

asked us if we would like a Seidlitz powder to be mixed up with this mixture; I immediately answered that I did not care for it. Mr. Scott followed my example, but Mr. Murney took his with a Seidlitz powder. I was the first to drink mine, or rather a portion of it, leaving about an inch in depth in the bottom of a large tumbler. Upon being told by one of the two above mentioned gentlemen that it would do me very little good if I did not drink the whole of it, I drank the remainder. Mr. Scott then drank off his, and Mr. Murney followed, and did the same. We then left the shop and proceeded towards Ursule street. We went to Mr. Stephen's shop. We remained there from five to ten minutes. We then left there and went to Mr. Breakey's, in Ursule street. After going into the house, and remaining there for about half an hour, I began to feel extraordinary sensations at the ends of my fingers and at the extremities. I mentioned the fact to the gentlemen present, when Mr. Scott said that he felt the same sensations, and I think Mr. Murney said the same. Feeling very unwell, I left the house with Mr. Scott, to whom I remarked, on going out of the door, that I was afraid that I was going to be attacked by one of my periodical illnesses; that I thought the sooner I got to the hotel the better. Mr. Murney, the deceased, had, in the meantime, gone to the Bureau of the Board of Works. After arriving at Russell's Hotel, I went to my room immediately; it must have been then a quarter past three. I was there very ill, feeling a numbness at the end of my fingers, a numbness in the scalp of my head, the same in my feet. I felt very sick in my stomach, and vomited the potion which Mr. Sturton had given me, as I think it tasted and looked like it. I then rang the bell for one of the servants of the hotel, requesting him to go down and see whether any of my friends were in the lower part of the hotel. While he was gone I felt much worse, without any acute pain with the same death-like feeling that I felt before. The waiter shortly returned, saying that none of the gentlemen I mentioned were below. About ten minutes after the waiter returned, Mr. Murney came up and found me walking up and down the hall; he then told me that he had gone to the Bureau of the Board of Works, and that he had fallen down while in the office, and that some gentleman in the office assisted him up. The reason he assigned for his falling was that he felt unable to stand up, and that he was afraid we had been poisoned. I then remarked that something very extraordinary was the matter with me, mentioning, at the same time, that I could barely walk. I must have become much worse after this, for they tell me I fell upon a table. I became stupid and insensible. I believe that this was owing to my being sick in my stomach; I rather fainted than otherwise. Previous to my falling upon a table Mr. Murney gave instructions to send immediately for a doctor—Dr. Marsden I think. I was then taken to my bed and remained there in a half stupid condition until about six o'clock when I got up, took Mr. Scott's arm and walked up and down the hall, feeling that all that was necessary was a little resolution to get over the effects of what we had taken. Impressed with the importance of this, I went into the room where Mr. Murney, the deceased, was lying, got into the bed alongside of him, and attempted to rouse him by tickling him and talking in such a strain as I thought would encourage him, but he begged for God's sake to have me taken away. I got into my own room. I there had an inclination to sleep, and begged of the gentlemen attending me to allow me to sleep. I described my sensations to Mr. Murney, and he remarked that they were the same as he had felt since I had left