever did in your Life will be forgiven. I am, with the utmost Sympathy and Regard,

Madam,

Your most hearty Well-wisher, and obedient Servant

London March 14th.

The following Letter is so remarkable, that the Reader will not expect from the Editor any Apology for its Publication.

LETTER II.

THIS is to inform you, that a Man belonging to the Herald's Office, in your Neighbourhood, whose Name I have forgot, and a Woman he calls his Wife, whose Character you may know on Enquiry, are set out this Morning for *Oxford*, to swear something very extraordinary against your Niece, Miss *Blandy*, &c.

This Couple had Lodgings last Summer at *Hensley*, and brought the late Mr. *Blandy's* Cook-maid with them to *London*; where she hath been from Time to Time visited by her Fellow Servant, the Clerk, and frequent Consultations hath been held amongst them, even to the raising Suspicions of a Confederacy.

These Hints given to her Council may perhaps produce a Discovery to her Service, which I sincerely wish.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Friday the 28th of
February, 1752.

M. JUSTICE.

The menacing Letter inserted here was sent to Dr. Lewis of Oxford, and is supposed to come from Cranstoun; the Cypher at the Bottom containing W. H. C. the three initial Letters of William Henry Cranstoun, his Name.

LETTER III

THE Depositions you caused to be published in the News-papers, concerning the unfortunate Miss B——'s giving her Father the Powder, &c. shall cost you your Life the first Opportunity; and therefore like a perjured Villain prepare for Death, &c.

Yours, &c.

W. H. C.

5th Nov. 1751.

Received by Dr. Lewis the 23d of November.
Saturday.

LETTER IV.

*Carmarthen, Mar. 15, 1752.**Madam,*

I Did not in the least purpose, when I sent you that of the 15th Instant, to give you any further Trouble in this Kind. The Concern I expressed in my last for your Welfare, eternal Welfare; and my disinterested View of promoting it, will, I hope, prevail with you to pardon this Officiousness. I give you Leave to judge of my Conduct herein as you think fit: Provided I may by this means contribute any thing to the Public Good, or promote your everlasting Interest, my End is fully answered. It is from this very Motive that I give you this further Trouble. Yet as I have no Considerations to offer, that appear to me more suitable than what I have already sent you, I shall here only pray, that their Weight and Influence upon your Mind, that your Candour and Seriousness in perusing them, may be equal to the sincere Wishes and honest Intention of your unknown Friend. But to proceed to the Design of this Letter: It is with regard to the inclosed, which I purposed putting in one of the public Papers after your Decease; but, upon second Thoughts, judge it more suitable to be published (if it be thought worthy of it) among the Papers you leave for the Press. As I have considered your Case with more than ordinary Attention, and with great Concern lamented your unhappy approaching Fate, I have endeavoured to assign the Cause of such Evils; in order that Parents and Children may take it to mature Consideration, and, by removing it,

prevent the melancholy Effects that result from it. What is there said, is neither with a View to extenuate your Crime, nor yet to condemn you or the rest of your Sex; but in order (if possible) to stem the rapid Torrent of Iniquity that threatens to overflow our whole Country, to the Extinction of Humanity, and an utter Reproach to the Christian Name. I am, as before,

Your hearty Well-wisher,

A CLERGYMAN.

— *Principiis obsta* — OVID.

NO Method is more effectual to the avoiding Vice, together with its black Train of Attendants, than mature Precaution. The Neglect of this has often betrayed Men to Evils of the most dangerous Consequences, without leaving either Hope or Possibility of ever removing them. Nothing but the Want of this would have provoked the late Miss *B—dy* to the Perpetration of so horrid a Crime as that of Parricide. This lay her first open to the base Artifices of her insidious Seducer, and afterwards tempted her to the Commission of the most execrable Fact, for which she deservedly suffered an ignominious Death. The Circumstances are too well known to need mentioning them.

— *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

Without dwelling upon the Heinousness of this Crime, which comprehends in it at least the worst kind of Murder, the highest Degree of Undutifulness, the most horrid Ingratitude, I shall consider *That*, which appears to me the chief Cause, the usu-

al Source of such impious Facts: and this is no other than the great Defect, or wrong Judgment of Parents in their Children's Education.

What is the usual End proposed in the Instruction of young Women of superior Rank? (for I shall confine my Observations to that Part of the Sex.) It is, in a Word, to make them fine Ladies; that is, to bring them acquainted with the Follies of the World, to teach them to dance elegantly, and to behave with a genteel Air in Company. When this is attained, with some additional Endowments of Nature, we have the *Fine Lady* ador'd by her Parents, deify'd by her Admirers. Her whole Study now is to appear amiable and engaging to those that will flatter her Vanity: The anxious Care of her Parents is to encrease her Fortune, in order to an Alliance with some Noble Family. The latter often neglectful of their Duty to God and Man, perhaps with a Neglect of their Persons and Ease of Mind, bend their whole Thoughts, make use of all Arts and Means to amass Wealth for their *Angel*: The former thus deify'd and adored, is tempted to believe herself possess'd of all necessary intrinsic Accomplishments, and fondly imagines herself something more than Mortal. Her Glass and Toilet are frequently consulted, and tediously attended, in order to hide all conscious outward Imperfections: To make a shining Figure at the Ring, the Ball, the Play, the Opera, is her ambitious Task, in order to gain the Esteem and Veneration of the Beholders.

Now Miss is thoroughly knowing, perfectly accomplish'd, being arrived at the Summit of *liberal Education*: Every Whim, every Fancy, however frivolous or extravagant, must be now fondly indulged; no Passion must be ungratify'd, no Inclination crossed. Nothing is now wanting but her *mis* Parents out of the Way, in order to be Mistress of

her own Fortune: Nay the most execrable Deed must be audaciously committed to compleat her own Ruin and theirs.

In such lamentable State of things, which is most to blame, the Parent or the Child? Could better Fruits be expected from such Education; falsely called LIBERAL? Could any other Effect be expected from the Company she has been taught to associate with, from the Conversation she has been instructed to delight in, and imitate?

Has she had Precepts of Religion and Virtue inculcated on her tender Mind at Home; any Examples of Piety to provoke her Imitation? Were her Requests ever deny'd, her Faults ever told her, her Foibles ever expos'd? No; Miss must be always humoured; all her Imperfections are lesser Beauties, and more obscure Presages of future Lustre. Was she ever shewn the absolute Necessity of renouncing all the vain Poms, State and Glory of the World; to believe and obey the Gospel? On the contrary, was she not taught to pursue, ambitiously to pursue the Former, to an utter Neglect and Disregard of the Latter? Was she ever shewn the Necessity and Expediency of retiring to her Closet to Prayer and Meditation, as well as to her Dressing-Room? Of looking into the Mirrour of God's Holy Word, to consult the State of her Soul, as well as to her Looking-Glass, to examine her Complexion, to regulate her Air and Features, to modify her Dress? Was she not more applauded for the Delicacy of her Taste in discovering the Beauties or Imperfections of a Play, a Song, or a Romance, than any Knowledge in the Sacred Pages? In short, did the whole of her Education, (had it any Tendency to) bring her one Step nearer Religion, than to make her imagine, Virtue but an empty Name; Dutifulness to Parents, Rusticity; Humility, Mean-
ness,

ness, Modesty, Awkwardness; Piety, Preciseness; Devotion, Enthusiasm: nay, the whole of Religion no more than Formality and Superstition, unbecoming Good-Breeding, foreign to Politeness?

When Religion is thus laid aside, thus shamefully disregarded in the Education of the fair Sex, 'tis by no Means a Wonder to see several of them, with Reluctance I speak it, wholly divested of their natural Tenderness; of Modesty and Shame. When Virtue is shut out of the Heart, evil Thoughts will easily find Admission, and insensibly influence the Practice. No Sense of *Honour* can of itself be sufficient to secure them, in this Case, from Infamy, and make them Proof against the Arts and wicked Stratagems of designing Men: On the contrary, what audacious Crimes, and horrid Parricides, would not those that are void of Religion commit, but for Fear of Discovery and Penal Laws?

I doubt, the too common Complaint of Undutifulness in Children, is generally owing to the wrong Method of their Education; or at least to the Deficiency of it. The Want of training them in the Way they should go, the Neglect of displaying to their View the Beauty and Rewards of Virtue, and of quickening them to the Practice of it; the Want of this, I say, makes Children at length impatient of Restraint and Controul, and renders their Parents odious and despicable in their Sight. Thus do Parents justly reap the Fruit of their Ignorance, Folly, or Indiscretion.— Let not Children from whence think themselves acquitted; for those that despise their Parents are no less than Parricides in the Judgment of Scripture, and have the heaviest Curses denounced against them. For if he who hateth his Brother is a Murderer, what can he be thought, that, to indulge his Vanity or sinful Appetites, wishes a most indulgent Parent out of his

Way? Let Parents, therefore, as they value their own Ease and Safety here, as well as Happiness hereafter; as they regard the Prosperity, Well-being, and Usefulness of their Posterity, imbue the tender Minds of their Children with virtuous Principles, and make the Exercise of Practical Religion the principal Aim of their Education,

The following is an Answer to a Letter sent Miss Blandy by a worthy Clergyman in Henley, upon a very extraordinary Subject, and highly deserves a Place here.

L E T T E R V.

Rev. Sir,

I Received yours, and at first felt all the Horror Innocence so belied could do; but now, Sir, I look on it as a Blessing from God, both to wean me from this World, and make the near Approach of Death less dreadful to me. You desire me, in your Letter, if innocent of my poor Mother's Death and that of Mrs. Pocock, to make a solemn Declaration, and have it witnessed; which I here do. I declare before God, at whose dread Tribunal I must shortly appear, that as I hope for Mercy there, I never did buy any Poison, knowingly, whatever of Mr. Prince, who did live at Henley, and now lives at Reading, or of Mr. Pottinger an Apothecary and Surgeon in Henley: Nor did I ever buy any Poison in Henley, or any where else in all my Life: That as for my Mother's and Mrs. Pocock's Death, I am as innocent of it as the Child unborn, So help me God in my last Moments, and at the
great

great Day of Judgment. If ever I did hurt their Lives, may God condemn me. This, Sir, I hope, will convince you of my Innocency. And if the World will not believe what even I dying swear, God forgive them, and turn their Hearts. One Day all must appear together at one Bar. There no prompting of Witnesses, no Lies, no little Arts of Law will do. There, I doubt not, I shall meet my poor Father and Mother, and my much loved Friend (through the Merits of *Jesus Christ*, who died for Sinners) forgiven and in Bliss. There the Tears that cannot move Man's Heart shall be by God dried up. Farewell, Sir, God bless you, and believe me, while I live, ever

Your much obliged humble Servant,

M. Blandy.

N. B. This Letter was attested to be *M. Blandy's* &c. *Apr.* 4th, 1752.

THE Reader will not think it necessary to be troubled here with a tedious Detail of the Incidents attending Miss *Blandy's* Tryal; nor a Relation of what happened to her, from her Arrival in the Castle at *Oxford* to the Time of her Conviction. It will be sufficient for the Publisher of the preceding Narrative to confine himself to a general and concise Account of the most memorable Particulars relating to her Life and Conduct after that melancholy Event. Miss *Blandy*, then, after a long Tryal, having been convicted of the Crime laid to her Charge, received Sentence of Death, and was re-conducted to the Castle from whence she came. Many People believed, that she behaved not only through the whole Course of her Tryal, but afterwards, with such a decent Resolution as does not often attend a Consciousness of Guilt; tho' the greatest part of Mankind, it must be owned, seem fully convinced of even her Intention to destroy her Father. Be that as it will, her Conduct before the Judges was not only uncensured, but even applauded, by a Majority of the Spectators who were Witnesses of it. Nor did any material Alteration discover itself in the Tenour of her Behaviour, tho' her Spirits sometimes a little failed her, betwixt the Day of her Tryal and that of her Execution.

It would be endless, however, notwithstanding this undoubted Truth, to recite the palpable Falshoods, and inhuman Calumnies, industriously propagated of her, and dispersed throughout the Nation, in almost every Part of that Interval. Some-

times it was reported, that she had poisoned herself, and sometimes that she had laid upon herself violent Hands in a different Manner; tho' she discovered, on all Occasions, to the Minister who attended her, the most perfect Abhorrence of Suicide, and of every Thing that had but even the least Tendency to it. Several Persons affirmed, that she was so perfectly hardened that she would not acknowledge herself guilty of any Crime; the Reverse of which is true, as can be attested both by the aforesaid Minister and other Persons of Character and Reputation. She has frequently said, that she deserved Death for destroying her Father, tho' she did not think herself so guilty as if she had *designedly* and *intentionally* perpetrated so black a Crime. This Declaration she constantly persisted in; tho' that Point of Conduct gave uncommon Offence to vast Numbers of People, some of whom have pursued, with a Degree of Rancour and Virulence little inferior to Persecution, those whose charitable and compassionate Disposition prompted them to entertain more favourable Sentiments of it;—with how much Reason and Justice the Publisher of the preceding Narrative will not take upon him to determine.

During the aforesaid Interval, Miss *Blandy* attended Divine Service in the Chapel as often as her Health would permit, and the Crowds of People, who flocked thither to gaze upon her, did not drive her from thence; and when any thing of that Kind happened, as well as at all other proper Seasons, the Minister of the Castle attended her in her own Apartment. She often professed herself a sincere Penitent, and said she was covered with Contrition for every Sin she had committed, and particularly that which occasioned the Loss of her dear Father's Life.—When such Professions as these were made, she
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pretty frequently shed Tears, and discovered the most apparent Emotions of Grief. This can be attested by several, as well as the aforesaid Minister, whose Testimony will be deemed authentic in all other Cases. Notwithstanding which, the contrary to this has been asserted by many Persons; but then some of them have been such as have not only had little Regard to Truth, but been incapable of all tender Sentiments,—such as have had Minds not susceptible of even the least Degree of Compassion.

She always professed a full Persuasion of the Truth and Excellency of the *Christian* Religion in general; and a close Attachment to the Tenets, Doctrines, and Usages of the Church of *England* in particular. Nor did any Thing, during the whole Course of her Confinement, so extremely shock her as the Charge of Infidelity, which some uncharitable Persons a little before her Death brought against her, on Account of her Intimacy with *Cranston*. That *Cranston* was an Infidel, there may be Reason enough to believe; but that she was so, because she had placed her Affections upon him, will by no Means follow. It appears from her own Narrative, than which nothing can be more simple and plain, and consequently carry a greater Appearance of Truth, that he was a Man of infinite Art and Design; and therefore may very naturally be supposed to have adapted himself intirely to her Genius and Disposition, in order the more effectually to carry into Execution his wicked Designs. And that this was really the Case, with her dying Breath she positively affirmed. He never, as to the Minister attending her a little before her Death she declared, uttered any Thing in her Company, thro' the whole Course of her Acquaintance with him, that could be deemed shocking to pious Ears, or that in
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the least favoured of Infidelity. On the contrary, if she may be credited, in some of her last Moments, he gave her many instructive Lessons, and talked perfectly in the Style of a *Christian*. And this he might do, because he found it agreeable to her. 'Tis but charitable, therefore, considering her Education, to believe, that she never openly professed any Dislike to the Principles of *Christianity*.

To what has been said the Editor begs leave to add, that she could discourse pertinently and clearly upon all the common, and some other, theological Topics. From whence it may be rationally inferred, that she had not only been in a tolerable Degree conversant with the Scriptures; but likewise read with some Attention the Works of several of our most celebrated Divines. And this she owned herself to have done. This Point would not have been so copiously insisted upon here, had she not desired it might be cleared up in a particular Manner; and had not the Imputation of Infidelity, in some of her last Moments, given her infinite Uneasiness and Concern.

She was visited by several Clergymen, besides the Minister of the Castle who constantly attended her, one of whom was a Person of superior Rank and Character in the University. To all of these she expressed herself much in the same Manner, and constantly persisted in her first Declaration. She was pressed by them in the strongest Terms to confess the Truth, and not go out of the World with a Lie in her Mouth. But this she said she should do, if she affirmed that she had a Design to destroy her Father when she gave him the fatal Powder, or that she then knew there was any poisonous Quality lodged in it. But notwithstanding this, some Persons were
greatly

greatly offended, that she could not be brought to such a Confession; which must have proved of fatal Consequence to her Soul, had the Point therein asserted been false. She talked in such a plausible, or rather pathetic Strain, and gave such convincing Reasons for the Truth of what she affirmed, that some of her Enemies themselves, after one or two Visits, became greatly prejudiced in her Favour.

Some Attempts were made to procure her a short Respite; for it was never believed, that a Pardon could be obtained, at least before the Apprehension of the Villain *Cranstoun*. But all the Avenues to the Royal Clemency were shut up; so that every Measure pursued on this Occasion proved ineffectual. Nor did she ever entertain any Hopes of Success, tho' a Lady of great Interest and Distinction, whose innate Goodness renders her one of the brightest Ornaments of the present Age, made several Efforts in her Favour. The Prejudices she had to struggle with had taken too deep Root in some Men's Minds to be effaced by any Sentiments of Tenderness and Compassion.

She herself observed, and spoke with great Commendation of them, that the Judges, as well as the worthy Sheriff and his Deputy, behaved towards her with great Candour and Moderation; that in every one of them were united both the Gentleman and the *Christian*. Those Worthies, however, have not been universally applauded for their generous Conduct. Nor, indeed, can this be expected, considering the present depraved State and Condition of Mankind. We must not suppose, that the Actions of truly great and illustrious Men can be viewed in a proper Light by those who are perfect Strangers to the amiable Qualities with which they are adorned.

On *Monday, April* the 5th, 1752, the Day destined for her Execution, the Under-sheriff, attended by one of Miss *Blandy's* Friends, visited her a little after Eight o'Clock in the Morning. She then discovered some Anxiety and Apprehensions, in relation to her future State, that had never before appeared. She said, that many Sins, both of Omission and Commission, which she had formerly considered as Trifles, seemed at that Time to be very black and enormous to her. The Minister, who was then also present, took a fresh Opportunity from hence to press her once more to declare the Truth, in relation to her Intention and Knowledge of the noxious Quality of the fatal Powder, by urging that a Failure herein would be a Crime of a much deeper Dye, than those which filled her with such terrible Apprehensions. But to this she immediately replied, that she should persist in her former Declaration to the Moment of her Death; and that this she would impart to the People attending her Execution. The Under-sheriff, and the Gentleman attending him, also begged, that she would not impose upon herself, as well as upon the World, in these her last Moments. To which she answered much in the same Terms as she had done before. She likewise appeared after this to be something more calm and composed. And the Minister, in order still more to comfort her, told her, that the Devil frequently presented former Sins as much more heinous than they really were to even some of the best Christians, themselves, when they were upon the Confines of Eternity, in order to ruffle and discompose them; and that therefore probably the Scene that at present seemed to disturb her, was nothing more than one of his Illusions: But that, however that might be, she had no Reason to be afraid of any of her Sins, if
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she sincerely repented of them, as she had always assured him she did, and placed an unshaken Confidence in the Mercy of God, through the Merits of Christ; and neither those Merits nor that Mercy, to sincere Penitents, would admit of any Limits. This gave her great Consolation, insomuch that she soon resumed her former Calmness, and declared herself not only willing but even inclinable to die.

About Nine o'Clock she came out of her Bed-chamber, and was attended by the aforesaid Minister to the Place of Execution. Here he read some of the Commendatory Forms of Prayer, and she joined most fervently with him. After this was ended, he said to her, "Madam, you may now, if you think proper, and have a sufficient Flow of Spirits, speak to the People." She then addressed herself to them, with a clear and audible Voice, in the following Terms. "Good People, give me Leave to declare to you, that I am perfectly innocent, as to any Intention to destroy or even hurt my dear Father; that I did not know, or even suspect, that there was any poisonous Quality in the fatal Powder I gave him; tho' I can never be too much punished for being even the innocent Cause of his Death. As to my Mother's and Mrs. *Pocock's* Deaths, that have been unjustly laid to my Charge, I am not even the innocent Cause of them, nor did I in the least contribute to them. So help me God in these my last Moments. And may I not meet with eternal Salvation, nor be acquitted by Almighty God, in whose awful Presence I am instantly to appear, if the whole of what is here asserted, be not true. I from the Bottom of my Soul forgive all those concerned in my Prosecution; and particularly the Jury, notwithstanding their fatal Verdict." She then ascended the
Lad-

Ladder, and spoke again to the following Effect,
 “ Good People, take Warning by me to be on
 “ your Guard against the Sallies of any irregular
 “ Passion; and pray for me, that I may be accept-
 “ ed at the Throne of Grace.”

After which, she was turned off; and, in about half an Hour's Time, cut down. The Body was then carried to a neighbouring House, and put into a Coffin; from thence it was conducted about Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, in a Hearse, to *Henley*; and interred about Eleven o'Clock in the Chancel of the Church there, where the Bodies of her Father and Mother had been deposited. Miss *Blandy* suffered in a black Bombazine short Sack and Petticoat, with a clean white Handkerchief drawn over her Face. Her Hands were tied together with a strong black Ribband, and her Feet, at her own Request, almost touched the Ground. The Number of People attending her Execution was computed at about 5000; many of whom, and particularly several Gentlemen of the University, were observed to shed Tears. She behaved with such Serenity and Composure, and with such a decent Resolution, as greatly surpris'd and charmed many of the Spectators; and such as some there present thought nothing but a Consciousness of the Truth of what she had asserted, and a well grounded Hope of future Felicity, could inspire. Contrary to what is observed at other Executions, there was almost a profound Silence during the Time of this. In fine, the whole was so well conducted, and made such a deep Impression upon the Minds of the People present, that the Circumstances attending Miss *Blandy's* Execution will not soon be forgotten at *Oxford*.

Copy of Miss Blandy's Declaration at the Place of Execution in Oxford, April 6th, 1752.

I *Mary Blandy* do declare that I die in a full Persuasion of the Truth and Excellency of the Christian Religion, and a sincere, tho' unworthy Member of the Church of *England*. I do likewise hope for a Pardon and Remission of my Sins by the Mercy of God, through the Merits and Mediation of our most blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I do also farther declare, that I did not know or believe, that the Powder, to which the Death of my dear Father has been ascribed, had any noxious or poisonous Quality lodged in it; and that I had no Intention to hurt, and much less to destroy, him, by giving him that Powder. All this is true, as I hope for eternal Salvation, and Mercy from Almighty God, in whose most awful and immediate Presence I must soon appear. I die in perfect Peace and Charity with all Mankind, and do from the Bottom of my Soul forgive all my Enemies, as also those Persons who have in any Manner contributed to, or been instrumental in bringing me to the ignominious Death I am soon to suffer. This is my last Declaration, as to the Points contained in it; and I do most earnestly desire that it may be publish'd after my Death. Witness my Hand,

MARY BLANDY.

F I N I S.





