

that my husband were there. With a great effort I was enabled to say as much as this. I made no effort to shout to any one in the next room. [The Witness gave this answer after much hesitation.] When I said to the prisoner that I wished Mr. Nicols was there, I was lying on the sofa on my side. I did not open my eyes. I made an effort to get off the sofa, and threw my legs out; he had got off before this to answer to some one who called or rang for him. I did not then call for assistance. When the prisoner then left me, I neither saw the tall young man nor the boy. Passing out of the waiting-room, I did not tell the gentleman there that I had been abused. I spoke to no one in the house about what had happened. I made no promise to come back on Friday. I was carried back into the dental chair a second time, but I did not see the young man or boy. The sofa on which I was lying is within a few feet of the workshop door, but I never measured the distance. When I came home I told my husband that the prisoner was a dirty, nasty old fellow. This occurred on Wednesday. My husband wrote to the prisoner on the same night. On Saturday we laid the facts before Mr. Counsel. I had communicated with a lady friend of mine, Mrs. Laurie, about the abuse I received. I don't know why my husband and I did not immediately go before a court instead of waiting till Saturday. It was the Doctor, and not the young man who showed me down stairs. When I first visited Dr. Webster in April last this young man, Webster, was present watching the effect of the chloroform administered. I swear that I had no conversation on Wednesday last with the young man Rowland Webster. On the day in question the prisoner did not say that he was unwell. I was forty-one years of age last August. In the surgery of the defendant no one assisted me to dress. I reached home; I remained about the house all day. I had no friends at my house that evening. During the interval between Wednesday and Saturday my husband and I were talking about the abuse I received; we were talking of it all the time. I told some friends. When I took chloroform in April last, Dr. Webster told me that it caused me to cry and fight. I don't recollect if I were told that it produced any other peculiar effect. Last Wednesday, when talking these circumstances over with my husband, I had a perfect recollection of all that occurred. I did not fully remember everything till the next day, Thursday. I sent my under-dress to a Doctor for examination; the name of the medical man is Dr. Fenwick. The articles were a chemise and a cloth; the latter I wore for a certain object. I did not take it off in the surgery, but the prisoner managed to place his hand underneath the cloth, though it was wet and soiled, but not removed from the place where I myself put it. I have not heard what