

strongly impressed with the idea that she herself would die at the same time as her mother, and in fact she did die on a subsequent day at exactly the same hour. On the night preceding her death, she was apprehensive that unless she got sleep she would not get through the night. I went for Dr. Paterson, who came immediately, and sat for a considerable time by the bedside, and afterwards dictated a prescription, which was made up at the Glasgow Apothecaries' Company's shop at Elmbank street. The prescription will be found in my desk at home. It was for two draughts, one to be given four hours after the first, if it did not succeed. She got the first draught, as prescribed by Dr. Paterson, about 10 o'clock, but she said, after drinking, that it was not strong enough, and asked if she might have some of her mother's medicine. I refused to give it to her, and said I dare not do it. I gave her a glass of port wine, and sat carefully watching for a short time. I then went down stairs and had supper, and after being absent some time returned to see whether she had got sleep. I found her awake, and she wished me to give her something to make her sleep. I refused, and she then asked me to come to bed, as I must be tired with the weary nights of watching. It was then about 12 o'clock. I tried to persuade her that I should remain up to watch her till past the time that her mother had died, but to please her I got into bed, and almost immediately I fell asleep from the state of exhaustion I was in. I was awoke by her pulling at my beard, and I found my wife struggling to get into bed. She appeared to have got out of bed. She said, 'Edward, I am faint.' I assisted her into bed, and asked her how long I had been asleep; but she answered, 'Don't speak—look! do you see my mother?' I said, 'No! it is only a vision—only imagination,' and asked if she had any pain. She said she felt cold, and that I need try no more skill; and that I had failed this time, and that she was going to her mother. I got alarmed, and rang the bell violently, and the youngest servant came. I desired her to make a mustard plaster as quickly as she could, and on that my wife turned round and said, 'Edward, I'm in my senses, mustard plasters will do no good,' and almost immediately she fell back in my arms and died. The servant came with a mustard plaster and found her in that position. I did not give her any other medicine at that time, except a little brandy applied to her lips. During the whole course of her illness I never gave her any antimony, nor any medicine in which there was any preparation of antimony. Antimony is a poison, but it is used occasionally to subdue inflammation, and I applied it to her neck in October last, when she was plagued with a swelling of a gland in her neck. I rubbed it in externally on that occasion, and I have never given her any antimony since. On that occasion