

complained also of *numbness of the limbs and extremities*. On arriving at Russell's Hotel I felt *peculiarly stupid and prostrated, wishing to lie down*. I went to the billiard room opposite to the hotel where I remained for some time, and felt *prostrated*, and slight *spasms coming on*. I felt a *strong inclination to sleep*. I had some brandy, about a quarter to one half a tumbler. I felt at times a *ringing in the ears, numbness in the extremities*; at times I felt *rather frequent palpitations of the heart*. After taking the brandy I felt relieved, and remained in the billiard room about quarter or half an hour, and *still felt the sensations above described* to a certain extent. I then went over to Russell's Hotel and sat for some time in the office. *I do not think that I was in a fit state to remember all that occurred after taking the draught at Mr. Sturton's*. On leaving the office I went to Mr. Rankin's room; I think he was sitting on a chair. At times he would *fall in a stupor*. Mr. Murney was present at that time, and *in rather lively spirits*, he had just had *one stool*. Shortly after this, Mr. Murney complained of *spasms in the stomach*, and he appeared to be suffering, and told me that he thought that he was going to die. He continued complaining of *spasms* sometimes in the region of the heart, and stomach, and of *swelling in the eyes and mouth*. Dr. Marsden felt my pulse and said *it was very low*; he ordered me to take brandy and coffee.

I do not remember paying any attention to any bottles but one in Mr. Sturton's hands. The bottle in question contained *a dark liquid*. The only thing I remember is that the letters T. R. were marked on it. The bottle was *full with the exception of about an inch and a half*. The bottle in question was of about the size of one of the five bottles now shown to me. The potion administered to me and Mr. Rankin contained about two ounces. Mr. Rankin's potion was a little lighter than mine. I did not see Mr. Sturton pouring any thing out of any bottle. The bottle containing *a black liquid*, as I have mentioned, was placed on a shelf opposite the door. * * * *

I took nothing but a glass of nectar half an hour previous to my entering Mr. Sturton's; I, therefore, can only attribute my *stupor* and indisposition to the tonic administered to me by Mr. Sturton. I took this nectar alone, that is, not with Mr. Rankin or Mr. Murney.

Robert M. Russell, of the City of New York, being sworn, says: * *

I was at Russell's Hotel, in the office, when the hall-boy stated that Mr. Rankin and Mr. Murney were very ill. I went up and found Mr. Murney in his room *holding on by the bed-post*. He immediately exclaimed. "*I am a dead man.*" "*George,*" meaning Mr. Rankin, "*Scott and myself are all poisoned.*" He complained of being *unable to walk*, and put his arm on my shoulder, and I helped him into Mr. Rankin's room, where I found Mr. Rankin *in a state of insensibility*, fallen across the table, his head close to the window as if he had fallen in the act of trying to get at the window for the purpose of having fresh air. Mr. Murney complained of *numbness* in his limbs, difficulty of respiration, and of not being able to lay down; that he could not breathe when he laid down, and of *pricking sensation* in his fingers and in his face as if pins were sticking in them. * * * He could barely stand, sometimes he could straighten himself, and sometimes let himself go as if he had been exhausted; it came on spasmodically.

James S. Thompson, being sworn, says, * * * I found Mr. Murney in a state of great excitement with *his hands on his stomach*; he complained of numb-