

Anne and Sarah Jordan. I was told that Dr. Dickinson had already seen them and had pronounced the cases Poison. I asked whether he had specified the poison and was told he had not. I was told they had eaten oatmeal porridge, as had also the child of Sarah Jordan; the child is about two years old—it was in good health and was not at all affected. I learned this from Mrs. Forbes, a former witness. The history of Sarah's case, which I obtained, was, substantially, the same as that already given by Dr. Dickinson—I need not therefore repeat it. When I examined her, I found her lying with her head thrown back; breathing with difficulty; to use a term easily understood, breathing as if the *death-rattle* were in her throat; her mouth was partially open and mucus or slime escaping from it; the left pupil was contracted, the right pupil was dilated; her cheeks were a little flushed, more so than in health; her lips were red and the mouth and tongue moist, lubricated with saliva; the pulse was 110, but irregular in force, volume and rhythm; her body was warm, when the pulse was up, but when the pulse fell and became slow and weak, her feet became cold. Pressure, applied in the region of the stomach and bowels, elicited no sign of pain, as it would, had inflammation of either of these organs been present; her hands and feet were spasmodically contracted; the right hand particularly, with the thumb turned inwards, across the palm; the right foot was also turned inwards, with spasm, however, less than that of the hand; the bowels, I was told, had not been moved; the breathing became stertorous; in short, she seemed to me to be dying, and I had little hope that she should live beyond two hours. As she was rapidly sinking, I ordered hot applications to her body, legs and feet, and I continued the administration of the "Aromatic spirits of Ammonia" left by Dr. Dickinson—shortly after taking it she vomited, and continued to do so, at intervals, during at least an hour—the matter vomited was a grass green liquid, it was received upon a cloth—we had turned her upon her side to enable her to vomit. She had very great difficulty of swallowing any liquid, and unless her head was held well up, and her chin shaken, it would run out of her mouth. After the vomiting ceased, I applied mustard to her spine and allowed it to remain an hour, at the expiration of which time, I fancied that she manifested signs of feeling, seemed to be restless and to knit her brows as if in pain—she did not speak, however. I then allowed it to remain another hour, when, as it reddened the back, and as the friends thought it had been on long enough, and that it must pain her, I took it off. I then ordered her to be laid again upon her back and endeavoured to rouse her, but I failed—at one time, indeed, I thought I was about to succeed, and that she seemed half conscious, and as if she wished or tried