THE

TRIAL

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING, *Spinſter*,

FOR

WILFUL and CORRUPT PERJURY;

At JUSTICE HALL in the OLD-BAILEY,

Held by Adjournment,

On MONDAY the 29th of APRIL, WEDNESDAY the 1ſt, FRIDAY the 3d, SATURDAY the 4th, MONDAY the 6th, TUESDAY the 7th, and WEDNESDAY the 8th of MAY, 1754.

BEFORE THE

Right Honourable *Thomas Rawlinſon*, Eſq;
LORD-MAYOR of the CITY of LONDON,

Sir EDWARD CLIVE, Knt. one of the Juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of Common Pleas,

The Honourable HENEAGE LEGGE, Eſq; one of the Barons of his Majeſty's Court of Exchequer,

WILLIAM MORETON, Eſq; Recorder, and others the Juſtices, &c.

Taken in Short-hand, by THOMAS GURNEY, SAMUEL RUDD and ISAAC HARMAN, all eminent ſhort-hand Writers, appointed by the Court for that Purpoſe, and after being carefully examined together, and FAITHFULLY tranſcribed by the ſaid THOMAS GURNEY, many years ſhort-hand Writer at the ſaid Court.

LONDON,

Printed by the Authority and Appointment of the Right Honourable THOMAS RAWLINSON, Eſq; Lord-Mayor; for JOHN CLARKE under the Royal Exchange, and ſold alſo by M. COOPER in Pater-noſter Row.

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OF

ELIZABETH CANNING, *Spinſter*;

FOR

WILFUL and CORRUPT PERJURY.

AT the general ſeſſion of oyer and terminer, holden for the city of London, at Juſtice Hall in the Old Bailey, within the pariſh of St. Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London aforeſaid; on Wedneſday the 24th day of April, in the twenty-ſeventh year of the reign of our ſovereign lord George the ſecond, king of Great Britain, &c. Before Thomas Rawlinſon, Eſq; mayor of the city of London; Edward Clive, Eſq; one of the juſtices of our lord the king, of the court of Common Pleas; Heneage Legge, Eſq; one of the barons of the Exchequer of our ſaid lord the king; William Moreton, Eſq; recorder of the city of London; Robert Scott, Eſq; Samuel Fludyer, Eſq; Aldermen of the ſaid city, and others their fellows juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned, &c. and continued by ſeveral meſne adjournments to Monday the 13th of May following.

On Monday, the 6th of May 1754, the court being opened, the priſoner Elizabeth Canning was ſet to the bar, in order to take her trial upon the following indictment, which had been preferred againſt her in the June ſeſſion 1753, and to which ſhe had appeared and pleaded not guilty, in the February ſeſſion following.

Gentlemen of the Jury.

William Manning, - - - - - ſworn.
John Wilding, - - - - - ſworn.
William Webſter, - - - - - ſworn.
John Langley, - - - - - - ſworn.
James Waugh, challenged by crown.
Charles Moore, challenged by crown.
Richard Frome, - - - - - ſworn.
Robert Smith, challenged by defendant.
John Scott, - - - - - - ſworn.
William Evered - - - - - ſworn.
William Naſh, challenged by crown.
John Carter, - - - - - - ſworn.
John Potter, challenged by crown.
John Kent, challenged by crown.
John Rogers, challenged by crown.
William Martin, challenged by crown.
Richard Linch, challenged by crown.
Robert Rampſhire, challenged by crown.
Joſeph Ruſſell, - - - - - ſworn.
Stephen Prew, challenged by crown.
John Nemes, challenged by defendant.
Wilkinſon Brathwait, chall. by crown.
William Walker, - - - - - ſworn.
John Mitchell, challenged by crown.
Martin Newth, challenged by crown.
Benj. Glanville, chall. by defendant.
Edward Baxter, challenged by crown.
John Whipham, challenged by crown.
William Parſons - - - - - ſworn.
Thomas Stracey, challenged by crown.
Daniel Deſtleu, challenged by crown.
Edward Dymoke, - - - - - ſworn.

Clerk of the Arraigns. Cryer, count theſe.

William Manning,	*John Wilding*,
William Webſter,	*John Langley*,
Richard Frome,	*John Scott*,
William Evered,	*John Carter*,
Joſeph Ruſſell,	*William Walker*,
William Parſons,	*Edward Dymoke.*

Cl. of Ar. Cryer, make proclamation.

Cryer. Oyez, oyez, oyez; If any one can inform my lords the king's juſtices, the king's ſerjeant, the king's attorney, on this inqueſt to be taken, of any crimes, or miſdemeanors, done or committed by the defendant at the bar, let them come forth, and they ſhall be heard.

God ſave the king.

Cl. of Ar. Gentlemen of the jury: The defendant at the bar ſtands indicted by the name of Elizabeth Canning, late of London, ſpinſter; and the indictment ſets forth, that at the general ſeſſion of the peace holden for the county of Middleſex, at Hicks's hall in Saint John's Street, in the county aforeſaid, on Monday the nineteenth day of February, in the twenty-ſixth year of the reign of our preſent ſovereign lord George the ſecond, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and ſo forth; before Luke Robinſon, Eſquire, Sir John Croſs, Baronet, Thomas Lane and Pierce Galliard, Eſquires, and others their fellows juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned to keep the peace in the county aforeſaid, and alſo to hear and determine divers felonies, treſpaſſes, and other miſdeeds committed in the ſame county, by the oath of Edmund Kane, Gent. John Jennings, George Fry, David Reynolds, Thomas Foreman, Arthur Hancock, Iſaac George, Lewis Powell, William Meads,

Henry Haines, John Greenhill, Thomas Hibbins, John Brooke, Thomas Bowman, Richard Weſtmerland, Elias Lock, Henry Coleman, John Knowles, Henry Carthrup, William Fort, Thomas Woorell, Job Blandford, and Robert Rewell; good and lawful men of the county aforeſaid, then and there ſworn and charged to enquire for our ſaid lord the king, for the body of the ſaid county. It was preſented that Mary Squires, late of the pariſh of Enfield in the county of Middleſex, widow, on the ſecond day of January, in the twenty-ſixth year of the reign of our ſovereign lord George the ſecond, king of Great Britain, &c. with force and arms at the pariſh aforeſaid, in the county aforeſaid, in the dwelling houſe of one Suſannah Wells, there ſituate, upon one Elizabeth Canning, ſpinſter, in the peace of God and our ſaid lord the king, then and there, being feloniouſly, did make an aſſault, and her the ſaid Elizabeth in bodily fear and danger of her life, then and there feloniouſly did put; and one pair of ſtays of the value of ten ſhillings, of the goods and chattels of the ſaid Elizabeth, from the perſon and againſt the will of the ſaid Elizabeth, in the dwelling houſe aforeſaid, then and there, violently and feloniouſly did ſteal, take, and carry away, againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king, his crown and dignity; and thereupon ſuch proceedings were had, that afterwards (to wit) at the delivery of the goal of our ſaid lord the king of Newgate, holden for the county of Middleſex, at Juſtice hall in the Old Bailey, in the ſuburbs of the city of London, on Wedneſday the twenty-firſt of February, in the twenty-ſixth year of the reign of our ſaid lord the king, before Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, knight, mayor of the city of London, Sir Martin Wright, knight, one of the juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned to hold pleas before the king himſelf; Nathaniel Gundry, eſquire, one of the juſtices of our ſaid lord the king of the court of Common Pleas, Sir Richard Adams, knight, one of the barons of the court of Exchequer of our ſaid lord the king, and others their fellows, juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned to deliver his goal of Newgate of the priſoners therein then being; and before whom the indictment aforeſaid, againſt the ſaid Mary Squires, was then depending, came the ſame Mary Squires in the ſame indictment named, under the cuſtody of Sir Charles Aſgill, knight, and Sir Richard Glyn, knight, ſheriff of the ſaid county (into whoſe cuſtody in the goal of Newgate aforeſaid, ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires, for the cauſe aforeſaid, had been before committed:) And the ſaid Mary Squires being then brought to the bar, there in her proper perſon, and being then and there aſked how ſhe would be acquitted of the premiſes ſpecified in the ſaid indictment as aforeſaid, ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires did then and there ſay, that ſhe was not guilty thereof; and thereupon, for good and ill ſhe put herſelf upon the country, whereupon ſuch proceedings were had, that afterwards (to wit) at the ſame ſeſſion of the delivery of the goal aforeſaid, holden for the county aforeſaid, at Juſtice hall aforeſaid, on the ſaid Wedneſday the twenty-firſt day of February, in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid, and before the ſame juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, in that behalf abovenamed, and others their fellows aforeſaid, by a certain jury of the county between our ſaid lord the king and the ſaid Mary Squires, in that behalf in due manner choſen, tried and ſworn, the iſſue aforeſaid was tried: and the ſaid preſent jurors for our ſaid lord the king, now upon their oath aforeſaid, do further preſent, that upon the ſaid trial between our ſaid lord the king and the ſaid Mary Squires, at London aforeſaid, that is to ſay at the pariſh of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London aforeſaid, to wit, at Juſtice hall aforeſaid in open court aforeſaid, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning late of London, ſpinſter, did appear as a witneſs for and on behalf of our ſaid lord the king, againſt the ſaid Mary Squires, and the ſaid Elizabeth Canning then did and there, before the ſaid juſtices laſt named, in open court aforeſaid, take her corporal oath, and was duly ſworn upon the holy goſpel of God, to ſpeak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of and upon the premiſſes ſo as aforeſaid, put in iſſue between our ſaid lord the king and the ſaid Mary Squires; (the ſame juſtices then and there having a competent authority to adminiſter an oath to the ſaid Elizabeth Canning in that behalf;) and the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the devil, and having no regard for the laws and ſtatutes of this realm, nor fearing the puniſhments therein contained, and unlawfully, wickedly, maliciouſly, and deliberately, adviſing, contriving, and intending to pervert the due courſe of law and juſtice, and to cauſe and procure the ſaid Mary Squires untruly to be convicted of the felony and robbery charged upon her in and by the indictment aforeſaid afterwards; to wit, upon the twenty-firſt day of February in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid, before the juſtices of our ſaid lord the king laſt above-named, at the ſame ſeſſion of delivery of the goal aforeſaid, at London aforeſaid, (that is to ſay) at the pariſh of Saint Sepulchre aforeſaid, in the ward of Farringdon without aforeſaid, in London aforeſaid; did falſly, wickedly, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind upon her ſaid oath, ſo by her taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the jury, who were then and there in due manner choſen, tried, and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue, That ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning had been at Salt Petre Bank to ſee an uncle and aunt, and ſtayed there till about nine at night, on the firſt day of January (meaning the month of January in the ſaid indictment mentioned) That then her uncle and aunt came with her as far as Aldgate, when they parted; That ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was then alone, ſo came down Houndſditch and over Moorfields by Bedlam wall; that there two luſty men, both in great coats, laid hold of her, that they took her to the priſoner Wells's houſe (meaning the dwelling houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells in the ſaid indictment mentioned, ſituate at Enfield aforeſaid, in the county aforeſaid.) And the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the ſaid trial, aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath, at what time ſhe thought it might be that ſhe was taken to the ſaid Suſannah Wells's houſe; ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning then and there, in the ſaid court, at that trial, falſly, wilfully,

fully, and corruptly, upon her ſaid oath, ſaid, depoſed, anſwered, and gave evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, ſo as aforeſaid choſen, tried and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue, That as near as ſhe could think, it was about four o'clock in the morning (meaning the morning of the ſaid ſecond day of January.) The indictment, gentlemen, further ſets forth, that the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn as aforeſaid, did then and there upon the ſaid trial, further falſly, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind, upon her ſaid oath, ſo by her taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo choſen, tried and ſworn, to try the ſaid iſſue, as aforeſaid, that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning ſaw the gypſey woman Squires (meaning the above-named Mary Squires) ſitting in a chair (meaning ſitting in a chair in the ſaid dwelling-houſe.) That as ſoon as ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was brought in (meaning into the ſaid dwelling-houſe) the ſaid Mary Squires took her by the hand, and aſked her if ſhe choſe to go their way, ſaying, that if ſhe did, ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths. That ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning ſaid no. That then ſhe, the ſaid Mary Squires, went and took a knife out of a dreſſer-drawer, and cut the lace of her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays, and took them (meaning the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays) from her. That ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires gave her, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, a ſlap on the face: that ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires puſhed her up ſtairs, meaning certain ſtairs leading from the kitchen of the ſaid dwelling-houſe, into a certain room called the workſhop, belonging to the ſaid dwelling-houſe, from out of the kitchen (meaning the kitchen of the ſaid dwelling-houſe) where they were. And the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being then and there upon the ſaid trial, aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath, concerning the name of the place ſhe was put into; ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning then and there at that trial, falſly, wilfully and corruptly upon her ſaid oath, depoſed, anſwered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo as aforeſaid choſen, tried and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue: that they call it, (meaning the ſaid room called the workſhop) the hay loft, (meaning by ſuch anſwer ſo given to ſuch queſtion, that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning had been puſhed up the ſaid ſtairs by the ſaid Mary Squires into the ſaid room called the workſhop.) The indictment, gentlemen, further ſets forth, that the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn as aforeſaid, did then and there upon the ſaid trial, further falſly, voluntarily and corruptly by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind, upon her ſaid oath, ſo by her taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo choſen, tried, and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue as aforeſaid. That the room door was ſhut as ſoon as the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was put up: that after ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires ſhut the door, ſhe ſaid that if ever ſhe heard the ſaid Elizabeth Canning ſtir, or move, ſhe would cut her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's throat. That when the day-light, (meaning the day-light of the ſecond of January) appeared, ſhe could, (meaning that ſhe did) ſee about the room (again meaning the ſaid room called the workſhop) that there (again meaning the ſaid room called the workſhop) was a fire-place and grate in it; that there (again meaning the ſaid room called the workſhop) was a black pitcher not quite full of water, and about twenty-four pieces of bread; and that a certain pitcher then and there produced to the ſaid Elizabeth Canning at the time of her giving her evidence as aforeſaid, was the pitcher, and that it was full (meaning full of water) to near the neck. And the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the ſaid trial, alſo aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath how long ſhe continued in the ſaid room called the workſhop; ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning then and there in the ſaid court, at that trial, falſly, wilfully and corruptly, upon her ſaid oath, ſaid, depoſed, anſwered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo as aforeſaid, choſen, tried and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue, a month by the weeks, all but a few hours. The indictment, gentlemen, further ſets forth, that the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn as aforeſaid, did then and there upon the ſaid trial, further falſly, wickedly, voluntarily and corruptly by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind, upon her ſaid oath ſo taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence (amongſt other things) to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo choſen, tried and ſworn to try the ſaid iſſue, as aforeſaid. That on the Wedneſday (meaning Wedneſday the twenty-fourth day of the ſaid month of January) before the ſaid Elizabeth Canning came away, ſhe ſaw ſomebody look through the crack of the door (again meaning the door of the ſaid room called the workſhop) that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning got out, (meaning out of the ſaid room called the workſhop) about four o'clock in the afternoon, on a Monday (meaning Monday the twenty-ninth day of the ſaid month of January, after ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning had been confined there four weeks, all but a few hours; that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning broke down a board that was nailed up at the inſide of a window (meaning a window of and belonging to the ſaid room called the workſhop) and got out there, meaning out of the ſaid window; that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning took an old ſort of a bedgown and a handkerchief that were in the ſaid hay-loft (again meaning the ſaid room, called the workſhop) and lay in a grate of the chimney (meaning the chimney of the ſaid room called the workſhop) and the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the trial aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath, concerning the time ſhe had drank all her water (meaning the water ſhe ſo as aforeſaid gave in evidence to have been in the ſaid pitcher) ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning then and there in the court at that trial falſely and corruptly upon her ſaid oath ſaid, depoſed anſwered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury ſo as aforeſaid choſen, tried and ſworn, to try the ſaid iſſue; that ſhe drank all that (meaning all the water ſhe ſo as aforeſaid gave in evidence to have been in the ſaid pitcher) about half an hour before ſhe got out of the room (meaning the ſaid room called the workſhop) whereas in truth and in fact ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not about four of the clock in the morning of the ſaid ſecond day of January

taken

taken by two men, to the ſaid dwelling houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells; and whereas in truth and in fact ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not taken or brought into the ſaid houſe, on the ſaid ſecond day of January; and whereas in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, or at any other time in the ſaid month of January in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not, on the ſaid ſecond day of January, ſee the ſaid Mary Squires in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not at any other time in the ſaid month of January ſee the ſaid Mary Squires in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires, on the ſaid ſecond day of January was at Abbotſbury in the county of Dorſet, and was not on that day in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not take her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning by the hand and aſk her if ſhe choſe to go their way, ſaying, that if ſhe did ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not take her, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, by the hand and aſk her if ſhe choſe to go their way; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not go and take a knife out of a dreſſer-drawer and cut the lace of her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays, and take them from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not cut the lace of her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not take the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not give the ſaid Elizabeth Canning a ſlap on the face; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not puſh the ſaid Elizabeth Canning up the ſaid ſtairs leading from the ſaid kitchen into the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not puſh the ſaid Elizabeth Canning upon the ſaid ſtairs, into the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not puſh the ſaid Elizabeth Canning up any ſtairs into the ſaid room called the workſhop, or hay-loft, or into any other room or place whatſoever: And whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not ſay, that if ſhe ever heard the ſaid Elizabeth Canning ſtir or move, ſhe would cut her throat; and whereas, in truth and in fact, when the day-light of the ſaid ſecond day of January appeared, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning could not ſee about the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, ſee about the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, in the ſaid room called the workſhop, or in any room, or place belonging to the ſaid dwelling-houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not at any other time between the ſaid ſecond day of January, and the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January, in the ſaid room called the workſhop, or in any other room, or place, belonging to the ſaid dwelling-houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, any black pitcher and about twenty-four pieces of bread, or any other number of pieces of bread, in the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the pitcher ſo produced to the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, at the time of her giving evidence as aforeſaid, was not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, in the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, the ſaid pitcher ſo produced to her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, as aforeſaid, was not on the ſecond day of January full of water, to near the neck; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not drink all the water in and by her ſaid evidence pretended to have been in ſuch pitcher about half an hour before the time ſhe ſo as aforeſaid gave in evidence, that ſhe got out of the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not at any time on the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time between the ſaid ſecond day of January and the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January, drink any water out of the ſaid pitcher, in the ſaid room called the workſhop, or in any other place or room belonging to the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not continue in the ſaid room, called the workſhop, a month by the weeks all but a few hours; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not at any time in the ſaid month of January, confined in the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not in the ſaid month of January confined in any other room of or belonging to the ſaid houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells, for one month, by the weeks, all but a few hours, or for any other ſpace of time; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not on the ſaid Wedneſday, the ſaid twenty-fourth of January, ſee any perſon look through the crack of the door of the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not at any other time, in the ſaid month of January, ſee any perſon look through the crack of the ſaid door; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not break down any board that had been nailed up at the inſide of any window of or belonging to the ſaid room, called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the ſaid room, called the workſhop on Monday, the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the ſaid window; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not get out of any window of or belonging to the ſaid room called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not take an old ſort of a bedgown and a handkerchief, that were in the ſaid room, called the workſhop, and lay in a grate of the chimney of the ſaid room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not take any bedgown or handkerchief out of a grate in the chimney in the ſaid room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not any grate in the chimney of the ſaid room on the ſecond day of January; and whereas, there was not any grate in the chimney of the ſaid room, or at any other time,

time, during the time ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning ſo as aforeſaid gave in evidence that ſhe continued or had been confined in the ſaid room,called the workſhop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, or at any other time, between that day and the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January, any grate in the fire-place of the ſaid room,called the workſhop, as ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning by her falſe and corrupt teſtimony aforeſaid, at and upon the ſaid trial, did moſt falſely, voluntarily and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, upon her ſaid oath, ſo taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, in manner aforeſaid; and, then gentlemen, the indictment in this place concludes, that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, at and upon the ſaid trial, upon the ſaid twenty-firſt day of February in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid, at London aforeſaid, (that is to ſay) at the ſaid pariſh of Saint Sepulchre, in the ſaid ward of Farringdon without, in London aforeſaid, before the ſaid juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, laſt above named, and others their fellows aforeſaid, by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind, in manner and form aforeſaid, did falſely, voluntarily, and corruptly, upon her ſaid oath, ſo taken as aforeſaid, commit wilful and corrupt perjury; to the great diſpleaſure of Almighty God, in contempt of our ſaid lord the king, and his laws; to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like caſe offending, and againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king, his crown and dignity; the indictment gentlemen, further charges, that at the ſeſſion of the delivery of the goal of our ſaid lord the king of Newgate, holden for the county of Middleſex, at Juſtice hall in the Old Bailey, in the ſuburbs of the city of London, on Wedneſday the twenty-firſt day of February, in the twenty-ſixth year of the reign of our ſaid ſovereign lord George the ſecond, king of Great Britain, &c. before Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, mayor of the city of London, Sir Martin Wright, knight, one of the juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned to hold pleas before the king himſelf; Nathaniel Gundry, eſquire, one of the juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, of the court of Common pleas; Sir Richard Adams, knight, one of the barons of the court of Exchequer of our ſaid lord the king, and others their fellows juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, aſſigned to deliver the ſaid goal of Newgate of the priſoners therein being; one Mary Squires was, in due form of law, tried by a jury of the country, duly taken, between our ſaid lord the king and the ſaid Mary Squires, in that behalf upon another indictment, for the robbery of Elizabeth Canning, ſpinſter, of a pair of ſtays of the value of ten ſhillings, of the goods and chattels of her the ſaid Elizabeth, in the dwelling-houſe of one Suſannah Wells, widow, ſituate in the pariſh of Enfield, in the ſaid county of Middleſex, on the ſaid ſecond day of January in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid; and that upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, Elizabeth Canning, late of London, ſpinſter, did then and there appear as a witneſs for and in behalf of our ſaid lord the king, againſt the ſaid Mary Squires; and ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did then and there, before the ſaid juſtices laſt mentioned, in open court aforeſaid, take her corporal oath, and was duly ſworn upon the holy goſpel of God, that the evidence which ſhe ſhould give for our ſaid lord the king, againſt the ſaid Mary Squires, ſhould be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (the ſame laſt mentioned juſtices then and there having a competent authority to adminiſter the ſaid oath to her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning in that behalf) and ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the devil, upon the ſaid twenty-firſt day of February in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid, at London aforeſaid, (to wit) the pariſh of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without aforeſaid, in London foreſaid, before the ſaid juſtices laſt named in the open court aforeſaid, did falſely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following; I (meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) had been to Salt Petre Bank to ſee an uncle and aunt, his name is Thomas Colley; I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) ſet out from home about eleven in the forenoon, and ſtayed there till about nine at night on the firſt day of January (meaning the firſt day of January now laſt paſt) then my uncle and aunt came with me (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) as far as Aldgate, where we parted; I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) was then alone, ſo came down Houndsditch, and over Moorfields by Bedlam wall, there two luſty men, both in great coats, laid hold of me; and that the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) they (meaning the ſaid two men) took me (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) to the priſoner Wells's houſe (meaning the dwelling houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells, ſituate at Enfield aforeſaid, in the county aforeſaid;) and that ſhe, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the ſaid trial, aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath, concerning the time of her being ſo taken to the ſaid houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there further falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, anſwer, and give in evidence, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) as near as I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) can think, it was about four o'clock in the morning (meaning the morning of the ſecond day of the ſaid month of January) and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the ſaid trial aſked and examined, upon her oath, concerning what ſhe ſaw at the ſaid houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells, at the time that ſhe as aforeſaid gave in evidence that ſhe was taken there, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there further falſely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, anſwer, and give in evidence, accord-

ing to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) ſaw the gipſy woman, Squires (meaning the ſaid Mary Squires) who was ſitting in a chair (meaning ſitting in a chair in the ſaid houſe;) and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) as ſoon as I, (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) was brought in (meaning into the ſaid houſe) Mary Squires (again meaning the ſaid Mary Squires) took me (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) by the hand, and aſked me (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) if I, (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) choſe to go their way, ſaying, if I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) did, I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) ſhould have fine cloaths, I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) ſaid no; and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) then ſhe (again meaning the ſaid Mary Squires) went and took a knife out of a dreſſer-drawer and cut the lace of my (meaning her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's) ſtays, and took them from me, (meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning;) and that ſhe, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) ſhe, (meaning the ſaid Mary Squires) puſhed me (meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) up ſtairs, (meaning certain ſtairs leading out of the kitchen of the ſaid houſe, up into a certain room adjoining and belonging to the ſaid houſe) from out of the kitchen (meaning the kitchen of the ſaid houſe) where we (meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, and the ſaid Mary Squires) were; and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the ſaid trial, aſked and examined upon her ſaid oath, concerning the name of the place ſhe was put in, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being ſo ſworn, did then and there further falſely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, anſwer, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) they call it the hay loft (meaning a certain room belonging, into which the ſaid ſtairs lead;) and ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the ſaid trial, aſked and examined upon her oath, how long ſhe continued in that room; ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being ſo ſworn, did then and there further falſely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, anſwer and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) a month by the weeks, all but a few hours; and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) got out (meaning out of the ſaid room) about four o'clock in the afternoon, on a Monday, (meaning Monday the twenty-ninth day of the ſaid month of January) after I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) had been confined there (meaning in the ſaid room) four weeks all but a few hours; and that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning being ſo ſworn, did then and there upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, falſely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to ſay) I (again meaning herſelf the ſaid Elizabeth Canning) took an old ſort of a bed-gown and a handkerchief, that were in the hay loft (meaning the ſaid room) and lay in a grate in the chimney (meaning the chimney of the ſaid room;) whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning was not taken by two men to the ſaid houſe of the ſaid Suſannah Wells, about four o'clock in the morning of the ſaid ſecond day of January, or at any other time of that day; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, did not at any time on the ſaid ſecond day of January, ſee the ſaid Mary Squires, in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires, on the ſaid ſecond day of January was at Abbotſbury, in the county of Dorſet, and was not at any time on that day in the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not on the ſaid ſecond day of January, take the ſaid Elizabeth Canning by the hand, in the ſaid houſe, and aſk her if ſhe choſe to go their way, ſaying, if ſhe did ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires did not, on the ſaid ſecond day of January, take the ſaid Elizabeth Canning by the hand; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Mary Squires did not take a knife out of any dreſſer-drawer, or any other drawer, and cut the lace of her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays, and take them from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not cut the lace of her the ſaid Elizabeth Canning's ſtays; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the ſaid Mary Squires did not puſh the ſaid Elizabeth Canning up any ſtairs belonging to the ſaid houſe; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not continue, or was in any wiſe confined in the ſaid room belonging to the ſaid houſe, into which the ſaid ſtairs lead, for a month by the weeks all but a few hours; and whereas, the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not continue or was any ways confined in the ſaid room, or in any other room belonging to the ſaid houſe, for a month by the weeks, all but a few hours, or for any other ſpace of time; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the ſaid room, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the ſaid twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time of

that

that day; and whereas, in truth and in fact, ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning did not take any bed-gown or handkerchief, out of any grate in the chimney of the ſaid room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was no grate in the chimney of the ſaid room, on the ſaid ſecond day of January, or on the twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time between the ſecond and twenty-ninth days of January, as ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning by her falſe and corrupt teſtimony aforeſaid, at and upon the ſaid laſt mentioned trial, did moſt falſely, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and conſent, upon her ſaid oath, ſo taken as aforeſaid, ſay, depoſe, ſwear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the ſaid jury, in manner aforeſaid; and ſo the jurors aforeſaid, now here ſworn upon their oath aforeſaid, do ſay, that ſhe the ſaid Elizabeth Canning, at and upon the ſaid trial, upon the ſaid twenty-firſt day of February in the twenty-ſixth year aforeſaid, at London aforeſaid, (that is to ſay) at the pariſh of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London aforeſaid, before the ſaid juſtices of our ſaid lord the king, laſt above mentioned, and others their fellows aforeſaid, by her own proper act and conſent, and of her own moſt wicked and corrupt mind, in manner and form aforeſaid, did falſely, voluntarily, and corruptly, upon her ſaid oath, ſo taken as aforeſaid, commit wilfull and corrupt perjury, to the great diſpleaſure of Almighty God, in contempt of our ſaid lord the king and his laws; to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like caſe offending; and againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king, his crown and dignity.

Mr. GASCOYNE,

May it pleaſe your lordſhip, and you gentlemen of the jury, I am council in this caſe for the king, againſt the priſoner at the bar, who ſtands before you indicted of wilfull and corrupt perjury; and the indictment ſets forth, that, at the general ſeſſion of the peace held for the county of Middleſex, on the 19th of February, in the 26th year of his preſent majeſty's reign, an indictment was found againſt one Mary Squires, for having on the 2d day of January, in the ſame year, with force and arms, aſſaulted the priſoner at the bar, and having put her in fear of her life, feloniouſly and with force, took and ſtole from her perſon and againſt her will, in the dwelling-houſe of one Suſannah Wells, in the pariſh of Enfield, in the county of Middleſex, a pair of ſtays of the value of 10 ſhillings, the property of the priſoner at the bar: and the indictment charges that at the goal delivery of Newgate, on the 21ſt day of February in the ſame year, which was the year 1753. Mary Squires was arraigned upon the indictment ſo found againſt her, and having pleaded not guilty, the priſoner at the bar appeared at the trial, and being duly ſworn as a witneſs, did maliciouſly and deliberately, and in order to procure the ſaid Mary Squires to be convicted of the felony and robbery charged on her, falſely and corruptly depoſe and give in evidence, that ſhe the priſoner at the bar, on the 1ſt day of January 1753, had been at a place called Salt Petre Bank, to ſee an uncle and aunt; that ſhe ſtayed there till about 9 at night; that her uncle and aunt came with her from thence as far as Aldgate, where they parted; that ſhe the priſoner at the bar, being then alone, and coming over Moorfields by Bedlam wall, two men laid hold of her, and took her by force from thence to the houſe of Suſannah Wells at Enfield, and being there, that Mary Squires took her by the hand, aſked her if ſhe would go their way, ſaying, that if ſhe did, ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths; that ſhe refuſed, and that thereupon Mary Squires, with a caſe knife, cut the lace of her ſtays, and took them from her, gave her a ſlap on the face, and puſhed her up ſtairs into another room, which they called the hay loft; that as ſoon as ſhe was there the door of the room was ſhut upon her, and that ſhe was threatened by Mary Squires, that if ſhe heard her ſtir or move, ſhe would cut her throat; and the indictment charges, that the priſoner at the bar being aſked on the trial of Mary Squires, how long ſhe had continued in that room, ſhe falſely and wilfully ſwore, that ſhe was kept there a month all but a few hours; and that upon the 29th of January ſhe broke down a board that was nailed up at the inſide of the window, and got out there; whereas in truth, as the indictment charges the priſoner at the bar, was never taken or carried to the houſe of Suſannah Wells; and that in truth and in fact, Mary Squires was at that time at Abbotſbury, in the county of Dorſet; and the indictment charges, that in truth and in fact, Mary Squires did not cut the lace of the priſoners ſtays and take them from her, or ſlap her on the face, or puſh her up ſtairs into another room, or ſay, that if ſhe heard her ſtir or move ſhe would cut her throat; and that in truth, the priſoner at the bar was not in any room or place belonging to the houſe of Suſannah Wells; and therefore, that ſhe was on the trial of the ſaid Mary Squires guilty of wilfull and corrupt perjury; all which is ſaid to be done, to the great diſpleaſure of Almighty God, in contempt of the laws of this land, and to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like caſe offending, and againſt the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity: to this, gentlemen, the priſoner has pleaded not guilty; we ſhall call our witneſſes, and if we prove her guilty, you will find her ſo.

Mr. DAVY.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,

I am counſel for the proſecution againſt the defendant at the bar, who now comes before you to be tried for wilful and corrupt perjury; attended with ſo many circumſtances of aggravation, and calculated to produce ſuch fatal effects, that it is to be lamented the law has not made it capital.

For it was committed to ſupport a groundleſs proſecution for felony, and under colour of juſtice, to take away the life of an innocent perſon.

Than which it is hard to conceive an offence more ſhocking to humanity, or more dreadful.

Gentlemen, the indictment ſets forth, that the defendant maliciouſly and deliberately intending to pervert the due courſe of law and juſtice, and to procure one Mary Squires untruly

ly to be convicted of a robbery, did, upon the 21ſt of February 1753, in this court, give falſe teſtimony againſt her. It contains ſeveral particulars of the defendant's evidence upon that occaſion; and avers, that in each particular ſhe was guilty of perjury.

What could tempt one ſo young to ſuch accumulated wickedneſs, though the proſecution is not concerned to account for it, may be eaſily conceived upon recollecting what had happened.

And, indeed, one would give way to any charitable ſuggeſtion, rather than ſuppoſe her heart ſo thoroughly polluted, as at firſt to deſign a ſacrifice.

To preſerve her character, it became neceſſary to frame an excuſe for her abſence from her maſter's ſervice, during the ſpace of a month, from the 1ſt to the 29th of January. To what ſuch abſence was really owing, I am not inclined to ſuggeſt, leſt I ſhould wrong her. But her flight was ſudden, unexpected, and alarming.

An ill concerted ſtory for this purpoſe, or the forgetting ſome material circumſtances in one invented with a greater appearance of truth, was, in all likelihood, her firſt ſtep to the crime ſhe is now to anſwer for. And a too great forwardneſs in ſatisfying unexpected inquiries, the effects of diſtruſt and curioſity, might lead her unwarily into a deſcription of places and perſons, unthought of before, from which, once fixed, ſhe thought it dangerous to deviate.

But an additional temptation fell in her way, a temptation too ſtrong to be reſiſted in the ſituation, to which ſhe was reduced; and this was a ſcheme to raiſe money.

For thoſe, who were weak enough to believe all the abſurdities, to which their own credulity had given riſe, were ſo affected with her unprecedented ſufferings that they propoſed a general ſubſcription, as well to puniſh the infamous wretches, who, it was ſaid, had endeavoured to ſtarve her out of her chaſtity, as to reward her purity.

Here then ſhe was under a neceſſity, either to renounce thoſe golden hopes, by retracting what ſhe had declared, and ſo to ruin her character, or to perſiſt in it through perjury. And having by this time ſubdued all remains of virtue, ſhe preferred the offer of money, tho' ſhe muſt wade through innocent blood to attain it.

The project ſucceeded to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. For, by the help of prejudices moſt artfully, induſtriouſly, and (I may add) infamouſly inculcated, ſhe made her way to the conviction of Mary Squires and Suſannah Wells, (the former for robbing her of her Stays, and the other for being an accomplice in that robbery,) and ſo ſhe became the object of almoſt univerſal compaſſion.

The unfair means made uſe of upon that occaſion, by advertiſements in the daily papers, and in printed bills, every where diſperſed, with the names of ſix reputable tradeſmen, atteſting the truth of a ſtory, of which they were not able to prove a ſingle ſyllable; and all this for the ſake of prejudging thoſe unhappy women, who in conſequence of it fell a ſacrifice, would paſs unnoticed in this trial, had not the ſame unjuſtifiable methods been continued to the preſent hour.

An appeal to the public concerning matters triable by juries, has a direct tendency to ſhut up the avenues to conviction, and to enervate the arm of juſtice.

But it is the happineſs of this proſecution to be brought before a jury of citizens, whoſe characters give the greateſt room to hope for an impartial trial, notwithſtanding all the arts, which have been practiſed to inflame their paſſions, and corrupt their judgment.

And if I am not greatly miſ-inſtructed, the prejudices muſt be ſtrong *indeed*, that can reſiſt the proofs of this woman's guilt.

Gentlemen, before I open the evidence we have to offer, I muſt beg leave to trouble you with repeating what the defendant ſwore upon the trial of Mary Squires, and with remarking ſome of the objections, to which it ſtands expoſed, without any other proofs to contradict it.

She ſwore, "that on the 1ſt of January 1753, "about 9 at night, two men ſeized her in "Moorfields; and, without ſpeaking, robbed "her of half a guinea, and three ſhillings, and "her gown, apron and hat, which they folded "up, and put into a great coat pocket.

"That ſhe ſcreamed out, and then one of "the men ſtopped her mouth with a handker-"chief.

"That they then tied her hands behind her; "after which one of them gave her a blow on "the temple, which ſtunned her, and threw "her directly into a fit.

"That this tranſaction in Moorfields laſted "half an hour; but no body paſſed by in all "that time.

"That ſhe remained totally inſenſible for "ſix hours after; when ſhe found herſelf by a "large road, with the two men who had robbed "her.

"That they dragged her to the houſe of one "Suſannah Wells, (*who was at the ſame time "tried as an acceſſary to Squires*) at Enfield Waſh, "(*which is between eleven and twelve miles from "Moorfields*) where ſhe arrived in half an hour "after the recovery of her ſenſes. And it was "then about four o'clock in the morning.

"That ſhe there ſaw Mary Squires, and two "young women in the kitchen. And, as ſoon "as ſhe was brought in, Squires took her by "the hand and aſked her *if ſhe choſe to go their "way*, ſaying, *if ſhe did, ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths.*

"That upon her anſwering, *no*, Squires cut "off her ſtays, and took them from her. And "immediately the two men went away.

"That Squires then called her bitch, gave "her a ſlap in the face, puſhed her up ſtairs "into a hay-loft (a few ſteps from the kitchen), "and ſhutting the door upon her, threatned to "cut her throat, if ſhe heard her ſtir or move.

"That when day-light appeared, ſhe ſaw "about the room, in which there was a fire-"place, and a *grate* in it, *no bed or bedſtead*, "nothing but hay to lye upon, a *pitcher* almoſt "full of *water*, and about twenty-four pieces "of bread, to the amount of a quartern loaf "in the whole.

"That theſe pieces of bread, and this water, "between three and four quarts, was all ſhe "had to ſubſiſt on, (except a penny mince pye "which ſhe had in her pocket) for the whole "time ſhe remained in that room; which was "from Tueſday the 2d of January at 4 in the

" morning, till Monday the 29th at 4 in the " afternoon. And that ſhe had no ſtool in all " that time.

" That no one came to her, nor did ſhe ſee " a human creature, except once ſhe ſaw ſome- " body look through a crack of the door.

" That ſhe had eat up all her bread on " Friday the 26th, and had drank up all her " water on Monday the 29th, at half an hour " after three in the afternoon; and at 4 o'clock " ſhe made her eſcape, which ſhe had never " attempted (nor did it ever once come into " her head to attempt) 'till that day.

" That the manner of her eſcape, was by " breaking down a board which was nailed up " at the inſide of a window, about 8 or 10 " feet from the ground; from which ſhe jumped " down, without the leaſt hurt, it being ſoft " clay ground.

" But, before ſhe left the room, ſhe took a " bed-gown and, a handkerchief, which ſhe found " in the chimney grate.

" That having never been on that road be- " fore, ſhe inquired her way of people ſhe met, " and ſo walked on the great road to her mo- " ther's houſe (about 12 miles) without ſeeking " refuge in any of the houſes on the road, for " fear ſhe ſhould meet with ſomebody belong- " ing to the houſe ſhe had eſcaped from.

" That ſhe arrived at her mother's in Al- " dermanbuty, at a quarter paſt ten at night; " and ſhe told her friends that her confinement " was ſomewhere in the Hertfordſhire road, " which ſhe had diſcovered, while ſhe was under " confinement, by ſeeing a coach go by, which " ſhe knew frequented that road.

" And being called upon by the court to par- " ticularize the *furniture* of the room ſhe was " confined in, ſhe mentioned, a *barrel, a ſad-* " *dle, a baſon, and a tobacco mould.*"

This, gentlemen, was her evidence.

Now I would aſk any reaſonable unprejudiced man in the world, whether he ever heard a ſtory ſo intirely deſtitute of all human probability.

Is it not a heap of monſtrous abſurdities, with falſhood glaring in every circumſtance?

What could induce the two ruffians in Moor-fields to behave in this extraordinary manner?

Did they mean to rob, or kidnap her, or both?

If only to rob, why did they kidnap her? If only to kidnap, why rob her? If both, why loſe half an hour in ſtripping her in ſo public a place, when multitudes of people were conti-nually paſſing by; ſince they might have done it ſecurely at the end of their journey?

Having robbed and ſtripped her, what temp-tation had they to take the pains and run the hazard of carrying her twelve miles, *in a fit*, (ſuppoſing it poſſible;) through ſeveral turn-pikes and villages, where it was a thouſand to one, that they would be diſcovered and appre-hended?

The ſame difficulties occur at Enfield Waſh. While ſhe was in the houſe was any thing tranſ-acted, whereby one can trace the *motive* of her being brought, or confined there?

At firſt, indeed, ſhe was aſked *whether ſhe would go their way; and if ſhe would, ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths.*

Their meaning in this was left unexplained, and no further perſuaſions were uſed to tempt her!

Advantage taken of a conciſe refuſal,—ſhe was inſtantly locked up for a month upon bread and water!

Not the leaſt enquiry in all that time, what effect this hard uſage had upon her; or what was become of her!

Whether ſhe was *dead*, which might have been expected, if ſhe remained in the room; or had *eſcaped*, which it was more reaſonable to ſuppoſe. For,

SEE HOW WONDERS MULTIPLY!

The means of eſcape were left open to her every moment of the time, at the hazard of *their* lives! Thoſe means unemployed, and un-thought of, for the preſervation of *her own!*

Is it not amazing ſhe ſhould manage her allowance of bread and water (ſcarce ſuffi-cient for a week's ſubſiſtence) with ſuch provi-dence, that the former laſted till within three days, and the latter, (which ſhe could leſs en-dure the want of,) tho' leſs in proportion, till within half an hour of her coming away!

And yet ſhe had never received the leaſt inti-mation, how long ſhe was to remain in confine-ment, or whether ſhe was to have any ſupplies!

That ſhe ſhould ſurvive all this treatment, too hard for the beſt conſtitution, and find ſtrength to walk twelve miles immediately af-terwards, without the leaſt refreſhment or reſt!

Theſe are not all, nor the fiftieth part of the objections to which this unexampled tale is liable. It would be miſpending time to enu-merate them — they are obvious to every un-derſtanding.

Does there need much evidence to contra-dict this? Does not common ſenſe, and the ob-ſervation of all mankind upon the courſe of nature refute it in every inſtance?

Yet ſuch arts have been practiſed to engage men to believe it, that there are, at this day, thouſands who embrace it as zealouſly, as an article of religious faith.

Inſiſting upon the mere poſſibility of this romantic ſtory; and having an implicit faith in the defendant's ſincerity, becauſe her character (they ſay) is clear of any other imputation, they have been drawn in to conclude upon the truth of all ſhe has ſworn.

Such are incapable of conviction; upon whom neither argument, nor evidence can have any effect.

Let me imagine a caſe, better authenticated than this before you, but in favour of which men have no prejudices; and ſee what reception it would meet with.

Suppoſe a pretender to the art of flying, (an art which ſome ſoaring geniuſes of the laſt age thought practicable) ſhould ſwear to have taken a month's tour round the extremity of the at-moſphere, without breathing in all that time.

Were no arts uſed to miſlead men's under-ſtanding; were they left to judge for them-ſelves; no one would believe this even upon the faith of fifty witneſſes.

For however unlikely it is that fifty diſinte-reſted men ſhould concur in a falſhood, it would be ſtill more unlikely, that a man ſhould be fly-ing for a month without drawing breath.

But, gentlemen, this proſecution will not reſt upon improbabilities. It was commenced upon

the clear proof of facts; ſufficient to convince every man, whoſe judgment is not captivated by prejudice.

The evidence to be produced againſt the defendant is of ſeveral kinds.

Firſt, to ſhew that Mary Squires was in another place, above 130 miles from Enfield Waſh, at the time of the ſuppoſed robbery there.—— But leſt the believers in wonders ſhould think this inſufficient, and inſiſt upon the poſſibility of Squires *being in two places at once*; we ſhall

In the next place, under various heads of proof, attack the whole of the defendant's evidence, and ſhew that in every part of it ſhe is forſworn.

Gentlemen, becauſe there may be no uncertainty in that part of the caſe, which relates to Squires; ſhe will attend here in perſon, to be referred to by the witneſſes. And you will obſerve (to uſe her own language to the defendant, when ſhe firſt charged her with the robbery) that *the Almighty has not created her likeneſs*. So it is impoſſible, either for the witneſſes, or the defendant to miſtake her for another.

She is one of that tribe of people called *gypſies*, and ſtrolls about the country as a hawker and pedlar. She is a widow, and has a ſon, *George*, a young man, and two daughters, *Lucy* and *Mary*, both young women.

It happened that in the latter end of the year 1752, this gypſie, with her ſon and her daughter Lucy, travelled on foot into the Weſt of England with ſmuggled goods, ſuch as they meet with in ſea port towns, and ſell again to people in the country.

The material queſtions with reſpect to theſe people, will be, *Where were they upon the 1ſt and 2d of January 1753? And when did they arrive at Enfield Waſh?*

In order to give you the cleareſt ſatisfaction in this matter, it will be neceſſary to go a little farther back than the 1ſt of January, and trace them down to the time of their being apprehended on the 1ſt of February.

Gentlemen, it will be worth your obſervation with what degree of certainty the witneſſes ſwear, not only with regard to the identity of the three perſons (who will be all in court to be referred to) but alſo as to the preciſe times of ſeeing them.

And, if it ſhould appear to you, that they can be under no miſtake, either as to perſons or times; it will only remain for your conſideration, what credit ſhould be given to their oaths.

They are forty in number; they are totally diſintereſted; and of unexceptionable characters.

Upon Friday the 29th of December 1752, in the evening, theſe three foot travellers, Mary Squires, George and Lucy Squires, came to lodge in a little inn at South Parrot in Dorſetſhire; and went forward towards Abbotſbury the next morning. The landlady of the inn will tell you ſhe is certain as to the time, from an accident of ſome gueſts leaving a reckoning to pay, which ſhe entered in her book that evening. A book, wherein ſhe had ſeldom occaſion to make entries; but whenever ſhe did, it was her cuſtom to aſcertain the time by her almanack. And ſhe remembers to have referred to the almanack, while they were in the houſe.

You will find them the next morning, Saturday the 30th of December, between eight and nine o'clock, taking refreſhment upon the road, at a place called Winyard's Gap, about a mile from South Parrot. The perſon who proves this, ſaw them the evening before as they were going to South Parrot, and was ſo ſtruck with the old woman's hideous face, that ſhe compared her to a picture then in her houſe of mother Shipton.

The ſame day at two in the afternoon they came to Litton about nine miles from Winyard's Gap, and three from Abbotſbury. There they lay at an alehouſe, and ſtayed till Monday afternoon the 7th of January. This will be proved by five witneſſes, who will give you a particular account of them during all that time.

Monday the 1ſt of January in the evening they came to Abbotſbury, a ſea port town in Dorſetſhire; where they were very well known by a great many people, having been often there before. There they ſtayed till Tueſday the 9th. This will be proved by no leſs than eleven witneſſes. And as it is impoſſible theſe people ſhould be under any miſtake, as to their perſons, it will be material to obſerve, that it is equally impoſſible, they ſhould miſtake as to the time. It happened, that the exciſeman, ſtationed at Abbotſbury, was taken ill a few days before the coming of theſe people there; and another officer was placed in his ſtead, who lodged in the ſame houſe with them, at one Gibbons's, and came there on the very ſame day. You will find this not only by the exciſeman himſelf, and ſeveral of the witneſſes who remember his and their coming; but we ſhall alſo produce the books from the exciſe office, by which the time of this man's coming to Abbotſbury will appear with abſolute certainty. There are, beſides, ſeveral other circumſtances, which lead the witneſſes to exactneſs of time, as well here, as at the other places beforementioned.

Before we leave Abbotſbury it will be proper to let you know that Lucy Squires, though the daughter of ſuch a deformed woman, is very far from diſagreeable, and had an acquaintance there, who was dear to her. This was one William Clarke, a ſhoemaker of that place, who met them at Litton, and travelled on a day and half's journey with them from Abbotſbury. The reaſon of my taking notice of this circumſtance, will appear hereafter, when you find them at Baſingſtoke.

With this Clarke they left Abbotſbury, on Tueſday the 9th of January, and went to Porterſham, where they lay that night.

Wedneſday the 10th they went to Ridgway; where Clarke took an unwilling leave of his Lucy, after obtaining her promiſe to ſend him a letter ſoon; they lay at Ridgway that night, and

The next day, Thurſday the 11th, you will find them croſſing the waters by Dorcheſter, which were very high after great rains.

They had received an account, that the other daughter Mary was ill, and ſo travelled faſter from this time, to haſten home.

Friday the 12th they lay at Chettle.

Saturday the 13th at Martin, in a farmer's barn.

Sunday the 14th at Coombe. From whence they proceeded the next day in the road to London.

The

The next account you will receive of them, will be Thurſday the 18th at Baſingſtoke; which you will obſerve, according to their rate of travelling, to be four days journey from Coombe.

And here you will find a piece of evidence very material, and concluſive with regard both to perſons and times, and which will confirm the reſt of the evidence before it to the utmoſt degree of certainty.

I mentioned before, that *Lucy Squires* had promiſed her ſweetheart, *William Clarke*, to ſend him a letter on the road. It was at this place ſhe performed her promiſe.

But being an illiterate girl, ſhe was obliged to have recourſe to the landlady of the inn to write for her.

The letter is dated from Baſingſtoke the 18th of January 1753. The landlady, Mrs. Morris, will tell you it was wrote by her at the time it bears date. It will appear with the Baſingſtoke poſt mark upon it.

There being no direct poſt from Baſingſtoke to Dorcheſter, the letter was put into the London bag; and therefore the London poſt mark is alſo upon it, by which it will appear that it came into the general poſt office on the 19th of January.

It happens that this letter (which will be read to you in the courſe of the evidence) refers to the circumſtance of Clarke's travelling with them from Abbotſbury.

Friday the 19th they went to Bagſhot, and

Saturday the 20th to Brentford; where George left his mother the Sunday morning to go to his ſiſter Mary, whom he found well enough recovered to go with him to Brentford the Monday to her mother.

Tueſday the 23d they lay at a houſe called the Seven Siſters at Page Green, by Tottenham. And the next day,

Wedneſday the 24th of January, they went to *Enfield Waſh*.

Here they were ſtrangers; and, enquiring for lodging, had the ill luck to be recommended to Suſannah Wells, whom they had never ſeen before.

Happy for *that* woman, that theſe unfortunate ſtrangers came to her houſe! In all likelihood ſhe owes her life to that accident. For,

Had there been no old woman in her houſe, beſide herſelf; nay, had ſhe not (another accident for which ſhe is indebted to Providence!) changed ſeats with the old gipſy at the fire-ſide five minutes before the defendant's arrival there on the 1ſt of February — there is too much reaſon to believe, that Wells herſelf had been accuſed of this felony.

Had it ſo happened; the ſame evidence, which was applied to Squires, would have ſerved for *her* conviction. And *ſhe* had no *alibi* to ſave her life.

The defendant had then been proſperous in perjury; and the means of detecting her had been borne down by popular clamour.

Squires, her ſon and daughter, remained at Wells's from the 24th of January till the 1ſt of February; when they were apprehended.

What happened on that day will fall under another head of evidence.

I have now done with that part of the proſecutor's caſe, ſo far as it relates to the innocence of Mary Squires.

Upon which, I ſhall only obſerve; that, if the evidence brought to ſupport it, is clear and convincing; it will be too late for the defendant to ſhelter herſelf under any pretence of a miſtake.

For whether ſhe was robbed by Squires, or not, was the moſt material queſtion upon that woman's trial, and *her fate* depended upon the defendant's *poſitive* teſtimony.

And it is worthyobſervation, that there was not the leaſt doubt ſuggeſted, when ſhe was giving evidence againſt the moſt remarkable perſon in the world.

Gentlemen, the next head of evidence will be to ſhew, (what would of itſelf be ſufficient to convince all mankind) that the defendant could give no account of the room ſhe pretended to have been confined in for a whole month together; and that the place ſhe afterwards fixed upon, and poſitively ſwore to, was not in any reſpect anſwerable to her firſt deſcription of it; and that her deſcription of the room upon the trial of Squires was in conſequence of its being ſhewn to her ſome little time before. You will alſo find her evidence flatly contradicted, in a variety of material circumſtances, by her own information upon oath at another time.

It has been urged in the defendant's behalf with much ſhew of reaſon, that her giving an exact deſcription of the place of her confinement is a ſtrong proof of her having been there.

But on the other hand, if her deſcription of the place of her confinement was as unapplicable to the room ſhe ventured afterwards to ſwear to, as it was to Saint Paul's cathedral, is it not an unanſwerable proof, that ſhe was not there?

For can it be imagined ſhe ſhould be alone in a room for twenty-eight days, without any obſtruction of her ſenſes, and at the end of that time as ignorant of it, as if ſhe had never ſeen, or heard of ſuch a place?

It was on Monday night the 29th of January, according to her account, that the defendant returned to her mother. On Wedneſday the 31ſt ſhe applied, with ſeveral of her friends, to Mr. Chitty, the ſitting alderman, for a warrant againſt Wells upon ſuſpicion of having robbed her. For at that time ſhe did not pretend to certainty.

The alderman having heard her ſtory then declared his doubts, and called upon her to authenticate it by a particular deſcription of the place, ſhe had been in.

She ſwore it was a *little ſquare, dark* room, in which was *an old ſtool or two*, an *old table*, and an old *picture over the chimney*. And this was all the deſcription ſhe gave. No mention of any *baſon*, *ſaddles*, *tobacco-mould*, or *barrel*; and ſo far from any pretence of *hay*, that ſhe *complained of having been forced to lie every night upon the bare floor*.

She alſo ſwore, that her modicum of bread was in five or ſix pieces *(not four and twenty)* and that ſhe left ſome of the water in the pitcher, when ſhe came away. That ſhe eſcaped by the help of a penthouſe under the window, upon which ſhe ſlid down, and from thence jumped upon a bank on the back-ſide of the houſe.

A warrant being obtained from the alderman, it was agreed upon by her friends who had heard

heard this, to go down to Wells's the next morning; and after ſecuring all the people in the houſe, to inquire whether any room there was anſwerable to the account ſhe gave. Reſolving, if they found ſhe ſpoke truth, to ſupport her to the utmoſt of their power, if otherwiſe to drop her.

The next morning they all ſet out for Enfield Waſh, and immediately ſecured all the people in Wells's houſe; there were Mrs. Wells, Mary Squires, her ſon and two daughters, Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus, and his wife Judith Natus.

It will be proper here, to deſcribe this houſe, and the ſeveral rooms in it.

At the entrance into the houſe there is a ſtair-caſe, the bottom of which is within two or three yards of the ſtreet door, this ſtair-caſe leads to three rooms on the firſt floor, in one of which lay the old gipſy and her two daughters, in another George Squires, and in the third Mrs. Wells and her daughter, and Virtue Hall.

Below ſtairs, on the left ſide of the little paſſage from the ſtreet door is a parlour, in which all the family were placed, as ſoon as they were ſeized.

On the right hand of the paſſage is the kitchen, from which a door opens to a little flight of ſeven or eight ſteps, leading into a ſort of lumber-room or work-ſhop, where Natus and his wife lay upon a bed of hay. Theſe ſteps or ſtairs are incloſed in the room, there being no door but at the foot of the ſteps, which ſeparates it from the kitchen. And this place, which ſome call a work-ſhop, and others a hay-loft (on account of ſome hay uſually kept there,) the defendant was pleaſed to fix upon, as the place of her confinement.

The arrival of the defendant's friends was above an hour before her; but no room could be found like what ſhe had repreſented.

There were two perſons, one called Adamſon, the other Scarrat, who (for reaſons beſt known to themſelves) were extremely deſirous of reconciling every difficulty; and they would have it, that this lumber-room muſt be the place of confinement.

But ſome obſtacles were to be removed.

There was a quantity of hay, not leſs than half a load in the room; and not a word of hay had been mentioned. Theſe two gentlemen imagined ſhe might have forgot it, and propoſed that one of them ſhould ride back to meet the defendant upon the road, in order to aſk her about it. They caſt lots, who ſhould go upon this honeſt errand, and it fell to Mr. Adamſon.

In a little time Adamſon returned brandiſhing his hat, and exulting, *We are all right; ſhe ſays there is hay in the room!*

She had never ſaid ſo before; and, if ſhe forgot to mention it, ſhe alſo forgot the uſe of it, for the whole month while it was before her eyes. For ſhe lay upon the bare boards!

But this was not the only difficulty which required the ſkill of Adamſon and Scarrat to ſolve.

The room is neither *ſquare*, nor *dark*, nor *little*. It is thirty-five feet three inches and a half long, by nine feet eight inches wide; it is extremely light; not only from the windows (but one of which ſhe pretended was boarded up) but alſo from the roof itſelf, which is of pantiles, raiſed above the walls, ſo as to let in a great deal of light from the top.

There was no grate in the chimney, nor the leaſt ſign, that a grate had been there. For in the firſt place there was no hearth to it, and beſides, the whole chimney, from the bottom upwards to the mantle-piece, was full of cobwebs and naſtineſs. It is impoſſible therefore that a grate or any thing elſe could have been there within three days before, or indeed, as many months.

There was a large cheſt of drawers by the ſide of the wall, which ſhe had ſaid nothing of. Did ſhe forget this too?

Perhaps it had been put there ſince her eſcape the Monday before. Remove it, and ſee whether it has the marks of long ſtanding. The experiment was made, and immediately fifty *ſpiders* ran out to give teſtimony of a long, undiſturbed poſſeſſion.

Inſtead of any pictures over the chimney, there was an old broken caſement, which filled the whole place, and had the like vouchers for its long ſtanding; the cobwebs uniting it to the wall.

Where was the ſtool and table ſhe ſpoke of? nothing like either to be found.

Where was the penthouſe, or ſhed of boards under the window, by which ſhe eſcaped? The wall on both ſides perpendicular; the windows but eight feet from the ground on the outſide, and there never was either penthouſe, or ſhed, or any thing elſe by the wall.

On the right hand-ſide coming into this naſty room was ſome hay made in the form of a bed, with a little bag of wool by way of bolſter. And Natus's wife was ſeized juſt riſing from this bed.

Near this bed's head was a hole, through which a jack line had formerly run from the kitchen. The hole was almoſt large enough to thruſt her head through, and looked quite over the kitchen. This ſhe never obſerved; for ſhe ſaw no body, but once during the whole month, and then it was through a crack of the door.

Over this hole were the pulleys of the jack-line, which ſhe alſo forgot to mention.

In ſhort, ſhe forgot almoſt all the things, that were there, and ſupplied her defect of memory, by naming ſeveral things, which had never been in the room.

By this time there was a great company of people in the houſe; ſome led by curioſity, ſome by juſtice, and ſome by motives, which muſt be left to themſelves to aſſign.

At laſt the defendant arrived with her mother, in a coach. She was immediately conducted to the kitchen, and ſet on the dreſſer.

The door leading to the lumber-room was then open, on her *left* hand, and within three yards of her, ſo that ſhe could then ſee all the ſtairs, and a conſiderable part of the room; yet ſhe took no notice of it. Nor did ſhe drop the leaſt hint that the kitchen ſhe was then in, was the place, where her ſtays were cut off; though ſhe remained in the kitchen five or ſix minutes.

She was then placed on a chair, with the door of the lumber-room open on her *right* hand, where ſhe could ſee up into other parts of the room. Still, not the leaſt notice taken of it.

It was then propoſed to carry her into the parlour, where all the family were priſoners, in order

order for her to fix upon the perſon, who cut off her ſtays.

In the mean while the priſoners were diſpoſed in the room ſo, as ſhe might have a diſtinct view of them all. Mother Wells was placed on the *right* ſide of the chimney, and the gipſy on the *left*. But, a few minutes before the defendant's coming into the parlour, the two old women had changed places, and the gipſy then ſat on the right ſide of the chimney, leaning over the fire, almoſt double, and ſmoaking her pipe.

In this ſituation were they, when the defendant entered the room; and in a moment, without ſeeing her face, pointing to the gipſy, ſhe ſaid, *this is the woman who robbed me of my ſtays*.

The poor old woman, ſmoaking her pipe, was inattentive to what was ſaid. But one of her daughters exclaimed, *Lord! mother, the young woman ſays you robbed her*.

Immediately the gipſy ſtarting from her chair, and, looking in aſtoniſhment full at her, expoſed her hideous face, which till then was almoſt covered with a clout. *I rob you! take care what you ſay; if you have once ſeen my face you can't miſtake it, for God never made ſuch another!* And being told, that this fact was committed on the firſt of January, the old woman immediately, without the leaſt heſitation, declared ſhe was then above one hundred miles off in Dorſetſhire. And George Squires then ſaid they were at Abbotſbury on the 1ſt of January, and for ſeveral days after.

Proteſtations of innocence were to no purpoſe; the defendant remained poſitive, and Mary Squires muſt ſuffer for it.

The next thing to be done, was to fix upon the room.

In the firſt place, the defendant ſuffered herſelf to be led up the great ſtair-caſe from the ſtreet door, and ſo into all the rooms forward. But neither of theſe was the room.

Not the leaſt notice taken that the place ſhe was confined in was contiguous to the kitchen, and but a few ſteps from it; not at all like this ſtair-caſe.

At laſt ſhe was conducted to the lumber-room; and after pauſing for ſome time, ſhe declared this was the place. But that there ſeemed to be more hay, than ſhe had obſerved during her confinement there.

The witneſſes, who had heard what ſhe ſwore before Mr. Alderman Chitty, and had made their obſervations upon this room juſt before her coming down to Enfield Waſh, were aſtoniſhed.

She then recollected *one* of the three ſaddles, and the barrel, baſon, and tobacco mould; neither of which ſhe had mentioned before. But ſhe remembered nothing of the cheſt of drawers, the broken caſement over the chimney, the hay bed, the hole in the wall, nor the pulley.

One aſked her, why ſhe had not opened the window caſement, and eſcaped *that* way, ſeeing ſhe might have done it without the leaſt difficulty. Her anſwer was, ſhe took it for granted it was nailed, but had never tried it.

The effect, theſe obſervations had upon ſuch of her friends, as did not go there with a reſolution to aſſiſt her in all events, is eaſy to imagine. They were ſatisfied ſhe was an impoſtreſs, and withdrew their aſſiſtance.

Their names are Mr. Gawen Naſh, Mr.—— Hague, and Mr.—— Aldridge, citizens of eſtabliſhed reputation; who will give you a very faithful and circumſtantial account of this whole tranſaction.

Though what has been already opened would be abundantly ſufficient to maintain this indictment, yet this is not all.

For inſtead of relying upon circumſtances, however ſatisfactory, we ſhall go further, and ſhew by *direct poſitive evidence*, that the defendant was not in this room in the month of January.

Natus, a poor labouring man, and his wife will tell you, that this bed of hay was their only lodging during that whole month, and for five or ſix weeks before. And that they lay in this very room every night; and this will be confirmed by the evidence of ſeveral other witneſſes.

They will all tell you, that this room, being the repoſitory of Mrs. Wells's hay, with which her horſe was fed, and of pollard for the feeding her pig, was viſited by ſome, or other of them every day.

That this black pitcher, which the defendant ſays was in the room for all the time ſhe was there, was in conſtant uſe in the family, and filled with water from a neighbour's pump almoſt every day, during the time the defendant pretends to have been in the houſe.

That none of them ever ſaw the defendant, or heard of her, till ſhe came down on the 1ſt of February with Mr. Alderman Chitty's warrant.

Ezra Whiffin, who keeps an inn in the neighbourhood, will be produced a witneſs to prove, that he bought of Mrs. Wells a ſign, which formerly hung at her door, when ſhe kept a public houſe; and on the 18th of January he took it out of this workſhop, and Natus's wife was then lying there upon a hay-bed.

He will fix the preciſe day by a very particular circumſtance, in which he will be confirmed by another witneſs.

John Whiffin, his ſon, went with him to bring away the ſign; and ſtayed below in the parlour, while his father went up into the room for it.

Three witneſſes will be produced to prove their *lopping trees* by the ſide of Mrs. Wells's houſe on the 8th of January, and at that very time they had ſome converſation with two women, Virtue Hall and Sarah Hewit, another witneſs, then looking out at the window of this very room, where the defendant is ſuppoſed to have been confined.

And the time of their lopping theſe trees will be fixed alſo by a fifth witneſs to this fact.

Such of theſe witneſſes, as have been in the work-ſhop, will give you the ſame account of it, as you will find by the other witneſſes to the former head of evidence.

After proving the defendant perjured, not only with regard to the perſon, whom ſhe charged with having robbed her, but alſo as to the place, in which ſhe ſwore ſhe was confined; we ſhall need an apology for proceeding further.

But to cut off all pretence for excuſe, we ſhall beg leave in another inſtance to ſhew the defendant's guilt, by her *own* teſtimony.

In her evidence at the Old Bailey, ſet forth in this indictment, ſhe ſwore that ſhe had drank up all the water in the pitcher, about half an hour before the time of her eſcape.

Before Mr. Alderman Chitty ſhe ſwore that ſhe did not drink it all, but ſome of it remained in the pitcher, when ſhe came away.

But in an information ſhe made before Mr. Fielding, a juſtice of peace for Middleſex, (which we ſhall produce for this purpoſe) ſhe ſwore that ſhe had drank up all the water on the Friday, and ſo had not a drop to drink from that time, till the Monday, on which day ſhe eſcaped.

The pain of thirſt has been felt by almoſt every one at ſome time, or other; and whoever has endured it for three days and nights, will be ſure to remember it, as long as he lives.

Theſe ſelf-contradictions therefore could not ariſe from mere miſtake; except only it was forgetting at one time, what ſhe had ſworn at another.

A lyar, ſays the proverb, ſhould have a good memory. But he who is reſolved to ſpeak truth, needs take no pains to recollect, in what manner he had told his ſtory before.

Gentlemen, to all this evidence we ſhall add, two circumſtances, which you may poſſibly think worth your attention.

Soon after the defendant's ſuppoſed return to her mother, ſhe was viſited by a midwife, who was an old acquaintance; to whom the mother, in the daughter's preſence related the whole ſtory.

The midwife's curioſity took place of her pity, and ſhe deſired to ſee the ſhift, which the defendant was ſuppoſed to have worn for a month.

The obſervations made upon it will beſt become the witneſs herſelf to tell you. They lead to ſuſpect ſtrongly, that it had not been worn ſo long, as was pretended. On the contrary, it looked as clean, as if it had not been worn three days.

The other circumſtance is a *ſtriking* one. After the conviction of Squires there was a re-examination of the caſe before the late lord mayor, in order to pave the way to the throne for mercy, which proved effectual.

The defendant was preſent at that inquiry, and the bed-gown which ſhe pretended to have taken out of the work-ſhop, as alſo the pitcher, were both produced.

She was very deſirous of taking them with her, which my lord mayor objected to, and propoſed that they ſhould be depoſited in ſome public place to be ſeen by any body, becauſe they might poſſibly lead to a diſcovery.

What induced the defendant to be extremely anxious for the poſſeſſion of this tattered bed-gown and broken pitcher, is hard to ſay; but ſhe was ſo much bent upon it, that ſhe unwarily claimed a property in the *bed-gown*, and ſaid, *it was her mother's.*

If it was her mother's bed-gown, how did it get to Mrs. Wells's?

This, gentlemen, is the nature of the evidence we have to lay before you. Upon the weight of which there can be no doubt, but you will find the defendant guilty.

Mr. Willes.

I am a Counſel in this caſe for the Crown, and tho' I cannot help feeling ſome concern for the unhappy ſituation of the Priſoner at the bar, yet I own I rejoice for the ſake of Truth, and for the ſake of the deluded Multitude, that this matter is at length to receive the moſt ſolemn and impartial Examination.

For in what light ſoever we conſider the Priſoner's Hiſtory of herſelf, either as a groſs Impoſition on the world, or as others would have it, a wonderful and miraculous Truth; moſt certainly, 'tis a Fact about which mankind have been much divided, which has been the cauſe of great uneaſineſs and diſtraction in this Country, and concerning which the minds of the People ought to be quieted.

Nor can we wonder at theſe diſſenſions among the Populace, when many able and great Magiſtrates have engaged in this diſpute; ſome of whom have with great warmth and eagerneſs declared themſelves implicit believers of this amazing ſtory, whilſt others have looked upon Elizabeth Canning as the moſt vile and abandoned Impoſtreſs.

I do not mention this with an intent to throw Reflections on the Patrons of either ſide of the Queſtion; the wiſeſt of men have been deceived, nor will it be any imputation on their character, that they have been ſo; unleſs there is any reaſon for conjecturing, that either through Partiality, Prejudice, or other ſtill worſe Motives, they have wilfully ſhut their eyes to the Truth.

Far is it from me to inſinuate that any thing of this ſort has happened in the preſent Inſtance: I verily believe that the Fountain of Juſtice in this kingdom, has flowed through all its Channels, unſtained, uncorrupted and clear from all manner of Pollution. I hope that thoſe who have ſat under his Majeſty's Commiſſion of the peace, have acted *merely* and *ſingly* in that capacity, and have not deſcended from the Dignity of Magiſtracy, to become Advocates for either Party.

But be that as it will, it is not our Duty as Counſel for the Proſecution, to take notice of collateral circumſtances or *extrajudicial behaviour*, in any one; 'tis our Buſineſs only to lay the particulars of the charge againſt the Priſoner before you, and if the weight of evidence appears clearly to be on the ſide of the Crown, I don't doubt but that the Truth will be irreſiſtible, and that we ſhall have your Verdict for the conviction of the priſoner.

And Gentlemen, the priſoner ſtands indicted of one of the moſt heinous of crimes; an Endeavour by wilful and corrupt Forſwearing herſelf, to take away the life of a guiltleſs perſon; and without aggravation, in the black catalogue of Offences, I know not one of a deeper dye. 'Tis a Perverſion of the laws of her country to the worſt of purpoſes; 'tis Wreſting the ſword out of the hands of Juſtice to ſhed innocent blood.

Let us reflect a moment on the ſad Cataſtrophe which might have enſued. On her evidence Mary Squires was condemned to be executed, and had ſuffer'd the judgment of the law, but for the wiſdom and clemency of his Majeſty, ever careful, ever tender of the lives even of the meaneſt of his ſubjects. During the application that was made to the throne for mercy, did the priſoner abate ought of her reſentment againſt the unhappy convict? No; her cruel heart never in the leaſt relented; God forbid that the meaſure ſhe has meted another, ſhould this day be meaſured to her again.

When I think of the age of the priſoner at the bar, ſcarcely yet above nineteen years old, I can hardly

hardly perſuade myſelf that human nature could ſo early attain to ſuch a pitch of wickedneſs; but when I attend to the very ſtrong and convincing proofs, we have to produce againſt her, I muſt give up my Reaſon to my Incredulity if I any longer doubted, whether ſhe was guilty or not.

And Gentlemen, the whole we have to lay before you in ſupport of this heavy charge, will naturally ariſe under one or other of theſe Conſiderations.

The numberleſs Inconſiſtencies, and even Contradictions of herſelf in her own evidence, as taken at different times before different Magiſtrates.

The Improbability of her ſtory.

The Teſtimony of a Multitude of witneſſes of credit and character, who contradict her *materially* in almoſt every circumſtance ſhe has related.

And Gentlemen, in order to make you ſenſible how frequently Canning has varied in her *own* account of theſe facts, it will be neceſſary to inform you that ſhe has been examined on Oath four ſeveral times. On the 31ſt of January before alderman Chitty, when a warrant was granted for the apprehending Mrs. Wells; on the 1ſt of February before Juſtice Taſhmaker, after ſhe had been down at Enfield Waſh; on the 7th of February before juſtice Fielding, and on the 21ſt of February at the trial of Squires; on which laſt examination we have aſſign'd the Perjuries mention'd in the Indictment.

In tracing her through theſe ſeveral Examinations, we ſhall have an opportunity of diſcovering what Variations from time to time there are in her ſtory, what new Circumſtances, Supplements or Embelliſhments were added to her firſt relation; and then we ſhall be able to judge impartially whether all theſe are reconcilable with Truth.

Before Alderman Chitty her evidence was ſimply this; that ſhe was robb'd by two men in Moorfields of her money, hat, gown, and *cap*. That there ſhe received a blow on her head, which ſtunned her, but did not ſo far deprive her of her ſenſes, but that ſhe remembers her being afterwards carried through Biſhop's-Gate ſtreet. That ſhe there was dragg'd to mother Wells's, and there ſtript of her ſtays, and becauſe ſhe would *not go their way* (as it is term'd,) confined in a little *ſquare dark or darkiſh room*, which had nothing in it but an old grate, an old table, a ſtool or two, and ſome pictures over the chimney. That there were *four or five pieces of bread and ſome Water, on which ſhe lived till ſhe made her eſcape, and that ſhe lay all the time on the bare boards.* That ſhe got out of the window on a ſmall *ſhed of boards or penthouſe, down which ſhe ſlid*, having cloathed herſelf with an old bedgown and handkerchief which ſhe took from the grate.

This is the ſhort account ſhe gave at firſt before the Alderman, for her ſtory had not then receiv'd half its Decorations. The circumſtance of her being ſubject to Fits was not then mentioned; No hint of any Gipſy's being concerned, much leſs any deſcription of Mary Squires, the moſt remarkable woman in her perſon that ever perhaps exiſted; Not a word of any Hay being in the room; tho' it appeared on her coming down to Enfield that there was above half a load, which had been laid in the ſummer before. Let any one then believe if they can, that during her long Confinement, ſhe could overlook ſuch a quantity of Hay, and continue night after night to take up her hard lodging on the bare boards!

In her Examination before Juſtice Taſhmaker, her ſtory receives ſeveral new Improvements, ſhe had ſeen Mrs. Wells's little Workhouſe, ſo now drops the unfortunate circumſtance of its being a *little ſquare room*; Had ſhe ever ſeen it before, ſhe could not have ſo deſcribed it. She now recollects more particulars of what the gipſy ſaid to her: That ſhe promiſed her, *if ſhe would go their way, ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths enough.* This Attack (if it deſerves the name of an Attack) on the poor innocent girl's virtue, was a proper ſubject to excite the compaſſion of the public, and a pretty uſe was made of it in the ſeveral advertiſements, which were printed at that time, to raiſe Subſcriptions for her.

She now ſwears that after ſhe came to Mrs. Wells's, a man unknown to her took away her *cap*. This expreſsly contradicts her former evidence, in which ſhe ſays ſhe was robb'd of her cap in Moorfields.

She now introduced, for the firſt time, the circumſtance of the famous broken-mouthed black Pitcher, on the water in which, and ſome pieces of bread, ſhe liv'd *till the Wedneſday* before ſhe made her eſcape, when the whole was conſum'd No wonder ſhe could now deſcribe the pitcher which was artfully conveyed into the workſhop by her friend Adamſon before her arrival at Enfield Waſh.

As to the circumſtance of her proviſion laſting her *only till Wedneſday*, it neither agrees with what ſhe afterwards ſwore before juſtice Fielding, nor with her evidence on the trial of Mary Squires. Truth is always conſiſtent, but Falſhood and Fiction muſt be judg'd by another Criterion.

We are now come to her Examination before Juſtice Fielding; I know not through what Medium they were conveyed; but ſhe had certainly then received ſome new Lights, and is infinitely more learned and artful in the manner of her telling her ſtory. The men ſhe ſwears in Moorfields *feloniouſly and violently* took from her a ſhaving hat, &c. Theſe words *feloniouſly and violently*, are not the expreſſions of a poor illiterate girl, perhaps they are the ſuggeſtion of her ſolicitor:

She now ſwears that the blow in Moorfields threw her into a Fit which deprived her of her ſenſes, and that ſhe was uſed to have Fits, which laſted ſix or ſeven hours. This was an uſeful and neceſſary Embelliſhment of her ſtory, as a Fit accounted much more naturally for a ſix hour's inſenſibility, than a blow which only ſtunned her could do.

That on her recovery ſhe found herſelf in a high road, but that ſhe was ſo intimidated ſhe durſt not call out. 'Twas proper to give a reaſon, for not doing what any body in her circumſtances naturally would have done. I own I always admire and ſuſpect an Affidavit, which aſſigns a reaſon for every thing, which is ſworn in it.

She then ſwears ſhe was ſhoved into a back room without any *furniture* at all in it. I will not dwell on this trivial miſtake in her account, and yet ſurely in the imagination of a girl who had had her education at an Alehouſe, Stools, Tables and Pictures would be deemed *Furniture*.

But 'tis material to obſerve, ſhe now ſays, that *on Friday* and *not Wedneſday*, ſhe had conſumed all her bread and water. This alteration of her evidence from Wedneſday to Friday muſt have its deſign; weak and ill as ſhe

was,

was, could ſhe have been able to walk from Enfield to London in leſs than ſix hours, which is eleven miles, if ſhe had received no ſuſtenance for five days before? Whereas Shortning the time of her being without any Refreſhment, took off a good deal from the Improbability of this part of her ſtory.

In her Evidence on the trial of Mary Squires, ſhe adds ſtill ſome new circumſtances, ſhe ſays on her recovery from her fit, ſhe found herſelf in a great road, where *there was water*. This addition was not without ſome view, and I think there is no difficulty in finding out what it was. It ſupplied the world with a reaſon, why ſhe and her friends at firſt directed their enquiries towards Enfield Waſh.

A barrel, ſaddle, baſon and tobacco mould, are now recollected to have been in the room; ſtrange we ſhould never hear any thing of them before.

She now ſwears, *ſhe had not drank all the water till about a quarter of an hour before ſhe eſcaped.* This amendment of her evidence was with the ſame intention as the former alteration from *Wedneſday to Friday.* That is, to leſſen the improbability of her being able to walk from Enfield to town, without once ſtopping to take the leaſt refreſhment.

Theſe are ſome of the moſt glaring contradictions in her *own* evidence, which muſt ſtrike every body who reflects, that theſe were particulars in which ſhe could not err either through *forgetfulneſs or miſtake*; I will not ſay more.

But to this we may add the Improbability of her whole ſtory, which is as it were *felo de ſe*, at leaſt 'tis ſuch a tale as requires the ſtrongeſt proof in the world to compel us to believe one Tittle of it.

The two Ruffians to continue with her half an hour in ſo public a place as Moorfields, and tho' it was ſo early in the evening (an holiday evening too) yet when ſhe ſcream'd out for nobody to hear her! But why firſt rob her, and afterwards kidnap her? Was it their deſign to rob her only; or, to rob her and afterwards carry her where, (in the gipſy language) they hoped they ſhould oblige her *to go their way.*

If a robbery only was deſigned, would they have carried with them the ſtrongeſt evidence of their guilt? If their purpoſe was only to add this poor girl to the herd of wicked wretches at mother Wells's, what reaſon was there to begin their ſeducement with a robbery? At theſe kind of houſes a young woman may be eaſily ſtripp'd of her money, and yet no robbery committed; Mother Wells might ſoon have made herſelf Canning's Caſh-keeper, without the aid of a blow to ſtun her, or the Terrors of a caſe knife.

If her Murder was intended, why not have done it on the road, why not on her firſt arrival at Enfield Waſh, why was ſhe ſupplied with any bread and water at all?

Her fit likewiſe is of the marvellous kind; it continued on her near ſix hours, went away in an inſtant; and tho' ſhe was uſed to have fits on any fright, yet ſhe never had another during her long and terrifying confinement. How amazing this! what a girl uſed to fits on frights not have a fit for a month together, when ſhe might naturally expect during all that time, every next minute would be her laſt?

But let us now follow this wonderful girl to Enfield, not forgetting one very extraordinary circumſtance in her evidence before the Alderman, that tho' *ſhe was ſtunned in Moorfields*; *yet ſhe remembers afterwards her being carried through Biſhop's-Gate ſtreet.*

Is it credible on her coming thither that the Gipſy, an artful Procureſs, hackney'd in the ways of women, ſhould only ſlightly aſk her *to go their way*, and becauſe ſhe faintly ſaid *No*, ſhould give over all further attempts? Was this acting like the Preſident or Lady Abbeſs of ſuch a houſe as mother Wells's? Was this any proper trial of the priſoner's virtue? I hope, for the honour of the female ſex, that there hardly ever was a young woman not above eighteen years of age, who did not ſay *No*, once at leaſt, eſpecially if ſolicited by an ugly old decrepit Hag. And yet this faint, this half conſenting, no-Refuſal, is the only reaſon given for her long and barbarous Confinement. Her confinement; to what purpoſe was it; what ſtarve a young woman out of her virtue? Rich food and ſtrong liquors may do much, but bread and water, cold and hunger, are not apt to inflame the paſſions.

This bread and water; a broken pitcher of water and juſt *twenty-four pieces of bread, about equal to a quartern loaf*; before alderman Chitty theſe *twenty-four pieces were not above four or five.* But be they more or leſs, when was the Pitcher of water and theſe conveyed into the room? Was there any expectation of ſuch a Gueſt? No. Were they carried in after Canning came thither, and before ſhe was ſhoved into the workſhop? There was not time enough to make ſuch a particular proviſion. As to the ſuppoſition that they might be conveyed into the room after Canning was there, ſhe herſelf expreſly ſwears that nobody came into the room from the time of her being ſhut up till ſhe made her eſcape. Virtue Hall indeed in her Information ſays, that the pitcher of water was convey'd in there afterwards, but I ſhall lay her evidence out of the caſe, eſpecially as ſhe is in this circumſtance abſolutely contradicted by the Priſoner.

But having mentioned Virtue Hall's name, I cannot help taking notice of an argument I have heard in favour of the priſoner's Innocence, which is this, *That Canning and Virtue Hall were never together before Virtue Hall's examination, and yet they agree in almoſt every circumſtance of the ſtory, and therefore Canning's evidence muſt be true.* But the anſwer to this is a very eaſy and obvious one. It does not at all appear, but that Canning and Virtue Hall were together before Virtue Hall's Examination; at leaſt, 'tis certain they might have found out ſome means of communicating their ſentiments to each other, which would anſwer the ſame end. 'Tis very remarkable that Virtue Hall's confeſſion was not taken at firſt (for what reaſon I know not) *vivâ voce* before juſtice Fielding. She was ſent out of the room to retire with her Solicitor, who was alſo Canning's ſolicitor; her information was reduced into writing, and was two hours in preparing. After this what mighty wonder is there, that when ſhe came into the Juſtice's preſence again, ſhe ſhould repeat her leſſon without the leaſt Heſitation?

But to purſue the train of improbabilities; Was it not ſtrange that Canning ſhould ſubſiſt ſo long on ſo ſmall a quantity of bread and water; four weeks wanting only a few hours? Stranger that ſhe ſhould huſband her ſtore ſo well as to have ſome of her bread left, according to her firſt account, till the Wedneſday; according to her laſt, till the Friday before ſhe made her eſcape, and that ſhe ſhould ſave ſome of her miraculous pitcher till the laſt day. Was the twenty-fourth part of a ſix-penny loaf a day

day ſufficient to ſatisfy her hunger? If not, why ſhould ſhe defer the immediate Gratification of her appetite in order to make proviſion for a precarious uncertain Futurity? Shall we ſuppoſe ſome Revelation from above in favour of one of the *Faithful?* Perhaps an Angel from Heaven appeared to this *Mirror of Modern Virtue*, and informed her, if ſhe eat above one piece of bread a day, her ſmall Pittance would not laſt her till the time ſhe was to make her eſcape. Her mother, we know, is a very Enthuſiaſtical woman; a Conſulter of Conjurers; a Dreamer of Dreams; perhaps the Daughter dream'd alſo what was to happen, and ſo in obedience to her Viſion would not eat when ſhe was hungry, nor drink when ſhe was thirſty. However that was; I would riſk the event of the proſecution on this ſingle circumſtance, that without the interpoſition of ſome præternatural cauſe, this conduct of the priſoner's muſt appear to exceed all bounds of human probability.

That ſhe ſhould have no Evacuations except by Urine, is another ſtrange circumſtance which decorates this romantic girl's ſtory.

But another thing; how came ſhe to make her Eſcape ſo eaſily at laſt, and yet never before once attempt it? Were theſe Dragons always on the watch? Surely if they ſat up all night, they muſt ſleep in the day time, and the priſoner tells you the houſe was then very quiet. Even the evening ſhe made her eſcape it muſt aſtoniſh us to find that a girl who had been kept ſo long without her proper nouriſhment, ſhould ſtop no where on the road to take the leaſt refreſhment, though ſhe paſſed by ſeveral houſes and met ſeveral perſons.

But theſe Wonders, if poſſible, will grow more and more wonderful when we come next to examine the place of her ſuppoſed Impriſonment. This room, what was it but a weak Erection of lath and plaiſter? Cracks and Crannies innumerable in the ſides of it, and the whole building ſo ſlight, that a boy of ten years old might in an hour's time have demoliſhed any part of it. The Window towards the Eaſt neither boarded nor faſtened; but three feet from the floor, and but nine from the ground. The Caſement ſo large that a very fat man might have got out of it; ſo little a way from the ground, that a child might have ſlipped down without hurting himſelf. And yet in this Cage with the door open, was this extraordinary girl confined for a month, without once trying to get out. The ſtory indeed is all of a piece, 'tis all Witchcraft and Enchantment.

But if ſhe was afraid of breaking out, why ſhould ſhe not call out of the window for aſſiſtance? It was near at hand; the Hertfordſhire road was not above ſixty yards from the North window, and ſhe frequently ſaw the Coachman paſs by, who uſed to drive her former Miſtreſs. Beſides this there is a little Lane directly under that window, which was uſed every morning and night by the farmers and their ſervants, who went that way with their cattle to the Marſhes. There is likewiſe a pond not above ſeven or eight yards from the window; where the Townſmen watered their horſes, and in froſty weather it was a ſliding place for all the Boys and Girls in the village. Had ſhe made the leaſt Alarm, there were many ready to have come to her aſſiſtance; but we hear of no endeavours of this kind; may be the Gipſy had put a Spell upon her.

But perhaps I am talking of impoſſibilities to perſons, whoſe Credulity is great enough to believe whatever is artfully told them, how monſtrous and abſurd ſoever it may be in reality. I know the preſent age to be, in ſome reſpects, a very credulous one. Mr. Davy's ſtory of a flying man might now, for ought I know, be credited; 'tis not long ſince the Bottle Hero drew after him a numerous Attendance; this Heroine likewiſe has had her Admirers and Protectors; but for my own part I would as ſoon believe either of thoſe ſtories, as hers, which is equally incredible.

But ſhould theſe Improbabilities, I might almoſt ſay Impoſſibilities, find credit with you, yet ſurely, gentlemen, you cannot be totally inattentive to the teſtimony of ſeveral perſons of credit and character, who contradict the priſoner in almoſt every circumſtance of her Narrative.

As to her Deſcription of the room, what ſay Mr. Naſh, Hague, Aldridge, and Mr. White the ſheriff's officer. They will give you ſuch an account of it as muſt amaze you. The three firſt were her friends, who went down to Enfield Waſh on the 1ſt of February with her maſter Mr. Lyon, to aſſiſt in this notable Diſcovery; they will give you the reaſons why they have not continued to be her Friends. That the room Canning fixed upon as the place of her confinement *was a long light room, not a little dark ſquare one*; that the dimenſions of it were above thirty long and only about nine feet broad; That there was a large quantity of hay there, and an old ruſty Hay-bed; That there was no Grate in the room, and the Chimney ſo overſpread with Cobwebs, that it was impoſſible there ſhould have been a grate there for ſome months before; No Pictures over the chimney, nor any marks that there ever had been any, but in their place an old Caſement joined to the wall by Cobwebs; That there were in different parts of the room three old ſaddles, a Neſt of old faſhioned drawers, and a tub of pollard; That on removing the cheſt of drawers from the ſide of the wall they found it ſo affixed to it by filth and naſtineſs, that they are certain it could not be lately brought there; That they obſerved under the pulley of an old jack line, a large hole in the wall, which had communication with the kitchen, and commanded a view of every thing that was done there. This Hole likewiſe had eſcaped Canning's notice, though it will be proved to have been in the ſame condition for many years laſt paſt; That on the moſt careful examination they could not find that there either was or ever had been any Shed or penthouſe under the north window, or any thing which could poſſibly be miſtaken for it; That the room had a light caſement in it large enough for a perſon to get out, and that Canning being aſked, why ſhe did not make her eſcape this way, ſaid ſhe *believed it was faſtened, but that ſhe had never tried.*

Theſe were the circumſtances that ſtaggered their belief, nor could they account for the priſoner's remembering none of theſe things, though during her long continuance there, ſhe had leiſure enough to have marked every Cranny in the room, and to have counted every Nail in the floor.

Theſe witneſſes and others will inform you that on her coming down to Enfield, ſhe was firſt carried into the kitchen and ſet on the dreſſer, and though the door was open which led to the hay-loft, yet ſhe never once intimated that this was the place where her

ſtays were cut off, but ſuffered herſelf afterwards to be carried over the reſt of the houſe in ſearch of the place of her impriſonment. Theſe witneſſes, and particulary White, will ſpeak to the buſy officiouſneſs of Scarrat and Adamſon in pulling down the boards of the North window, and in conveying the pitcher into this room before Canning came there, and that one of them was then diſpatched to meet her on the road, with what view one may eaſily gueſs.

But in order to give you more convincing proofs that Canning never was at mother Wells's in the month of January, Fortune Natus and Judith his wife will aſſure you that they lay in this very room at the time the priſoner pretends ſhe was there. This fact they both aſſerted on the firſt of February, and this they would have given in evidence on Squires's trial, if the furious temper of the times would have permitted them, without the hazard of their lives, to have come into court and given their teſtimony. I will not ſay what are the uſual Attendants of Fraud and Impoſture, but thus much is certain; Truth wants not a Party mob to ſupport it.

Another very remarkable piece of evidence to this purpoſe, is the Atteſtation of three honeſt day-labouring men, who on the 8th of January were lopping a tree juſt over-againſt the Eaſt window of this room, and ſaw Virtue Hall and Sarah Hewlet looking out of the Caſement; they had a deal of chat with theſe girls, and in ſport threw dirt at them; Sarah Hewlet will confirm this, who is one of mother Wells's daughters. The time will be fixed by John Cantrel a Publican, who uſed at that ſeaſon of the year to give his neighbours and cuſtomers a cold entertainment.

One Ezra Whiffin will tell you he went into this work-ſhop with mother Wells herſelf on the 17th of January, to fetch out the Irons of a ſign arm he had bought of her, and that he then obſerved Fortune Natus's hay-bed at the feet of which lay this ſign arm. His evidence will be ſupported likewiſe by his ſons', and the time will be aſcertained by a note of hand which was juſt then become payable, and for the diſcharge of which he was going to Wormleigh to borrow ſome money. E. Whiffin will acquaint you how he came not to be examined at Mary Squires's trial; I am ſorry he has ſo good a reaſon for his abſence. If the Avenues which lead to the ſeat of juſtice are to be ſurrounded and guarded by an inflam'd mob, what ſecurity is there for our lives and properties; where is all our boaſted liberty?

Robert White a poor labouring man will prove that in the month of January he was at mother Wells's almoſt every night in the week, and that he frequently ſaw the people of the family go in and out of this room, though 'tis true he was never in it himſelf.

John Howlet, and indeed all the people who were at the houſe will affirm that mother Wells kept hay in this room for her horſe, and pollard for her poultry, and that ſome one or other of them went in there every day. If all this laſt ſet of witneſſes are not forſworn, if but one of them ſpeaks the truth, what muſt we think of Canning's aſſertion, *That there was no body in the room during the whole time ſhe was kept there.*

As to the taking of the bed-gown out of the grate, two gentlemen of figure and reputation will acquaint you, that the priſoner on her examination at the Manſion Houſe, inſiſted upon taking away the bed-gown with her, and ſaid, *it was her mother's.* If her mother's, how could it be found at Mrs. Wells's, or taken out of the grate, when there was no grate in the chimney?

Old Mrs. Canning's midwife will inform you that the daughter's ſhift, which ſhe pretended ſhe had worn a month in that naſty place, was not dirty enough to have been worn by a cleanly perſon a week, that it was not draggled in the leaſt, nor had any ſpots of dirt on it. Some other particulars you will hear from her own mouth, which perhaps may lead you to gueſs what was the priſoner's Employment during this long receſs from the world and her friends.

But if to all theſe circumſtances, we add the inconteſtable proof we have to produce of Mary Squires, and her ſon George and daughter Lucy being at Abbotſbury on the 1ſt of January, what opinion ought we to have of the priſoner's veracity? Let it be remembered likewiſe that this is no new invented ſtory; for at Enfield Waſh, as ſoon as the gipſy was charg'd by Canning with having cut off her ſtays on the 1ſt of January, ſhe immediately anſwered, *That can't be, for I was at that time above a hundred miles off at Abbotſbury.* This fact of the gipſy's being then at Abbotſbury will be atteſted by above thirty witneſſes. The Unexceptionableneſs of their characters, the amazing Conſiſtency of their evidence, their Remoteneſs of habitation and Ignorance of each other, as well as their having no Inducement to ſwear falſely, will, I am certain, not eſcape your particular obſervation.

Theſe witneſſes ſpeak not only as to the perſon of Mary Squires, but alſo to the perſons of the ſon and daughter, who travelled with her; they converſed with them, and ſeveral of them have known the old woman for many years laſt paſt, which removes all poſſibility of imagining they are miſtaken.

Theſe witneſſes take up the gypſies at South Parrot on the 29th of December, about eight or ten miles beyond Abbotſbury, and from thence from place to place, ſtep by ſtep, bring them to Enfield Waſh, but not till the 24th of January.

At Abbotſbury they ſtayed from the 1ſt of January till the 9th, appeared publickly, and were preſent at ſeveral dancing matches; Lucy had a ſweetheart there, who accompanied her part of her journey, and was an evidence for the old woman on her trial. The time will be fixed to a degree of demonſtration, by the Exciſe books, to which Gibbons, who keeps the ſhip alehouſe there, referred himſelf on his former examination. The young man who officiated for the exciſeman lay in the ſame room with George Squires, and is now attending to be examined. A number of little circumſtances will confirm their teſtimony, and leave the truth of it inconteſtable. A piece of Nankeen left at one place, a dead Horſe ſeen at another, a letter wrote by Lucy's direction at Baſingſtoke, and which will be produced with the poſt mark on it, are ſome of thoſe unerring tokens, by which truth is always to be diſtinguiſhed from falſhood.

If the gipſy was at Abbotſbury on the 1ſt of January, God I hope will forgive the priſoner, for ſhe has ſworn that both the mother and daughter were then at Enfield Waſh.

After

After all theſe contradictions, abſurdities and glaring falſhoods, need I remark that the priſoner (conſcious of her guilt) did not ſurrender herſelf till ſhe was in danger of an Out-lawry. The *fugam fecit* is by our law conſidered always as a ſtrong proof of guilt, and is allowed as evidence in all criminal proſecutions. And now a queſtion may be aſked, What could be the priſoner's inducement to all this? Mr. Davy has ſuggeſted *Gain*; and doubtleſs ſhe and her aſſociates have had a plentiful harveſt. Perhaps this was only a Secondary motive; the Primary one might be the Concealment of ſome things from the world, which would have placed her conduct in no very advantageous light. But another queſtion may be aſked; Where was ſhe all this time? Certainly it will appear ſhe was not at mother Wells's, which is all that is neceſſary for us to ſhew in order for the conviction of the priſoner.

It was agreed upon by the council on both ſides that the witneſſes ſhould be examined apart, and when examined not to return to the others. And gave each other a liſt of their witneſſes names.

William Chetham. (*He produced the copy of the record of the conviction of Mary Squires*) This I examined at the Office at Hicks's Hall, it is a true copy.

Croſs-Examined.

Mr. *Williams.* How did you examine it?

Chetham. I examined it with the Clerk of the peace. I read this and the other was read to me.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you read the record?

Chetham. I looked upon it when the copy was read over and ſaw that it was right.

The copy read in court. The purport of which was, that Mary Squires had a bill of indictment found againſt her at Hicks's-hall before the grand jury for the County of Middleſex for putting Eliz. Canning, ſpinſter, in bodily fear in the houſe of Suſannah Wells, widow, at Enfield-waſh, and ſtealing a pair of ſtays, val. 10s. *on the* 2d *of January,* 1752. *And that ſhe was tried for the ſame at the Old-Bailey in the February ſeſſions* 1753, *and found guilty of the indictment.*

When he was aſked if he ſaw Elizabeth Canning ſworn upon that trial Mr. Davy anſwered, that was admitted.

Thomas Gurney, *ſworn.*

Mr. *Davy.* You are the ſhort-hand-writer, I believe, that took the evidence here at the Old-Bailey, upon the trial of Mary Squires for the robbery of Elizabeth Canning?

Gurney. Yes.

Mr. *Davy.* I ſuppoſe you have got the minutes you took at that time?

Gurney. I have.

Mr. *Davy.* Pleaſe to mention the evidence ſhe gave?

Gurney. The contents are in the Seſſions-paper.

Mr. *Davy.* You are to give an account of all the evidence ſhe gave at that time; you may refreſh your memory by looking on your minutes.

Gurney. She ſaid ſhe had been at Salt-petre-bank to ſee her uncle and aunt there; her uncle's name was Thomas Colley. She went from home about eleven o'clock and ſtaid there till about nine at night, on the 1ſt of January; then came homewards, her uncle and aunt came with her as far as Aldgate; there they parted with her; and ſhe had no-body in company with her: ſhe came down Houndſditch, over Moorfields by Bedlam-Wall; two men came to her by Bedlam-gate, better than a quarter after nine o'clock, they took hold on her and ſaid nothing. Then ſhe was aſked, what ſort of men they were? ſhe ſaid they were luſty men; ſhe was aſked, if ſhe loſt any thing? ſhe ſaid, half a guinea in a little box and 3 s. ſhe ſaid, the man that ſtood on the right hand took it, and took her gown, apron, and hat, folded them up, and put them into a great coat pocket; ſhe ſcreamed out, then one of them put a handkerchief, or ſome ſuch thing, in her mouth; it was the man who took her gown that did that, and that ſhe ſaw no other perſons by at that time; they then tied her hands behind her; after that one gave her a blow on the temple, and ſaid, d——n you, you b——h, we will do for you by and by, Then ſhe was aſked about her having fits; ſhe ſaid, ſhe had been troubled with fits four years, that they were convulſive fits: ſhe gave an account that the blow ſtunned her and flung her into a fit; ſhe was aſked, whether thoſe fits were attended with ſtruggling? ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not tell. The next account ſhe gave was, ſhe found herſelf by a large road where there was ſome water, and the two men that robbed her were with her: ſhe ſaid they lugged her along, and ſaid, you b—h, why don't you walk faſter? that one held her by one arm, and the other by the other; while they pulled her along, and took her to the houſe of Suſannah Wells, which was about four o'clock in the morning: When ſhe was aſked, if ſhe could form any judgment of the manner in which ſhe was carried to the place? ſhe ſaid, they dragged her along by the petticoats, ſhe thought, they being ſo dirty: that when ſhe came there it was not daylight, that it was daylight about three hours after, that ſhe believed it was then about four o'clock, and that ſhe then ſaw the gypſy woman; ſhe was then aſked the woman's name; and ſhe ſaid, Mary Squires.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Mary Squires then at the bar?

Gurney. She was. She then went on and ſaid, there were two young women there, but ſhe did not ſee the priſoner Wells then; that the young women were ſtanding up, and the gypſy woman was ſitting in a chair: that when ſhe was brought in ſhe took her by the hand and ſaid, if ſhe choſe to go their way ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths; that ſhe ſaid no: She was then aſked, if ſhe explained their words, go their way; ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not: that then the gypſy took a knife out of the dreſſer drawer and cut the lacing of her ſtays, and took them from her: ſhe was then aſked, if ſhe was under apprehenſions of danger at that time; ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought they were going to cut her throat: ſhe was aſked, if ſhe ſaw Wells there; ſhe ſaid no; and that Mary Squires looked at her petticoat, and ſaid, here you b—h take that, or I will give you that, and gave her a ſlap on the face; ſhe was aſked, if ſhe had the petticoat in her hand; ſhe ſaid, no, it was on me: afterwards, ſhe ſaid,

ſhe

ſhe puſhed her up ſtairs: ſhe was aſked to deſcribe the kitchen, ſhe ſaid, it was on the right hand going in, and the ſtairs by the fire ſide: ſhe was aſked, what they called the place where ſhe was? ſhe ſaid, the hay-loft, and that it was not then day-light: ſhe gave an account that the room door was ſhut, but ſhe did not know whether it was faſt or no; that the door was at the bottom the ſteps of in the kitchen; ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe (the gypſy woman) heard her ſtir or moleſt, or words to that purpoſe, ſhe ſaid ſhe would cut her throat: ſhe was aſked, if ſhe ſaw any thing brought up to eat or drink; ſhe ſaid no; that when daylight appeared ſhe could ſee about the room: ſhe was aſked, what ſort of a room it was; ſhe ſaid, a long room, with a fire-place and a grate, that there was no bed nor bedſtead, only hay to lie upon; that ſhe ſaw a black pitcher, which was produced in court; then ſhe ſaid, this is the pitcher; it was full up to near the neck with water, and about twenty-four pieces of bread: ſhe was then aſked how great a quantity of bread there was; ſhe ſaid about a quartern loaf; and a penny mince pye in her pocket, that ſhe bought to carry home to her brother; then ſhe gave an account that ſhe was confined there a month by the weeks, all but a few hours; and that ſhe ſaw nobody in the room all that time, only ſhe once ſaw a perſon look through the crack of the door, but did not know who it was: then ſhe was aſked, if ſhe had made any attempt to get out before; ſhe ſaid, no: then ſhe was aſked, what time ſhe got out; ſhe ſaid, about four o'clock in the afternoon on a Monday; then ſhe was aſked again, how long ſhe had been confined there; ſhe ſaid, four weeks all but a few hours; ſhe ſaid, ſhe broke down a board from the window and got out: ſhe was then aſked, how high that window was from the ground; ſhe then pointed to a place in the court, which was about eight or ten feet high: ſhe gave an account that ſhe firſt put her head out, and got faſt hold on the wall, then got her body out, and then jumped into a little narrow place by a lane; ſhe was aſked, if ſhe did not hurt herſelf; ſhe ſaid, there was ſome ſoft clay; then ſhe gave an account that it was daylight; ſhe was aſked, what ſhe had for cloathing; ſhe ſaid, ſhe took a bed-gown and handkerchief which lay in the grate in the chimney: then ſhe was aſked, if ſhe ſaw any body when ſhe got out; ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not; then ſhe went up the back of the houſe, croſſed a little brook over two fields as ſhe thought, and there got into the road way, then ſhe went ſtraight up the road to London: ſhe gives an account that ſhe did not know the way, therefore aſked her way to London: then ſhe was aſked, if ſhe called by the way; ſhe ſaid ſhe did not call at any houſe; but coming over Moorfields the clock ſtruck ten: ſhe was aſked if ſhe acquainted any body with it; ſhe ſaid no, ſhe got to her mother's in Aldermanbury a quarter after ten o'clock, the firſt perſon ſhe met with was the apprentice, then ſhe ſaw her mother and the children; her mother, ſhe ſays, went into fits directly.

Mr. *Davy*. As far as you have mentioned, are you able to ſay upon your oath, that that was the evidence that the girl upon her oath then gave in court?

Gurney. The ſubſtance of it is the evidence ſhe gave in court.

Croſs-Examined.

Mr. *Moreton*. What day did ſhe ſay ſhe was robbed?

Gurney. I have it in my minutes that it was the 1ſt of Jan. which was the day ſhe went to ſee her uncle.

Mr. *Davy*. Now deſcribe what ſhe obſerved in the hay-loft?

Gurney. There was a barrel, a ſaddle, a baſon, and a tobacco mold in the room where ſhe was; ſhe was aſked what ſhe meant by a tobacco mold; ſhe ſaid, what people do up papers of tobacco in.

Mr. *Davy*. Now pleaſe to go on where you left off.

Gurney. She was then aſked, if ſhe had given the account to any body at that time; ſhe ſaid, yes, to Mrs. Woodward who came to ſee her, ſhe told her ſhe had lived upon bread and water.

Mr. *Davy*. Did ſhe ſay Mrs. Woodward was ſo frightened ſhe could not aſk her any queſtions?

Gurney. She ſaid, ſhe did not aſk her any more queſtions then; then ſhe ſays Mr. Wintlebury came in, with whom ſhe had lived ſervant, he took her by the hand and aſked where ſhe had been; ſhe ſaid, on the Hertfordſhire road; he ſaid *Bet*, how do you know that? ſhe ſaid, becauſe I have ſeen my miſtreſs's coachman go by, knowing them to go to Hertfordſhire; ſhe ſaid, ſhe knew it for ſhe uſed to carry things to the coach and fetch them back again; then ſhe was aſked, if ſhe was aſked any queſtions that night about the room or jug; ſhe ſaid, ſhe had told them there was a jug not quite full, that they aſked her, how much; ſhe ſaid, better than a gallon; ſhe was aſked how ſhe got out of the window; then gave an account how ſhe tore her ear in getting out.

Upon her croſs-examination ſhe gave an account that the two men were with her about half an hour in Moorfields, and that nobody elſe was by, and there was a box taken out of her pocket; then ſhe gave an account that ſhe had a handkerchief which ſhe did not loſe: ſhe was aſked, if there was any light near the place where ſhe was firſt attacked; ſhe ſaid, there was a lamp; ſhe was aſked how long it was before ſhe came to herſelf; ſhe could not be ſure, but ſhe came to herſelf half an hour before ſhe came to the houſe of Wells, ſhe was then aſked, if ſhe had any degree of ſenſe; ſhe ſaid as before, ſhe had none, only about half an hour before ſhe got to Mrs. Wells's houſe; then ſhe was aſked the queſtion again, to which ſhe anſwered as before; then ſhe was aſked if ſhe had ſenſe enough of any ſort to know by what means ſhe was conducted there; ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought they dragged her along by the petticoats for they were dirty; then ſhe gave an account that ſhe was in a great ſurpriſe and all of a tremble, and the terror made her ſenſible: then gave an account that the two men ſtaid there no longer than till they ſaw her ſtays cut off, then they went away before ſhe was put in the hay-loft; ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not attempt to get out of the hayloft till Monday; ſhe was aſked why ſhe did not; ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought they might let her out, and that it never came into her head till that morning: then ſhe was aſked, where ſhe was ſitting when ſhe ſaw ſomebody

peeping

peeping through the door; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was walking along the room; ſhe ſaid, there were four or five ſteps up, and that ſhe did not in all the time perceive where ſhe was till about a week after ſhe was there, and that was by looking out of the window and ſeeing the coach: ſhe was aſked, if ſhe was not extremely weak; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was; her words were, *I was pretty weak:* then ſhe was aſked, whether ſhe was that way before; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not: ſhe gives an account of paſſing by many houſes and aſking the way of people on the road: then ſhe was aſked, why ſhe did not go into any houſe; ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought ſhe might meet ſomebody belonging to that houſe that might know her and take her back again: then ſhe was aſked over again, the firſt time of her making the diſcovery; ſhe ſaid, it was in her mother's houſe; then ſhe gave an account where her mother's houſe is, the corner of Aldermanbury. Then ſhe gives an account to queſtions aſked before, whether ſhe ſaw Mrs. Wells at the time ſhe was there; ſhe then ſaid ſhe ſaw her afterwards when ſhe went down to the houſe: ſhe was asked again about it, whether ſhe is certain to the priſoner Squires; and ſhe ſays, ſhe is ſure ſhe is the perſon who cut her ſtays off, and ſhe was ſitting in a gown and a white handkerchief about her head; ſhe was aſked, during her whole confinement whether ſhe tried to ſee if the door was faſt; ſhe ſaid ſhe had puſhed againſt it and found it faſt; ſhe was asked whether ſhe heard any noiſe in the kitchen; ſhe ſaid, ſhe heard blowing the fire, and paſſing in and out; and there was another room ſhe heard a noiſe in of nights, but that it was very quiet of days, being a houſe of entertainment in the night: ſhe ſaid that ſhe eat all her bread on the Friday before ſhe got out. Then ſhe was aſked how ſhe eat it; ſhe ſaid it was quite hard, that ſhe was forced to ſoak it in the water, and that ſhe drank all her water about half an hour before ſhe got out; then ſhe was aſked where ſhe did her occaſions, ſhe ſaid ſhe had never a ſtool during the time ſhe was there, only made water.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the apprentice ſhe ſays ſhe ſaw, firſt examined as a witneſs on that trial?

Gurney. No.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was Mr. Naſh, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, examined as witneſſes?

Gurney. They were not.

Eſther Hopkins ſworn.

I live in Dorſetſhire, at South Parrot.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is that from Abbotſbury.

Eſther Hopkins. I don't know, it is the loweſt parts of Dorſetſhire; it is about a mile from Vineyard's Gap. I keep a houſe of entertainment for travellers of all ſorts.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that old woman ſitting there, do you know her?

E. Hopkins. I really believe, in my conſcience, this is the old woman that was at my houſe, on the 29th of December 1752, with her ſon. I remember the ſon particularly well, they lodged there one night, and went away the next morning.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember what day of the week it was?

E. Hopkins. I cannot ſay that I can.

Mr. *Willes.* How do you remember the day of the month?

E. Hopkins. Becauſe there were ſeveral gentlemen there in company at that time, and two of them left the reckoning to pay, and I put down the day of the month, and I keep my book by the almanack.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember any thing of her daughter being there?

E. Hopkins. I don't remember whether it was the daughter or not, I remember the old woman; I think I never ſaw a woman more particular in my life; ſhe told me the young woman was her daughter, and the other was her ſon.

Mr. *Willes.* Did they tell you where they were going next morning?

E. Hopkins. No they did not.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at the young man and young woman behind her, do you know them or either of them?

E. Hopkins. That is the man to the beſt of my knowledge. [*pointing to George Squires.*

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* I think you did not ſeem to ſpeak poſitively to the old woman.

E. Hopkins. I never ſaw a woman more like her all the days of my life, and I really believe ſhe is the woman.

Mr. *Moreton.* Have you not many paſſengers lie at your houſe?

E. Hopkins. Some or other lie at my houſe every night.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was her buſineſs, did ſhe ſell any thing?

E. Hopkins. I aſked them what they ſold, they told me hard ware.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did they ſell any thing in your houſe?

E. Hopkins. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee any thing they had to ſell?

E. Hopkins. The man carried a bundle or bag, not very large, under his arm.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had they a horſe.

E. Hopkins. I ſuppoſe they had not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you ever ſeen the old woman before?

E. Hopkins. No, I had not.

Alice Farnham ſworn.

I live at Vineyard's Gap, it is a mile ſouth from South Parrot, in the lower part of Dorſetſhire, about ten from Abbotſbury, it lies between them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How far is it from Litton?

A. Farnham. I don't juſtly know, I believe it is about ten or eleven miles.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at that old woman, do you know her?

A. Farnham. I remember I ſaw her once, on a Saturday morning between eight and nine o'clock, a little after new Chriſtmas 1752, ſhe came in at my houſe for refreſhment: I keep a publick houſe, I took particular notice of her, and compared her to a picture that I had in the room of old mother Shipton; there was a young man and woman with her.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at that man.

A. Farnham. I ſee him, I know him perfectly well, it is her ſon.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at the young woman near him.

A. Farnham. I think, to my knowledge, ſhe is the ſame perſon; they ſtaid with me almoſt an hour that morning, I never ſaw them before

or ſince; they had one quart of beer and ſome bread and cheeſe, and told me they would come to ſee me again in old Chriſtmas holidays; they aſked me how far it was to Litton, and went up the road all three of them together towards it; I am certain I know the old woman and her ſon.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How far is Litton from your houſe?

A. Farnham. It is ten or eleven miles.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ſeen them before they came to your houſe?

A. Farnham. I was coming out of South Parrot on the Friday night, and met them as they were going in, and the next morning they came to my houſe; I told my mother, as we were laughing and talking, that I had met three gypſies, and ſhe aſked me if I was not affrighted.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How do you know that this was before old Chriſtmas?

A. Farnham. My mother was a brewing, and I went and aſked her if ſhe would let me go to Crookhorne market, which is on a Saturday: ſhe told me ſhe could not ſpare me, and ſaid it would be rare enough to go on Monday to buy ſome things againſt old Chriſtmas; and this was juſt as thoſe people went out at the door.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw them?

A. Farnham. It was on the Friday night.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know where they lay that night?

A. Farnham. No, I cannot tell, when they came into my houſe they aſked me how far it was from South Parrot, and I ſaid one mile.

Mr. *Nares.* What ſign is yours you keep?

A. Farnham. I keep the ſign of the three horſeſhoes, it is a public houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* What made you think they were gypſies?

A. Farnham. Becauſe they were all three together, one had a little bag in his hand, not a large one nor a ſmall one, it was about as much as I could carry under my arm, it was a little fardle.

Mr. *Nares.* Which had that?

A. Farnham. To the beſt of my knowledge, the man had the bag.

Mr. *Nares.* How was this old woman dreſſed?

A. Farnham. She had a ſort of a drab-coloured cloak on, and a ſort of a ſerge gown.

Mr. *Nares.* Was it whole or ragged?

A. Farnham. It was not rags.

Mr. *Nares.* How was the daughter dreſſed?

A. Farnham. She had a white gown on and a red cloak; it was a ſort of a holland gown, very clean and neat.

Mr. *Nares.* Then ſhe did not look like a traveller or gipſy by her dreſs?

A. Farnham. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you enquire of them what buſineſs they were of?

A. Farnham. No, I did not enquire that, they aſked me for one mug of beer, and I drawed it them, they ſtaid almoſt an hour.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you with them all the time they ſtaid?

A. Farnham. Yes, I was.

Mr. *Nares.* Look at them, and tell us from the dreſs they are in now, and the dreſs they were in then, whether you are certain they are the ſame perſons?

A. Farnham. To the beſt of my knowledge, they are the ſame perſons.

Mr. *Moreton.* I think it is opened that the young man and young woman [*meaning George and Lucy Squires*] are to be examined, if ſo, they ought not to be in court to hear the other witneſſes examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Then I'll either call them next, or not at all, which you chuſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then call them next.

Mr. *Nairs.* Did they make the ſame appearance they do now, or a different one?

A. Farnham. They were very well dreſſed, as they are now; they were clean and fitty.

Mr. *Nairs:* Did the old woman appear to be as weak as ſhe is now?

A. Farnham. She was very unhealthy, ſeemingly coming up againſt the hill.

Mr. *Nairs.* Could ſhe walk without aſſiſtance?

A. Farnham. She did not hold by them, they walked before her.

Mr. *Nairs.* Can you take upon you to ſwear to the identity of her perſon?

A. Farnham. I do think ſhe is, I took a true obſervation of her, ſhe had a great noſe and lips.

Mr. *Nairs.* Did you take obſervation of her daughter?

A. Farnham. I did, ſhe ſeem'd to be a very clean ſort of a body, and of a black complection.

Mr. *Nairs.* What did you think them to be?

A. Farnham. I took them to be travellers, I did not know whether they ſold any thing for a livelyhood, they offered me nothing, and I aſked them for nothing, they paid for what they had.

Mr. *Davy.* Lucy muſt go out while George is examined. [*ſhe goes out of the court.*

George Squires ſworn.

Mr. *Davy.* What relation is that old woman to you?

G. Squires. My own mother, and the young woman that is turned out is my ſiſter Lucy?

Mr. *Davy.* Where was you on the Chriſtmas before your mother was taken up?

G. Squires. Really I cannot tell you.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in Devonſhire.

G. Squires. I am not acquainted there, I was in Somerſetſhire in Queen Camneal.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in South Parrot?

G. Squires. I was.

Mr. *Davy.* Can you remember the time?

G. Squires. I came there on a Friday night.

Mr. *Davy.* What day of the month was it?

G. Squires. It was on the 29th of December, my mother and ſiſter Lucy were there with me.

Mr. *Davy.* What makes you certain as to the time?

G. Squires. It was after new Chriſtmas that made me take an account of it.

Mr. *Davy.* At whoſe houſe was you?

G. Squires. I put up at the ſign of the Red Lion, to the beſt of my knowledge, her name is Hopkins, I have been there ſince, we ſtaid there but one night.

Mr. *Davy.* From whence did you come to that place?

G. Squires. We came from it by Yeouil.

Mr. *Davy.* What was the laſt village you came from when you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires.

G. Squires. I can't recollect it.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you lie the night before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. I cannot tell the place's name.

Mr. *Davy.* How long had your mother, ſiſter, and you been travelling together?

G. Squires. I came from home at Newington Butts in Southwark, and I went from thence as near as I can gueſs about ſeven or eight weeks before Michaelmas.

Mr. *Davy.* Can't you recollect the place you lay at before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. It was a pretty large village.

Mr. *Davy.* How many miles had you travelled that day?

G. Squires. We had travelled about ſeven or eight miles.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you go the next day, that is the Saturday?

G. Squires. I went to Litton.

Mr. *Davy.* Is not there a town between South Parrot and Litton?

G. Squires. There is Vineyard's Gap.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is South Parrot from Litton?

G. Squires. It is ten or twelve miles to the beſt of my knowledge; I lay at Litton on the Saturday, and left my ſiſter and mother there on the Sunday morning, and went to Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Davy.* What day of the month was the Sunday?

G. Squires. It was the 31ſt day of the month, my mother ſtaid there one night after me, Mr. Clark had then a good regard for my ſiſter Lucy, he was a ſweetheart of hers and ſhe of his; I went to him at Abbotſbury and lay at Gibbons's houſe one night, then in the morning, which was on a Monday the 1ſt of January, Clark and I went to Litton, there we dined upon two fowls which I bought: my mother was ſurpriſed at my ſtaying all night at Abbotſbury, and ſhe went in pretence to ſee what was the matter with me, thinking I was ſick; there ſhe heard I was gone with Clark to Litton, and ſhe came back again to Litton before we had dined.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is Litton from Abbotſbury?

G. Squires. It is three or four miles.

Mr. *Davy.* Who walked with your mother to Abbotſbury?

G. Squires. No body that I know of; after dinner my mother, ſiſter, Clark, and I walked to Abbotſbury, and we danced there that night in Mr. Gibbons's parlour, he keeps the ſign of the Ship.

Mr. *Davy.* What company had you there?

G. Squires. There were a great many of my acquaintance, I can't call them all to mind, there was Mr. Wallace a ſhopkeeper, and Mr. Bond a ſcholmaſter, he got fuddled that night; Mr. Wallace generally drinks cyder, he came in for a penny pot of cyder.

Mr. *Davy.* Who was your partner?

G. Squires. I danced with Gibbons's ſiſter, and Mr. Clark with my ſiſter Lucy; I can't mention all the company, it is impoſſible; we danced country dances, till about eleven or twelve at night; we danced ſeveral nights there after the firſt night

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever been at Abbotſbury before?

G. Squires. Yes, I had ſeveral times; and know ſeveral people in the town.

Mr. *Davy.* How long did you continue at Abbotſbury?

G. Squires. We came there on the 1ſt of January, and went away on the 9th.

Mr. *Davy.* Did your mother ſtay with you there all the time?

G. Squires. She did, and when we went away Mr. Clark went with us to a little village, they call Poterſham, about a mile or a mile and half from thence; this was on a Tueſday.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember one Andrew Wake an exciſeman, at Abbotſbury?

G. Squires. I do, he borrowed a great coat of me one day in order to ſurvey in it, being a very wet day.

Mr. *Davy.* What day was that?

G. Squires. I cannot take upon me to ſay that, it was one day while we were there.

Mr. *Davy.* What houſe did you go to at Poterſham?

G. Squires. To the beſt of my knowledge, it was the Checker, an alehouſe; it is on the left hand going down the village, we lay there, Mr. Clark lay with me, and we all went the next day to Redgway, which was Wedneſday the 10th, which is about five or ſix miles from Abbotſbury, we breakfaſted there the next morning, and to the beſt of my knowledge went from thence about eight or nine o'clock.

Mr. *Davy.* At what houſe did you lie at Redgway?

G. Squires. At the houſe of Mr. Bewley the ſign of the Ship, his ſon and he and a maid ſervant keep the houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did any thing happen remarkable at Redgway while you was there?

G. Squires. There was a dead horſe and a man ſkinning him as we came by, and I left a piece of nankeen, about three yards and a quarter, for my reckoning with my landlord. I was afraid that ſilver would fall ſhort, ſo I went to his bed-ſide and told him I was afraid money would fall ſhort before I came home, and deſired he would take that till I fetched it. My mother, ſiſter, and I went from Redgway to Dorcheſter on Thurſday the 11th, which is about three miles diſtance, we did not lie there, but went forward almoſt all night; for we had received a letter from my ſiſter Mary, who was at London, that ſhe was extremely ill and deſired us to come home as ſoon as poſſible; there was a very great water out at Dorcheſter, and the miller's man carried my ſiſter Lucy over it on horſeback, behind him; for which I told him I'd give him a pint of beer, and I took my mother and carried her on my back through the water; there is a mill juſt by the place, my ſiſter ſtaid till we came to her, then we all three walked on together.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you ſtop?

G. Squires. The next day we got to a place called Tawney Down, and we went into a little alehouſe on the road and had ſome bread and cheeſe, and a pint of beer: we lay at a place called Chattle that night, which was the Friday.

Mr. *Davy.* How many miles is Chattle from Dorcheſter?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, becauſe we went through Blandford.

Mr. *Davy.* What time did you get to Chattle on the Friday?

G. Squires. We got there in the evening, my

mother was very weary, and I aſked a ſhepherd on the downs for an alehouſe, and he ſaid there was never a one to Chattle; on the Saturday we went from thence to Martin, there I aſked at an alehouſe for lodging, and could get none; ſo a gentleman let us lie in his barn.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you know his name?

G. Squires. I do not recollect it.

Mr. *Davy*. Was it farmer Thanes?

G. Squires. It was, we lay there, my mother and ſiſter were with me, we never was a minute from each other all the time to London.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you go when you went from Martin?

G. Squires. We went from thence to Coome, on the Sunday night, to the houſe of widow Grevil; her ſon Thomas Grevil is dead of the ſmall pox.

Mr. *Davy*. When did you leave Coome?

G. Squires. We left that on the Monday, but can't recollect where we lay.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you lie on the 15th?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, I went to Baſingſtoke on the Tueſday, I think.

Mr. *Davy*. Recollect again.

G. Squires. I cannot recollect it.

Mr. *Davy*. How many places did you lie at, or how many days were you in going from Coome to Baſingſtoke?

G. Squires. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Davy*. What day of the week did you get to Baſingſtoke?

G. Squires. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you put up at Baſingſtoke?

G. Squires. At the Spread Eagle, a widow woman keeps it, ſhe wrote a letter for my ſiſter Lucy to Mr. Clark; Mr. Clark and we had parted a long time, and he deſired Lucy to ſend a letter to him.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did Clark and you part?

G. Squires. We parted at Redgeway.

Mr. *Davy*. What is the landlady's name who wrote this letter?

G. Squires. I don't know her name; the letter was ſent to the poſt office at Dorcheſter, directed to Mr. William Clark at Abbotſbury; we did not lie at the Spread Eagle, we could not have lodging there, but ſhe directed us about a mile or mile and half farther on our way to London.

Mr. *Davy*. What is the name of the place you lay at?

G. Squires. It is called Old Bayſing, it is a little out of the way.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you go the next day?

G. Squires. We went, I believe, to Bagſhot, and lay at the Greyhound there; and on the Saturday we went to Brentford, from thence to the houſe of Mrs. Edwards, I lay there one night, and on Sunday I went to London to look after ſiſter Mary; I ſtaid there one night, and the next day, which was on a Monday, I brought my ſiſter Mary to Lucy and my mother at Brentford; we all ſtayed there till Tueſday.

Mr. *Davy*. What ſign does Mrs. Edwards keep?

G. Squires. She keeps no ſign, but there is the ſign of the Drum juſt by it; there we were all four together, and to the beſt of my knowledge, we all left Brentford on the Tueſday, and went to the Seven Siſters by Tottenham, to the ſign of the Two Brewers.

Mr. *Davy*. Is not there another name to that place?

G. Squires. I don't know, there is a green, they call it by ſome name, but I don't know it.

Mr. *Davy*. What day of the week was this?

G. Squires. It was on a Tueſday.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you go the next day?

G. Squires. Then we went to Mrs. Wells's houſe, this was on a Wedneſday.

Mr. *Davy*. How came you to go there?

G. Squires. I was recommended to her houſe for lodging, they ſaid ſhe was a very civil woman: I never ſaw her in my life before this time if I was to be wrecked to death. There is an acquaintance of mine that owed me 7 l. 15 s. in London, and I went there to ſtay till I could receive it, to Mrs. Wells's houſe: we went to a woman's houſe who ſells peaſe-ſoop at Edmonton; we would have lodged there, but my mother wanted to waſh, and the woman ſaid that was not cuſtomary, ſo ſhe recommended us farther, to a place called Cheſſunt; upon that we went to Mrs. Wells's houſe, being recommended there by Mrs. Long's daughter; I left my mother and two ſiſters at Mrs. Wells's houſe, and went to London to receive my money about two or three days after we got there; I lay in London one night, and came back the next day, and we all remained there till we were taken up.

Mr. *Davy*. Deſcribe particularly the rooms you lay in at Mrs. Wells's houſe.

G. Squires. The room my mother and two ſiſters lay in, is as you go by the kitchen door up a pair of ſtairs and turn ſhort on the right hand; it is a large room, with one bed in it, in which they all three lay, it is the handſomeſt room they have in the houſe.

Mr. *Davy*. What room was under that?

G. Squires. There is a parlour under it, I lay in a little room facing the ſtair head.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did mother Wells lie?

G. Squires. She lay in a room on the left hand of mine, as you go up ſtairs.

Mr. *Davy*. Who lay in that room with her?

G. Squires. There was a daughter of hers and Virtue Hall.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you remember any body elſe that lay in the houſe?

G. Squires. There was Fortune Natus and his wife, lay in a place where there is a vaſt deal of hay.

Mr. *Davy*. What do you call that room?

G. Squires. It was a ſhuffle board room, as they ſay: you go up two or three ſteps to it out of the kitchen, they had a bed made of hay on the right hand going up.

Mr. *Davy*. At the time you was at Enfield Waſh, how did you ſupply yourſelves with proviſion?

G. Squires. I bought my own victuals myſelf, there is a little chandler's ſhop over the way, the man's name is Larney, he is a bricklayer, they ſell butter, tea and coffee, ſoap and candles, I went there ſeveral times for tea.

Mr. *Davy*. Where did you buy your butchers meat?

G. Squires. It was in herring time, we liv'd on fiſh, and did not buy meat there; there was an old man came to the door, Mrs. Wells bought fiſh of him, and ſo did I.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you ſee this young woman at the bar when you was there?

G. Squires. No, I did not, I never ſaw her before we were taken up in my life, if I was to be wrecked to death, I'll ſtand with a ſword put to

my

my heart if ever I ſaw her till ſhe came in the chaiſe; we came there on a Wedneſday, and at the end of a week and a day my mother was taken up.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morcton.* At ſetting out on your examination, you ſaid you could not tell where you was at Chriſtmas.

G. Squires. Not the new Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Moreton.* You ſaid you was not at London before.

G. Squires. I mean not before ſix or ſeven weeks before Michaelmas.

Mr. *Moreton.* From what place did you ſet out?

G. Squires. I went down into Hampſhire.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did you ſet out on your journey, and where is your home?

G. Squires. We ſet out from Newington to Somerſetſhire and Dorſetſhire.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you leave your ſiſter Mary when you ſet out?

G. Squires. She was with a particular acquaintance, with Mrs. Squires's brother in law, I left her in Kent, Mrs. Squires in the borough has a brother, and his wife was very ill, and I left my ſiſter Mary with her, in order to do what was in her power for her; they ſell goods in the country and travel about as we do.

Mr. *Moreton.* At what houſe, or in what town did you leave her?

G. Squires. I had not a thought of being call'd to ſuch queſtions as theſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* I ſhall aſk you a great many queſtions you have not heard yet, can you give me any anſwer, at what houſe, or what town you left your ſiſter Mary?

G. Squires. It was in Kent.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was your mother and ſiſter with you when you parted with her?

G. Squires. We were all three, I don't know at what town or whoſe houſe; when I left my lodgings I went into Kent, and happened to meet with them. I went into the Wild of Kent.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you come back again then to Newington?

G. Squires. I went from Kent into Suſſex.

Mr. *Moreton.* Name a town there.

G. Squires. Lewis, Battle.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go through either of them?

G. Squires. No I did not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Name the firſt great town that you went through in Kent.

G. Squires. I don't know which I went through firſt, I went through Lewis, I made the beſt of my way into the Weſt.

Mr. *Moreton.* After you left Lewis, what is the firſt town you came to that you did know?

G. Squires. Really I do not know, it is ſo long ago I can't tell you.

Mr. *Moreton.* You without an almanack, have given a long and ſeeming fair account of a long journey, pray trace your ſelf down into Dorſetſhire; I don't aſk you the firſt town from Lewis, but the firſt town you do remember after you left Lewis.

G. Squires. No anſwer.

Mr. *Moreton.* It was not South Parrot was it?

G. Squires. No, it is not poſſible I can tell you, I went from thence into Hampſhire, and Wiltſhire, I went through Salisbury.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is that the firſt town you can remember, after you left Lewis, you came at.

G. Squires. No, I went through ſeveral, but don't remember their names: I muſt have went through ſome: I hope you will excuſe me, I hope you will not aſk me any more.

Mr. *Moreton.* Can you tell the name of any town you went through between Lewis and Saliſbury?

G. Squires. No I cannot.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you go when you went from Saliſbury?

G. Squires. I went to Hendon.

Mr. *Moreton.* What county is that in?

G. Squires. That is in Wiltſhire.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you go when you went from Hendon?

G. Squires. I went partly by Mear.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was the next town when you left Mear?

G. Squires. Really Sir, I hope you will excuſe me, be pleaſed to excuſe me, I cannot tell indeed, pleaſe to excuſe me.

Mr. *Moreton.* You gave ſo clear an evidence on that part of your return, that if you do not go on, it muſt be left to my Lord who tries you: tell me where you went when you left Mear?

G. Squires. From Mear we went towards Shaftſbury.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go to it?

G. Squires. I went partly by it.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me ſome town you lay at.

No anſwer.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you lie at Lewis?

G. Squires. I did, I cannot tell the houſe, it was an alehouſe, but I don't know the ſign.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell us another town you lay at.

G. Squires. I know Mear very well, I lay there, but had never lain at that houſe before.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you uſe to lie there?

No anſwer.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you lie at Shaftſbury?

G. Squires. I cannot tell whether I did or not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where was you going to in the Weſt?

G. Squires. I ſell goods.

Mr. *Moreton.* What goods?

G. Squires. I had white waiſtcoats, and worked gowns, and hollands, and ſuch things, and where my buſineſs led me there I went.

Mr. *Moreton.* What quantity of goods might you have when you went out of Kent?

G. Squires. I had not dealt largely, I believe I had then about twenty pounds worth of goods conſiſting in aprons, worked gowns, nankeens and ſuch things.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long was you before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, I never was at South Parrot before the 29th of December; I went down with a gentleman once ſince.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is Yeovil farther from London than South Parrot?

G. Squires. No Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go through that?

G. Squires. No, I came partly by it, but they ſaid they had got the ſmall pox in the town, and I had never had it, ſo I did not come through it.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you at Crock Horne?

G. Squires. No, I was not there at all.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me a great town after you left Shaftſbury?

G. Squires. I went away from Shaftſbury to Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me the name of one town you lay at in Somerſetſhire.

G. Squires. I did not go very far in Somerſetſhire.

Mr. *Moreton.* Name one town betwixt Yeovil and South Parrot, that you lay at.

G. Squires. I don't know a town betwixt them, there are ſeveral villages, but I can't tell the name of one.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me the ſign of an Inn where you lay at beyond Shaftſbury, whether it was a fox, a gooſe, a dog, or a pair of compaſſes.

G. Squires. I don't know the ſign of any place where I lay at, becauſe it is ſo long ago.

Mr. *Moreton.* You remember the other places very well.

G. Squires. That is becauſe I have been there ſince.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then you remember it by the laſt journey you took.

G. Squires. Yes, Sir, and by the other too.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then you cannot remember, neither a town, an alehouſe, or a ſign where you lay at after you left Shaftſbury?

G. Squires. No, I cannot.

Mr. *Moreton.* Now we ſhall be a little better acquainted; we bring you now to South Parrot, you ſay you had travelled ſeven or eight weeks before Michaelmas till the 29th of December.

G. Squires. But I did not travel all that time, I came home to my houſe at Newington before that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you return home after you ſet out for Kent, and ſo into the Weſt, before you got to South Parrot?

G. Squires. Before the time of my coming home I could not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Let me underſtand you, did you return back to Newington before Chriſtmas?

G. Squires. No Sir. Not till after Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Moreton* Then from the time you ſet out, ſeven or eight weeks before Michaelmas, you was travelling about the country with your goods?

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Can you tell the exact time you ſet out from Newington Butts?

G. Squires. It was harveſt time, or near it, I can't tell whether it was in July or Auguſt.

Mr. *Moreton.* Well, we are come to South Parrot, you ſay you came there the 29th of December; you ſay you met with Mr. Clark on a Sunday, at Abbotſbury, and lay there that night, and ſet out with him on the Monday, and went to Litton, and your mother went after you to Abbotſbury; now I'll aſk you this queſtion, when your mother went after you there, did you meet her on the road?

G. Squires. No, I did not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then did your ſiſter come with your mother there on the Monday morning?

G. Squires. No, ſhe ſtaid in the houſe at Litton.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then your mother walked on the Monday morning, December the 31ſt, from Litton to Abbotſbury by her ſelf, and back again, and dined on two fowls, then went with you to Abbotſbury again.

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did ſhe come back to Litton?

G. Squires. Betwixt two and three o'clock, and din'd with us, and walked with us to Abbotſbury that night.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did you all ſet out from Litton to go to Abbotſbury?

G. Squires. We ſet out between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was it dark?

G. Squires. It was quite dark.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you buy the two fowls?

G. Squires. I bought them of one Mrs. Turner, I made *a cludation* for the feathers, ſhe ſaid ſhe would have the feathers.

Mr. *Moreton.* You lived well, I ſhould think two fowls a very remarkable dinner for three gypſies.

G. Squires. Fowls are bought there for ſixpence per piece, it is cheaper than beef or mutton; that I have very often.

Mr. *Moreton.* I hope you always buy them.

G. Squires. I do.

Mr. *Moreton.* Were they boiled or roaſted?

G. Squires. They were both boiled, I was not at home to ſee them boiled, but I eat part of them.

Mr. *Moreton.* What day was it you lent the exciſeman your coat?

G. Squires. I don't know the day.

Mr. *Moreton.* How many of your goods might you have diſpoſed of at that time?

G. Squires. I had diſpoſed of them all except a piece of check and two waiſtcoats.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then you had taken a little money.

G. Squires. I had, and owed ſome, and returned it to London.

Mr. *Moreton.* To whom?

G. Squires. To an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Norman; he is ſince dead, he was a tide waiter.

Mr. *Moreton.* From what place did you return the money?

G. Squires. I cannot name the place.

Mr. *Davy.* I beg leave to aſk one queſtion I forgot; what happened at Ridgway when you where there?

G. Squires. A young man that lives at Abbotſbury, who ſells turnips, had two horſes, and Mr. Clark after he had dined with us, deſigned to return home; he knowing the man deſired him to come in, we had got ſome beef ſtakes; this man dined with us, and Mr. Clark rode on one of his horſes home, he is here.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me his name.

G. Squires. I don't know his name.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is that the houſe you left a piece of nankeen at?

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you call nankeen check?

G. Squires. No Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* When you left this piece of nankeen in pawn, becauſe you was afraid you ſhould want money, pray how much money had you then?

G. Squires. I had borrowed ſome of Mr. Clark, and had ſome of my own.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell us this one thing, that as Mr. Clark was ſo much your friend, and your ſiſter's friend, why did he not pay your reckoning,

and

and ſave your nankeen that you might make your money of it?

G. Squires. He offered it, but I was ſo kind I would not let him.

Mr. *Moreton.* What money did you borrow of Clark?

G. Squires. I borrowed ſix ſhillings of him.

Mr. *Moreton.* Have you had your nankeen ſince?

G. Squires. No, he has got it in cuſtody ſince.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was your reckoning?

G. Squires. It was about three ſhillings and ſixpence.

Mr. *Moreton.* What is nankeen worth a yard?

G. Squires. It is worth, or I generally ſell it for two ſhillings a yard.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you receive the news of your ſiſter Mary's illneſs?

G. Squires. It was in the country, I cannot tell the town where.

Mr. *Moreton.* How did you receive the account of it?

G. Squires. It came by the poſt, ſure it muſt.

Mr. *Moreton.* Upon your oath did you leave any directions with her to write to you in the country?

G. Squires. Yes, and I had a letter ſhe was ill, I had it firſt by a letter.

Mr. *Moreton.* Can your ſiſter Mary write?

G. Squires. No, ſhe cannot.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was the letter directed to you, or your mother? was it after you left Abbotſbury you received the letter?

G. Squires. I cannot ſay that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then if you received it before you came there, or at the place, it is ſtrange you ſhould ſtay dancing there?

G. Squires. I will not ſwear I received it before we came there or not.

Mr. *Moreton.* You ſay at Dorcheſter the miller carried your ſiſter over the water on horſeback, how did you and your mother get over?

G. Squires. I aſked him to carry my mother over, he ſaid he could not ſtay.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did he come back again by you, or go on?

G. Squires. No, he went another way.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far after you ſet out from Ridgway, where the dead horſe was, might you walk with that old woman, that day and night after you had received an account of your ſiſter Mary's illneſs.

G. Squires. She got no farther than Chattle.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Ridgway from Dorcheſter?

G. Squires. It is about three or four miles.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is it from Chattle to Blandford?

G. Squires. I can't tell how many miles.

Mr. *Moreton.* What did you lie upon in that barn you mentioned?

G. Squires. We all three lay upon ſtraw, we don't carry ſheets or blankets with us, we all ſet up in our clothes.

Mr. *Moreton.* Whereabouts does Chattle lie?

G. Squires. It is on the left hand, and Martin on the right.

Mr. *Moreton.* Which was you at firſt?

G. Squires. At Chattle, and then to Martin, and from thence to Coome.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is not Martin in the direct road from Chattle to London?

G. Squires. No it is not, it is the bottom way, we came there becauſe it was night.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long did you ſtay at that houſe where the letter was wrote?

G. Squires. About an hour and half, we came there about three o'clock to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you go to find your ſiſter Mary?

G. Squires. To a relation's of mine, he belongs to the cuſtoms, named Samuel Squires, he lives down in White Hart Yard.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe aſk you whether you had received a letter from her or not?

G. Squires. I told her I had.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you tell her where you received it?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* Which way did you go from Brentford to Tottenham High Croſs?

G. Squires. I went through the City, along by Covent Garden.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go to your houſe at Newington?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* Nor your ſiſter nor mother?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* On which ſide the Park wall did you come from Kenſington?

G. Squires. Through Knightſbridge, and all along the great road.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know this town of London?

G. Squires. I can find my way in any part of the city, but I am not acquainted with the ſtreets names.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go through the city?

G. Squires. I went clear quite through the city.

Mr. *Moreton.* Which way did you go out of town to Tottenham?

G. Squires. By Shoreditch.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you or had you not a lodging at Newington at that time?

G. Squires. Yes, I had, and my houſehold goods were there at the time.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then how came you to go through London, and not to your lodgings?

G. Squires. Becauſe I owed a ſum of money, and was afraid of being arreſted, and wanted to ſee Mr. Squires who liv'd in the neighbourhood to make it up for me.

Mr. *Moreton.* What day of the week did you paſs through London?

G. Squires. I left Mrs. Edwards's houſe of a Wedneſday, and the ſame day I came through London.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did you meet the perſon that recommended you to this houſe of Wells's?

G. Squires. Before I came to Enfield, the woman's name is Long.

Mr. *Moreton.* How many beds are there in the room at Wells's where your mother lay?

G. Squires. There is but one bed.

Mr. *Moreton.* If you ever did go this journey be poſitive with your ſelf whether it was in the year 52.

G. Squires. Yes Sir; I am ſure it was then, and not at any other time.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did your mother and ſiſter help you in your trading?

G. Squires. My mother buys old clothes and ſilver lace.

Mr. *Moreton.*

Mr. *Moreton.* Who bought theſe goods of yours?

G. Squires. I did my ſelf.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did your mother and ſiſter know of your trading?

G. Squires. They did.

Mr. *Moreton* Did they know what quantity of goods you had?

G. Squires. I don't know whether they did or not.

Mr. *Davy.* We will not call Lucy the ſiſter, ſhe is rather more ſtupid than her brother, and has not been on that road ſince their coming to Enfield Waſh; and ſo can give but a very imperfect account either of times or places. But we will call Mr. Willis, who went with George Squires about the country ſince the commencement of this proſecution, in order to aſcertain the particular places where Mary Squires and her family have travelled through: and Mr. Willis will aſſign the reaſon of this man's remembring the times and places of their return from the weſt, with ſuch exactneſs; when he can recollect ſo little of the journey of going down.

Robert Willis Sworn.

I ſet out ſome time in laſt June from Dorcheſter.

Mr. *Nares.* Whether this gentleman is called to prove any thing elſe than what Squires has related to him, and what he has heard from others ſince the fact, I object to his evidence.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Mr. Willis went into the country with George Squires, in order to aſcertain the places, he being a perſon of reputation, at houſes where theſe three people lodged, and has found them to be facts.

Mr. *Moreton.* You have ſhewn there was a perſon with them in court, (that is Lucy) and you refuſe calling her, and now call this man to give an evidence of hearſay only, after a perſon has been examined an hour and half, and told you of a perſon within your lordſhip's power to call, who he ſays has been with him all the journey, will your lordſhip ſuffer a third perſon, that can only tell what this or that man told him upon his making inquiry? we are willing to riſque the iſſue of this trial ſingly upon the evidence of George and Lucy, examined ſeparately.

Mr. *Baron Legge.* If they don't call the ſiſter you'll make what obſervations you pleaſe upon it. That evidence has ſaid upon his oath that his ſiſter went this whole journey with him, and in order to confirm him in what he ſaid was truth, they will not call her but this attorney.

Mr. *J. Clive.* This is but hearſay evidence, and that is not evidence, but if you go to diſcredit this man, ſurely they may produce evidence to ſhow the conformity of his evidence that he was always in one ſtory.

Mr. *Nares.* This muſt be proved by a perſon that was preſent at the fact, if the caſe was otherwiſe. I could call a hundred witneſſes in order to confirm my own evidence.

Baron Legge. The ſeveral people that lived at the houſes where he ſays he called, are the evidences to call to prove that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Here is a man goes and tells his caſe to his attorney, and he comes here as a witneſs. [*refuſed.*

George and Lucy Squires were again placed by their mother in the court.

John Fry ſworn.

I live at a place called Litton, in Dorſetſhire, I am a tyler and plaiſterer, I came to town on Wedneſday laſt.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know that old woman that ſits there? [*meaning Mary Squires.*

J. Fry. I have ſeen the old gipſy ſeveral times, I remember ſeeing her on the 30th of December 52, at Litton, it was on a Saturday, at the houſe of James Hawkins, I was at work there at the ſame time.

Mr. *Willes.* Pray how can you remember the particular time?

J. Fry. Becauſe it was in the new Chriſtmas time, and the Monday following was the new year's day, this is the very old woman.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at the man and woman with her.

J. Fry. They are the two perſons that were with her on that Saturday evening.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you in company with them?

J. Fry. I was not at all, but I ſaw them by the kitchen fire.

Mr. *Willes.* How can you be certain theſe are the people?

Mr. *J. Fry.* I have known the old woman 30 years, ſhe has been in that part many times, I have ſeen her face often before.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Is this Mr. Hawkins living?

Mr. *J. Fry.* He is, and is now here.

Francis Gladman ſworn.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know Mary Squires?

Francis Gladman. Yes Sir; that is the woman. [*pointing to her.*

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know theſe two people that ſtand by her?

Fr. Gladman. I do, they are her ſon and daughter; I keep a houſe at Litton, and am a gardiner, I remember ſeeing theſe people there on Monday the 1ſt of January 53, in the houſe of James Hawkins, there is no ſign, it uſed to be the Three Horſeſhoes; I ſhaved George the Sunday, being the day before, at my houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ever ſeen the old woman before?

Fr. Gladman. To the beſt of my knowledge, I never did, but I am poſitive ſure to them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What is the reaſon you know it to be the 1ſt of January?

Fr. Gladman. The reaſon is, we generally ring in the new year, I went to ring a peal, and the people of the pariſh gave us ſome liquor; that is, ſome ale and ſome cyder, to drink; we concluded to go to the alehouſe with our jug of cyder, that was given us, to have ſomething put into it; we went to Hawkins's, the old woman ſat there, I ſat down cloſe by her, and aſked her if ſhe could tell fortunes; ſhe ſaid no, ſhe was no fortune-teller; I aſked her if ſhe could talk Spaniſh, and ſaid, I thought I had ſeen her abroad ſomewhere or other; ſhe ſaid ſhe could not; I aſked her if ſhe could talk Portugueſe, ſhe ſaid no; I ſaid, nor French, ſhe ſaid no; nor Dutch, no; ſhe ſaid ſhe knew what I ſaid, but could not anſwer me; upon this an old gentleman ſaid, you muſt cant to her, talk gipſy to her, and ſhe'll anſwer you; then I ſaid, you are one of the family of the Scamps; ſhe ſaid no, I am no Scamp, and a young man in the room ſaid her name was Squires.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſell any thing?

Fr. Gladman.

Fr. Gladman. She did not appear to me to ſell any thing.

James Angel ſworn.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee that old woman before?

J. Angel. I have ſeen her a great many times.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee her at Litton?

J. Angel. I ſaw her there on the laſt day of the year 52, at James Hawkins's apartment, a publick houſe, and I believe there was miſs Lucy with her.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee the young man?

J. Angel. No, I did not ſee him there.

Mr. *Davy.* By what circumſtance do you remember the particular time?

J. Angel. Becauſe it is a uſual thing for us to ring in the new year, we rang a peal, and in the morning concluded to go to a publick houſe to drink together, there we ſaw the old woman ſitting ſmoaking her pipe, I was there two hours, and then I was called away to go a fox hunting.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee her before that time?

J. Angel. No, but I have ſeveral times ſince, and am well ſatisfied it is the ſame woman.

Mr. *Davy.* What is your buſineſs?

J. Angel. I am a ſtay-maker.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time of the laſt of December did you ſee her?

J. Angel. It was after the evening prayer on a Sunday, ſhe was not in the kitchen, but in a new apartment, which was not made a publick houſe of then, but is now.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did you ring in the morning?

J. Angel. It was juſt about day break.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long might you ſtay at Hawkins's?

J. Angel. I believe near two hours, ſhe was there all the time, and I left her there when I went away.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time was it you went to go a hunting?

J. Angel. I believe betwixt nine and ten o'clock, I am not certain to the very time.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long did you ſtay a fox-hunting?

J. Angel. Till almoſt night, I believe it might be three o'clock.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go to Hawkins's in the evening?

J. Angel. I did, but then they were not there.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Clark, did you ſee him there that evening?

J. Angel. I know him, but I did not ſee him there.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you imagine, that betwixt ten and two or half an hour after, that the old woman could walk from Litton to Abbotſbury and back again, and after that walk again to Abbotſbury?

J. Angel. I think ſhe might, ſhe muſt make very good ſpeed.

Mr. *Moreton.* How many miles are they from each other?

J. Angel. It is three little miles we call it.

James Hawkins ſworn.

I keep an alehouſe at Litton.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know that old woman there?

J. Hawkins. Yes, ſhe paſſes by the name of Mary Squires, I remember ſeeing her at our houſe on the 30th of December 52, being on a Saturday.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know that young man and woman?

J. Hawkins. Yes, they are George and Lucy, her ſon and daughter, they were all three of them at my houſe at that time together, it was juſt at the turning of the date; they lay there on the Saturday and Sunday nights, and went away on the Monday about two in the afternoon.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did they get to your houſe on the Saturday?

J. Hawkins. About two in the afternoon, George went to Abbotſbury on the Monday the 1ſt of January, and one Clark came with him.

Mr. *Willes.* Where was the old woman that Monday morning?

J. Hawkins. She was at our houſe, ſhe eat a fowl in a little new chamber.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe not leave your houſe before they all went away?

J. Hawkins. I don't remember ſhe did, they were by themſelves, that chamber is not in the houſe, they eat fowls for their dinner.

Mr. *Willes.* Who were the fowls bought of?

J. Hawkins. They were bought of one Dance Turner, in our pariſh.

Mr. *Willes.* Were they boiled or roaſted?

J. Hawkins. They were boiled I believe, we don't eat roaſt meat in the country but very little.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did they leave your houſe?

J. Hawkins. They went away, I believe, about two in the afternoon.

Mr. *Willes.* Were George Squires and Clark at dinner with the others?

J. Hawkins. I am certain they were, in my opinion the old woman went to look for George out into the fields, ſomewhere or another, ſhe did not tarry long.

Mr. *Willes.* How long?

J. Hawkins. About an hour; but I went but ſeldom into the room where they were.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember Angel's being at your houſe at the time?

J. Hawkins. I do; they had been a ringing, and the miniſter's kinſman went a fox hunting that day, and gave the people ſome money.

Mr. *Willes.* How do you know it was the 31ſt of December?

J. Hawkins. By reaſon I made a fire in that little chamber on the Monday morning, when the people were ringing, where no fire had been made before.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Was Angel in the new room or the common kitchen?

J. Hawkins. In both of them.

Mr. *Nares.* Did Mary Squires ſmoak in the kitchen or the other room?

J. Hawkins. I believe ſhe might ſmoak in both rooms.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did ſhe ſmoak on Monday morning?

J. Hawkins. I believe it was in the old houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* If you deſign to impeach theſe peoples characters, here is the miniſter we can call to confirm them.

Mr. *Moreton.* We have nothing to ſay againſt their characters.

William Clark ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and know the old woman, Lucy and Polly; I remember George coming to my houſe at Abbotſbury the day before new year's day, in the forenoon, laſt December was twelve months, he and I went to Litton together on the Monday morning, I was a ſweatheart of Lucy's, we got there ſome time in the afternoon, and met with Lucy about three or four o'clock; I know it was ſome time before it was dark.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was the old woman there?

W. Clark. She was not when we came there, for ſhe had come to make inquiry where George was, becauſe he did not return on the Sunday night; the old woman came there about half an hour after us, and George, ſhe, Lucy and I went to Abbotſbury that night, and we danced at Gibbons's houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember any thing of a couple of fowls?

W. Clark. We eat ſomething there, I took part of a fowl.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was it roaſt or boiled?

W. Clark. It was boiled fowl to the beſt of my remembrance.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Then if you ſtaid to dine, what time did you ſet out for Abbotſbury?

W. Clark. We ſet out late after night.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who was your partner?

W. Clark. Lucy was my partner.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you tell who was George Squires's partner?

W. Clark. I cannot tell you indeed; Melchiſedec Arnold played on the muſick, that I am ſure of.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How many days did they ſtay at Abbotſbury?

W. Clark. They ſtopped there from the 1ſt to the 9th, all three of them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee them often in that time?

W. Clark. I was in their company every day the time they were there, and ſaw Lucy ſome part of her journey, I went as far as Potterſham.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* At whoſe houſe did you lodge at Potterſham?

W. Clark. We lodged at Sias Frampton's houſe, that is a mile from Abbotſbury; I ſaw her three miles farther, and parted with them at Ridgeway foot; I ſupped with them there at Francis Bulley's, and then returned to my own houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did any body borrow money of you at Ridgeway?

W. Clark. Yes, George borrowed 6 ſhillings of me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What had you for ſupper there?

W. Clark. We had beef ſtakes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Upon what terms did Lucy and you part, upon good terms?

W. Clark. We were upon civil terms, I never ſaw any thing by her but civil terms, ſhe is as honeſt a girl as any in the world for what I know.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When ſhe and you parted did you give her directions to write to you?

W. Clark. I did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe give any directions to you?

W. Clark. She did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you give directions only, or deſire her to write to you?

W. Clark. I deſired her to write to me as ſoon as poſſible; after that I received a letter from Briſtol at Eſham in the Vale.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long after your parting with them was it you received this letter from Briſtol?

W. Clark. It was not half a year after, I had it brought to Abbotſbury, it was directed to me, but who wrote it I cannot tell.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* What countryman are you?

W. Clark. I was bred and born at Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Williams.* How long have you been acquainted with theſe people?

W. Clark. Four years laſt March; the firſt time that ever I ſaw them was at the old Ship at Gibbons's, the ſecond time I ſaw them was the laſt of December 52, when George came from Litton to me, and I went there back with him.

Mr. *Williams.* What time of the day was it when you came to Litton?

W. Clark. Some time in the afternoon, I can't ſay to an hour or two, it might be three o'clock.

Mr. *Williams.* How long were you walking from Litton to Abbotſbury?

W. Clark. We were two hours walking it, it is three miles.

Mr. *Williams.* What time did Mary Squires come in after you was at Litton?

W. Clark. She might come in in half an hour, and that might be between three and four o'clock; we took part of a fowl there.

Mr. *Williams.* What amongſt you all?

W. Clark. Yes, amongſt us all.

Mr. *Williams.* Was it boiled or roaſted?

W. Clark. To the beſt of my remembrance it was boiled.

Mr. *Williams.* Who paid the reckoning?

W. Clark. I don't know indeed, I did not pay a farthing.

Mr. *Williams.* Is it but three miles from Litton to Abbotſbury?

W. Clark. It is three computed miles, but it is four poſt miles.

Mr. *Williams.* Can you walk as faſt as Mary Squires?

W. Clark. I can, and a great deal faſter.

Mr. *Williams.* Could ſhe do it in leſs than four hours?

W. Clark. No, I don't think ſhe could, becauſe ſhe is an elderly woman; that is, walking thither and back again.

Mr. *Williams.* When you parted at Ridgway foot, did George Squires tell you whether he had money or no money?

W. Clark. He did not tell me whether he had or not.

Mr. *Williams.* Who paid all the money from the firſt to the ninth where you drank?

W. Clark. George paid it, I believe, I don't know but he did; whether he paid it or not, he had ſix ſhillings of me.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he ſell any goods, do you know, to any body?

W. Clark. Yes, he ſold an apron to the landlady at the old Ship, and another to the ſervant.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he aſk you to lend him any thing?

W. Clark. Yes, he did.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you know of his pledging

that

that piece of goods at Ridgway for the reckoning?

W. Clark. I did not till afterwards.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you offer to pay half there?

W. Clark. No, I did not, George would not let me.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you lend him this money before or after he pawned the nankeen?

W. Clark. It was before.

Mr. *Williams.* How came he to pawn it?

W. Clark. I cannot tell that.

Mr. *Williams.* How long was you at Ridgway?

W. Clark. I might be there two hours.

Mr. *Williams.* What time did you ſet out for Abbotſbury?

W. Clark. I ſet out about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and lodged at Potterſham going back.

Mr. *Davy.* When you came to Litton, had Lucy and Mary Squires ſat down to dinner?

W. Clark. No, Sir.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee the diſh when firſt ſerved up?

W. Clark. I eat part of what was meddled with.

Mr. *Davy.* Had they been eating before you came there?

W. Clark. I don't know whether they had eat any thing or not.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know any thing of the circumſtances of the piece of nankeen?

W. Clark. No, Sir.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know any thing about a dead horſe?

W. Clark. There was a dead horſe lay in the high way at Ridgway as I went by.

John Gibbons ſworn.

I keep the old Ship at Abbotſbury, I know Mary Squires and the young man and woman, they are ſon and daughter to the good woman.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you ſee them at your houſe?

J. Gibbons. They were at my houſe on Monday the 1ſt of January 53, they came there in the darkiſh of the evening.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you any merriment at your houſe that night?

J. Gibbons. Yes Sir, dancing; George danced with a ſiſter of mine named Mary Gibbons, and Lucy danced with William Clark; the old woman was in the houſe at the time.

Mr. *Willes.* How long did they ſtay at your houſe?

J. Gibbons. They ſtaid from the 1ſt to the 9th, then they went away.

Mr. *Willes.* Did they ſtay in your houſe all that time?

J. Gibbons. The old woman did, I ſaw her every day there, and ſo I did George and Lucy; I am ſure of this upon my oath; I knew Mary Squires almoſt three years before, and knew her when ſhe came into my houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* When they went away, where did they tell you they were going?

J. Gibbons. They told me they were going to Potterſham; Clark went with them.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember an exciſeman coming to your houſe to officiate for another that was ſick?

J. Gibbons. I do, his name is Andrew Wake, he lay in the room with George Squires, and they were very familiar together.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember the exciſeman borrowing George's great coat?

J. Gibbons. I believe he did one night, as he was walking his rounds.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it as he was walking his rounds, or to walk his rounds?

J. Gibbons. It was to walk his rounds.

Mr. *Williams.* How do you know that?

J. Gibbons. I heard him tell it.

Croſs examination.

Mr. *Moreton.* You was examined when Mary Squires was tried at this bar.

J. Gibbons. I was.

Mr. *Moreton.* I will only aſk you whether you gave an account of ſeeing them dance, as you have now?

J. Gibbons. I don't know that it was aſked me.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is it not material to ſay we had muſick and they danced at our houſe at that time, did you ſwear that then?

J. Gibbons. I can't ſay whether I might or not.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did you firſt recollect it?

J. Gibbons. On the 1ſt of February.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then why did you not ſwear it then, and give my lord and the jury an account of it?

J. Gibbons. I don't know, I was not aſked it then.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you give an account of the exciſeman lying in the ſame room with George?

J. Gibbons. No; but I then told the court the exciſeman was there at my houſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was the exciſeman here then?

J. Gibbons. No.

Andrew Wake ſworn.

I was an exciſeman about nine months ago, and am now in the foot guards; I was ordered to Abbotſbury to officiate for one Mr. Ward who was ill, by order of the ſuperviſer from Dorcheſter; on the 31ſt of December 1752, I got there, I went to the Ship at Gibbons's (*he takes a book in his hand and looks in it*) this is my writing, theſe are our entries, it is the journal.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at that old woman ſitting there, do you know her?

An. Wake. I do, it is Mary Squires, I ſaw her at Abbotſbury, at Gibbons's houſe at that time, the 31ſt of December 52.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know that young man?

An. Wake. I do; he paſſed for George Squires, he lay in the ſame room with me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know that young woman by him?

An. Wake. I do, it is Lucy, they both went for ſon and daughter; I ſaw George firſt there, he was ſitting by the kitchen fire, and one Clark a ſhoemaker of that place with him; this was on Sunday night, I am not poſitive to the firſt day I ſaw Mary Squires, becauſe I was obliged to be out early in the mornings, but I think I firſt ſaw her on the Wedneſday, and Lucy with her by the kitchen fire.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long did you remain in that town?

An. Wake. From the 31ſt of December to the 14th of January, Gibbons's houſe was my houſe all that time, I remember they went away two or three days before I did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you remember the day they went away?

An. Wake.

An. Wake. Upon my word I do not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know this by your memory, or by your books?

An. Wake. By my memory.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did George Squires lie in the ſame room you did every night?

An. Wake. I don't remember but he did; the mother and Lucy lay in a room where there were two beds, which we went through to go to bed, it was up one pair of ſtairs, I ſaw them in bed.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember any dancing there?

An. Wake. I do, I was in the room with them one evening, George danced with a young woman of Abbotſbury, Clark danced there, and Lucy danced there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What ſort of weather was it, while you was there?

An. Wake. There was a good deal of ſnow, I remember I borrowed a great coat of George Squires to go my rounds in, becauſe I had been out in my own and it was wet.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who played the muſick?

An. Wake. A blackſmith named Melchiſedec Arnold played on a fiddle, he ſold cyder, I ſurveyed his houſe; I remember I had been taken ill coming my rounds, and was ſitting by the fire ſide, and the old gentlewoman preſcribed ſomething to cure me, ſhe got me ſomething hot; the next morning or the morning after, ſhe made me a buttered toaſt before I went out.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* You had a book in your hand, is every day's gauge in that?

An. Wake. I believe they are, we return theſe books to the Exciſe office; this book was ſent for out of the country on purpoſe, when I was examined, I had left them with John Ward at Abbotſbury, when I went from thence to Dorcheſter again.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time was it you heard of this affair about the trial of the old woman?

An. Wake. I ſaw it in a news-paper, that one Mary Squires, a gipſey woman, was taken up for a robbery.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did it mention the time?

An. Wake. I cannot remember whether it did or not, but I believe I told my mother that that could not be the woman, becauſe I ſaw her at Abbotſbury when I was officiating for Mr. Ward; I was ſent to Lewis in Suſſex, and had an order by my ſuperviſer from the commiſſioners to come up and attend my lord mayor, but I did not know upon what account; I came up, and gave the ſame evidence before his lordſhip, as I do now, after he had ſent me to Newgate to ſee Mary Squires, whom I knew very well by many circumſtances, and ſhe knew me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came you to be out of the exciſe?

An. Wake. I was diſcharged, and ſo went into the guards.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* For what was you diſcharged?

An. Wake. For ſtamping.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How could you ſee the people in bed when you went through the room?

An. Wake. Becauſe there were no curtains to their beds.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Tell us what year this was.

An. Wake. This is the book we had from the office at that time, they are marked at the Exciſe office before they come.

Mr. *Williams.* Look in it, and ſhew me the firſt entry you made there.

An. Wake. It was on the 1ſt of January, it is my hand writing from that to the 14th of January.

Mr. *Williams.* Was it in the year 52 or 53?

An. Wake. There is no year to it, only the days of the month.

Mr. *Williams.* What year was this 1ſt of January in?

An. Wake. I believe it was the year 53; the Mark 52 is done by the ſuperviſer on the 1ſt page, before we have them.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you ever ſeen Mary Squires before that time?

An. Wake. No Sir, nor ſince, till I ſaw her in Newgate.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you dance there?

An. Wake. No, I did not at all.

Mr. *Williams.* Can you tell who Clark danced with?

An. Wake. Clark danced with Lucy to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Williams.* Did Mary Squires recollect you, or you her firſt, before you told her upon what account you came to ſee her?

An. Wake. I ſaid nothing at all to her, only aſked her if ſhe knew me, ſhe ſaid yes, that I was the young man belonging to the Exciſe office, and ſaid ſhe remembered me very well, that I borrowed her ſon's great coat.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſeem to be under any heſitation at that time?

An. Wake. No, ſhe ſeemed rather over-joyed, ſhe knew me through the grate as ſhe was in the preſs-yard.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you the ſame clothes on then, as you wore in Dorſetſhire, when you ſaw her there?

An. Wake. Yes, I had the ſame coat on, a ſort of a pepper and ſalt coat, I went there before I went to my lord mayor.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you ſent her any notice you was coming there?

An. Wake. No, I had not.

Mr. *Williams.* Explain what you mean by ſtamping.

An. Wake. That is neglect of duty, writing at home inſtead of going abroad.

Mr. *Williams.* Did not you ſay my lord mayor ſent you to ſee her in Newgate?

An. Wake. My lord aſked me if I had ſeen her, I ſaid I had; he aſked me if I was poſitive to the woman, I ſaid I was; he ſaid, if you are not go again; ſo I went and talked with her again.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you not poſitive made you go again?

An. Wake. I was poſitive then.

Mr. *Williams.* Did my lord mayor examine you before he had the exciſe books?

An. Wake. I don't know that.

Francis Albrough ſworn.

I am aſſiſtant to the general examiner at the Exciſe office, theſe books are called the 5th and 6th round for the year 1752, ending at Midſummer 53; they are ſent from the office once in a quarter of a year, by order of the board; theſe are for Abbotſbury diviſion, they are returned to the office by the ſuperviſer; theſe contain an account of what was done in

Abbotſbury

Abbotſbury from the 21ſt of December 1752 to the 15th of March following 1753; there is an order of board for every officer that officiates in the place of one that is ſuch.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look in the book, do you know whoſe hand writing it is?

F. Aldborough. I don't know Wake's hand writing, here is noted in this book January 1 to 13; Andrew Wake officiated for the proper officer, he being indiſpoſed; the book ſays John Ward is the proper officer.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* At what time are theſe books returned to the office?

F. Aldborough. There is no certain time for that, there is an order for them to be ſent in ſix weeks after they are done with, ſome may be kept three months, ſome more, ſome leſs; but we look upon him to be the more induſtrious officer that ſends them up in proper time; I was informed theſe came up according to expreſs, and they were put in my poſſeſſion.

George Clemonts ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know that old woman there, look at her face?

G. Clemonts. I have looked at her face many years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember her daughter?

G. Clemonts. What Lucy? yes Sir, and her brother too, he is my nameſake.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you ſee them in your country?

G. Clemonts. I ſaw them all three on the 1ſt of January, I went into the publick houſe, the Old Ship, there the old woman's ſon and daughter danced with our Abbotſbury people, it was about nine at night.

Mr. *Davy.* Who was Lucy's partner?

G. Clemonts. William Clark.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they ſtay at Abbotſbury?

G. Clemonts. They did, they lodg'd at Gibbons's, I drank with them the firſt and ſecond mornings, and dined with them the Sunday following; I ſaw them on the Monday, and on the Tueſday, the day they ſet out from thence.

Mr. *Davy.* Who ſet out with them?

G. Clemonts. William Clark, he and Lucy went together.

Mr. *Davy.* I hope they are married by this time.

G. Clemonts. The Lord knows, I don't know that.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* How often have you ſeen this old acquaintance of yours, Mary Squires?

G. Clemonts. Between fifteen and ſixteen times in that place, but juſtly I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* How often have you ſeen George?

G. Clemonts. I cannot tell, I have ſeen him more than once.

Mr. *Nares.* Twice?

G. Clemonts. More.

Mr. *Nares.* Three times?

G. Clemonts. Three times.

Mr. *Nares.* Four times?

G. Clemonts. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Then you will not ſay you have ſeen him more than three times?

G. Clemonts. It may be more, I will not ſay.

Mr. *Nares.* When George was not with the old woman, who came with her?

G. Clemonts. Her daughters, Polly and Lucy.

Mr. *Nares.* How often have you ſeen Polly and Lucy?

G. Clemonts. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you ſeen them oftener than you have George?

G. Clemonts. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* How long is it ſince you ſaw the old woman at Abbotſbury, before this time you are ſpeaking of?

G. Clemonts. I believe it is four years ſince.

Mr. *Nares.* Was George with her that time?

G. Clemonts. Yes, Sir.

Melchiſedech Arnold ſworn.

I am a blackſmith and live at Abbotſbury, I know the old woman perfectly well, and the girl on the left hand, and the man behind her, they are her ſon and daughter; the laſt time I ſaw them all three was in January laſt was twelve months, I ſaw them on an evening at the Old Ship at Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you mean old ſtile or new?

M. Arnold. I mean this preſent calculated time, I remember it was on the 1ſt of January at night, the young man and young woman danced, and I played on the violin.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know who was Lucy's partner?

M. Arnold. Her partner was William Clark, and George Squires's partner was Mary Gibbons, they might give over dancing at eleven or twelve at night.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee them afterwards?

M. Arnold. I be not poſitive I ſaw them the next day, but I ſaw them ſeveral times that week there; I ſaw them on the Saturday night in particular, that week, they were dancing again, and the old woman ſat in the dancing room, ſhe was in the kitchen on the Monday night, ſitting by the fire ſide; I alſo ſaw them the next Monday, being the 8th, they were then in Gibbons's houſe, I heard they went away the Tueſday, being the next day.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you any knowledge of them before this time you talk of?

M. Arnold. I don't remember any perfect knowledge I had of them, but I have heard ſay they were there three years before, but I don't remember I ever ſaw them before.

Mr. *Williams.* What buſineſs do they follow?

M. Arnold. I don't know that, for I never dealt with them.

Mr. *Williams.* Where did you ſee them theſe times you mention?

M. Arnold. They were at the Ship, and I don't know that I ſaw them at any other houſe.

John Ford ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and am a carpenter.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee that old woman before? [*pointing to Mary Squires.*

J. Ford. I have ſeen her many times before at Abbotſbury, I ſaw her a matter of four years ago, and I ſaw her on the 1ſt of January a twelve month ago laſt January, being of a Monday, I ſhook hands with her, drank with her ſon, and kiſſed her daughter; the daughter, ſon, and ſhe came all together to the Exciſe-office in our town (there they lodged) John Gibbons keeps the houſe, he is a nephew of mine, I drank with George or elſe I am not here now.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee them often?

J. Ford. I ſaw them at Gibbons's houſe from

the 1ſt to the 9th every day, they bought the bread they eat of me, I am as ſure I ſaw them there as I am that I am here this minute.

Mr. *Davy.* Who bought the bread?

J. Ford. Mary Squires did, or her ſon, or daughter.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you, that are a carpenter, to ſell bread?

J. Ford. I keep a ſhop, and ſell bread and ſeveral other things.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you any particular reaſon for remembering the day?

J. Ford. I have, it being the 1ſt of January, and Mr. Bond a ſchoolmaſter in our town gives his ſcholars a holiday at newyears time, he was there on the Sunday evening and gave them liberty, I was with him, and Mr. Wallice and George Squires.

Croſs examination.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did they come from then?

J. Ford. They came from a place called Litton.

Mr. *Moreton.* How early on the Monday did you ſee them there?

J. Ford. It was ſome time about one, two, or three o'clock, I am ſure it was ſome time in the afternoon, I know it was not night, becauſe I was looking over the hatch and ſaw George coming down the ſtreet and ſpoke to him.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far might you ſee George before he came to ſpeak to you?

J. Ford. I ſaw him, perhaps, fifty yards, I could ſee a hundred, and I believe I could ſee a thouſand yards.

Mr. *Moreton.* What hour do you take it to be?

J. Ford. I am ſure it was not come to three o'clock, upon my life I kiſſed Lucy before three o'clock.

Mr. *Moreton.* You have given a very particular reaſon for knowing it to be the 1ſt of January, that is, that Mr. Bond had given his ſcholars a play day, then does he only give them a play day on the firſt of January?

J. Ford. No, not in particular.

Mr. *Moreton.* Does not he let them break up at Chriſtmas?

J. Ford. No, he does not let them break up all the Chriſtmas, they had ſeveral days at this time, that is the reaſon I know the day.

Mr. *Davy.* You ſay the firſt time you ſaw them was on Monday the 1ſt of January, pray what time of the day was it?

J. Ford. I went to the alehouſe between one and two o'clock for a mug of beer.

Mr. *Davy.* How many pots of beer have you drank to day? Do you take upon you to ſay you ſaw them on the Monday about two or three in the afternoon?

J. Ford. I Did.

Mr. *Davy.* You are drunk now, and ought to be aſhamed of your ſelf.

Daniel Wallice ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and am a mercer, I have ſeen theſe three people before, and remember them all very well, I ſaw them there the 7th of January, which was on a Sunday.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ſeen the ſon and daughter before?

D. Wallice. I had ſeveral times before.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you ſee the ſon and daughter firſt?

D. Wallice. It is three or four years before; I ſaw them that time almoſt every day.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ſeen either of them that week before Sunday the 7th, at Abbotſbury?

D. Wallice. I ſaw George almoſt every day, he bought ſugar of me, and I ſaw Lucy twice that week, but did not ſee the mother till the 7th, and did not ſee them after that day.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ever ſeen the mother before ſo as to be certain of knowing her?

D. Wallice. I had, and that is the real woman.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you firſt ſee them that week?

D. Wallice. I ſaw George the day he came to town, I believe he came into town the Sunday before.

Mr. *Williams.* What day of the month was it when you firſt ſaw George?

D. Wallice. I ſaw him on the firſt day he came into town, about ſix in the evening.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee him on the Monday the 1ſt of January?

D. Wallice. I ſaw none of them on the Monday, I believe I ſaw George on Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday and Friday; I have ſeen the old woman ſeveral years ago, and have convers'd with her a great many times.

Mr. *Williams.* What did they come there for?

D. Wallice. That I don't know, they have at different times ſold things.

Mr. *Recorder.* What do you know the particular day by, on which you ſaw the old woman?

D. Wallice. I had bought a new jack, and had a ſhoulder of mutton roaſted for dinner on the Sunday, and the old woman was peeling potatoes and aſked me to dine with her, and I ſaid, I had ſomething particular to dine on.

Hugh Bond ſworn.

I am a ſchoolmaſter at Abbotſbury, I ſaw this old woman there on the 8th and 9th of January 1753, and George and Lucy along with her, this was on a Monday and Tueſday, at the ſign of the Old Ship: I had been down in Devonſhire, and came home about 6 or 7 at night; I lodged at the Old Ship, and had never ſeen the old woman before; they went away on the morning of the 9th about 9 o'clock; this old woman is the very ſame perſon, who ever ſees her once can never miſtake her again: I ſaw George again the ſame night, then Clark and he came back again from Poterſham.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you any converſation with her?

H. Bond. No, but I had with George, and one Mr. Wake an exciſeman, that officiated in the room of Mr. Ward, who was then ſick; for when I came home my landlady begged I would not be offended at her putting ſomebody in my bed, that was this exciſeman; there are two beds in the room, and in the other George Squires lay.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When did you go down into Devonſhire?

H. Bond. I went on the 31ſt of December, and came back on Monday the 8th of January.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* As you are a ſchoolmaſter, you muſt know the time of your going out.

H. Bond. My wife was in Devonſhire, I went to ſee her, ſhe was ſick, and is ſince dead.

Croſs

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did you ſee this old woman on the 8th?

H. Bond. It was after candles were lighted; after I had ſhifted myſelf I came and ſat down by the fire, with George Squires and Mr. Wake; I had never ſeen George before, I aſked my landlady who he was, ſhe ſaid his name was Squires, and that his mother and ſiſter were in another room; after which, the old woman came out to call her ſon to go to bed.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did they go away the next day?

H. Bond. I don't know what time, but when the girl came to call me from the ſchool to breakfaſt, they were then in the kitchen.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Poterſham from Abbotſbury?

H. Bond. It is about a mile diſtance.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure you ſaw George after he came back again from Poterſham?

H. Bond. I am, he came back again in the evening, and drank a mug of beer at my door, after ſchool time, with William Clark, in the ſtreet.

Mr. *Moreton.* What might it be o'clock?

H. Bond. It might be 5 o'clock, I ſaw no more of him, George ſaid he would not ſtay any longer, for he muſt go to Poterſham; I did not go out, but went to bed afterwards.

John Bailey ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and am a carpenter.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that old woman, do you know her?

Bailey. I do; the man and woman behind her are George and Lucy: I ſaw them at Abbotſbury on the 1ſt of Jan. 1753, at the Old Ship, the Exciſe-Office, and I ſaw them all three there the Monday and Tueſday, which was a week after. My yard joins to the Old Ship; I ſaw them moſt days of that time; I ſhaved George twice the time he was there, on the Wedneſday and Monday after; I practiſe that of a barber as well as a carpenter.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you known the old woman?

Bailey. I have known her ten or fifteen years, and am ſure I am not miſtaken.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you known the ſon and daughter?

Bailey. Not ſo long; I have known them above three years; that is, from the laſt time they came there before this 1ſt of January I mentioned.

Mr. *Davy.* By what circumſtance do you recollect it to be the 1ſt of January?

Bailey. I had a brother that uſed the ſea, and he went away that very day for Briſtol; I am certain that was the very day: he left ſomething of a will for me to injoy if he died, and he is ſince returned and taken the paper from me.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did you ſee them at Abbotſbury on the firſt of January?

Bailey. It was in the evening, betwixt eight and nine o'clock, by the kitchen-fire.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember the dancing there?

Bailey. I cannot ſay I do, for I went home to bed.

Thomas Anſon ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and am a labouring man; I know that old woman very well, and her ſon and daughter, as ſhe calls them.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever ſee them at Abbotſbury? and when?

Anſon. I ſaw them on old Chriſtmas day there, being on a Friday, the 5th, at John Gibbons's houſe; they were all three together; I had ſeen them a day or two before that.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ſeen them before this time of coming there?

Anſon. I had ſeen her about four years ago; and her ſon and two daughters with her.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know one William Clark?

Anſon. I do; he was with them at the ſame time; they were intimate together; that is, Lucy and he as ſweethearts; it was reported ſo then.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know their reaſons for coming there?

Anſon. No; I do not.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you lived at Abbotſbury?

Anſon. About five years.

Mr. *Nares.* How far is that from the ſea?

Anſon. It is about a mile from it.

John Hawkins ſworn.

I live at Abbotſbury, and am a weaver.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at that old woman that ſits there, and her ſon and daughter.

Hawkins. I do; I know them: I ſaw them at Gibbons's at Abbotſbury on the firſt of Jan. about eight at night.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What January?

Hawkins. I am no ſcholar; it was not laſt January, but January was twelvemonth; the ſon and daughter were dancing then.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who played on the violin that time?

Hawkins. Melchiſedech Arnold.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Where was the old woman?

Hawkins. She was ſitting in the other houſe by the fire-ſide in the kitchen.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Why do you call it the kitchen belonging to the other houſe?

Hawkins. That is the lower houſe joining to the ſame houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee the old woman more than once?

Hawkins. I ſaw her every day 'till the day ſhe went away, which was on a Tueſday, being the 9th day of the month.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ever ſeen the old woman before that January?

Hawkins. Yes, Sir, I had; it may be a year, two, or three before, at George Clemonts's.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* By what do you remember the particular time of your ſeeing her?

Hawkins. Becauſe it was on New-Year's-Day, and being holiday-time, we got to dancing.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were you acquainted with them before this?

Hawkins. No; I was not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you dance with them?

Hawkins. Yes, I did; on the Monday night.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you tell how they were coupled?

Hawkins. I cannot tell who my neighbours danced with.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who did Clark dance with?

Hawkins. I cannot tell.

Mr.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who did you dance with?

Hawkins. I cannot tell now.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* This was a very merry dance; what had you been at all day? had you kept holiday the whole day? cannot you remember your partner?

Hawkins. I do not remember my partner.

Mr. *Moreton:* Nor who danced with Lucy?

Hawkins. No, I cannot; there was a very great company of us.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who did George dance with?

Hawkins. I do not know.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember the place?

Hawkins. Yes, I do; it was in Gibbons's parlour; it was a common dance, any body might come as would.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was Clemonts's houſe, where ſhe came before?

Hawkins. A private houſe; ſhe uſed to lie at that houſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* What is his trade?

Hawkins. He is no trade, but a fiſherman?

Mr. *Moreton.* Does he never catch ſuch a thing as a handkerchief as is round your neck at ſea?

Hawkins. No; not as I know of.

Mr. *Moreton.* What had the old woman uſed to deal in?

Hawkins. I never ſaw her deal in any thing; I have heard people talk ſhe ſold things.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was it hard-ware?

Hawkins. I do not know what ware it was.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ever talk with her?

Hawkins. Yes, once at Clemonts's.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was your converſation then?

Hawkins. It was about telling of fortunes; we aſked her queſtions, and ſhe told us ſhe was no fortune-teller.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe tell you what her trade was?

Hawkins. No; we went about our buſineſs; there were two young men with me.

Mr. *Davy.* Now we leave Abbotſbury, and come to Poterſham.

William Haines ſworn.

I live at Poterſham.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that old woman; do you know her?

W. Haines. I know her very well, her name is Mary Squires; I have known her thirty years and upwards.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you ſee her laſt?

Haines. I remember ſeeing her at Poterſham on the 9th of Jan. 1753.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know that young man and woman that are by her?

W. Haines. I do; they are George and Lucy: they were all three of them at my door with William Clark from Abbotſbury; they were going to the ſign of the Chequer their quarters, Joſhua Frampton's houſe; Clark called at my houſe to know if I had done his cloaths; (I am a taylor) I aſked the old gentlewoman and the reſt to come into my houſe, but they did not, and went on to the Chequer; after that I went down to the Chequer, there was one Richard Chipman, we drank a pot of beer: Mrs. Squires ſat in one corner, and George in the other; and Lucy and Clark before the fire in the kitchen.

Mr. *Davy.* What ſort of weather was it that night?

W. Haines. It was terrible bad weather the next day; I left them that night there.

Mr. *Davy.* What makes you remember it to be the 9th of January?

W. Haines. I rent a ſhop at Abbotſbury, and was going there on New-Year's-Day; and becauſe of the Old Chriſtmas, I never went 'till Monday the 8th; although I have known the old woman ſo long, yet I never had any knowledge of the young ones, 'till William Clark courted Lucy; as for George, he might paſs by, but I never had any knowledge of him 'till then. I lived two years at Abbotſbury: I was once at work at George Clemonts's, and the old woman happened to be there all the time I was there, which was ſeven or eight days.

Croſs Examination.

Mr. *Nares.* What time in the afternoon did you ſee them at your door on the 9th of January?

W. Haines. It was about ten or eleven o'clock in the fore part of the day.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go after them to the Chequer?

W. Haines. I did.

Mr. *Nares.* In how long time after?

W. Haines. About an hour or two after them.

Mr. *Nares.* How long did you ſtay with them?

W. Haines. I only drank a pot or two of beer.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee George Squires there?

W. Haines. No; I did not ſee him there any time after that afternoon; after I went away I went to Abbotſbury, and I met him in the fields that come from Abbotſbury.

John Haines ſworn.

I am ſon to William Haines of Poterſham, I live there with my father.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that old woman; do you know her?

J. Haines. I have ſeen her before at Poterſham on the 9th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know her ſon and daughter?

J. Haines. Yes; I ſaw them there the ſame time.

Mr. *Willes.* What day of the week was the 9th of January?

J. Haines. It was on a Tueſday; they lay at the Chequer, William Clark came with them; they came there about nine, ten or eleven o'clock, William Clark lay there, ſo did they; they went away about nine or ten the next day; it was a very bad rainy day.

Croſs Examination.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ever ſee this old woman before that time?

J. Haines. I ſaw her at Abbotſbury on the 6th of Jan. and never before.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee them in the evening?

J. Haines. I do not remember I ſaw them in the evening; I ſaw them the next morning.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee an exciſeman there?

J. Haines. No; I did not.

Mr. *Williams.* How came you to be ſo particular as to the day?

J. Haines. The reaſon is, becauſe I ſaw them at Abbotſbury the 6th of Jan. the Epiphany day, I was at Abbotſbury then.

Mr.

Mr. *Williams.* How long have you lived with your father?

J. Haines, jun. Ever ſince I was born.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath is this the *very* woman?

J. Haines, jun. It is; I cannot be miſtaken.

Francis Bewley *ſworn.*

F. Bewley. I live at Ridgway, and keep a ſmall publick houſe, the ſign of the ſloop aground.

Mr. *Davy.* How many miles is that from Porterſham?

F. Bewley. It is four or five.

Mr. *Davy.* Look upon that old woman there, and tell us whether you have ſeen her before?

F. Bewley. I have ſeveral times at my houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee her at any time about a year ago at your houſe?

F. Bewley. I did on Wedneſday the 10th of January.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the ſon and daughter with her at that time, and Clark of Abbotſbury?

F. Bewley. They were.

Mr. *Davy.* What time might they come to you?

F. Bewley. I believe betwixt nine and eleven in the morning.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they come in all together?

F. Bewley. I don't know whether they came all together, but they were there all together in a ſhort time.

Mr. *Davy.* What had they to eat or drink?

F. Bewley. At firſt they had ſome rowl and cheeſe; I carried it myſelf; and they had ſome beef ſtakes for dinner, at about one or two o'clock, or after, it was not much off of that.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember the circumſtance of any body having a dead horſe?

F. Bewley. Yes, ſir; a woman going from Siron-market to Weymouth-market, the horſe was taken ſick upon the road, and ſhe hired my horſe to ride to Weymouth-market: ſhe bid me take care of this horſe, and get a blackſmith to do ſomething to him, and the horſe died on the Wedneſday morning, at almoſt day; I got a man to lend me a horſe to draw him out of my ſtable to a place behind my houſe, under a hedge: when the woman came back, ſhe deſired me to give ſomebody ſix-pence to ſkin him, and the horſe was a ſkinning as they came along into the yard.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Clark ſtay at your houſe that night?

F. Bewley. No, he did not: a man was ſelling turnips, with two horſes, about the pariſh, and Clark had ſpoke to him, as far as I heard, to come to *he* to carry him home on one of thoſe horſes: it was a terrible wet day as ever I know'd.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did the gipſy woman, her ſon and daughter lie?

F. Bewley. They lay at my houſe that night.

Mr. *Davy.* Before you was up in the morning, did any body come to your bed ſide?

F. Bewley. Yes, George Squires did, with his mother: he told me he had a pattern of a waiſtcoat *(he produces a remnant of nankeen)* this is the ſtuff.

Mr. *Davy.* What did he ſay to you?

F. Bewley. The firſt he ſaid was, he aſk'd me if I wanted a waiſtcoat, and ſaid he had been to Abbotſbury, and money was ſhort, and I ſhould have it cheap. I ſaid, I did not underſtand it, and I never had ſuch a waiſtcoat in my life, and I did not want it: with that his mother came in, and ſaid, they were ſhort of money, and deſired to leave it in my hand, and deſir'd I'd take it for the reckoning, which I did, and have had it ever ſince. They told me they'd either ſend the money or bring it.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever, before this time, ſeen the gipſy woman and her daughter?

F. Bewley. I can't ſay juſtly to the old woman; I once ſaw the ſon and daughter dancing at our houſe when they lodg'd at Broadway once.

Mr. *Davy to George Squires.* Look at this piece *(he takes the nankeen in his hand).*

Squires. I can't ſwear this is the ſame that I left with him, but it is very much like it; it is the ſame ſort of ſtuff.

F. Bewley. I wrote my name upon it, before I let it go out of my cuſtody to any body, my name is now on it *(ſhewn to the jury, and appeared with his name on it).*

Mr. *Davy.* How do you remember the time particularly?

F. Bewley. I am ſure it was that time, by reaſon it was ſuch weather, and the Blandford ſeſſions were ſitting at court, it was a flood, and the dying of the horſe, and ſeveral circumſtances.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is Blandford from Ridgway?

F. Bewley. It is fifteen computed miles. We know that ſeſſions is always kept the 8th or 10th of January; many of my neighbours were at the ſeſſions, and told me, when they came home, what a flood there was in going.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure this was January, 53?

F. Bewley. It was January was twelve months.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure you have ſeen George and his ſiſter a dancing before this.

F. Bewley. Yes, ſir, I have, three or four years back, but I can't ſay I had ſeen the old woman; they lodg'd at Broadway then.

Mr. *Moreton.* What trade did they carry on?

F. Bewley. Upon my word I cannot tell.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did not you know of their dealing in nankeens?

F. Bewley. I never know'd they did; they brought this to me; I never ſaw them have a bit in my life before.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Ridgway from the Sea?

F. Bewley. It is about two miles.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you up here when Mary Squires was tried?

F. Bewley. No, I was not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you not apply'd to by George or Lucy to come up to that trial?

F. Bewley. No, I was not. I read in the news of a Mary Squires tried for a robbery, but I did not know that it was this Mary Squires; I ſaid there were others of that name.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever know a Mary Squires with ſuch a face as this?

F. Bewley. No, ſir.

Thomas Mockeridge *ſworn.*

Mr. *Davy.* Inform the court who you are, and whether you have ever ſeen thoſe three perſons, and when, and where?

T. Mockeridge. I live at Abbotſbury now, I had been at Ridgway and Upway a ſelling turnips; it was very bad weather on the 10th of January, by the preſent ſtile; it was the Wedneſday after old Chriſtmas-day. I found the old woman, her ſon George, and her daughter Lucy, and William Clark, at Mr. Bewley's houſe, at the ſign of the ſhip; I had made an end of ſelling my turnips at the houſe before I came there: I came in I believe between twelve and one at noon, and think I ſtopp'd there till between two and three.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ſeen the old woman Mary Squires before?

T. Mockeridge. I had ſeveral times. I remember ſeeing her at George Clemont's houſe, going down towards the ſea: we call it Grace-church-ſtreet, about three years ago before that.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure thoſe are the people you ſaw there that day?

T. Mockeridge. I am, upon my oath, and will not come here to ſpeak a falſe word for the world.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know of any accident that happened to a horſe on this day?

T. Mockeridge. No, I do not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you go back to afterwards?

T. Mockeridge. To Abbotſbury: I had two horſes, I rode one, and William Clark the other, and he went to Porterſham, there he lodg'd, and I went home with my horſes; he took leave of thoſe people at Ridgway.

John Taylor *ſworn.*

J. Taylor. I live at Fordington, at the ſign of the coach and horſes.

Mr. *Davy.* Where abouts is that?

J. Taylor. It is joining Dorcheſter; it is not a ſtone's caſt apart; many do miſtake it for part of the town.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember this unhappy old woman?

J. Taylor. I know her perfectly well; I have ſeen her above once or twice.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know that girl and the young man there?

J. Taylor. I do, and have known them ſome years; they are her ſon and daughter; I have ſeen them at Fordington on Thurſday the 11th of January; they were not in my houſe, they were in my ſtable on the 10th; there was ſuch a rain they could not paſs along the road; the waters were ſo high they went through a neighbour's houſe and my ſtable the back way.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you a miller?

J. Taylor. No, but there is a mill lies cloſe by my door.

Mr. *Davy.* How did they get through the water?

J. Taylor. The old woman took up her coats and went along through it, and the young woman was carried over by the miller's boy on horſeback.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee the old woman croſs on foot?

J. Taylor. Yes, ſir, to be ſure, I ſaw it as plain as I ſee you.

Mr. *Davy.* When was this?

J. Taylor. It was on Thurſday the 11th of January, 53, in the forenoon, betwixt the hours of eight and eleven.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee her walk all the way through the water?

J. Taylor. I ſaw her go along part of it, I did not ſee it all, becauſe it is two or three rivers; I ſaw her go over two of the rivers.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee any body carry her over?

J. Taylor. Nobody carried her, ſhe went on foot.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee the old woman croſs all the rivers?

J. Taylor. She went over the bridges as far as I know of it; ſhe forded the water at my ſtable door, or as near it as it is croſs the court-yard; I did not ſee her walk through all the water; I had no buſineſs to watch her; George had told me they lodg'd at Mr. Bewley's at Ridgway-foot, the night before.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they tell you whither they were going?

J. Taylor. I can't tell where they were going; they were in the Blandford road.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* You ſay you ſaw the miller's boy carry over the daughter?

J. Taylor. He carried her over all of it: the place where he took her up ſhe waded through, and after that, there be bridges; one is ſtone, and the reſt are wooden ones.

Mr. *Williams.* How far is it from your houſe to Chittle?

J. Taylor. I cannot tell, I believe it is ſeventeen or eighteen miles, but I don't know where it is.

Thomas Hunt *ſworn.*

T. Hunt. I live at Chittle, I am a threſher.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that old woman, her ſon and daughter; have you ſeen them before?

T. Hunt. I have at Chittle, on Friday the 12 of January, 53, about four in the afternoon: the old woman came into our backſide, to the barn door to me, and begg'd lodging of me; there was no publick houſe in the place; I let her lie in an outhouſe on ſome clean oat-ſtraw; it belongs to Mr. Watts of Cranbourn; I aſk'd her if ſhe had any body belong'd to her; ſhe told me ſhe had none but a couple of children, and immediately call'd, why don't you come along? and immediately there came a man and woman.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that man and woman near her, do you know them?

T. Hunt. The man I can ſwear to ſafely, the woman I do not ſo much, becauſe ſhe was cover'd over: I know the man full well, as I know my right hand from my left; I let them in at night, and there I found them in the morning; and the morning being very wet, they remain'd there till ten or eleven o'clock, or it may be ſomething more.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ever ſeen the old woman before?

T. Hunt. I had not; but I am very ſure it is the woman, before God and the world.

Mr. *Willes.* How can you fix upon the time?

T. Hunt.

T. Hunt. It was a very remarkable day, the old new year's day, which proved by altering the ſtile to be the 12th of January.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ever ſee them before?

T. Hunt. No, never before that Friday.

Mr. *Moreton.* Have you ſeen them ſince?

T. Hunt. I have, in the city, about a month before Michaelmas.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know where they came from, that day you ſaw them at Chittle?

T. Hunt. No, ſir, I don't.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Ridgway-foot from Chittle?

T. Hunt. I don't know.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Chittle from Dorcheſter?

T. Hunt. They count it twenty miles, but I never was there in my life.

John Elderton *ſworn.*

J. Elderton. I am a ſervant man; a carter to one farmer Thane, at Martin; I have ſeen that old woman, and the young woman, and the young fellow.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Where?

J. Elderton. At Martin, on Saturday ſevennight after old Chriſtmas-day, in the year 53, in the afternoon, about four o'clock; they all three lay in an out-houſe where I live; the old woman came firſt, and aſk'd my maſter leave to lie there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you hear her?

J. Elderton. I did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was there ſtraw or hay?

J. Elderton. Straw; I ſaw them all in the out-houſe about four in the evening, and on the morning before they went away.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time did you ſee them in the morning?

J. Elderton. I ſaw them about eight o'clock; they were getting up; I am ſenſible they are the three people?

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ever ſeen the old woman before?

J. Elderton. No, I had not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is your maſter farmer Thane here?

J. Elderton. No; he was coming up, but was taken ſick on the road; he came to Saliſbury in company with us, and there we left him; he came to give evidence in this trial.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* What time did they come to your maſter's?

J. Elderton. About four o'clock.

Mr. *Nares.* Did they all come together?

J. Elderton. The old woman came a little before the others: when maſter had granted lodging, ſhe went and call'd them; then they came.

Mr. *Nares.* What is getting up out of a barn?

J. Elderton. It is dreſſing themſelves; putting on their cloaths, or tackling themſelves up.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee any ſheets they had?

J. Elderton. No, I did not any.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee any of their cloaths off?

J. Elderton. No, I did not; they were tying their cloaths up.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee their gowns off, or caps off, or petticoats off?

J. Elderton. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Did the ſtraw appear as if they had laid on it?

J. Elderton. It did; there were marks where they had laid.

William Hort *ſworn.*

W. Hort. I live at Martin.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that old woman; did you ever ſee that face before?

W. Hort. Yes, ſir; I have at Martin.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know that girl behind her, and that man near her?

W. Hort. Yes, ſir, I do; they are the woman's daughter and ſon for what I know.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you ſee them before?

W. Hort. I ſaw them all three at Martin, on Saturday ſeven-night after old Chriſtmas-day; they lay in an out-houſe at farmer Thane's.

Mr. *Davy.* What do you mean by an out-houſe?

W. Hort. By that I mean a barn, or place where was ſtraw.

Mr. *Davy.* How did they lie?

W. Hort. I don't know; I did not ſee them lie in bed; I am farmer Thane's ſervant; they aſked leave of maſter to lie there.

Mr. *Davy.* What did they lie upon?

W. Hort. I cannot ſay what they lay upon, there was ſtraw.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you take upon you to ſay theſe are the ſame three perſons?

W. Hort. I do by my life; that I ſay in the preſence of God.

Mr. *Davy.* Look upon them again?

W. Hort. I do, I am ſure they are the ſame.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* How long did they ſtay?

W. Hort. They came in the evening, and went away the next morning.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee them at any other time?

W. Hort. I ſaw the old woman in maſter's houſe, by the fire, and her daughter was joining china for them.

John Blandford *ſworn.*

J. Blandford. I live with farmer Thane, at Martin.

Mr. *Willes.* What are you?

J. Blandford. I am a blackſmith.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that old woman.

J. Blandford. I ſee her there on the Saturday evening ſeven-nights after old Chriſtmas, about four o'clock, or ſomething after, which is the 13th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee only the old woman?

J. Blandford. No, I only ſaw her, becauſe ſhe came in before them.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ever ſeen her before that time?

J. Blandford. No, I don't know that ever I did.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe lie at farmer Thane's?

J. Blandford. She did ſome where, but I cannot tell where; I did not ſee her afterwards then.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long might you ſee her?

J. Blandford. It might be half a quarter of an hour, or ſomething leſs.

Mr.

Mr. *Moreton.* Have you ſeen her ſince that time?

J. Blandford. I have.

Mr. *Moreton.* When?

J. Blandford. Laſt Wedneſday.

Mr. *Moreton.* Yet you can ſwear to her after a year and half.

J. Blandford. Yes, ſir, if it was twenty years I could.

Joſeph Hayter *ſworn.*

J. Hayter. I live at Coombe, and am a malſter.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know that old woman, and young man and woman?

J. Hayter. I do all three: I ſaw them between Martin and Coombe the Sunday ſevennight after old Chriſtmas: I met them on the road as they were coming for Coombe, about eleven in the morning.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What year do you mean?

J. Hayter. I mean in the year 53; the young man was a little before them, and the old woman had hold on the daughter's hand: the young man aſked me how far it was from Coombe, I ſaid, I thought he know'd as well as I did (as I had ſeen him before) the old gentlewoman was half a dozen *luggs* behind him; ſhe aſk'd me, and I told her it was two miles and a half.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ſeen them both before?

J. Hayter. I had, but I can't ſay I had ſeen the young woman before.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What is the reaſon you know that particular day?

J. Hayter. By reaſon my wife was gone over to keep Chriſtmas, and I was going to fetch her home to Martin: and I ſaw them again the ſame day at Coombe; I came back to Coombe again the ſame night: I ſaw them on the Monday morning at ſeven o'clock; I ſaw them at Mrs. Greville's, the ſign of the lamb; Thomas Greville is dead; I went down to aſk him if he had a load of furz, I wanted a load; there this old gentlewoman ſat in the corner, and George ſtood up in the middle of the houſe, and Lucy ſtood by him; I never ſpoke a word to them then.

Croſs Examination.

Mr. *Nares.* How long before this was it that you had ſeen this old woman before?

J. Hayter. I cannot ſay, it may be two years.

Mr. *Nares.* What did you take them to be?

J. Hayter. I took them to be, what we call, gipſy people.

Mr. *Nares.* Where had you ſeen George before?

J. Hayter. I had ſeen him often at Coombe.

Mr. *Nares.* Without his mother?

J. Hayter. Yes, and with his mother ſome years back; but ſhe might be there at that time, and I not ſee her.

Mr. *Nares.* Is Coombe a market town?

J. Hayter. No, it is a village; I heard of her being indicted for robbing a girl, and I was apply'd to, to come up.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you here when Greville was indicted?

J. Hayter. No I was not here time enough.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you come up to the old woman's trial.

J. Hayter. I was not applied to, to come up, I told it as ſoon as ever I heard Greville went; that I met her in ſuch a place.

Mr. *Nares.* Why did you not appear to give evidence before?

J. Hayter. I was not ſubpœna'd, is the cauſe I did not come.

Mary Greville *ſworn.*

M. Greville. I live at Coombe.

Mr. *Davy.* What relation are you to Thomas Greville, who was indicted for perjury here?

M. Greville. I am ſiſter to him; he is dead.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that old woman, and the girl in a capuchin, and the man behind her?

M. Greville. I know theſe three perſons.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you ſee them?

M. Greville. I ſaw them at Coombe, on the 14th of January, on a Sunday, and went away on the Monday morning, at my mother's houſe, the ſign of the lamb, at Coombe; I live in the ſame houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you ſpeak with abſolute certainty, that theſe are the very perſons you ſaw, and no other?

M. Greville. Theſe be the very perſons indeed.

Mr. *Davy.* May you not be miſtaken?

M. Greville. It is impoſſible I ſhould; I am very well ſatisfied I am not miſtaken in them?

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever ſeen them before?

M. Greville. I don't remember I ever did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you notice the old woman?

M. Greville. Yes, I did.

Mr. *Davy.* I ſpeak of her features, not her profeſſion?

M. Greville. That is what I mean; and that is the very ſon and daughter indeed.

Croſs examined

Mr. *Williams.* Who waited upon them?

M. Greville. My mother did; they were by the kitchen fire.

Mr. *Williams.* What time did they come in?

M. Greville. They came in between two and three in the afternoon.

Mr. *Williams.* When did they go away?

M. Greville. They went away between ſeven and eight in the morning.

Mr. *Williams.* How far is Coombe from Martin?

M. Greville. It is four miles.

George Towil *ſworn.*

G. Towil. I live at Coombe; I have ſeen that old woman and her two children before.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you ſee them before?

G. Towil. I ſaw them the Sunday was ſevennights after old Chriſtmas-day, which was the 14th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you certain of it?

G. Towil. I am very certain.

Mr. *Willes.* Where did you ſee them?

G. Towil. At Mary Greville's, at the ſign of the lamb.

Mr. *Willes.* Were you in company with them?

G. Towil. No, I was not; no-body but the landlady and I drank together; we were paſſing our accounts.

Mr. *Willes.* How long was you there?

G. Towil. I believe I was there from two o'clock to four.

Mr.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ever ſeen the gipſy woman before?

G. Towil. I don't know that ever I did: there was another man in company with them; I believe he was a carpenter; he had a leather apron on: he aſk'd me if I was a carpenter; I ſaid I was a well-wiſher to it.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you called?

G. Towil. The firſt time I was ſupœnad was in May.

Mr. *Moreton.* Have you been to ſee the woman ſince?

G. Towil. I have, and am ſure it is the woman.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure to them all?

G. Towil. I am.

Richard Aimer *ſworn.*

R. Aimer. I live at Coombe, and am ſervant to farmer John Harris.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at that old woman; who is ſhe?

R. Aimer. Mary Squires; and ſhe, in the capuchin is her daughter Lucy; and the other perſon by her is her ſon George.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Where have you ſeen them before?

R. Aimer. I ſaw them at Coombe on Sunday the 14th of January, 1753, juſt after one o'clock; they were travelling upon the road.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſpeak to them?

R. Aimer. Her ſon aſk'd me how far it was to Sutton: I ſaid, I could not tell, for I was never there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What converſation had you with the old woman?

R. Aimer. It was in the way of bantering and telling of fortunes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſpeak to the young woman?

R. Aimer. I never ſaid a word to her; I ſaw the old woman afterwards; ſhe came to our maſter's door.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know what for?

R. Aimer. No; I don't; and I ſaw her ſon on the Monday morning, at the widow Greville's, at Coombe, but I never ſpoke a word to him there, or he to me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee the old woman or daughter on the Monday?

R. Aimer. No, ſir, I did not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* When they ſpoke to you between Sutton and Coombe, did you know them?

R. Aimer. No, ſir.

Mr. *Nares.* Then how do you know that this is George and Lucy?

R. Aimer. I know that only as they told me ſince, for I never ſaw them before in my life.

Mr. *Nares.* Did the old lady tell you your fortune?

R. Aimer. Yes.

Mr. *Nares.* All is come true I hope?

R. Aimer. I did not think any thing was true when it was done.

Mr. *Nares.* What did you give her for telling you your fortune?

R. Aimer. Two-pence.

Mr. *Nares.* Was her daughter and ſon by?

R. Aimer. They went on while we talked together.

Mr. *Nares.* What time did you ſee her at Coombe?

R. Aimer. Upon my return there in the evening I ſaw her.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you ſeen her ſince?

R. Aimer. I never ſaw her ſince, till I ſaw her in Newgate.

Robert Merchant *ſworn.*

R. Merchant. I live at Coombe, I am a carter.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know that old woman?

R. Merchant. I do very well.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know her ſon and daughter?

R. Merchant. They were gone on when I ſaw the old woman.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you ſee the old woman?

R. Merchant. At Coombe, the 14th of January.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know the day of the week?

R. Merchant. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* How do you know it to be the 14th of January?

R. Merchant. By my maſter's account and the farrier's; I aſk'd maſter that day what day of the month it was?

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* When did your maſter tell you it was the 14th of January?

R. Merchant. We had a horſe bad that very day the woman was there; and maſter and he diſputed it to the beſt of their knowledge, that *that* was the day that I ſaw her.

Mr. *Williams.* What is your maſter's name?

R. Merchant. My maſter is farmer John Harris.

Mr. *Williams.* When had you this diſpute?

R. Merchant. We had no diſpute at all.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you hear your maſter ſay it was the 14th of January.

R. Merchant. The ſame day the woman was there.

Mr. *Williams.* How came you to be talking of the day of the month?

R. Merchant. Being the horſe was bad ſir; and becauſe the horſe was bad, they ſet down the day of the month.

Mr. *Williams.* What, were they ſettling their accounts?

R. Merchant. They were, ſo far as I know: maſter was to pay the farrier money for curing the horſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Was there any talk then about the gipſy?

R. Merchant. No, ſir, I heard no talk about the gipſy.

Martha Waters *ſworn.*

M. Waters. I live at Coombe.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever ſee that old woman before?

M. Waters. Yes, I have at Coombe, on the 14th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Was her ſon and daughter with her?

M. Waters. No, ſir; I ſaw her at a farmer's houſe where I live.

Mr. *Willes.* How came ſhe to come there?

M. Waters. She came and aſk'd for ſome ſmall beer.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you ever ſeen her before?

M. Waters. No, I never did; but I am ſure ſhe is the woman.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long did ſhe ſtay there?

M. Waters. She ſtaid there about the value of a quarter of an hour.

Mr. *Marton.* Did ſhe tell thee thy fortune?

M. Waters. No, ſhe did not; I did not want it.

Mr. *Davy.* Your lordſhip may remember; that George Squires could give no account of places between Coombe and Baſingſtoke, therefore we could not collect any evidence between theſe towns; ſo the next witneſs comes from Baſingſtoke, which you will find to be forty miles from Coombe, and that is four days journey, according to their rate of travelling: they were at Coombe on the 14th of January, and you will find them at Baſingſtoke on the 18th.

Mary Morris *ſworn.*

M. Morris. I live at Baſingſtoke, at the Spread Eagle.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that old woman.

M. Morris. That old gentlewoman is Mary Squires, and the young woman is Lucy Squires, and the young man is George Squires. I wrote a letter for the young woman on the 18th of January.

Mr. *Davy.* What day of the week was it?

M. Morris. Really I will not be poſitive; it was on a Thurſday or Friday; it was for one Clark at Abbotſbury.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this letter; is this your writing?

M. Morris. She takes it in her hand—Sir, it is my hand-writing, directions and all; my little boy carried it to the poſt-office, and Mr. Squires gave him a halfpenny becauſe he did not ſtay.

The Letter read.

Directed to the poſt-houſe in Dorcheſter, to be directed to Abbotſbury for Mr. William Clark, cordwainer. This with care.

(The other figure being in the corner was ſuppoſed to be torn off)

" Baſingſtoke, Jan. 18, 175

" *S I R,*

" This, with my kind love and ſervice to " you, and all your family, hoping you are " all in good health, as I be at preſent. This " is to acquaint you, that I am very uneaſy for " your troubleſome journey, hoping you re- " ceived no illneſs after your journey; ſo no " more at preſent, from

" *Your moſt obedient and humble ſervant,*

" Lucy Squires."

" I deſire to hear from you as ſoon as poſ- " ſible. Direct for Lucy Squires at Brentford, " near London. George and mother give " their compliments to you, and all your fa- " mily."

Mr. *Davy.* You are ſure this is your hand-writing?

M. Morris. This is my own hand-writing, which I wrote at Baſingſtoke, at the requeſt of Lucy Squires.

Mr. *Davy.* Were the old woman and ſon there then.

M. Morris. They were in the houſe all the time; they would have lodged at my houſe, but I had not lodgings; they had a pint or two of beer, and eat a bit of bread, and went on to Old Bayſing.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is Old Bayſing from Baſingſtoke?

M. Morris. It is about two miles.

Mr. *Davy.* Is it poſſible you may miſtake theſe people for any other gipſies.

M. Morris. I am poſitive that theſe are the very people I ſaw at my houſe.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Had the old woman ever been at your houſe before?

M. Morris. She had lain at my houſe about a year and three quarters before.

Mr. *Nares.* None but the old woman?

M. Morris. No; I never ſaw the ſon and daughter before.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this letter was wrote the day it bears date?

M. Morris. I am poſitive ſure it was.

Mr. Willis.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is Coombe from Baſingſtoke?

Willis. It is about forty miles.

Mr. *Willes.* Where had you this letter?

Willis. When I came to the poſt-office at Dorcheſter, which is the neareſt poſt-office to Abbotſbury, the directions being very blind, the poſt-maſter had ſent it under miſtake to one Clark, as I underſtood, at *Charlſter*, who ſent his wife with it immediately.

The court look upon the back of the letter and diſcover two poſt-marks upon it.

Thomas Ravenhill *ſworn.*

T. Ravenhill. I belong to the poſt-office, am aſſiſtant clerk to the weſtern road.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at the poſt-mark upon that letter, and tell us where the letter was mark'd?

T. Ravenhill. This is a mark of the general poſt-office in London.

Mr. *Davy.* What day of the month does it appear to be ſtamp'd.

T. Ravenhill. The ſtamp is very imperfect, I cannot take upon me to ſpeak with certainty.

Mr. *Davy.* Of whoſe hand-writing is the poſt charge?

T. Ravenhill. This is mine, that is the charge, which is ſeven-pence; the original place where it came from to London is three-pence, that is three-pence up and four-pence down; it is directed to be left at the poſt-houſe in Dorcheſter, that is four-pence.

Mr. *Davy.* See what part of the printed mark do you find plain?

T. Ravenhill. The ſtamp is ſo very imperfect, that I cannot with any degree of certainty tell; the 9 is very plain; whether it is 19 or 29 I can't ſay; it is not the 9th, for if it was, that figure would have been in the center.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at the letters at the bottom of the circle.

T. Ravenhill. The ſecond letter ſeems to be an A.

Mr. *Davy.* I think your ſtamps are mark'd Mr for March?

T. Ravenhill. They are.

Mr. *Davy.* Then there can be the name of no month, the ſecond letter of which is A, but January and May.

T. Ravenhill. I don't recollect that the ſecond letter of any ſtamp is A, but that of January and May.

Mr.

Mr. *Davy.* Can you get the ſtamps from the poſt-office; that the court may ſee them?

T. Ravenhill. Yes. *(He goes, and returns with ſeveral impreſſions on paper, as Jan. 9, Jan. 19, Jan. 29, and May 1, Mar. 26).* Theſe are all the ſtamps where A is the ſecond letter; all the inland ſtamps have the figure on the top of the letter, and the foreign ſtamps are at the bottom; the figure 9 is placed not in the center, but juſt over the ſecond letter.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this letter; do you believe that ſtamp to be January?

T. Ravenhill. I cannot form an opinion of it, than any ſtranger to it; I believe it to be the 19th or 29th rather than the 9th.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* What are thoſe ſtamps made of?

T. Ravenhill. They are made of box.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you ſtamp a letter for 52 with the ſame ſtamp of 51.

T. Ravenhill. No, we do not; we uſe every day one, and they laſt no longer; ſome times, at the latter end of the day, it is ſo defac'd and clogg'd, that it will hardly laſt a day; and after they have been uſed, they are thrown into a drawer, where they remain five or ſix months, and then we burn them.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure this mark of the charge is your mark?

T. Ravenhill. I am very ſure it is.

Mr. *Davy.* Has Baſingſtoke a ſtamp to it?

T. Ravenhill. I can't ſay whether it has or no.

Mr. *Davy.* Is there a poſt-maſter there?

T. Ravenhill. There is.

Mr. *Davy.* Have not all poſt-maſters ſtamps?

T. Ravenhill. I can't ſay whether they have or not.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this, and ſee if there is a poſt-mark upon it?

T. Ravenhill. I ſee there is a mark very plain, but it is ſo blind I can't diſtinguiſh what it is.

Mr. *Davy.* Is it a mark of two lines?

T. Ravenhill. I believe it may be a poſt-mark of two lines.

Mr. *Davy.* Why have ſome two lines and ſome but one?

T. Ravenhill. Thoſe of two lines are generally where the town's name is a long one.

Elizabeth Edwards *ſworn.*

E. Edwards. I live at Brentford.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that old woman, and theſe two people with her.

E. Edwards. I ſee her, and her daughter and ſon; they came all three into my houſe; I don't know the day, but we had a neighbour's child chriſtened at the time they were there; *(ſhe produces the copy of the regiſter)* this is a true copy of the regiſter of the child when it was chriſtened, Mr. *Gaſcoyne* went himſelf and took it out of the book.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you tell by any other circumſtance?

E. Edwards. No, I cannot.

Mr. *Willes.* What day was it the child was chriſtened?

E. Edwards. By this, it was the 22d day of January, and the old woman went away on the 23d, being on a Tueſday, but they came to my houſe on the Saturday before.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you keep a publick houſe?

E. Edwards. No, I do not; I keep a ſhop; they lodg'd at my houſe: George went out on the Sunday, and brought his other ſiſter to our houſe on the Monday, and they went all away together on the Tueſday morning betimes towards London.

Mr. *Willes.* What did they call the other ſiſter's name?

E. Edwards. I have forgot what he call'd her, but one of them he call'd Lucy.

Mr. *Willes.* Was that ſhe that he brought on the Monday?

E. Edwards. No, it was not

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſure they were at your houſe at that time?

E. Edwards. I am poſitive they were.

Suſanna Burwill *ſworn.*

S. Burwill. I live at Brentford, the laſt witneſs is my mother; ſhe has had two huſbands is the reaſon our names differ.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know that old woman there?

S. Burwill. I do: I never ſaw her before ſhe came to my mother's. I know them all three; they all came together on a Saturday night, the 20th of January; they aſked for lodgings, and ſaid they were recommended by a friend of my mother's, and my mother let them lie there; on the Sunday the old gentlewoman and her daughter ſtaid there, and the ſon went to London, and did not come home till the Monday, and then he brought a ſiſter (as he call'd her) with him.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time did he return?

S. Burwill. I can't tell the time directly; it was ſome time of the day.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did they lie there on Monday night?

S. Burwill. They did, ſir, and went all four of them away on the Tueſday morning.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did they ſay where they were going?

S. Burwill. They ſaid they were going to Epping in Eſſex.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you tell what time they went away?

S. Burwill. I really cannot: they went away ſome time in the morning.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you ever ſeen them before?

S. Burwill. No, I never had to my knowledge.

William Tredget *ſworn.*

W. Tredget. I live at Tottenham, at the Seven Siſters, the ſign of the two brewers.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is that from London?

W. Tredget. It is four miles.

Mr. *Davy.* How many miles is it from Enfield-Waſh.

W. Tredget. I cannot juſtly tell: I know the place.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at thoſe three people, — that old woman, and the daughter and ſon?

W. Tredget. I remember the old woman very well, and the daughter and ſon too.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you ſee them?

W. Tredget.

W. Tredget. I ſaw them at Tottenham on the 23d of January, which was on a Tueſday: I am ſure to the day and the people.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did they ſay they came from?

W. Tredget. They ſaid they came from Brentford.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they lie at your houſe?

W. Tredget. No, they did not; I told them I had no lodging, and directed them over the way to a farm houſe, one Mr. Philips's, but cannot ſay whether they lay there or not.

Mr. *Davy.* What time of the day did they call at your houſe?

W. Tredget. It might be about four; it was a little before candle lighting.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever ſeen them before?

W. Tredget. I cannot ſay I ever did, unleſs it was the old gentlewoman; I believe I had ſeen her about three years before; I had taken notice of her face that ſhe was a woman not common to be ſeen, the laſt time.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you taken notice of her face before that time?

W. Tredget. No.

Mr. *Davy.* When you ſaw her upon the 23d of January, did you recollect that you had ſeen her before?

W. Tredget. No; but when they came to aſk me to come and ſee her in Newgate, then I recollected that it was the face I had ſeen three years before.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you now ſay upon your oath, that theſe are the very people whom you ſaw upon the 23d of January?

W. Tredget. It is the very ſame woman; I ſaw her then at Page Green, then her ſon and daughter were with her, but not when I ſaw her before as I know of.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* How many people did you ſee at Page Green that aſked for lodging on the 23d of January?

W. Tredget. I ſaw none but the old woman, George and Lucy.

Mary Tredget *ſworn.*

M. Tredget. I am wife to the laſt witneſs; we live at Page Green; I ſaw the old gipſy at my houſe on Tueſday the 23d of January, ſhe aſked us for lodgings, I did not let them have any, but recommended them to a farm houſe over the way.

Mr. *Willes.* What is the farmer's name?

M. Tredget. His name is Philips.

Mr. *Davy.* My lord, we have now gone through the proof of the alibi of Mary Squires, and brought her to Page Green, within two or three miles of Enfield-Waſh; we will leave her there for the preſent, and proceed to another part of our caſe, which goes in contradiction to the whole of the defendant's evidence; we ſhall therefore call witneſſes to prove, that her information before Mr. Alderman Chitty, on the 31ſt of January, differed in many inſtances from what ſhe ſwore afterwards; and that ſhe at firſt gave a falſe deſcription of the place ſhe pretends to have been confin'd in, and varied in her ſtory after ſhe had been carried to Wells's houſe at Enfield-Waſh, on the firſt of February; we will alſo give your lordſhip and the jury a true deſcription of this ſuppoſed priſon, and of what happened there on the firſt of February. We beg leave firſt to examine Mr. Alderman Chitty, but I muſt let the gentlemen concern'd for the defendant know the names of the witneſſes we intend to call to this part of our caſe, that they may alſo be examined ſeparately; Mr. Chitty, Mr. Naſh, Mr. Hague, Mr. Aldridge, and William White.

WEDNESDAY the 1ſt of *May.*

Alderman Chitty *ſworn.*

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Be pleaſed, ſir, to give an account of what paſt before you on the 31ſt of January 1753, relating to Elizabeth Canning.

Alderman *Chitty.* I was the ſitting alderman at that time Elizabeth Canning was brought before me, but as it is about a year and half ago, I cannot give a diſtinct account of it. I remember it was on the 31ſt of January, about half an hour after twelve or one o'clock. Mr. Lyon and another Perſon, I believe it was Mr. Naſh, came to me; there were a few notes taken for my own memorandum, which I believe are in court, which are the ſubſtance of what paſt.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were they ſigned by her?

Alderman *Chitty.* No; I took it on paper as I generally do; but not thinking it would have been the ſubject of ſo much inquiry, I did not take it ſo diſtinct as I could wiſh.

He produces a paper.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is this your hand-writing?

Alderman *Chitty.* It is; this is not what I had taken at that time, but what I took ſince from that paper I took then of hers, and other perſons that were brought before me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Then is this the ſubſtance of that account of her's you took?

Alderman *Chitty.* It is.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* You may refreſh your memory by looking on it, and give the court an account of it, you may read it.

He reads. "A copy of the minutes taken "by Thomas Chitty, upon the examination "of Elizabeth Canning, at juſtice-room, "Guildhall, January 31, 1753.

"Elizabeth Canning ſwore, that on laſt "new-year's day, as ſhe was returning from "her uncle's, about Saltpetre-bank, as ſhe came "along by the dead wall againſt Bedlam, in "Moorfields, about or near ten o'clock at "night, ſhe was met by two men, who ſtrip'd "her and robb'd her of half a guinea, three "ſhillings, and a halfpenny."

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure ſhe ſaid a halfpenny?

Alderman *Chitty.* I am ſure ſhe did; alſo her gown from her back. (Now I would obſerve, here I aſked her what elſe? ſhe ſaid, a hat, ſhe ſaid it was a ſtraw or chip hat; I did not put that down, but I well remember it as if it was but yeſterday) "ſhe ſaid a hat from her "head; ſhe ſtruggled and made a noiſe; one "ſtopp'd her mouth with ſomething like a hand-"kerchief, and ſwore if ſhe made any noiſe or "reſiſtance, they would kill her, and then hit "her a blow over the head and ſtunned her, and "*forced her along Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, each hold-"ing her up under her arms, but did not remem-"ber any thing more that paſſed, and did not "come to herſelf till about half an hour before

ſhe

" ſhe came to Enfield-Waſh; as ſhe had learn'd " ſince, to Wells's houſe there, and there " were ſeveral perſons in the room; they ſaid " ſhe muſt do as they did, and if ſo, ſhe ſhould " have fine clothes, *&c.* ſhe ſaid ſhe would " not, but would go home, and refuſed com- " pliance; and then a woman forced her up " ſtairs into a room, and with a caſe knife ſhe " had in her hand, cut the lace of her ſtays, " and took her ſtays away, and told her there " was bread and water in the ſaid room, and " if ſhe made any noiſe, ſhe would come in " immediately and cut her throat; then went " out and locked the door, and never ſaw her " nor any one of them ſince, till after her " eſcape, which bread was in quantity about " a quarter of a peck loaf in pieces, and three " quarters of a gallon of water, or a little " more, in a pitcher as ſhe ſuppoſed, on which " only ſhe ſubſiſted, and one penny mince-pye " ſhe had in her pocket, till ſhe got away, " which was on the 29th of January, about " half an hour after three o'clock or four in " the afternoon, and then made the beſt of her " way to town to her mother's at the bottom " of Aldermanbury. She farther ſaid, on in- " quiry, ſhe had no ſtool all that time, only " made a little water; and ſaid there was an " old ſtool or two, an old table, and an old " picture over the chimney, two windows in " the room, one faſtened up with boards, the " other, part ditto and part glaſs, in which " latter ſhe made a hole by removing a pane, " and forced part open, and got out on a ſmall " ſhed of boards or penthouſe, and ſo ſlid down " and jumped on the ſide of a bank on the " backſide of the houſe, and ſo got into the " road, and proceeded to her mother's that " night, which was about ten o'clock. Her " mother ſaid ſhe was faint, ſo ſhe got her " ſome wine and water, but it would not go " down, the paſſages being ſwelled, therefore " ſent to the apothecary for advice. Mr. Lion " her maſter gave her an exceeding good cha- " racter, and ſo did her late maſter Mr. Win- " tlebury:" There were a great many queſtions aſked her which are not down here. There was an examination for I believe near an hour, and after I had examined her, I ſent for alderman Fludyer, but he did not chuſe to examine her, and put her over to the ſitting alderman, which happened to be my turn.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* During the time of this examination did ſhe mention any hay?

Alderman *Chitty.* She ſaid there were nothing in the room but thoſe things ſhe had mentioned; not one tittle of hay, neither do I remember what ſhe ſaid ſhe lay upon.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe deſcribe any gipſy, or any remarkable woman?

Alderman *Chitty.* I aſked her whether ſhe ſhould know the woman again: ſhe ſaid ſhe believed ſhe ſhould, but ſhe did not make mention of any extraordinary woman doing this.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe ſay when ſhe drank all her water?

Alderman *Chitty.* She ſaid a little water was left when ſhe made her eſcape. I aſked her whether ſhe know'd what the quantity of a quartern loaf was: ſhe ſaid ſhe did, for her former maſter kept a publick houſe. I aſked her what ſort of bread this was; ſhe ſaid, there were four or five pieces to the quantity of a quartern loaf.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Are you ſure ſhe ſaid four or five pieces?

Alderman *Chitty.* I am ſure ſhe ſaid four or five, or five or ſix pieces.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe mention any ſuch thing as a tobacco mould, a baſon, a ſaddle, hay, or a barrel?

Alderman *Chitty.* I heard of no ſuch things; ſhe ſaid there was nothing in the room but what things ſhe had mentioned: ſhe apprehended then, it might be the woman of the houſe that had ſerved her thus; but it appears, as it comes out, ſhe had no notion who that woman was. I aſked her whether or no ſhe had ſeen any body in all that time; ſhe ſaid ſhe had not but once; ſhe looked through the key hole and ſaw ſome one perſon paſs below.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Pleaſe to look at this paper.

Alderman *Chitty.* This is my hand-writing, it is my warrant for the apprehending the people that ſhe charged.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe mention the name of Wells, or whoſe houſe ſhe had been at?

Alderman *Chitty.* I was a little unwilling, at this extraordinary account, to grant a warrant; I ſaid to her, be ſure what you ſay; ſay nothing but what you can ſwear to; and as ſhe ſwore all to be true, upon this information I granted her a warrant, but told her I could not believe the ſtory ſhe had told me.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you recollect that whether, in the time ſhe was in confinement, ſhe heard any thing by which ſhe could diſcover the names of any of the people?

Alderman *Chitty.* The name of Wells was not mentioned at all by her.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came you to grant a warrant in particular againſt Wells?

Alderman *Chitty.* Becauſe they had learned the name ſince of the keeper of the houſe, and that they ſuppoſed to be this Wells.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were there any particular features deſcribed of the perſon?

Alderman *Chitty.* No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who mentioned the name of Wells, as Canning never mentioned that name?

Alderman *Chitty.* I cannot remember that: it was mentioned, mother Wells was the occupier of this houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was one Scarrot there?

Alderman *Chitty.* There were above fifty people there; I did not know them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* During this examination, did ſhe mention any fit ſhe had?

Alderman *Chitty.* I don't remember ſhe did, but the mother did; ſhe ſaid ſhe had been ſubject to fits from her infancy.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe went down Biſhopſgate-ſtreet?

Alderman *Chitty.* She did, between two men, one held under one arm, and the other under the other; but ſaid, how ſhe came there ſhe could not tell; that ſhe was not ſo far ſtunned but that ſhe know'd a little, as ſhe went along that part, but how ſhe went afterwards ſhe did not know; ſhe ſaid ſhe might have been put in ſome houſe for what ſhe know'd, but ſhe could not tell that.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Previous to this examination, had you ſeen any advertiſement in the papers of the 6th of January, which gives an account of a young woman taken out of a hackney-coach?

Mr. *Moreton.* That is not a proper queſtion.

The Warrant read.

" To all conſtables and other peace officers.

" London, to wit, Theſe are in his majeſty's " name to command you, and every one of " you, upon ſight hereof, to take and bring " before me, or ſome other of his majeſty's " juſtices of the peace, the body of a perſon " that goes by the name of mother Wells, at " Enfield-Waſh, in the county of Middleſex,

Q. From a Juryman. Who put that name in the warrant, or who gave the name?

Alderman *Chitty.* I cannot recollect who mentioned the name Wells: I apprehend they had got that name before they came to the juſtice-room: I aſked the girl whether that was the miſtreſs of the houſe or no; ſhe ſaid, ſhe could tell nothing of the woman's name.

The Concluſion of the Warrant.

" of whom you ſhall have notice, to anſwer to " ſuch things that ſhall be alledged againſt her " by Elizabeth Canning, for violently aſſault- " ing her, and robbing her of a pair of ſtays, " and confining her in a room in the ſaid " houſe, and keeping her on bread and water " for upwards of three weeks, as oath has been " made before me,

" *Jan.* 31, 1753. *Thomas Chitty.*"

Gawen Naſh.

G. Naſh. I belong to Goldſmiths-hall, and keep a coffee-houſe in Gutter-lane. On the 31ſt of January 53, I went to Mr. Lion's houſe in Aldermanbury; he is a particular acquaintance of mine, and has been ſome years; there was he and his wife. I aſked them whether that paragraph in the paper about their ſervant's coming home in ſuch a condition was true, he told me it was.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you preſent in the juſtice-room when the defendant was there before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

G. Naſh. I was, as a friend to this girl; the city marſhal's man was there: I was there a little before the others; I aſked leave to let the room be cleared; there were many people in the room; I had never ſeen the girl till that day; but had compaſſion for her from the account I had heard of her hard uſage.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Mr. Adamſon there?

G. Naſh. I think he was.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Mr. Scarrot there?

G. Naſh. I do not know whether he was or not; the girl gave an account of the place where ſhe had been in: Mr. Alderman Chitty aſked her (how it might ſlip his memory I cannot tell) what ſort of a room ſhe had been confined in; her anſwer was, *that it was a little, ſquare, darkiſh or dark room, with boards nailed up before the window.*

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure the words little and ſquare were mentioned?

G. Naſh. I am ſure of it, I remember it very well.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay windows in the plural number?

G. Naſh. She did; ſhe ſaid, through the cracks of the boards ſhe could ſee the Hertfordſhire coach paſs by upon the road, that had uſed to carry her miſtreſs. Upon being aſked what was in the room, ſhe ſaid, there was an old broken ſtool or a chair; and in the chimney, an old iron grate, and a few old pictures hung over the chimney.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you take this in writing?

G. Naſh. No, I never did; upon being aſked what ſhe lay upon, I remember very well ſhe ſaid, ſhe lay on the boards, which melted my heart indeed: I felt an inward affection for the girl, upon recollecting it was cold weather at that time, for I think we had a good deal of froſt at that time.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you heard what the alderman ſaid in his evidence?

G. Naſh. I have.

Mr. *Davy.* What did ſhe ſay about bread in the room, and how many pieces were there?

G. Naſh. She ſaid, there were about the value of a quartern loaf thrown about the room in cruſts, which were blue and mouldy; the number of pieces I do not remember ſhe ſaid.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember ſhe ſaid ſhe ſlid down a penthouſe?

G. Naſh. I do not, ſhe ſaid ſhe pulled down one of the boards of the window, after ſhe had ſtrove at it many times; and in getting out at the window ſhe tore her ear by a nail by the ſide of the window in turning herſelf about; and her mother ſtanding by, ſaid, her ear was then bloody; her ear then ſeemed to be very ſore. There was a warrant granted upon this againſt one Wells. The alderman does not remember what it was that induced him to grant it againſt her in particular: I recollect it becauſe it was in a paragraph in the news-paper, that ſhe had been at the houſe of mother Wells, at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Davy.* What charge was there before the alderman againſt mother Wells? for he could not grant a warrant by information from the news-paper.

G. Naſh. I recollect ſhe was aſked where ſhe had been, and that ſhe, or ſomebody elſe, ſaid ſhe had been at the houſe of mother Wells, at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Davy.* Recollect, if you can, whether it was ſhe or another perſon who ſaid ſo.

G. Naſh. Upon my word I cannot poſitively tell which, but it was repeated aloud that ſhe had been at the houſe of mother Wells (that is a notorious bad woman) ſhe being aſked how ſhe came to know ſhe had been at mother Wells's, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had heard her called ſo while ſhe was under confinement in the room.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe deſcribe any perſon ſhe ſaw in the houſe?

G. Naſh. There were no particular deſcriptions given by her of any one perſon in the houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the name of Virtue Hall mentioned then?

G. Naſh. I never heard it indeed before the alderman.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember any other particulars of the deſcription of the room, or any other circumſtances?

G. Naſh. I do not recollect any other deſcription than I have hitherto told; upon this a warrant was granted.

Mr.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you, upon that, go down with any perſons to Enfield-Waſh, and when, in order to apprehend the people, or ſee the houſe?

G. Naſh. I really can't recollect whether Mr. Lion took the warrant out of the clerk's hand or I, but we went on jig-by-jole to the hall-yard; I know Mr. Lion paid the ſhilling for the warrant: when we were in the yard, we were conſulting what to do in this affair; fearing it ſhould gather wind in the country, and the people all got away before we got down there. Upon this Mr. Lion and I being very intimate, went home to my houſe; my wife being very unwilling I ſhould lie out of town that night, otherwiſe we had gone down immediately to have apprehended the people that night. We agreed to go the next morning in a coach, and he aſked me to take a friend or two, which I did; they were Mr. Edward Aldridge and Mr. John Hague. We went (this was on the 1ſt of February) at our own expence, and took coach in Chiſwell-ſtreet, and deſired the coachman to proceed as faſt as he could, fearing we ſhould miſs what we aimed at. When we came to about Hounds-field, ſome where by Ponder's-End, we had ſeveral people met us, riding as hard as they could, to give us intelligence that they had ſeized all the people in the houſe.

Mr. *Davy*. As you had heard the defendant give a deſcription of the room, did you mention that to Mr. Hague and Mr. Aldridge?

G. Naſh. I told them what I had heard.

Mr. *Davy*. At the time you were going down with them, did you declare any intention you had to take a ſurvey of the place, and ſee whether it anſwered her deſcriptions?

G. Naſh. I can't tell whether I ſaid ſo, but it was my intention ſo to do, and to ſee the warrant executed.

Mr. *Davy*. What time did you arrive there?

G. Naſh. I gueſs it was about eleven o'clock, which was about an hour before Elizabeth Canning came there: The coachman drove us up to the ſun and punch-bowl, almoſt oppoſite to mother Wells's houſe; there were people, ſome on horſeback, and ſome on foot, all in an uproar. Mr. Hague, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Aldridge went into the houſe. I puſhed over to the houſe in order to find if the deſcription of the room anſwered: I ſaw ſome people in the room on my left hand, which they call the parlour; then I went up the ſtair caſe leading from the great door that comes into the ſtreet, and, to my great ſurprize, I look'd about the three rooms, and found nothing there like it; there were beds in them, which ſeemed to have been laid in that night; then I came down again and went into the kitchen, and ſaw a man with a broomſtick in his hand; I ſaid to him, friend, do you know any thing of this houſe? he ſaid, there is a room here: he unbuttoned a button and opened the door; I ſaw a door on each ſide, one opened to a cellar full of water, another opened to a place like an oven, and the other led me to a place where was a few ſteps or ſtairs which led up into this hay-loft, a naſty room: I have ſince told the ſteps; I think there were eight of them; I am ſure there were nothing like her deſcriptions there at that time. I cannot ſay I obſerved the key-hole, but I was there about afterwards, and believe there has not been a lock upon that door for many years; there were no ſigns where a lock could have been placed; I ſaw no marks of a lock faſtened thereon; I am ſure there had been no lock there; neither was there any bolt; there was a large bar that ſecured the three doors.

Mr. *Davy*. Are the ſteps without or within ſide the door?

G. Naſh. They are on the inſide the door; the ſtairs are part of the room.

Mr. *Davy*. Can you mention the exact length and breadth of the room?

G. Naſh. I never meaſured it, it is a very long room; you may as well call this table a ſquare *(meaning a long table in the ſeſſions-houſe)* that man and I went up in it by ourſelves.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you take any particular notice of what things were in the room?

G. Naſh. At that time I cannot ſay I did, becauſe I had not found out the room according to the girl's deſcription. I came down and ſaw Mr. White, one of my lord-mayor's marſhal-men, who went down to execute the warrant; I ſaid to him, for God's ſake what do you think of this affair? he ſaid, he believed, we were got into the wrong box, and he believed the girl had never been there: then I went over to my companions that came down along with me; this was before Canning came. We went over to the houſe again; we went up into this room; ſome perſons, I cannot tell who, ſaid this muſt be the room; Mr. Lion ſtood near me; ſaid I, this cannot be the room according to her deſcription, for ſhe ſaid it was an empty dark room; Mr. Lion ſaid, theſe things may have been here ſince: there were numbers of things then in it.

Mr. *Davy*. Mention the things you ſaw there.

G. Naſh. There was to the quantity of half a load of hay; an old neſt of drawers, about four feet long, and three high; there was a high tub with pollard in it; two ſide-ſaddles, and an old man's ſaddle: on my right hand coming up ſtairs, there ſeemed to be a place as if ſome poor people had laid upon it; it was ſome part hay that was taken from the heap, and ſome wool put into a ſack for a bolſter, made up in the form of a bed: over this naſty bed (if I may ſo call it) were ſome pullies and a line belonging to a jack; and at the head of this bed was a hole, through which, it ſeems, formerly the line did run, that had ſome hay ſtuffed in it to keep out the wind; I took it out; it was a long ſquare, about ſix by eight inches; there is a jack in the kitchen to which the line had been faſtened; the hole looks directly into the kitchen; it is a very thin partition; it is lath and plaiſter: through that hole might be ſeen every thing in the kitchen, except juſt under it, and there was a window in the kitchen, which looks out into the road, which, from that hay-loft, a perſon might ſee through that window croſs the road.

Mr. *Davy*. Could you, when ſtanding in the kitchen, ſee through into that room?

G. Naſh. You might ſee the window that fronts the kitchen through the hole.

Mr. *Davy*. How high is the hole from the floor of the kitchen?

G. Naſh. I believe it might be about ſeven or eight feet to look through from the kitchen; a perſon

perſon might elevate himſelf or look upwards, and when in the room, the hole is about five or ſix inches above the pillow of this hay-bed, which was made on the floor. In this room was a chimney, which I apprehended was for the warming a glew-pot; and over this place, for the reception of a chimney, was a little ledge; upon which ſtood an old iron caſement all duſty; the chimney ſtands in the corner of the room, as near as I can think it is to the ſouth; there was cobwebs and naſtineſs upon the things, it is impoſſible they ſhould be newly have been put there within a year.

Mr. *Davy*. Were there any cobwebs on the caſement?

G. Naſh. There were; they ſeemed to fix the caſement to the chimney ledge, it had ſuch an appearance to me, I did not move it; it was all over cobwebs, and ſeemed to be ſordered to the wall with them, I did not move it.

Mr. *Davy*. Was there any grate in the chimney?

G. Naſh. No, there was not; it appeared to me as if there never had been any.

Mr. *Davy*. Was there a hearth to the chimney?

G. Naſh. I think there was not.

Mr. *Davy*. Was the hearth-place, I mean the floor of the chimney, covered with duſt?

G. Naſh. At that time I did not particularly obſerve whether it was or no.

Mr. *Davy*. Was there any appearance to you of any pictures having been over the chimney?

G. Naſh. I believe there never was a picture hung up in that room in this world.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you obſerve the window at the north end of the room?

G. Naſh. I did; that window was nail'd up with boards, and the muntam was betwixt; there were two windows in the room, one at the end, and the other almoſt facing the ſtairs, going up out of the kitchen; the window at the end ſeemed to have had a light; the caſement was whole, with the boards nail'd up upon the top, and boards nail'd to the muntams, and the glaſs caſement ſhut.

Mr. *Davy*. What do you mean by a muntam?

G. Naſh. It is the upright that divides the window in halves; the weſtern ſide was boarded up, and the eaſtern ſide was glaſs; the which caſement commanded the Hertford road, with a pond at the end of the houſe, that came within eight or ten feet of it; a perſon ſtanding at that window might ſee all the people that paſs upon the road; the other window was not then boarded up, nor, I believe, never had been; that was only a caſement. I made particular obſervations on it to ſee if there ever had been any nails on either ſide, and could ſee no appearance of any; that is large enough for me to get out at; I have ſince ſhook hands with my wife out at it, ſhe ſtanding on the ground without and I in the room; it was eaſily opened, only by turning a long hook; this looks out to a little narrow lane or ditch, and over the hedge is a large common field.

Mr. *Davy*. Was the room light or dark?

G. Naſh. It is what you may call a light room, rather than dark, by means of theſe two windows, and the tiles never were pointed to; the light came in from the roof; it could never be a dark room.

Mr. *Davy*. What ſort of tiles were they?

G. Naſh. They were pan-tiles.

Mr. *Davy*. How far was that window from the ground?

G. Naſh. I believe, was I to hang out at the window by my hands, I ſhould not be above three feet to the ground. The ground is higher at that window than it is at the north window a good deal.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you obſerve an old ſign in the room?

G. Naſh. I don't recollect there was.

Mr. *Davy*. Were there any trees in that hedge near the eaſt window?

G. Naſh. There were as near the window, that was I within ſide with a hunting whip, I could reach the boughs.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you obſerve the boughs whether they had been lopt lately?

G. Naſh. I did not.

Mr. *Davy*. Where there any cobwebs on the drawers, ſo as to like fix them to the wall?

G. Naſh. I did not obſerve that.

Mr. *Davy*. Was Canning come at this time while you was obſerving the room?

G. Naſh. No, ſhe was not.

Mr. *Davy*. Was Adamſon there?

G. Naſh. He was in the room long before ſhe came; there were a great number of people there.

Mr. *Davy*. Whether any thing remarkable happen from Adamſon's conduct?

G. Naſh. Whether it was from his zeal I know not, but he took hold on the boards and pulled them down from the north window; I ſaid, gentlemen, this cannot be the room, for the girl gave no account of any hay being in the room.

Mr. *Davy*. What part of the room did the hay lye in?

G. Naſh. It lay toward the eaſt, on the ſame ſide the window was on, betwixt the north and eaſt window, and the bed was on the right ſide the ſtairs, under the jack-line hole, in the ſouth-weſt part; we agreed by-and-by to go over the way again.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you ſee the pitcher while you was in the houſe?

G. Naſh. I can't ſay I ſaw one, or look'd for one, it might be there and I overlook it.

Mr. *Davy*. Where were the people of the houſe then?

G. Naſh. We had left them in cuſtody in the parlour, which is the left hand room coming into the houſe; when we were over the way, I ſaw Mr. Adamſon and another man, whom I did not know, toſs up to know who ſhould go to meet Canning, and Adamſon went to meet her, and came back before her.

Mr. *Davy*. For what purpoſe did they want to go to meet her?

G. Naſh. I conjectured it was to ſee if they had not gone to a wrong houſe; we were all impatient to ſee her, for if I had had a horſe I would have gone myſelf; when I and abundance

dance of other people were return'd to mother Wells's houſe, Adamſon came riding up, ſeemingly with a good deal of pleaſure, waving his hat with his left hand, and ſaid, we are all right yet, for ſhe ſays there is a little hay in the room; preſently after the chaiſe appeared, in which the girl was; when ſhe came, ſome were for carrying her over to the publick houſe, others were for bringing her to the houſe of mother Wells, which they did; ſhe was brought out of it, and ſet on a dreſſer in the kitchen, on the left hand of the door, fronting the fire-place, and the door where ſhe afterwards ſaid ſhe had been confined was on the left hand, and the door at that time open; if ſhe had turn'd her head that way ſhe might have ſeen the ſtairs; but whether ſhe did turn her head that way, or whether ſhe might have ſeen up into the room I cannot ſay, I believe ſhe might have ſeen part of it; then there was a propoſal to ſend for a bottle of wine to refreſh thoſe people that had been in the landau with her in the cold; ſhe remain'd on the dreſſer about four or five minutes, then ſhe was removed to the middle of the kitchen, on a broken ſtool, with her back toward the fire-place, with the door of the hay-loft on her right hand, looking towards the dreſſer, the door of the room was then remaining open, then ſhe might have ſeen that part of it that the ſtairs lead up to: I believe ſhe might ſit thus, firſt and laſt, twenty minutes: it was the time they went and got a pint of wine, and mull'd it.

Mr. *Davy.* When it came did ſhe drink much?

G. Naſh. She drank but very little; then ſome-body put the thing thus, now let us call for mother Wells in, I ſaid, hold gentlemen, this will be an Old Bailey ſtory, and whoever is fix'd upon for the committing the fact, they'll certainly be hang'd. Let the room be fill'd full of people, and let her go and find out the people whom ſhe accuſes with robbing her, and propoſed to carry her into the parlour, where were a great many people; ſhe was carried in; and Mary Squires on the right hand on the chimney, upon a low chair, almoſt doubled together, with a black bonnet on, I am ſure I could not ſee her face.

Mr. *Davy.* To what part of the room did Mary Squires then direct her looks?

G. Naſh. I believe her face was pointing to the window, ſtraight as ſhe ſat, and mother Wells ſat on the left hand ſide of the fire; I ſaid to Canning, now look for the woman that robb'd you; ſhe immediately pointed to Mary Squires, and ſaid, that old woman in the corner was the woman that robb'd me.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſee her face at that time?

G. Naſh. I could not, but I will not pretend to ſay what ſhe could ſee; I ſtood cloſe to her; ſome-body ſaid (I think it was Mary Squires's daughter,) do you hear what the gentlewoman ſays? ſhe ſays you robb'd her. The old woman got up from the ſtool immediately, and ſaid ——

Mr. *Moreton.* I object againſt that being mentioned: it is no evidence.

Court. He may give an account of what was ſaid in the defendant's hearing and preſence.

G. Naſh. The old woman came up to her and ſaid, madam, do you ſay I robb'd you? (and put herſelf in a particular poſture, and had a ſort of a clout about her face) pray, madam, look at this face; and ſure if you have once ſeen it before, you muſt have remembered it, for God Almighty, I think, never made ſuch another; pray, madam, when do you ſay I robb'd you? ſhe anſwered, it was on the firſt day of this new year — The firſt day of this new year, madam, do you ſay? Lord bleſs me, I was an hundred and twenty miles from this place then. I with my finger tap'd her on the ſhoulder, and ſaid, dame, where was you? ſhe reply'd, I was at Abbotſbury in Dorſetſhire, and there are a hundred people I can bring to prove it; and ſome of them have known me twenty, thirty, and forty years; I think there were twenty people ſaying ſhe has been here but a very little time. There was a poor woman they call'd Natus, ſat there, who ſaid, ſhe herſelf had been there, I think, ten or eleven weeks, and that ſhe had never ſeen Canning there before; and ſhe ſaid, Squires had been there but a very little time; after this was done, Canning was carried out of the room and carried up the ſtairs facing the ſtreet door, into all the rooms, I did not go up with her; after that ſhe was carried up into the hay-loft, there ſhe ſaid, *ſhe believed that was the room.*

Mr. *Davy.* Are theſe her words, *ſhe believed?*

G. Naſh. I think I can take upon me to ſwear they were her words, I aſk'd her what ſhe know'd in the room? ſhe turn'd about on her left hand and ſaid, *this is the room, for here is the hay I lay upon, but I think there is more of it then there was then,* pointing to the looſe hay on her left hand; upon that ſhe was aſked by the people, that had her under the arms, what could ſhe note more in the room? they took up a pitcher that ſtood upon the ground, and held it up to her, ſhe ſaid, *yes, that is the jug I had my water in*; then a gentleman that was there took hold of a tobacco mould, which was in a corner, and aſked her if ſhe remembered that? *ſhe ſaid ſhe remembered that*; he aſked her what elſe ſhe remembered, I think that was Mr. Hague, and added, do you remember theſe three ſaddles (that were in the room) ſhe ſaid, I believe there might be one; the ſaddles ſeemed to be all over duſt, they ſeemed to be laid up there out of the way, for a long time; then ſhe was aſked if ſhe remembered the neſt of drawers, ſhe ſaid ſhe did not remember them. A gentleman made anſwer, have you been here twenty-eight days and never remember them drawers? ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not remember them; then Mr. Hague aſked why ſhe did not ſtrive to get out at that window? (that is the eaſt window fronting the ſtairs) ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought it had been faſtened.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe had tried to ſee if it was faſt?

G. Naſh. I don't remember ſhe ſaid ſhe had.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Natus's wife ſay any thing about her lying in the room?

G. Naſh. Natus's wife ſaid in the parlour

that her huſband and ſhe had laid there, in this hay-loft, ten or eleven weeks; Canning's mother was in the room lamenting ſadly, that *that* was the hay that her poor dear girl had laid upon.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the girl aſk'd whether ſhe remembered the jack-line?

G. Naſh. She was; ſhe ſaid ſhe did not remember ſeeing it.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the tub of pollard mentioned to her?

G. Naſh. I think it was not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe continue poſitive that Squires was the woman who robb'd her?

G. Naſh. I heard no contradiction to that.

Mr. *Davy.* What lead you to recollect, at this diſtance of time, all theſe particulars?

G. Naſh. It was ſo remarkable it could not ſlip out of my head; it was at that time the ſubject of converſation: it is well known I told my ſentiments the ſame night to abundance of people that came to know about it.

Mr. *Davy.* Knowing all theſe particulars, which would have been extremely neceſſary to have been prov'd in the defence of Mary Squires and mother Wells, how came you, when theſe two people were to be try'd, the one for a capital felon, and the other as an acceſſary, not to be an evidence then?

G. Naſh. I was here ſome part of the time the girl was giving her evidence, and really was a little diſcontented in my mind, about her giving her evidence at that time, and her varying from the particulars ſhe firſt related before Mr. Alderman Chitty, and then to us; we had a very large feaſt at Goldſmiths-hall, and I was obliged to give my attendance, becauſe I am butler to the company; I had the care of, may-be, three or four thouſand pounds worth of plate, ſo that I ſtaid in court but till eleven o'clock, being oblig'd to be there, and I did not think there was any danger of her being convicted upon ſuch an incredible ſtory.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you a ſubpœna?

G. Naſh. No, I had not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you then know that Mary Squires was upon trial for her life?

G. Naſh. I did, and I did not think ſhe would have been caſt, indeed.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you apprehended her in danger of being convicted, ſhould you have thought yourſelf excuſable in not giving evidence?

G. Naſh. If ſhe had died, and I not gave my evidence, I ſhould not have forgiven myſelf; I ſhould have been very angry with myſelf; but in my own ſingle opinion I did not think ſhe would have been convicted; I thought the whole circumſtance of the thing collected together could not amount to full proof, and apprehended the woman was in no danger.

Mr. *Davy.* If you had apprehended it poſſible that the woman ſhould have been convicted, would you not have ſtaid and given evidence?

G. Naſh. I would have gone and made an excuſe, and come again.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you been always of the opinion you are now, that Canning's evidence was untrue?

G. Naſh. I have always inſiſted upon the ſame I have now related. At the trial of Mary Squires I went home and told Mr. Flower, the aſſiſtant of the Goldſmiths Company, how far I had heard of the trial, and ſaid, I think it is impoſſible, with all the circumſtances, that ſhe can be convicted; and he ſaid, he thought ſo too.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you not to acquaint the court, that you of your own knowledge knew ſhe was guilty of perjury?

G. Naſh. I can give no reaſon for that.

Mr. *Davy.* What conduct did you purſue after the conviction of Squires, in order to attone for your not giving evidence for her?

G. Naſh. Some time after that, I heard the old woman had a reſpite, I immediately waited on my lord-mayor, and told him, I believed I could let him into the whole affair, as well as any man could.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you do this voluntary?

G. Naſh. I did; I was very glad to hear there was ſome deſign of ſaving the poor woman; I did it not out of ſpite to the girl, but merely in juſtice to the gipſy.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you hear the girl poſitively charge Mary Squires with robbing her at Enfield-Waſh, on the trial of Mary Squires?

G. Naſh. I did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you hear her finiſh her evidence?

G. Naſh. I can't tell whether ſhe had quite done or not, for I look'd at my watch, and found it was time to go, ſo went away.

Mr. *Moreton.* What did Mr. Flower ſay?

G. Naſh. He ſaid, they never could convict her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Whether your diſſatisfaction that you have given account of, is not owing to the obſervation you made at mother Wells's, to the anſwers the girl gave there on the 1ſt of February?

G. Naſh. I did then think ſhe was miſtaken in the woman.

Mr. *Moreton.* Whether you heard the girl give any account of this at her mother's?

G. Naſh. I never was at her mother's.

Mr. *Moreton.* When the old woman made her face ſo odd, by putting herſelf in a particular poſture, as you deſcribed, did the girl alter in her opinion?

G. Naſh. No, I did not hear ſhe did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was Canning in the room when Natus's wife ſaid ſhe had laid in the room ten or eleven weeks?

G. Naſh. She firſt ſaid ſhe had laid in the houſe, whether it was before we went up into the room, I cannot ſay, but I am certain ſhe ſaid ſo in the parlour, when Canning was by.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you continue to have a good opinion of Canning?

G. Naſh. I dropp'd my opinion quite about her being innocent.

Mr. *Moreton.* Look at this letter, is it your hand-writing? (*he takes a letter in his hand*)

G. Naſh. It is my hand-writing.

Mr.

Mr. *Moreton.* When was it wrote?
G. Naſh. The day it bears date.
Mr. *Moreton.* Who is it wrote to?
G. Naſh. To Mr. Lion.

John Hague *ſworn.*

J. Hague. I am a goldſmith, and live in Noble-ſtreet, and am acquainted with Mr. Naſh: he came to me on the 31ſt of January, 53, at night, and told me of an extraordinary affair, the contents were what he had heard before Mr. Alderman Chitty from Elizabeth Canning; he deſired me, and I agreed to go down to Enfield-Waſh with him. Mr. Naſh, Mr. Lion, Mr. Alderidge, and myſelf, went together in a coach on the next morning. Before we got down, we met a man on horſeback, who it was I do not know; he came to the coach ſide and ſaid, we have taken them all. When we came there, we went to Mrs. Wells's directly; we firſt went into the parlour on the left hand, there we ſaw the people that were taken; after we had talked with them, we went to take a view of the houſe, we went up the ſtairs and ſaw the rooms; then we came down, and went up into the hay-loft or work-ſhop, and finding nothing that anſwered the deſcription the girl had given before Mr. Alderman Chitty, as Mr. Naſh had ſaid to us, he ſaid here is no room anſwers the deſcription ſhe gave; we went over to Cauterel's and got a glaſs of wine to refreſh ourſelves.

Mr. *Willes.* Was Mr. Adamſon in the room call'd the hay-loft when you was?

J. Hague. He was; there was he and Scarrot were ſaying to one another, do you go, and do you go, and at laſt they toſs'd up a halfpenny, and it fell to Adamſon's lot to go; he took his horſe and went, and came back with great triumph, with a whip laſhing over his head, ſaying, by G—d we are all right, ſhe ſays there is a little hay in the room; and in about a quarter of an hour after this, Canning came; ſhe was firſt brought to mother Wells's door, and was taken into the kitchen on the right hand; ſhe was ſet upon the dreſſer in the kitchen on the left hand, and the door opening to the hay-loft was then open, which ſhe could not miſs to ſee, but ſhe did not mention a word that *that* was the place where ſhe had been in; ſhe ſat there a few minutes, then they took her off, and ſet her in a chair; ſhe never open'd her lips about her ſtays being cut off there.

Mr. *Willes.* How long do you think ſhe was in the kitchen?

J. Hague. In ſitting on the dreſſer and in the chair, I believe ſhe had been there a little better than a quarter of an hour; then they carried her into the parlour, and ſet her upon a table, mother Wells ſet very cloſe to her; as they were bringing her in, mother Wells ſaid, with a ſort of a ſneer, why the girl is ſick; there was no anſwer made to that; as Canning was ſitting, ſhe pointed to the gipſy woman, and ſaid, that is the woman that cut my ſtays off.

Mr. *Willes.* Was the gipſy in ſuch a ſituation that ſhe could then ſee her face?

J. Hague. Upon my word, I think ſhe could not, I was cloſe to her, ſhe was ſmoaking a pipe.

Mr. *Willes.* Upon that, what did the gipſy ſay or do?

J. Hague. Lucy Squires went up to her mother and ſaid, mother, the girl ſays that you have cut her ſtays off: then the old woman got up, and in a great trembling, ſhe took her bonnet off, and ſtroked her hair up, and ſaid, madam, conſider what a remarkable woman I am, would you go to take a life away? I was at Abbotſbury at that time.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe ſay how many miles that was from town?

J. Hague. I don't remember ſhe did, but George Squires then ſaid it was a hundred and twenty miles from London.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you heard Mr. Naſh give evidence a little time ago?

J. Hague. I have not heard a word of his evidence.

Mr. *Willes.* Did any body elſe take notice how long the gipſy had been at Enfield?

J. Hague. No, I don't remember any body did.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember ſeeing Judith Natus?

J. Hague. I can't ſay I heard her ſay any thing.

Mr. *Willes.* How long had Canning been in that room before you took her up into the hay-loft?

J. Hague. I believe about half an hour; I led her up ſtairs myſelf; I had hold on one arm, and another perſon on the other, but I don't know who it was; he has not appeared ſince; but before we went there, we went into ſeveral other rooms; ſhe was very quick and ſaid, this is not it, and that is not it.

Mr. *Willes.* What did ſhe ſay upon her firſt coming into the hay-loft?

J. Hague. When we got to the top of the ſtairs, ſhe turn'd upon her right hand next to the chimney, and took no manner of notice of any thing: then turning to the left, *this is the room, ſays ſhe, that I was confined in*; then her mother ſaid ay, this is the room where my poor child was confin'd in. Said I, good woman, was you confined here with her? no, ſays ſhe, but I believe every thing my daughter ſays; then I ſaid, pray hold your tongue, and don't anſwer any queſtions. There I ſaw a very large hole on the right hand coming up ſtairs, large enough for a large cat to go through; it was open.

Mr. *Willes.* How high is it from the floor?

J. Hague. It is cloſe to the floor, the jack-line run through it, and a pully juſt over it; if there had been a mouſe in the room ſhe might have ſeen it.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you in that room as ſoon as Naſh and Alderidge?

J. Hague. No, they had been there before me. There I ſaw alſo a dirty naſty hay-bed on the ground, nothing but hay, which I ſuppoſe was taken from the other hay, where we were told Fortune Natus and his wife lay. I aſked

Canning

Canning whether ſhe remembered the pully; ſhe ſaid no, ſhe never ſaw it. There is a little narrow chimney about fifteen or ſixteen inches wide; there was no grate, or appearance that there ever had been one in the chimney; it was full of hardly any thing elſe but cobwebs, which ſeem'd to have been there a conſiderable time, they were ſo naſty and dirty.

Mr. *Willes.* Were the cobwebs ſo ſpread about the chimney that it was impoſſible there ſhould have been a grate there two days before?

J. Hague. Yes, ſir. There was an old caſement over the chimney that was very dirty and duſty: I ſaid to Canning, child, did you take this for a picture? ſhe ſaid, no. When I took it away, all the cobwebs came with it from the top to the bottom; and on the place from whence it was taken, there appeared a print of it, that look'd as if it had been there a year or two.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any mark of any place as if a picture had been there?

J. Hague. No, ſir.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you obſerve the window that looks towards the eaſt?

J. Hague. I did; it is a caſement large enough for me to get out at; that is it which fronts the ſtairs; I aſked her how ſhe came not to get out there, and opened it when I had hold of her arm: ſhe ſaid, ſir, I believe it was nail'd; then I looked to ſee if there were any appearance of nails being there, and could ſee none at all.

Mr. *Willes.* How high is this window from the ground?

J. Hague. It might be about ten feet; it went into a little narrow kind of a ditch, about half a yard wide, where was a bank up againſt it, and a hedge and a field behind it; in the hedge were ſeveral trees near the window.

Mr. *Willes.* Did the branches look as if they had been lopp'd lately?

J. Hague. Yes they did.

Mr. *Willes.* How much hay do you think there might be in the room?

J. Hague. I believe about half a load; it lay in the room on the ſame ſide the window was on; it ſeem'd to have laid there a long time; there was another window opened into the road, boarded up on one ſide, and a caſement on the other that opened, that is to the north, and there is a lane at the corner of it; I looked out at it; there was no penthouſe or ſhed under it; it were a perpendicular: Mr. Adamſon turn'd ſome of the hay over to look for the ſtays; I ſaw alſo a cheſt of drawers, I dare venture to ſay, had been there more than a year, if not two, they were ſo very duſty betwixt the drawers and the wall, that I did not care to meddle with them.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember a barrel or tub in the room?

J. Hague. I can't ſay I do; there was a tobacco mould over Fortune Natus's bed, ſome body aſk'd her if ſhe know'd that, ſhe ſaid ſhe did There were two womens ſaddles and a man's ſaddle; I aſk'd her if ſhe ſaw them, ſhe ſaid ſhe believed there was one, they all appeared to have been there a long while, they were very naſty and duſty.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you obſerve the door that leads to this room how it faſtened?

J. Hague. I did particularly: I could not perceive there ever was a lock upon it; I believe there never was one, it faſtened only by a latch and a button; I will not be poſitive there was a latch; I ſaid to the girl, zounds, child, I can't think you was ever here at all.

Mr. *Willes.* What anſwer did ſhe make to that?

J. Hague. She made me none at all.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you hear Judith Natus ſay any thing in Canning's preſence about the room?

J. Hague. I can't ſay whether I did or not.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you go away ſatisfied with what you had ſeen?

J. Hague. No, I went away very much diſſatisfied. When we were in the coach, going home, Mr. Naſh, and Mr. Alderidge, and I gave our opinions to Mr. Lion, that we did not think ſhe was there; we ſaid ſhe muſt be miſtaken: he was ſo angry at it that he did not ſpeak to us all the way home, and that, I ſuppoſe, is the reaſon we were not ſubpœn'd or call'd.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you not to come and give your opinion in favour of Squires?

J. Hague. I was in court all the while, and I'll give my reaſons why. When they were firſt taken up, Canning ſaid Virtue Hall was one of the girls that ſtood by when her ſtays were taken off, at the time Virtue Hall ſaid, with all the ſeeming innocency, and laugh'd in her face, and ſaid, God forgive you, madam, I never ſaw you in this houſe in my life; ſhe had challenged her and Lucy Squires with being by, Lucy Squires ſaid the very ſame as ſhe did; ſeeing ſuch ſeeming innocence in her there, and when in court to hear her ſwearing ſuch a thing that I thought to be as falſe as the goſpel is true, I proteſt I had not power to ſpeak; I believed ſhe was perjur'd in all ſhe ſaid, that is the whole reaſon why I did not ſpeak, but had I had ſpirits I would have ſpoke.

Mr. *Willes.* After Squires was convicted, did you approve of your own conduct?

J. Hague. Upon my word, ſir, I was not eaſy upon my being ſilent. I went of my own free will, before my lord-mayor, and gave an account of what I know'd, the ſame as now.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you any acquaintance with alderman Gaſcoyne then?

J. Hague. No, I do not know that ever I had ſeen him before.

Mr. *Willes.* How long after the trial was it, that you went to my lord-mayor?

J. Hague. It was about a fortnight or three weeks after; it was long before Squires was reſpited.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you any knowledge of Canning before you went down with her?

J. Hague. No, I never ſaw her before in my life.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you go with her as her friend?

J. Hague. I did, as much her friend as any one that went along with her; and before ſhe came down, did as much abuſe old mother Wells and George Squires, and the people in the houſe.

Croſs

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you preſent at the whole trial of Mary Squires?

J. Hague. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* How long was you in court after Virtue Hall had been examined as a witneſs?

J. Hague. She was the ſecond witneſs.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you ſo much alarmed you could not recover yourſelf in the whole trial?

J. Hague. Upon my oath I could not recover myſelf; I really was ſhock'd at it.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you heard Canning give her information of the room?

J. Hague. No, I had not; I had it from Mr. Naſh.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee Canning's mother in the hay-loft?

J. Hague. I did: ſhe followed us up there, and ſaid them words to her as I ſaid before.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure you ſaw her in the hay-loft.

J. Hague. Yes I am.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe continue there the whole time you was examining it?

J. Hague. I do not know that.

Mr. *Nares.* How near is the dreſſer in the kitchen to the ſtairs?

J. Hague. It is very cloſe to the ſtairs.

Mr. *Nares.* Can you, from that dreſſer, ſee up the ſtairs if the door is open?

J. Hague. When the door is open, you may ſit on any part of the dreſſer and ſee quite up into the room; to be ſure ſhe could ſee quite up into the room.

Mr. *Nares.* Was Mr. Adamſon in the hay-loft when the girl was there?

J. Hague. I don't remember I ſaw him there then; I ſaw him there before the girl came down to Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you in the room all the time the girl was?

J. Hague. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you hear any body aſk her what was to be ſeen out at the window?

J. Hague. I did not hear that; I ſaw him and Bob Skarrat going to tare the boards down before the girl came there, and they were pulled down before ſhe came.

Mr. *Nares.* What did they do that for?

J. Hague. I do not know; it may be through prejudice; I don't know the reaſon why.

Mr. *Nares.* Whether there was not an obſervation of yours, or ſomebody elſe, that thoſe boards had been but lately done up?

J. Hague. No, not by me, or any body elſe that I know of.

Edward Aldridge *ſworn.*

E. Aldridge. I live in Foſter-lane; am a working ſilverſmith; I am acquainted with Mr. Naſh, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Lion. On the 1ſt of February 1753, I went down along with them to Enfield-Waſh, having been told how ſadly Mr. Lion's maid had been uſed. When we were on the road, there was a man came on horſeback and told us they had taken up the people of the houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Have you heard any of the evidence given by Mr. Naſh and Mr. Hague?

E. Aldridge. No, I have not. When we got to Enfield-Waſh, we went to Mrs. Wells's houſe; I went into the parlour; there were all the people ſitting all round the fire; then I went into the kitchen by myſelf; and ſo all over the houſe: I was in the room where the girl ſays ſhe was confin'd; it is call'd by the name of the hay-loft. I believe I was there before Mr. Naſh was; I was then alone.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* In what circumſtance was this particular window that looks towards the north?

E. Aldridge. It was part of it glaſs, and part wood.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had the caſement wood over it?

E. Aldridge. That I cannot tell; I am ſure part of it was boarded up.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* That part that was not boarded up, had that any appearance of any thing nailed up?

E. Aldridge. I was not ſo curious while I was there to examine it: they had deſcribed the room to me as being a ſquare room, and a room with a grate in it. After I had been there, Canning came down, and was carried into the kitchen and ſet on a dreſſer.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was the door open that leads up into the hay-loft?

E. Aldridge. I cannot be ſure of that; I was not in the kitchen all the time ſhe was there. She looked about as if ſhe did not know where ſhe was. I was with her when ſhe was carried into the parlour; as ſoon as we had taken her in there, mother Wells came to her, and ſaid, madam, do you know me? no, ſaid ſhe, I don't know that ever I ſaw you in my life before: then George Squires came up and ſaid, madam, do you know me? ſhe ſaid no, I don't know that ever I ſaw you in my life; it was that old woman in the corner that cut my ſtays off. I was cloſe by Canning at the time.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee the gipſy's face at the time?

E. Aldridge. No, I never ſaw her face till ſhe got up: madam, ſaid ſhe, I cut your ſtays off; ſhe throwed her things open, I am very remarkable, if ever you ſee me before, you muſt know me; ſhe mentioned Abbotſbury, and ſeveral other places names, which I have forgot, where ſhe ſaid ſhe was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Could Canning ſee the gipſy's face in that poſition ſhe was in at the time ſhe charged her?

E. Aldridge. That I cannot tell: when Canning went up into the hay-loft, I followed juſt after her; I remember ſeeing the hole in the wall: when I went up before, there was a great wiſp of hay in it, which I took out and put in again; when it was out I could look all over the kitchen; it was a hole where the jack-line was; it was pretty large, I could get my two hands in it; there was a pully hung over it, but it then had no communication with the jack.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you aſk Canning any queſtion?

E. Aldridge. No, I heard Mr. Hague aſk her

why ſhe did not get out at that window; ſhe ſaid ſhe believed it was faſtened up.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you hear any body aſk her if ſhe remembered that hole?

E. Aldridge. No: there was hay between the ſtairs and the jack-hole, and a little ſquare chimney juſt at the corner.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were there any pictures over it?

E. Aldridge. There was a caſement over it, that ſeemed to have been there a great while, becauſe it had cobwebs over it, and, as it were, tied to the wall by them; and the chimney, cobwebs from one ſide to the other, and full of dirt, and no ſign that there had been a grate there at all.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you look at the window towards the Eaſt?

E. Aldridge. No, I did not. I came down ſtairs and left them above.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember a cheſt of drawers being in the room?

E. Aldridge. I do.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you hear her aſk'd any thing concerning them?

E. Aldridge. No, I did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember ſome ſaddles, a tobacco-mould, and about half a load of hay being there?

E. Aldridge. I do: there were three ſaddles, and a large quantity of hay.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee ever an old ſtool, or table?

E. Aldridge. I did not take notice of any. I went up juſt after the cheſt of drawers were removed a little way from the wall; it ſeemed as if it had ſtood there twenty years. I remember there was a barrel with ſome ſtuff in it, bran or flour, pollard I believe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did the hay ſeem as if it had been there pretty long?

E. Aldridge. It did, becauſe it was pretty hard.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you ſatisfied with the room upon ſeeing it?

E. Aldridge. I was ſatisfied it was not like a place of confinement; neither did I believe ſhe was ever there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you, upon your being in the room two or three times, obſerve the window towards the chimney?

E. Aldridge. Yes; it was a narrow caſement window, big enough for a man to get out at.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How far was it from the ground?

E. Aldridge. Any body might drop out of it very eaſy, without hurting themſelves.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you look to ſee if the window had been faſtened?

E. Aldridge. I look'd, but could not find any thing like faſtening to it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you examine the door how that was faſtened?

E. Aldridge. Yes: it was not faſtened at all, only with a button; there was no lock to it; there were ſome holes where locks had been; they look'd like key-holes, pretty large holes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was it probable to think there had not been a lock upon the door for a month?

E. Aldridge. No, and longer than that.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Might you venture to ſwear, by the appearance of the door, there had been no lock upon it for a week before?

E. Aldridge. That I might, or for a month before.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Or a year?

E. Aldridge. Things alter very much in a year.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you go down as a friend of the girl's?

E. Aldridge. I did, and at my own expence.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* After examining theſe circumſtances, did you return with the belief of her ſtory or not?

E. Aldridge. I went and ſtood at the door, and there came one Hall, a ſchoolmaſter, who lives at Theobald's, and ſaid to me, what do you think of it? I ſaid, the girl is miſtaken; I believe ſhe never was here.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is there any penthouſe under the window, where 'tis ſuppos'd ſhe made her eſcape?

E. Aldridge. No: there was a cellar-door under it; no boards, no penthouſe; it was perpendicular to the ground.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you obſerve the wall on the outſide?

E. Aldridge. I did; I went out in particular to look at it; there was no ſign of clawing the wall, or any thing.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When you return'd to town, upon the whole, what did you think of it?

E. Aldridge. Upon the whole, I did not think ſhe had been there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came you not to appear as a witneſs for Squires upon her trial?

E. Aldridge. I was never ſubpœna'd.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you in court on that trial?

E. Aldridge. I was at the beginning of it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Why did you not ſtay all the time?

E. Aldridge. Becauſe we had a dinner at Goldſmiths-hall, and I was going to it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you not very much concern'd at your conduct, when you heard ſhe was convicted?

E. Aldridge. I ſaid to Mr. White the officer, at going out, what do you think of it? he ſaid, he thought ſhe would be acquitted. I ſaid, I thought ſo too.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came you, after this, to go before my lord-mayor?

E. Aldridge. My lord-mayor had heard of me by Mr. Hague or Mr. Naſh: they deſir'd me to go with them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you any acquaintance with the lord-mayor before that?

E. Aldridge. No, I had not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long, after the conviction of Mary Squires, was it, you went before my lord-mayor?

E. Aldridge. I can't juſtly tell.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was it a week after?

E. Aldridge. It was a great deal longer than that.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you give the ſame account there as you have done now?

E. Aldridge. I believe, I gave exact the ſame.

Mr.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you any acquaintance with Canning before?

E. Aldridge. No, I had not. I went with Mr. Lion, becauſe I had heard a bad character of Wells at Enfield-Waſh, and was glad to hear ſhe was taken, in order to be brought to juſtice.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did Mr. Lion and you all return very good friends?

E. Aldridge. They went before juſtice Tyſhmaker, and I was quite tired of the thing. I went to an alehouſe, and got ſome mutton chops, and half a pint of wine: I thought it was not worth hearing.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Was you with Elizabeth Canning in the kitchen?

E. Aldridge. I was: ſhe ſeemed to ſtare about her as though ſhe did not know where ſhe was.

Mr. *Williams.* Did any body aſk her if ſhe know'd the place?

E. Aldridge. No; no-body did, as I know of.

Mr. *Williams.* How long might ſhe be in the kitchen?

E. Aldridge. Not a long time; ſhe had ſome wine brought her there.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſeem to be ill?

E. Aldridge. She did, to be faint and ill then.

Mr. *Williams.* How long was ſhe before ſhe pointed to the old woman, after George aſked her the queſtion whether ſhe know'd him?

E. Aldridge. It was immediately after.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſpeak that of her own accord?

E. Aldridge. I believe ſhe did, I don't think any body prompted her to it: I ſaw no-body talk to her then.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you declare your diſſatisfaction firſt?

E. Aldridge. I declar'd it before I left the houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you ceaſe to be her friend?

E. Aldridge. I ſoon ceas'd to be her friend.

Mr. *Williams.* How long after this was it you had converſation with Mr. and Mrs. Howard about this; and upon what account did you go down there to them?

E. Aldridge. I was going down to Enfield-Waſh, I cannot tell how long after; I don't know whether it was not that week; I hardly know'd the gentleman; I have heard ſay he is a ſurveyor of the windo v lights: I remember I went down to Mr. Edward Aldridge's at Enfield-Waſh; when I went out I was deſired to take ſome of the papers (her printed caſe in order for a ſubſcription) to Mr. Aldridge there.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you recommend it to them about ſubſcribing for the girl?

E. Aldridge. I did not deliver papers: Mr. Aldridge took one in his pocket with him, and I went with him to Mr. Howard's; we had ſome diſcourſe with him, but I can't ſay what it was juſtly.

Mr. *Williams.* I'll put you in mind of one thing: did you, or did you not ſay you were ſatisfied with the girl's deſcription ſhe gave of the houſe, either to Mr. or Mrs. Howard?

E. Aldridge. I denied it from the very firſt.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſay, you thought ſhe had been at the houſe, or did you declare you thought ſhe had not?

E. Aldridge. If I declar'd any thing about it, I declar'd ſhe was not at the houſe; whether I did or did not, I am ſure, if I ſaid any thing, I ſaid ſhe was not confin'd there.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you any ways recommend this paper to Mr. or Mrs. Howard, or endeavour, with Mr. Aldridge, to encourage the caſe?

E. Aldridge. No; I only left the paper with him; I did not encourage the caſe either one way or other; we did talk about the gipſy, whether ſhe was there; they could not tell what time ſhe had been there. I aſk'd them, how long they thought ſhe had been there? Mrs. Howard ſaid ſhe could not call to mind how long ſhe had been there, but ſaid, ſhe thought ſhe had been there ſome time, for ſhe know'd her very well.

Mr. *Williams.* How many papers had you there?

E. Aldridge. I had but one.

Mr. *Williams.* How long, after the conviction of the old woman, was it before you went before my lord-mayor?

E. Aldridge. Mr. Naſh, and Mr. Hague had been there two or three times before I had been there, and they deſir'd me to go with them.

Mr. *Williams.* Was it a month after?

E. Aldridge. It was that to be ſure.

Mr. *Williams.* How could you, when you heard this poor woman was reprieved, upon an information made upon her behalf, when every body was then endeavouring to explain the matter, not to go before the magiſtrate in a month's time? did not you think it a matter of juſtice to go?

E. Aldridge. When I was call'd for, I did: it was no buſineſs of mine to trouble my head about it to go.

William White *ſworn.*

W. White. I am an officer under my lord-mayor. I remember going down to Enfield-Waſh, on the 1ſt of February, 1753, to apprehend Suſannah Wells. There was a warrant went down before me: I met three gentlemen there with the warrant: I apprehended it was to take up mother Wells for cutting off Elizabeth Canning's ſtays: I went over the way to a publick houſe, then ſome body ſaid they ſaw mother Wells go by; then I ſaid, let us go over and ſecure every body in the houſe: there were four of us, Mr. Adamſon, Mr. Wintlebury, I, and another perſon, which I do not know; we went there; when we were in the parlour, Mr. Adamſon pointed to mother Wells and ſaid, that is ſhe: there were two or three other women in the room with her. I immediately draw'd my hanger, and ſaid, they were all priſoners. I put a centry over them, and went to the other parts of the houſe, and took all that were in the houſe, and put them into the parlour: mother Squires and her two daughters were in a fore room up one pair of ſtairs;

ſtairs: George Squires was brought into the room by ſome of the people; I told him he muſt be detain'd: Gentlemen, ſaid he, look over every thing that I have here; I turn'd them all out, and the old and young womens things too, to look for the ſtays, but no ſuch thing was found.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you tell them the reaſon of your apprehending them?

W. White. I did not juſt then: I ſaid there was a robbery committed, and they muſt not go away: I found one of mother Wells's daughters, and Virtue Hall next, and brought them to the reſt: after this, I went into the kitchen, on the right hand, and look'd round; after that, I ſaw a woman's head, by looking over the door through a chaſm, in a place they call the hay-loft. There was at the bottom of it ſeven ſteps to go up; I went and fetch'd her down, and put her amongſt the reſt; this was Judith Natus; ſhe appear'd to be juſt getting up.

Mr. *Willes.* What time of the day might this be?

W. White. I take it to be about nine in the morning. After I could find no-body elſe, I went up into the hay-loft to take a view of it; I juſt look'd round, and ſaw the hay and two windows, ſome ſaddles, a cheſt of drawers, an old barrel, a muſket, and a tub, and a great deal of lumber that I can't particularly deſcribe.

Mr. *Willes.* How much hay might there be?

W. White. If it had been bound up, I believe there were about the value of twelve or fifteen truſſes; it ſeemed to have laid there a great while: I ſaw alſo a little ſtow chimney without a grate in it; I did not ſtay to make particular obſervation.

Mr. *Willes.* Were there any pictures over the chimney?

W. White. No, there were none; I ſaw the bed Judith Natus had lain in, that was oppoſite the fire-place. When I had looked round the room, I was a little ſurprized, and thought the girl was miſtaken; ſo I went out on the outſide, and looked under the window that fronts the road, the north window; I could not obſerve any thing particular there, neither the footſteps of any body dropping from the window, or print of their clothes by dropping down; it was clay ground; it was ſo ſoft, that a ſtep of a dog might make an impreſſion: there was a heap of human dung lay under it, about as high as the body of a quart bottle; there were no appearance of any body being there for ſome time; neither did it appear to me as if any body had been out at that window; I call'd Mr. Adamſon to ſhew him; he would have perſuaded me there were ſome ſcratches on the wall with her foot, but I could not ſee any.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any penthouſe or ſhed between the ground and the window?

W. White. No, there were not; the wall was perpendicular from the ground. I was in the parlour amongſt them when Canning came down, which I believe was about twelve or one o'clock; ſhe was carried into the kitchen, and ſet upon the dreſſer oppoſite the parlour; ſhe ſat there about four or five minutes.

Mr. *Willes.* Were the other witneſs there at that time?

W. White. There were ſo many people I can't tell: after this, ſhe was carried up ſtairs to where I fetch'd the gipſy from, but I did not go up ſtairs with them; neither did I go up into the hay-loft with her; the priſoners being all in the parlour, it was propoſed to bring them one at a time into the kitchen; I objected againſt that, and deſired they would all go back again into the parlour, and let Canning go in and pick the woman out from among them all that had robb'd her; I was afraid ſomebody would go and give a ſignal; then we went into the parlour; they were all plac'd in a circle round the fire; I believe, before they were mov'd, Mary Squires was on the left hand ſide of the fire; Wells ſat with her elbow againſt the fire-place, on the right hand ſide; this was before they got up to come in one at a time; after this, their poſitions were moſt of them alter'd; and when Canning came in, which could not be above a minute or two after, upon ſome occaſion, Wells was ſhifted, and got into Squires's ſide, and Squires in her place. Canning fix'd upon the old gipſy as ſoon as ſhe came into the middle of them; the gipſy was ſitting in the corner ſtooping, I think with a black bonnet on; Canning ſaid, that is the woman there, pointing to her; I ſaw her fix her eye immediately on that corner of the room.

Mr. *Willes.* Was her face fronting Canning?

W. White. No, it was croſs the fire-place as I apprehend.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you think Canning could ſee her face then?

W. White. I can't anſwer for what ſhe could ſee: I begg'd of her, before ſhe went in, for God's ſake to be ſure before ſhe fix'd upon any body.

Mr. *Willes.* Who did you expect ſhe would have fix'd upon?

W. White. I expected ſhe would have fix'd upon mother Wells. Before ſhe went into the room, when ſhe had fix'd upon the gipſy, one of her daughters got up, and went to the old woman, and ſaid, this gentlewoman ſays you have robb'd her; Canning was then ſtanding in the middle of the room amongſt the people. The gipſy woman came up to her and open'd her face, and ſaid, *me rob you! I never ſaw you in my life before; for God Almighty's ſake, don't ſwear my life away.* When I ſaid there was a robbery committed, George Squires aſk'd me when the robbery was committed (his mother and two ſiſters were then with him) I ſaid it was on the 1ſt of January; he ſaid, we were in Dorſetſhire at that time, at a place call'd Abbotſbury; we went there to keep our Chriſtmas; then I took an opportunity to find out mother Wells's daughter by herſelf.

Mr. *Willes.* Was Canning preſent?

W. White. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then what Wells's daughter ſaid, is not evidence againſt the defendant.

Mr. *Willes.* I meant on what was ſaid in Canning's preſence.

W. White. They all ſaid they were at Abbotſbury while Canning was in the room; that is, the ſon, two daughters, and mother.

Mr.

Mr. *Willes.* Did they mention keeping their Chriſtmas before Canning?

W. White. No, they did not mention that in the parlour, but they did to me before Canning came; we ſtayed ſome time; then we went before juſtice Tyſhmaker at Edmonton, with them all in a cart.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* I think you are an officer in London.

W. White. I am, but I had a conſtable there.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was one Long, a ſon in law to mother Wells, in the houſe?

W. White. I believe he was there with a cart to carry them: there were a great many people; I did not know Long.

Mr. *Moreton.* After you had collected the people out of all the rooms, you ſay you went up ſtairs.

W. White. I did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you meet with any obſtruction?

W. White. There was a man made ſome obſtruction, and ſaid, he would firſt ſee the warrant; upon which I went to the conſtable and fetch'd it, and went up.

Mr. *Moreton.* In whoſe cuſtody did you leave the priſoners?

W. White. With the people that went down with me; the officer that had the warrant was in the parlour.

Mr. *Moreton.* When you went down, did you leave that man alone?

W. White. I believe he ſtood upon the ſtairs till I fetch'd the warrant; he was at the door of the room, but ſaid he would not open it till he had ſeen the warrant.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was that man's name Long?

W. White. There was one Long that carried them to juſtice Tyſhmaker's, but whether that was he I cannot tell.

Mr. *Moreton.* The Long I mean, is ſon in law to Mrs. Wells.

W. White. Then I don't know him.

Mr. *Moreton.* Were they all uniform in giving the account of being at Abbotſbury?

W. White. They were.

Mr. *Moreton.* Mention what the old woman ſaid?

W. White. She ſaid, ſhe was at Abbotſbury on the 1ſt of January; and George and Lucy ſaid they were there; and Mary ſaid ſhe was at her Uncle's in the Borough: ſhe ſaid ſhe was there at Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Moreton.* You ſay Adamſon and you had no other conception but that mother Wells was the thief.

W. White. We did think ſo.

Mr. *Moreton.* Were there any ſhewing any body to Canning when ſhe came in?

W. White. No, ſir, not as I ſaw; ſhe, on her own account, voluntary pick'd out Mrs. Squires that cut off her ſtays.

Mr. *Davy.* We ſhall now produce ſeveral witneſſes, who at various times during the month of January, 53, were in the very room in which the defendant ſwore ſhe was confined.

Fortune Natus *ſworn.*

F. Natus. I live at Waltham-croſs, when I am at home; I have lived there almoſt two years.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you there before the year 52?

F. Natus. I was there a good while before that.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever live at Enfield-Waſh, and when did you come there?

F. Natus. On the Monday fortnight after my lord-mayor's day, of Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne's mayoralty, I came from the wheat-ſheaf at Waltham-croſs, and went to lodge at Mrs. Wells's houſe at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you a married man?

F. Natus. I am, ſir; my wife's name is Judith; ſhe liv'd with me all the time.

Mr. *Davy.* In what room did you lodge at Mrs. Wells's?

F. Natus. In a room properly call'd the workſhop, that is, the room that goes up out of the kitchen, about ſeven or eight ſteps to go up.

Mr. *Davy.* Is it a long or ſquare room?

F. Natus. It is a long room, no ſquareneſs belongs to it, with a pantile roof.

Mr. *Davy.* How many windows are there to it?

F. Natus. There are two; one facing the feet of my bed, it was a ſingle caſement, and the other at the farther end of the room, upon the left hand as I lay, a larger than the other, one half boarded, and the other half glaſs, looking into the great road; and there was a chimney facing the foot of my bed, on the right hand ſide, in the corner of the room next the little window.

Mr. *Davy.* What was your bed?

F. Natus. It was made of hay and ſtraw mix'd together.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any pillow or bolſter, and what was it made of?

F. Natus. I had a ſack of wool for my bolſter.

Mr. *Davy.* Did your wife lie with you on this bed?

F. Natus. She did, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Mention the furniture of the room?

F. Natus. When I came firſt in the room, there was pretty nigh half a load of hay, as nigh as I can gueſs, a large cheſt of drawers on the left hand ſide, about half way in the room, two or three ſide-ſaddles, one man's ſaddle, a large box that had ſome pollard in it, it was a deepiſh drawer, formerly did belong to the cheſt of drawers; a tub to hold ſome chaff for Mrs. Wells's horſe, and a tub with ſome iron hoops on it; an old gun, and a barrel of a gun beſides; the gun ſtood in the corner upon ſome pantiles; an old lanthorn, an old ſpit, and an old croſs-cut-ſaw, that ſtood upright in the chimney; there was pullies and a line that belong'd to a jack that came through the hole at the right hand of my bed, over my head; the hole, the line came through, was large enough to put three of my fiſts in, and about a foot in length; I uſed to put a wiſp of hay in it to keep out the cold; there was alſo the ſign of the crown there, almoſt at the feet of my bed.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the ſign made of wood or copper?

F. Natus. It was made of wood.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any grate in the chimney?

F. Natus. No, there never was a grate in the room ſince I know'd the houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you obſerve any thing elſe in the room?

F. Natus. I obſerv'd a bar there, that belong'd to the bar in the kitchen, where they us'd to keep all their liquor; it was old, ſo they brought it up ſtairs.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any pictures in the room?

F. Natus. I never ſaw a picture in the room in my life.

Mr. *Davy.* What was over the chimney?

F. Natus. There was an old iron caſement on the top of the chimney; it was all iron, no glaſs at all, to the beſt of my remembrance.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any lead in it?

F. Natus. There was no lead in it as I think, only the frame of a caſement.

Mr. *Davy.* How long did you lodge there?

F. Natus. I lodg'd there ten weeks, all but three days, and in no other place but this room. I lay out of it but one night in all the time, that was on a Wedneſday night; my wife never lay a night out of it in that time, except that night I can't tell, I not being there.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the quantity of hay decreas'd when you lodg'd there?

F. Natus. It was; they kept a horſe, and had ſome for him out of it conſtantly, almoſt every day.

Mr. *Davy.* How much hay might there be left when you laſt lay there?

F. Natus. It might be the value of ten or twelve truſſes, if it had been tied up.

Mr. *Davy.* Was any of the furniture of the room taken out while you was there?

F. Natus. None at all, but the ſign of the crown, that was bought by Ezra Whiffin.

Mr. *Davy.* When did he buy that?

F. Natus. I cannot juſtly ſay that; I did not ſee him take it away.

Mr. *Davy.* How do you know that he bought it?

F. Natus. Becauſe he has now got it hanging up at his door. There was a large piece of wood under the foot of my bed, and ſome irons in it that belong'd to the ſign, he has had them ſince he bought the ſign, and the piece of wood is in the chamber now; I was there new and old chriſtmas, and all the month of January, till I was taken up on the 2d of February.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that young woman (meaning Canning) did you ever ſee her there in January?

F. Natus. I don't know any thing of her, I never ſaw her in the houſe, or at the houſe; I only had a glimpſe of her at juſtice Tyſhmaker's; when they were taken up I was at work, and was ſent for home.

Mr. *Davy.* Did any body beſides your wife and yourſelf go into that room?

F. Natus. Yes, one John Howit, Mrs. Wells's own ſon; he came there for ſome pollard to feed his mother's ſow and pigs with, and ſeveral times for hay, when I was there; and Sarah Howit, his ſiſter, ſhe often came for pollard to ſerve the pigs; ſhe almoſt always liv'd at home: I have ſeen the widow long there, her maiden name was Elizabeth Wells, I have ſeen her there ſeveral times in the month of January; there are two Longs, one of them is Mr. Long's own daughter, ſhe never was there; I have ſeen Virtue Hall in that room.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Virtue Hall lodge in the houſe?

F. Natus. She was a lodger there before I know'd the houſe, in one of the beſt chambers.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember when the gipſy firſt came there?

F. Natus. I cannot well remember the day punctually that they came there; they came about a week and a day before they were taken up.

Mr. *Davy.* What rooms did they lodge in?

F. Natus. They lodg'd up the main ſtairs, in one of the beſt rooms.

Mr. *Davy.* Mention, if you can, what rooms the ſeveral people lay in?

F. Natus. I can deſcribe none of them, becauſe I never was much in them: Virtue Hall lay along with Mrs. Wells: I had been in the rooms, but never to take much notice of them.

Mr. *Davy.* Deſcribe the ſeveral rooms to which the ſtaircaſe leads?

F. Natus. There was one room on the left hand ſide the ſtaircaſe, there Mrs. Wells and Virtue Hall lay in one bed, I believe; the old gipſy lay in a room oppoſite.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did George Squires lie?

F. Natus. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you any particular reaſon for remembring the time of the gipſy's coming to Wells's houſe?

F. Natus. I am no ways exact to the day, but by reaſon ſhe look'd ſo frightful, that I did not care to be at the fire with her.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever ſeen Mary Squires, or her ſon, or daughters, before the time you mention?

F. Natus. No, I never had, ſir, in all the courſe of my life.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know who came to Enfield-Waſh with Mary Squires?

F. Natus. No, I don't, becauſe I was then at work; her ſon and two daughters lodg'd there all the time ſhe did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they board in the houſe?

F. Natus. No, they went to the ſhops to buy their victuals; they were acquainted with Mrs. Larney, who ſells butter, cheeſe, bread, and bacon; ſhe lives about two ſtones caſt from Mrs. Well's houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Is ſhe a married woman?

F. Natus. She is; her huſband is a bricklayer, I think, nam'd John.

Mr *Davy.* Do you remember any pitcher in the houſe?

F. Natus. I remember one very well; it was a largiſh black pitcher, broken about the mouth; my wife made uſe of it, over night, before we were taken up, to fetch water from a pump over the way, at Mr. Howard's, for my ſupper: Virtue Hall, and Mrs. Wells, and Sarah Howit, uſed to go there for water.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember any bed-gown Mrs. Wells had?

F. Natus. No, I don't remember ſhe ever had any at all.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this pitcher, handkerchief and bed-gown, do you know either of them?

F. Natus. I'll ſwear to the pitcher, that is Mrs Wells's; I never ſaw the handkerchief and bed-gown in my life.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember one Robert White coming to Wells's houſe?

F. Natus. I do; he uſed to come there as far as I know, under pretence of courting Sall Howit, almoſt every night; I have known him five or ſix years, he has ſeen me go to bed in that room ſeveral nights.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* What is your buſineſs?

F Natus. I am a poor labouring man.

Mr. *Nares.* Where have you been ſince you was taken up?

F. Natus. I have been at work at Mr. Bell's at the four ſwans at Waltham-croſs.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you work for him before?

F. Natus. No, I did not, ſir.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the pitcher that uſed to go ſo often to the pump?

F. Natus. This is it.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to go to live at Enfield-Waſh?

F. Natus. I went there from London, being hired by a farmer at Waltham-croſs, and I could not have conſtant lodging there.

Mr. *Nares.* Who directed you to mother Wells's houſe?

F. Natus. A man, whoſe name is Pain, and my wife went and aſk'd for lodging, I was to pay nine-pence *per* week.

Mr. *Nares.* Why did not you lodge in the other part of the houſe?

F. Natus. There were no rooms empty there.

Mr. *Nares.* Was not there a garret empty?

F. Natus. I don't know, I never was up them.

Mr. *Nares.* Was not you ſometimes diſturb'd of your reſt by people making a noiſe in the kitchen?

F. Natus. They could not come into the kitchen but I could hear them; I very ſeldom heard much noiſe; ſometimes I ſlept almoſt all night.

Mr. *Nares.* What time do the family uſe to go to bed?

F. Natus. The family generally go to bed betwixt nine and ten o'clock; I never know'd any harm by the houſe; the people that belong to the houſe have got a very bad character, but from what I know of it, I never ſaw any harm in it, and it is a very ſober honeſt houſe; I never ſaw any ill tricks, or irregularity all the time I was there.

Mr. *Nares.* What time of the day had Robert White uſe to come?

F Natus. He uſed to come when he left off his day's work, may-be about ſix or ſeven o'clock.

Mr. *Nares.* How long had he uſe to ſtay?

F. Natus. May-be two hours, ſeldom longer.

Mr. *Nares.* Was there any other lodger there beſides you?

F. Natus. Virtue Hall was another.

Mr. *Nares.* What did ſhe uſe to do for a living?

F. Natus. She uſed to ſpin.

Mr. *Nares.* She was a very induſtrious girl; was ſhe not?

F. Natus. I cannot ſay for that, ſhe uſed to work but a little.

Mr. *Nares.* Can you remember when the ſign was carried out?

F. Natus. I cannot ſay when it was really: I don't ſay what time I miſſed it, but only I remember its being there?

Mr. *Nares.* What time were the ſign-irons carried out?

F. Natus. They were not carried out till ſome time in January, before I was taken up.

Mr. *Nares.* How long before you was taken up?

F. Natus. It may be more than a week or ten days before.

Mr. *Nares.* Now I would aſk you whether you was in company with Arthur Newit?

F. Natus. I have ſeveral times; I have work'd for him.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know one John Jackſon?

F. Natus. I do; he is a farmer, and lives about a mile out of Ware town.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know William Hubbard?

F. Natus. I cannot ſay I do.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever take an oath upon this affair?

F. Natus. The firſt I ever took was before Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, at the manſion-houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* How long is that ago?

F. Natus. I can't recollect that.

Mr. *Naires.* Do you think it is more than ſix months ago?

F. Natus. It muſt be more than that.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure the girl never was in that room?

F. Natus. Yes, ſir, I am, the time I lodg'd there, which was ten weeks all but three days.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever fall in company with Mr. Newit after this?

F. Natus. Yes, ſeveral times.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember what converſation paſs'd?

F. Natus. He has tax'd me ſeveral times with ſwearing falſe, and offer'd to lay a wager that I lodg'd in another houſe at Enfield-Waſh, beſides mother Wells's.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ever ſuch a wager laid?

F. Natus. I believe there was, but what I ſaid was truth.

Mr. *Nares.* What was the wager?

F. Natus. I believe it was a ſhilling a-piece, I think ſo, but it was draw'd becauſe he found he was wrong.

Mr. *Nares.* We have thoſe preſent that can give an account of it, ſo be careful; ſay whether or not, upon that concluſion, you did admit you had lodg'd at another houſe?

F. Natus. No, gentlemen, I am come here to ſpeak the truth; I never did admit, in their preſence, that I lodg'd in another room, or in another houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you never admit you had loſt your wager, and that you had laid in another room?

F. Natus.

F. Natus. I never did admit it; I did not loſe the wager at all, becauſe it was drawn.

Mr. *Davy.* When was you apply'd to, to lay this wager?

F. Natus. It is about a quarter of a year ago.

Mr. *Davy.* Where was this?

F. Natus. It was at Mr. Bell's Houſe at four ſwans at Waltham-croſs.

Mr. *Davy.* What was the wager?

F. Natus. I can't ſay what money was laid, I down'd with my money myſelf.

Mr. *Davy.* Who was in the room at that time?

F. Natus. There were ſeveral people there drinking, I can't ſay whether they were common men or gentlemen.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the money ſtak'd?

F. Natus. I can't ſay whether it was a ſhilling, the money was ſtak'd down.

Mr. *Davy.* Who held the ſtakes?

F. Natus. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Mrs. Bell hold it?

F. Natus. I don't know that ſhe did; I will not be ſure of that; I had ſome of mine again.

Mr. *Davy.* Why had you it not all again?

F. Natus. I paid for a decanter of beer out of it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Mr. Newit pay for any out of it?

F. Natus. He paid for none.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you drink part of the beer?

F. Natus. I did, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you here upon the trial of Mary Squires?

F. Natus. I had a ſubpœna, and did come, and was in the Old Bailey-Yard, and up near the door.

Mr. *Davy.* What prevented your coming into court to give evidence?

F. Natus. Becauſe I was not call'd, none of the witneſſes were call'd, never a one.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any other reaſon?

F. Natus. No other reaſon, but they were not call'd.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you not aſſaulted?

F. Natus. I was, at the place that turns out of the Bailey-Yard, three or four times, and I ſhew'd my ſubpœna.

Mr. *Davy.* Who aſſaulted you?

F. Natus. There was a talliſh man that kept the gate, pitted very much with the ſmall pox, he was the only perſon that turn'd me out of the yard.

Mr. *Davy.* Did any other perſon uſe you ill?

F. Natus. There were ſeveral other people, but none touch'd me to turn me out.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you alone?

F. Natus. I was with the other witneſſes, they ſtood upon the ſteps; two or three of them were turn'd out of the yard.

Mr. *Davy.* What was the other witneſſes attending for?

F. Natus. For the ſame as I did.

Mr. *Davy.* What are their names?

F. Natus. I can't ſay half their names.

Mr. *Davy.* Name ſome of them.

F. Natus. There was the widow Long was one; they wanted to mobb ſhe.

Mr. *Nares.* I muſt obſtruct this; this does no ways affect Canning, if it was the neglect of the officers, it can't be prov'd ſhe was privy to it.

Judith Natus *ſworn.*

J. Natus. The laſt witneſs is my huſband, he does huſbandry work; he did work for Mr. Pain at Waltham-croſs; and we then lodg'd at Mrs. Arnold's, a fortnight; ſhe bid us provide ourſelves becauſe we were very poor; and at the fortnight's end we came to Mrs. Wells's houſe at Enfield-Waſh, where we lodg'd ten weeks all but three days, before we were taken up; I can't tell the day of the month when we came there.

Mr. *Willes.* What month was it in?

J. Natus. I can't tell.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it in September, October, November, or December?

J. Natus. I can't tell.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it before new Chriſtmas day?

J. Natus. It was.

Mr. *Willes.* How long is it ago?

J. Natus. Upon my word I can't tell, becauſe I am no ſcholar.

Mr. *Willes.* During the ten weeks all but three days, how many nights did you lie out of that houſe?

J. Natus. I never lay out of it one night during the whole time; my huſband lay out of it one night, and but one.

Mr. *Willes.* What room did you lie in?

J. Natus. We lay in a room they call the workſhop

Mr. *Willes.* In what part of the houſe is it?

J. Natus. They go through the kitchen, and up eight ſtairs as near as I can gueſs; our bed was of hay and ſtraw on the right hand going up; we had a ſack of wool for our bolſter.

Mr. *Willes.* On which ſide was the head of your bed?

J. Natus. It look'd into the kitchen.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any hole near your bed?

J. Natus. Yes there was one at the head of the bed, we us'd to ſtuff it with hay to keep the cold out; it was there before we came there.

Mr. *Willes.* Where did that hole look into when it was not ſtopp'd up?

J. Natus. It look'd into the kitchen.

Mr. *Willes.* Deſcribe the room, is there any chimney in it?

J. Natus. There is, and a caſement over it.

Mr. *Willes.* What do you mean by a caſement over it?

J. Natus. There was an old caſement all to pieces almoſt, over the chimney when we came into the room.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any glaſs in it?

J. Natus. There might be about half a caſement, not much glaſs to ſignify.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any grate in the chimney?

J. Natus. No there never was for the time I was there.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any cheſt of drawers.

J. Natus. There was a neſt of drawers which I us'd to put my bread and cheeſe in, becauſe the mice ſhould not run away with the cheeſe.

Mr.

Mr. *Willes.* Was this cheſt of drawers on the right or left hand ſide of your bed?

J. Natus. They were on the left-hand ſide.

Mr. *Willes.* Was the hole you uſed to ſtop with hay of any uſe?

J. Natus. No; none at all.

Mr. *Willes.* How big was it?

J. Natus. It was about as big as my two double fiſts.

Mr. *Willes.* What was hung over this hole?

J. Natus. The jack-line that was at the head of my bed.

Mr. *Willes.* Then can't you tell the uſe of the hole?

J. Natus. I believe it was for the jack-line to go through.

Mr. *Willes.* Pray, what other furniture was there in the room?

J. Natus. I believe, as nigh as I can gueſs, there was about half a load of hay, that was there before we came.

Mr. *Willes.* What was there in the room beſides?

J. Natus. There were pantiles at the farther end of the room, which had laid there before we came, an old ſpit and an old lanthorn juſt by the chimney, one man's ſaddle and two women's ſaddles, there was a ſaw, and a tub which Mrs. Wells uſed to put chaff in for the horſe, and a box that ſhe uſed to put pollard in for the pigs that ſtood on the left hand ſide.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe uſe to keep pigs?

J. Natus. Yes, ſir, ſhe did, in a little ſort of a waſhhouſe. She uſed to go into the room for pollard every day, and feed them with it. There was a ſign of a fountain there; it ſtood in the room before we came, behind a tub where the chaff was.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there ever a gun there?

J. Natus. Yes, there was a gun.

Mr. *Nares.* Don't put words into her mouth.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there one ſign or two?

J. Natus. There were two, the fountain and the crown.

Mr. *Willes.* Where was the ſign of the crown?

J. Natus. They ſtood together, fronting you as you go up. Mr. Whiffin bought the ſign of the crown before Old Chriſtmas; the irons that belonged to the ſign poſt was at the feet of my bed, and he bought them: He took them away about a week, or a fortnight, before we were taken up, as nigh as I can gueſs.

Mr. *Willes.* How long had Mrs. Squires lodged there before ſhe was taken up?

J. Natus. She had lodged there a week and one day.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know George Squires?

J. Natus. I do; I never ſaw him in my life before he came to lodge there: There was two daughters, one's named Lucy.

Mr. *Willes.* Where had they uſe to lie?

J. Natus. They uſed to lie up ſtairs in the other part of the houſe: ſhe and her two daughters lay in a chamber over the parlour.

Mr. *Willes.* Were there any other young people in the houſe?

J. Natus. There were nobody at all in the houſe but them and ourſelves.

Mr. *Willes.* In what room of the houſe did Virtue Hall lodge?

J. Natus. In the room fronting the ſtairs, near where the gipſies lodged.

Mr. *Willes.* Had there been any uſe made of this hay?

J. Natus. They uſed to fetch it for the horſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Who uſed to fetch it?

J. Natus. Sal Howit; ſhe is Mrs. Wells's daughter, and Mrs. Wells herſelf, and Virtue Hall uſed to fetch ſome, and ſometimes pollard for the pigs.

Mr. *Willes.* How came Sal Howit to be Mrs. Wells's daughter?

J. Natus. Mrs. Wells had two huſbands.

Mr. *Willes.* How was this houſe ſupplied with water?

J. Natus. Sometimes we fetched it from a gentleman's pump from over the way.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at this pitcher.

J. Natus. I can't ſwear to the pitcher; but I have fetched water myſelf many a time in ſuch a black pitcher; I think it was not broke ſo much at the mouth as it is now: One may be like another: I can't ſay it is the ſame; I think it was not quite ſo big as this.

Mr. *Willes.* Look upon this bed gown, examine it well.

J. Natus. I do; I never ſaw this in my life, before they came and took us up: Mrs. Wells had no bed-gown.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that young woman; (meaning Elizabeth Canning) did you ever ſee her at Mrs. Wells's?

J. Natus. I never did, before ſhe came with them to take us up, if that was the laſt word I was to ſpeak.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at this handkerchief; do you know it?

J. Natus. I never ſaw it in my life before.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ſubpœna'd at Squires's trial, in order to give evidence?

J. Natus. I was; but they would not let me come in.

Mr. *Willes.* You was taken up with the reſt, was you?

J. Natus. I was, and carried before Juſtice Tyſhmaker, and from thence to Juſtice Fielding. Canning cleared me; ſhe ſaid ſhe never ſaw me before.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you give the ſame account as you do now?

J. Natus. I did.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe charge you with any thing, when you was taken up?

J. Natus. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe charge Mrs. Wells at all?

J. Natus. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you hear her ſay Virtue Hall was by, when Mrs. Squires cut the lacing of her ſtays?

J. Natus. I can't ſay I heard her ſay it.

Mr. *Williams.* What countryman is your huſband?

J. Natus. He comes from Glouceſterſhire.

Mr. *Williams.* From whence are you?

J. Natus. I was bred and born at Ware in Hertfordſhire.

Friday, the 3d. Mary Larney *ſworn.*

M. Larney.

M. Larney. I live at Enfield-Waſh, and keep a chandler's ſhop: I have known Fortune Natus and his wife ſome conſiderable time; they have bought goods of me, that is, bread, butter, cheeſe and beer:

Mr. *Davy.* When was the firſt time you ever ſaw them?

M. Larney. It was ſome time after Michaelmas was twelve months, between that and Chriſtmas they lodged at Mrs: Wells's houſe:

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear them ſay in what part of the houſe they lodged?

M. Larney: No; I never did, indeed.

Mr. *Davy.* How long did they remain there?

M. Larney. They remained there, after the time they were taken up, for they came back after that.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember any other lodgers Mrs. Wells had in her houſe?

M. Larney. Virtue Hall uſed to come ſometimes for things, and I remember the gipſies coming:

Mr. *Davy.* When was the firſt time of your ſeeing them?

M. Larney. It was on a Wedneſday, and the Thurſday was ſeven nights after, in the morning they were taken up.

Mr. *Davy.* When you ſaw the gipſies, how many of them were there?

M. Larney. Lucy was the firſt I ſaw of them; ſhe knocked at my door, and aſked me if I ſold ſmall bread, on the Wedneſday; I ſaid, yes; I ſold her a loaf and ſome cheeſe and ſmall beer, and lent her a pitcher to carry it home; (I live oppoſite Mrs. Wells's houſe); in the evening of the ſame day old Mrs. Squires came. George brought the pitcher home the next morning. He or the ſiſter came every day till they were taken up, and had things of me, and ſometimes the old gentlewoman for tobacco; I ſaw them commonly two or three times a day; that very morning they were taken up, they had tea.

Mr. *Davy.* What is your huſband's name?

M. Larney. His name is John Larney; he is a bricklayer.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know whether Mrs. Wells keeps any cattle?

M. Larney. She keeps a horſe and a hog.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you known her?

M. Larney. I have known her almoſt forty years; ever ſince I can remember.

Mr. *Davy.* With what did ſhe uſe to feed her horſe?

M. Larney. I have ſeen them fetch grains; and I know ſhe bought hay, for I ſaw it brought in, and by the badneſs of the weather it was ſpoiled.

Mr. *Davy.* When was it brought in?

M. Larney. In the ſeaſonable time of haymaking, before laſt Chriſtmas was twelve months.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did ſhe put it?

M. Larney. As ſhe ſaid then, ſhe put it into the room called the ſhop.

Mr. *Nares.* I object againſt that, as legal evidence.

Mr. *Davy.* I am not aſking any thing Mrs. Wells ſaid ſince 1752, but what ſhe ſaid before it was impoſſible for her to know of this affair, when it could ſerve no purpoſe to ſpeak falſely, that is evidence.

Mr. *Nares:* There is one plain rule as to the evidence of hearſay; that is, that when you can have that very perſon that proves this very fact, ſhe is the perſon to be called; this is not evidence at all.

Court: The court are of opinion that it will be proper for Wells to give her own evidence.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in this work-ſhop at Mrs. Wells's?

M. Larney. No; not till after the people were taken up.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember ſeeing any hay carried to the houſe after that time you have mentioned?

M. Larney. No; I do not.

Mr. *Davy:* How much was brought there in the year 1752?

M. Larney. It was looſe upon the cart; I don't know how much there was of it; I ſaw it carried to the door, but did not ſee it put into the work-ſhop.

Mr. *Davy.* What door did you ſee it carried to?

M. Larney. Towards the ſtable door, as they call it.

Mr. *Davy.* Near what part of the houſe is the ſtable?

M. Larney: The lower part towards London: it lies in a line with the houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Is there any loft over the ſtable?

M. Larney. Not as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* To what part of the houſe was this hay carried?

M. Larney. I ſaw it ſtanding againſt the ſtable.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee it unloaded?

M. Larney. No; I did not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* How was this hay brought?

M. Larney. It was brought in a cart, and drawed up to the ſtable, which ranges along with the houſe; I ſaw no more of it.

Mr. *Moreton.* What countrywoman are you?

M. Larney. I was born and bred at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long has Mrs. Wells lived in that houſe?

M. Larney. She has lived there before I can remember.

Mr. *Moreton.* A good ſort of a houſe, was it not?

M. Larney. I did not frequent the houſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* What is the general reputation of the houſe?

M. Larney. I ſuppoſe by the report, you know what a houſe it was.

Mr. *Davy.* We will ſuppoſe it to be a moſt infamous houſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ever ſee any gipſies there before?

M. Larney. No; never before that time to my knowledge; I never ſaw any at Mrs. Wells's before. I was very much ſurprized, and put the money I took of her into a pail of water, becauſe I had heard they can get the money again.

Mr. *Moreton.* Whoſe money was you afraid would

would be ſo nimble, Lucy's or the old woman's?

M. Larney. I had put Lucy's in my pocket amongſt other money; it was the old woman's money I put in the water.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know William Smith?

M. Larney. He lives two or three miles from me, upon the chace; he is a farmer.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Samuel Arnot?

M. Larney. I know no ſuch name, unleſs it be he that lives up in the town.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Mr. Howard and his wife?

M. Larney. They are people of very good character, to be ſure.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Humphry Holding?

M. Larney. I do; he lives in Turkey-ſtreet, about half a mile from me.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Mr. Story?

M. Larney. I have no acquaintance with him, or knowledge of him.

Sarah Howit *ſworn.*

S. Howit. I am daughter to Suſannah Wells, and lived at Enfield-Waſh with her at the time Mrs. Canning ſaid ſhe was confined there.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Howit. I do, upon the account of her being at our houſe a week and one day, and George and Lucy, they were all three together; they came on the Wedneſday, and was taken up the Thurſday ſe'nnight after.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at that pitcher; do you know it?

S. Howit. There was a pitcher that uſed to go frequently to Mr. Howard's pump.

Mr. *Willes.* Is this the pitcher?

S. Howit. I cannot tell; it was a black pitcher.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you live there the time Fortune Natus and his wife were there?

S. Howit. I did.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did they come?

S. Howit. I can't ſay at what time they came.

Mr. *Willes.* How long were they there before Mary Squires came?

S. Howit. O! a great while; they were there the time Squires was there, and the time that Canning ſaid ſhe was confined there; and they lay in the room ſhe ſays ſhe was confined in, which was the work-ſhop.

Mr. *Willes.* What do you mean by work-ſhop?

S. Howit. I mean the long room that you go through the kitchen to go up to it.

Mr. *Willes.* What did Natus and his wife lie upon there?

S. Howit. They lay on hay and ſtraw.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you ſpeak particularly, how long they were there?

S. Howit. They were there two months.

Mr. *Willes.* What uſe was made of this room?

S. Howit. There was a great deal of looſe hay in it, and lumber; the hay was for an old horſe my mother had. There was pollard in a great drawer, to feed a ſow and pigs.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember about Chriſtmas-time, before Squires came there, whether the room was locked up?

S. Howit. No; there never was a lock upon the door in my memory; I remember it ever ſince I was born almoſt; I was born in the houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever in that room in that month of January?

S. Howit. I was almoſt every day.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſure of that?

S. Howit. I am ſure of it.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you take upon you to ſwear you was at your mother's all the month of December?

S. Howit. Yes, I can.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you, that you was all the month of January?

S. Howit. I lay in that houſe every night in the month of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember about a fortnight or three weeks before Squires came to your houſe, that any body was in that work-ſhop with you?

S. Howit. Virtue Hall went into it frequently, as much as I: we were there both together at the time the trees (againſt the little window, a caſement that faces the ſtairs) were lopped.

Mr. *Willes.* At what time was it that the trees were lopped?

S. Howit. I believe it was on the 8th of January; there were Edward Allen, Giles Knight and John Larney, that lopped them.

Mr. *Willes.* Was the caſement open or ſhut?

S. Howit. I opened it myſelf at that time.

Mr. *Willes.* Did any thing paſs between you and them?

S. Howit. There were words paſſed, but I cannot tell what the converſation was.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you lived at this houſe of your mother's all your time?

S. Howit. I was bred up there, and lived there ſome time, not the greateſt part of my life.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you been abſent from there?

S. Howit. I have been five or ſix years from it, and never ſaw my mother's houſe in the time.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to be at home at this time?

S. Howit. I was out of place, and ſo came home.

Mr. *Nares.* How long had you been at home before the gipſies came there?

S. Howit. I believe about a year and a half, or two years.

Mr. *Nares.* How do you get your living?

S. Howit. I go out to get my bread, to work in the country, ſometimes harveſt work; I have no family affair with my mother; I uſed to be in the family, when I was not engaged another way.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember what quantity of hay your mother had at this time?

S. Howit. There was a great deal of it, I believe not a load.

Mr. *Nares.*

Mr. *Nares.* Had ſhe any other hay for her horſe?

S. Howit. No; ſhe had not: it was carried to the horſe from time to time.

Mr. *Nares.* How much hay might there be when Natus lay there?

S. Howit. There was a great deal.

Mr. *Nares.* Can't you tell nothing of this converſation between theſe men and you?

S. Howit. I cannot.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you begin, or they?

S. Howit. I don't know whether Virtue Hall began, or who.

Mr. *Nares.* Who converſed with them moſt?

S. Howit. I ſaid ſome things, but can't tell what; I don't pretend to ſay one word that paſſed.

Mr. *Nares.* Did they begin with you, or you with them?

S. Howit. I can't tell who begun.

Mr. *Nares.* Were they acquaintance of yours?

S. Howit. Edward Allen went to ſchool with me.

Mr. *Nares.* What ſort of trees were they?

S. Howit. They are great high trees.

Mr. *Nares.* Which lopped the tree?

S. Howit. Giles Knight; they were not all at work at the ſame time; my mother gave them a full pot to lop the tree; I ſaw them drink it.

Mr. *Nares.* Who had the lop?

S. Howit. Larney had the lop.

Mr. *Nares.* Whoſe trees were they?

S. Howit. They are Richard Allen's trees; they only cut off ſome part that hung over the place.

Mr. *Nares.* How much in quantity were cut off?

S. Howit. I can't tell; I thought there was a faggot, but I did not ſee Larney make it up; I ſaw him go by with ſome of it.

Mr. *Nares.* Were theſe people ſent there on purpoſe?

S. Howit. No; two were hedging round the fields.

Mr. *Nares.* What did the others do, while Knight lopped the tree?

S. Howit. They ſtood on the ground, and looked on.

Mr. *Nares.* How did Virtue Hall and you ſtand by the ſide of each other at the window?

S. Howit. Virtue Hall looked over my ſhoulder.

Mr. *Nares.* Could the men ſee you both?

S. Howit. Yes, ſir; but I was the principal perſon that was looking out at the window.

Mr. *Nares.* Was there any other window in the houſe that looked towards that part?

S. Howit. No, not directly; there is one, but it ſtands ſlanting.

Recorder. Was you preſent when the gipſey, her ſon and daughter, and your mother, were taken up?

S. Howit. Yes, I was.

Recorder. Was you preſent when Elizabeth Canning was brought there?

S. Howit. I was then ſhut up in the parlour with the others.

Recorder. Do you remember Elizabeth Canning being brought into the parlour?

S. Howit. I do.

Recorder. Recollect what paſt there.

S. Howit. She ſwore to the gipſey woman, and did not ſee her face,

Recorder. Are you ſure of that?

S. Howit. She had never ſeen her face; ſhe ſwore to her before ſhe ſaw her face; I am ſure of it.

Recorder. What did the gipſey woman ſay upon that?

S. Howit. The poor woman did not know it was ſhe that ſhe ſwore to, till her daughter Lucy ſaid, mother, ſhe ſwears you cut off her ſtays; then the gipſey got up and ſaid, look, madam, don't ſay it is me that cut off your ſtays; and puſhed up her hat; look, for God's ſake, and don't ſwear to me; don't ſay it is me, for I am innocent, or to that purpoſe; I may'nt repeat directly the words particular.

Recorder. Did ſhe ſay where ſhe was at the time?

S. Howit. No, ſhe did not; but George did, but what he ſaid, I can't tell.

Recorder. Can you deſcribe in what ſort of a poſture the gipſey ſat when Canning came into the parlour?

S. Howit, She was ſat with her pipe in her mouth, by the fire ſide, with a hat and cloak on, with her hand upon her knee.

Recorder. Upon your oath, whether Elizabeth Canning could ſee her face at that time?

S. Howit. She could not.

Recorder. Did ſhe give any reaſon, why ſhe deſired her not to ſwear againſt her?

S. Howit. I did not hear any reaſon; after ſhe ſwore to her, then ſhe ſhewed herſelf, and puſhed her hat up.

Mr. *Nares.* Had Elizabeth Canning ſeen your mother's face before the time ſhe ſpake to the gipſey?

S. Howit. Yes, ſir; yes, in the room.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe charge your mother?

S. Howit. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe pitch upon the gipſey on her own account?

S. Howit. I don't know whether ſhe did or no.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you hear any body tell her to pitch upon her.

S. Howit. No, I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you not to be examined upon the trial of your mother?

S. Howit. I was not ſubpœnaed up; I have but two ſubpœnas, one before the grand jury, and the other here.

Recorder. What was the reaſon you was not ſubpœnaed up on your mother's trial?

S. Howit. I was not; I know not the reaſon.

John Larney *ſworn.*

J. Larney. I am huſband to Mary Larney; I live at Enfield at the two bridges; I am a bricklayer. I was along with Edward Allen and Giles Knight near the houſe of Suſannah Wells, January 8, 1753: Giles Knight lopped a tree, he told me if I would come over I ſhould have the lops: When we were there, Edward Allen flung ſome duſt into the window of the work-ſhop near the trees, to Sal Howit and Virtue

Virtue Hall, who were within-ſide.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* In what poſition did they ſtand?

J. Larney. Sal Howit looked over Virtue Hall's head.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What converſation paſſed upon this?

J. Larney. Upon my word I can't tell; there were words paſſed, but I don't believe there were many; when he *hulled* the duſt in, they bid him be eaſy.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Where was Knight at the time?

J. Larney. He was then in the tree, and I ſtood upon the ground by the tree.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long did you talk to them through the window?

J. Larney. It might be the value of ten minutes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did they both look out at the window at the ſame time?

J. Larney. They did, and kept talking to us.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who had the boughs of this tree?

J. Larney. Mrs. Wells.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who carried them to her?

J. Larney. I don't know; I believe they were flung over the hedge to her; I had the arms, and ſhe the ſmall lop.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What did you do with them?

J. Larney. I carried them home, and we burnt them: We had half a dozen or a full pot of beer for lopping the tree; I don't know which.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who do theſe trees belong to?

J. Larney. They belong to Richard Allen. This window looks into the room properly called the work-ſhop.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is there ever another window that looks the ſame way as this does?

J. Larney. There is one above upon the ſtairs going into the garret, that belongs to the houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Are you ſure it was not that window at the garret ſtairs, that theſe two women were looking out at?

J. Larney. I am very ſure it was not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Nor a cellar window.

J. Larney. No; it was not. There were three other windows in the work-ſhop, and I plaiſtered them up, and left two, one at the north end, and the other at the eaſt, that they looked out at.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What was this room built for?

J. Larney. It was built for a carpenter's ſhop. Mrs. Wells's firſt husband was a carpenter.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How far was this eaſt window from the ground, that they were looking out at?

J. Larney. I believe it may be about ſeven or eight foot.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* In what condition is the wall?

J. Larney. It is lath and plaiſter, very ſlight; there are a great many holes in it; that part towards the ſouth you might ſhake it down with your hand.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was it in that condition at the time you were lopping the tree.

J. Larney. I can't ſay that, becauſe people have been up in it, and beating it about.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were there ſo many holes in it, when you were lopping the tree, as there is now?

J. Larney. There was not; but I did not much mind it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Which is the talleſt of the two, Virtue Hall, or Sarah Howit?

J. Larney. Sarah Howit; it may be by two inches.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Recollect, as well as you can, whether you can poſitively ſay, who was the undermoſt, and who the uppermoſt.

J. Larney. To the beſt of my knowledge Virtue Hall ſtood neareſt.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Whereabouts do you live?

J. Larney. I live oppoſite Wells's houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you been much at her houſe?

J. Larney. I have often, and all over her houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* When was it you were lopping the trees.

J. Larney. On the 8th of January. I believe on a Monday.

Mr. *Williams.* Pray how came you to be ſo particular as to the time?

J. Larney. Becauſe the arms of the trees, that I carried home, ſet my chimney on fire on the 10th, and I chriſtened my child on the 12th, and Mrs. Wells was at my houſe at the chriſtening.

Mr. *Williams.* What quantity of this lop might you have?

J. Larney, About half a dozen pretty large ſticks, about as big as my wriſt. Knight was buſy there, and came and beg'd a little ſmall beer, and ſaid, if I would come, he'd give me the lop.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you ſeen Virtue Hall or Howit that day before?

J. Larney. I can't ſay. I may forget, if I had.

Mr. *Williams.* Was you at the tree before they were at the window?

J. Larney. They came there partly as ſoon as we.

Mr. *Williams.* Did they continue there till you had done?

J. Larney. They did partly.

Mr. *Williams.* How long might you be there in all?

J. Larney. It might be about ten minutes.

Mr. *Williams.* Can you recollect what was ſaid at flinging the dirt up?

J. Larney. I believe ſhe ſaid; don't, you'll break the windows.

Mr. *Williams.* Who ſtood foremoſt?

J. Larney. They ſtood both together?

Mr. *Williams.* Did they ſtand a-breaſt of each other?

J. Larney. No; the window is not big enough. Virtue Hall looked under Sal's breaſt, and Sal ſtood over the ſhoulder of Virtue Hall.

Mr. *Williams.* Does that window upon the ſtair-caſe look upon the trees?

J. Larney. It does.

Mr. *Williams.* Is it direct over the other window?

J. Larney. No; it is partly over it.

Mr. *Williams.* Are you ſure they looked out at the lower window?

J. Larney. I am poſitive of that.

Mr. *Williams.* When was the firſt time you gave this account, you have given here about your having ſpoke to theſe women on the 8th of January?

J. Larney. I never was ſworn before.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you remember the trial of the gipſey?

J. Larney. I do.

Mr. *Williams.* When you heard of that, what did you ſay about Canning's being confined in that room? Did you ever ſay it was true or falſe?

J. Larney. I have mentioned ſeveral times the circumſtance of the women looking out at the window.

Mr. *Williams.* To whom.

J. Larney. To different people.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you then mention the day?

J. Larney. Yes; the 8th of January.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ever mention it before Mary Squires was tried?

J. Larney. Yes.

Mr. *Williams.* To many perſons.

J. Larney. Yes.

Mr. *Williams.* Why was you not ſubpœnaed up?

J. Larney. My wife was. I did not know it was very material to give an account of it; and did not think proper to put myſelf forward, and I was obliged to get my bread another way.

Mr. *Williams.* Who was in the tree?

J. Larney. Giles Knight. I was right againſt the tree on the ground.

Mr. *Williams.* What year were theſe other windows plaiſter'd up in?

J. Larney. In the year 1750; the date of the year is there; I put the ſtones up myſelf.

Mr. *Williams.* You ſay the ſouth ſide is very rotten; how was it, when you were lopping the trees?

J. Larney. I did not ſee then, the hedge parted us.

Mr. *Williams.* When was the firſt time you ſaw Mary Squires?

J. Larney. The Saturday before ſhe was fetched away, and never before to my knowledge.

Giles Knight *ſworn.*

G. Knight. I live at Enfield, and have this 42 years. I am a gardener by trade.

Mr. *Davy.* How far do you live from Mrs. Wells's houſe?

G. Knight. About a mile and a half; I was hedging near her houſe; I lopped ſome boughs of a tree, within about a couple of yards from her houſe, at the North corner, near a window.

Mr. *Davy.* Is there a window in the garret of that houſe?

G. Knight. Yes, there is.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in the garret?

G. Knight. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee any body looking out at that window, when you was lopping the tree?

G. Knight. No, but I did out of a window below; that they were Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit.

Mr. *Davy.* What room do they call that at the windows of which you ſaw theſe women?

G. Knight. I do not know; the window is about ten feet high.

Mr. *Davy.* Who were with you?

G. Knight. John Larney and Edward Allen were.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit both look out together?

G. Knight. Yes; Sarah Howit was looking over Virtue Hall.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any converſation with them?

G. Knight. I had not: I believe Edward Allen ſpoke to them.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear the women ſpeak?

G. Knight. I did; but don't know what they ſaid; I think Allen throwed a couple of clods of dirt into them.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did he ſtand?

G. Knight. Juſt againſt the window.

Mr. *Davy.* Who had the lops of the tree?

G. Knight. I gave it to John Larney; he had the biggeſt, I dont know who had the reſt. Allen was at work with me that day a hedging in the field for one Mr. Allen.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee Mrs. Wells at that time?

G. Knight. Yes; we had ſome beer from Cantril's: Mother Wells paid for it.

Mr. *Davy.* When was this?

G. Knight. This was on the 8th of January.

Mr. *Davy.* How do you know it to be preciſely on the 8th of January?

G. Knight. Becauſe it was of the Monday after old Chriſtmas day.

Mr. *Davy.* What led you to take particular notice of the time?

G. Knight. Mrs. Picket had a cart loaded with chalk broke down on old Chriſtmas day, but it came home that day.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you ſeen any of the other witneſſes ſince they have been examined?

G. Knight. No; I have ſeen none of them?

Mr. *Davy.* What time of the day was it when the two women were looking out at the window?

G. Knight. It was in the morning I believe, or ſome time in the forenoon.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember the trial of the old gipſey here?

G. Knight. Yes, I was here; I was ſubpœnaed on Mother Wells's ſide.

Mr. *Davy.* What prevented your appearing in court as a witneſs?

G. Knight. Becauſe I was not called; I was in the yard.

Mr. *Davy.* Was it in your power to have come in, if you had a mind?

G. Knight. I did not know for that: I did not know the way of it.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever a witneſs in any cauſe

cauſe before now?

G. Knight. No, I never was; till I went before the grand jury upon this.

Mr. *Davy.* How large was that window at which the women were looking out?

G. Knight. I believe big enough for me to get out at.

Mr. *Davy.* How big is the garret window?

G. Knight. That is bigger than this below.

Mr. *Davy.* Is the garret window in a direct line over the other?

G. Knight. I don't know that.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was that directly over the other window?

G. Knight. No; that above, was directly over againſt the tree I lopped.

Mr. *Moreton.* How many boughs did you lop off.

G. Knight. Six or ſeven.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who had it?

G. Knight. John Larney.

Mr. *Moreton.* What wood was it?

G. Knight. It was elm.

Mr. *Moreton.* Should you have been afraid of ſetting your chimney on fire with it?

Mr. *Davy.* What weather was it?

G. Knight. It was froſty weather.

Edward Allen *ſworn.*

E. Allen. I live at Enfield high way.

Mr. *Willes.* What buſineſs do you follow?

E. Allen. I am a coſtermonger; I go a hedging and ditching; Richard Allen is my brother: He has a field near Mother Wells's houſe: Giles Knight and I were ſtopping the gaps round it, on the 8th of January: There is a tree that hangs over a lane by her houſe; we cut off ſome boughs off it; John Larney was there; he came to have the biggeſt of the wood, which he had, and the reſt was thrown over to Mother Wells's. She gave us a full pot of beer for doing it. The beer was fetched from Mr. Cantril's at the time Giles Knight lopped the tree; I ſaw Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit looking out at a little window; I toſſed up ſeveral chumps of dirt to them; the place they were in was a ſort of a *Leantoo*, on the back part of the houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* How high is that window from the ground?

E. Allen. It may be about ten feet to the bottom of the window.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember what words paſſed between you?

E. Allen. No, I do not.

Mr. *Willes.* Is there ever another window belonging to that houſe, looks out as that does?

E. Allen. There is one at the top of the houſe partly, that may be twenty foot above the other, where they were.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever in this room in the *Leantoo*?

E. Allen. Yes; I have twice ſince this talk of the girl being confined there.

Mr. *Willes.* What ſort of a room is it?

E. Allen. It is a long room, with ſome hay and ſtuff in it.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember the trial of Squires and Mother Wells?

E. Allen. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you not to come up then, and give evidence?

E. Allen. I was not ordered to come; I had no ſubpœna.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you firſt tell this circumſtance of lopping the tree?

E. Allen. I told it, when I was aſked the queſtion.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you mentioned theſe circumſtances before Squires's trial?

E. Allen. I have ſeveral times.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Were they both at the window?

E. Allen. They were.

Mr. *Nares.* Can't you remember what paſt between you?

E. Allen. Upon my word, I do not know.

Mr. *Nares.* Had ſhe ſaid any thing to you to provoke you to throw it?

E. Allen. No; we did not throw it in malice.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you acquainted with them before?

E. Allen. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* How did they ſtand at the window?

E. Allen. They ſtood one by the ſide of the other.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee Squires and Wells taken away?

E. Allen. I did; I ſaw them get into the cart.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you mention this of ſeeing them at the window then?

E. Allen. I did.

Mr. *Nares.* To whom?

E. Allen. I cannot tell to what perſon particularly; it was to ſeveral that were in the room.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go before Juſtice Tyſhmaker?

E. Allen. No, I did not.

Recorder. Did you hear at that time, that Elizabeth Canning was ſo long in that room?

E. Allen. I did.

Recorder. Was you not ſurprized, when you heard ſhe was confined there?

E. Allen. I was ſurprized; and ſaid, if ſhe was there, I thought we ſhould have heard ſomething of her, and if I had, I ſhould preſently have fetched her out.

Mr. *Nares.* Whether at the time you heard Canning had ſaid ſhe was confined in that room, you did not from the 10th of January, to the time of her making her eſcape, did you tell this ſtory that you had been at the window lopping a tree?

E. Allen. Yes, I did.

John Cantril *ſworn.*

J. Cantril. I live not above a hundred yards from Wells's houſe; I keep a publick houſe: Giles Knight and Edward Allen came to my houſe on Monday the 8th of January; they ſaid they had done but an indifferent day's work, for they had been at play with Mother Wells's daughter, out at the back window, throwing clods of dirt in at the caſement, and they had been lopping of trees, and a hedging.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.*

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What is your reaſon for being particular to the day?

J. Cantril. They came to breakfaſt; they wanted to know if I had got any ſmall meat, I ſaid I ſhould roaſt a large piece on the morrow, which I did, it being the 9th; I ſeldom roaſt leſs than five ſtone, to give to my cuſtomers, for Chriſtmas beef: I have done it for years: Mother Wells uſed to buy her liquor of me ſometimes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When did you firſt ſee the old gipſey?

J. Cantril. I never ſaw them till that morning the old woman was taken up, then ſhe came into my houſe to light her pipe; I think I ſaw her ſon the Wedneſday before that; he came into my houſe very ſharply, and ſaid, let's have a halfpennyworth of gin.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had you ever ſeen him before?

J. Cantril. No; nor but once ſince.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know any thing about any hay of Mrs. Wells's?

J. Cantril. I ſaw the hay loaded in the field where it growed, by the new river ſide; I was then a fiſhing, and I ſaw it unloaded at this very window, that this young woman ſays ſhe got out at; [*he looks at the model.*] that is the window at the end of it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What hay harveſt was this hay brought in?

J. Cantril. It was the hay harveſt before the laſt.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know the ſtable?

J. Cantril. I do very well.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is there a loft over that?

J. Cantril. Yes, there is.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you aſſign any reaſon, why the hay was not put up there?

J. Cantril. There uſed to come bargemen and others, that would rob her when ſhe put the hay there, therefore ſhe put it in this place to prevent that.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* How many loads did you ſee loaded?

J. Cantril. I ſaw but one load; it was a little cart, and one horſe to draw it.

Mr. *Williams.* Had ſhe a horſe?

J. Cantril. She had; but it was the man's horſe that drawed his cart, to the beſt of my memory.

Mr. *Williams.* How much hay might there be of it?

J. Cantril. It is poſſible there might be half a ſcore truſſes.

Mr. *Williams.* What ſort of a window is it, that they put the hay in at?

J. Cantril. One part of it was glaſs, and the other boarded over.

Mr. *Williams.* Was it ſo when they were pitching the hay in.

J. Cantril. I can't ſay how it was then.

Mr. *Williams.* Was the board on the ſide of the glaſs, or over it, or under it?

J. Cantril. It was half to the upright, in the middle was boarded, another ſide glaſs, to the beſt of my memory.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you know Natus and his wife?

J. Cantril. I did; they uſed to lodge at Mrs. Wells's; but I can't ſay how long, but I think they had been there, backwards and forwards, about three months; the woman uſed to come to our houſe for gin.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know in which room they lay?

J. Cantril. No; I do not.

Ezra Whiffin *ſworn.*

E. Whiffin. I live at the White Hart and Crown at Enfield-Waſh, a publick-houſe; I was told by a glazier, he knowing I wanted ſome irons to a ſign, that Suſannah Wells had a ſign ſawed down in the rebellion time, and ſhe had the irons to diſpoſe of; I went to her houſe on the 18th of January, 1753, and aſked her; ſhe ſaid ſhe could find them; ſhe and I went together through the kitchen into a room called the lumber room, it had formerly been a work ſhop, or a ſhuffleboard room; it is a long room; it is about ſeven or eight ſteps up out of the kitchen.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you take any notice what was in the room?

E. Whiffin. I can't ſay I did; but Judith Natus was in bed in that room upon ſome hay, with a ſheet over it. The bed was on the right hand going in; as we were looking about for the irons, Mrs. Wells ſaid, now I recollect myſelf, it lies under the feet of this poor creature's bed; we looked and found them in a piece of wood there; then Fortune Natus's wife raiſed herſelf up upon her elbow, and ſaid, what are you going to do, or what are you about; Mrs. Wells ſaid, we are only looking for a piece of wood: I took it and ſet it upon an end, and ſaid, well, girl, what muſt you have? She ſaid I will not ſell the wood, it is of uſe to this poor creature's bed; the irons I'll have a ſhilling for; I gave it her directly, and ſaid, I had a ſon below ſtairs, if you'll let him take it home, and take the irons out, he ſhall bring the wood again; he took it and carried it home, and took the hooks out, and carried the wood back again, and there it is now.

Mr. *Davy.* What are the circumſtances by which you recollect the time?

E. Whiffin. I owed Mr. Proſſer, a brewer, at the White Lion, Ratcliff-highway, 11*l.* 7*s.* and on the 8th of January, Alexander Livingſtone joined in a note with me; it was upon demand, but he gave me ſome time to pay it; and I was going to borrow five guineas to enable me to pay it of Robert Mitcham, at the globe at Wormleigh; ſo I went directly there, as ſoon as I had ſent my ſon home with the wood to take the irons out, but he was gone to Cambridge, ſo I came back and went to London that ſame day, and carried what money I had, and that ſatisfied the perſon, and in about three weeks time I paid the remainder.

Mr. *Davy.* To whom was the note made payable?

E. Whiffin. To Bomar Lovit, at the iron gate, Tower-hill; he is an officer; he arreſted me on the 8th of January, on Mr. Proſſer's ſuit.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure this was on the 8th of January?

E. Whiffin. As I hope to be ſaved, that was the day; I have the note here.

Mr. *Davy.* Produce it, [*read*] (which he did) *the note read, viz.* Alexander Livingſtone and I ſigned this the day it bears date.

Mr. *Davy.* Who was in the room at that time beſides Mrs. Wells, Judith Natus, and you?

E. Whiffin. Nobody elſe as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you look about the room?

E. Whiffin. I did, and ſaw nobody elſe; I removed ſome of the hay, and ſhould have removed a great deal more, had ſhe not found it.

Mr. *Davy.* A great deal of hay, how much was there?

E. Whiffin. I believe there might be 500 weight, that is ten truſſes, the top of it lay as high as I could reach.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* What is the glazier's name?

E. Whiffin. William Metcalf, he painted my ſign, that is, only the Crown.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was it put up in January?

E. Whiffin. No; it was not until February.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did he mention theſe ſign irons to you?

E. Whiffin. I don't remember that, but it was before the 18th of January.

Mr. *Moreton.* When was your ſign brought home?

E. Whiffin. I don't know whether it was in January or February.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did he mention theſe irons before the ſign was brought home?

E. Whiffin. My ſign ſtood in my houſe a month, I believe, before it was put up, ſo I can't tell whether it was before or after.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time did you keep Chriſtmas?

E. Whiffin. I went by the new ſtile, for I dropped the old ſtile, and hope all other people did.

Mr. *Moreton.* What day of the week was the 18th of January?

E. Whiffin. It was on a Thurſday.

Court. Conſider that.

E. Whiffin. My Lord, it is true.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Mr. Harrington?

E. Whiffin. I do.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you ever any talk with him about this matter?

E. Whiffin. I talked with him about it the time I was in this room.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did you talk with him?

E. Whiffin. I don't know the time, but it was not my buſineſs to tell every body what I knew, but I anſwered him as I thought proper.

Mr. *Moreton.* Don't you know what week it was when you talked with him?

E. Whiffin. No, I do not; I don't know within a week or a fortnight of the time, he aſked me abundance of queſtions and I was not in a mind to reſolve him; I thought he was not a proper man to aſk me queſtions, and I anſwered him juſt as I pleaſed.

Mr. *Moreton.* What month was it in?

E. Whiffin. I do not know.

Mr. *Moreton.* What year was it in?

E. Whiffin. It was ſome time in the year 1753.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long is it ago?

E. Whiffin. It is above a year ago.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you aſked by any body whether you could fix the time you went into the room?

E. Whiffin. I don't remember any body aſked me that, but if they did, it was a ſilly queſtion.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was you aſked by Mr. Harrington?

E. Whiffin. He talked a great deal more than what become him; he aſked me what date of the year, I told him it was the 18th of January, and I never told any body any time elſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure of that?

E. Whiffin. I am.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſay any thing of ſeeing any body elſe in the room at that time?

E. Whiffin. I don't know whether I did or not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Or that Judith Natus was in the room.

E. Whiffin. I might.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did he aſk you, if you ſaw the woman's face?

E. Whiffin. I told him, I did not force my diſcourſe to him; I told him I ſaw Judith Natus in bed; he aſked ſeveral queſtions but reſolved him no farther; I ſaid I ſaw her face and that I knew her plainly.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you aſked whether ſhe ſpoke to you?

E. Whiffin. No, I don't remember that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember you ſaid you did not hear her ſpeak?

E. Whiffin. No, I don't remember that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you at the trial of Mary Squires?

E. Whiffin. I was ſubpœnaed up, but was not admitted in.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you try to come in?

E. Whiffin. There was a conſtable in the yard that denied my coming into the yard for a good while, and ſo he did Fortune Natus's wife a good while.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you preſent, when they were denied?

E. Whiffin. I was not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you been examined before?

E. Whiffin. I have been examined by my lord mayor, and gave the ſame account as now.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at the priſoner, did you ever ſee her before?

E. Whiffin. No; I never ſaw her face before in my life as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, do you believe ſhe was in that room?

E. Whiffin. Upon my oath I did not ſee her in the room.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, is ſhe the woman that lay in that bed?

E. Whiffin. Upon my oath ſhe is not; I have made oath of that before.

Queſtion from a Juryman. Where did you buy the ſign?

E. Whiffin. I bought it of Mrs. Wells, but it

it was a good while before; it was about three weeks before Chriſtmas was twelve months.

Alexander Livingſtone *ſworn.*

Mr. *Willes.* Look at this note, is this your hand-writing?

A. Livingſtone. My name at the bottom is.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you ſign it?

A. Livingſtone. I think I ſigned the day it bears date: Ezra Whiffin ſigned the ſame day; he was then arreſted by Bomar Levit.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any mention made of dating it before or after?

A. Livingſtone. No, none.

Mr. *Willes.* Who wrote the body of the note?

A. Livingſtone. Bomar Levit did.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſign it the ſame day it was drawn?

A Livingſtone. I did; at the houſe of Whiffin at Enfield-Waſh; I was a boarder with him then.

Mr. *Willes.* How long after Chriſtmas was it that you ſigned it?

A. Livingſtone. It was ſigned directly after it was wrote, the day it bears date; I have no reaſon to believe to the contrary. *(The note is ſhewn to the Jewry.)*

John Whiffin *ſworn.*

J. Whiffin. Ezra Whiffin is my father; I have been coachman to a gentleman at Hertford ever ſince February 14, 1753; before that I was at my father's from old Chriſtmas day; I went with my father to Mrs. Wells's houſe on the 18th of January, new ſtile, he was going to the Globe at Wormleigh, to Mr. Mitcham. When we went into Mrs. Wells's ſhe was gone over the way; we ſtaid there till ſhe came in, then my father and ſhe went and fetched that piece of wood, and I carried it home and took the hooks out, and brought the wood back to her houſe again.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* In which room did you ſtay while they went for the wood?

J. Whiffin. I ſtaid in the firſt room on the left-hand ſide.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee your father and Mrs. Wells go into that room where that wood was?

J. Whiffin. No; I did not go out of the room where I was till they came to me again.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When did you return the piece of wood again?

J. Whiffin. I did in three or four days.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you know of the debt your father owed Mr. Proſſer?

J. Whiffin. I did; and Mr. Livingſtone entered his hand to the note to pay it to Mr. Levit.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you at home with your father from the old Chriſtmas day to the 14th of February 1753?

J. Whiffin. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee Mr. Metcalf at your father's in that time?

J. Whiffin. I did.

Mr. *Nares.* Did he paint a ſign for your father?

J. Whiffin. He did.

Mr. *Nares.* When was that brought home?

J. Whiffin. It was brought home before I was at my fathers; I went there on old Chriſtmas day; it ſtood then in the parlour.

Elizabeth Long *ſworn.*

E. Long. I am daughter to Mrs. Wells; I have been a married woman; my huſband is dead; my maiden name was Wells; I uſed very frequently, every day in the year 1753, to go to my mothers; I lived but three houſes from her.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you at her houſe in the month of January in that year?

E. Long. I believe I was there every day in that month, and all over the houſe, excepting the garrets.

Mr. *Davy.* Who lived in the houſe the firſt and ſecond weeks of January?

E. Long. My mother, and my ſiſter, and Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus and his wife.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you ſee Fortune Natus and his wife there?

E. Long. I had ſeen them there from before January; they were there from firſt to laſt about ten weeks.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you uſe to go up into this hay-loft?

E. Long. I have for Judith Natus, for her to come to my houſe to help me to do what I wanted to be done: I have frequently gone in that room to her; ſhe uſed to lie there; I have ſeen her and her huſband in bed in the month of January there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſee any body elſe in that room, in the month of January?

E. Long. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that young woman there, (meaning Elizabeth Canning.)

E. Long. I never ſaw her there; ſhe never was at my mother's houſe, till ſhe came down, and they were taken up.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember the furniture of that room?

E. Long. Yes, I do; the chimney is on the right-hand going up ſtairs, at the foot of Fortune Natus's bed.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there a grate in it?

E. Long. No, there never was in this world, I have remembered it 22 years; there was a great neſt of drawers, three women's ſaddles, and a man's ſaddle, a tub that my mother kept her chaff in for the horſe, and a great deal of hay, and a drawer of pollard for the ſow and pigs.

Mr. *Davy.* Who fed the horſe, ſow and pigs, during that time?

E. Long. I know I went in, in January, to fetch ſome pollard out of the drawer, to feed the pigs, but I went in ſo frequently, I can't tell the particular days.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure there were three women's ſaddles and a man's ſaddle in the room?

E. Long. Indeed, there were.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this pitcher.

E. Long. It looks like my mother's pitcher, but I will not be poſitive, ſhe had ſuch a one with a broken mouth, which ſhe uſed every day.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee it in the month of January?

E. Long. Yes; I have ſeen our people fetch water with it in January.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that bed-gown.

E. Long. I never ſaw this in my life, till I was at my lord mayor's; my mother, my ſiſter, nor I, never wore it; it is none belonging to our family; my mother has never a bed-gown, as I know of; there was nobody at my mother's houſe had a bed-gown, that I am ſure of.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this handkerchief, do you know it?

E. Long. No, I do not; I never ſaw that till at my lord mayor's.

Mr. *Davy.* When did Mary Squires come to your mother's houſe?

E. Long. She came on a Wedneſday, and was there from firſt to laſt, a week and a day, before ſhe was taken up, which was on a Thurſday.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever ſeen her before?

E. Long. No, never in my life; if I had, I muſt have known it, her face is a very remarkable one.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember her family that came with her?

E. Long. There were two daughters and a ſon; the old woman called one Lucy, the other Polly, and the ſon George.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you in the houſe when Elizabeth Canning came down there to take your mother up?

E. Long. I was coming out of the parlour, when ſhe was carried into the kitchen; I had heard a great diſturbance, and I went to my mother's houſe, after the gentlemen were got there.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the door going up into the work-ſhop open, when ſhe ſat upon the dreſſer?

E. Long. I think it was.

Mr. *Davy.* Was ſhe removed to any other part of the kitchen?

E. Long. Never, as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* Did any body aſk her, if ſhe knew that room?

E. Long. Not, as I heard; when ſhe was brought into the parlour, my mother, Mrs. Squires, her two daughters and ſon, and Virtue Hall, and my ſiſter, were ſitting round the fire, ſhe pointed to Mary Squires, and ſaid, that is the woman that cut my ſtays off; ſhe was ſitting on the right-hand the chimney place.

Mr. *Davy.* Could you ſee Squires's face then?

E. Long. The gentlemen were all before me; I could not ſee her face, and ſhe did not turn her face, as I ſaw; ſhe had a hat and cloak on, and a clout on her head, inſtead of a cap, and ſat holding her head down.

Mr. *Davy.* Was ſhe ſmoaking a pipe?

E. Long. I can't tell whether ſhe was or not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſit upright?

E. Long. I think ſhe did not; ſhe is not an upright woman. Canning ſpoke twice before Mary Squires heard her; one of her daughters got up, I don't know which it was, and ſaid, mother, the young woman ſays you cut her ſtays off; then ſhe got up, and ſaid to the young woman, young woman, you are miſtaken, I am a very remarkable woman, and have got the evil in my face; and you may know me by night or by day; ſhe ſhewed her face by putting her hand up to her clout on each ſide, to make her face bare.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear the young woman mention the time of the robbery?

E. Long. I can't ſay I did, or any body elſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did George, or Lucy, then ſay where they were on the 1ſt of January?

E. Long. Not then, as I remember.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you come as a witneſs, when your mother was tried with Mrs. Squires?

E. Long. I came into the Old-Baily yard, and the people would not let me come in; there were other witneſſes, I ſubpœnaed them myſelf.

Mr. *Davy.* How many witneſſes did you ſerve with ſubpœnas to attend at that trial?

E. Long. Eight: I had the ſubpœnas of a lawyer, Mr. Talmaſh, he lives in Red Lion-ſtreet; I delivered one to Fortune Natus, and another to his wife, one to Mary Larney, one to Giles Knight; I can't recollect them all: ſomebody knowed me to be Mother Wells's daughter, and they puſhed me out, and would not let me come in; they frightened me very much, and I went back again, and up two or three pair of ſtairs in a houſe in the Old-Bailey, and heard the mob cry out, *Mother Wells's daughter!*

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams.* Who was you with at that time?

E. Long. Mary Larney and Giles Knight were with me; I ſaw them go into the yard with me; I cannot ſay whereabouts they were.

Mr. *Williams.* Did John Larney go into the yard?

E. Long. I did not ſubpœna him.

Mr. *Williams.* Are you ſure Giles Knight was refuſed being in the yard?

E. Long. I am not.

Mr. *Williams.* How long had you been parted from your mother?

E. Long. Not long; I had not been married quite a year, and I lived at home a quarter of a year after I was married.

Mr. *Williams.* Was you away a month?

E. Long. I am ſure I was not; I lived in that houſe three quarters of a year, and don't know I miſſed a day in all that time going to my mother's houſe, and uſed to go into the work-ſhop ſometimes for aſhes to carry home for my own uſe.

Mr. *Williams.* What January do you ſpeak of?

E. Long. I mean that January the young woman ſays; I think it is above a year ago.

Mr. *Williams.* What month is this?

E. Long. I can't juſtly tell of a ſudden.

Mr. *Williams.* Is it May, or November, or December?

E. Long. May, I think.

Mr. *Williams.* Was you before Juſtice Tyſhmaker, when they were carried there?

E. Long. They did not take me away, and I did not go there at all.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you often at this work-ſhop, within a week or fortnight, or three weeks before your mother was taken up?

E. Long. I was there every day; I uſed to go frequently to breakfaſt there.

John Howit ſworn.

J. Howit. I am a carpenter; Mrs. Wells is my mother; I have lived at Enfield-Waſh about ſeven years; I uſed to go to her houſe now and then: I was at work at Broman Green, about ſeven miles from thence; having done work, I was diſcharged from that place, on the 19th of January; about ſix o'clock at night I came to my mother's houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know the hay-loft?

J. Howit. I know the work-ſhop, and was in it on the 19th, 20th, and 21ſt of January.

Mr. *Willes.* What led you to go there?

J. Howit. My mother ſent me up to ſerve the ſow; and I had brought my tools and lodged them in that very room; and on ſunday the 20th, I went to fetch my axe and ſaw to cut ſome wood for my wife.

Mr. *Willes.* Was any body in the room then?

J. Howit. Yes, Fortune Natus and his wife were.

Mr. *Willes.* What buſineſs had they there?

J. Howit. They lay in that room.

Mr. *Willes.* How do you know they lay in the room?

J. Howit. Becauſe I ſaw them in bed, or what they call a-bed; it was on the right hand ſide going up; they had ſacks to lay their heads on, and what they thought fit to cover them.

Mr. *Willes.* Had they a pillow, or bolſter.

J. Howit. I can't ſay they had.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at Elizabeth Canning, did you ever ſee her there in that room?

J. Howit. No; I never did.

Canning. I never ſaw him before as I know of.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* You ſay you wanted your axe and ſaw to cut wood for your wife. Where does ſhe live?

J. Howit. We live juſt by the ten mile ſtone, about a quarter of a mile from my mother's.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go home firſt to your houſe, or to your mother's, on the Saturday?

J. Howit. I went to my mother's firſt, and there I left my tools.

Mr. *Moreton.* Which is neareſt your maſter's where you came from?

J. Howit. My mother's is.

Mr. *Moreton.* How came you to leave your tools at your mother's?

J. Howit. By reaſon that was neareſt, and I was tired of them.

Mr. *Moreton.* What time of the morning of the Sunday was it you went for them?

J. Howit. About nine o'clock.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure you ſpoke to Fortune Natus and his wife, as they were in bed in that room?

J. Howit. I am poſitive of it.

Mr. *Moreton.* How came you not to be here, when your mother was tried?

J. Howit. Becauſe I was never aſked any queſtions before, nor had I a ſubpœna at all.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you heard that this girl ſaid ſhe was confined in this room?

J. Howit. Yes; but I can't ſay how long.

Mr. *Moreton.* Then how came it, you did not come and give teſtimony againſt it?

J. Howit. I was aſked no queſtions, and I was not to come without; I was up here, but the mob would not let us come in.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you deſign to come in as a witneſs?

J. Howit. Yes, I did; we went to Mr. Leg's, in Green Arbour-Court, and like to have been knocked on the head, them that had got ſubpœnas, and them that had not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who was your mother's attorney at that time?

J. Howit. Mr. Talmaſh.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ever go to him, and tell him about your coming home, and going into that room three days together in January.

J. Howit. No; I never did.

Queſtion from a Juryman. We ſhould be glad to know, whether that drawer was in the cheſt of drawers, or a ſingle drawer of itſelf?

J. Howit. It is one of them drawers, but it was not in it, it was ſwelled, and would not go in.

Robert White *ſworn.*

R. White. I live at Enfield, and am a day labourer; I have been at Mother Wells's houſe a great many times.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you there in the year 1753?

R. White. I was in old Chriſtmas, and new Chriſtmas too; I was there commonly four or five times a week.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What day in January was you there?

R. White. I am not ſo well learned to give an account of the day of the month.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What Chriſtmas do you mean?

R. White. I mean laſt Chriſtmas was twelve months: Natus had quartered at my brother's, and I knowing him uſed to go and keep him company, and uſed to ſtay there ſometimes till eight or nine o'clock, and uſed to come as ſoon as I had done my labour, at about ſeven.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Which room had you uſed to be together in?

R. White. I uſed to be in the kitchen, at the right-hand going into the houſe.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know the door that goes into the hay-loft?

R. White. Yes, I do; it is the room that Natus and his wife lay in, but was not in it the time they lay there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever ſee that door open that goes up into the hay-loft?

R. White. Yes, I have, and have ſeen Fortune Natus and his wife, both go in, and come out again; I remember they did on a Sunday morning in particular.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Have you ever ſeen any body elſe go into that room?

R. White. No, ſir.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long might you keep going to this houſe?

R. White.

R. White. I believe it might be almoſt two months, or nine weeks.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you ever in the kitchen any time when Mary Squires was there?

R. White. No; I never was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know the day of the month ſhe came there?

R. White. No; I do not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee Mary Squires?

R. White. I ſaw her go by the barn where I labour, about four or five days before ſhe was taken up; but I did not ſee her face then.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee any of the young one's?

R. White. I ſaw one of the daughters once go into the parlour one Sunday.

John Donoval *ſworn.*

J. Donoval. I ſurveyed the room (Elizabeth Canning ſaid ſhe was confined in) on Eaſter eve, the 13th of April laſt.

Mr. *Davy.* Give the court the dimenſions of it.

J. Donoval. It is 35 foot, 3 inches and a half, from quarter to quarter in the inſide of the room upon the floor, by 9 foot 8 inches.

Mr. *Davy.* Is this, that is produced here, a true model of it, according to its proportion?

J. Donoval. This model is exactly in proportion with it, and there is the ſcale upon the roof. (There was the hole for the jack-line; a window on the oppoſite ſide to the ſtairs, another at the end, and a chimney at one corner, cheſt of drawers, and ſaddles, and jack-pullies, drawed on the wall, &c.)

George Talmaſh *ſworn.*

G. Talmaſh. I having ſome knowledge of Mrs. Wells, and hearing of this extraordinary ſtory, I went out of a curioſity to Bridewell to ſee her; when I came there, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to me, and deſired I'd be concerned for her, as her attorney; I did not care to be concerned in it, after that her daughter came to my houſe, with a liſt of witneſſes to the number of eight, and deſired me to take out ſubpœnas for them. I ſerved them out; I remember one was for Fortune Natus, another Judith Natus, another for Ezra Whiffin; I can't pretend to tell all the reſt of their names now. I delivered them to the woman, and gave her directions to ſerve them.

Mr. *Willes.* When that trial came on, can you tell, why thoſe people did not appear?

G. Talmaſh. No; no more than what they told me: I was concerned no more in it.

Elizabeth Mayle *ſworn.*

E. Mayle. I am a midwife; I brought this girl, Elizabeth Canning, into the world, and laid her mother of more children; I am intimately acquainted in the family.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you at Mrs. Canning's houſe in February laſt, was twelve months?

E. Mayle. I was in the beginning of February; I ſaw the mother and the daughter alſo.

Mr. *Davy.* Can you mention the day?

E. Mayle. It was the ſecond or third; it was the firſt week I am ſure.

Mr. *Davy.* Where does ſhe live?

E. Mayle. She lives in Aldermanbury Poſtern; the daughter was then lying on a bed in her mother's houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any converſation with the mother in the daughter's preſence about the daughter's misfortunes?

E. Mayle. I had.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the daughter awake?

E. Mayle. She was; I had buſineſs by the houſe and I went in, in order to enquire if ſhe had heard of her daughter Elizabeth. As ſoon as I came in, Mrs. Canning ſaid, madam, O Lord, madam, have you heard of my misfortune? I ſaid I had read it in the news-papers in the month of January, and aſked her if ſhe had heard of her daughter; ſhe ſaid, yes; ſhe is come home as naked as ſhe was born.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure ſhe mentioned theſe words, *Naked as ſhe was born?*

E. Mayle. I am poſitive of it: I immediately ſaid, O Lord! what, without a ſhift on? ſhe ſaid, no, ſhe had a ſhift on; then I aſked her where her daughter was; ſhe ſaid, behind me: I turned about to the girl, and ſaid, Lord bleſs me Bet, how came this about? She ſaid, I was coming over Moorfields one night, and two men came up to me, one took hold on my two hands and pulled me along, and the other robbed me: I ſaid, of what, child? She ſaid, of half-a-guinea and three ſhillings *and ſome half-pence*, my gown and my cloak. I ſaid, my dear, don't trouble yourſelf about theſe things, for God Almighty will raiſe you friends to get you more; I hope the men did not uſe you ill, ſo as to debauch you: She ſaid, ſhe could not tell, for ſhe had her fits: Said I, what did they do with you after they had robbed you? She ſaid, they carried me to Enfield-Waſh. I aſked her where Enfield-Waſh was; ſhe ſaid, out of town. I aſked what they did with her there? She ſaid, they carried her into a houſe, and as ſoon as ſhe came in, there was an old gipſey took a knife and cut her ſtays off, and put her hand into her pocket and pulled a farthing out, and put it in again, and hit me a ſlap on the face, and called me bitch, and bid me go up ſtairs. I ſaid to her mother, Mrs. Canning, have you got this ſhift your child went abroad in? Sure never was ſuch a caſe before. I ſaid, I'll tell you, if any body has debauched your child, if you'll let me ſee it. She immediately reached it, and I looked at it, and ſaid, Mrs. Canning, is this the ſhift your daughter went away in? She ſaid, yes; then I ſaid, I ſuppoſed it was waſhed ſince ſhe had been gone; ſhe ſaid, no, how could that be? For ſhe was in a room where nobody came to her.

Mr. *Morton.* Was the priſoner preſent, and heard all this?

E. Mayle. She was. We ſtood by her bed ſide. She ſaid, ſhe had been confined in a room, where ſhe lived upon nothing but bread and water. I ſaid, I think the ſhift is too clean, except you have had it waſhed ſince ſhe came home. She ſaid, no it had not been waſhed. I ſaid, then, my dear, you may make yourſelf eaſy, for I can ſee by it, that no man

had debauched your child; but it is uncommonly clean to be wore ſo long. Then the mother ſaid, ſhe never had a ſtool all the time ſhe was gone: Then, I ſaid, ſhe muſt have a clyſter given her, but I can aſſure you no man has debauched your child in this ſhift, unleſs it has been waſhed ſince. She again ſaid, no, it had not.

Mr. *Davy*. Did the ſhift appear to be dirty enough to have been wore three weeks and ſome days?

E. Mayle. No; it did not, there were three little ſpots of excrement about the bigneſs of the upper part of my thumb: I don't think it was dirty enough to have been wore three weeks by any clean woman that ever ſat ſtill in a room, becauſe every woman muſt go to bed and get up; and by ſitting by the fire the duſt will ariſe.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you think it had been wore three weeks?

E. Mayle. I don't think it had.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you take notice of the bottom of it, whether it was draggled?

E. Mayle. I did; I took particular notice of that; I ſaw no dirt there; there was a hole on the right ſide of the ſhift down one of the guſſets, but there was no draggled tail, not at all.

Mr. *Davy*. How long did it appear to have been wore?

E. Mayle. It ſeemed as if it had been wore a week or ſuch a matter; I can't tell how long it had been wore.

Mr. *Davy*. Had you been acquainted much with her?

E. Mayle. I had been acquainted with the girl from her birth.

Mr. *Davy*. How long do you think ſhe might have been in making that ſhift ſo dirty as it was?

E. Mayle. About a week.

Mr. *Davy*. Did the girl herſelf ſay any thing to you on this occaſion?

E. Mayle. Yes; ſhe told me how ſhe had been uſed, and the gipſey had cut off her ſtays, as I ſaid before. I left her mother an order to give her a clyſter; ſhe ſaid, will you examine her body to ſee if ſhe has been hurted? I ſaid, no; I never was before the face of a judge in the Old Bailey in my life, and I did not care to be in dirty work: Going away, ſhe ſaid to her little girl, go and call Mrs. Woodward over the way to me; when ſhe came in, Mrs. Canning ſaid to me, will you ſay what you ſaid before? I ſaid, Yes, Mrs. Canning, with all the pleaſure in life; if this ſhift has not been waſhed, I'll make an oath before a judge no man had copulation with her. I went away; I had propoſed to bring a doctor. I returned in about half an hour; I went to the bedſide to the girl, and ſaid, Bet, I was very ſorry I did not aſk you whether your feet were not very ſore in walking barefoot: She ſaid, no; they are not; I had my ſhoes and ſtockings on, they did not take them from me. This I look upon to be from the mother's agony of mind that made her ſay ſhe was come home naked. I ſaid, what more had you on? She ſaid, my under-petticoat and an old bed gown, which I found in a corner of the room: Then I ſaid, good by child, and went away.

Mr. *Davy*. Did the mother ſeem to be pleaſed or diſpleaſed at what you ſaid?

E. Mayle. She down on her knees and held up her hands and ſaid, thank God my daughter is not a whore.

Mr. *Davy*. Was her mother angry with you for any thing you ſaid or did, then or afterwards?

E. Mayle. She was not then; but ſhe was two days after, when I came there, as I did not go the next day before the doctor, as I propoſed. Then there were with her two young women and an elderly woman; I ſaid, Mrs. Canning, I am come to aſk if Bet has had a ſtool; ſhe ſaid, no. I ſaid, then ſhe muſt die without you have given her clyſters, and ſhe has relief that way, and aſked her, why ſhe did not give it her; ſhe ſaid ſhe had; I aſked her, if any thing came off with it, ſhe ſaid, yes, a little; I ſaid, if nothing more came off, ſhe is a dead girl, and all the world can't ſave her life; I went and took hold on the girl's right hand, with my left, and ſaid, now ſhe ſeems as cold as death, and if ſhe has no paſſage, ſhe muſt die, and all the world can't ſave her.

Mr. *Morton*. Was the daughter there when the mother was angry?

E. Mayle. Yes, Sir; a young woman in the room, ſaid, how can you frighten the girl out of her life, to tell her ſhe muſt die, when ſhe has no fever; then I turned to another woman, and ſaid, did you ever hear there was ſuch a thing before; I ſaid, there was one thing in her favour, ſhe has not been debauched; I ſaid reach the ſhift to this gentlewoman, (ſhe was a grave woman) I ſaid, let her judge the caſe, and ſee that your child has not been debauched, when that was reached out, the old gentlewoman ſaid, I don't ſee nothing like it; I ſaid look over it well, do you think this has been worn three weeks, and three days; no, ſays ſhe, I don't think it has, I don't think that is likely; Mrs. Canning ſaid ſhe had no ſtool all the while; I ſaid here is three ſpots upon it; I ſaid, behold it, then Mrs. Canning ſaid, *do you come here to ſet my other friends againſt me?*

Mr. *Davy*. Who was that other woman?

E. Mayle. I don't know her name.

Mr. *Davy*. Was it Mrs. Woodward?

E. Mayle. No; it was not.

Mr. *Davy*. Was it obſerved that there were no marks of her being, according to the courſe of other women's?

E. Mayle. That old gentlewoman mentioned it, and Mrs. Canning ſaid her daughter had got cold, and had been out of order for three or four months.

Mr. *Davy*. What is the mother?

E. Mayle. She is a fine likely woman as any, and a woman that I reſpect as much as any woman, and the girl too.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Williams*. What ſort of a character has ſhe had?

E. Mayle. I never knowed no ill of the girl, or heard any in my life.

Mr. *Williams*. Have you been intimately acquainted with her?

E. Mayle.

E. Mayle. I have, and never heard any reflection upon her character, and I don't queſtion but the mother was very anxious about her daughter not being debauched.

Mr. *Williams.* Might not that matter of excrement have been from the day before ſhe was carried there?

E. Mayle. It might, and the mother told me ſo then.

Mr. *Williams.* What was your reaſon of being ſo inquiſitive in this?

E. Mayle. I was ſo, as a lover of truth, and a friend, fearing the girl had been debauched.

Mr. *Davy.* Now we prove the defendant's information before Juſtice Fielding; in order to ſhew a material variance, both in that and her evidence on the trial, particularly in reſpect to the time of expending the water.

Mr. *Brogden ſworn.*

Mr. *Brogden.* I am clerk to Juſtice Fielding.

Mr. *Davy.* Look on this paper.

Mr. *Brogden.* This is the information of Elizabeth Canning, taken before Juſtice Fielding, the 7th of February, 1753.

[*It is read.*]

The Information of Elizabeth Canning, *of* Aldermanbury Poſtern, London, *Spinſter, taken upon oath this ſeventh day of* February, *in the year of our Lord* 1753.

"THIS Informant, upon her oath, ſaith, "that on Monday the firſt day of Ja- "nuary laſt paſt, ſhe, this Informant, went "to ſee her uncle and aunt, who live at Salt "Petre-Bank, near Roſemary-Lane, in the "County of Middleſex, and continued with "them untill the evening; and ſaith, that "upon her return home, about half an hour "after nine, being oppoſite to Bethelem-gate, "in Moorfields, ſhe, this Informant, was "ſeized by two men, (whoſe names are un- "known to this informant) who both had "brown bob-wigs on, and drab coloured "great-coats, one of whom held her, this "Informant, whilſt the other feloniouſly, and "violently took from her one ſhaving hat, "one ſtuff gown, and one linnen apron, which "ſhe had on, and alſo half a guinea in gold, "and three ſhillings in ſilver, and then, he "that held her, threatened to do for her, "this Informant; and this Informant, ſaith, "that immediately after, they, the ſaid two "men, violently took hold of her, and drag- "ged her up into the gravel walk, that leads "down to the ſaid gate, and about the mid- "dle thereof, he, the ſaid man, that firſt held "her, gave her with his fiſt, a very violent "blow upon the right temple, which threw "her into a fit, and deprived her of her ſen- "ſes, (which fits, ſhe, this Informant ſaith "ſhe is accuſtomed and ſubject to upon being "frightened, and that they often continue for "ſix or ſeven hours). And this Informant "ſaith, that when ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe "perceived that ſhe was carrying along by "the ſame two men, in a large road-way, "and ſaith, that in a little time after, ſhe was "ſo recovered, ſhe was able to walk alone; "however, they continued to pull her along, "which ſtill ſo intimidated and affrighted "her, that ſhe durſt not call out for aſſiſtance, "or ſpeak to them. And this Informant "ſaith, that in about half an hour after, ſhe "had ſo recovered herſelf, they, the ſaid two "men, carried her, this Informant, into a "houſe (which, as ſhe, this Informant, heard "from ſome of them, was about four o'clock "in the morning, and which houſe, as ſhe, "this Informant, hath ſince heard and be- "lieves, is ſituate at Enfield-Waſh, in the "county of Middleſex, and is reputed to be "a very bad and diſorderly bawdy-houſe, "and occupied by one Wells, wi- "dow) and there, this Informant, ſaw in the "kitchen an old gipſey woman, and two "young women, whoſe names were unknown "to this Informant, but the name of one of "them this Informant hath ſince heard and "believes is Virtue Hall; and ſaith, that the "ſaid old gipſey woman took hold of this "Informant's hand, and promiſed to give her "fine cloaths, if ſhe would go their way, "meaning as this Informant underſtood to "become a proſtitute) which this Informant "refuſing to do, ſhe, the ſaid old gipſey wo- "man, took a knife out of a drawer, and "cut the lace of the ſtays of her, this In- "formant, and took the ſaid ſtays away from "her, and one of the ſaid men took off her "cap, and then the ſaid two men went a- "way with it, and ſhe, this Informant, hath "never ſince ſeen any of her things. And "this Informant ſaith, that ſoon after they "were gone (which ſhe, this Informant be- "lieves was about five in the morning) ſhe, "the ſaid old gipſey woman, forced her, this "Informant, up an old pair of ſtairs, and "puſhed her into a back room, like an hay- "loft, without any furniture whatſoever in "the ſame, and there locked her, this In- "formant, up, threatening her, this Infor- "mant, that if ſhe made the leaſt noiſe or "diſturbance, ſhe, the ſaid old gipſey woman, "would cut her throat, and then ſhe went "away. And this Informant ſaith, that "when it grew light, upon her looking "round to ſee into what a diſmal place ſhe "was, ſhe, this Informant, diſcovered a large "black jug, with the neck much broken, "wherein was ſome water, and upon the floor "ſeveral pieces of bread, near in quantity to "a quartern loaf, and a ſmall parcel of hay. "And ſaith, that ſhe continued in this room, "or place, from the ſaid Tueſday morning, "the ſecond day of January, until about "half an hour after four of the clock in the "afternoon, of Monday the twenty-ninth day "of the ſame month of January, without "having or receiving any other ſuſtenance or "proviſion, than the ſaid bread and water, "(except a ſmall minced pie, which ſhe, this "Informant, had in her pocket) or any thing "to lie on, other than the ſaid hay, and "without any perſon or perſons coming to "her, although ſhe often heard the name of "Mrs. and Mother Wells called upon, whom "ſhe underſtood was the miſtreſs of the houſe. "And this Informant ſaith, that on Friday

the

" the twenty-ſixth day of January laſt paſt, " ſhe, this Informant, had conſumed all the " aforeſaid bread and water, and continued " without having any thing to eat or drink, " until the Monday following, when ſhe, this " Informant, being almoſt famiſhed with " hunger, and ſtarved with cold, and almoſt " naked during the whole time of her con- " finement; about half an hour after four in " the afternoon, of the ſaid twenty-ninth day " of January, broke out at a window of the " ſaid room, or place, and got to her friends " in London, about a quarter after ten, the " ſame night, in a moſt weak, miſerable con- " dition, being very near ſtarved to death. " And this Informant ſaith, that ſhe ever " ſince hath been, and now is in a very weak " and declining ſtate and condition of health, " and although all poſſible care and aſſiſt- " ance is given to her, yet whatever ſmall " nutriment ſhe, this Informant, is able to " take, the ſame receives no paſſage through " her, but what is forced by the apotheca- " ry's aſſiſtance and medicines.

Sworn before me this *The mark of*
7th day of February E C
1753. Elizabeth Canning.
H. Fielding.

Mr. Deputy Molineux *ſworn.*

Mr. Deputy *Molineux.* I was at Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne's when Canning came there, at the time that Virtue Hall was there; Sir Criſp was then lord mayor; I and others were deſired to go and hear her examination, after my lord had concluded his examining of Virtue Hall, he turned to Betty Canning, and aſked her, if ſhe had any thing to ſay, ſhe ſaid, no, ſhe had nothing at all more than ſhe had ſaid upon the trial; my lord ſaid nothing further to her; the bed-gown and pitcher were on the table, Betty Canning was rolling up the bed-gown, in order to take it away, as I apprehended; my lord ſaid, child, you muſt not take that away, you muſt leave that with me; upon which, ſhe replied, and ſaid, it is my mother's; it ſhocked me a good deal, becauſe I had heard it ſaid, that ſhe came home in a bed-gown, and that ſhe found it in the room where ſhe was confined; I mentioned this to ſeveral people that very afternoon, that were very ſtrong advocates in the affair.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe demand the pitcher at that time?

Mr. Deputy *Molineux.* I don't remember ſhe did.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morton.* I had not aſked you a queſtion, if I had not found you was at the examination of Virtue Hall. Was you there upon the firſt of her being brought in to be examined?

Mr. Deputy *Molineux.* I was, the firſt of that day.

Mr. *Morton.* Had ſhe recanted that day?

Mr. Deputy *Molineux.* I had heard that ſhe had; I heard my lord mayor ſay he had gone through the examination.

Mr. *Morton.* Was you there the day before ſhe was examined publickly, the day when ſhe recanted?

Mr. Deputy *Molineux.* No; I was not.

Samuel Reed *ſworn.*

S. Reed. I was preſent the time Mr. Molineux ſpeaks of. I very particularly remember ſhe was going to fold up this bed-gown; my lord mayor ſaid, child, you muſt not have that; ſhe ſaid, it is my mother's; which ſtruck me very much.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Did any body aſk her to explain what ſhe meant by it?

S. Reed. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* We have ſeveral witneſſes to call to the characters of thoſe who have been examined; and deſire to know the pleaſure of the court, whether we ſhall call them now, or ſtay till they are attached.

Court. Stay till they are attached.

Mr. *Davy.* Then we have done for the preſent.

Mr. Morton.

May it pleaſe your lordſhip, and you gentlemen of the jury.

I am council, in this cauſe, for the unfortunate priſoner Elizabeth Canning; and unfortunate ſhe certainly is, whether, upon the whole, you ſhall think her guilty, or acquit her of the heinous crime of which ſhe now ſtands indicted. For guilty of ſuch an offence, at her years, ſhe cannot have been, without having been very unfortunate in a moſt profligate and abandoned education; and ſhould you think her innocent, moſt unfortunate muſt ſhe ſurely be thought by all, becauſe ſhe is now brought to anſwer for a moſt foul offence in herſelf, merely from having done her duty in proſecuting others for the moſt unheard of violation of her own perſon and property, and the laws of her country.—But the more unfortunate ſuch an accuſation, under ſuch circumſtances, renders the defendant, the more, I am ſenſible, ſhe will be entitled to that patience, which you have already ſhewn in the progreſs of this trial. And gentlemen, when I conſider how long that patience and attention has been already exerciſed, when I ſee before me that even ſhort minutes have ſwelled to no leſs than ſix or ſeven ſheets, I am too ſenſible that I have neither ability nor experience to do my client that juſtice which the extraordinary nature of her caſe requires. But, as I have been unfortunately fixed upon for my preſent ſtation.

I hope, the great length of the trial, the great pains taken by the gentlemen on behalf of the proſecution, the numerous facts and minute circumſtances that have been laid before you, will be ſome excuſe, at leaſt, for the many defects and omiſſions that will appear in my opening for the defendant. And, before I go into the particulars of the caſe, I ſhall premiſe and agree with Mr. Davy in his opening, that if the perjury was corrupt and wilfully falſe, it is one of the moſt abominable and horrid pieces of corruption ever brought into a court of juſtice; a falſehood the moſt cruel and impious! ſo much ſo, that I will alſo agree with

with him, that if it ſhould appear by the courſe of the whole evidence, that the defendant was never in the houſe of Suſannah Wells, and that Mary Squires was not the actor of the miſchief there ſuppoſed to be done. Canning's magnitude of offence deſerves even a particular law, which this country has not yet thought proper to enact in caſes of perjury.

But, gentlemen, you, as a jury, will guard your judgments againſt all impulſes, which muſt neceſſarily ariſe from conſiderations of this nature: From reflections on the conſequences of the crime, into the truth of which alone you are now to enquire. Facts alone are the proper objects of your attention; And glad I am, for the ſake of juſtice and truth, that a fact of this importance, I ſay, of this importance (for, in a free country, the nature and circumſtances of the crime, not the condition of the criminal, makes every enquiry more or leſs important) is to be inveſtigated and determined by a jury of diſtinguiſhed property and integrity. By a jury ſelected by the proſecutor, in a manner, I believe, unparallelled in any proſecution, when the crown is not directly concerned; — For, I believe, gentlemen, that you are the ſelected choice of the proſecutor, after no leſs than ſeventeen challenges: — And therefore, ſurely, the proſecutor can now have none. The defendant, I believe, never had any diffidence of the impartiality and ability of any jury, legally returned from the citizens of London

And, gentlemen, in making ſuch obſervations as may occur to me, to be material for the defence of my client, I ſhall, in the outſet, beg leave to remind you, what the accuſation is, againſt this girl now at the bar: it is for wilful, malicious, and corrupt perjury, committed in this court, and that with the aggravated circumſtances of being deſigned to deſtroy the life of an innocent fellow creature. Let me add, that this crime, gentlemen, is ſuppoſed to be committed when the defendant was under the age of nineteen years.

This charge has been fully opened by Mr. Davy, and endeavoured to be ſupported three manner of ways; the *firſt* (it has been moſt relied upon, and, I think, with the proſecutor's council, is the moſt material part of the caſe) is the alibi defence of Mary Squires, and the poſitive proof they have brought of ſeveral perſons being in the place of Canning's confinement, during the time ſhe ſays ſhe was there. If both theſe are proved, beyond all poſſibility of doubt, in your minds, then you muſt conclude Canning could not ſwear true in the manner ſhe has.

The *ſecond* method of proving this heavy charge, is endeavoured to be made out from the improbability of the defendant's own ſtory, and, the *third*, by her own conduct, in the delays and precautions taken in not appearing to make an earlier defence. Mr. Willes makes uſe of a very remarkable expreſſion, well known in the law-books, *fugam fecit*, ſhe has flown from juſtice; and from thence would infer, (I mean legally) it is confeſſing her own guilt. I am very ſorrow this fact was at all obſerved upon; becauſe, if it had not, I might have been at liberty to have paſt over circumſtances of perſons and things, which I muſt now take notice of, in order to ſhew, that the delay of this day's trial can, in no humane and impartial breaſt, be any evidence of Canning's guilt.—Was a ſtep that every perſon, in her unhappy ſituation, would have taken.—Was a conduct that thoſe, who had then the care of her defence, would have been void of common ſenſe, had they not adviſed it.—For, gentlemen, in theſe days, who would truſt the trial and teſt of their character, and their liberty depending thereon, to the ſame perſon, both ſupream judge and proſecutor.

However popiſh legends may have attempted to perſuade us, that ſuch impartiality has exiſted,—That a judge has even condemned, and paſſed ſentence on himſelf; — Yet, in theſe happier times, when men are at liberty to ſee and judge for themſelves, ſuch traditions will never influence any man, endued with the leaſt reaſoning faculties, not to wiſh the provinces of judge and proſecutor, at leaſt, may ever be diſtinct and independent in this country. I ſpeak this without even the remoteſt thought of caſting any reflection on the integrity and juſtice of any of thoſe, who preſide in our courts in theſe times.—There never was a time, when the ſubject was equally ſecure in this reſpect, but does it by no means follow from thence, that failings, inſeparable from human nature, are not to be guarded againſt by thoſe, who may ſuffer from them.—And that a prejudice to our own cauſe, is ſuch a failing, is ſo obvious to every candid man's own breaſt,— That no man, with any pretence to an upright heart, would truſt himſelf in ſuch a ſituation, as the preſent proſecutor muſt have been in, had the preſent examination came on, when he ſo properly preſided in the magiſtracy of this city.

But what was another known reaſon of this delay?

It is notorious, the girl was (and from motives not to be diſavowed here, or in any other court) adviſed to remove her cauſe, from this place, to the ſupreme court of all criminal proceedings in Weſtminſter-hall.

Was this a ſtep that looks like an evaſion of juſtice? Do thoſe, who hope to elude the force of juſtice, voluntarily approach the moſt awful tribunal? Happy might it have been for her, and for the courſe of juſtice, had her deſign and attempt, in this particular, been agreeable to the rules of that court; for, however ſatisfied I am, that all here wiſh, and mean, to do compleat juſtice; yet the obſtructions, which we have here met with, from a licentious rabble (the effect of which, on ſome men's minds, no one knows) would probably have been avoided, could the defendant's choice of a more ſolemn trial have been complied with.— But no ſooner was one juſt cauſe of delay removed; —No ſooner was the other, as juſt reaſon not to be complied with, by the courſe of legal proceedings,—Than Canning immediately ſubmitted to her defence in the place ſhe now ſtands.

If therefore I have wiped off all aſperſions of her guilt, from a ſuppoſed intent to avoid her

trial,—What arguments may I not juſtly raiſe in favour of her innocence, from her appearance here at all?

If ſhe was conſcious of the leaſt fear of conviction, — (and what perſon, really guilty, is free from theſe fears?) Why did not ſhe make her flight from juſtice? She had not even gratitude to detain. No friends were to ſuffer, either in perſon or fortune, by her flight. She was under no recognizance, either by ſelf or friends.

In oppoſition to even the remoteſt apprehenſion of the puniſhment of the crime of perjury (and eſpecially ſuch a perjury) could the place of Canning's abode be the object of a moment's doubt? Whether a ſervant in London, or elſewhere, muſt be ſurely very indifferent to one in her ſtation?

It may poſſibly be ſome comfort, even to be a ſervant in England, preferable to other countries. But ſuppoſe her only apprized of the nature of her crime, and ſhe muſt know her reſidence here of a very ſhort duration. Under ſuch circumſtances therefore can any one doubt, that ſuch a delinquent would not have made her own choice of her place of exile, eſpecially, when by ſuch choice ſhe ſhould have avoided the moſt ſevere part of her puniſhment, if guilty,—That of ſlavery.

I hope therefore the imputation of her guilt, at leaſt from this circumſtance mentioned by Mr. Willes, is entirely wiped off.

I muſt now, gentlemen, beg leave to make two or three obſervations, in offering to you my thoughts on the proſecutor's own caſe, as it ſtands unanſwered by any facts on our ſide. And in this part, I ſhall invert the order laid down by my two learned friends Mr. Davy and Mr. Willes; and begin firſt with the improbability objected to Canning's own tale, becauſe (I think) even allowing the improbability of her ſtory to be a ſufficient proof to ground a conviction of perjury on, I can, by no means, think there is a greater ſhare of improbability in the defendant's relation, than there is in many parts of the account given to contradict the truth of it.

It would be endleſs, in this place, to follow the learned gentlemen's example, and to obſerve, as minutely as they have done, on the ſeveral facts related by Canning and their evidence, to diſprove them.

I ſhall therefore confine myſelf on this head of improbability, to the general facts related by Canning in her own ſtory, and to ſome general objections, which that relation has furniſhed the proſecutor's learned counſel with.

And what are their objections to the improbability of her ſtory? They conſiſt in the circumſtances of *the time of her abſence, the nature of the place of her confinement, the particular manner in which ſhe led her life there, the ſeemingly ſurprizing account of the firſt robbery.* —— I cannot forbear obſerving in this place, to what forced and ſtrange obſervations on facts, one of the gentlemen was driven, in order to keep alive his own cry of improbability.

Mr. Davy, I think endeavours to raiſe five different objections of improbability from his obſervations. — The firſt is, It is very ſtrange, ſays he, that there ſhould appear no premeditation previous to the robbery in Moorfields.—Mr. Davy has had much more experience, particularly in this court, than I have had—I was, therefore, the more ſurprized to hear ſuch an obſervation come from a gentleman, who muſt have heard ſo many unhappy wretches tried in this place, for crimes that would be doubly ſhocking, did all the circumſtances appear the effect of deſign and premditation in the authors: And ſhall it then be urged as an argument of every felon's innocence that we are not able to ſhew that his guilty act was deliberately premidetated. Such reaſoning would, I apprehend, be as effectually ſerviceable to villany as a general pardon.

The next improbability is made to ariſe from the very great danger which theſe robbers (whom Mr. Davy muſt ſtill ſuppoſe to be all coolneſs and deliberation) naturally foreſaw in carrying Canning ſo far from the place of her robbery to her priſon.

But, for my own part, only ſuppoſe any robbers, for once, raſh enough to commit any robbery at all, between nine and ten o'clock at night in the middle of winter, in ſuch a place as Moorfields, (and I would to God every day did not afford inſtances of ſuch unpremditated raſhneſs) and where is then the improbability of the ſubſequent attempts.

Is it improbable that ſuch villains ſhould not at once be ſatisfied with the trifling ſum of money, and the gown and apron? — Is it in the leaſt incredible, that thoſe, who were either of Mrs. Wells's or Mrs. Squires's gang, ſhould be deſirous of adding one more proſtitute to the retinue of this notorious bawd, or ſmuggling gipſey?

Mr. Davy was ſo drove to ſupport the improbability of Canning's relation in this part of his obſervation.

That we are now told, robbers themſelves muſt be thought ſo wary and circumſpect, that they muſt even have apprehended immediate diſcovery from the reſort of thoſe, who go to ſee the unhappy inhabitants of one ſide of this ſquare. What! between nine and ten at night!

If the learned gentlemen has not already gratified this curioſity, I hope he will, at leaſt, chuſe a more ſeaſonable houſe, leaſt the keepers there may be led to miſtake the motive of ſo unexpected and unſeaſonable a viſit.

We are then to ſee this improbability from the known humanity of ſtreet robbers.—Theſe, he thinks, were never cruel on purpoſe.—This is, I own, an obſervation of great good nature. I wiſh there was the leaſt foundation in fact for the ſupport of it.—But becauſe we cannot aſſign a motive or reaſon for every inſtance of cruelty and barbarity theſe ruffians commit, are we to ſhut out all belief that ſuch acts of violence are committed.

Becauſe, therefore, there is no deſign of murder proved, we muſt not believe that theſe humane, theſe deliberate, theſe wary robbers, could be tempted to offer any violence to

Canning

Canning, that was not abſolutely neceſſary to a ſuppoſed premeditated deſign of robbery.

There is one more obſervation, and that, perhaps, might afford an argument of improbability, and that is the priſoner's great caution in huſbanding her water; for now I am accompanying Mr. Davy in his obſervations at Enfield-Waſh. But how does this appear, that ſhe did huſband her water at all, in the manner Mr. Davy ſuppoſes?

Canning's evidence, or relation, at no one time, or place, juſtify this obſervation: all ſhe tells, or ſwears, is, that the bread and water laſted to ſuch a time; but no where does ſhe relate, how regular ſhe made her meals, if there is a poſſibility, this bread and water was ſufficient to ſuſtain human nature twenty eight days, all that part of the caſe of Mr. Davy's eking it out by ounce and ounce, falls to the ground.

Another obſervation was made, which would appear of ſome weight, if founded on facts, either admitted or proved.

Says Mr. Davy, if ſhe had a mind to eſcape, ſhe might, every hour of the day, have puſhed out the plaiſter-wall. She did attempt, ſhe ſays, to open the window, and could not. But where is there any proof, or admiſſion, that ſhe might have eſcaped every hour of the day, if ſhe would? Another improbability is, to ariſe, that the people never came to ſee whether Canning was there or not. — But this, once more, reſts ſolely on Mr. Davy's imagination, wants a ſupport of proof. Canning herſelf ſays, ſhe once ſaw a perſon look through the crack of the door, to ſee if ſhe was gone. —From whence, therefore, are we to collect, that this improbability ever did happen; — For might not this obſervation through the crack be repeated a hundred times, and Canning not obſerve it.

We are now come to the laſt and great objection, which is for ever to overturn this ſtory, on the foot of improbability. That is, that Canning ſhould return from the waſh, without attempting to take any ſhelter till ſhe reached her own houſe. This, I admit, is a fact related by herſelf, and ſhe is conſiſtent, in this part of her ſtory, on every relation of it; but I leave you, gentlemen, to judge, what inference of improbability ariſes from hence.—Is it poſſible for you to determine, in your own minds, what would be the conduct of any one, or more people in ſuch a ſituation. Different judgments, and different reſolutions, would be acted upon by very different ideas, under ſuch circumſtances. — And therefore I ſubmit, that no argument of improbability can be drawn from this conduct in Canning, that would not equally have furniſhed Mr. Davy's Speech, had ſhe acted a quite different part, and made her ſtory known at the firſt houſe ſhe came by.

Mr. Davy, having now finiſhed his chain of obſervation, and, as he ſuppoſes, entirely deſtroyed all pretence to truth, in Canning's narration; — Yet thinks it neceſſary to aſk one queſtion, — Was ever a ſtory attended with ſuch improbable and incoherent circumſtances? Many very improbable things, many very incoherent ones, have happened, and therefore I might ſafely anſwer to this doughty queſtion. Yes. I think as improbable, as incoherent circumſtances have been true. But the guilt or innocence of the defendant will not receive the leaſt light or aſſiſtance from either queſtion or anſwer.

And, therefore, allow ſuch refined obſervations their utmoſt latitude (and as they have been thus relied on by the proſecutor's council, I have been obliged to take ſome notice of them) and let us then ſee, where juſt obſervations on facts will turn the weight of improbability.

This is a fact not diſputed, Canning was certainly miſſing.—That ſhe gave a particular account of her abſence on her return home, January 29, 1753, is not diſputed.—She was particular in circumſtances of *place*, *perſons*, and *things*. The remarkable pitcher now before you in particular.

Now on this ſtate of *facts* all uncontradicted. —Permit me only to aſk a few queſtions, as the propereſt anſwer, that can be given, to the obſervations on the head of improbability.

If Canning was abſolutely ignorant of the place ſhe was reſolved to charge as her priſon, could ſhe have ventured to mention any one circumſtance ſhe did?

In ſuch a ſort of room, as the gentlemen themſelves allow ſhe did deſcribe. — Even a chimney would have been a hazardous particular.—But, that ſhe ſhould deſcend to ſuch a pitcher, as now produced, was riſqeing the whole on a circumſtance, that would fail her a million to one.

The very perſon of Squires, ſtamped, as Mr. Davy ſays, by God, with a particularity never to be forgot.—Would Canning have ventured to fix on ſuch a perſon? Though Canning not equal in her deſcription of Squires's deformity, with Mr. Davy; the account of the perſon, who robbed her, is too remarkable to proceed from mere invention.

Now it is certainly moſt probable, that if any perſon at all had been deſcribed to Canning, —It muſt have been Wells; — For, according to the proſecutor's account, Squires had come there, but a few days before Canning's return home; and yet Canning's deſcription neither did fit, nor would ſhe charge Wells on ſight. The perſon of Wells, even by the proſecutor, was ſuppoſed as unknown by Canning, as that of Squires. The name, indeed, of Wells, or Wills, (now too ſuppoſed by the proſecutor to have been named by Skarrat to Canning) was mentioned by her at her firſt return,—And from this circumſtance every body had predetermined mother Wells for the robber. — Mr. Willes aſſures you, nobody dreamed of a gipſey. — Every body had fixed on Wells, as ſhe was known to be the miſtreſs of the houſe, and as the houſe was infamouſly known to be capable of harbouring thoſe that were capable of any villany. — Every body therefore fixed their attention on Wells.—And yet, gentlemen, the proſecutor's own witneſs, Mr. Aldridge, tells you, that Squires was directly pitched on by Canning.—She could not have

have been more ready, if ſhe had received her deſcription from Mr. Davy.

But, gentlemen, arguments and inferences on evidence of this kind would be endleſs.—No deduction from them can, or ought to, conclude your judgment on a charge of this kind; but the gentlemen for the proſecution have throughout grounded all their arguments on this head, that ſome ſtory was neceſſary to be forged. — Suppoſe this granted, in order to argue with them in their own way, let me aſk them, — Could a weak illiterate woman (however ſupported) have either invented, or when invented, be uniform in the proof of it? Would any one endued with the moſt common ſhare of underſtanding herſelf, or aſſiſted by thoſe who were, have taken a tale ſo very difficult to have gained belief.

Surely, a deſcription of *perſons*, *places*, and *things*, really not exiſting, would as probably have gained belief, and yet have been much more eaſily managed, in caſe of more particular enquiries.

But however ſtrange many of the circumſtances of this tale may ſeem, I apprehend it is not ſo deſtitute of all preſumptive proofs, as has been contended.

I have before ſaid, no one doubts, that Canning was miſſing. That the condition of her body, on her return, was moſt miſerable, has been proved by ſome of the proſecutor's witneſſes; Will be confirmed by ſuch of ours, whoſe characters and ſtations place them above all ſuſpicion of being privy to, or capable of, ſupporting a fraud of any kind.

The ſame will prove, that ſeveral ſymptoms attending this unhappy girl's illneſs, were unerring tokens of ſome moſt extraordinary treatment ſhe had received.

The anſwer attempted to theſe uncontradicted facts, is, all this was practiſed for the ſake of gain. —— To become a falſe object of charity, or, more probably, ſays Mr. Davy, to cover the reproach of whoredom. To this anſwer I will make no other reply, than aſk this one queſtion—What fact of diſtreſs, however uncontroverted, may not be ſuppoſed to have proceeded from a deſign to deceive and impoſe.—And, in this inſtance, we have had nothing but mere ſuppoſitions to induce your belief that all Canning's ſufferings were fraudulent.

I will treſpaſs with only one queſtion more, on the head of improbability. Canning was miſſing—Where was ſhe? After more than a twelvemonth's enquiry—That enquiry, backed with as active a proſecution as ever was carried on in this kingdom—That proſecution, made the univerſal object of argument and curioſity. —And yet not the leaſt ſurmiſe of any other place of confinement than that alledged by Canning herſelf. To this we have had no other account than Mr. Davy's bare opinion—She was ſecreted ſomewhere — to conceal a pregnancy — or to get free of diſorders incident to the gay and young.

If this was the fact, I ſhall venture to pronounce ſhe might have made more of her means of ſecreſy, than by any diſtreſs ſhe could counterfeit, even in theſe charitable days.—But to give ſuch a ſuppoſition, as Mr. Davy's, the leaſt colour of truth, we muſt ſuppoſe that Canning, poor, illiterate and friendleſs, has ſucceeded in an attempt, that money, art, and friends have ſcarce ever effected.

I will, therefore, leave this part of the proſecutor's caſe, which, I am ſenſible, I have taken up more of your time, and the court's, than may have been neceſſary, Not only as I think the ſuppoſed motives of all Canning's ſtory, at leaſt, as improbable as the facts related by her, but alſo, as I hope this will be the laſt proſecution where I ſhall hear a conviction of wilful and corrupt perjury, contended for on the mere improbability of any facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths, and that too in a caſe where the merciful ear is ever moſt open. Since, gentlemen, it is not to be denied, here at leaſt, where I can vouch the annals of this place for my aſſertion,—That things, ſeemingly impoſſible for human power to have performed, have been proved true — Things, the moſt unlikely to be atteſted as true, if falſe, have been credited, and yet have been utterly falſe.

There are two known inſtances of this kind, the one that moſt improbable ride from a place near this city to York in one day, on the ſame horſe. I had almoſt ſaid as improbable a performance as Mr. Davy's flight round the atmoſphere! yet this was a certain fact done, was atteſted and believed in this court, and by that proof the priſoner was acquitted of a robbery, which he confeſſed himſelf actually guilty of as ſoon as acquitted.—Under the other head, is the well known ſtory of a ſteward's ſon belonging to a noble family. —If I remember, it was the Gainſborough family; but that is not material. There the ſteward was miſſing, and a large ſum of money ſuppoſed taken from him; his own ſon accuſed himſelf, his mother, and his ſiſter, of the murder and robbery, and that they had thrown the body into ſuch a pit.—The pit was ſearched, and no body found, and yet, as the ſon perſiſted in his own accuſation, they were indicted, tried and hanged.—Yet ſometime after, the father returned, gave a particular account of his abſence, and the cauſe of it.——Now in both theſe inſtances, who, on the firſt relation could either aſſent to the truth of the one, or would doubt the truth of the other.—And yet the one was uncontrovertibly proved to be true, and the other demonſtrably falſe.— I mention theſe facts, to ſhew the great danger of acquitting or condemning againſt poſitive proof on oath, on refined arguments of improbability, which we ſee are thus capable of deceiving.

And, indeed, I cannot but expreſs ſome degree of wonder in this place, that a point of this nature ſhould have been thus laboured by the proſecutor,—as he has contended for, and has endeavoured to produce proof of facts, which, if credited, would make all reſort to ſuppoſition uſeleſs.— I infer, therefore, that even touching on ſuppoſitions and arguments of improbability implies a diffidence in their proof of facts.

But having done with this part of the caſe, which reſts on the head of improbability, it

now

now remains to examine how the charge is otherwiſe ſupported; and how it is to be anſwered on our part. And, after the great attention you have given, I need not remind you, that the ſtreſs of the proof has been levelled to ſhew Mary Squires was elſewhere; on which Mr. Davy has logically concluded, *(ergo)* Canning has wilfully ſworn falſe. But this is not a neceſſary conſequence. How does it neceſſarily follow, that though Squires was elſewhere, Canning has maliciouſly perjured herſelf? May there not be a ſimilitude in deformity, that may deceive, as well as there may be in the more admired part of the ſex?

But having, in general, denied the truth of Mr. Davy's inference: I ſhall wave this part of my defence ſo far as to agree with Mr. Davy, Squires is ſo ſtampt that it is ſcarce poſſible to be miſtaken. Canning has ſwore ſhe is not miſtaken, twelve men upon their oaths have believed her, and her defence now is, that ſhe is not miſtaken. It will be as needleſs as prolix, to go minutely through every branch of the proſecutor's evidence that is meant to prove the contrary. The witneſſes are many, however all their force is direct and obvious, to a ſingle point, viz. to prove Squires at Abbotſbury and other places, from the 29th of December 1752, to the firſt of February 1753. When we ſhall endeavour to prove ſhe was at Enfield.

It is not quite immaterial to remark, that Heſter Hopkins and Alice Farnham, the two firſt witneſſes, are not quite poſitive, but believe only they are the perſons.

You'll obſerve from hence, that Abbotſbury is to be the grand ſcene of contradiction; there all the witneſſes, whether united by a long courſe of ſmuggling, or only occaſionally there, are expreſs and poſitive; other circumſtances, ſurely not altogether common in the courſe of a gipſey's life, are reſerved only for their reſidence at Abbotſbury. In all other places Squires is attempted to be ſhewn properly as a vagrant—fortune-telling—ſtaying a night only in a place, and lodged in barns.

But when once brought to Abbotſbury, without any cauſe opened or proved, they are at once to halt, not as gipſies, but become, in an inſtant, remarkable gueſts, live in the new part of the houſe, inſtead of lying in a barn; inſtead of being gipſies, that every one avoids, except ſuch as want to deal in fortune-telling and ſmuggled goods, they are now companions of thoſe of the beſt rank in the place, and at two balls in one week; this ſo ugly and deformed woman, whom they have brought a man that ſubſiſted on charity at Enfield, to ſwear that he choſe rather to ſit in the cold, than by the fire where ſhe was in company. I ſay, this extraordinary piece of deformity you are to believe at Abbotſbury preſent at all meetings, uſual at this ſeaſon, and careſſed as a principal gueſt.

One remark will ſuffice for all this particularity of deſcription at Abbotſbury. This time was neceſſary to be conſumed ſomewhere, or the alibi evidence prior in point of time would not defeat the gipſey's arrival at Endfield, in contradiction to evidence, which they are aware we have to produce. You'll now obſerve, that it has been thought neceſſary to have ſome ſtandard to reſort to, as a reaſon for all this particular ſeries of evidence and recollection, relative to all theſe three gipſies.—It happens, that moſt of the evidence have choſe the late change of ſtile as their common object of memory.—Scarce one, who did not remember this, or that particular fact, by the æra of old or new Chriſtmas.—I wiſh this may be the only ſcene of falſhood and confuſion, flowing from this law. I was myſelf againſt it, as I thought it likely to be productive of miſtakes in evidence, and don't yet ſee any uſe it ever can be of to the public.

It is, however, I confeſs, natural to confirm our remembrance of particular perſons, or things, by remarkable æras in point of time. But I much doubt whether this not the occaſion of the whole miſtake in this caſe; not, perhaps, deſigned by all, though by others calculated merely to add a credit to facts, that a mere poſitive averment would fail to eſtabliſh.

And in the evidence of the ſecond witneſs, Alice Farnham, at Winyard's-Gap, which was given with great modeſty, and an air of truth, there is a particular, which induces me to believe, that the year muſt be miſtaken by this witneſs. In order to convince you that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſons of the gipſies.—She recollects they told her they would come and ſee her again at old Chriſtmas.

It was then the 31ſt of December.—Theſe gipſies, as you have heard from all their own accounts, on their return hither to winter-quarters; Abbotſbury, a remarkable point in view; and yet all this muſt be defeated, if they had then the leaſt intent of being at Winyard's-Gap again at old Chriſtmas; but this is very reconcileable, ſuppoſing it the year before that theſe wanderers were in thoſe parts. —And this is no unnatural ſuppoſition; for the change of ſtile was then enacted into a law, though it had not taken place, and therefore the 1ſt old Chriſtmas was no uncommon day of return for theſe gipſies, as diſſenters from the new ſtile, to fix on. But ſurely, gentlemen, if this extenſive ſcene of alibi proof ought to find credit with you, it is evident George and Lucy Squires were the moſt proper evidence to ſupport the truth of it.

To this I deſired to appeal, as being the beſt evidence, when I obſerved thoſe two in court, after all other witneſſes were, by order, obliged to withdraw. — The proſecutor's council ſaw the force of this appeal, and agreed to call theſe two witneſſes in ſucceſſion. —George was called.—If Lucy had been ventured, and they two had agreed in points of facts, of perſons, and times, as they muſt have done, if true in the accounts they gave. —I ſay, if this had been done, I then agreed, I ſtill ſay, that I muſt have ſubmitted, that the defendant was at leaſt miſtaken in her evidence againſt Mary Squires.

But, gentlemen, you have heard George alone. From his croſs examination, the danger of a manifeſt contradiction became too apparent. George hardly ſupported himſelf.—If Lucy was called, and faultered, the whole

alibi was gone.—Such a trial was therefore not to be ventured. I redemanded this teſt of the truth of the alibi; but the proſecutor abſolutely refuſed it. — A reaſon indeed was aſſigned; but, like many others, the effect of a quick invention, unſupported by proof. Both theſe witneſſes were, at once, made almoſt idiots. Nothing of this was mentioned in the opening, or, as an excuſe for not calling them, when at firſt demanded.

But as Lucy was not called (which I really think would have determined this whole affair, let me remark a little on the conduct of George. And, gentlemen, where did there appear any defect of underſtanding, during his examination, on behalf of the proſecution? He was clear, quick, and minute, both as to times, *names*, and *places*, that were within the rout to be proved. Of other places certainly as remarkable, certainly as natural objects of memory, not a tittle was to be remembered; for to have remembered any thing, would have given a clue.

And, therefore, not a town out of the alibi, except Shaftſbury, through a tour, from Auguſt to December, from Surry, quite along the coaſt of Suſſex and Dorſet, is to be mentioned. Not a tranſaction of buying, or ſelling a ſingle ſcrap of his goods, in any one place out of the alibi; and yet it is impoſſible but their trade muſt have been their view and ſupport, in one part of their journey as well as another. But I ſubmit, that ſome parts of the ſtory, in which the proſecutor has allowed this witneſs to be capable of giving his teſtimony, afford ſtrong ſuſpicions of falſhood. I will enumerate ſome of them that ſtrike me in this light: Firſt, that decrepid old woman's walk from Litton to Abbotſbury, and back again to dinner, and then to Abbotſbury the ſame evening, ſeems highly improbable. You are told by other witneſſes, that ſuch a walk would neceſſarily take up, more time, than other circumſtances of George's ſtory can poſſibly allow for it.—Add to this, the improbability of her being at Abbotſbury, and that too at Clarke's Houſe, and yet not ſeen there by one of all her numerous acquaintance. You obſerve ſcarce a perſon there, but has known her intimately for many years. Here you have heard, from many of the witneſſes, there was an halt of 8 or 9 days.—George then tells you, that the firſt day they went only to Poſſum, a very ſmall diſtance, and from this place ſuch forced marches, as amount to the higheſt degree of improbability. I aſked him a reaſon for this immediate and unuſual expedition.—This was one of the queſtions, which you find he did not expect to be aſked. At laſt, it was a ſiſter's illneſs occaſioned this hurry.—We received a letter from her by the poſt on that account; he could not, however, tell where this letter was received, and, perhaps, that might be forgot; but, gentlemen, he could ſcarce receive this letter at Poſſum; becauſe that was a mere occaſional reſting place, and if a letter, that really required and occaſioned ſuch expedition, was received at Abbotſbury, I deſire to have it accounted for, how they came to attempt no further than Poſſum the firſt day. It is obvious therefore to me, that the particular ſtages, this witneſs gives an account, were not in purſuance of this letter; but in order to be at Baſingſtoke on the 18th of January, for a purpoſe that is very material for the truth of their whole ſtory, and which I ſhall take particular notice of, when I attend them at that place.

But firſt let me aſk, If ſuch a letter ever ſent? If a ſiſter ever ſick? Why not that ſiſter here to confirm the truth of this plain and ſimple fact? Is ſhe too of ſo weak an underſtanding, as not to be truſted with this queſtion? Did you write a letter to your brother George, in January, 1753, and to what place? Was you then ill, and did you inform ſo by ſuch letter? An anſwer in the affirmative, to either of theſe queſtions, from a witneſs, whoſe character ſtands, and muſt ſtand, unimpeached by any thing, which now appears, would have had great weight with me at leaſt, in confirming this part of George's evidence.

There is another moſt remarkable defect in George's account of this journey. — From Coombe to Baſingſtoke is forty miles: — He wanted, at firſt, to make this march in two days; but he was put right in his road here by the learned gentleman's Rota on his brief, or elſe they would have been too early at Baſingſtoke, for this material letter; — But, in this three days march of forty miles,—Not a ſingle place known,—No witneſs called, that ever ſaw them; — And yet they eat, drank, and lodged, as in other parts of their journey, —And yet, to put the truth of this narration beyond the reach of a doubt, this witneſs has repeated his whole journey, accompanyed by an attorney, not only to refreſh his own memory, but to give his teſtimony a prop and ſupport, which he was no doubt prudently adviſed it might ſtand in need of.

It is, ſurely, ſomewhat ſtrange, that the nearer he arrived to his own home, the leſs he ſhould be capable of remembring things and places himſelf, the leſs he ſhould be able to produce perſons to remember him, his mother, or his ſiſter. But, gentlemen, this is a glareing objection to his teſtimony, both between Coombe and Baſingſtoke, and from Baſingſtoke to Brentford. But, at Baſingſtoke, a circumſtance is pretended to have happened, and which, if it really did happen, makes it beyond a doubt, that they were really at Baſingſtoke on the 18th of January.

This is the letter, ſuppoſed to be wrote by the direction of Lucy, by the landlady at Baſingſtoke, to her lover Mr. Clarke, whom, you have been told, ſhe danced with at Abbotſbury. You have alſo been told, that this pledge of Lucy's Love was unfortunately delivered to a wrong Mr. Clarke, by ſome miſtake, of the Dorcheſter poſt-houſe. — Now, gentlemen, you will obſerve, all that makes this letter, in any degree, a material piece of evidence for the proſecutor, is the time it was wrote; for that theſe vagabonds may have been in all the places, through which the evidence has traced them. — That they might

dance

dance at Abbotſbury, and that Lucy, whoſe beauty Mr. Davy himſelf ſeems to have been ſo enamoured with, might there alſo captivate the heart of Mr. Clarke, is very probable, but entirely immaterial. It was, therefore, incumbent on the gentleman for the proſecution to have fixed the time, at which this letter was wrote, without the leaſt blot of any ſuſpicion; and, not only the time, but that the gipſies actually came on this ſuppoſed 18th of January to Baſingſtoke, directly from Abbotſbury; for, otherwiſe, their being at Enfield-Waſh, on the 1ſt, 2d, or 3d of January, and at Baſingſtoke, on the 18th are not, in the leaſt, inconſiſtent; and therefore, gentlemen, I before took notice, that a moſt material part of this journey was very imperfectly accounted for by George Squires, and not any witneſs to aſſiſt him quite from Coombe to Baſingſtoke. How material therefore would it have been, in this part of their caſe, to have had this wrong Mr. Clarke, to whom this love epiſtle was ſent by miſtake. — We ſhould then, at leaſt, have been ſure, that it was not of an earlier date than 1753; and, when I come to obſerve on the letter itſelf, as produced to the court, I think, ſome ſuſpicions, on this head, will not appear to be groundleſs. Mr. Davy, with great confidence, aſſerted, that this piece of evidence alone was ſufficient to detect the whole impoſture. I have allowed how ſtrong it would be accompanyed with ſome requiſites, that, I ſubmit, do not now accompany it.—An eſſential one is, that the letter ſhould, beyond a doubt, appear to you to be wrote on the 18th of January, 1753.—Mr. Davy and Mr. Willes have therefore, on all occaſions, mentioned this date of the letter, as a fact not diſputable, or, indeed, to be diſputed.—But, gentlemen, you, on oath, muſt, from the appearance of the letter itſelf, at leaſt, think this uncertain; for, however often the date has been repeated 1753, it, in fact, has no other figures than 175; the corner, where the 4th figure ſhould ſtand, is torn or rubbed off.—That corner alone gentlemen, out of four, though all equally ſecured by the fold and make of the letter, has ſuffered by time. When an obliteration, or other accident happens in ſo material part of ſo very material a piece of evidence, it naturally excites ſome ſuſpicion. And here again, how material would it have been to have had the wrong Mr. Clarke, who could not, I am ſure, have peruſed ſo unexpected a letter, without ſome degree of attention; and from him we might poſſibly have known how the date appeared, when delivered to him.

'Tis alſo unlucky for this material point of evidence, that the poſt-mark is, by no means, plain enough to give any ſatisfactory account of the time, when this letter actually paſſed through the poſt. This, I own, a defect not in the proſecutor's power to have cured; but, therefore, it was the more incumbent on him to have authenticated the time and date of the letter, by ſuch means, as were in his power; and, therefore, I think, the abſence of Mr. Clarke greatly diſcredits the authority of this piece of evidence; for, as I have before ſaid, on the truth and exactneſs of time depends the whole force of this alibi evidence. — I doubt I have appeared very prolix on this part of the caſe; but, as the conduct of the proſecution ſeemed to make this ſo very material, I hope I have not ſeemed to treſpaſs too much on that indulgence, which has been ſo remarkable through this whole cauſe.—I ſhall therefore cloſe my obſervations on the other numerous witneſſes to this alibi part of the caſe, that however they may agree, in general facts, that Squires was at this and that place, as ſworn, ſuch account may either be falſe or immaterial in this proſecution; may be, as other alibi defences too often are, abſolutely falſe, or falſe in point of time; and the one, as well as the other, equally invalidates the whole of this, as relative to, or material in, a proof of Canning's guilt.

It is therefore one of the corner ſtones to the credit of this ſort of proofs, that the ſeveral witneſſes ſhould be uniform in all their circumſtances, and particularly in ſuch, which they themſelves might not think a neceſſary, or eſſential part of the caſe, which they are brought to prove. But, gentlemen, you may remember, that in ſuch circumſtances there were many contradictory accounts; one in particular was moſt material, either in eſtabliſhing, or overthrowing George Squires's account of his mother's famous walk to Abbotſbury and back. To give this a ſeeming probability, all the ſubſequent witneſſes were to bring them into Abbotſbury very late in the evening; and yet John Ford, one of the gang's moſt intimate and old acquaintance, ſwore poſitively that he kiſſed Lucy before three o'clock in the afternoon at Abbotſbury. Mr. Davy was aware, that ſo ſignal a token of remembrance would weigh ſtrong againſt ſome of the former evidence; and therefore this witneſs is directly called drunk. There is another of this ſort very material, Hawkins at Litton, though in and about his houſe the whole morning, remembers not a tittle of this morning's walk by the old woman to Abbotſbury.

Having gone through this range of the proſecutor's evidence, and troubled you with ſuch obſervations, as occurred to me on thoſe parts, which they ſeemed to lay their greateſt ſtreſs on. I am now in courſe brought nearer home, and am to ſee how far another claſs of witneſſes have produced any ſubſtantial charge againſt the defendant. And I hope, gentlemen, I ſhall have occaſion to be much leſs prolix on this part; becauſe the evidence, in its own nature, is much weaker, and whatever weight it may carry, allowing every tittle of it to be true, there are ſcarce any three perſons to be found, who will agree in drawing the ſame inferences from the facts related by the ſet of witneſſes I am now come to, that is, gentlemen, thoſe witneſſes, who have given you an account of the ſeveral occurrences before alderman Chitty, and at the time Canning was down at Enfield; and at other times, when ſhe has either in ordinary diſcourſe, or in obedience to the civil magiſtrate, made her confinement and delivery the ſubject of any deſcription. I will not go through the ſeveral

parts

parts of theſe tranſactions, which the gentlemen for the proſecutor have endeavoured to paint ſo contradictory to each other, as muſt neceſſarily ſtamp the whole for a fiction and forgery. You, gentlemen, have had theſe different accounts, both the written and related laid before you. Your underſtanding and judgment is too ſound for me to imagine myſelf capable of reconciling you to the truth of any contradictions by any obſervations. It therefore becomes me only to ſtate this branch of the evidence. If it contains any contradictions in facts material, I cannot leſſen the force of them; but if you ſee what is artfully termed by the proſecutor, contradictory accounts in the light, I do in this branch of the evidence, I really and ſeriouſly imagine, that we have been waſting your time, both on the one ſide and the other. For what does it all amount to more than this, than that a general fact compounded of a variety of things done and ſaid, when related on particular occaſions, and at different times, has not always been minutely and exactly related the ſame way; and therefore, from this ſort of defect alone, which I believe no various relations of a long ſtory was ever free from, can any weight ſeem proper to be laid on this part of the proſecutor's caſe; and yet ſo far has this been puſhed, that you have had a contradiction endeavoured to be made appear to you, even from the figurative expreſſion of the unhappy mother, in deſcribing her daughter's wretchedneſs on her return. The midwife telling you, Mrs. Canning ſaid to her, Here is my poor daughter, returned as naked as ſhe was born. — What! ſays Mr. Davy, did ſhe ſay, as naked as ſhe was born? The energy, gentlemen, of the queſtion, was to remind you, that all Canning's accounts mentioned a handkerchief on her head, and a bed-gown on her ſhoulders. One can really be ſcarce ſerious in obſerving on attempts of this kind; and yet, gentlemen, much of your time has been taken up with arguments on ſuch ſeeming contradictions. Pardon me in digreſſing in this place to one more remark, that arguments drawn from ſuch ſeeming contradictions, have been the only materials, which the printed traſh of Quacks, Inſpectors, and Juſtices, have ſupplied on either ſide of this queſtion; and yet, gentlemen, from this modern practice of acquitting, or condemning, in pamphlets, without judge or jury, it is eaſily foreſeen, that not a trial of any importance will ſoon be laid before a jury, in that unprejudiced manner, which the cautious jealouſy of the excellent laws of this country requires.

But to return, and to give one proof, how far theſe contradictions really did carry along with them any conviction of Canning's impoſture, let us ſee whether thoſe, who now make inferences of Canning's guilt from ſuch circumſtances, have acted the part, that men, ſuppoſed thus convinced, would or could have done.

For, gentlemen, you will obſerve, that Mr. Naſh, Hague, and Aldridge, would now have you believe, that from the 1ſt of February, the time they attended Canning at Enfield, they were all ſatisfied, that Canning was at leaſt miſtaken. I will not aſk, whether the contradictions before alderman Chitty, or elſewhere, were the ground of their conviction in this particular. Satisfied they were, that Canning was miſtaken; and yet, gentlemen, they were all at the trial of Squires. Theſe men, hitherto of unimpeached characters, ſaw one life in great jeopardy for felony; another perſon trying as acceſſary to that felony, and yet offered no evidence in contradiction to that proof, which they then believed to be falſe, and ſaw was likely to be ſo fatal.

The reaſons for not doing this act of neceſſary juſtice, you have heard. One of theſe convinced gentlemen was, if I remember, to attend a city feaſt. The other was ſo terrified with the perjury, that he could make no attempts to prevent the fatal effects of it. But there is ſomething ſtill more particular in the conduct of Mr. Naſh: I produced a letter to him, dated the 10th of February, which he acknowledged to be his, and you will obſerve, this is almoſt a fortnight after he tells you, that he was convinced, that Squires and Wells were not juſtly accuſed.

And yet, gentlemen, what is the purport of this letter? It is wrote to one Mr. Lion, a known and zealous friend of the defendant, and it is to inform Mr. Lion, that conſiderable contributions might be raiſed about Enfield-Waſh, for the poor unhappy girl, and that he wiſhes them good luck. Good luck! gentlemen, In what? Will you believe Mr. Naſh wiſhed them good luck in a contribution, by the means of which he muſt know, that innocence was deſigned to be arraigned? That an accuſation, he then believed falſe, would be ſupported by perjury? Or are we now to believe, that Mr. Naſh, thus convinced, was weak enough to think Canning, that poor unhappy girl, as to be a worthy object of his recommendation to charity? Let the former conduct of theſe three gentlemen explain and account for themſelves if it can; but yet ſee how far they have been poſitive in facts, where we have nothing to do either with their obſervations or opinions, and which, from henceforth, I think no man can place any reliance on. They have all poſitively ſwore, that Canning continued fixed to her firſt charge on Squires; though the warrant was taken out againſt mother Wells, though all her friends, and the city officer, expected, nay pointed out, Wells as the criminal; though Wells was continually running her face cloſe up to Canning's, and interrogating her, Is it me? Is it me, madam? Though the more artful gipſy, who is neither deaf or blind, as yet, during this tranſaction kept her face much concealed, till poſitively charged by Canning. Then, indeed, directly the maſk of her deformity is produced, and made a defence, which, to a perſon conſcious of no guilt, would have appeared a much more natural protection, by being never concealed at all.

While we are ſtill on this ſcene at Enfield-Waſh, if you are to ſuppoſe Canning's ſtory all a fiction, nothing but a deſign to carry on a cheat. Why ſhould Canning determine on the

the gipſy? The name of the gipſy had been echoed through all parts of the houſe. You cannot ſuppoſe Canning ignorant of the life theſe people lead; never fixed long in a place.—Mother Wells then at her uſual place of abode, —Of an infamous character,—Facts both agreed to be known to Canning; and yet Canning, as the foundation of her cheat, determines on a fact (which, if ſhe knew to be falſe) ſhe muſt be morally ſure would depend on her evidence alone, and that too, (from her own account) liable to be contradicted by the teſtimony of Vertue Hall; for, in all her accounts, ſhe is uniform, Vertue Hall was there, when ſhe was brought in; and if all this was a known forgery to Canning, could ſhe have left ſuch a witneſs's character unimpeached by her accuſation; for could ſhe then imagine, that inſtead of Hall's appearing to confute her, ſhe would appear to confirm the truth of her whole teſtimony?

If inferences drawn from facts are in this enquiry to have their weight in oppoſition to facts themſelves, I only deſire this part of the tranſaction may be remembred, when you take the conſideration of this caſe, under the head of *probable* or *improbable*.

Gentlemen, I have hitherto confined myſelf to obſervations and anſwers to ſuch facts, as the proſecutor himſelf has made a part of his caſe. And as the facts we have to lay before you will not require the illuſtration of refined arguments and obſervations, I hope not to treſpaſs much more on your patience. I am ſorry my duty has obliged me to have done it ſo long already; but, before I give you the general ſtate of our own evidence, which is all I ſhall attempt to do, in this part of our defence for the priſoner. Let me only remark to you the omiſſion of a piece of evidence, ſo material in the confirmation of Canning's guilt, that I am ſure the proſecutor's council could not have omitted it, had they really thought the ſtory as falſe, as they have, by other ſort of evidence, endeavoured to make it: that is, gentlemen, their not having called Vertue Hall here to ſupport the truth of her recantation. They could have had her is certain, that ſhe might give teſtimony, extreamly material, on one ſide or the other, cannot be denied; that her word, or her oath, I know not which has been relied on, has been deemed void of all credit, cannot, I am ſure, be aſſerted; becauſe I am confident, that it muſt have been uſed as one argument, at leaſt, for the application for that mercy, which has been ſhewn to Mary Squires. I ſay, gentlemen, theſe are ſome of my reaſons why I think Vertue Hall has gained credit, ſince the time ſhe was ſworn here in confirmation of Canning's ſtory; and therefore, gentlemen, Why is ſhe not now brought here by the proſecutor to give a ſanction to the truth of that recantation on oath? What, gentlemen, can the abſence of this witneſs be imputed to, but that they were afraid (I do not mean, the council were afraid) but the prudent management of their cauſe was juſtly afraid of another ſolemn and public examination of this witneſs. I think this obſervation a juſt one, or I would not have made it. The gentlemen have rather choſe that I ſhould make it, than riſque another relapſe from Vertue Hall. But, perhaps, whatever may be your verdict, her recantation will ſtill ſerve for caſes and newspapers.

Mr. *Recorder*. If ſhe had been here, ſhe has already diſcredited herſelf, and cannot be a witneſs.

Mr. *Morton continues*. With ſubmiſſion, ſir, I muſt inſiſt on the propriety of my former obſervation. Vertue Hall, by the known practice and rules of evidence, is a legal and competent witneſs. Courts of juſtice can take no notice of private recantations, or of diſcoveries, ſuppoſed to be made to magiſtrates in private, ſo far as to repell the teſtimony of a witneſs; I therefore rely on the propriety of my obſervation.

And now, gentlemen, I have gone through the *caſe*, the *evidence*, and the *conduct* of the proſecutor, I ſhall have occaſion to be but very ſhort in ſtating our anſwer to each of them; becauſe, as I before ſaid, I ſhall truſt the merits of the defence to abſolute facts, not to refined obſervations on them. Many of the facts, proper on our part, have been proved by the proſecutor's own evidence: ſuch as the abſence of Canning, her return, her account of herſelf, her real condition, her charge of Squires at Enfield-Waſh, and many more circumſtances, which I have already obſerved on to you. I wiſh a repetition of the ſame facts could be wholly excluded from our evidence, merely for the ſake of time; but I foreſee that is impracticable. But, gentlemen, theſe facts being already proved, the remainder of our proof is pointed to the abſolute overthrow of the truth of the proſecutor's alibi of Mary Squires, at the time of Canning's robbery and confinement. In order to do this, we ſhall call you many witneſſes, who have lived in and about Enfield-Waſh, from 15 to 30 years, people of known and eſtabliſhed credit.

The proſecutor has had a liſt of theſe witneſſes now many days, and, in that reſpect, the neceſſary adjournments of this trial have given him an advantage and opportunity of impeaching the credit of all our witneſſes, if their characters cannot ſtand the teſt of enquiry; I ſay, by a number of witneſſes unconnected, in any reſpect, with the party, in whoſe behalf they now appear, we ſhall ſhew you, that this never to be forgotten image of Mary Squires was ſeen at Enfield on ſeveral of the days, which the witneſſes for the proſecutor fix her to be in the different parts of her journey, in the weſt. We ſhall not, indeed, have ſo exact a diary of the various motions of theſe vagrants (I might ſay felons, for ſo they are by law) or of their various entertainments, their companions and amuſements. Whether the want of ſuch particular exactneſs in the relation of facts, in themſelves, at the time performed, entirely indifferent, will diminiſh the credit of our account or not, I ſhall leave to your own obſervation. They all, as I have before ſaid, ſtand

free and clear of all imputation, as to credit; and they have, almoſt all of them, ſome natural as well as particular account to aſſign for their remembrance of the time of the abode of theſe remarkable ſtrollers at the Waſh.

Some will tell you of their dealing with them in one way, ſome in another. It would be inexcuſable to be particular on this head.--- There are thoſe who took money of them, and from a vulgar belief of ſome ſuperior power in theſe people called gipſies, thought it neceſſary to purify the money ſo taken, leſt it might be conjured from them by this left handed kind of divinity. There are others, who will tell you, that they have parted with their money to this very woman in her trade of fortune-telling.---Have been face to face with this remarkable impreſſion of deformity. --- And therefore ſo far the alibi proved by the proſecutors has an expreſs contradiction in proof. There are other ingredients in our evidence, which afford a light to thoſe parts of Canning's own narration, which gives you both her journey to, and return from the Waſh. I only mention all theſe, in general, becauſe I ſhall rely on them, when we go into our proof. Whatever other obſervations either the proſecutor's caſe and proof, or our own affords, (and many they muſt be which I have omitted) I am ſatisfied the care and diligence of the gentlemen who are on the ſame ſide with me will amply ſupply. --- Tired, therefore, as I am, in having attempted to go through ſo very long a caſe. --- Tired, as I am ſure you, gentlemen, muſt be, by that moſt laudable and impartial attention, which you have ſhewn through this whole enquiry, I ſhall only beg that attention to a very few general obſervations. The weight and credit of evidence is your province. The weight and credit of arguments and obſervations, in oppoſition to facts expreſly ſworn, you will know how to eſtimate. --- If, on the whole, only a juſt and rational doubt ſhould remain on your judgments, the policy, the lenity, the juſtice of our laws, incline to mercy. In circumſtances which muſt have been, nay, yet are doubtful, Squires has found mercy.

And tho'. I am ſatisfied there never was a time, when the moſt rigid hand of juſtice was more properly required to the ſuppreſſion of perjury. I am as fully convinced, there never was a time, when active and reſolute proſecutions, for other reproachful villanies ſhould be more cautiouſly deterred by ſuch proceedings, as the preſent againſt the now defendant.

Mr. NARES.

May it pleaſe your lordſhip, and you gentlemen of the jury.

Notwithſtanding this cauſe has taken ſo long time already, and no man upon earth is more ſenſible of the great care that ſhould be taken not to miſpend the time of the court unneceſſarily, than myſelf; yet, as it is now become my duty to make ſome few obſervations, I ſhall make no apology for intruding on your patience ſomewhat longer, though, perhaps, in the conſequence, it may be to little purpoſe.

I am not only of council, but, I will ſay, greatly concerned for the priſoner at the bar; who, to uſe the epithet of my learned leader, may be truly called extremely unfortunate, and that in many inſtances; unfortunate in being accuſed of any crime, if never ſo innocent; unfortunate in having once appeared in this court as a witneſs, and being ſo unhappy as to be believed; and unfortunate likewiſe in this reſpect, as ſhe is now brought to her trial for a perjury in ſuch a cauſe; and under ſuch circumſtances, as, I will venture to ſay, the annals of time cannot produce a ſimilar inſtance. It is not my inclination, or my meaning, to reflect upon any man, I mean not to reflect upon the worſhipful magiſtrate, through whoſe lenity, though, perhaps, a miſtaken, or injudicious one, ſhe now ſtands accuſed, tho' I cannot help obſerving, that this proſecution hath been carried on, and ſupported with more warmth and ſpirit than any I ever had the honour to attend; and if this warmth and ſpirit ſpring merely from a zeal of bringing a ſuppoſed criminal to exemplary puniſhment, far be it from me to blame or condemn it.---God forbid ſuch a warmth ſhould ever cool, or ſuch a ſpirit grow degenerate.

Thus much I think it material to ſay for the priſoner at the bar, on the nature and manner of her proſecution; that it is totally unprecedented, that, as a proſecutor, who had convicted a criminal, ſhe ſhould now come to be tried to overturn that conviction. You know, as well as I, the unfortunate priſoner was a witneſs againſt Mary Squires and Suſannah Wells; and you know, that they were both convicted; and you will recollect one circumſtance well worth your conſideration, and which I ſhall endeavour to inforce more ſtrongly hereafter, that it was not on her teſtimony only that theſe perſons were convicted, but her evidence was ſupported by the teſtimony of another perſon; which perſon's teſtimony you are now totally deprived of, becauſe it hath been artfully inſinuated to the world, as many other circumſtances have been, that ſhe hath now recanted all ſhe ſwore at the trial, and therefore the poor priſoner at the bar dare not venture to call her, for fear ſhe ſhould, by any means, be induced to contradict her former evidence, which, if ſhe did, the priſoner might be condemned, inſtead of acquitted, by the mouths

of

of her own witneſſes; how that recantation was brought about, I ſhall hereafter tell you from the inſtructions of my brief; --- but I cannot help making this obſervation, at preſent, that the gentlemen, on behalf of the proſecution, have not ventured to inſinuate, nor attempted to prove what means were, or could be uſed by, or what influence that woman was, or could be under to the poor priſoner, and her poor relations, to induce her to ſwear as ſhe did, if all ſhe ſwore was ſo groſs a falſity,

And, gentlemen, however the tenderneſs or lenity of a magiſtrate may think, for the ſake of any particular perſons, being convinced in their own private judgments, that ſuch perſons have been wrongly convicted, that ſuch a proſecution is laudable; yet, give me leave to ſay, becauſe I can ſpeak it from great authority, that ſuch enquiries into the guilt or innocence of a priſoner, after they have been legally convicted, are vaſtly inconvenient and improper; and although proſecutions of this nature may ſhew kindneſs to particulars, yet they may be attended with cruelty to mankind, in general, as they tend to interrupt, at leaſt, if not overturn that common courſe of juſtice that the wiſdom of this kingdom, in all ages, has eſtabliſhed; and may, and muſt ſerve to intimidate and prevent numbers of people from commencing proſecutions to endeavour to bring the guilty to puniſhment, leaſt by ſome ſtrange alteration of affairs, they themſelves, may, in their turn, be proſecuted.

And, gentlemen, when I ſay proſecutions and enquiries of this nature muſt be attended with great inconveniency to the community in general, I ſpeak it from authority, in a caſe in which I was council for the priſoner.

There was a man, whoſe name was Williams, that was indicted at Stafford, for a robbery committed at Wolverhampton town's end, the 24th of December. It appeared in evidence, the moment the priſoner was charged with the robbery, he told the proſecutor he was that very day at Iſlington; the proſecutor however ſwore to the man, though it was by moon light, after which I called for the priſoner five witneſſes, four of them from Iſlington, and another from Redbourn, near St. Alban's. In my life I never heard ſo circumſtantial an account, and ſuch a vaſt multitude of concurring circumſtances, in point of time, and knowledge of the man, to prove him at Iſlington, at the time the fact was committed; inſomuch, that the learned judge who tried the priſoner, aſked Mr. ſerjeant Haywood, who was of council with the proſecutor, What he could ſay to it? for that he never heard ſo ſtrong a defence in his life. In reply, they called two poor perſons, who ſwore they ſaw the priſoner at Wolverhampton, the day the robbery was committed. The priſoner was convicted. Soon after, as ſoon as the priſoner returned to goal, he declared his brother committed the robbery; and there being a great diſpoſition in the country, in general, to ſave the priſoner, ſuppoſing him to be innocent, they directed the brother to be taken up, and, on being charged with this robbery, he immediately confeſſed it, and ſeveral other robberies, for which he was immediately committed to Warwick goal; and and for one of which he was afterwards hanged. This account was brought to the judge at Shrewſbury, and he was ſo far prevailed on as to order the under ſheriff of Staffordſhire to write to his agent to enquire into the characters of the Iſlington witneſſes. ---The agent accordingly enquired of the clergyman of the pariſh, and received for an anſwer, that they were all perſons of good character. --- This account was ſent directly to me at Glouceſter, with a requeſt from many gentlemen to wait on the judge with it. This requeſt I complied with, and the judge read the account, but told me he had, notwithſtanding, ſome reaſons to apprehend him guilty, *and however* he might be inclined to extend his mercy to this priſoner in particular, yet he ſhould not do it, as he thought it of the moſt dangerous conſequence to the juſtice of the nation, in general, to try the guilt or innocence of a priſoner, after his country, on a fair and impartial trial, had found him guilty. After this the man was hanged, and after he was executed, twenty witneſſes might have been produced, to have proved him at Wolverhampton, when he was ſworn to be at Iſlington, and no perſon in the country doubted of his guilt. This I mention to ſhew how dangerous theſe ſubſequent trials muſt neceſſarily be. Why are they dangerous? becauſe the ſuppoſing people wicked enough, either out of love to the party accuſed, or malice to the proſecutor, to meditate revenge on him two or three years after; for there is no time limited to call his proſecutor to an account, and to indict him for perjury; he may be brought to a trial, when, perhaps, all his witneſſes are dead, and it will be totally impoſſible for him to ſupport his teſtimony. When I have ſaid this, I am ſure theſe obſervations will and ought, at leaſt, to weigh with you thus far, that if any doubt ſhould ariſe of the guilt of the priſoner, you will not give the leaſt encouragement to this ſort of proſecution; for ſuppoſing people wicked enough, either to be tempted by rewards, or promiſes of rewards, there is not a man living ſafe or ſecure from ſome proſecutions of this nature.

I cannot help once more mentioning the great difficulties the priſoner lies under, in being deprived of the teſtimony of the only perſon, who could ſpeak to the ſame facts the priſoner did, which would prove her innocent. Every body knows that Vertue Hall gave the ſame account that the priſoner did of the robbery; and what convinces me beyond all poſſibility of doubt, that what Vertue Hall ſaid could not be dictated or taught her, is, ſhe did not only go ſtep by ſtep with the priſoner's relation, --- as far as that went, but after ſhe had left the ſtory, Vertue Hall took it up again, and told you, what became of the ſtays, and the converſation that paſſed after ſhe was put into the room, and what ſhe feared from too nice an enquiry into it afterwards. This witneſs has not been called.

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In order to obviate any objections or obſervations that were expected to be made from not producing her, it hath been thrown out, that if ſhe was produced, ſhe could not be a witneſs,at leaſt,on behalf of the proſecution, becauſe the moment ſhe came to charge the priſoner, ſhe muſt confeſs herſelf perjured; but I beg leave to inſiſt, that ſuch an objection would only go to the credit, not to her competency; and it was ſo determined in this court,in an indictment againſt one Murphy for a forgery of a ſeaman's will; there was a pretended will ſet up and proved in the commons, the very man who forged the will, and had ſwore in the commons, to obtain the probate, and to authenticate the will, was called on behalf of the proſecutor to prove, that he forged it by the directions of the priſoner. I made the ſame objection to his teſtimony, as is now hinted at with reſpect to Vertue Hall's, but the court over-ruled it, and the man was admitted an evidence, he came, and told the court all he had ſaid upon oath in the commons was a contrivance between Murphy and himſelf; and that every word o it was falſe; and on his evidence,ſupported by ſome corroborating circumſtances, the priſoner was convicted. ---If there wanted other arguments or caſes to prove this ſort of evidence admiſſible in this court, I need only mention the common caſe of ſubornation of perjury; there the perſon who hath been ſuborned, and hath ſworn falſe, is generally, if not always, called to convict the ſuborner, and to ſhew and pove by what means he was prevailed on.

Vertue Hall then certainly would have been a proper witneſs, if they would have called her. I have already mentioned ſome great difficulties the priſoner is put under from her not being produced; I ſhall not mention only one more, the priſoner may, by this means, be deprived of an opportunity of ſhewing the court the methods that were uſed to bring about this recantation; and, as ſhe may yet be called, which will make this account evidence, and, as I apprehend, it will be for the benefit of my client, I cannot conceal it. And, gentlemen, I am inſtructed to ſay, and have many witneſſes in my brief to prove thoſe inſtructions, that Vertue Hall's recantation was brought about in a very extraordinary manner: She was called upon in publick to declare, whether what ſhe had ſworn on the trial was true or falſe. And tho' I doubt not,but the magiſtrate meant weil by it,yet when called upon thus publickly to make recantation. What did ſhe ſay? She declared openly, *all ſhe had ſworn was truth.* She was aſked the ſame queſtion again,and ſhe made the ſame anſwer; upon which ſome body or other ſuggeſted, it would be proper to take her in private. For God's ſake! Why in private? I am ſure, by the knowledge I have of the worſhipful magiſtrate, he could never intend to ſeduce her by rewards or promiſes; but this may be the caſe, the poor girl might weakly imagine, that, if ſhe altered her evidence, ſhe might have ſome rewards, though the ſtrict juſtice of the magiſtrate never could or would have given her the leaſt foundation for ſuch a belief. But, as the poor and the ignorant are more liable to be led away with falſe fears or hopes, built on the weak baſis of their own imaginations, the taking her into a private room was by no means proper. After ſhe had been examined in private, ſhe did return and made the recantation. But, if ſhe did make that recantation, why does ſhe not come here and ſwear and avow it? I dreaded, ſeeing her appear; becauſe, if all ſhe ſaid was falſe, it muſt have been owing to ſome undue influence, and in conſeqneuce of ſome deep layed plan, ſcheme, or contrivance of the priſoner at the bar, or ſome other perſon. Nothing of this nature hath even been ſuggeſted, then, what room can there be for any preſumption of that nature? What could induce Vertue Hall, who had no friendſhip, nor even acquaintance with the priſoner, to turn evidence on her behalf, againſt her greateſt friend in the world, in whoſe houſe ſhe had lived, and, perhaps, been ſupported? Reward ſhe could not have from the poor indigent priſoner, or any of her relations; and, therefore, the behaviour of Vertue Hall, if ſhe did ſwear falſe, is totally unaccountable.

But now, gentlemen, having ſaid this, in order to take off or counteract the prejudices that have artfully been raiſed againſt the priſoner, here ſhe now ſtands at the bar, and ſhe muſt be tried, however improperly ſhe may have been brought upon her trial. I cannot help mentioning, happy ſhe is, that ſhe has got ſuch a jury to try her; for, according to the beſt obſervations I can make,I never ſaw a jury attend with greater impartiality.

I ſhould now conſider what are the principles the council for the proſecutor have layed down, as the foundation for proving the priſoner guilty. They ſay, the ſtory is extremely improbable, full of abſurdities, ſo ridiculous, that no perſon, in his ſenſes, could contrive or believe it; but, gentlemen, let me tell you, under the direction of the court, trials for perjury are not to be determined by matters of improbability. If a perſon is indicted for perjury, and one witneſs only is produced to ſwear directly the contrary, the perſon cannot be convicted; becauſe there is oath againſt oath, and the juſtice of this country is never weighing the credit of witneſſes in golden ſcales; but, if there is oath againſt oath, the preſumptive innocence of each is equal. Then conſider the priſoner hath ſworn the fact, this is to be conſidered an oath by one witneſs of a fact, which is only attempted to be contradicted by circumſtances, or by matter of improbability.

Mr. Davy has ſaid, that no perſon living, nay human nature itſelf, is not capable of ſuch cruelty as that of putting another perſon to pain,merely through wantonneſs. And I have ſeen an expreſſion of a very great writer,to that purpoſe,tho'in other terms, "There is no man upon "earth ſo wicked, as to play the Platonic with "damnation." Let us conſider how far that principle is applicable to the priſoner at the bar.

bar. There is a maxim never controverted, *Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.* I may ſafely ſay, no perſon leaped from exceeding good, to exceeding bad in a moment; it takes up a great deal of time to get rid of that natural modeſty, which every perſon is endued with; a man muſt go by ſteps to the pitch of wickedneſs. In what ſtate was this poor girl before this tranſaction? How do the witneſſes, on behalf of the proſecutor, deſcribe her, "A girl of as good a character as "any in the world; I have known her from "her birth, was the language of Mrs. Meal; "and I have never heard any ill of her." How could this girl, from this very inſtant, a girl of a good character, turn that wicked and abandoned wretch, that ſhe muſt be, to give all this falſe evidence againſt a perſon ſhe had never ſeen in her life? Is it conceiveable ſhe could have had any ſcheme to injure Squires, who was an utter ſtranger? It certainly is not. Indeed, could that be conceived, ſhe muſt be as wicked as Mr. Davy's rhetoric can paint her; but whilſt ſhe ſtands thus accuſed of wickedneſs, ſhe muſt be acquitted of one dangerous part of her character, which hath been laid to her charge, which is art or contrivance; for no one can think her capable of either, who can ſuppoſe this a formed ſcheme; becauſe, ſuppoſing it to be ſo, it is the only one that could not fail of being detected.

But the gentlemen have ſaid, and would have you believe, the priſoner's friends have taken great care and pains, as far as poſſible they could, to fix this to be the place, and to aſcertain the deſcriptions of it. 'Tis inſinuated, a man went, came back again from meeting her on the road, ſaying, It is all right; here is hay. But when that comes to be obſerved upon, you will find no more foundation for that relation, than for ſome other evidence that has been given of the contrivance in aſcertaining the place. But, could there be any contrivance in aſcertaining the perſon? It would be a reflection on your underſtandings to intimate that you could think ſo. Wells was the perſon pointed out, and the perſon all the world thought it muſt be; her own character muſt have convicted her, ſhe could never have ſet up a defence like this; the priſoner muſt have been ſure to have fixed her at that place, at leaſt during the time of her confinement. No perſon would have interpoſed to have ſaved her from the gallows. But how did the priſoner act when ſhe came there? That very perſon, who had been thus pointed out to her, and whom ſhe with ſafety and impunity might have accuſed, if ſhe had had any ſcheme or deſign of injuring any one, ſhe totally acquits of the fact of robbing her. It was aſked, Did ſhe rob you? Her anſwer was, No. In an inſtant ſhe ſaid ſo: One of the company went ſo far as to ſay, *There* was mother Wells. What could be expected from that? but that ſhe would have inſtantly ſaid, That is the woman. But what does ſhe ſay? That is not the woman that robbed me; there is the woman that robbed me (pointing to Squires.) A perſon, that no one there did, or could direct her to; becauſe it was contrary to every body's expectation. Then Mr. Davy would have you imagine this was a concerted ſcheme between her and her mother to raiſe contributions. Let us try this ſuggeſtion upon any one principle of nature or reaſon. Upon my word I can ſcarce think of ſuch a notion, and keep my countenance. I remember the ſaying of a very great man, which is the beſt anſwer that can be made to it:

"The man that hangs, or beats out's brains,
"The devil's in him, if he feigns.

Would ſhe go within a hair's breadth, nay to the very brink of death, to raiſe friends by way of contribution? Can you a moment doubt, upon hearing even Mrs. Meal's account of her; that her life was in the utmoſt danger? Indeed there was no hopes of her recovery, if you have any doubt of that fact, the priſoner hath other witneſſes, who could prove it to a demonſtration. What is this girl to kill herſelf, to have a ſubſcription after her death, for the benefit of her family? It is inconceivable to the laſt degree. Then conſider how conſiſtent the mother acted with any ſcheme or deſign of that nature. If ſhe intended her daughter ſhould be almoſt ſtarved, and ſhould be concealed till this was brought about, Why did ſhe advertiſe her daughter? which was the only means to diſcover her immediately, and marr the plot, if ſhe knew when ſhe was to return. How could ſhe be (as it was beyond what could be feigned) ſo particularly affected at the ſight of her, on her return? Theſe circumſtances muſt be totally laid out of the queſtion, before you can believe it a ſcheme; or, if ſhe did it deſignedly, it muſt be done without any view, either to benefit herſelf, or any of her family. But then the gentlemen have recourſe again to improbabilities; they aſk, How could ſhe poſſibly go from mother Wells's to London, without telling her Complaint? Mr. Morton has mentioned many reaſons, why ſhe did ſo. Mr. Davy would have you believe the only one, that could be ſuggeſted, was for fear of meeting any of the people belonging to the houſe, and to anſwer this. he hath ſaid, Why did not ſhe call at gentlemen's houſes? As ſhe could never conceive ſhe ſhould meet with mother Wells, and her conſpirators there? Think of this objection one minute, and you will not want an anſwer to it. How was this poor wretch in that condition? Wretched and almoſt frightful in appearance, without ſtrength, (almoſt) to tell her ſtory; to gain credit, if ſhe had complained, ſhe might as well have attempted to have told her ſtory to the winds. She muſt neceſſarily argue thus with herſelf, if ſhe had her ſenſes, weak as I am, I muſt endeavour to get home before I tell my complaints; becauſe I muſt go to the perſons that know me, before I can be credited.

The moment ſhe came home, ſhe made known her ſtory; and that was the proper time to make it known. But the manner, in

which ſhe related it, I ſhall obſerve on hereafter, as it very well deſerves your attention.

Having now endeavoured to anſwer ſome of the objections made to this girl's ſtory, let us attend a little to the witneſſes on behalf of the proſecution, and conſider how far theſe have been conſiſtent with themſelves, and how far they are the beſt witneſſes, that could have been produced, in order to clear up this intricate affair; becauſe if it ſhould be obvious (as I dare ſay it is to every body)that the proſecutor has it in his power to clear up this matter, and yet hath left witneſſes unexamined, who were the only ones capable of doing it in point of law, as well as reaſon, every thing muſt be preſumed, that can be preſumed, againſt the proſecution.

It will take up too much of your time to go into critical obſervations on every witneſs; therefore I ſhall only here and there point out ſome particular circumſtances, which, perhaps, may have eſcaped Mr. Morton's notice, with reſpect to ſuch inconſiſtencies. The gentlemen of the other ſide, conſcious to themſelves, that there have been ſome groſs contradictions, have endeavoured to perſuade you, that ſuppoſing ſome circumſtances in the account their witneſſes have given are inconſiſtent, and others entirely falſe; yet you are not to regard any thing that does not go to the very ſubſtantial point, which is, whether Squires was then at Endfield-Waſh; and that little circumſtances are always to be over-looked; yet, give me leave to tell you, that is not the way of trying the weight of evidence. And I am ſure, when you come to conſider what the nature of the evidence is, you will perceive it abſolutely neceſſary to go out of the common road in the examination of the witneſſes, in order to detect the villainy; you will eaſily think it is abſolutely impoſſible a ſet of witneſſes can contradict one another, in the very point they are called for, when they have been half a year conferring together on that point only; they know how to ſwear, as to that particular; they are upon their guard, as to that; they know how to anſwer you. Then how are theſe witneſſes to be treated; they are to be taken, as far as poſſible, off their guard, and to be asked thoſe things they thought never would be enquired into. It is by this means that you are to find out the inconſiſtency, becauſe truth is always the ſame, and always conſiſtent; it will be equally ſo with reſpect to the circumſtances attending a fact, as the very fact itſelf.

Gentlemen, I ſhall begin with George Squires, the ſon, --- what did that man ſay? You obſerve Mr. Davy repreſented him as a weak, ignorant man, and almoſt ſtigmatized him for a fool the moment he appeared; and for what reaſon? 'Tis not difficult to aſſign the reaſon, becauſe he was apprehenſive that he would make ſome blunder; but was there the leaſt ſigns of either a weak, an ignorant, or a fooliſh man during the whole courſe of his examination from Abbotſbury to London? There certainly was not; this examination he expected, he was apprized of it, and prepared.--- Then conſider how he appeared, when taken out of the road from Abbotſbury to London? Mr. Morton aſked him, Where did he ſet out from? He ſtaggered a good deal, and deſired to be aſked no more queſtions; at laſt he went from Kent, from his ſiſter Mary.— Pray what houſe was ſhe at?—I cannot tell.--- Where did you lie? Where did you trade? Or where did you buy your goods; or where did you diſpoſe of them? In above 150 miles travelling, he ſcarce tells you he went into, or by any one town, or notorious place; what is the reaſon he can give no better account? Why, becauſe he never expected to have been aſked about it. In ſhort, ſuch a ſtrange and improbable account I never heard in all my life. Then, conſider the other evidence that has been given; far be it from me, from pretending to ſay they have not given you an exceeding ſtrong account of this woman's being at South Perrot, and coming from thence up to London; but there is this obſervation to be made, even with reſpect to theſe witneſſes; ſeveral of them have ſaid, before the time of Squires's trial, they expected to be called upon as witneſſes, and declared what they could prove; yet not one in twenty either did appear on the former tryal, or were ever aſked to appear; but this obſervation may be made as to the number of witneſſes that have been examined, that wherever a ſtory is talked of by one or two people, and they have declared that they had ſeen Mary Squires, the gipſey, and that they were acquainted with her, another perſon, to whom it is related, recollects he hath ſeen a gipſey, and being told that muſt be the ſame; would not any body be almoſt perſuaded, in half a year's time, that they muſt mean the ſame perſon? When the centre is moved, there is a circle ſucceeds, and ſpreads from man to man; but ſuppoſing the firſt to be deceived, all the reſt might depend upon his credit; whereas, had they been aſked, upon recent reflection, abſtracted from other peoples repreſentations, they never would have ſpoke with that degree of certainty.

But ſuppoſing theſe obſervations to be juſtly made, Mr. Davy ſays, there is one ſet of witneſſes that muſt prove the priſoner guilty, beyond all degree of doubt. We have, ſays he, ſome witneſſes, which were the girl's friends; they went down to aſſiſt her as far as poſſible, not imagining ſhe would tell a falſe ſtory; but when her own friends turn againſt her, it is the ſtrongeſt evidence in the world, to think, ſhe was deceived. The principal witneſs called for this purpoſe was Mr. Naſh, and he tells you, the very inſtant he came down to Endfield, he found the girl was in the wrong: He ſaid to her, child, you are miſtaken, you can never have been there. After what he hath here ſworn, could you conceive that Mr. Naſh, a man of ſenſe, a man of prudence, a man of juſtice, could ever, after he was convinced the priſoner was in the wrong, continue to give any aſſiſtance to the girl in the proſecution? I am ſure it is caſting a greater reflection

flection upon Mr. Naſh, than I would chuſe to do on any one, to ſuppoſe he could act ſuch a part; but how do we find him acting? doth he behave conſiſtently with ſuch conviction of her being deceived? Ten days after he writes to a perſon of fortune and conſequence, (who will be produced) to encourage a ſubſcription in favour of the girl; this objection, I think, is not to be anſwered. Then another friend of the priſoner's, Mr. Aldridge, is called, and he ſaid exactly the ſame thing; he was every bit as much convinced; he deteſted every thing the girl had told him; and, in ſhort, he was the greateſt convert that ever could poſſibly be imagined. I aſked him, Have you had any converſation with Mr. or Mrs. Howard ſince that time? What does he ſay? I own I have, and I diſtributed a paper in favour of the priſoner; and, unleſs my inſtructions are falſe, he then declared he believed the ſtory, and earneſtly deſired they ſhould encourage the ſubſcription.

I ſhould almoſt have ſuſpected my brief, which gives me an account of the behaviour of theſe 3 gentlemen, who have now been called againſt the priſoner at the bar, had not they themſelves given ſuch an inſtance of their own behaviour in this very court, as is not to be accounted for; they were all convinced of the miſtake of Elizabeth Canning; they have now on their oaths ſworn it; they were all convinced that her ſtory was a falſhood, from the beginning to the end, and that the poor woman, the gipſey, who then ſtood in danger of her life, was as innocent of what ſhe then ſtood accuſed of, as the child unborn; they were preſent in court when this innocent woman was ſo unjuſtly accuſed; what would you have expected they would have done? what common humanity, and common honeſty, would immediately have ſuggeſted; would have interpoſed, and prevented the blow which was juſt then falling upon the head of the innocent. Did they act in ſuch a manner? No, they acted in a manner which common humanity would make every one preſume they were incapable of acting, had not they themſelves ſworn it. In ſhort, one was engaged to dinner, another was butler to ſome great perſon, and every one had ſome trifling excuſe to deſert and forſake the poor wretch from falling into that deſtruction which ſhe did not deſerve, and which they only were capable of preventing. What concluſion can be drawn from ſuch a behaviour? I will not ſay, it neceſſarily follows, that they are in this particular inſtance prevailed on to ſay, what they otherwiſe would not; but thus far I will ſay, that they have been, according to their own account, influenced by trifling and inconſiderable motives to deſert thoſe firſt principles of honeſty and juſtice, which, notwithſtanding all the temptations on earth, they ought obſtinately to have adhered to.

Let us now conſider the other head of evidence I propoſed to obſerve on. Has here been any evidence omitted, that might ſerve to clear up the ſtory? Indiſputably there has. Why was not Mary Squires, the daughter, called? Why was not Mrs. Wells called, in order to ſhew you, that all this was a falſity? With reſpect to Mary Squires, have you heard a hint againſt her character? She could have ſpoke materially to the fact of her mother's being at another place. She was at Brentford, ſhe wrote to her brother, giving an account of her illneſs; ſhe would have told you the time when ſhe wrote this letter, and in what manner they went from Brentford to Endfield; but ſhe has not been called. Why was not Lucy Squires called; ſhe was more concerned in it; ſhe, in ſhort, was the very perſon that could have made this appear either a falſhood, to a demonſtration, or thrown ſuch a damp upon the whole proſecution, that they could never have gone on with it. She attended her mother thro' the whole rout, and could have confirmed every ſingle circumſtance her brother had related, ſuppoſing all true. Why was ſhe not called? I need not mention the reaſon, it is ſo extremely obvious, The gentlemen on the other ſide have art and judgment enough not to call a perſon to do miſchief; they ſaw how George Squires was baffled and confounded; in ſhort, gave no ſort of account whatſoever, when taken the leaſt out of the ſettled rout, What are they afraid of, but that ſhe might contradict her brother? which there ſeems great reaſon to imagine muſt have been the conſequence of producing her. Then why was not Wells produced? There may be one good reaſon aſſigned for that; but the ſame reaſon they aſſign for not producing of her, muſt weigh greatly with every body as a corroboration of the innocence of the priſoner, and the truth of her account.

It may be ſaid, that ſhe was a woman convicted; but, ſhe is now pardoned, and ſhe is a witneſs in point of law; but then they will ſay, ſhe is a woman of bad character, and no credit can be given to her evidence; when they ſay that, they admit her a woman capable of doing the act complained of, or receiving perſons who could do it; they were apprehenſive this would cut both ways; for had ſhe been called, and the priſonercould have contradicted her in any circumſtance of the ſtory, I am ſure you would not only have been induced to have diſbelieved what ſhe had ſaid, but to have believed her guilty; and if you did believe that, it would be very hard to direct the line between the innocence or guilt of her and the gipſey; and you would have been able to have diſtinguiſhed why one attempts a defence, the other not; becauſe one is always fixed to a ſpot, and could never have ſet up this defence, the other is a vagabond; and it ever will be difficult to fix her habitation or reſidence, for one day together.

Gentlemen, theſe are all the obſervations that occur to me on the proſecutor's own evidence, except one particular circumſtance with reſpect to the hay, ſaid to be in the chamber. You have heard it ſaid there was a great quantity of hay; and they would have you believe this hay was all a feigned ſtory, founded on the repreſentation of thoſe who went down before, in order to prevent the priſoner's giving a falſe account. But what does Adamſon ſay when he came back? Says he, ſhe ſays there is hay in the room, and the deſcription

is

is right. Will you, upon your oaths, ſay, Adamſon had told her there was hay in the room, and that ſhe had never mentioned hay to any one before? No. The meaning of that part of the evidence is plain, the girl has told other people there was hay in the room, tho' ſhe had not told it to Adamſon before; and we ſhall prove ſhe declared ſo, in the very firſt deſcription ſhe gave of the room; but Mr. Adamſon himſelf will be called in behalf of the priſoner, and he will ſwear he never dictated to her, or gave her the leaſt intimation to ſay there was, or was not hay in the room; and as there was hay in the room, beyond all doubt, I ſhall only aſk this queſtion, How came this deſcription of the room (which is a very extraordinary one) to anſwer, if the priſoner never had been there, and all her ſtory was an utter falſity? But, Gentlemen, there is one argument ariſing from the priſoner's evidence, that, to me, ſeems totally unanſwerable; I myſelf have heard it mentioned; and it hath been artfully, though now it appears falſely, inſinuated to thouſands, in order to prejudice them againſt the priſoner, and to leave no doubt but ſhe muſt be convicted, that the proſecutor would actually ſhew where ſhe was at that time. I know the gentleman who relatedit. And I call on the proſecutor now to account but for any four hours out of the twenty eight days, and I ſhall be convinced all is a falſity; and that ſhe is not only greatly deceived, but wilfully perjured. Has it been attempted to be proved? I beg leave to ſay it has not. What weight then ought this circumſtance to have with you? It ought to have more or leſs, according to the time or opportunity that there hath been to prove where ſhe was; had the fact happened but a week ago, I muſt confeſs it might, with truth, be ſaid, there was neither time nor opportunity to make the enquiry? But let us conſider the circumſtances of this caſe; the fact committed a year and an half ago, talked of before it came to trial, from the time of trial to this time; I will venture to ſay there never was a fact that hath undergone greater or more particular enquiry. There have been accounts publiſhed, which have gone all over the kingdom; and, I believe, I may, with truth, ſay, all over Europe. I do not believe there is an individual in this great city that has not heard of this affair, nor hath a company met for one ſingle evening, where this was not a ſubject matter of converſation. Then was there time or opportunity to enquire into it? There certainly was; and unleſs they can ſhew what has been ſuggeſted, I mean where ſhe was, it is one of the ſtrongeſt arguments in the world in favour of the priſoner. Thus then it ſtands on the evidence on behalf of the proſecution.

With reſpect to our evidence I ſhall again take notice, that, as to the facts themſelves, one witneſs hath poſitively ſworn to them; I mean the priſoner. You cannot now expect other witneſſes to ſwear to confirm her's, as to them; there never was but one, and that the priſoner is now deprived of; therefore all we can do, will be to ſupport her by circumſtances and probability; and in the firſt place we ſhall ſhew you the utmoſt probability for her going there, for two reaſons: becauſe ſhe is traced in the road from thence (and not a tittle of evidence to ſay ſhe was further) towards London, and not by one perſon only, or by perſons who ſeemed to take no notice of her; but we have in our briefs no leſs than three, who ſaw her go by dreſſed in that very particular manner in which ſhe came home, tracing her from that very place towards London; one of the men, at one of the turnpikes, where ſhe enquired her way, went farther than merely deſcribing her dreſs; he had an opportunity, by aſking her queſtions, of ſeeing her face; and he will tell you, by the obſervations he made then, and by ſeeing her ſoon after, he verily believes her to be the ſame perſon.

When ſhe came home, ſhe gave the account you have heard; but the manner in which ſhe gave it, is very well worth your conſideration; it was not given in a wanton manner, not with that eagerneſs, or in that hurry an impoſtor would have told it, in order to run through the chain of her ſtory, and tell it as ſoon as ſhe could, fearing ſhe ſhould forget it. How does ſhe tell it? more as if ſhe was deſirous of concealing it, than of artfully publiſhing. You find her at her firſt arrival ſo weak, that ſhe could not run into a long detail; and when ſhe grew more able to relate it, it came out only by anſwers toqueſtions asked from time to time; in which ſhe anſwered no farther than the queſtion abſolutely required, or obliged her. Is that like a formed ſcheme or ſtory? It ſeems to me totally otherwiſe. But what will you ſay? when this ſame Mary Squires, who, as Mr. Davy hath urged, cannot be miſtaken for another, who has that remarkable ſtamp upon her countenance, as he hath expreſſed it, is proved by twenty-five or thirty witneſſes (many of whom are perſons of figure and fortune) to be at Endfield-Waſh, on the 16th or 17th of December. Was ſhe only ſeen to go by as a traveller? No, that is not the caſe; many converſed with her; ſhe talked of loſing a little horſe, and was lamenting her loſs; ſhe enquired after this horſe of ſeveral; of ſome who were ſtrangers to her, and of others that had known her for a long time; with reſpect to the firſt, they asked her, How they ſhould know her horſe? ſhe not only deſcribed him, but told them that he had a lock on with her name; they then asked, What her name was? She told them, Mary Squires. We ſhall produce ſome farmers in whoſe barns, ſhe hath lain for three or four days together, to identify her perſon; and no one can ſuppoſe but that theſe witneſſes are as little liable to miſtakes, as any produced on behalf of the proſecution; and this obſervation you will carry with you during the whole courſe of our examination, that we ſhall not produce one witneſs, who doth not live within ten miles of London, nor one that the proſecutor hath not long known of; they will be regarded or not, in proportion as their characters do, or do not ſtand impeached; and when I have ſaid this, I defy the proſecutor to

im-

impeach the character of any one witneſs. With reſpect to the witneſſes, on behalf of the proſecution, it is abſolutely impoſſible to know their characters, or, at leaſt, to prove them; becauſe one is picked up at one place, and another at another; and the priſoner could never know, before ſhe heard their teſtimony, who was to be examined againſt her. Suppoſing you believe, from the girl's account, from the witneſſes we ſhall produce, that Mary Squires was at Endfield, there is an end of all attempts of the defence that was ſet up; and I dare ſay you will believe it, when we prove to you (which we ſhall certainly do) from gentlemen that went down with the priſoner to Endfield-Waſh, who had no reaſon to think Mother Wells's was the place, any otherwiſe than they were led to imagine it the place, from the account ſhe had given of it; and, however, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Adamſon may differ in point of opinion, yet they muſt and will tell you, that the place anſwered, as far as it could be expected, to the deſcription that was given by the priſoner. We are not to catch at nice and minute circumſtances, with reſpect to the deſcription of the room; if you was to make that a rule of judging of the truth of the ſtory, conſider how the people that were in the houſe vary in their deſcriptions? There were alſo ſome pantiles, Judith Natus ſays, in the room; Did any body elſe mention them but herſelf? One man ſays, there was a tub in the room. Did any body elſe mention it but him? You obſerve it is impoſſible to be conceived, that this poor girl, who perhaps was, and, indeed, there is the greateſt reaſon in the world to be certain, was in a fright, ſhould be ſo very minute and exact with reſpect to every particular in the room; but then it is ſaid, ſuppoſing the priſoner not contradicted in her account, in this reſpect, yet it is plain her mother and ſhe contradict each other; for the mother was obſerved to cry out when her daughter returned, that ſhe was naked. Mrs. Meal has given you an account of it, and great ſtreſs hath been laid on this obſervation; but if we conſider this expreſſion cooly; is there any weight in the world to be laid upon the words of a parent, who, at that time, was inflamed with indignation that her child had been uſed ill? is it ſtrange or remarkable, that this mother might aggravate things? Beſides the word naked was in this particular a comparative, not a poſitive term, and ſhe might certainly be called naked, according to the priſoner's own account, comparatively ſpeaking, to what ſhe was when her mother ſaw her laſt.

But ſuppoſing this a feigned ſtory; how happened it, that any one deſcription, or circumſtance, mentioned by the priſoner, ſhould happen to coincide. And there are ſome circumſtances, all muſt agree amazingly correſpond. How came the chimney in the corner of the room? How came this pitcher to be in the houſe? It makes no difference whether it was in the room or not. How came it to be there at all, and ſo exactly to anſwer what ſhe deſcribed the firſt moment ſhe came home? We ſhall ſhew you, by perſons that went down, other circumſtances, altogether as ſurpriſing, that confirmed her account. The gentlemen, as if aware of one, aſked, Could any perſon get out of the window? You obſerve, White told you, becauſe he was forced ſo to do, well knowing, that Adamſon would ſay, ſo, that he perceived ſome lime, or lath and plaiſter, broke from the wall, as if ſomebody had got out; ſhould that be the caſe, it is the ſtrongeſt circumſtance in the world. One more I muſt mention; an account was given from the firſt inſtant, her ear was bloody. A man, who lived over the way, came and found either a piece of iron, or a bit of lead, under that window, all bloody, and the handkerchief, produced here, is ſtained with blood; and, if that circumſtance ſhould be proved, it is a very ſtrong one, and ſuch as requires the utmoſt conſideration. There is but one obſervation or two I ſhall mention, and that is, with reſpect to what has been called the hinge, or ſort of criterion, or touch-ſtone, upon which you are to try this narration, and that is the letter. Mr. Morton has made ſome ſtrong obſervations of it, and extremely ſtrange it is, that this letter ſhould not appear dated in ſuch a manner as to determine the truth when it was wrote, or ſent by the poſt. Was this date (for you will ſee the letter) put in any place where, either, by the opening the letter, by the wax coming near it, it might be poſſibly injured, there would be an end of any obſervations that could be made on the occaſion; becauſe you muſt know, who receive letters upon buſineſs, that it is impoſſible to unfold a letter, ſometimes, without tearing a very material part of it. But how is this? The date is in the very corner of the letter, that corner, which was ſheltered by the folding of it, and muſt have been the laſt that could have received any injury; it was not near the wax or ſeal, or liable to any injury on that account; and although the outſide was all duſty, this part, being folded in, was as clean as poſſible; how, therefore, this part of the letter, in particular, came to be torn off, is a matter beyond my comprehenſion, and, I am certain, you will give this obſervation the weight it deſerves.

Then thus it ſtands upon the evidence on both ſides; and, gentlemen, I ſhall now only mention to you again, that, upon trials for perjury, we are not to convict a perſon merely upon conjecture, improbability, or argument. I told you before, and under the direction of the court, I ſhall repeat, that every perſon's oath, though perjury is aſſigned in it, is to be conſidered as one witneſs; if a man forſwears himſelf in an anſwer in chancery, one witneſs only contradicting it, is of no ſignification, as both are to have equal credit; ſhe then is the only perſon that ſpeaks to the fact of this tranſaction, and that is not controverted but by circum-

ſtances and arguments, and, if any witneſs could have been produced, or any evidence given, that could have cleared up and explained this intricate affair (for ſo I will call it, even upon their evidence given) and the proſecutor hath omitted ſo to do, which to me ſeems plain to a demonſtration, you will then preſume in favour of innocence, as far as it is poſſible, and eſpecially againſt thoſe perſons, by whom the whole might have been explained; and if you have the leaſt doubt remaining, whether the perſon is innocent or not, charity and chriſtianity will induce you to take the favourable ſide, the conſequence of which will be, that the defendant will be acquitted.

Mr. WILLIAMS.

We ſhall lay our evidence before you, and begin firſt with Mr. Lyon, the maſter of this girl.

E. Lyon.

Edward Lion *ſworn.*

E. Lion. Elizabeth Canning had been my ſervant about ten weeks; on the 1ſt of January 1753, my wife gave her liberty to go to ſee her uncle, who lived at Saltpetre-bank.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you known her any time before?

E. Lion. I have known her ſixteen years before ſhe was my ſervant.

Mr. *Williams.* Pray, how has ſhe behaved herſelf?

E. Lion. Very well: I believe her to be a very honeſt perſon. She not coming home that night, we inquired about, and ſent to her mother ſeveral times, but heard nothing of her.

Mr. *Williams.* Who did you ſend?

E. Lion. I do not recollect any particular perſon.

Mr. *Williams.* Had ſhe ever been guilty of ſuch neglect before in not coming home?

E. Lion. No, not at all. The firſt time I ſaw her afterwards was on the 31ſt day of the ſaid month before Mr. Alderman Chitty, ſhe was there in order to take up a perſon that ſhe ſaid had uſed her ill at Enfield-Waſh. I being a little thick of hearing, cannot give much account of what paſſed before the Alderman; but there was a warrant granted, and ſeveral of our neighbours went down to Enfield-Waſh the next morning on horſeback; I went in a coach, with Mr. Naſh, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, the priſoner and her mother went in a chaiſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe give you any deſcription of the room ſhe had been confined in?

E. Lion. Not to me, for I was not with her.

Mr. *Williams.* Give an account of what paſſed between you and a perſon that met you on the road.

E. Lion. Mr. Wintlebury came riding on horſeback, and ſaid, they had taken a number of people in Mrs. Wells's houſe. When we came there, I ſaw about ten perſons, one man and the reſt women, ſitting round the fire, in what they call the parlour; after I had been there ſome time, Elizabeth Canning came, and was brought in and ſet upon the dreſſer; I went to her, and ſaid, Bet, will you take any thing to refreſh you, ſhe ſaid, no; I ſaid, do not be daunted, for you have friends about you, and, on the other hand, be careful, and challenge nobody in this houſe without you are poſitive of them. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will not; then, ſaid I, you ſhall ſee them: Accordingly ſhe was taken from the dreſſer, and led by two into the room; ſhe ſaw Mrs. Wells firſt, and ſaid, ſhe had nothing to ſay to her, and upon ſeeing Mrs. Squires, ſhe ſaid, that is the woman that cut my ſtays off.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee Squires then?

E. Lion. I did, very plain.

Mr. *Williams.* Was ſhe ſitting or ſtanding?

E. Lion. She was ſitting firſt, but ſhe got up out of her chair.

Mr. *Williams.* When Elizabeth Canning fixed upon her, was ſhe ſitting or ſtanding?

E. Lion. Squires was juſt got out as ſhe charged her, and came towards her.

Mr. *Williams.* Attend to the queſtion: Was ſhe ſitting or ſtanding up?

E. Lion. The room was full of people, I cannot juſtly ſay whether, it was the time ſhe was getting out, or got out: Several people got nearer than I did.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you any reaſon to think Elizabeth Canning ſaw her face before ſhe fixed upon her perſon?

E. Lion. I believe ſhe ſaw her face.

Mr. *Williams.* Why do you think ſo?

E. Lion. I think ſhe would hardly charge her without the ſight of her face; I have no other reaſon.

Mr. *Williams.* When Mary Squires was charged with being the perſon, what was done?

E. Lion. She came up to her, and ſaid, I hope you will not ſwear my life away, for I never ſaw you, Then Betty Canning was carried into the kitchen,

Mr. *Williams.* Did you hear Mary Squires ſay where ſhe was at the time?

E. Lion. I did not hear any thing of that.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you hear Elizabeth Canning, or any body elſe, ſay what day the robbery was committed?

E. Lion. No, I did not hear any body ſay any thing of it.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee George Squires there?

E. Lion. Yes, I did; he was in the room before Canning came in; he pulled off his hat to me as ſoon as I came into the room; I ſaid to him, how came you in this houſe? He ſaid, I am a traveller, and came here to lodge; I ſaid, could you not find a houſe of better character, that, however, you muſt give a farther account of yourſelf; then he ſat down.

Mr. *Williams.* When Canning came in, was ſhe aſked whether ſhe had any thing to accuſe George with?

E. Lion. She ſaw Lucy before ſhe did him; ſhe ſaid, that young woman was in the room when my ſtays were cut off; then ſhe ſaw Virtue Hall, and ſaid the ſame on her. But they did nothing to her, after that George Squires was brought forward to her, ſaid ſhe, that man looks very much like the man that robbed me in Moorfields, but I will not ſwear to him. He had pulled his great-coat off in the houſe, I think before ſhe came; he had it on before Juſtice Tyſhmaker, then, ſhe ſaid, ſhe verily believed he was the man, and that was the coat he had on, which he put her gown under when ſhe was robbed in Moorfields, but ſhe would not ſwear to him.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you at any time receive a letter from Gawen Naſh?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he at coming home expreſs any kind of doubt about this affair?

E. Lion. No. We all came home together in the coach; he ſeemed very well ſatisfied; I could ſee but very little otherwiſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he ſay any thing at all whether he was ſatisfied or not?

E. Lion. I cannot ſay but he did ſay ſomething, but I cannot recollect what; I can recollect Mr. Hague ſaid, he did not ſee any grate in the chimney, nor pictures in the front

of it. I ſaid I never heard that mentioned, but theſe things are moveables, and may be moved; we had a little talk, after that we had a beef-ſteak at the Three Crowns at Newington, and were good friends.

Mr. *Williams.* Did Mr. Hague ſay any thing elſe?

E. Lion. No, he ſaid nothing elſe; there were no matter of doubt between that time and the tryal of Mary Squires. Mr. Naſh was once at my houſe afterwards, and as he was going out of the door he made uſe of a very odd expreſſion; he ſaid, Mr. Lion, I hope God Almighty will deſtroy that model that he made that face by, and never make another by it; a very odd expreſſion, I remember it very well, meaning the gipſey.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you at the Four Kings laſt Wedneſday?

E. Lion. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* I would be glad to know where you live.

E. Lion. I live at Aldermanbury.

Mr. *Davy.* What is your Buſineſs?

E. Lion. I am a carpenter.

Mr. *Davy.* How long had Elizabeth Canning lived with you?

E. Lion. She had lived with me about ten weeks.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any knowledge of her before?

E. Lion. I knew her in Mr. Wintlebury's ſervice; I believe near upon two years. I had before that employed her father.

Mr. *Davy.* When was the laſt time you ſaw her before the 29th of January?

E. Lion. I ſaw her in the morning before ſhe went out on the 1ſt of January.

Mr. *Davy.* Can you tell whether the door from the kitchen to the hay-loft was open or ſhut when Elizabeth Canning ſet upon the dreſſer?

E. Lion. I cannot ſay that, for the room was full of people.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the motive of your going down (beſides the taking the people up) to make as many obſervations as you could?

E. Lion. No doubt of that, Sir.

Mr. *Davy.* Then why did you not obſerve towards what part of the kitchen her face was directed, when ſhe ſat upon the dreſſer?

E. Lion. I muſt have ſhoved people down, if I had, for the room was full of people.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you with her in the parlour?

E. Lion. I was juſt at, or hardly in the parlour door.

Mr. *Davy.* How many people were there between you and Mary Squires?

E. Lion. It is impoſſible I ſhould tell there might be five or ſix between me and the people in a circle round the fire, the parlour was almoſt full of people.

Mr. *Davy.* When they were all in the room, and Canning alſo there, and you at a diſtance, whether you could ſee Mary Squires ſitting by the fire?

E Lion. No otherwiſe than this, in a clift between the people's ſhoulders.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee her ſitting?

E. Lion. I did, this was all in a very little time before Canning charged her with robbing her.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is the chimney from the door?

E. Lion. It may be ten or eleven feet.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee her after Canning was in the room?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ſeen her before?

E. Lion. I had; ſhe was ſitting ſmoaking a ſhort pipe by the fire before Canning came down.

Mr. *Davy.* Was her face or back towards you?

E. Lion. She was ſideways partly to me.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee her ſitting on a chair after Canning was in the room?

E. Lion. No, I did not, till after ſhe got up, but ſaw her ſitting by the fire, between the people, juſt at Canning's coming into the room.

Mr. *Davy.* How long was Canning in the room before ſhe charged her?

E. Lion. She charged her in a very little time.

Mr. *Davy.* What did the gipſey do upon that?

E. Lion. She took her hat off, and opened the clout which was upon her head, her face was almoſt hid with them before.

Mr. *Davy.* Could you ſee the ſide of her head, when you was at the door?

E. Lion. Not then, but before and after I did.

Mr. *Davy.* How far was Elizabeth Canning from you?

E. Lion. She was within about three or four feet of me.

Mr. *Davy.* Was ſhe in a direct line between you and Squires?

E. Lion. No; ſhe was partly in the center in the half moon, and Squires was upon an angle.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Canning at your right or left-hand?

E. Lion. She was more to my left-hand.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you any other reaſon for believing Canning ſaw the face of Mary Squires, than from your good opinion of her?

E. Lion. No otherwiſe.

Mr. *Davy.* What was the firſt thing Squires did or ſaid, after ſhe roſe from her ſeat, to convince Canning, that ſhe was not the perſon who robbed her?

E. Lion. No otherwiſe than by telling her, as I have told you.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe deſire Canning to take notice of her face?

E. Lion. I did not hear; I am thick of hearing at ſome times, and I was then; I am more in winter than at other times.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear Canning ſay at what time ſhe had been robbed?

E. Lion. No, I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Mary Squires continue ſpeaking after the words you before mention'd?

E. Lion. Very little; the girl was moved away preſently afterwards, ſo that they were in that poſition but a very little time.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Mr. Hague, Mr. Naſh, and

and Mr. Aldridge and you, return home together after this?

E. Lion. We did.

Mr. *Davy.* What was your diſcourſe coming home?

E. Lion. We had very little talk in the coach about it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you return good friends?

E. Lion. We did, and were very jocular, as we were when we went down.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear or underſtand any doubt they had touching this affair?

E. Lion. No, I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Was either of them diſſatisfied at the account ſhe had given, and at her behaviour when in the houſe?

E. Lion. No, none at all; we were as agreeable as we were when we went down.

Mr. *Davy.* Recollect yourſelf, and ſeriouſly anſwer, whether you had any converſation with theſe gentlemen about Canning's mother dreaming a dream?

E. Lion. I never did, nor never mentioned any ſuch thing.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever ſay any thing about her mother's going to the conjurer?

E. Lion. Going to a conjurer has been mentioned, but not by me.

Mr. *Davy.* Did the mother tell you five days before her daughter's coming home, that a conjurer had told her ſhe was in the hands of an old woman, and would come home the next week.

E. Lion. She had told other people, as I heard, but not me; I never heard it from her mouth; I never converſed with her about it.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you hear it?

E. Lion. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* When did ſhe return?

E. Lion. On the 29th of January.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you ever talked with her ſince her return home of any thing that paſſed during the time of her abſence?

E. Lion. I can ſay nothing in particular.

Mr. *Davy.* If you have had any converſation with her about it, it muſt be particular.

E. Lion. I know nothing, but how do you do Betty, but as to relating how ſhe was uſed, or any thing like it, I can't tell any thing in particular.

Mr. *Davy.* Then what do you remember upon the whole?

E. Lion. I have often ſeen her and talked with her ſince, but cannot rememember any particular part, or words, that have been related.

Mr. *Davy.* Whether you expreſſed to her any ſurprize concerning the account ſhe gave to you of her ill uſage?

E. Lion. She has never gave me an account in a particular manner; it was always to other perſons.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any talk with her ſince her return, relating to a cunning man?

E. Lion. No, none at all, nor don't know ſhe has heard it; one thing, I think, I recollect at Mr. Marſhall's houſe I was with her, and aſked her thus, Bet, if you know any thing of this affair, that you believe you are miſtaken in, or ſuch like, I deſire you will let me know it; don't deceive us upon any account. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have ſaid nothing but what is really true.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you had any diſpute or falling-out with Mr. Hague, Mr. Aldridge, or Mr. Naſh, on account of this affair?

E. Lion. No, not on any account. Some few words, that I related, were concerning the grate and pictures over the chimney; Mr. Hague was ſaying there would be ſome marks left where they had hung.

Mr. *Davy.* Were you formerly very intimate with them?

E. Lion. I was with Mr. Naſh and Mr. Aldridge, but not with Mr. Hague. I have done buſineſs as a carpenter for about ſixteen years for the Goldſmiths company.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you acquainted with them now?

E. Lion. We have no converſation now.

Mr. *Davy.* What is the reaſon of the diſcontinuance of your acquaintance with Mr. Naſh?

E. Lion. My reaſon is this, that he did not appear. That he ſhould ſeem to have ſomething to ſay, and not ſay it. I thought it was an odd thing not to appear, and then to appear afterwards.

Mr. *Davy.* Did that break your acquaintance?

E. Lion. It has ſo.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear him ſay before the trial of Squires and Wells, that he did not believe a word of the defendant's ſtory?

E. Lions. No; not at all, upon no account.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear Mr. Aldridge ſay ſo?

E. Lion. No: Mr. Aldridge I have ſeen caſually paſs and repaſs. Your humble ſervant, and ſo on; but I was not in his company. When I ſaw Mr. Naſh on the morning the trial of the gipſey was. Your ſeevant, and ſo on; but no converſation. I never was with Mr. Aldridge ſince the time of coming from Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you uſed to be frequently with him before?

E. Lion. No; but caſually.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you been as intimately acquainted with Mr. Naſh ſince, as before?

E. Lion. I have been at his houſe. I did not keep from his houſe on that account. There was no difference as I know of. I never ſhun'd his houſe on that account.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you belong to a club at his houſe?

E. Lion. We had a club of all the workmen belonging to the Goldſmiths company at his houſe; that is, plumbers, bricklayers, and others.

Mr. *Davy.* How often did you uſually meet?

E. Lion. Sometimes once a fortnight, ſometimes three weeks.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you go pretty conſtantly?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you frequented that club, and drank there, as you uſed to do before?

E. Lion. I declared off upon that very account, becauſe he did not appear on Squires's trial; and after that, Mr. Naſh making uſe of

my

my name in ſundry places, I reſented it.

Mr. *Davy.* Then I deſire to know of you, whether from the time of your return from Enfield-Waſh with Mr. Naſh, and Mr. Aldridge, to the trial of the gipſey, your intimacy was the ſame with them as it had been before?

E. Lion. I had not ſeen Mr. Aldridge. I had no diſlike againſt him till afterwards, that things went in ſuch a line that were diſagreeable. Mr. Naſh had been at my houſe, as I obſerved before. I did not keep from Mr. Naſh on that account, till after the trial of the gipſey.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure of that?

E. Lion. I aver it. I know nothing to the contrary. I had no diſlike to him, till after that trial.

Mr. *Davy.* During that period of time between your return from Enfield-Waſh, and the trial of Mary Squires, did you ever hear Naſh ſay any thing of his diſbelief of Canning's ſtory, or that he thought it improbable?

E. Lion. Indeed, I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Whether Mr. Naſh, Mr. Aldridge, and Mr. Hague, when they went with you to Enfield, had not the ſame evidence of the truth of the ſtory, and all its circumſtances, as you had?

E. Lion. I know the coach ſtopped two or three times, as for Mr. Aldridge he was very little there; Mr. Naſh was in the houſe, and ſaw as much as I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Why had not you ſubpœnaed thoſe three perſons to give evidence on the trial of Squires?

E. Lion. I was not concerned in the thing, there were other perſons concerned.

Mr. *Davy.* Who were fixed upon as proſecutors?

E. Lion. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you examined before the grand jury?

E. Lion. No, I was not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not you, on the 15th of February, ſet your name to a paper to incourage contributions to carry on the proſecution?

E. Lion. There was my name in print to an advertiſement, when there were ſeveral gentlemen together.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they make uſe of your name without your conſent?

E. Lion. No, they did not: They mentioned this, they thought, as I was the maſter, it would be more agreeable to put it in; I ſaid, gentlemen, if that is the caſe, put it in.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not that contain a reward for the apprehending two men concerned in carrying her down to Enfield-Waſh; and did you advance any money towards paying that?

E. Lion. I was half a guinea; the reſt were the ſame. As to paying in particular, that was not mentioned.

Mr. *Davy.* The advertiſement concludes with theſe words. *Whoever will take or apprehend one, or either of them,* &c.

Francis Roberts, } *Aldermanbury.*
Edward Lion, } *Aldermanbury, the Girl's Maſter.*

Mr. *Davy.* Did you conſent to the publication of this paper?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Whether there was not a ſubſcription going on, in order to incourage her for her virtue? Was you one of thoſe?

E. Lion. I did not go about to get her any money; there were perſons that did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you contribute to the expence of the proſecution of the gipſey and Wells at the Old Bailey?

E. Lion. I did not ſee; I had no manner of the delivery of the money; the ſubſcription was not made then. I ſubſcribed nothing to that; what I did was ſince that.

Mr. *Davy.* How much did you contribute towards the carrying on the proſecution of Squires?

E. Lion. No more than that half guinea then.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you give evidence on that trial of what paſt at Wells's houſe?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think Mr. Naſh, Mr. Aldridge, and Mr. Hague, could hear what paſſed as well as you?

E. Lion. They could hear better than I.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee them in the room where ſhe ſays ſhe was confined?

E. Lion. I can't tell whether they were in the room; I ſaw them in the houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Why were the three not called to give evidence againſt Squires and Wells, as well as yourſelf?

E. Lion. I as much believed, that Mr. Naſh, when I ſaw him in court, came upon that affair, as ever I believed any thing in my life.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you at that time believe he would give evidence for or againſt the gipſey?

E. Lion. I believe he would againſt the gipſey, as I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there no club day betwixt your going down to Enfield-Waſh and the trial?

E. Lion. I can't tell whether there was or not, if there was, I might not be at it; I remember going home after the trial was over; Mr. Aldridge ſent his ſervant after me, who ſaid his maſter gave his ſervice to me, and deſires to know how the affair went, I ſaid they are both caſt. I went directly to Mr. Naſh's, and drank a glaſs of cyder, but don't know that I ſaw him.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you then angry with Mr. Naſh?

E. Lion. No.

Mr. *Davy.* When you was at Juſtice Tyſhmaker's, was George Squires there, and how was he dreſſed?

E. Lion. He was, he then had his great coat on.

Mr. *Davy.* Was it put on in order for the defendant to ſee whether that was the man or not?

E. Lion. I don't know that.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not you ſay upon the trial of Squires and Wells, that ſhe ſaid he looked more like the man after he had that coat on?

E. Lion. She did ſay to that purpoſe.

Mr. *Davy.* How came the Juſtice not to commit him?

E. Lion.

E. Lion. Why we mention'd that it was a pity they were not all committed.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear George deſire he might be committed?

E. Lion. No, I never did. So different from that, that when the mittimus was writing, he look'd over a woman (and ſeem'd to quiver a little) to ſee whether there was a mittimus making for him, as I took it, but I did not hear him expreſs a word about it.

Mr. *Davy.* It ſeems you believed the girl's ſtory from the firſt hearing?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you take any method, from that time to this, to ſatisfy yourſelf about it?

E. Lion. I got farther evidence of the ſtory as far as I could, in queſtioning the girl at Mr. Marſhal's, as I mentioned before; I had no doubt at all.

Mr. *Davy.* You bid her be careful, do you believe ſhe was careful?

E. Lion. I believe ſhe was.

Mr. *Davy.* Then why did you deſire her to recollect herſelf, to ſee if ſhe was miſtaken?

E. Lion. Becauſe there was ſuch a great clamour about it, and I was willing to aſk her again.

Mr. *Williams.* Whether you did not give the gentleman a true anſwer before, when you told him you had been inſtrumental in bringing them to be diſcovered in the advertiſement of twenty pounds?

E. Lion. Yes, I had been, and would have turn'd out ſomething.

Mr. *Williams.* My Lord, we are now to read the letter that Mr. Naſh owns to be his hand writing.

Mr. *Williams.* Is this the letter that you receiv'd?

E. Lion. This is it; *(he takes it in his hand)* it appears to have been wrote on the 10th of February.

Mr. *Williams.* Did not you think he was a wellwiſher to the diſcovery of this affair?

E. Lion. Indeed I did, and all the time afterwards, to the time of the trial.

Mr. *Williams.* How old is the girl now?

E. Lion. I believe about 19 years of age.

The letter read.

Mr. Lion, Feb. 10, 53.

I am inform'd by Mr. Aldridge, who has been at Endfield, that if a perſon be appointed there to receive contribution, ſome money would be rais'd in that place for the unhappy poor girl. I wiſh you ſucceſs, and am yours,

Gawen Naſh.

Directed on the back, *To Mr. Lion, Aldermanbury.*

Thomas Colley ſworn.

T. Colley. I am uncle to the priſoner, and live at Saltpetre-Bank, I am a glaſs-blower; on the 1ſt of January was twelve months, ſhe came to my houſe and ſtaid from 12 o'clock to about 9 in the evening. She lived ſervant then with Mr. Lion. After we had ſupp'd, I and my wife went along with her homewards, to the end of Houndſditch; we parted with her there.

Mr. *Moreton.* How was ſhe dreſſed?

T. Colley. She had a ſort of a ſtrip'd gown on, I can't tell the name of it.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was ſhe well and hearty at that time?

T. Colley. She was.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where did ſhe ſay ſhe was going?

T. Colley. She told me ſhe was going to her maſter's, and was in her way there when we left her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you any reaſon in the world to doubt but ſhe was going there?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Mr. *Moreton.* How near, and what a-kin is ſhe to you?

T. Colley. My wife is her father's ſiſter.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you upon your oath, any reaſon to believe that ſhe was a breeding?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Croſs examin'd.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did ſhe come?

T. Colley. About 12 o'clock at noon.

Mr. *Willes.* Did any body come with her that day?

T. Colley. No, no-body.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe in perfect health.

T. Colley. I never ſaw her better as I know of.

Mr. *Willes.* What had you to dinner?

T. Colley. Some of a cold ſhoulder of mutton and potatoes, which was dreſs'd the Sunday before.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe eat a hearty dinner?

T. Colley. She eat as hearty as ſhe could; ſhe ſeem'd to eat as hearty as I did.

Mr. *Willes.* This being New-year's-day, what did you give her to drink?

T. Colley. She drank ſome ten ſhilling beer, which I had in the houſe. I was at work in the afternoon.

Mr. *Willes.* Does your wife drink tea in the afternoon?

T. Colley. She generally does, whether ſhe has company or not.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ſeen your niece drink tea?

T. Colley. I have.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you think your wife and ſhe had tea that afternoon?

T. Colley. I do really believe they had.

Mr. *Willes.* Does your wife generally have bread and butter or toaſt with her tea, or not?

T. Colley. She generally chooſes toaſt and butter.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did you return home from work?

T. Colley. At about ſeven in the evening.

Mr. *Willes.* What had you for ſupper?

T. Colley. We had ſome of a ſurloin of beef roaſted.

Mr. *Willes.* Did your niece eat of that?

T. Colley. She eat a ſmall quantity of that, but could not eat much.

Mr. *Willes.* What did ſhe drink after that?

T. Colley. She drank a ſmall quantity of ten ſhilling beer.

Mr. *Willes.* How far did you go with her?

T. Colley. I went with her to the end of Houndſditch, almoſt to the Blue-ball.

Mr. *Willes.* Who went with you?

T. Colley. None but my ſpouſe and her.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſtop at all by the way?

T. Colley. We did not.

Mr. *Willes.* What ſort of a hat had your couſin on at this time?

T. Colley. She had a ſort of a chip, a white hat.

Mr. *Willis.* Had you any other entertainment than what you have mentioned, either at noon or night?

T. Colley. No; we had no other.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you any mince-pyes in your houſe?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know of her buying a penny-pye?

T. Colley. I can't tell where ſhe came by that.

Mr. *Willes.* You are ſure you gave her none at your houſe?

T. Colley. I had none, and gave her none.

Mr. *Willes.* You don't know what money ſhe had about her?

T. Colley. My wife told me, ſhe aſk'd her to go with her into Roſemary-Lane to buy a cloak when I was at work; but I can't tell how much money ſhe had in her pocket at that time.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was the toaſt butter'd on both ſides do you think? here has been a great many queſtions aſked in order to force a ſtool.

T. Colley. I can't tell.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did you hear ſhe was miſſing?

T. Colley. I heard that the ſame evening, her mother's apprentice came to my houſe that ſame night, and call'd and awak'd me and my wife out of our ſleep, as nigh as I can gueſs between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far is Houndſditch from Aldgate?

T. Colley. It may be about ten yards; I told the apprentice I parted with her at the end of Houndſditch.

Mr. *Moreton.* What did the apprentice ſay?

T. Colley. He ſaid, the girl's maſter had been at his miſtreſs's houſe, and wanted to know where ſhe was, and upon that account he came to know.

Alice Colley ſworn.

A. Colley. I am wife to the laſt evidence and aunt to Elizabeth Canning; ſhe came on New-year's-day was twelve-months, about 12 o'clock, to our houſe, having a holiday, and ſtaid till about 9 at night, then my huſband and I went along with her as far as the corner of Houndſditch towards her maſter's houſe, there we parted with her.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe in good health?

A. Colley. She was, in all appearance, as well as I am now, to outward appearance. I ſtood and lean'd acroſs a poſt, and ſaw her go directly on her way down Houndſditch, then we went home to bed, and about 12 at night the apprentice came, and aſk'd, if Betty was here: my huſband ſaid, No, I and my wife went with her as far as Houndſditch, and there parted with her; then the apprentice went away, and came about 6 in the morning, and my ſiſter along with him; ſhe knock'd at the door and cry'd, *Let me in*, which I did, and the apprentice went to the glaſs-houſe to my huſband; ſhe told me, Betty's maſter had been with her once or twice, and they did not know where ſhe was; we were all much ſurpriz'd.

Croſs examin'd.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe look to be very hearty?

A. Colley. She did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What had you for dinner that day?

A. Colley. We had the remains of a cold ſhoulder of mutton and potatoes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe drink tea?

A. Colley. Yes; ſhe did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What had you with your tea?

A. Colley. We had toaſt and butter; ſhe eat but a very little, not very heartily; but I can't ſay I minded her ſo much.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you go to an alehouſe?

A. Colley. No; we did not. I took her once or twice to the glaſs-houſe to ſee my huſband work ſome time in the afternoon.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was that before tea or after?

A. Colley. I can't tell.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was any body elſe with you that afternoon?

A. Colley. No, no-body but ſhe and I.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you go with her to Roſemary-lane?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever ſeparate?

A. Colley. No; only when ſupper was ready I deſir'd her to go and aſk her uncle to come to ſupper. She went, and they came together.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſend her any where elſe after that?

A. Colley. No, I did not, only to him to an alehouſe, the *Black-boy*, not above ſeven or eight doors from me, and he came with her directly in a few minutes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe tell you what money ſhe had to buy her a cloak?

A. Colley. No; nor I did not ſee what money ſhe had.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you hear your huſband examin'd?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time did you part from her?

A. Colley. We parted with her at Houndſditch about half an hour after nine.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you paſs by a paſtry-cook's in going?

A. Colley. We did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you buy a pye to treat your niece?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is the Blue-ball in Houndſditch in the way to her maſter's houſe?

A. Colley. It is.

Recorder. When did you ſee her firſt again?

A. Colley. On king Charles's martyrdom, and never till then.

Recorder. Did ſhe complain ſhe had been confin'd?

A. Colley. She did, and was in bed, and very ill, and there were a gentlewoman talking to her nam'd Polly Lion; we did not care to aſk

aſk her many queſtions, ſhe being very ill and in a low condition; ſhe could hardly ſpeak ſhe was ſo very faint.

Recorder. Can you tell what it was occaſion'd by?

A. Colley. By being us'd very ill, and half ſtarv'd.

Elizabeth Canning ſworn.

E. Canning. I am mother to the girl, ſhe was nineteen the 17th of laſt September: in December, 1752, ſhe lived with Mr. Lion in Aldermanbury.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you know of her going to her uncle's Mr. Colley's?

E. Canning. I did; ſhe call'd at my houſe, it was on a Monday, New-year's-day, and told me, ſhe was going to her uncle.

Mr. *Williams.* Was there or was there not any account brought to your houſe that night, that ſhe was not come back?

E. Canning. Mr. Lion her maſter came to my houſe juſt after nine o'clock, and ſaid, he wonder'd ſhe ſtaid ſo long; I was frighten'd out of my wits; I ſent my three children into the fields to ſee after her, and I ſent my apprentice to Mr. Colley's, her uncle; they ſaid, they had parted with her after nine o'clock at Houndſditch. I ſent again in the morning, and I went myſelf before it was light; Mrs. Colley was a-bed then, I ſaid, let me in, let me in; Mrs. Colley got up, and ſaid, O lack, has not ſhe come in yet? I ſaid, no. She ſaid, ſhe left her there. Her huſband was call'd from the glaſs-houſe, and I was ready to run diſtracted.

Mr. *Williams.* From that time, to the 30th or 31ſt of January, did you hear any thing of your daughter, or know where ſhe was?

E. Canning. She came home the day before king Charles's martyrdom, at a quarter after ten o'clock; I had advertiſed her in the papers the firſt time on my own head, and then afterwards one Mrs. Maynard, a turner's wife, came to me, and ſaid, have you advertiſed her any more? I ſaid, I did not think to do it; indeed it was out of my power, it was very hard with me.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you hear any thing in conſequence of this advertiſement?

E. Canning. One gave me a ſhilling, and another gave me a ſhilling, ſo I advertiſed her two or three times, and had no account of her.

Mr. *Williams.* Upon your oath, did you know any thing of her during the time ſhe was gone?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. *Williams.* On this night, what time did your daughter come home?

E. Canning. A quarter after ten.

Mr. *Williams.* Where was you when ſhe came home?

E. Canning. I was partly getting into bed, and my apprentice was going to faſten the door. He call'd and ſaid, here is ſomebody at the door. I ſaid, who is it? He ſaid, Betty. I ſaid, what Betty? He ſaid, our Betty. My little girl ran ſcreaming up to the chimney; I ſaid, feel her, feel her: I thought ſhe was an apparition. She came in in this poſture, (*deſcribing it, which was almoſt double, and walking ſide-ways, holding her hands before her*) when ſhe came up ſo, I took her to be an apparition.

Mr. *Williams.* What was her dreſs?

E. Canning. She had a looſe bed-gown, and a rag about her head, and her ear was bloody and the rag was bloody.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you before ſhe brought that bed-gown home ever ſee it before?

E. Canning. No; never in my life. I never wore ſuch a thing, ſo poor as it is with me.

Mr. *Williams.* Did any of your neighbours come in after your daughter came home?

E. Canning. After my daughter came home, the firſt that came in was Mrs. Woodward, my apprentice James ran and fetch'd her and Polly Lion next door to me, and the third perſon was Mrs. Myers, then Mr. Roberts's maid and Mr. Wintlebury.

Mr. *Williams.* Now when theſe people were come in, was your daughter interrogated by them where ſhe had been?

E. Canning. They aſked her where ſhe had been? Her maſter Wintlebury took her by the hand, and ſaid, where have you been? She ſaid, ſir, I don't know; but only by ſeeing my miſtreſs's coach, the Hertfordſhire coach; ſhe was not able to ſay the place where ſhe had been at.

Mr. *Williams.* Was ſhe able to give an account of the perſons?

E. Canning. No; ſhe ſaid, there was an old woman, and two young ones, and ſhe ſhould know them again if ſhe ſaw them, ſhe thought.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe give an account unto you what ſort of an old woman it was?

E. Canning. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe give an account what befel her after her uncle Colley had left her in Moorfields?

E. Canning. She ſaid, ſhe had been robb'd, and by what ſort of men, but ſhe could not tell who they were; but that it was the ſame two men that robb'd her that dragg'd her away.

Mr. *Williams.* Who aſk'd her?

E. Canning. We all aſked her; ſhe gave an account they pull'd her along, and after they gave her a blow, ſhe could tell no more, and that ſhe was confin'd where there was hay in the room; ſhe ſaid, ſhe liv'd upon bread and water; that from the Friday to the Monday ſhe had none to ſubſiſt; on and ſhe gave an account of the mince-pye ſhe bought for her brother?

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe give a deſcription of a pitcher?

E. Canning. She ſaid there was a broken pitcher of water that very night.

Mr. *Williams.* What was done to her that night? did you put her to bed?

E. Canning. I did, and it was five o'clock in the morning, before I could get any warmth in her feet.

Mr. *Williams.* Look at this pitcher (*which ſhe did*).

Mr. *Williams.* Is this your pitcher?

E. Canning. It never was mine.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you carry that pitcher down with you?

E. Can-

E. Canning. I did not. I pull'd off my own ſtockings and put them upon her, and in the morning you might have wrung the things about her, ſhe was in ſuch a ſweat; Polly Lion brought ſome wine, and Mrs. Woodward and ſhe mull'd it, and when ſhe had ſome pour'd out, ſhe could not ſwallow it, ſhe was in an extreme deplorable condition in regard to her health.

Mr. *Williams.* The next day were any body ſent for by way of ſkill in a phyſical way?

E. Canning. Mr. Backler the apothecary; his man came in that night, he wip'd her ear and put a plaſter to it, he gave her ſome drops, and then went away. His maſter came in the next morning, he order'd ſomething for her, to give her, in bottles; he aſked her as to the ſtate of her health.

Mr. *Williams.* What is his name?

E. Canning. His name is Backler.

Mr. *Williams.* Did the apothecary give her any thing in order to cauſe a ſtool?

E. Canning. She had no ſtool, till ſhe had three gliſters; ſhe continued extremely ill.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you the advice of any other?

E. Canning. We had the advice of Dr. Eaton; I had not conveniency for her, having but one room, and the room where the boy lay in, ſo ſhe was carry'd from my houſe to a houſe over the way.

Mr. *Williams.* How came there to be a ſuſpicion that it was at mother Wells's that ſhe was confin'd.

E. Canning. She nominated the name of mother Wills or Wells that night, ſhe did not know which, that ſhe heard them call it very plain; I believe Mr. Wintlebury, Mr. Skarrat, Mrs. Woodward, and Polly Lion all were there at that time.

Mr. *Williams.* Had any body that was there given her the leaſt hint of Wills or Wells, or any name like it?

E. Canning. No ſoul never ſpoke to her, till her own mouth mention'd it.

Mr. *Williams.* How was it firſt known or believed that this mother Wills or Wells liv'd at Enfield-Waſh?

E. Canning. I don't know, ſir, becauſe ſhe had deſcribed it to be upon the Hertfordſhire road; upon this there was application made to Mr. Alderman Chitty.

Mr. *Williams.* Who fix'd it down to be the houſe of mother Wells at Enfield-Waſh?

E. Canning. I don't know, there were a great many people, and I was ſo concern'd, I did not hear all their talk.

Mr. *Williams.* Was there any propoſal to go down to Enfield-Waſh?

E. Canning. There was; we went down on the Thurſday after ſhe came home; ſhe came home on a Monday night: there was Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Garrott, my girl and me, and a young child in my arms: we went in a chaiſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you recollect any body that met you on the road before you got down?

E. Canning. Yes; Mr. Adamſon.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he give you or your daughter any, or what deſcription of the houſe of mother Wells?

E. Canning. Upon my oath he did not.

Mr. *Williams.* Did he aſk Betty any queſtions?

E. Canning. His horſe would not ſtand ſtill: he ſaid, drive coachman, I wonder you ſtay ſo long; the coachman ſaid, the road was ſo bad, and ſuch a load he had, he could not go faſter; he aſked her what ſort of a place ſhe was in, and if ſhe could remember it? And ſhe ſaid, ſhe could; then he rode on, and we came after; when we came down there, I was only in the parlour and kitchen.

Mr. *Williams.* Upon your oath, did you ever go up in that room which goes up where your daughter was confined?

E. Canning. I went up one or two ſteps and ſaid, oh! oh! this is confinement, and a gentleman ſhov'd me and ſaid, get you down, get you down.

Mr. *Williams.* Recollect, when you came back, did Mr. Adamſon bid her tell what was in the room, if ſhe could?

E. Canning. I don't remember he did.

Croſs examin'd.

Mr. *Davy.* I think you ſay, one Mrs Maynard, a turner's wife, apply'd to you to adverti ſe her?

E. Canning. She did the ſecond time, but the firſt time I did it myſelf.

Mr. *Davy.* (*He ſhews her a paper*) I ſhould be glad to know whoſe hand writing this is?

E. Canning. I don't know whoſe hand writing it is.

Mr. *Davy.* When you advertiſed her, did you carry the paper to the preſs?

E. Canning. No; a young woman did for me; her name is Mary Northan.

Mr. *Davy.* Who wrote the paper that Mary Northan carry'd to the preſs?

E. Canning. I believe Alice Colley, her aunt, wrote the firſt advertiſement, but I am not ſure.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee it before it was carried?

E. Canning. I did, and read it.

Mr. *Davy.* Is this it?

E. Canning. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you acquainted with Mrs. Colley's hand writing?

E. Canning. No, ſir, I am not.

Mr. *Davy.* The firſt was on the 4th of January, and the ſecond was two days afterwards, was it not?

E. Canning. I believe it was.

Mr. *Davy.* Who wrote the ſecond?

E. Canning. Indeed I cannot tell, if you would give me all the world.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you write it?

E. Canning. No, ſir, I did not, Mrs. Maynard, the turner's wife, adviſed me to it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe write for you?

E Canning. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Who carry'd it to the Advertiſer?

E. Canning. Mary Northan carried all the papers.

Mr. *Davy.* Who deliver'd them to her?

E. Canning. I believe I did; I know I did the firſt?

Mr. *Davy*. Did you or did you not deliver the ſecond paper to be carry'd to the preſs?

E. Canning. I did, I think; I am poſitive they were deliver'd in my room, and in my preſence.

Mr. *Davy*. Who were in the room at that time?

E. Canning. Her aunt Colley was at the firſt time.

Mr. *Davy*. Who elſe?

E. Canning. I don't know there were any body but the young girl that carried it, and my children, that time.

Mr. *Davy*. Who were in the room when the ſecond paper was deliver'd?

E. Canning. I believe none but the young woman and my children then.

Mr. *Davy*. Who had you the firſt paper of?

E. Canning. My ſiſter Alice Colley wrote it in my room.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you know her hand writing?

E. Canning. I have ſeen her write twice before; but don't know her hand writing. She wrote ſcowerer inſtead of ſawyer.

Mr. *Davy*. I ſee upon it ſcowerer is ſtruck out, and ſawyer wrote; who had you the ſecond paper of?

E. Canning. I believe it was done at the White-Lion, at the end of Fore-ſtreet, facing the gully-hole, by either the maſter or ſome body there, Polly Northan can tell, for ſhe ſtay'd the writing of it.

Mr. *Davy*. Now, had you at that time heard any thing of your daughter's being in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet?

E. Canning. Yes; I heard it of a gentlewoman at an oil-ſhop, at the ſign of the two Jars through Biſhopſgate, towards Cornhill. She inform'd me, ſhe heard a young voice ſcream out in a coach, but whether it was a man's or woman's voice ſhe could not tell.

Mr. *Davy*. How long was that (before the 6th of January the time of ſending the ſecond paper) that you had this account from that gentlewoman?

E. Canning. I don't know but it was the night or two nights before.

Mr. *Davy*. Then her ſcreaming in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet was wrote in the paper by your order?

E. Canning. It was. I thought I would leave no ſtone unturn'd to find her, and ſo I told Polly Northan of that.

Mr. *Davy*. Where had you the third draught of an advertiſement?

E. Canning. That was wrote in my kitchen, by one Spencer, he did it by the directions of the gentlewoman at the oil-ſhop for me, as I was advis'd by my friends to do it.

Mr. *Davy*. Who advis'd you to put a reward in?

E. Canning. It was her uncle bid me do that, and ſaid, he'd pay that, if he ſtripp'd his ſkin.

Mr. *Davy*. Had you any knowledge at that time, how much money your daughter had in her pocket on the 1ſt of January?

E. Canning. Yes, I had; for I lent her a little box to put the half guinea in; for I was to have gone out with her on that afternoon to buy her a cloak and a pair of mittens.

Mr. *Davy*. When was that agreement made to buy a cloak together?

E. Canning. She made that agreement with me, before ſhe went from me to go to her uncle's, ſhe intended to return to me that afternoon, but they would not let her return till ſhe had had a hot ſupper, becauſe they had nothing but cold victuals for dinner.

Mr. *Davy*. How much money had ſhe in her pocket at that time?

E. Canning. She had half a guinea, three ſhillings, and a farthing. I ſaw the half guinea put into the box, and ſhe put the three ſhillings looſe into her pocket, and the night ſhe return'd, ſhe gave the farthing to her brother.

Mr. *Davy*. Was thirteen and ſix-pence farthing all the money ſhe had?

E. Canning. It was.

Mr. *Davy*. When you advertiſed her the laſt time, did you know then what money ſhe had in her pocket?

E. Canning. Her brother ſaid, ſhe had chang'd a ſix-pence, and gave every one of them a penny, and Mrs. Lion told me, ſhe had given her half a guinea in gold, and three ſhillings in ſilver.

Mr. *Davy*. Did your child tell you ſhe had changed ſix-pence.

E. Canning. Yes; and that ſhe did not give him his penny, becauſe he huffed her; but I find with his penny ſhe bought a penny mince-pye.

Mr. *Davy*. Was it a halfpenny or a penny each ſhe gave them?

E. Canning. I don't know whether it was a halfpenny, or a penny a piece.

Mr. *Davy*. Did ſhe turn out her pocket to you?

E. Canning. No; ſhe did not. She ſhew'd me the money, half a guinea, three ſhillings, and a farthing is all I ſaw.

Mr. *Davy*. Did ſhe tell you it was all ſhe had?

E. Canning. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Davy*. How many children had you then?

E. Canning. I had five in the whole with her, with the child in my arms.

Mr. *Davy*. Who was to have had the mince-pye?

E. Canning. My little boy.

Mr. *Davy*. How came you to adverti ſe ſhe had twelve ſhillings, nine-pence halfpenny?

E. Canning. I took it ſo that ſhe had but twelve ſhillings, and nine-pence halfpenny.

Mr. *Davy*. Here is by way of poſtſcript, *had in her pocket twelve ſhillings, nine-pence halfpenny*.

E. Canning. I order'd it to be advertis'd; ſhe had ſix-pence more for what I know.

Mr. *Davy*. I obſerve theſe words *twelve ſhillings, nine-pence halfpenny* are ſcratch'd out on this paper, how came that?

E. Canning. I fix'd upon that ſum, thinking ſhe might have chang'd ſome money to give halfpence to the children.

Mr. *Davy*. Who wrote the third advertiſement?

E. Canning. I can't tell who.

Mr. *Davy*. How came part of the writing on the paper to be ſcratch'd out, and I obſerve that part is not printed in the daily paper?

E. Canning. I can't give the reaſon if you would give me the world.

Mr. *Davy.* When it was deliver'd to Polly Northan, was it ſcratched out?

E. Canning. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* I find in this paper, *this is the laſt time of advertiſing*, that alſo is ſcratched out, and both theſe are in different ink and different hands.

E. Canning. I don't know that I order'd her to be advertis'd, *this is the laſt time of advertiſing.* I could not have advertis'd her had I not had aſſiſtance, and my neighbours put me upon it. I don't know that I order'd any thing to be ſcratched out.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you order Polly Northan to carry the papers directly to the printing-office, or elſe where?

E. Canning. To the printing-office.

Mr. *Davy.* After you miſs'd your daughter ſo long a time, you took all the means in your power to know what was become of her?

E. Canning. Sure I did. I went to all the agents and places were I could think of, fearing ſome caſualty.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you go to Wood-ſtreet-Compter?

E. Canning. The people told me, if there were any quarrels, they would take all away good and bad together, was the reaſon I went there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you go to a conjuror?

E. Canning. I Did. They call him the aſtrologer.

Mr. *Davy.* Where does he live?

E. Canning. He lives in the Old-Bailey.

Mr. *Davy.* What is his name?

E. Canning. I don't know his name. He had a black wig over his face.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you go to him?

E. Canning. I don't know when I went.

Mr. *Davy.* How long after your daughter was miſſing?

E. Canning. I don't know. It was before ſhe return'd.

Mr. *Davy.* What was done there?

E. Canning. I told him I had loſt my child, and after he had got my money, he bid me go home and advertiſe her; he ſaid, make yourſelf eaſy, ſhe'll come home again.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he tell you when ſhe would return?

E. Canning. No; he did not. He only aſk'd me two or three queſtions, and wrote ſcribble, ſcribble, ſcribble along.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he tell you ſhe was in the hands of an old woman?

E. Canning. No; he did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Recollect yourſelf.

E. Canning. I don't know whether he did or no. He might for what I know.

Mr. *Davy.* Or what misfortunes had happen'd to her?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Whether he did not tell you ſhe was in the hands of an old black woman?

E. Canning. The word *black* I don't remember. I know he frighted me. When he ſhut the door and lighted the candles up, he looked ſo frightful, I was glad to get out at the door again.

Mr. *Davy.* What was his firſt queſtion?

E. Canning. I think, he firſt aſk'd me, what I came for? I ſaid, for my child.

Mr. *Davy.* What were the other queſtions?

E. Canning. I can't recollect them. It was about her going away. I believe he ask'd her age.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he ask what ſtate of health ſhe was in?

E. Canning. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Nor when was the laſt time you ſaw your daughter?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he ask any thing about Biſhopſgate-ſtreet?

E. Canning. I believe I told him that; he bid me advertiſe her again, makes me think I did?

Mr. *Davy.* Did you tell him of a dream you had?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Had not you had a dream or a viſion about it?

E. Canning. I don't know of any ſuch thing.

Mr. *Davy.* Or an apparition?

E. Canning. No; but I had wandering thoughts.

Mr. *Davy.* What did you mean juſt now, by ſaying you had wandering thoughts?

E. Canning. I ſay, I never had reſt night or day, for my thoughts were wandering.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you to imagine ſhe was confin'd by an old woman?

E. Canning. It never came into my thoughts that ſhe was; I more thought ſhe was murder'd in Houndſditch, and throw'd into ſome ditch there.

Mr. *Davy.* At this time, upon your oath, had you ever heard of the name of mother Wells when you went to this cunning-man?

E. Canning. I never heard of that name till ſhe came home.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you mention the name of mother Wells to him?

E. Canning. No; I did not. He ſaid an old woman, I believe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you mention 12 *s.* 9 *d.* halfpenny to the conjuror?

E. Canning. I believe I did not. I was not there long, for I was all of a fright when I was there.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any other perſon there?

E. Canning. I ſaw no other beſides himſelf, he let me in, and I went by myſelf.

Mr. *Davy.* Who adviſed you to go to him?

E. Canning. A great many of my neighbours; one gave me 6 *d.* and another 3 *d.* till I got a ſhilling, and then I went directly.

Mr. *Davy.* What are their names who gave you the money?

E. Canning. I can't recollect any of them. I believe a gentlewoman that liv'd cook or chambermaid, who lodges at a houſe over the way, her name is Mrs. Johanna, being out of place; I was wringing my hands and taring about, and ſhe advis'd me to go to the cunning-man. There were a crowd of people about the door like a fair about me.

Mr. *Davy.* You advertis'd her as loſt or ſtray'd. Why did not you advertiſe your ſuſpicions of her being murder'd?

E. Canning. I never did.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember your ſaying that

you had pray'd to God, and had an anſwer to your prayers, ſo as to aſſure you that your daughter would return?

E. Canning. I never had no anſwer. I pray'd by myſelf, and gave up bills in the church, both at Aldermanbury and Cripplegate, and at the meetings and Mr. Weſtley's. I did not leave a meeting or a place where I could put up a bill in.

Mr. *Davy.* Of what religion are you?

E. Canning. I am of the church of England, and was baptized at Cripplegate.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you not, about a quarter of an hour before your daughter return'd, mention to the apprentice, you had pray'd for your daughter's return, and that ſhe would return preſently?

E. Canning. I ſaid, to James, the laſt thing you do, pray for her; he ſaid, he never went to prayer but what he did. This was juſt before ſhe came in; I bid him every night pray for her, and I repeated it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you mention that you believ'd your daughter would be at home that night?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Where has this apprentice been ever ſince?

E. Canning. He has never laid a quarter of an hour out of my houſe ſince.

Mr. *Davy.* Has there been any care taken to prevent people ſeeing him, and his being aſk'd queſtions?

E. Canning. Here was a young man came and ſaid, he'd give half a crown to ſee him; I was told this was ſome ſcheme or ſkit, and thought it would not be convenient, and ſo it was concluded he ſhould not be ſeen. There were about a dozen ſawyers there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they not impoſe another perſon upon him inſtead of the apprentice?

E. Canning. Yes, they brought over another ſawyer inſtead of him to the young man.

Mr. *Davy.* And ſo bilk'd him out of half a crown?

E. Canning. They did.

Mr. *Davy.* How ſoon after your daughter's coming in was it that the apprentice was ſent for theſe people.

E. Canning. He help'd her into a chair, and went out directly, and immediately came in Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Mears, and Polly Lion, and in two minutes the houſe was full.

Mr. *Davy.* What things of the room at Wells's did your daughter mention that night?

E. Canning. She mention'd the chimney and the grate in the room, and ſaid, ſhe took the gown out of the grate.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe mention any thing of the jack-line, or pulley, or broken caſement?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Or ſaddles, or cheſt of drawers?

E. Canning. No; ſhe mention'd hay, and a pitcher.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe mention how much hay?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe lay upon hay?

E. Canning. She ſaid, ſhe did now and then, or always, I don't know which.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did ſhe ſay the hay was?

E. Canning. She ſaid it lay of a lump in a corner.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe mention it was ſpread out like a bed?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Had your daughter had a ſtool, did ſhe ſay?

E. Canning. It is a conſtant method with her to go a fortnight without a ſtool. I have another little girl at home now, commonly goes ſometimes ten, and ſometimes eleven days without a ſtool.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever mention this to any doctor before the 1ſt of January?

E. Canning. When ſhe was little I mention'd it to Dr. Catridge, who liv'd in Aldermanbury.

Mr. *Davy.* Did they uſe to give her clyſters?

E. Canning. No; they us'd to give her phyſic, that was when ſhe was ill.

Mr. *Davy.* Was any method us'd to occaſion a ſtool before the firſt of January?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Had ſhe her health perfectly well?

E. Canning. She had, only ſhe was troubled with pain in her head.

Mr. *Davy.* Had ſhe a good ſtomach to her victuals?

E. Canning. She had a very little ſtomach always, that they know where ſhe liv'd.

Mr. *Davy.* Was ſhe very thirſty?

E. Canning. She drank very little, without it was a diſh of tea; but not plentiful of that.

Mr. *Davy.* When your daughter came home and told you this ſtory, did you think it was a very ſtrange one, or did you believe all ſhe ſaid?

E. Canning. No; I did not think it ſtrange at all. I have known her, at home, to live upon half a roll a day, when things have gone hard with me.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe tell you in what manner ſhe eſcaped?

E. Canning. Yes; out of a window by pulling down a board.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe mention any thing of a penthouſe?

E. Canning. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Davy.* How did ſhe look when ſhe came home?

E. Canning. Her face was ſwell'd, bloated, and black, and ſodden, as if it had lain in water, and her arms black. She ſwallow'd nothing hardly.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe eat any thing that night?

E. Canning. No, nothing but a little wine and water, that ſhe could ſcarce get down.

Mr. *Davy.* Were her teeth looſe?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Nor no ſoreneſs in her mouth?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know Mr. Skarrat?

E. Canning. I have known him within this twelve month.

Mr. *Davy.* Did Skarrat come the firſt night ſhe came home?

E. Can-

E. Canning. He did.

Mr. *Davy.* How lately before your daughter return'd had you ſeen him?

E. Canning. I never had any acquaintance with him before that. I don't know but I might ſee him go by a good many times; but I never ſpoke to him in my life before; but I hear ſince he is a neighbour.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he tell you he had formerly been at mother Wells's?

E. Canning. No, never.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you never hear him ſay he had jump'd out of the window himſelf?

E. Canning. No; I never did.

Mr. *Davy.* How many rooms have you got in your houſe?

E. Canning. I rented the houſe in my huſband's time; and before he died, Mr. Roberts took the two garrets, the chamber, and a little room I had below, which he has put to his Compting-houſe, for which he paid 7 *l.* per year, and after that I deſir'd he'd pay that to my landlord. So I have but two rooms.

Mr. *Davy.* Was any thing mention'd of Endfield-Waſh the night of your daughter's return?

E. Canning. I don't know when it was firſt mention'd. I believe it was when they came all together the next morning.

Mr. *Davy.* Was your apprentice a witneſs upon the former trial?

E. Canning. No; he was not.

Mr. *Davy.* Was he ſubpœna'd?

E. Canning. I don't know what a ſubpœna is.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you not to mention the grate, the pitcher, nor the bed-gown on the trial?

E. Canning. Becauſe it was not aſk'd me.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Mr. Adamſon preſent when your daughter mention'd the hay?

E. Canning. He did not ſee her the firſt night, nor till we went down to Enfield.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Skarrat there when hay was mentioned?

E. Canning. I don't know, the houſe was full of people.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know one Mr. Dod a Surgeon?

E. Canning. I do not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear your daughter ſay, ſhe was afraid to lie on hay, fearing there ſhould be a dead man under it?

E. Canning. I never heard her mention that, to my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you never ſay ſo to any body?

E. Canning. No; not to my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Can your daughter write?

E. Canning. She can a little; it is a ſad hand.

Mr. *Davy.* Can ſhe write a letter well enough for you to find out the meaning of it?

E. Canning. She can hardly write at all.

Mr. *Davy.* Can ſhe write her name?

E. Canning. I believe ſhe can. I have ſeen her write it.

Mr. *Davy.* How long was ſhe at a writing-ſchool?

E. Canning. About a quarter of a year.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you ſee any of her hand writing?

E. Canning. I don't know that I have ſeen her hand writing theſe ſix years.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at this paper (*it was a notice of trial with her name to it, the name wrote by her*) is this name her hand writing?

E. Canning. I believe it is her ſcribbling like.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think when your daughter could write, ſhe would only make her mark?

E. Canning. I don't know for that.

Mr. *Davy.* I aſk this, my Lord, becauſe in her information before juſtice Fielding, there ſhe only makes her mark, and by this paper I ſee ſhe writes an exceeding good hand.

Mr. *Davy.* How was your daughter's head cover'd when ſhe came home?

E. Canning. With this rag upon her head, (*holding the half handkerchief in her hand*) and an old ragged handkerchief ſhe had in her pocket tied over that, *producing it.*

Mr. *Davy.* Whether you did not ſwear upon the trial of Mary Squires, that your daughter had a cap on when ſhe came home?

E. Canning. No, not to my knowledge; ſhe had no cap on to my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy to Thomas Gurney.* You hear the evidence this woman has given; look at your minutes, and give an account of what ſhe ſaid in her evidence on that trial, as to the ſtate and condition in which her daughter came home, and particularly how ſhe was dreſs'd.

Gurney. She ſaid, ſhe had nothing on but a ragged bed-gown and a cap.

Mr. *Davy.* Read the account ſhe gave to that.

Gurney. She ſaid, after ſhe was miſſing from New-year's-day, ſhe advertiſed her three times. She came back on the day before king Charles's martyrdom, about a quarter of an hour after 10 o'clock; ſhe had nothing but a ragged bed-gown and cap on.

Mr. *Davy.* Were theſe her own words?

Gurney. I have here mention'd the perſon *ſhe* where ſhe ſaid *I.* I will not take upon me to ſay theſe are the very words ſhe made uſe of, or that ſhe made uſe of no more words; it is my method, if a queſtion brings out an imperfect anſwer, and is oblig'd to be aſk'd over again, and the anſwer comes more ſtrong, I take that down as the proper evidence, and neglect the other; for inſtance, here has in the courſe of this trial been many queſtions aſk'd, which have not brought out any ſatisfactory anſwer to the Counſel, which when aſk'd in other words, and upon recollection, have produced more proper anſwers, which I have put down. It is not to be expected I ſhould write every unintelligible word that is ſaid by the evidence.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you certain the witneſs, on that trial ſaid ſhe had a cap on?

Gurney. She did, or I had not put it down; and had ſhe ſaid a handkerchief, I doubt not but I ſhould have found it in my minutes.

Alice Colley again.

Mr. *Moreton.* Look at this paper (*which was the firſt advertiſement ſent to the Daily Advertiſer*) is this your hand writing?

A. Colley. I believe it is.

Mr. *Moreton.* Here is the word *ſcowerer* ſcratched

ſcratched out, and another word put for it over it, is that your hand writing?

A. Colley. That other word is not my hand writing, nor the P. S. at the bottom is not my hand writing.

Mr. *Moreton.* Look at this other paper (*which was the ſecond advertiſement*).

A Colley. I did not write that, I never ſaw it before.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you write the firſt of your own accord, or did any body dictate to you?

A. Colley. Her mother did; ſhe told me what to write down.

Mr. *Moreton.* were you two alone then?

A. Colley. I believe there were ſeveral ſtrangers by at the time.

Mary Northan ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember carrying any papers to be printed in the Daily Advertiſer?

M. Northan. I carried three.

Mr. *Nares.* Who wrote the ſecond?

M. Northan. (*She takes it in her hand*) I can't remember indeed who wrote it. I think Mrs. *Canning* ſent me to the corner of Moor-lane, at the White-Lion, there it was wrote.

Mr. *Nares.* Who wrote the third?

M. Northan. I can't juſtly remember that.

Croſs-examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you go by yourſelf or in company with any body?

M. Northan. I went by myſelf.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you to put in theſe words, any coachman?

M. Northan. The mother gave directions to put in about the coach, becauſe ſhe was a ſober body, and we thought ſhe might be forc'd away in a coach.

Mr. *Willes.* How came the circumſtance of the coachman to be inſerted?

M. Northan. Becauſe her mother had been inform'd by a gentlewoman in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, that ſhe heard a coach drive in great haſte, and a young perſon ſcreaming out in it, and that ſhe had no body at home, or ſhe would have ſent and ſtopped the coach.

Mr. *Willes.* Was this writing on the back-ſide one of the papers on it when you carried it to the printer?

M. Northan. I don't know; if it was read to me I could tell better.

It is read.

Note, *It is ſuppos'd ſhe was forcibly taken away by ſome evil diſpoſed perſon, as ſhe was heard to ſcreek out in a hackney coach in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet: if the coachman remembers any thing of the affair, by giving an account as above, he ſhall be handſomely rewarded for his trouble.*

M. Northan. This was wrote at Mrs. Canning's houſe I believe, but I cannot tell by who; I did not mention about the coachman at the White-Lion.

Mr. *Willes.* During the time it was in Mrs. Canning's houſe, was there any thing wrote in it, or on the back of it by any body there.

M. Northan. No; there were not.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you read?

M. Northan. I can't hardly read at all. (*She looks at it*) There was nothing on the backſide when I carry'd it.

It is read.

Elizabeth Canning *went from her friends between nine and ten on Monday night, betwixt Houndſditch and Biſhopſgate, freſh colour'd, pitted with the ſmall pox, high forehead, light eyebrows, about five foot high, well ſet, had on a purple maſquerade ſtuff gown, black ſtuff petticoat, a white chip-hat, bound round with green, white apron and handkerchief, blue ſtockings and leather ſhoes.*

Mr. *Willes.* Is this all you mentioned to the perſon who wrote?

M. Northan. It is, I believe.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know who ſcratch'd out theſe words? (*any coachman remembers taking up ſuch a perſon, and can give any account where ſhe is, ſhall have two guineas reward, to be paid by Mrs. Canning in Aldermanbury poſtern, ſawyer, which will greatly ſatisfy her mother.*)

M. Northan. The other is all I gave directions for, I don't know who ſcratched this out.

Mr. *Nares.* I dare venture to ſay this alteration was made by the printer, for I obſerve he has alter'd the Engliſh and ſpelling all the way through by the printed paper, he ſaw there was ſome ſuſpicion of a coachman put in in a ſtupid manner, and he began to alter it on the back-ſide as it is put down.

Mr. *Willes.* Here is the third paper, do you know who wrote this?

M. Northan. I don't know; Mrs. Canning ſent me to carry it to the printer.

Mr. *Willes.* Here are two lines ſcratched out in this, how came that?

M. Northan. The printer ſcratched them out, and ſaid, they were of no uſe.

Mr. *Willes.* In the third letter here are two lines ſcratched out, were they ſo when you carry'd it? the words are, *had in her pocket twelve ſhillings nine-pence halfpenny.*

M. Northan. The printer read it, and ſcratched them out, he ſaid, it was not material to name the money.

James Lord ſworn.

J. Lord. I have been apprentice to Elizabeth Canning's mother between ſix and ſeven years. I remember her being miſſing upon New-year's-day was twelve months. Mr. Lion came to our houſe firſt about nine o'clock, then about ten, to know whether miſtreſs know'd whether Betty was come home to her houſe; then I was ſent directly to her uncle Colley's, at Saltpetre-Bank; they were all a-bed, Mrs. Colley anſwer'd and ſaid, they had left her about half an hour after nine o'clock, upon the other ſide Aldgate-church in Houndſditch: then, after that, I came home and acquainted miſtreſs with it; there was great enquiry about the neighbourhood all night long almoſt; I enquir'd of ſeveral neighbours that night.

Mr. *Williams.* When was the next time you ſaw her?

J. Lord. On the 29th of January, the night before king Charles's martyrdom, about a quarter after 10 o'clock, I was juſt going to make faſt the door, going to bed, ſomebody lifted up the latch, it goes with a bit of ſtring, miſtreſs was down upon her knees a praying to ſee her apparition before ſhe came in.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee her down on her knees before Elizabeth Canning came in?

J. Lord. She was down on her knees ſome time before ever ſhe lifted up the latch.

Mr. *Williams.* From the firſt of January to this time, did you ever ſee the mother on her knees?

J. Lord. Yes, I have ſeveral times, praying to God to hear ſomewhat of her, whether ſhe was alive or dead.

Mr. *Williams.* This prayer that you mention, and the poſition of her being down on her knees on the 29th, was that any thing particular, or was it no more than what ſhe had done before?

J. Lord. It was the ſame as ſhe had ſeveral times done ſince ſhe miſs'd her daughter.

Mr. *Williams.* You was giving an account that Elizabeth Canning lifted up the latch, and you was going to make faſt the door, go on, and give an account in what manner ſhe came.

J. Lord. I had the candle in my hand, and was going to make faſt the door, and ſhe came in; miſtreſs was praying; miſtreſs aſk'd who was there? I then look'd her up in the face, and thought it was ſomebody elſe came to enquire tidings after her, I did not know her at firſt; after I had look'd her in the face again, ſhe frighten'd me, becauſe ſhe look'd in ſuch a deplorable condition; I ſaid to miſtreſs it was Betty; ſhe ſaid, what Betty? I ſaid, our Betty; upon that miſtreſs fell in a fit directly, and continued ſo ſome minutes, I cannot ſay how long.

Mr. *Williams.* Upon your oath do you think it was a real fit or a ſham fit?

J. Lord. I never ſaw her in a fit before, it was far from a ſham fit; when Elizabeth Canning came in ſhe was e'en almoſt ſpent, I took her by the arms and ſet her down in a chair, ſhe was e'en almoſt dead, as black as the chimney ſtock, black and blue; ſhe was dreſs'd up with an old bit of an handkerchief round her head, and an old dirty ragged bed-gown, what they properly call a jacket.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee what was upon her head?

J. Lord. She had no cap, nor hat, nor ſtays on; her ear was cut and all bloody.

Mr. *Williams.* Did it bleed as if it had been freſh cut?

J. Lord. It was a bleeding.

Mr. *Williams.* Was their any blood upon the handkerchief?

J. Lord. There was ſome blood upon the handkerchief that was about her head; ſhe had an old handkerchief in her hand, and a bit of one upon her head.

Mr. *Williams.* What colour were the handkerchiefs?

J. Lord. One was white, but I cannot ſay for the other.

Mr. *Williams.* What condition did ſhe ſeem to be in with regard to her health?

J. Lord. She ſeeem'd to be almoſt ſpent, juſt gone, and if it had been much further, I believe ſhe muſt have dropt down.

Mr. *Williams.* Who were in the room at that time?

J. Lord. There were none but my miſtreſs and children in the room; as ſoon as my miſtreſs recovered out of her fit, I was order'd by miſtreſs, to call Mrs. Woodward, Polly Lions, and Mrs. Myers; they came, ſhe began to ſay where ſhe had been confined, the woman was either nam'd Wills or Wells at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Williams.* Was this that night?

J. Lord. It was the ſame night. So many people came in, I was obliged to keep the door, to keep people out.

Mr. *Williams.* Who aſked her where ſhe had been?

J. Lord. My miſtreſs; and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had been at Enfield-Waſh, and heard the name of Wills or Wells, ſhe did not know which, for ſhe heard them go backwards and forwards in the houſe, and heard them call her by her name.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſay how ſhe came to go there?

J. Lord. I was not much in the room all the time, I was oblig'd to keep the door.

Mr. *Williams.* Then you can't give an account of what ſhe ſaid any farther?

J. Lord. I know nothing farther than that ſhe is an honeſt, induſtrious, ſober girl.

Mr. *Williams.* Upon your oath, do you or do you not know where Elizabeth Canning was from the firſt of January, to the Day before king Charles's martyrdom, or any part of that time?

J. Lord. No; nor never ſet eyes on her, or heard any thing where ſhe was till ſhe came home.

Croſs-examined.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time was you ſent to Colley's houſe to enquire for the girl?

J. Lord. It was between 11 and 12 at night when I got there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came you to ſit up ſo late that night?

J. Lord. Mr. Lion came to our houſe, as nigh as I can gueſs between 9 and 10 (which is generally about the time we go to bed) and aſk'd miſtreſs if ſhe know'd any thing of her daughter? She ſaid, no, ſhe thought ſhe had been come home to his houſe. The next morning miſtreſs and I both went to Mr. Colley's to enquire.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you not go to Mr. Lion's firſt?

J. Lord. I think I did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time in the morning did you go to Mrs. Colley's?

J. Lord. I believe we went out about ſix o'clock.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time did you get home again?

J. Lord. I believe about 10, and I went out to enquire after her again; I went one way and miſtreſs another, to the neighbours about.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* To what places?

J. Lord. I can't tell all the places, I did not go particular to any place.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Where did your miſtreſs go?

J. Lord. I can't tell, ſhe did not tell me; ſhe was juſt like a madwoman.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe order you to go to any place?

J. Lord.

J. Lord. I had no directions from her to go to any place in particular.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When did you go to your work?

J. Lord. I did not go to work till after dinner.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time do you generally dine?

J. Lord. About 1 o'clock.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was your miſtreſs at home when you came home from work?

J. Lord. I don't know.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was the door open?

J. Lord. It always is.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you in the room when your miſtreſs firſt kneel'd down the night the girl came home?

J. Lord. I was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe not adviſe you to kneel down?

J. Lord. She did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What was you doing?

J. Lord. I was praying to God, in my heart, that ſhe might hear of her.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What particular converſation paſſed between you and your miſtreſs that night before ſhe kneeled down?

J. Lord. I cannot ſay, I do not take notice of all the words.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe had more reaſons for praying that night than at any other time?

J. Lord. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Upon your oath, whether ſhe did (before the time ſhe kneeled down) ſay ſhe ſhould ſee her?

J. Lord. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe had any reaſon to expect her that week?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe ſay, ſhe had ſome knowledge, or ſome body had told her ſhe would come home that week?

J. Lord. She did not expect her coming home that night, or that week, no more than any other.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know any thing of your miſtreſs's going to a cunning-man?

J. Lord. I know nothing at all about it. She did not acquaint me with it.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What, not of going to a conjuror?

J. Lord. No. She does not acquaint me with all her affairs.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you never hear her mention ſhe had gone, or would go to a cunning-man?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you never hear your miſtreſs relate a dream or viſion ſhe had had?

J. Lord. No; not to my knowledge.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Are you ſure?

J. Lord. I might or might not hear it, I cannot tell; the care of my miſtreſs's buſineſs lies upon me, and I have other things to mind.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Give me a direct anſwer, whether you ever heard any ſuch tranſaction concerning your miſtreſs going to a conjuror or having been there?

J. Lord. There was ſome talk of a cunning-man; but I did not know whether ſhe had been with one.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What was ſaid of the cunning-man?

J. Lord. I do not know. I remember there was mention made of a cunning-man that lived in the Old-Bailey.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What cunning-man was that that lived in the Old-Bailey?

J. Lord. He uſed to tell fortunes.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How came this cunning-man to be mentioned?

J. Lord. I believe miſtreſs or ſomebody did go to him, but I do not know who.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* For what did they go?

J. Lord. To hear ſomewhat of her daughter.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you hear this before or after ſhe had been there?

J. Lord. I believe it was after.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Who did you hear ſpeak of it?

J. Lord. To the beſt of my remembrance it was my miſtreſs herſelf.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What converſation paſſed upon that when your miſtreſs firſt informed you of it?

J. Lord. I did not hear a word what he ſaid to her. I heard no more than that ſhe had been there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were any body by at that time?

J. Lord. I cannot ſay who were in the houſe at the time, or whether there were or were not any body there but ourſelves.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you not enquire what the cunning-man told her?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever hear any body elſe, in converſation, ſpeak of what was done at this cunning-man's?

J. Lord. No. Nor have I heard to this time; I always believed he could not tell.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever hear who your young miſtreſs was with?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Nor any thing about an old woman?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* have you not heard your miſtreſs ſay any thing about it?

J. Lord. I have heard her ſay, ſhe fear'd ſome rakiſh young gentleman had catched her up, and ſo carried her away. And I have heard her ſay, ſhe ſuſpected ſhe was murder'd.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What was your own opinion?

J. Lord. I could not tell what to think.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever hear your miſtreſs ſay, ſhe was taken away in a coach?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* As to the night ſhe came in, you ſay the door was upon the latch, and your miſtreſs fell into a fit; how came you not to be afrighted when ſhe came in?

J. Lord. As ſoon as ſhe came in, all the blood of my body was in my face, and when I recover'd myſelf, I ſaid, it was our Betty.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was you ever afrighted at the thoughts of an apparition before?

J. Lord. No; I never was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How did ſhe appear as to her face?

J. Lord. She was black and blue on her face

and

and arms, like the ſtock of a chimney.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did ſhe look as if ſhe had been beat?

J. Lord. She did, juſt in the ſame manner, her face and hands would compare, for blackneſs, to a hat almoſt.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Had ſhe black eyes?

J. Lord. I did not ſee that any more than other perſons are.

Mr. Gaſcoyne. Did the black and blue ſeem to be bruiſes?

J. Lord. The colour of her fleſh was next a-kin to the colour of beating.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How long did ſhe continue ſo black and blue?

J. Lord. I was kept out of the room, and a doctor attended her; it was not ſo proper for me to go there.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Can you remember, the day ſhe went to her uncle's to dinner, what time ſhe was to have come back again?

J. Lord. Yes; towards the evening, and go with her mother and buy a cloak.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What time did ſhe call at your houſe?

J. Lord. About 11 o'clock.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* When ſhe came home, what had ſhe on as to cloaths?

J. Lord. She had a piece of an old handkerchief about her head, and a black petticoat, I believe an upper one. I think it was the ſame ſhe went away with. She had nothing over her but that jacket.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How many petticoats had ſhe on?

J. Lord. I can't ſay that.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did the petticoat look clean or dirty?

J. Lord. It look'd as if it had been draggled in country dirt, with dirt and mud.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* How do you know the difference between country dirt and London dirt?

J. Lord. Becauſe London dirt is black, and the other lighter.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ſee the ear was freſh bleeding?

J. Lord. It was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Have you ever been examin'd before you came into this court?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever make your affidavit before.

J. Lord. No. I never was examin'd upon oath before.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Look at this bed-gown.

J. Lord. This is the bed-gown ſhe came home in the day before king Charles's martyrdom.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever ſee it before you ſaw it upon her the night ſhe came home on the 29th of January?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Is it your miſtreſs's?

J. Lord. No; I am poſitive it is not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What reaſon have you to ſay that is the bed-gown?

J. Lord. It looks like it. I am almoſt poſitive to it. I ſaw it the next day after it was pull'd off.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you make your enquiry any other day after the 2d day ſhe was miſſing?

J. Lord. No; I kept on with my miſtreſs's buſineſs.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Upon your oath do you believe your miſtreſs did know where ſhe was?

J. Lord. Upon my oath I am poſitive if my miſtreſs had know'd where ſhe was, ſhe would have fetched her home, where ever ſhe was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did your miſtreſs ſay, ſhe expected to ſee her on the Sunday night?

J. Lord. No; ſhe did not.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* In what poſition was ſhe when the girl came in?

J. Lord. She was on her knees by the bedſide.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever hear ſhe expected her home that night, or was told ſo by the cunning-man?

J. Lord. No.

Robert Skarrat ſworn.

R. Skarrat. I heard Elizabeth Canning was come home on the 29th of January, at night. And as I had never ſeen her, or ſpoke to her in my life, to my knowledge, I went in out of curioſity to ſee her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you heard before ſhe was miſſing?

R. Sharrat. I had. The very next day after ſhe was miſſing.

Mr. *Moreton.* What paſſed after you went in?

R. Skarrat. I was there ſome time before ſhe ſpoke a word; Mr. Wintlebury came in after me; he ſaid, Bet, how do you do? She ſaid, O ſir, you don't know what I have ſuffer'd. He aſk'd her where ſhe had been? She ſaid, ſhe had been on the Hertfordſhire road. He aſk'd her, how ſhe came to know that? She ſaid, ſhe ſaw the coachman, that us'd to drive her miſtreſs into Hertfordſhire, go by. She was aſk'd, how far ſhe might have been in the country? She ſaid, it might be about 9 or 10 miles.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe give any reaſon for that?

R. Skarrat. I did not hear her. I aſk'd her, if ſhe knew the name of the perſon, and ſaid, I'll lay a guinea to a farthing, ſhe has been at mother Wells's, for that is as noted a houſe as any is? She ſaid, her name is mother Wills or Wells.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was that anſwer after you had ſaid you would lay a guinea to a farthing ſhe had been at mother Wells's houſe?

R. Skarrat. It was; I aſk'd her about the houſe. She ſaid, ſhe had been confin'd in a longiſh, darkiſh room, and ſaw the coachman thro' the crack of the window, and that there were ſome boards nail'd over it. I aſk'd her, whether the window fronted the road? She ſaid, it did not; and when ſhe got out, ſhe turn'd down a little lane, and then turn'd into the fields on her right-hand. I aſk'd her, if ſhe took notice if any of thoſe fields were ploughed up? She ſaid, ſhe believed there was. I aſk'd her, when ſhe was in them fields, on which hand was the road? She ſaid, on the right-hand coming to London. I aſk'd her, when ſhe came out of theſe fields, whether ſhe obſerved coming over a little brook? She ſaid,

ſhe

ſhe did. I aſk'd her, if ſhe thought it was a tan-houſe? She ſaid, ſhe believ'd it was. I ſaid, it was Mr. Neal's, a tanner, at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you know that road?

R. Skarrat. I did very well; and that there was ſuch a houſe, and what ſort of a character it bore, that it was a very bad houſe. She ſaid, ſhe met a man, and aſk'd her road to London. She ſaid, ſhe had been robb'd, and deſcrib'd the perſon that cut her ſtays off, to be a tall, black, ſwarthy woman.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who aſk'd that queſtion?

R. Skarrat. It was aſk'd, but I can't tell by who. I ſaid, I had ſeen mother Wells, and, to the beſt of my knowledge, that deſcription did not anſwer to her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe tell you any thing elſe?

R. Skarrat. She ſaid, there were two young women, one with black hair and the other fair, ſtood laughing at her while her ſtays were cutting off.

Mr. *Moreton.* How did ſhe appear to be for health?

R. Skarrat. She appear'd to be very weak and feeble, ſitting on a little ſtool; to the beſt of my knowledge, ſhe had on a dirty bed-gown and black petticoat, and a foul cap of her mother's. I went down to Enfield-Waſh with Mr. Wintlebury and Mr. Adamſon, on the 1ſt of February; the people were all taken into cuſtody.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe give an account of any particular things where ſhe had been confin'd?

R. Skarrat. She deſcrib'd a black jugg, broken about the neck, that might hold about four or five quarts. And ſhe ſaid, ſhe believed there might be about four quarts of water in it, and the jugg was left in the room when ſhe came away; that ſhe had ſome bread, but it was ſo hard, ſhe was forced to dip it in the water.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who was the firſt that went into the room?

R. Skarrat. I believe ſeveral of her friends had been up in the room before ſhe came down.

Mr. *Moreton.* Upon your oath, when did you ſee the black pitcher firſt?

R. Skarrat. Upon my oath I had never ſeen it, till I ſaw her fix upon it in the room.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you there when ſhe was in the parlour?

R. Skarrat. She was brought into the parlour, ſupported by two men. I was in the parlour then. We made them all ſit down, that is, the people that were taken up; the room was full of neighbours and people that went down; Suſannah Wells was on the left-hand of the fire, and Mary Squires ſitting by the fire, with her head and knees together. Canning look'd very hard at her, and whether any body bid her look up, I can't ſay, ſhe fix'd upon her, and ſaid, that is the woman that cut off my ſtays, and pointed to her. The gypſey got up, and ſaid, dear madam, don't ſwear my precious life away. Canning ſaid, I know you very well, I know you too well to my ſorrow. She was ask'd, if ſhe knew any body elſe in the room, and if ſhe knew a young man, which was George Squires? She ſaid, ſhe did not ſay ſhe did; ſhe pointed to the gypſey's daughter and Virtue Hall, and ſaid, the young woman, meaning the gypſey's daughter, was leaning on the dreſſer when her ſtays were cut off, and Virtue Hall was ſtanding by her, when ſhe went into the room. She was then carry'd up the ſtairs that front the door. I ſaw her in one room, but did not in the firſt ſhe went into; that was the laſt ſhe went into there. Coming down ſtairs, ſhe ſaid, there was another room; when ſhe came into the kitchen the door was ſhut; ſhe ſaid, through that door is the place where I was confin'd; then the door was open'd, and ſhe went up.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you one of the firſt that went up?

R. Skarrat. No; I was not. I ſaw her there with the black jugg in her hand, ſhe ſaid that was in the room. She look'd round, and found a tobacco mould, and ſaid, that was there when ſhe was there. She ſaid, an old cask and a ſaddle or two ſhe left there.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was ſhe poſitive that was the place?

R. Skarrat. She pointed to the window, and ſaid, ſhe broke out at that window.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you go before juſtice Taſhmaker? what account did ſhe give there?

R. Skarrat. I did; ſhe gave the ſame account there, to the beſt of my knowledge, as ſhe did here. When the people were taken up, George Squires had a great-coat on, and a ſlouch'd hat; he pull'd the coat and hat off; he was made to put them on again, in the houſe, before he got into the cart to go before the juſtice; but Canning would not ſwear to him.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had he the hat and coat on at the juſtice's?

R. Skarrat. He had.

Mr. *Moreton.* Upon your oath, did you not from the 1ſt of January, to the 29th, know where ſhe was?

R. Skarrat. I never ſaw her, to the beſt of my knowledge, till ſhe came home.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know, at this hour, any body that does know where ſhe was?

R. Skarrat. No; I do not.

Q. from a juryman. Which window did ſhe point to, where ſhe ſaid ſhe got out at?

R. Skarrat. To the end window.

Croſs-examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know Wells's houſe?

R. Skarrat. I do, by paſſing and repaſſing.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you ever been in her houſe before January 1753?

Mr. *Moreton.* Though you ſhould ſtigmatize yourſelf, let not the truth go undiſcover'd.

R. Skarrat. I have been there.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long ago is it, that you was in her houſe?

R. Skarrat. It is ſome years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I never was.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you very certain of that?

R. Skarrat. I am.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you never jump out at a window in that room?

R. Skarrat. No, I never did; I don't like jumping ſo well.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you live, when you went there;

R. Skarrat. I was then ſervant to Mr. Snee.

Mr. *Davy.* How often was you there, and when?

R. Skarrat. I was there once or twice, about four or five years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* With whom?

R. Skarrat. With two or three friends.

Mr. *Davy.* Men or women?

R. Skarrat. Men.

Mr. *Davy.* Were there no women?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you never take a girl there?

R. Skarrat. No; never in my life.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you never there with a woman?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* When was the firſt time you was in the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I never was in it, till the time I went down with the girl and them.

Mr. *Davy.* What room in the houſe had you been in before?

R. Skarrat. The kitchen and parlour, and no other.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you never above ſtairs?

R. Skarrat. No; never before in my life, till I went down with them, and they were taken in cuſtody. I never, till then, know'd there was ſuch a room, as the place where the priſoner was, till then.

Mr. *Davy.* Were there a good many people in the room, when the girl told you this?

R. Skarrat. Yes.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you to pitch upon the houſe of mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. I judg'd it might be that houſe, becauſe I did not know any other houſe on that road ſo likely.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you make that reply before you aſk'd any queſtions?

R. Skarrat. I ſaid that, when ſhe ſaid ſhe had been on the Hertfordſhire road.

Mr. *Davy.* And would you then have laid ſo much odds?

R. Skarrat. Though I ſaid it, I don't know that I ſhould have laid it.

Mr. *Davy.* What name did ſhe ſay ſhe heard mention'd?

R. Skarrat. She ſaid, ſhe heard the miſtreſs of the houſe call'd Wills or Wells.

Mr. *Davy* Was the apprentice by, when ſhe mention'd this?

R. Skarrat. I don't know that he was. Mr. Wintlebury was the firſt perſon that ſhe ſpoke to, as I heard. I was in the room ſome time, and ſome people ſpoke to her; but ſhe ſpoke to none, before ſhe did to him.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any acquaintance with Mrs. Canning, or her daughter?

R. Scarrat. No, I had not.

Mr. *Davy.* What led you to go to Canning's houſe, having no acquaintance?

R. Skarrat. A maid-ſervant came into the houſe, where I bedded and boarded, and ſaid, *Betty Canning is come home, Betty Canning is come home*; which was the cauſe of my going there?

Mr. *Davy.* Then you mentioned ſeveral things to her very familiarly?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* What were her anſwers to them?

R. Skarrat. Her anſwers were, Yes; ſhe believed; or, ſhe was ſure; or to that effect.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you, in the examination of this girl, recollect as many particulars of the houſe and about it, as poſſible you could?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you able to deſcribe the houſe, the road, the pond, *&c.*?

R. Skarrat. I did not mention the pond, nor nothing in the houſe. I mention'd the tanner's houſe, and a little bridge that croſſes the brook; and aſk'd her about the road, and the field, whether it was plough'd up.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you mention one ſingle particular, to which ſhe anſwer'd in the negative?

R. Skarrat. That queſtion is anſwer'd; ſhe ſaid the road was ſo, and the fields ſo.

Mr. *Davy.* Did it never occur to you, to aſk her about any thing that you knew was not there, in order to be better ſatisfied, whether ſhe had been there?

R. Skarrat. I don't know I thought of ſuch a thing.

Mr. *Davy.* How ſoon after ſhe was taken out of the chaiſe was it, that you ſaw her at Enfield-Waſh?

R. Skarrat. It was in the room, where the priſoners were.

Mr. *Davy.* When ſhe came into the kitchen, did ſhe immediately fix upon that door, and ſay, this is the door of the room, wherein I was confin'd?

R. Skarrat. She ſaid that herſelf; no body ſpoke a word to her.

Mr. *Davy.* Suppoſe ſhe had been in the kitchen, and the door open, might ſhe not be more poſitive, than if it was ſhut?

R. Skarrat. More poſitive, to be ſure, ſhe muſt be.

Mr. *Davy.* If you had been with her in the kitchen before, and the door had been open, and ſhe had not fix'd upon the room, and after that had been carried to all the other rooms in the houſe, ſhould you not have doubted of her veracity?

R. Skarrat. I don't doubt, but ſhe would have fix'd upon that room at firſt.

Mr. *Davy.* Attend to the queſtion. Suppoſing it had happened, as I have put it, whether that would have led you to doubt her ſincerity?

R. Skarrat. I ſhould.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear what ſhe ſaid before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe give the ſame account on the trial of Squires, ſhe did there?

R. Skarrat. She did, to the beſt of my know-

knowledge; but I can't remember in particular.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe, before the Alderman, mention any thing of paſſing thro' Biſhopſgate-ſtreet?

R. Skarrat. No, not to my remembrance.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember, ſhe told him of four, five, or ſix pieces of bread, or twenty-four?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember any particular pieces of bread.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember any queſtion of an old ſtool?

R. Skarrat. Not, to my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Nor an old table?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Nor old pictures over the chimney?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Nor hay?

R. Skarrat. No, not to my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Can you remember all the particulars of her making her eſcape?

R. Skarrat. No, I can't.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you examin'd as a witneſs on the trial of Mary Squires?

R. Skarrat. I was.

Mr. *Davy.* In the evidence you gave, did you not ſwear, that you had her examin'd before the ſitting Alderman, and that before him ſhe had given the ſame account as on that trial?

R. Skarrat. It corroborated, to the beſt of my knowledge. I ſwore to the beſt of my knowledge, ſhe did.

Mr *Davy.* Did you do that, in order to make her whole ſtory the better to be believ'd?

R. Skarrat. I ſpoke to the beſt of my knowledge, and ſo I do now.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſoften your evidence, by ſaying you believ'd?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember that I ſpoke generally to it. I can't keep ſuch things in my head now.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear her mention any hay in your life?

R. Skarrat. I never did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you not hear her ſay upon the trial, there was hay in the room?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember ſhe did.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you in court the whole time of the trial?

R. Skarrat. I was.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you read the ſeſſions-paper ſince?

R. Skarrat. No, I have not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear her ſay before the Alderman, how ſhe made her eſcape?

R. Skarrat. I did; in getting out through a window.

Mr. *Davy.* As you was in court all the time, you muſt hear what ſhe ſaid of the manner of making her eſcape?

R. Skarrat. She gave the ſame account then, as before the Alderman, to the beſt of my knowledge. Then I remembred her evidence before the Alderman a great deal better than I can now.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think you could then have repeated every particular?

R. Skarrat. I can't ſay I could; it corroborated, to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Was not the evidence ſhe gave on the trial contradictory to what ſhe gave before the ſitting Alderman?

R. Skarrat. I can't exactly remember it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you, or did you not, tell Mr. Alderman Chitty, the perſon ſhe deſcrib'd could not be mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. I did not mention ſuch a thing to him.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe take the perſon that cut her ſtays off to be the miſtreſs of the houſe?

R. Skarrat. She did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe know who was the miſtreſs of the houſe?

R. Skarrat. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you know there was a warrant granted?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Againſt whom was it granted?

R. Skarrat. Againſt Mrs. Wells in particular, for cutting off her ſtays.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you not ſure it could not be mother Wells, according to Canning's deſcription?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not. I ſaid it might not be her.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you to remember every particular of what was ſaid at the houſe of Canning, and forget what paſſed before the Alderman?

R. Skarrat. We were a great while before the Alderman, and I could not contain it in my head.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you know the outſide of Wells's houſe?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you not know whether there was a penthouſe, before you went down?

R. Skarrat. I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you, or did you not, before Mr. Alderman Chitty hear her ſay ſhe lay on bare boards?

R. Skarrat. She ſaid ſhe had no bed to lie upon. I don't remember hearing her ſay ſhe did lie down.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember you heard her ſay there was a grate in the room?

R. Skarrat. I do not remember that.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you hear her mention a ſaddle?

R. Skarrat. To the beſt of my knowledge, ſhe deſcribed a ſaddle and an old caſk; but I can't ſay.

Mr. *Davy.* How did ſhe deſcribe the room, when you went down with her?

R. Skarrat. To the beſt of my knowledge, ſhe ſaid it was a long darkiſh room, but I am not poſitive; but I am poſitive ſhe ſaid it was a long darkiſh room, before ſhe went down.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did ſhe ſay that?

R. Skarrat. I believe before Alderman Chitty; if ſhe did not there, it was in her mother's houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you poſitive to all the queſtions you aſk'd her at her mother's, and her anſwers?

R. Skarrat.

R. Skarrat. I am.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you write any of it down?

R. Skarrat. No, I never did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe deſcribe the jugg before the Alderman?

R. Skarrat. I believe ſhe did.

Mr. *Davy.* And the bread?

R. Skarrat. I believe ſhe did.

Mr. *Davy.* How many pieces of bread?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember how many pieces; but it was about a quartern loaf.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſtill in the ſervice of Mr. Snee?

R. Skarrat. No; I have left it three years this month, old ſtile.

Mr. *Davy.* In what employment are you now?

R. Skarrat. I work for Mrs. Waller in the Old-'Change. I am a hartſhorn-raſper, and live at Mr. Carlton's, a potter, in Aldermanbury-Poſtern.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you liv'd there?

R. Skarrat. I have boarded in that houſe about a year and half. I boarded there before I lodg'd there.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you boarded or lodg'd at any other houſe, ſince this affair at Endfield-Waſh?

R. Skarrat. No, I have not.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is Mr. Carlton's from Mr. Lion's houſe?

R. Skarrat. Mr. Lion lives in Aldermanbury, and the other is in Aldermanbury-Poſtern, they are about ſeven or eight hundred yards diſtance.

Mr. *Davy.* How far is Mr. Carlton's from Mrs. Canning's houſe?

R. Skarrat. It is next door but one.

Mr. *Davy.* Whoſe ſervant came and told you Elizabeth Canning was come home?

R. Skarrat. It was the apothecary's maid.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you lodge there then?

R. Skarrat. I did; and believe I had bedded and boarded there a year before.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you lodge there the whole month of January?

R. Skarrat. I did; and did not lie out of the houſe one night.

Mr. *Davy.* And work'd for Mrs. Waller then?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you work every day?

R. Skarrat. No, I did not; but I did that month from the 5th to the 27th, to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Where was you from the 1ſt to the 5th of January 1753?

R. Skarrat. I was backwards and forwards at Mr. Carlton's; I eat and drank there.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you certain you dined at home from the 1ſt to the 5th?

R. Skarrat. No, I am not, it being holy-day-time.

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you dine the 1ſt?

R. Skarrat. At Mr. Carlton's.

Mr. *Davy.* What did you do after dinner?

R. Skarrat. I went to ſee a play in Covent-Garden houſe; but being too late, the houſe was full, we return'd home between nine and ten at night.

Mr. *Davy.* Who were with you?

R. Skarrat. Mr. Knowles, a coal-merchant, and his wife. We tried to get in at Covent-Garden, then at Drury-Lane. When we found we could not, we made the beſt of our way to Mr. Knowles's houſe, and there I ſtaid.

Mr. *Davy.* How long did you ſtay there?

R. Skarrat. I might ſtay there till almoſt nine o'clock, and then I went home with Mr. Carlton's daughter, who is ſince my wife.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you been married to her?

R. Skarrat. Better than eleven months.

Mr. *Davy.* I hope you had your health at that time?

R. Skarrat. I had, to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you not under the care of any ſurgeon, or quack?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you perfectly well at that time?

R. Skarrat. I can't give an anſwer for a cold, or the like.

Mr. *Davy.* At what time of the day did you go out on the 1ſt of January after dinner?

R. Skarrat. I went out about three o'clock.

Mr. *Davy.* At what time was you at Mrs. Carlton's at night?

R. Skarrat. I was there before ten o'clock.

Mr. *Davy.* How did you diſpoſe of yourſelf, on the 2d of January?

R. Skarrat. I don't know whether I was at work, or not.

Mr. *Davy.* I thought you ſaid you did not go to work till the 5th.

R. Skarrat. I carried work home on the 5th; on the 2d in the evening I was at a club in the Old-Bailey, and I can bring the club-book to ſatisfy you of that.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you to be ſo extreamly particular at this diſtance of time, where you was on the 1ſt and 2d of January?

R. Skarrat. By looking over Mrs. Waller's book.

Mr. *Davy.* What led you to be ſo particular in all theſe circumſtances?

R. Skarrat. I don't know any thing in particular.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you expect to have been aſk'd any thing about it in this cauſe?

R. Skarrat. I have heard that it ſhould be alledg'd againſt me, that I took the girl away.

Mr. *Davy.* When was it at firſt ſo ſuggeſted?

R. Skarrat. I can't remember that; it is ſince the time of finding the bills againſt the Abbotſbury people; but I can't ſay the time I did firſt hear it.

Mr. *Davy.* How long have you been acquainted with mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. It is four or five years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you been in her houſe, ſince you left Mr. Snee's ſervice?

R. Skarrat. No; not in her houſe, nor near her houſe ſince; that is three years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you never a quarrel with mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, did you never threaten that you would be reveng'd on her?

R. Skarrat. No; upon my oath, I never expreſs'd any ſuch words.

Mr. *Davy.* Where does Mr. Snee live?

R. Skarrat. He has a country-houſe at Edmonton.

Mr. *Davy.* How often have you been in the houſe of mother Wells.

R. Skarrat. I have once or twice.

Mr. *Davy.* Will you venture to ſwear, that you have not been there oftner than twice?

R. Skarrat. I may have been there two or three times.

Mr. *Davy.* Have you been there no more than three times, upon your oath?

R. Skarrat. I cannot ſay, whether I have or have not. I have call'd, may be, three or four times, I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, have you not been there five times?

R. Skarrat. I don't know; I can't ſay how many times.

Mr. *Davy.* Will you take upon you to ſay, you have not been there ſix times?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, will you take upon you to ſay, you never was there ten times in your life?

R. Skarrat. No, I never was.

Mr. *Davy.* Will you ſwear, you have not been there eight times?

R. Skarrat. I believe, I have not.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you poſitive of that?

R. Skarrat. I believe, I could ſwear I never was there eight times in my life.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you at Edmonton before the 1ſt of January was twelve month?

R. Skarrat. Yes; I was in the Chriſtmas week.

Mr. *Davy.* What was your buſineſs there then?

R. Skarrat. I went to ſee ſome acquaintance and friends for my pleaſure, and, I believe, I lay at Mr. Hubbard's, a ſhoe-maker, two nights.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any women there?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. *Davy,* How did you divert your ſelf, while you was there?

R. Skarrat. I did not divert myſelf there.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you dance there laſt?

R. Skarrat. I don't know, how long it is ago. I was dancing at the farther Bell at Edmonton, laſt Edmonton ſtatute.

Mr. *Davy.* Who was your partner?

R. Skarrat. She that now is my wife.

Mr. *Davy.* When you came into Mrs. Canning's houſe, what made you be ſo particular in aſking queſtions?

R. Skarrat. There were others aſk'd a great many queſtions, beſides me.

Mr. *Davy.* Where had you us'd to ride your maſter's horſe to water, when you liv'd at Edmonton?

R. Skarrat. Sometimes to one place, and ſometimes to another.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you never water your horſe near Mrs. Wells's?

R. Skarrat. I have at the brook on this ſide her houſe.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever put your horſe up there?

R. Skarrat. I once did; I believe he was hung at the door; I don't remember any of my maſter's horſes being put in the ſtable.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ever ride your horſe in at the window, where the girl jump'd out at?

R. Skarrat. No, ſir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure, that between the hours of nine and ten on the 1ſt of January you did not go to ſee Bedlam?

R. Skarrat. No, ſir; I am poſitive of that.

Mr. *Moreton.* Tell me the truth, or perhaps half Bedlam will be call'd to contradict you?

R. Skarrat. No; I did not, ſir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you in Moorfields that night?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you take away Betty Canning that night up to Houndſditch?

R. Skarrat. No, ſir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee that door to the room open, where Betty Canning was confin'd, when you was there with her?

R. Skarrat. No; I did not, ſir.

Mr. *Moreton.* If the door had been open, and ſhe had look'd in, and ſhe had not fix'd upon the room, ſhould you have believ'd her ſtory?

R. Skarrat. I verily believe I ſhould not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was your ſituation ſuch, that it was expected of you to be more particular than other people?

R. Skarrat. No; there were a great number of people there. I did not regard any more than any body elſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you any thing to do, to direct Mr. Alderman Chitty againſt whom he ſhould make out a Warrant?

R. Skarrat. No, ſir.

Recorder. Was there any lock upon that door leading to the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I believe there was none at all; but I did not take notice of that.

Mary Myers *ſworn.*

M. Myers. I live in the neighbourhood, and know the mother and daughter.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you known the daughter?

M. Myers. About eleven years. She is a very ſober honeſt girl, as any in England; ſhe always behav'd very handſome to every body.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember her being miſſing on the 1ſt of January?

M. Myers. I do.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw her after?

M. Myers. On the 29th at night, at her mother's houſe. There were her mother, Mrs. Woodward, and Mary Lion there. Elizabeth Canning was ſitting by the fire-ſide in a very black, dirty, bad condition; her face, arms, and hands were black; I took it to be a cold, or numbneſs occaſion'd by cold; her nails were as black as my bonnet, and her fingers ſtood crooked.

Mr. *Nares.* How was ſhe dreſs'd?

M. Myers. She had a black quilted petticoat on, all torn about the knees; ſhe had a bed-gown on, and a rag about her head, I believe it was a muſlin half-handkerchief; ſhe was very low in her ſpirits. I kneel'd down on my knees, to aſk her what was the cauſe of her being in that condition; ſhe told me, ſhe went on the 1ſt of January to ſee an aunt and uncle, and ſtay'd with them till night, and they ſaw her into Houndſditch; and how ſhe was robb'd and ſtripp'd in Moorfields by two men, and they gave her a blow of her head, and depriv'd her of her ſenſes, and was carried into a houſe by theſe two men; and when ſhe came in, there were an elderly woman and two young ones; the old woman took hold of her arm, and aſk'd her if ſhe would go their way, and ſhe ſaid no; that then ſhe went and took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lacing of her ſtays, and took them off, and gave her a great ſlap on the face, and told her ſhe ſhould ſuffer in the fleſh; and open'd a door and ſhov'd her up a pair of ſtairs into a room; and after ſhe was in, ſhe d——d her, and ſaid, if ſhe mov'd or ſtirr'd, or made any reſiſtance, ſhe would come and cut her throat.

Mr. *Nares.* What time did ſhe ſay ſhe was carried in there?

M. Myers. About four in the morning, as ſhe reckon'd.

Mr. *Nares.* Were there any other people in the room, beſides what you have mention'd?

M. Myers. There were ſeveral others.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee Skarrat there?

M. Myers. I did not know he was there, till I got off my knees from talking to her.

Mr. *Nares.* What did ſhe tell you was in the room?

M. Myers. She told me there was hay there, and a pitcher with water in it, ſhe believ'd about a gallon of it; and that there was a fire-place in it, and about the value of a quartern loaf of bread in pieces.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe ſay there was a grate in the room?

M Myers. She did; and that ſhe took the bed-gown and rag out of the grate in the room.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe give any deſcription of the ſize of the room, whether long, round, or ſquare?

M. Myers. No; I can't ſay ſhe did. She ſaid ſhe got out at the window at the end, by pulling down 2 boards, and put her head and ſhoulders out and took out ſome part of the window, and pull'd out her legs, and ſo dropp'd down; and that ſhe tore her ear in coming out. I look'd at her ear, and it appear'd to be a great ſcratch; there was a great deal of blood appear'd to be freſh, and dropp'd of blood (while I was there) upon her ſhoulder. She was aſk'd how far the houſe was off, ſhe ſaid about ten miles out of town. She ſaid, while ſhe was in the room, there was a ſtair-caſe lay cloſe to the room, and ſhe heard people run up and down in the nights, and ſhe heard the name of mother Wills, or mother Wells, mention'd. I was cloſe by her, and heard every word ſhe ſaid; ſhe ſpoke very low.

Mr. *Nares.* Had Skarrat ſpoke to her before ſhe ſaid mother Wills, or Wells?

M. Myers. I don't know that he had.

Mr. *Nares.* If he had ſpoke to her, ſhould you have known it?

M. Myers. I ſhould. I did not hear him ſpeak to her at all then.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell the court what ſhe ſaid farther?

M. Myers. She ſaid ſhe eſcaped about four in the afternoon, and aſk'd her way to London; She was ſo low, that I could ſcarce hear what ſhe ſaid.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

M. Myers. No, I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go down to Enfield-Waſh afterwards?

M. Myers. I did on the Thurſday after her return. There were in the chaiſe with me, the mother and daughter, and Mrs. Garret; and ſeveral other people went down, ſome on horſe-back. Mr. Adamſon was one on horſe-back. We met him, as we were going. He had been there. He ſpoke to the coachman, and aſk'd him what made him ſo long in coming; and ſaid they were out of patience in waiting.

Mr. *Nares.* Did he ſay any thing to the girl?

M. Myers. He ſaid to her, Bett, what ſort of a room was you in? ſhe ſaid, ſir, it is an odd ſort of a room, there is hay, and a fire-place in it. He ſaid again, what do you ſay, is there hay in it, Bett? that is all he ſaid, and went away directly.

Mr. *Nares.* When he ſpoke to the girl in this manner, did he tell her there was hay?

M. Myers. He did not. We then proceeded on, and came to the houſe at Endfield-Waſh; and Bett was carried into the kitchen, and from thence into the parlour. The gentlemen deſir'd her there to be very cautious and careful, what ſhe ſaid, and take time; and after that up ſtairs. After ſhe had look'd about, ſhe pointed to Mary Squires, and ſaid that is the old woman that cut my ſtays off.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe ſitting or ſtanding then?

M. Myers. I cannot ſay; there were a great crowd of people, I could not get to the ſight of her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did the deſcription ſhe had given of the old woman, ſhe told you of, on the 29th at night, tally with the old woman, when you ſaw her?

M. Myers. Indeed, it did. She then ſaid theſe two young women were in the room, (that was Virtue Hall and the gipſey's daughter); the old gipſey woman ſaid ſhe never ſaw her in her life before, and hop'd ſhe was not come to take her life way, or ſomething to that purpoſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Was the day mention'd, when Elizabeth Canning ſaid ſhe was robb'd?

M. Myers. I don't know that.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you hear the old woman ſay ſhe had been any diſtance from Endfield-Waſh?

M. Myers. No, I did not; but I heard the old woman ſay ſhe had lain there but three nights,

nights, and George ſaid ſo too; after that they carried Elizabeth Canning up one pair of ſtairs, and into two rooms, one of them was lock'd, and the key ſent for; ſhe ſaid none of them were the room in which ſhe was confin'd; then ſhe was carried thro' the kitchen and up into another room; then ſhe ſaid, gentlemen, this is the room that I was in; but here is more hay in it, than there was when I was here.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you in the room then?

M. Myers. I was. She took her foot, and put the hay away, and ſhewed the gentlemen two holes; and ſaid they were in the floor, when ſhe was in it before.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you heard her mention them two holes before?

M. Myers. No, I never did. Mr. Adamſon ſet his back againſt a window, and aſk'd her what ſhe had ever obſerv'd out of that window. She ſaid, hills at a diſtance.

Mr. *Nares.* Which window was this?

M. Myers. That next to the fire-place; ſhe had told us there was a pewter baſon there, and a ſaddle; but when we came there, there were two ſaddles.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you look out at the window?

M. Myers. I can't ſay I did.

Mr. *Nares.* When he put his back to the window, could ſhe have ſeen what was to be ſeen there?

M. Myers. No, ſhe was not ſo high up to it.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you find the pewter baſon there?

M. Myers. We did.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe mention what colour the pitcher was at her firſt mentioning it?

M. Myers. I can't ſay ſhe did; but ſaid it would hold a gallon of water.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you firſt ſee the pitcher?

M. Myers. In the kitchen.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go to juſtice Taſhmaker's?

M. Myers. No, I did not. The other woman and I were a-cold, ſo we went over to a public houſe.

Croſs-examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Was her linnen dirty when you was with her on the 29th of January?

M. Myers. I look'd all about the neck and ſhoulders, it was not very dirty, but it was dirty, it was ſoil'd from her body.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you by when ſhe was undreſs'd?

M. Myers. No; I was not.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know what number of petticoats ſhe had on?

M. Myers. No; I do not.

Mr. *Willes.* Pray did any of you know Mr. Skarrat?

M. Myers. I knew him.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you believe old Mrs. *Canning* had any knowledge of him?

M. Myers. I believe ſhe might.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you hear her call him by his name?

M. Myers. No; I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* Why do you think ſhe might know him?

M. Myers. Becauſe he liv'd in the neighbourhood, next door to her but one.

Mr. *Nares.* Who was there when you was there?

M. Myers. There was Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Lion, and Elizabeth's Canning's mother.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you hear Skarrat examine Elizabeth Canning where ſhe had been?

M. Myers. No; I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you obſerve the blood to drop very faſt from her ear?

M. Myers. No; it had dropp'd upon her ſhoulder, and another drop was then at her ear.

Mr. *Nares.* Was the handkerchief then on her head?

M. Myer. It was.

Mr. *Nares.* Was there much blood on the handkerchief?

M. Myers. There was a pretty deal upon it.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you at Enfield-Waſh when Canning was carry'd into the kitchen?

M. Myers. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember the door to be open that leads up into the hay-loft when ſhe was there?

M. Myers. I don't remember it was.

Mr. *Nares.* Upon her being carried into the kitchen, did ſhe ſay, ſhe had been there before?

M. Myers. No; I did not hear any thing of that.

Mr. *Nares.* When Mr. Adamſon aſk'd, what proſpect there was out of the window, did not ſhe ſay, there were trees near it.

M. Myers. Not as I heard.

Mr. *Nares.* I think you ſay, ſhe deſcrib'd the elderly woman?

M. Myers. I heard her deſcribe the two girls that were by, one was a black girl, the other a fair one, and the old woman, a tall black ſwarthy woman.

Mary Woodward ſworn.

M. Woodward. Elizabeth Canning's mother ſent for me the night ſhe came home. I went there about half an hour after ten, and ſtaid till about one. There came Mr. Skarrat, Mr. Wintlebury, and others after I was there. Mrs. Canning aſk'd me, who ſhe ſhould ſend for? I ſaid, ſend for her beſt friends. I mention'd Mr. Lion and his wife, and others. She ſent the apprentice, he return'd, and ſaid, he was gone to bed. There came Mrs. Myers and Polly Lion, the latter lives ſervant with Mr. Roberts.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you any converſation with Elizabeth Canning?

M. Woodward. I had; the firſt word ſhe ſaid to me was, Mrs. Woodward, I am almoſt ſtarv'd to death. (She was ſitting in the chimney corner, and lift up her head, and put her hands together) I have had nothing, ſaid ſhe, but bread and water ſince New-year's-day at night, and I have had no bread ever ſince Friday. I aſk'd her, where ſhe had been? She ſaid, ſhe had been confin'd in a room in a houſe on the Hertfordſhire road,

Mr. *Williams.* Was this before any body came in?

M. Woodward. Opon my oath, this ſhe ſaid before any body came in. I knowing nothing of the Hertford-road, aſk'd her no more of it.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you remember her mentioning any body's name?

M. Woodward. I did not obſerve through the whole time I was there, that ſhe mention'd any body's name. I mull'd her a little wine, but was never out of the room. I aſk'd her, what was become of her cloaths?

Mr. *Williams.* Go on, you need not give a particular account of the firſt robbery in Moorfields.

M. Woodward. She ſaid, about half an hour after ſhe came to her ſenſes, ſhe came to a houſe where ſhe was confined, there were three women took hold of her; the old woman aſk'd her, if ſhe would go their way? ſhe anſwer'd, no. Upon that ſhe went to a dreſſer or dreſſer-drawer, and took a knife, and ripp'd the lacing of her ſtays, and after that took up her petticoats and look'd at them, and took her a ſlap on the face, and ſaid, d—n you, you bitch, I'll give you that, and turn'd her up a pair of ſtairs into this place, where ſhe was confin'd, with threatening oaths to cut her throat if ſhe heard her cry out. I aſk'd her, what ſort of an old woman this was? She ſaid, ſhe was a tall, black, ſwarthy woman, and the young women did nothing but laugh at her. I was there with her beſt part of half an hour before the others came in.

Mr. *Williams.* Was there any thing from your examination that could poſſibly lead her to give her anſwer?

M. Woodward. No; nor her mother never ſpoke to her, during the whole time I was talking to her.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe tell you this of her own accord?

M. Woodward. She began and went on, after I aſk'd her where ſhe had been confin'd.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſay, during her whole confinement, that ſhe ſaw any body?

M. Woodward. Not as I remember. She was in a moſt deplorable condition; ſhe had an old ragged bed-gown on, and a bit of an handkerchief.

Mr. *Williams.* Look at this bed-gown, is this the ſame?

M. Woodward. I do really believe this to be it, but I will not take upon me to ſwear it.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you ever ſeen it before that night?

M. Woodward. No; never.

Mr. *Williams.* Upon your oath, do you know whether that is her mother's?

M. Woodward. Her mother never had ſuch a thing on her back in her life.

Mr. *Williams,* Look upon this half handkerchief.

M. Woodward. This I know is the ſame ſhe came home in.

Mr. *Williams.* You ſay you mull'd her ſome wine, did ſhe drink much?

M. Woodward. I gave her about half a tea-cup full, and about the value of a nutmeg in quantity of bread ſoak'd in wine; ſhe roll'd it about in her mouth, and ſaid, Mrs. Woodward, I can't ſwallow it, and ſpit it out. She ſpoke very faint and low.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you believe ſhe was really in that bad ſtate of health, in which ſhe appear'd to be.

M. Woodward. I believe ſhe was as bad as ſhe appear'd to be, I am ſenſible of that; ſhe ſupp'd about a ſpoonful of the wine, whether ſhe ſwallow'd it all or not I don't know. She gave an account of having no ſtools in that time, and the apothecary did all he could to aſſiſt her in that caſe.

Mr. *Williams.* When was ſhe able to go abroad?

M. Woodward. On the Tueſday ſevennight after ſhe came home (which was on a Monday) ſhe came to my houſe, and was there almoſt three weeks, ſhe was ill all the time, and the doctor and apothecary came to her, during part of the time ſhe was at my houſe, ſhe was dangerous ill. She was brought in a man's arms, and put in a chair to go to Mr. Fielding's, the day after ſhe came to my houſe.

Croſs-examined.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you obſerve her ear at all?

M. Woodward. I did not that night ſhe came home, but the apothecary's man did; the handkerchief was all bloody, it bled ſo that it ſhock'd me, I could not look at it; it was very cold weather, and the blood had congealed and was thick upon her ear, and ſitting by the fire I fanſy that made her bleed afreſh.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember Mrs. Mayle enquiring for the ſhift that ſhe came home in?

M. Woodward. Yes; ſhe ſaw it, her mother ſhew'd it her.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you know it was the ſhift ſhe came home in?

M. Woodward. I do.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember Mrs. Mayle's obſervation?

M. Woodward. I do; that was, that ſhe would take her oath that no man ever lay with her, for if there had there would have been nature on one ſide or other.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Do you remember whether ſhe obſerv'd whether it was clean or dirty?

M. Woodward. Upon my oath, ſhe did not obſerve any thing elſe in my hearing.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was the ſhift dirty?

M. Woodward. It was; but not ſo dirty as if ſhe had been at hard work in it?

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* What did you think of it?

M. Woodward. It was dirty.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Was it as dirty as if it had been worn by a perſon that was dragg'd from London to Endfield-Waſh, and lay upon hay ſo long afterwards?

M. Woodward. Yes, it was.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you ever expreſs yourſelf to the contrary to any body?

M Woodward. No; I never did.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Whether you ever expreſs'd you were ſurpriz'd that the ſhift was no more dirty upon being worn ſo long?

M. Woodward. No; I never ſaid ſuch a thing.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you obſerve any ſplaſhes of dirt on it?

M. Wood-

M. Woodward. I did not; if there had been any I muſt have ſeen them.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Were there no ſpots on it at all?

M. Woodward. There were no ſpots of any kind in the world.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Take care, you are upon your oath.

M. Woodward. I am ſo.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne.* Did you think the ſhift was not ſo dirty as it might have been, if ſhe had work'd in it all the time?

M. Woodward. I think it might have been as dirty in a week, if ſhe had worked in it all the time.

Recorder. Did you ſee Mrs. Mayle there?

M. Woodward. I did.

Recorder. Did not ſhe ſay, it could not have been worn above a week?

M. Woodward. No; I never heard her.

Recorder. Whether Mrs. Mayle and Mrs. Canning did not quarrel?

M. Woodward. No; not in my hearing.

Recorder. Was ſhe there above once?

M. Woodward. I never knew ſhe was.

John Wintlebury ſworn.

I have known Elizabeth Canning the mother about 14 or 15 years; ſhe lives in Aldermanbury-poſtern, and bears as good a character as any in the pariſh. I have known the daughter, I believe, 12 years; ſhe is a very ſober girl as any I know; and I believe the whole neighbourhood will ſay ſo. She lived with me about 18 months, about 3 or 4 months before this happened. She always behaved herſelf in a very ſober manner. I keep a public houſe. I have a back-room, where ſhe would commonly be. She very ſeldom came forward.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe ſhew a diſpoſition to be forward, or gay?

J. Wintlebury. Quite different. I don't believe ſhe went out once in a quarter of a year. When ſhe went away from me, many of the neighbours would have had her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember her being miſſing on the 1ſt of January?

J. Wintlebury. I do. And of her coming home on the 29th. And ſaw her that night at her mother's houſe, ſitting by the fire.

Mr. *Moreton.* How came you to go there?

J. Wintlebury. A neighbour came and told me, ſhe was come home.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know who that neighbour was?

J. Wintlebury. I do not.

Mr. *Moreton,* Was it Mr. Skarrat?

J. Wintlebury. No; it was not. I went; and when I came into the room I met with ten or a dozen people: there was the girl, in a very bad condition; with a handkerchief wrapped about her head, and, I think, it was bloody on one ſide. She was very weak. I took hold of her hand, and ſaid Bett. She ſaid, O Lord, Sir, you don't know what I have gone through, or ſomething to that effect. Said I, you are at home now; and, it is to be hoped, you have friends to aſſiſt you if you have been uſed ill. I aſked her, where ſhe had been? She ſaid, on the Hertfordſhire road. I ſaid, how do you know that? She ſaid, ſhe remembered ſeeing (through ſome cracks, when ſhe was in the room) the coachman that uſed to carry things for me.

Mr. *Moreton.* What coachman had you uſed to ſend things by?

J. Wintlebury. By the Royſton or Hertford coach. I aſked her, how far ſhe was from London? She ſaid, about 10 or 11 miles. Then I ſaid, Pray can you tell whoſe houſe you were at? She ſaid, I cannot: but I heard the name Wills, or Wells, by people below ſtairs.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know Robert Skarrat?

J. Wintlebury. I do.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was he in the room when ſhe mentioned the name Wills or Wells?

J. Wintlebury. He might be; I did not ſee him then.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you recollect Skarrat mentioned Wills or Wells to her?

J. Wintlebury. To the beſt of my knowledge he did not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee Mary Myers there?

J. Wintlebury. I can't remember.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee a woman kneeling by the ſide of her?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know, indeed. I ſtaid there but about 3 or 4 minutes, and there were a great many people in the room.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

J. Wintlebury. I was; but that is quite out of my memory. I don't know the particulars that paſſed.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you at Enfield-Waſh?

J. Wintlebury. I was; with Mr. Colley, Mr. Sparham, Mr. Adamſon, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Hague. I got down before the chaiſe came down, and went to the Sun. The headborough went with a warrant to Wells's before me ſome time: after that I went into the houſe, the parlour, and kitchen, and up ſtairs; and into another room out of the kitchen; it is a long room, it goes up about 4 or 5 ſteps; I obſerved there was a great deal of hay there: it ſeemed as if it had been toſſed up afreſh, it laid very light.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did Mr. Naſh go in with you?

J. Wintlebury. I was in before him an hour. He, and Mr. Lion, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, came all down together; we were there an hour before them.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who went down with you?

J. Wintlebury. Mr. Adamſon and Mr. Skarrat did. We put up at the Sun; and another or two went down on foot.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who was in the room with you?

J. Wintlebury. Mr. Adamſon was, and them.

Mr. *Moreton.* What did you obſerve in the room?

J. Wintlebury. There was an old pair of cheſt of drawers, a ſaddle, and a place where ſome body had laid on, and a rug upon them: I did not diſturb it much: I can't tell what was under the rug; it ſeemed to be a parcel of old ſacks. I obſerved a broken pitcher.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe tell you the night of her coming home of a pitcher?

J. Wintlebury. She did; of a broken one.

She deſcribed it by being a broken one; and which would hold about a gallon, or ſomething like that: and when I ſaw it in this room, I thought it was the ſame ſhe deſcribed.

Mr. *Moreton.* Look at this pitcher; do you think this is it?

J. Wintlebury. I believe it may be it.

Mr. *Moreton.* Whether or no you know of any of your friends carrying that pitcher up into the workſhop?

J. Wintlebury. I believe I was the firſt perſon of us that went into the room.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure there was a broken pitcher in the room when you went in firſt?

J. Wiutlebury. I am ſure there was.

Mr. *Moreton.* How long did you ſtay in the room then?

J. Wintlebury. I ſtaid but a little time, and then came down again.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee any thing of a man that obſtructed any body from going into this hay-loft?

J. Wintlebury. No. This was about half an hour before Elizabeth Canning was come. Mr. Naſh, Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Lion, were not come then. When they came, they deſired me to go and deſire them to make haſte; then I took my horſe, and went and met the coach. After this Canning came down, and was brought into the kitchen and ſet upon the dreſſer, and after that into the parlour; there ſhe was deſired to fix upon the perſon that cut her ſtays off: ſhe fixed upon Mary Squires.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you near Elizabeth Canning then?

J. Wintlebury. I was; and ſo were a great many more.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe ſee Squires's face before ſhe fixed upon her?

J. Wintlebury. She ſaw a little of her face, I ſuppoſe. There were about 8 or 9 people round the fire; the old gipſey had a little pipe in her hand, ſitting crouching, with her head and her knees together; and as Canning look'd round, ſhe ſaid, that is the woman that cut my ſtays off.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had Elizabeth Canning given you any deſcription of the perſon, that cut off her ſtays, before?

J. Wintlebury. I can't ſay ſhe had.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was done after Canning had charged her?

J. Wintlebury. Squires got up, and ſaid, What I, madam! did I cut your ſtays off? Canning ſaid, Yes; you cut my ſtays off, in ſuch a place in the kitchen: then ſhe went and ſat down again.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did Mary Squires ſay where ſhe was, at the time thoſe ſtays were cut off?

J. Wintlebury. No; ſhe did not mention any thing as I heard.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe mention how long ſhe had been at Wells's houſe?

J. Wintlebury. No; not at that time.

Mr. *Moreton.* What do you mean by ſaying at that time, did ſhe at any other time?

J. Wintlebury. She did not at any other time, to my knowledge.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe deſire Canning not to ſwear her life away?

J. Wintlebury. Indeed I don't know that ſhe did.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was done after this?

J. Wintlebury. Then Canning was carried up ſtairs, and did not fix upon any of the rooms; I think there are 3 of them: they were going to carry her farther, and ſhe ſaid, I was not carried ſo high; I did not go up above 4, 5, or 6 ſteps at the moſt.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who did ſhe ſay ſo to?

J. Wintlebury. She ſaid ſo to me. Upon this ſhe was brought into the kitchen again, and the hay-loft door was open, and ſhe went up there and looked about her, and ſaid, this is the room in which I was confined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where was ſhe when ſhe ſaid this?

J. Wintlebury. This ſhe ſaid as ſhe was going up ſtairs; I believe I then had hold of her hand. When ſhe was in the room, Mr. Adamſon put his back againſt a window, and aſked her if ſhe could mention any thing that ſhe could ſee out at that window.

Mr. *Moreton.* Could ſhe at that time ſee any thing out at it?

J. Wintlebury. Then, I know ſhe could not.

Mr. *Moreton.* But could ſhe before he had put his back to it?

J. Wintlebury. He was up ſtairs before her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was Mr. Naſh in the room then?

J. Wintlebury. Very likely he was; but I don't know that.

Mr. *Moreton.* What was her anſwer to Mr. Adamſon?

J. Wintlebury. She ſaid there were ſome hills a pretty way off; and 1, 2, or 3 houſes on the left hand ſide.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe give a true deſcription of the proſpect?

J. Wintlebury. She did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Which window was this?

J. Wintlebury. This was the window neareſt the fire-place, in the eaſt: after this Mr. Adamſon opened the window; the girl ſaid, that window was nailed up when I was here. I looked at the north window, where ſhe got out at; that was a little caſement, about 9 by 18, or 10 by 20: there were boards nailed over this north window; it ſeemed to be freſh done, and in a very cobling way: the nails were not drove home, but bent double; it did not ſeem to be done by a man; and, I think, Mr. Adamſon made the ſame obſervation.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you make that obſervation to any body then?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not. We all went away to juſtice Taſhmaker.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did Elizabeth Canning ſee George Squires when ſhe was firſt brought in?

J. Wintlebury. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did ſhe firſt ſee him?

J. Wintlebury. I believe ſhe firſt ſaw him when ſhe went into the parlour, when we went in firſt; then George was in a very great hurry, and ſeemed much perplexed, and ran up ſtairs, and was going to go away; he was bundling up ſome ſtockings: ſome people, 2 or 3, went

in, and ſaid, where are you going? you muſt not go away. And they would not let him go; and brought him into the parlour again. Then he had a large great coat on.

Mr. *Moreton.* Who were there, 2 or 3 people?

J. Wintlebury. There was one Ball, he is ſince dead. Geo. Squires grew obſtropulous and wanted to get out at the window, and Ball called out for more help; and then I think another perſon went in.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you then in the room?

J. Wintlebury. I was not. When Canning was brought in, ſhe was aſked if ſhe knew that perſon? meaning George, ſhe ſaid ſhe could not ſay it was the man, but it looked very much like him. He had before this pulled his great coat off; then they made him put the great coat on. She ſaid, he looks very much like the man, but I will not poſitively ſwear to him.

Mr. *Moreton.* Where was this?

J. Wintlebury. In the parlour. She ſaid alſo, there were 2 girls in the room when her ſtays were cut off. We had her out into the kitchen, and brought them in one by one, and ſhe pitched upon Virtue Hall, and Lucy Squires. Then we went before Juſtice Taſhmaker; there Canning was examined.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe give the ſame account there as ſhe gave to you?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know that ſhe varied in her account at all.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was it the ſame ſhe gave before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I will not be poſitive to what ſhe gave before the Alderman; I can remember but a little of that, about how ſhe was robbed.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was you preſent at the trial of Mary Squires?

J. Wintlebury. I was.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you hear her give her evidence in this court?

J. Wintlebury. I did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Could you obſerve any material difference between that and what ſhe did before Juſtice Taſhmaker?

J. Wintlebury. No; I could not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had you any reaſon at all to doubt her ſtory?

J. Wintlebury. No; I had none at all.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did Mr. Naſh ſay, as he was going home, he was not ſatisfied with Canning's account?

J. Wintlebury. He did not appear to be diſſatisfied.

Mr. *Moreton.* Nor Mr. Hague?

J. Wintlebury. No.

Mr. *Moreton.* Nor Mr. Aldridge neither?

J. Wintlebury. No; Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you dine at Newington?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you ſubſcribe toward the ſupport of Canning?

J. Wintlebury. No; Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Is your's a tavern or ale-houſe?

J. Wintlebury. An ale-houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* At the time Canning lived with you, was ſhe at all fond of men?

J. Wintlebury. No; ſhe was not.

Mr. *Willes.* How old was ſhe, when ſhe came firſt?

J. Wintlebury. She might be about 17 years of age.

Mr. *Willes.* What was the reaſon ſhe left your ſervice?

J. Wintlebury. Becauſe ſhe got a better place. That was the only reaſon.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe employed in your houſe in ſerving cuſtomers?

J. Wintlebury. Sometimes; very ſeldom. She very ſeldom came into our outward room amongſt the cuſtomers.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you on the trial of Mary Squires to ſay ſhe had a bed-gown and a cap on?

J. Wintlebury. I ſay now, I did not know whether it was a cap.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you call it a cap or handkerchief upon that trial?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know which I then ſaid.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know Robert Skarrat?

J. Wintlebury. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* How long have you known him?

J. Wintlebury. May be a year and a half or two years. He is a hartſhorn-raſper.

Mr. *Willes.* Has he uſed to uſe your houſe?

J. Wintlebury. Yes; he has as a cuſtomer.

Mr. *Willes.* Did he uſe to uſe your houſe when Canning was your ſervant?

J. Wintlebury. No; he may once or ſo, but I don't believe he did.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you know him before this accident happened?

J. Wintlebury. I hardly did.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you on Squires's trial to give no account of what paſſed at Enfield?

J. Wintlebury. I believe I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you to omit ſo many material circumſtances?

J. Wintlebury. I believe the gentlemen did aſk me no more then.

Mr. *Willes.* Was White in when you firſt came down?

J. Wintlebury. No; he was not.

Mr. *Willes.* When ſhe was carried into the kitchen and ſet upon the dreſſer, did ſhe ſay ſhe had been in that room before?

J. Wintlebury. No; I never heard her ſay ſo.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe ſay there were trees grew againſt that window when Mr. Adamſon had his back againſt it?

J. Wintlebury. No; I don't remember it. I remember Mr. Adamſon turned about and opened the window, and looked out, ſhe ſaid then that caſement was nailed up when ſhe was there.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you make any remarks whether there had been nails to faſten it?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not inſpect into it.

Mr. *Willes.* Can't you recollect what ſhe ſaid before Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I remember but little of what paſſed there.

Mr. *Willes*, to *T. Gurney.* Turn to your notes of this evidence of what he ſaid on the trial of Squires of what paſſed before Mr. Alderman Chitty. Can you ſwear to them?

T. Gurney. To the ſubſtance of the evidence I can;

can; though not always to the exact words.

Mr. *Willes*, Do you ever put down any thing you don't hear?

T. Gurney. No; never.

Mr. *Willes.* Give the court an account what you have there put down.

T. Gurney. On that trial this evidence was aſked, if he had heard the evidence Canning had then given? To which he anſwered, he had; and that ſhe gave the ſame account the night ſhe came home: but not quite ſo fully that night as ſhe did before the ſitting Alderman, on the Wedneſday after.

Mr. *Willes.* What did he ſay paſſed the night ſhe came home?

T. Gurney. He ſaid he ſaw her the night ſhe came home at her mother's houſe; ſhe appeared in a very bad condition, and had a dirty bed-gown and cap on. He aſked her how ſhe did? ſhe anſwered very bad; and that ſhe had been ſomewhere on the Hertfordſhire road, which ſhe knew by ſeeing the Hertfordſhire coach go backwards and forwards. After which he was aſked if he had heard Canning's evidence then given as mentioned before?

Mr. *Willes*, to *Wintlebury.* How long was ſhe before Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know.

Mr. *Willes.* How did ſhe get there?

J. Wintlebury. I believe ſhe went in a coach.

Mr. *Willes.* What day did ſhe go to Enfield?

J. Wintlebury. On the Thurſday after ſhe came home.

Mr. *Willes.* How did ſhe go down?

J. Wintlebury. I believe in a chaiſe and pair. The chaiſe would hold 4 people, and 4 people were in it.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is it there?

J. Wintlebury. It is about 11 miles.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee her ſet out?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did ſhe get down there?

J. Wintlebury. At about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe any refreſhment there?

J. Wintlebury. There was a little wine brought her there. I believe ſhe did not drink a ſpoonful of it.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe go over to Canteril's?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know whether ſhe did or not.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is Juſtice Taſhmaker's from Enfield Waſh?

J. Wintlebury. It may be 3 miles.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is it out of the way to London from Enfield Waſh?

J. Wintlebury. May be 150 yards.

Mr. *Willes.* When did ſhe return to town?

J. Wintlebury. She returned the ſame night.

Mr. *Willes.* Was Skarrat your cuſtomer when Canning lived with you?

J. Wintlebury. He was not as I know of. I did not know him then.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there any intrigue betwixt Skarrat and ſhe?

J. Wintlebury. No; ſhe would hardly go to the door to ſpeak to any body. I believe her quite different from an intrigueing perſon.

Mr. *Willes.* How long have you known Skarrat?

J. Wintlebury. I have known him about a year and a half.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you hear any part of what paſſed before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I heard a little, but did not take much obſervation of it; and ſhe talked ſo low. I heard her ſay 2 men met her and robbed her in Moorfields.

Mr. *Willes.* Did what you heard vary from what you heard on Squires's trial?

J. Wintlebury. No; it did not.

Recorder. You have heard the Note-taker ſay, you ſaid ſhe was more full before the ſitting Alderman then in the account ſhe had given before; and here you ſay you took little notice of it.

J. Wintlebury. I may forget things. If I ſaid ſo then, I might forget ſince.

Joſeph Adamſon ſworn.

J. Adamſon. I have known E. Canning 11 or 12 years, ever ſince ſhe was big enough to play about her mother's door. I am one of the perſons that went down to Enfield Waſh. I had not ſeen her for 3 months before that day. Mr. Wintlebury and one Skarrat went down with me; the laſt was a ſtranger to me, we were the only men that had horſes; we had been there an hour and half. They told me I muſt go back and prevent the chaiſe from ſtopping. I ſaid I took the horſe without leave, and I would not go back. I took the horſe and went back.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you tell Canning there was hay in the room?

J. Adamſon. I did not, neither directly or indirectly, from firſt to laſt; nor have I aſked her a queſtion ſince, only when we were in the room. After I had ſpoke to the coachman to make what haſte he could, they aſked me if we had taken any people up? I ſaid we had; and ſome of the people were uneaſy to be gone. Then I aſked what ſort of a place ſhe was confined in? ſhe ſaid an odd, or a wild ſort of a place; ſome hay and ſomething elſe which I can't remember: I think it was a chimney in the corner.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you mention hay to her?

J. Adamſon. I never did, to my knowledge. I then rode on; and her maſter Mr. Lion and others, were going from the alehouſe to mother Well's, I hallooed to them, and told them what the girl had told me, that is, that there was ſome hay in the room, and a fireplace, or a chimney, I can't tell which. When ſhe came down, I took her out of the chaiſe, and ſet her on a dreſſer; ſhe ſat there 6, 7, or 8 minutes.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did ſhe make any obſervations there?

J. Adamſon. She did not. Then we took her into the room where they all were; (there was a room full of people) ſhe turned herſelf round by the door, till ſhe came to where Mary Squires ſat, and ſaid, that is the woman that cut my ſtays off.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did any body give her any intelligence which was Mrs. Wells?

J. Adamſon. I dare ſay no body did; becauſe her maſter gave her a very ſtrict charge to take care who ſhe charged.

Mr.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember Mrs. Wells's ſaying any thing?

J. Adamſon. I do not. After this ſhe was carried up the great ſtairs, and at the bottom, ſhe ſaid, I believe this is the ſtair-caſe (this was juſt as we came out of the room.) We went up ſtairs into every room (I believe there are 4 of them.) She ſaid none of them are the room. Then ſhe was brought down again, and we took her through the kitchen and up the ſtairs into the hay-loft. She paus'd a little before ſhe ſpoke; and the firſt word that I remember ſhe ſaid, was, There is more hay than there was (as I remember) in the room. Then I cautioned her to be careful, and let go her arm, and went up towards the hay, and felt it; and it was quite light as though it had not lain there a long time. Some people ſaid, they thought there had been ſome put lately in. I ſaid I thought there was not; for I went round the houſe to make obſervation, and did not think there had been any brought in: becauſe if there had, there muſt have been ſome ſcattered. Then they had got the jug and baſon, and ſome other things that ſhe knew; but can't ſay how ſhe came to pitch upon them, becauſe I was making obſervations on the hay. I walked then directly between her and the caſement, and turned round, and ſet my back againſt the caſement, and ſaid, if you have been confined in this room ſo long, you will be able to give a very good account of it, and I expect you will. She ſaid, that was nailed up when I was here. What, boarded up? ſaid I. No; ſaid ſhe, but I tried to open it, and could not. She deſcribed fields, and a hill at a diſtance, and ſome trees; but the moſt remarkable thing was, ſome houſes to be ſeen on the left hand ſide the lane.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure ſhe ſaid ſo?

J. Adamſon. I am.

Mr. *Moreton.* Are you ſure ſhe could not ſee them when ſhe ſpoke?

J. Adamſon. I ſtood ſo, that I am ſure ſhe could not, I ſtood ſo betwixt them and her. After the gentlemen had all looked out to ſee how the deſcription anſwered, I aſked her where ſhe had looked out to ſee the Hertfordſhire coach. She pointed to the window which was boarded up, and ſaid, That is the window; and that alſo is the window that I made my eſcape out at.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you look to ſee whether there were any reaſon to think any body had got out?

J. Adamſon. I helped Colley, her uncle, to pull the boards down. I called all the gentlemen to ſee that it was not in the ſame condition with the reſt of the things in the room, with cobwebs as other places had. The wood was freſh ſplit with driving a great nail through it, and appeared as freſh as it could be; that is, the crack ſeemed quite freſh.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was the crack before you pulled them down; or done by pulling them down?

J. Adamſon. That was before we attempted to pull them down.

Queſtion, from a jury-man. Was it boarded all over the window?

J. Adamſon. It was boarded like a little ſhutter. It was one piece of wainſcot that went clear acroſs, and covered it all pretty near to the top. There was a caſement on the right hand ſide, and the other ſide had nothing in it.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you make any obſervations on the outſide of this window; whether there were the leaſt appearance of any thing, as though any body had went out there?

J. Adamſon. Colley and I went out, there we ſaw the ſurface of the plaiſter was ſcratched off, and we ſhewed it to ſeveral people.

Mr. *Moreton.* What were their names?

J. Adamſon. I don't know them, but there was a great many people looked at it, and the freſh pieces of the mortar on the ground, then below the window. Juſt on the edge, between the plaiſtering and brickwork, it was broke.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember ſeeing Mr. Hague and Mr. Alderidge there?

J. Adamſon. I do. Mr. Alderidge and I, both made obſervations on the girl's pauſing a little.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did Mr. Alderidge ſeem to ſhew any diſſatisfaction upon that then?

J. Adamſon. No. I obſerved a large pitcher in the parlour when we firſt went in. There were 6 or 8 of us went in 2 and 2; and when there were no reſiſtance, I and Mr. Colley went behind the houſe.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee a pitcher in the hay-loft or workſhop?

J. Adamſon. I did.

Mr. *Moreton.* Look at this pitcher, do you know it?

J. Adamſon. I ſuppoſe that is it, it is like it; I ſaw it ſince at the Manſion-houſe before my Lord Mayor; it was broken as this is.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you carry the pitcher there?

J. Adamſon. No; Sir.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you know any body that did?

J. Adamſon. No; I do not.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do Canning make any obſervation on the pitcher; whether it was, or was not the pitcher, that was in the room when ſhe was there?

J. Adamſon. I did not hear that; I was making obſervations on the hay then.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Was the door that leads up into the workſhop, open or ſhut, when ſhe went into the kitchen the firſt time?

J. Adamſon. I really can't tell.

Mr. *Davy.* When ſhe was gone from the kitchen to the ſtair-caſe of the houſe, What did ſhe ſay there?

J. Adamſon. She ſaid at the bottom of it, ſhe believed that was it.

Mr. *Davy.* How many ſtairs were there?

J. Adamſon. I can't tell; there is a hatch or door on the top ſtair.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, Could ſhe not ſee the whole flight of ſtairs, up from the bottom, where ſhe then ſtood?

J. Adamſon. Upon my oath, I can't tell whethere ſhe could or not.

Mr. *Davy.* Was that ſtair-caiſe any thing like the few little ſteps that lead up into the hay-loft?

J. Adamſon. There is a very great deal of difference.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you aſk her, how ſhe could make that miſtake?

J. Adamſon. I did; and ſaid, you ſee you was once miſtaken in the ſtair-caſe.

Mr. *Davy.* What was this in anſwer to?

J. Adamſon. She had ſaid, that was the corner, where the girl ſtood and laugh'd at me, when my ſtays was cut off; which ſhe ſaid afterwards was Virtue Hall.

Mr. *Davy.* When you ſtand at the bottom of the ſtairs leading up into the workſhop, don't you ſee there are but few ſteps?

J. Adamſon. I can't tell whether the ſteps are without the door, or after the door is open?

Mr. *Davy.* How long was ſhe in the kitchen, the ſecond time, before ſhe fix'd upon the room ſhe was confin'd in?

J. Adamſon. I believe, ſhe was led up in the room directly.

Mr. *Davy:* Was the door open then, when ſhe came from the other ſtairs?

J. Adamſon. I believe it was, and ſome people going up.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay, when ſhe was in the kitchen (pointing to the door) that is the door that leads to the room I was confin'd in?

J. Adamſon. I don't remember that.

Mr. *Davy.* Who ſhook up the hay?

J. Adamſon. I don't know.

Mr. *Davy.* Upon your oath, Did not you, when you was up there, put your hand into the hay?

J. Adamſon. Yes; I did, to ſhew it was light; I ſet my foot upon it firſt.

Mr. *Davy.* Was Mr. Naſh, Mr. Alderidge, and Mr. Hague, in the room then?

J. Adamſon. I can't tell whether they were or not; I believe they were not. They might be all there, or none of them, for ought I know.

Mr. *Davy.* How much hay was there in the room?

J. Adamſon. I think, there might be about half a load, or more; I can't tell hay by the bulk of it.

Mr. *Davey.* How came Skarrat and you, to toſs up which ſhould go back to Canning?

J. Adamſon. It was an indifferent perſon ſaid, to end diſpute, you had better toſs up. We had ſome words after that; and I went, but at laſt, againſt my will.

Mr. *Davey.* How came you to have words, after it was decided by lot?

J. Adamſon. After Skarrat had won, I ſaid, he was to go.

Mr. *Davey.* Had any body obſerved at that time, that ſhe had not mentioned any hay being in the room?

J. Adamſon. I had not heard any body mention any thing about it; but when I went, ſhe told me there were ſome.

Mr. *Davey.* What did you mean, when you came back, in ſaying, we are all right, ſhaking your hat?

J. Adamſon. Going through the waſh, my horſe got away from me (I believe I had my hat in my hand.)

Mr. *Davey.* Was you rejoiced when ſhe ſaid there was hay?

J. Adamſon. No; Sir.

Mr. *Davey.* Was you ſurpriz'd?

J. Adamſon. No; Sir.

Mr. *Davey.* Why did you tell them there was hay in it?

J. Adamſon. Becauſe ſhe ſaid ſo.

Mr. *Davey.* Why ſhould you come back to tell them, ſhe ſaid there was hay in it, if ſhe had never obſerved there was hay?

J. Adamſon. I don't remember any body obſerved, ſhe had not mentioned hay.

Mr. *Davey.* Had you heard ſhe had deſcribed the particulars of the room?

J. Adamſon. I had never heard ſhe had given a deſcription of the room.

Mr. *Davey.* Then why did you go to Enfield Waſh?

J. Adamſon. I went with Mr. Wintlebury for company; he deſired I would go with him. The warrant was gone down before, and we went with an intent to meet them.

Mr. *Davey.* Had you been before the ſitting Alderman?

J. Adamſon. No; I had not.

Mr. *Davey.* Did you go down to aſſiſt in taking the people up?

J. Adamſon. I did not know any body would be taken up.

Mr. *Davey.* Did you go down to ſee whether the room anſwered the deſcription?

J. Adamſon. I had not heard her deſcribe any.

Mr. *Davey.* Do you remember your ſaying theſe words, *What, Hay, Bett?*

J. Adamſon. I don't remember that I ever mentioned the word, *Hay.* I remember, ſhe ſaid, *Hay*, and ſomething elſe; and I ſaid, *and What*, then ſhe told me a fire-place.

Mr. *Davey.* Whether, before you put your back to the window, had you not heard, ſhe had given an account of ſome particulars in the room?

J. Adamſon. No; I had not. I did it to ſee, whether ſhe could give an account of the proſpect or no.

Mr. *Davey.* Should not you think it more adviſeable, for the people to be ſatisfied with the account ſhe could give of the things in the room, firſt?

J. Adamſon. She was in the room.

Mr. *Davey.* Upon your oath, Did ſhe tell you there were trees to be ſeen out of the window?

J. Adamſon. Yes; ſhe did, upon my oath.

Mr. *Davey.* Where did ſhe ſtand then?

J. Adamſon. She was juſt by the caſement.

Mr. *Davey.* Did you fill the window, ſo that ſhe could not poſſibly ſee trees?

J. Adamſon. I ſtood ſo near her, that I believe, ſhe could not ſee out at the window.

Mr. *Davey.* Are you ſure, ſhe could not ſee trees?

J. Adamſon, I believe ſhe could not.

Mr. *Davey.* Was you cloſe to the window?

J. Adamſon. No; not cloſe to that, but cloſe before her; which I think would anſwer the end, to prevent her looking out, better.

Mr.

Mr. *Davey*. How far was ſhe from the window?

J. Adamſon. She might be 2 yards from it, and I a yard and a half.

Mr. *Davy*. Was the window boarded?

J. Adamſon. It was not. I aſked her the queſtion, ſhe ſaid it had not been boarded up.

Mr. *Davy*. Did you ever ſee a window in the country, where there has been no hills to be ſeen out of it?

J. Adamſon. Yes, I have; upon the ſea-coaſts.

Mr. *Davy*. How long had ſhe been in the room before you tried this experiment?

J. Adamſon. About 5 or 6 minutes.

Mr. *Davy*. Had ſhe not time enough to look out there?

J. Adamſon. I don't think ſhe had.

Mr. *Moreton*. When did you hear ſhe was come home?

J. Adamſon. I never heard ſhe was, till the night before we went down.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did you go down voluntarily, as a friend of the girl, or upon requeſt?

J. Adamſon. No; it was upon the requeſt of Mr. Wintlebury, and others. I was juſt come off a journey, and took a friend's horſe without leave.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did you tell Mr. Lion there was a fire place or chimney, as well as hay?

J. Adamſon. Yes; I mentioned both to him.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did Mr. Lion hear your obſervations on the hay?

J. Adamſon. No; he then was engaged in the right hand corner of the room, there they had got the jugg, a baſon, and tobacco mould.

Mr. *Moreton*. Suppoſing ſhe could ſee the trees, could ſhe ſee the houſes on the left hand ſide the way?

J. Adamſon. No; them ſhe could not ſee, till we look'd.

Mr. *Moreton*. What is the character of Elizabeth Canning?

J. Adamſon. I never heard a bad character of her before this in my life. I always looked upon her to be a girl of a good character.

Baron *Legge*. At the time you ſtood there, and aſked what could be ſeen out at the window, and ſhe ſaid trees, and hills at a diſtance, did ſhe tell you what was betwixt the trees and the window?

J. Adamſon. I don't remember any thing ſhe ſaid beſides.

Baron *Legge*. Did ſhe mention any foot-way near there?

J. Adamſon. No; not as I remember.

Baron *Legge*. Were the boards pulled down from the window before the girl came there, or after?

J. Adamſon. They were not pulled down till after ſhe came. I aſked her, which was the window from whence ſhe had ſeen the Hertfordſhire coach? She ſaid, that, and pointed to it. Then I ſaid, let's ſee whether we can ſee the road out at it or not: then I went to pull the board down, and the man who ſaid he was her uncle helped: we wrenched it off.

Baron *Legge*. Could you have ſeen the Hertfordſhire coach go by as the board was then up?

J. Adamſon. I might; as it was light over the board, had I looked over it.

Baron *Legge*. Were there any cracks big enough in the board to look through?

J. Adamſon. I can't ſay there were.

Sutherton Backler ſworn.

I live at Aldermanbury-poſtern. I was applied to on the 30th of January, the day after Elizabeth Canning's coming home, to come to her. I attended her; and found her in a very low and weak condition. She was ſo extremely low, that I could ſcarcely hear her ſpeak. She was in bed, in cold clammy ſweats upon her. She complained of being very faint and ſick at times, with a pain in her bowels; and complained of having been coſtive all the time of her confinement. I ordered her a purging medicine; but her ſtomach was too weak, and could not bear the medicine ſhe took. Finding that, I ordered a clyſter to be adminiſtred, on the 30th in the evening.

Mr. *Nares*. Did they give it her?

S. Backler. They did; I think. I alſo ordered opening medicines the ſame day. She had no more medicine till the 3d of February: then I ordered another clyſter, that had ſome little effect, and brought away ſome ſmall quantity, but did not anſwer the end. I ordered her another on the 5th, that had no effect at all. She continued ſtill bad. Doctor Eaton was ſent for upon the 6th. He wrote proper preſcriptions for her for 14 days.

Mr. *Nares*. How long was ſhe before ſhe had her health tolerably?

S. Backler. He preſcribed diuretic medicines and gentle cathartics; and after a fortnight he did not come paſt 3 or 4 days, and ſhe was tolerably well in about a month. Her face appeared very well. Her face uſed to be of a remarkable red complection, but her colour was quite gone, and her arms of a livid colour, ſpotted. I had known her ſome years.

Mr. *Nares*. Had you ever attended her with medicines before this?

S. Backler. No; never.

Mr. *Nares*. How came ſhe to go to Enfield, when the clyſters had not had the effect?

S. Backler. I thought ſhe was very unable to bear it, and wondered that ſhe did: I thought it extremely improper. I thought ſhe could not bear the fatigue.

Mr. *Nares*. What may you imagine thoſe ſymptoms you ſaw upon her to be owing to?

S. Backler. I don't know that: ſhe was very much emaciated and waſted, from what ſhe was when I ſaw her before.

Mr. *Nares*. Do you think the confinement you have heard of would not occaſion it?

S. Backler. To be ſure; by living upon what ſhe ſays, ſhe muſt be very much waſted. Dr. Eaton was called in, becauſe they thought her in a very dangerous way.

Mr. *Nares*. From the appearance of her at the time that you ſaw her, was there any appearance of her having been in a ſalivation?

S. Backler. She was very much emaciated and waſted to be ſure; but I never did ſee a perſon as ſoon as they came out of a ſalivation in my life, or attended one in it.

Mr. *Nares*. Had ſhe any appearance of a woman that had been brought to bed?

S. Backler. She looked like a perſon half-ſtarved; in a weak, waſting, decaying way: but what was the cauſe of it I don't know.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* When ſhe complained ſhe had had no ſtool, what did ſhe ſay about making water?

S. Backler. I believe ſhe did not make water till the Doctor had attended her, which was not till the 6th day; by giving her diuretics.

Mr. *Willes.* How long did ſhe ſay ſhe had been without a ſtool?

S. Backler. She ſaid, ſhe had not had any during the time of her confinement; but did not ſay ſhe had not made water.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe ſay, ſhe had made water?

S. Backler. I do not remember ſhe ſaid ſhe had made water.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you believe, that a perſon that is half ſtarved is not ſo fat as a perſon that is full fed?

S. Backler. No, to be ſure, Sir; he can't.

Mr. *Willes.* What colour were her nails?

S. Backler. Her arms were black and livid, and her nails look'd of a ſort of a blueiſh caſt.

Dr. *Eaton* ſworn.

Dr. *Eaton.* I am a phyſician. The firſt of my attending Elizabeth Canning was at her mother's requeſt, on the 6th of February: hearing it was a compaſſionate caſe, I attended her. I found her in a very weak condition, and was very apprehenſive ſhe would die: ſhe appeared to me to be in very great danger for a few days. She complained of colics and pains in her bowels; and could ſcarce keep any thing upon her ſtomach. I can't ſay ſhe entirely kept her bed. She took a little chicken broth.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee any ſigns of an impoſture?

Dr. *Eaton.* No; I ſaw none at all.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you heard ſhe had been away from her friends?

Dr. *Eaton.* I had. I was very full of buſineſs: I only attended to her: I did not aſk queſtions about her confinement. I found ſhe was coſtive to a very great degree. She had had one ſtool before I came. I happened to ſee the apothecary, and he was relating this caſe to me: he was ſaying what he intended to give her. I ſaid, mild things, after ſo long faſting, would be better; and he gave it her, and it had had ſome effect. It was 7 or 8 days before the danger began to be over.

Mr. *Williams.* How long did you attend her?

Dr. *Eaton.* I attended her from the 6th to the 20th of February, the 20th included, every day; and after that every other day, for a few days; the laſt time was on the 4th of March: then ſhe was well enough to go abroad in the neighbourhood; and I believe ſhe had been abroad a day or two before that.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you not had objects under your care in ſalivations?

Dr. *Eaton.* I have.

Mr. *Williams.* Whether that does not leave very remarkable ſymptoms in the mouth, throat, and breath?

Dr. *Eaton.* Yes; it does for ſome time after.

Mr. *Williams.* Was there the leaſt ſymptom in this?

Dr. *Eaton.* O! nothing like it; nothing like it: I'll aſſure you, nothing like it in the world. It was nothing like coming out of a ſalivation.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you obſerve her arms or legs?

Dr. *Eaton.* I did not take ſo much notice of them.

Mr. *Williams.* If you had not been told the real caſe, what ſhould you have imagined it to have been?

Dr. *Eaton.* I can't but ſay, the caſe correſponded with a perſon that had ſuffered hunger, thirſt, and cold, and great hardſhip.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davey,* Did you obſerve her hands and legs?

Dr. *Eaton.* Nobody deſired me to take notice of her hands and legs.

Mr. *Davey.* When had ſhe her firſt evacuation?

Dr. *Eaton.* She had the firſt the day before I came, which was the 6th; then I heard that ſhe had had one the day before: and I believe ſhe had the next the day after.

Mr. *Davey.* Was there any difficulty after that?

Dr. *Eaton.* There was; and medicines ordered pretty commonly, to the 20th. I gave her diuretics a pretty deal.

Mr. *Davey.* Had you any converſation with her?

Dr. *Eaton.* I had none at all. I was very full of buſineſs at that time, and I did my buſineſs as well as I could.

Mr. *Davey.* Did you examine any outward appearance?

Dr. *Eaton.* No; I did not. They complained ſhe had too little evacuation by urine.

Mr. *Davey.* How was her pulſe?

Dr. *Eaton.* She had a ſingular pulſe: I was afraid of her falling into a fever; and I ordered that which was material for a fever.

Mr. *Davey.* Had you never a patient in this condition before?

Dr. *Eaton.* Many.

Mr. *Davey.* Did all their diſorders proceed from hunger, thirſt, and cold?

Dr. *Eaton.* No; ſhe was weak and emaciated, and her ſtomach weak. When we preſcribe for a perſon, we attend to all the circumſtances; and aſk all the queſtions neceſſary, to let us into the concomitant ſymptoms. I formed my opinion from what I found, a low, flaſhing pulſe, and fluttering. Every thing correſponded to what they ſaid; and therefore I had no reaſon to diſbelieve the ſtory.

Mr. *Davey.* Whether all the ſymptoms you obſerved in the defendant, might not ariſe from another cauſe, than that which is now aſſigned?

Dr. *Eaton.* I'll give you the beſt account of that I can. It might poſſibly in part ariſe from other cauſes, and it might not.

Mr. *Davey.*

Mr. *Davey.* May not a perſon be reduced to a low ſtate by a fever?

Dr. *Eaton.* To be ſure they may; if I am ſent for to a patient, and they tell me they have ſuffered with hunger or thirſt, I never doubt it.

Mr. *Davey.* That is not the queſtion; Is it poſſible a perſon reduced to the condition ſhe was, may not be by ſome other ailment?

Dr. *Eaton.* I think it is poſſible.

Mr. *Davey.* Might not ſhe be in the condition you ſaw her, and yet her whole ſtory a great lie?

Dr. *Eaton.* All I can ſay, it might proceed from another cauſe; but I muſt beg leave to mention one thing, and that is, it may proceed from another cauſe, as a perſon in a fever the ſtomach is taken away, then that cauſe of hunger comes not by force, but becauſe they can't eat; but the conſequence was ſuch, it muſt proceed from her having loſt her appetite ſome way or other. A perſon may loſe their appetite by a fever, or by force. It is plain ſhe had not eat for ſome time.

Mr. *Davey.* If they had not told you that this girl had been half ſtarved, and kept from meat, drink, and expoſed to cold, ſhould you have concluded, upon your own obſervations, that ſhe had been ſo uſed?

Dr. *Eaton.* I ſhould have concluded ſhe had either by diſtemper loſt her appetite, or by ſome other accident.

Mr. *Nares.* Is it poſſible for one to live 28 days without any more ſubſiſtence than ſhe mentions?

Dr. *Eaton.* There is no doubt of the poſſibility of a perſon's ſubſiſting 28 days, as in this caſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you obſerve the defendant's ear?

Dr. *Eaton.* There was a diſorder behind her ear. After I had attended her 7 or 8 days the ſurgeon was taken ill, and they had not mentioned that to me till then, upon which I look'd upon it; it had inflamed her face, and threatned it, ſomething like a St. Anthony's fire, and I ordered a fomentation for it.

Mr. *Nares.* What might cauſe it to be ſo bad?

Dr. *Eaton.* I take it from the bad habit of body, concurring with this ſore upon her ear, occaſioned that like a St. Anthony's fire upon her face.

Mr. *Moreton.* We are now coming to Enfield-Waſh.

Robert Beals ſworn.

R. Beals. I was ill laſt Chriſtmas was twelvemonth. I attend Stamford-hill turnpike in Tottenham road, towards Enfield, betwixt Tottenham and London: about the middle of February I heard of this ſtory, about a girl being forced away from her friends near Moorfields, to a bad houſe at Enfield-Waſh, and had been kept there a month on a pitcher of water and ſome mouldy cruſts.

Mr. *Moreton.* How did you hear of it?

R. Beals. My little children, about 8 or 9 years old, brought the account from ſchool; I ſaid, upon hearing this, I believed I was at the gate when the poor girl came by.

Mr. *Moreton.* Give an account of what you ſaw.

R. Beals. About the fore-end of January, I was ſtanding at the gate between 10, or 11, or near 11 at night, it was a very calm ſtill night; I heard ſomething of a ſobbing, crying voice, it came from towards Newington, going towards Tottenham, at firſt I ſaw nobody, I ſtood ſtill, it came nearer me.

Mr. *Moreton.* How far off do you imagine it to be when you heard the ſobbing at firſt?

R. Beals It may be 2 or 300 yards. At laſt I perceived there were more than one; as they came near I ſaw there were two men, and a young perſon ſeemingly by her voice, I had a large candle burning (the ſtile is at the end of the turnpike over the way) as ſoon as they got up to the light, I ſaw them more plain, one man was taller than the other, they went towards the ſtile; one, the foremoſt, began to ſay, *Come along you bitch, you are drunk*; that was ſaid when the candle began to ſhine upon them; I put myſelf a little farther out without ſide the poſts, that they might ſee me; the woman ſeemed not willing to go along with them, by her crying and ſobbing. but never ſpoke a word; the man behind made a ſort of a laugh, and ſaid, *D——n the bitch, how drunk ſhe is.* When they came up to the ſtile, the tall one got over firſt, and the hindmoſt lifted her over by either one leg or both legs; ſhe came down upright on the other ſide; then ſhe hung back, and fell on her britch upon the ſtep, and cried bitterly. I thought ſhe would go no farther; as I thought they could ſee me, I expected ſhe would have ſaid ſomething to me, but ſhe did not ſpeak a word. He before plucked her up by the hands at full length, and ſaid, *D——n you yoü bitch, come along, you are drunk*; the other came on the other ſide of her, and they went away together; he laughing, and ſaid, *D——n the bitch, how drunk ſhe is.* He that came over laſt joſtled her along. I could ſee them ſome way after they got over the ſtile. One of them never let go her hand all the time I ſaw them.

Mr. *Moreton.* From what you heard, did you think that ſhe was a perſon in diſtreſs?

R Beals. I did; ſhe burſt out afreſh with ſobbing going off. They were out of my ſight preſently.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee her face?

R. Beals. I can't ſay I did. I might ſee one ſide of her face.

Mr. *Moreton.* How was ſhe dreſſed?

R. Beals. She had ſomething of light coloured cloaths on.

Mr. *Moreton.* About what ſize.

R. Beals. She did not ſeem to be tall; they both of them ſtood above her.

Mr. *Moreton.* Had the two men great coats on.

R. Beals. I can't tell whether they had or not.

Mr. *Moreton.* What reaſon have you to believe this was the beginning of January?

R. Beals. I think it was, to the beſt of my knowledge; I was not well then, I attended ſome nights for my partner, and fell ill about three weeks after; and from that, when I came to

recollect it, I thought it was about the beginning of January.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you know *Moſes Holloway?*

R. Beals. I do.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was he well or ill then?

R. Beals. I don't know whether he was well or not; ſometimes I have done duty for him, and he for me.

Recorder. Are you ſure it was the beginning of January?

R. Beals. I really believe it was.

Mr. *Moreton.* Why did you not attempt to give her your aſſiſtance?

R. Beals. There were two men with her, and we are fearful in our buſineſs; except they aſk us any queſtions, we never meddle with ſuch: And I was then alone.

Mr. *Moreton.* When did you give information of what you heard and ſaw?

R. Beals. I never did till about 6 weeks after. At firſt I thought it might have been one of the men's wives, or ſiſter, or ſome drunken girl.

Mr. *Moreton.* Is it a common thing to ſee a drunken woman along with two men?

R. Beals. I never ſaw one ſo particular as this.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* When was you firſt taken ill?

R. Beals. It was in the beginning of February. I was much troubled with the rheumatiſm.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you always attend your duty?

R. Beals. Sometimes I do, and ſometimes I do not.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is your turnpike from Moorfields?

R. Beals. It is about three miles.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is it from Stamford-hill turnpike to Enfield-Waſh?

R. Beals. It is 7 miles.

Mr. *Willes.* Is it poſſible for a woman to walk to, or be carried by two men from your turnpike to Enfield-Waſh in a quarter of an hour?

R. Beals. No, Sir, it is not poſſible.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe walking on her feet?

R. Beals. She was, and went pretty faſt.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you imagine ſhe was in a fit of convulſions?

R. Beals. No, Sir, I took her to be in liquor.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you near enough for her to have ſeen you?

R. Beals. I was.

Mr. *Willes.* What did the men ſay?

R. Beals. One ſaid, Come along you bitch, you are drunk; and the other ſaid, How drunk the bitch is.

Mr. *Willes.* What was the colour of her gown?

R. Beals. It was a lightiſh one, it looked ſo.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe a gown on?

R. Beals. I think ſhe had, I durſt to ſay ſhe had, or elſe I ſhould have taken more notice of it.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe keep crying all the time?

R. Beals. She did.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it crying or ſcreaming?

R. Beals. It was only ſobbing and crying.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe near enough that ſhe might have cried out to you for help?

R. Beals. Yes, that ſhe was.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you not to tell this to any of your neighbours before?

R. Beals. I did not, till I mentioned it to my children, innocently, not thinking to hear any thing more of it.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it a dark or light night?

R. Beals. It was a dark night.

Mr. *Willes.* Could you diſtinguiſh whether ſhe had a hat or bonnet on?

R. Beals. I can't ſay what, ſhe had ſomething on her head.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe a cap on her head?

R. Beals. I can't ſay whether ſhe had or not, I believe ſhe had; ſhe appeared to be a young perſon, with light coloured cloaths on.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe an apron on?

R. Beals. I don't remember whether ſhe had or not; I rather believe ſhe had.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you keep Chriſtmas?

R. Beals. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you know New-year's day?

R. Beals. We don't keep that.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you garniſhed out on this day with roſemary, or an orange on a ſkure?

R. Beals. We don't do no ſuch thing.

Mr. *Willes.* Is it not a cuſtom in your pariſh, on New-year's day, to wiſh one another a happy New-year?

R. Beals. Yes, Sir, it is.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember this morning you had wiſhed any of your neighbours ſuch?

R. Beals. No, I do not. Indeed I don't remember what day it was.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you remember any thing to diſtinguiſh this to be New-year's day?

R. Beals. No, I do not; I made no remark at all, being very ill at the time.

Mr. *Moreton.* Do you remember at what time you begun to attend the turnpike?

R. Beals. Mine began on the Sunday in the evening, when we come in our turns, but we often come out of turn.

Mr. *Moreton.* Was there any moon?

R. Beals. I am ſure there was no moon, and a very ſtill night, and it rained a little.

Mr. *Willes.* How far may your road be over?

R. Beals. It is about 8 or 10 yards over.

Mr. *Moreton.* Did you ſee her go any part of the way without a man holding her by the hand?

R. Beals. No, I did not.

Mr. *Moreton.* My Lord, I only mention this as circumſtantial, grant me the woman was at this turnpike, I'll not call another witneſs. We are now going to call a perſon that ſaw a perſon in the ſituation that Canning returned in on the 29th.

Thomas' Bennet ſworn.

T. Bennet. I live at Enfield, at the 10 mile ſtone; I was coming home from my ſhop near Mrs. Wells's houſe, on the 29th of Jan. 53; between her houſe and the 10 mile ſtone, between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, there was a miſerable poor wetch to look to, in the gravel-pit gateway, a 5 acre field near the 10 mile ſtone, betwixt two little houſes, Richard Wright's and widow Jenge's.

Mr. *Nares.* Deſcribe her dreſs.

T. Bennet. She had neither gown, nor ſtays, nor cap, nor hat on, only a ragged dirty thing, a half

a half hankerchief like, and a bit of ſomething that reached down below her waſte, and no apron on, and her hands lay before her: She was coming in at that 5 acre field gateway.

Mr. *Nares*. How far is this beyond the 10 mile ſtone?

T. Bennet. It is but the breadth of the 5 acre field, and 20 or 30 pole on the other ſide, and about a quarter of a mile on this ſide Mrs. Wells's; ſhe aſked me the way to London; I told her; ſhe ſaid ſhe was affrighted by the tanner's dog. I bid her turn on the right-hand, and then on the left, and that would bring her to London. She was going to turn out of the great road into the foot-way.

Mr. *Nares*. Whereabouts is the tanner's houſe?

T. Bennet. That is a little farther nearer London.

Mr. *Nares*. Which way did ſhe come?

T. Bennet. I can't tell which way ſhe came, I ſaw her firſt coming in there; but ſhe went for London: If ſhe had not ſpoke to me ſhe would have gone the wrong way for London.

Mr. *Nares*. How far was ſhe from the tanner's houſe?

T. Bennet. She was about half a quarter of a mile from it.

Mr. *Nares*. How came you to know this was the 29th of January?

T. Bennet. On the 30th of Jan. (which was the day after I met her) a man came to me about taking my ſon apprentice; I met him according to appointment on the next day, which was on a Wedneſday, at Waltham-croſs, in order to put my ſon out apprentice, but we did not agree; and the day after, which was on a Thurſday, I came to London, and on the Friday, which was next day, I met Mrs. Kimpſton near the 10 mile ſtone, coming by this very gateway; ſhe told me what had happened at Mrs. Wells's; then I ſaid I will be hanged if I did not meet the young woman near this place, and told her the way to London.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Which way was ſhe going?

T. Bennet. Out of the high road into the fields.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Where did you gather up the word half-handkerchief, upon your oath?

T. Bennet. I never gathered it up at all; it is what I ſaid at firſt, and always took it ſo.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. How do you know ſhe had no ſtays on?

T. Bennet. I ſaw her ſhift ſleeves, and ſhe had no gown on.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Which way was ſhe coming from?

T. Bennet. I can't tell that; ſhe met me juſt coming in at the Gateway.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Which is neareſt London, that gateway or the tanner's houſe?

T. Bennet. The tanner's houſe is.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Which way did you direct her?

T. Bennet. I directed her in the foot way by the road ſide.

Mr. *Gaſcoyne*. Where was you the day the people were taken up?

T. Bennet. That very day I was at Hodſdon, at Mr. Peirce's, to put my ſon apprentice to a butcher.

David Dyer ſworn.

D. Dyer. I live at Enfield-Waſh, about a quarter of a mile on this ſide mother Wells's right againſt the 10 mile ſtone. I was at my door 3 evenings before Mrs. Wells and her family were taken up, I was chopping ſome rotten buſhes, about four in the evening I ſaw a poor diſtreſſed creature come by me out of the common field, from Mrs. Wells's-ward, for London.

Mr. *Nares*. Deſcribe how ſhe was dreſſed.

D. Dyer. Upon my word I can't give any account of her cloathing; ſhe had a thing tied over her head like a white handkerchief, with her hands before her; ſhe walked very weakly. She was a ſhortiſh ſort of a woman, and had a ſhortiſh ſort of a thing about her, it did not come very low about her; I looked at her face as ſhe came by me; I ſaid, Sweetheart, do you want a huſband? ſhe did not ſpeak to me.

Mr. *Nares*. How ſoon after this did you ſee her again?

D. Dyer. It was a conſiderable time after that; when I ſaw her, I took it to be the ſame; when I ſaw her, I believed her to be the ſame.

Mr. *Nares*. Stand up, Eliz. Canning. Look upon her, is that the ſame perſon?

D. Dyer. I have ſeen her betwixt that time and this; this is the young woman, I think, that paſſed by me at the gateway; I do believe this is ſhe.

Mr. *Nares*. Have you ſeen the place ſhe got out at at Mrs. Wells's?

D. Dyer. I have many a time.

Mr. *Nares*. Might ſhe come that way from her houſe where you met with her?

D. Dyer. Yes, ſhe might, from either the back or fore part of her houſe, that way.

Croſs Examination.

Mr. *Davey*. Was ſhe a likely girl in the face?

D. Dyer. The girl was a likely girl enough to look at, but her cloaths were not; ſhe look'd as if ſhe wanted ſome victuals.

Mr. *Davey*. You did not miſtake her for a blackmoor?

D. Dyer. No, I did not.

Mr. *Davey*. Was ſhe not black in the face?

D. Dyer. No, ſhe was not.

Mr. *Davey*. Was ſhe freſh colour'd?

D. Dyer. No, I did not ſee any red in her face, ſhe looked thin and weakly; ſhe had not much colour.

Mr. *Davey*. Did ſhe look pale in the face?

D. Dyer. She looked whitely.

Mr *Davey*. Then ſhe was not red?

D. Dyer. No.

Mr. *Davey*. Nor yet black?

D. Dyer. No.

Mr. *Davey*. Then ſhe was white?

D. Dyer. Yes.

Mr. *Davey*. Was it pretty late at this time?

D. Dyer. It was not dark; I ſaw her face very plain.

Mr. *Davey*. Did you take particular notice of her face?

D. Dyer. I did, I took particular notice of her, I looked at her very wiſhfully.

Mr. *Davey.* If ſhe had had black eyes, ſhould you have ſeen them?

D. Dyer. Yes; I ſhould.

Mr. *Davey.* If ſhe had had a bruiſed face, ſhould you have ſeen it?

D. Dyer. I can't ſay, whether ſhe was or was not bruiſed.

Mr. *Davey.* How low did that ſhortiſh thing come down?

D. Dyer. I can't ſay.

Mr. *Davey.* Did ſhe walk faſt or ſlow?

D. Dyer. She walked very ſlowly.

Mr. *Davey.* Of what colour were her cloaths?

D. Dyer. I can't ſay as to that.

Mr. *Davey.* What was the colour of that ſhort thing you mention?

D. Dyer. I can't ſay.

Mr. *Davey.* What the colour of her petticoat?

D. Dyer. I can't ſay.

Mr. *Davey.* Was it a red one?

D. Dyer. Indeed, I can't tell.

Mr. *Davey.* Did you ſee a coloured hankerchief, tied over the white hankerchief on her head?

D. Dyer. I did not.

Mr. *Davey.* Are you ſure the priſoner is ſhe?

D. Dyer. I am pretty ſure, I am partly poſitive; I will not be punctual.

Mr. *Davey.* You ſay, ſhe had her hands before her?

D. Dyer. She had.

Mr. *Davey.* Had ſhe a pretty hand?

D. Dyer. I did not handle them; they were as other people's are.

Mr. *Davey.* A white hand?

D. Dyer. Yes.

Mr. *Davey.* How ſoon after this did you ſee her again?

D. Dyer. I can't tell, it was after I heard there had been people taken up at mother Wells's, for confining ſuch a girl; then I ſpoke of this.

Recorder. How do you live?

D. Dyer. I get my living by my daily labour.

Mary Cobb ſworn.

M. Cobb. I live in Silver-ſtreet, at Edmonton; I was going home from Tanners-end; I was in Ducks-fields, juſt at the ſetting in of daylight (as much as I can remember) on the 29th of January. On a Monday night, I met a perſon; ſhe had a handkerchief pinned over her head, it almoſt hid her face; ſhe had a black petticoat, and an old bed-gown on, it was either a quilted thing, or it was a printed or flowered thing; the flowers ſeemed to be faded. She wrapt her arms in it. The firſt ſight I had of her, ſhe was getting over a ſtile, and looked at me, and made a ſlip, but did not fall; ſhe came up directly towards me, and looked at me, and I at her; I was afraid and moved ſlowly. I turned about, as ſhe came up to me, and looked at her; I thought ſhe would have aſked me charity; I put my hand in my pocket, and had no halfpence. I had a mind to have ſpoke to her, but having nothing to give her, I did not. I perceived her to have a young face; ſhe appeared to be in a very wretched, miſerable condition, as ever I ſaw a perſon in all my life. She walked, creeping along; I could not tell what to make of it, whether ſhe was afraid of me, or what.

Mr. *Williams.* You ſay, you had a mind to have ſpoke to her, What would you have ſaid?

M. Cobb. I wanted to aſk her, why ſhe walked ſo?

Mr. *Williams.* How do you recollect it was the 29th of January?

M. Cobb. When I heard the affair, it came into my head, that this was the perſon that came down to Juſtice Taſhmaker's; then I heard it was on a Thurſday night ſhe got away, and I thought from that, it was impoſſible; but when it came to be publiſhed in the papers, I found it to be on the ſame day of the month, by looking back.

Mr. *Williams.* What ſize did ſhe appear to be?

M. Cobb. Much about a head ſhorter than myſelf.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you ever ſeen her ſince?

M. Cobb. No; I have not.

Mr. *Williams,* Look at Eliz. Canning now, there ſhe ſtands.

M. Cobb. The ſize anſwers. I firmly believe this to be the ſame perſon, by the tip of her noſe; that bears ſome reſemblance to the perſon I ſaw.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you any reaſon to believe this is not ſhe?

M. Cobb. No; I have not.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* How many fields are there, call'd Ducks-fields?

M. Cobb. There are 3 of them.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is that part of the footway where you met this ſtrange creature, from the great road?

M. Cobb. There is nothing but a ditch parts it.

Mr. *Willes.* What time does the day ſhut in on the 29th of January?

M. Cobb. I can't ſay I have made remarks on that.

Mr. *Willes.* Where was you going to?

M. Cobb. To my own houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* What time was it when you came home?

M Cobb. Then the children had lighted a candle.

Mr. *Willes.* Where had you been?

M. Cobb. I had been at Tanners-end to Mrs. Carter's houſe, to carry home a child's veſt that I had made.

Mr. *Willes.* What time did you ſet out from home?

M. Cobb. About 3 in the evening.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is your houſe from Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. About a mile.

Mr. *Willes.* How long did you ſtay at Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. There was no body at home there, and I left my errand, and I never ſtopp'd or ſtay'd, but came away.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you call any where coming back?

M. Cobb. No. I had another place to go to, and I was afraid of being too late; ſo, did not

not go, but returned home. I met ſeveral people, and ſtopped a little on the return.

Mr. *Willes.* How long in all might you be detained, after you went from Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. It might be a quarter of an hour.

Mr. *Willes.* How many times might you ſtop?

M. Cobb. I am in a public way of buſineſs, and met ſeveral people; I think I ſtop'd 3 or 4 times.

Mr. *Willes.* From the time you left Mrs. Carter's houſe, to the time you met this girl, how long might that be?

M. Cobb. It might be about a quarter of an hour.

Mr. *Willes.* Then you met this woman at 3 quarters after 3 o'clock?

M. Cobb. It was later than that.

Mr. *Willes.* How long might you be in going from your own houſe to Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. I do think, by the length of the way, I might be about a quarter of an hour in going.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ſtop'd in going?

M. Cobb. I don't remember I was.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you above an hour from your own houſe, before you met this girl?

M. Cobb. Yes; Sir, to be ſure, I was about 2 hours.

Mr. *Willes.* How far from your own houſe did you meet her?

M. Cobb. It was about a quarter of a mile from it.

Mr. *Willes.* Tell me how you account for having ſpent 2 hours in only going a mile and 3 quarters.

M. Cobb. I propoſed to be at home in two hours, and I exceeded it about a quarter of an hour. I really think it was about 5 o'clock.

Mr. *Willes.* Where is your houſe?

M. Cobb. In Church-ſtreet, Edmonton, but I met her between the 5 and 6 mile ſtones, from London. The 6 mile ſtone ſtands near the Nether-bell, but the houſe I lived at then, was beyond the 7 mile ſtone.

Mr. *Willes.* Was her face brown or white?

M. Cobb. I obſerved the tip of her noſe, it was a young face; ſhe looked very diſmal and black, in a dirty way.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee her hands?

M. Cobb. I did not; they were wrapped up.

Mr. *Willes.* Did no words paſs?

M. Cobb. I did not ſpeak a word to her, or ſhe to me. I thought ſhe wanted charity by her deplorable condition.

Mr. *Willes.* What are you?

M. Cobb. I am a widow.

Mr. *Willes.* Any family?

M. Cobb. The eldeſt of my children is at home with me, ſhe is in the 12th year of her age.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you firſt mention meeting ſuch a creature?

M. Cobb. That very night I heard of the affair of Eliz. Canning's confinement; which was the Friday night following.

Mr. *Willes.* Who told you of it?

M. Cobb. I can't tell who; but ſeveral of my neighbours did.

Mr. *Willes.* Who firſt ſpoke to you to come here to be an evidence?

M. Cobb. Juſtice Taſhmaker did; that was after the trial of Squires.

Mr. *Willes.* How long after that?

M. Cobb. I can't tell; it was the week after, but what day of the week, I know not.

Mr. *Willes.* In what manner did he apply to you?

M. Cobb. He came to my houſe, and aſked me, if I met ſuch a perſon? I told him as I have told you before.

Mr. *Willes.* Did he deſcribe any perſon to you?

M. Cobb. No; none at all, any more than it was talked on. I told him, I could not take an oath to ſwear to her.

Mr. *Willes.* When was you ſubpœna'd?

M. Cobb. On Monday was a fortnight.

Mr. *Willes.* Who ſerved you with it?

M. Cobb. I don't know the gentleman, he is pretty much pitted with the ſmall pox.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever examined on your oath before?

M. Cobb. No; I never was.

Mr. *Willes.* How long have been in town?

M. Cobb. Ever ſince Monday morning.

Mr. *Nares.* Can you recollect what time it was when you met this girl?

M. Cobb. I know it was pretty near duſk.

Mr. *Nares.* What is your buſineſs?

M. Cobb. I am a mantua-maker.

Mr. *Nares.* How many children have you?

M. Cobb. I have but 2 at home with me; I maintain them with my own labour.

Mr. *Nares.* My Lord, we have cloſed the account, of a perſon's being ſeen going and coming. We ſhall next begin our defence to the Alibi of Mary Squires.

Monday the 6*th.*

Here Mary Squires, George, *her ſon, and* Lucy *and* Mary, *her two daughters, were brought into court, to be ſeen by the witneſſes as they were called.*

William Howard ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mr. Edward Aldridge?

W. Howard, I do.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember any thing about his coming down to you, about Eliz. Canning?

W. Howard. The two Edward Aldridges came both together twice; the firſt time of their coming, I can't ſay poſitively to the day, it was about 3 or 4 days after the people were taken up at Mrs. Wells's, as near as I can remember.

Mr. *Nares.* What are theſe two Edward Aldridges?

W. Howard. One of them is a ſilver-ſmith, in Foſter-lane; the other is my neighbour.

Queſtion, from a jury-man. What is your employment?

W. Howard. I live upon a ſmall fortune, and a little employment under the government.

Mr. *Nares.* What account did they come upon?

W. Howard. They brought me a printed

caſe of Eliz. Canning, and recommended a contribution on her behalf.

Mr. *Nares.* Whether this was Edward Aldridge of Foſter-lane?

W. Howard. Yes; it was, and the other with him. The 2d time of coming was about 6 or 7 days after the firſt.

Mr. *Nares.* Did he ſay, he was diſſatisfied with the ſtory, or that he believed it?

W. Howard. There was not a ſyllable of his diſbelief, but I underſtood him, as though it was a thing he believed. The printed caſe they brought each time of coming; there were two initial letters at the bottom of it, and an account, that Virtue Hall had impeached. We were talking about the girl's being confined; I ſaid, What do you think of it? he ſaid, there was one thing, I think, the girl is not clear in, and that is, the deſcription of the room.

Recorder. What did he ſay upon the whole?

W. Howard. He ſaid, he thought the girl had been uſed ill, and he did believe ſhe was there, but he was not quite clear in her deſcription of the room.

Mr. *Nares.* In both the times, did he expreſs any diſſatisfaction, or could you underſtand him, that he underſtood the girl was an impoſtor?

W. Howard. He ſaid nothing at all in contradiction to the girl.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Where do you live?

W. Howard. I live right againſt Wells's houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Tell us what particular words, the ſilver-ſmith made uſe of to recommend a contribution to you.

W. Howard. I don't remember any more than what I ſaid.

Mr. *Willes.* Then the only means was, by bringing a printed caſe?

W. Howard. And the little converſation we had about it.

Mr. *Willes.* The firſt time you ſaw him, did he mention any diſbelief of her ſtory?

W. Howard. No; Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Could you collect, he either believed or diſbelieved her ſtory?

W. Howard. Every thing that paſs'd the firſt time, was in favour of the girl.

Mr. *Willes.* But it was not ſo the ſecond?

W. Howard. There was that ſingle objection made.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is your houſe from mother Wells's?

W. Howard. About 50 or 60 yards.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you live at Enfield, during the month of January, that year?

W. Howard. I did; and have ſeen all Wells's family paſs and repaſs, about their private affairs.

Mr. *Willes.* What time in the month of January, did you firſt ſee Squires's family about the houſe?

W. Howard. Really, I uſed to take but very little regard of any thing in Mrs. Wells's houſe. I can't recollect the time poſitively; if I mention a time, I muſt gueſs at it.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at this black pitcher, do you know it?

W. Howard. I know nothing of it. I can't ſwear particular to a broken pitcher.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ſeen them carry ſuch a black jugg as that to your pump?

W. Howard. I can't recollect any ſuch thing; I give all my neighbours privilege to come for water.

Mr. *Nares.* What character does Mrs. Wells's houſe bear?

W. Howard. As bad as can be.

Recorder. Do you remember your firſt time of ſeeing the gipſey?

W. Howard. I never uſed to take notice of them.

Juſtice *Clive.* Did you ever know there were gipſeys there before the time you ſaw them?

W. Howard. I never did. I know there uſed to be bad people.

Mrs. *Howard* ſworn.

Mrs. *Howard.* The laſt evidence is my huſband. I know the two Aldridges; one lives in London, the other by us.

Mr. *Nares.* When did you ſee them both at your houſe?

Mrs. *Howard.* The firſt time that I call to mind was, I believe, on the Saturday or Monday after Wells and the people were taken up. I remember I came down ſtairs, and they were both in the parlour. The Country Aldridge ſaid they were come to us; the London Aldridge ſaid, it was with a deſire that I and my huſband would contribute. I aſked him, whether or no he was of opinion, the girl had been uſed as ſhe had ſaid? He aſked the Country Aldridge, whether he had any of the caſes? and ſaid, he would ſhew me one; then I might judge better: he took it out of his pocket, and the Country Aldridge gave it to me.

Mr. *Nares.* Did he ſay any thing to you, from which you could conclude, that he did believe, or diſbelieved her ſtory?

Mrs. *Howard.* When he gave it me in my hand, I aſked Mr. Aldridge, what he thought of it? The anſwer he made, was, as ſure as ſhe was alive, he was aſſured the girl had been uſed as ſhe had ſaid, in the caſe: and that Mr. Say printed them gratis for the uſe of the girl, and he ſhould have more to give away.

Mr. *Nares.* Which Aldridge was this?

Mrs. *Howard.* This was the London Aldridge.

Mr. *Nares.* Was this all the converſation?

Mrs. *Howard.* He was with me almoſt half an hour; and he recommended it to me and my huſband to ſubſcribe, and deſired me to get my friends to do the ſame: I ſaid, my acquaintance were chiefly in London.

Mr. *Nares.* When did he come again?

Mrs. *Howard.* Within 8 or 10 days after he came again, and brought me another printed caſe; and there was wrote at bottom, that Virtue Hall had made an information. He ſaid, it was to raiſe money for the girl; and if we did not aſſiſt, the gentlemen in London would not think we wanted to get rid of the bad company we had about us.

Mr. *Nares.* What did he ſay about the girl's being in the room?

Mrs. *Howard.* Upon my word, I don't remember he mentioned any thing to me about

it then. I never ſent for him, or ſpoke to him, till he came to me in my own parlour.

Mr. *Nares.* Look at the woman there (meaning Mary Squires) do you know her?

Mrs. *Howard.* That is the woman, I think, I have ſeen paſs and repaſs; but never nigh her, to ſpeak to her.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw her, can you recollect?

Mrs. *Howard.* The firſt time, to be poſitive, was the Sunday was ſevennight before ſhe was taken up. I ſaw her, the ſon, and 2 daughters, at Mrs. Wells's door: I do think they are the ſame. It is a great while ſince, there may be an alteration; her daughter Mary uſed to come to our pump for water: the firſt time I took notice of them, my ſervants told me they were gipſeys; then I bid them not to unbolt the door.

Recorder. The Sunday was ſevennight before they were taken up was the 21ſt of January.

Juſtice *Clive.* How do you know it was the Sunday was ſevennight before?

Mrs. *Howard.* I'll tell your lordſhip why I know it was that day; becauſe on the Friday my ſervant told me ſhe was there; and ſhe called me out when the girl was taking ſome linen off the hedges at Wells's; ſhe was in a brown ſtuff gown and a ſpeckled hat: and when ſhe came up to the frame of my pump, on the Saturday, ſhe turned about and made me a curtſey, and I bowed to her as ſhe went out at the gate: this was the Saturday before the Sunday of my firſt ſeeing the old woman, and ſon, and 2 daughters.

Recorder. What time of the Sunday was it you ſaw them?

Mrs. *Howard.* It was in the afternoon: I was told they were her ſon and 2 daughters, and I looked wiſhfully at them.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee the old woman after this?

Mrs. *Howard.* I did; I ſaw her put into the cart after ſhe was taken up.

Mr. *Nares.* When you ſaw her put into the cart, ſo ſoon after you ſaw them at the door, did you believe it to be the ſame perſon you ſaw at the door?

Mrs. *Howard.* Yes; I did believe it then.

Mr. *Nares.* You ſay, you was told there were gipſeys there before; did you ever ſee gipſeys there before that time?

Mrs. *Howard.* No; not to my knowledge. That was the reaſon I cautioned my ſervants to have nothing to ſay to them; but let them come, as the reſt of the neighbours, for water: for we refuſe none, unleſs they give offence: but I cautioned my ſervant not to let her into the houſe.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* How far might they be off at the time you ſaw them firſt?

Mrs. *Howard.* As nigh as I can gueſs, not above 50 or 60 yards: I was within my own gate, which faces it exactly.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſhort-ſighted?

Mrs. *Howard.* Yes, I am.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you firſt ſee one of the gipſey's girls come for water to your pump?

Mrs. *Howard.* It was that Saturday morning.

Mr. *Willes.* Which daughter was it?

Mrs. *Howard.* I do think it was Mary.

Mr. *Willes.* Which pariſh church did you go to on the Sunday morning?

Mrs. *Howard.* We go to Enfield church.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ſervice all days of the week?

Mrs. *Howard.* I believe we have; but I am not able to walk ſo far.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you keep king Charles's martyrdom?

Mrs. *Howard.* No; but I keep my ſon's birth-day as the ſtyle is altered, that comes to be the 29th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Was that the Monday immediately after the Sunday you ſaw her, or not?

Mrs. *Howard.* No; it was the Monday was ſevennight.

Mr. *Willes.* What did the daughter fetch the water in?

Mrs. *Howard.* I have ſeen her ſeveral times at the pump in that time; and I have ſeen them come with a pail and a large pitcher: one time in particular ſhe was met by another, and they took it and carried it for her: one morning I ſaw her with a very little black pitcher.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you ſpeak of its being broke about the neck?

Mrs. *Howard.* I don't know.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you a church-woman or a diſſenter?

Mrs. *Howard.* I am a church-woman.

Mr. *Nares.* How near was you to the girl when you obſerved her?

Mrs. *Howard.* As near as I am to that gentleman; (pointing to a perſon about 3 or 4 yards off.)

Mr. *Nares.* Then you was near enough to diſtinguiſh the girl.

Mrs. *Howard.* I was. She made me a curteſey and look'd me full in the face, and I her: I think ſhe look'd fatter in the face than ſhe does now.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you think it was a gipſey's face?

Mrs. *Howard.* I thought as other people did.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you near enough to know Mary Squires as ſhe paſſed and re-paſſed?

Mrs. *Howard.* Yes; I was. She was in the foot-way, and I within my gate.

Mr. *Nares.* From what you obſerved of her then, do you think her to be the ſame perſon?

Mrs. *Howard.* I do; but can't be poſitive.

Recorder. Are you poſitive?

Mrs. *Howard.* No; I am not: I never converſed with her, or ſhe with me.

Recorder. Was your huſband with you that Sunday?

Mrs. *Howard.* No; he was not: he was gone to church.

Recorder. Did you tell him when he came from church?

Mrs. *Howard.* I think I did.

Recorder. Can you be poſitive to your ſight 40 or 50 yards off.

Mrs. *Howard.* I was more poſitive when I ſaw her paſs and repaſs, than I was on that Sunday.

Recorder. Can you be particular to the days you ſaw her paſs and repaſs?

Mrs. *Howard.*

Mrs. *Howard.* No; I can't, my lord.

William Headland ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you live laſt Chriſtmas was twelvemonth?

W. Headland. I can't really ſay where I was then: I believe I was at Enfield, becauſe my father lives there.

Mr. *Nares.* How old are you?

W. Headland. I am 20 years of age the 30th of laſt month.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember being at your father's about a year and a half ago?

W. Headland. I know I was there when I came out of place; I had not been in place theſe two years till laſt Chriſtmas: I did live at Henham-hall, with Henry Headland, my couſin; that is 38 miles from London.

Mr. *Nares.* During the time you was there, was there any talk about Canning and the gipſey?

W. Headland. Yes; that was in laſt January was twelvemonth: I remember Wells being taken up; I was at home then.

Mr. *Nares.* How far is your father's from Mrs. Wells's houſe?

W. Headland. There is only a lane and two fields part us.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know the window where it is ſuppoſed the girl got out at; what does that window front?

W. Headland. It is by the corner of the lane; you may ſee into the road.

Mr. *Nares.* Where does the other ſide look to?

W. Headland. There is only a little window, which looks into the field.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you find any thing, and when, near that place?

W. Headland. One day I was going to the ſhop, and there were a parcel of people come about Wells's houſe: I went there, and found a piece of lead, juſt at the corner of the window that joins to the houſe; it looked as if it came out of ſome window.

Mr. *Nares.* How near to the houſe did you take it up?

W. Headland. Within a yard, or thereabouts, under the window that fronts the road: I doubled it up as ſoon as I found it, becauſe I thought I'd carry it home.

Mr. *Nares.* What made you take ſuch notice of it?

W. Headland. Becauſe it was bloody; and I heard Bett Canning had torn her ear.

Mr. *Nares.* For God's ſake tell me the true reaſon, upon oath, why you took notice of that lead.

W. Headland. Becauſe I heard the young woman had torn her ear againſt the caſement, or ſomething.

Mr. *Nares.* Was it bloody when you pick'd it up?

W. Headland. It was all bloody; I believe it was blood. I carried it home and gave it to my mother.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you tell your mother why you brought it home.

W. Headland. I did.

Recorder. When did you hear Elizabeth Canning had torn her ear?

W. Headland. I don't know.

Recorder. What day did you pick up this lead?

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Whether ever you ſaw Mary Squires the gipſey?

W. Headland. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court.

W. Headland. That is the woman (pointing to her) I know her from a thouſand.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee that gipſey woman at any time before you took up the lead?

W. Headland. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* How long before?

W. Headland. Indeed I can't ſay how long before; but I ſaw her on the 9th of January I know.

Mr. *Nares.* Why do you think it was the 9th of January?

W. Headland. Becauſe it was on a Tueſday, Waltham market-day.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you ever ſeen her before?

W. Headland. That was the firſt day.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her?

W. Headland. I ſaw her under Mr. Loomworth Dane's back wall, telling a young man his fortune.

Mr. *Nares.* Where does Mr. Dane live?

W. Headland. At the ſign of the Bell, at Enfield high-way: a young man came from a coachman, he was in a ſilver-laced hat; I ſtood looking at her; ſhe ſaid, go along boy, leſt your maſter ſhould want you: I ſtood leaning againſt a tree, and then went a little farther; and could not hear what they ſaid.

Mr. *Nares.* How could you tell ſhe was telling his fortune?

W. Headland. Becauſe I ſaw her lay hold of his hand.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure it was ſo early in January as the 9th?

W. Headland. I am.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any day after?

W. Headland. Yes; I ſaw her on the 12th, in Mrs. Wells's houſe: I went there to carry 2 pails of water; there were the gipſey's 2 daughters; one of them had a pair of pumps on, and was buckling them up.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court, and ſee if you ſee her.

W. Headland. That is the girl, (pointing to Mary Squires) I am ſure it is one; if you were in your brown camlet gown I ſhould know you better; I then could ſwear it.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you believe this is her?

W. Headland. I do really believe it is.

Mr. *Nares.* What did you carry that water for?

W. Headland. It was 2 pails of waſh for a ſow that was big with pigs.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you carry it from?

W. Headland. From my mother's.

Mr. *Nares.* How do you know it to be the 12th?

W. Headland. Becauſe it is Epping market-day.

Mr. *Nares.* What day of the week is that on?

W. Headland.

W. Headland. It is on a Friday.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any time after this?

W. Headland. Yes; I was in Madam Johnſon's walk, and ſaw her coming down a field, I ſpoke to her, and ſaid, you are ganging home, it is very cold. She ſaid, ſo it is.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after that?

W. Headland. Yes; I ſaw her getting into the cart when ſhe was taken up.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe the firſt or laſt that got in the cart?

W. Headland. She was the firſt, I believe, but I am not ſure.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you in court when Mrs. Howard was examined?

W. Headland. No; Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* From what you obſerved of her before, and from what you obſerved ſince, are you ſure this is the ſame perſon?

W. Headland. I am ſure it is the ſame.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* What buſineſs is your father?

W. Headland. He is a gardiner.

Mr. *Willes.* Where had you lived, before you came home to your father, before January was a twelve-month?

W. Headland. I worked at ſeveral farm houſes.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Had you been a hired ſervant, or worked by the day?

W. Headland. I worked with one man a matter of 2 years.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Before you came home to your father, who did you work with then?

W. Headland. I can't tell indeed; I might be out of place for what I know.

Mr. *Willes.* What time of the year is Chriſtmas in,——What month is it in?

W. Headland. I don't know what month in particular?

Mr. J. *Clive.* There are 12 months, pick out which Chriſtmas is in?

W. Headland. Indeed, I can't rightly ſay, what month it is in.

Mr. *Willes.* How many days are there in a week?

W. Headland. There are ſeven, if you put Sunday in.

Mr. *Willes.* What, is not Sunday one of your days?

W. Headland. Yes; but ſome body make but 6 days in the week.

Mr. *Willes.* Who are they?

W. Headland. The Jews don't.

Mr. *Nares.* You ſay you worked with one man 2 years, before you came home to your father, how long did you live in one place together?

W. Headland. I have lived half a year and 3 quarters of a year together.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell who you lived with 3 quarters of a year.

W. Headland. I cannot rightly tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Can you tell any maſter you lived with 2 years.

W. Headland. I worked for one Mr. Long for half a year together; he lives at Freezy-water. I worked for farmer Allen, at Enfield high-way, right againſt the Black-horſe; I have worked many times for him.

Mr. J. *Clive.* How long together?

W. Headland. It might be a quarter of a year together, or leſs.

Mr. *Nares.* Who did you work with firſt?

W. Headland. Mr. Allen.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever live as a hired ſervant in a family with any body?

W. Headland. Yes; I lived in Featherſtone-Street, at Eſq. Feaſts's brew-houſe, with one Mr. King, 10 or 11 weeks.

Mr. *Nares.* Did this maſter you lived with keep Chriſtmas?

W. Headland. I reckon he does.

Mr. *Nares.* Can't you tell what month Chriſtmas is in?

W. Headland. I can hardly tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell, as well as you can.

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Is it in winter or ſummer?

W. Headland. It is in winter.

Mr. *Nares.* Is it before or after January?

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Queſtion, from a jury-man. Can you read and write?

W. Headland. I can read and write too, a little.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Where did you find this lead?

W. Headland. I found it at the end of the wall, by the window fronting the road.

Mr. J. *Clive.* What ſort of a bit of lead was it?

W. Headland. It was a piece of window-lead.

Lord-Mayor. Explain what you mean by window-lead.

W. Headland. It was ſuch as they put the glaſs into.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Was it one ſingle piece?

W. Headland. No; there were 2 or 3 pieces of it, all joined together; ſo, I bent it together, and put it into my pocket, and gave it my mother.

Mr. J. *Clive.* What did you ſay to her, at the time you gave it her?

W. Headland. I bid her take it, becauſe, they ſay, Bett. Canning had tore her ear at the window; but is loſt ſince.

Mr. *Willes.* How long before Squires was taken up, and put into the cart, was it that you firſt ſaw her?

W. Headland. She was taken up on a Thurſday, and if ſhe had ſtaid till Friday, it would have been 3 weeks.

Queſtion, from a jury-man. Whether, you ſhewed this piece of lead to any body after you picked it up, beſides your mother?

W. Headland. No; I ſhewed it to no body.

Elizabeth Headland ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Did your ſon at any time, bring any thing home to you, which he ſaid he found?

E. Headland. Yes; Sir, it was a piece of window-lead; there was a piece of ſolder on it. It was a ſmall time after the people were taken up.

Mr. *Nares.* What account did he give you of it?

E. Headland. I looked at it, there was ſome blood upon it; he ſaid, he picked it up a little

way off, from Mrs. Well's window, where it was ſuppoſed the girl got out at; I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and laid on it a ſhelf.

Mr. *Nares.* How came it not to be here?

E. Headland. I brought it to London with me at Michaelmas time, and carried it down again before Chriſtmas, I laid it in a table-drawer; and when I went to look for it laſt Friday was a week, and could not find it, but I found the piece of paper it was wrapped in. This is really truth.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it 2 or 3 days after they were taken up?

E. Headland. Indeed, I can't tell.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it the day they were taken up?

E. Headland. No; It was not, it was ſome time after.

Mr. *Willes.* Was the blood wet or dry upon the lead?

E. Headland. It was dry.

Mr. *Willes.* This ſon of your's, how has he ſpent his time, where has he lived? he ſays, he is 21 years of age.

E. Headland. He is. He has lived in ſervice ſome part of his time, and ſometimes he has lived at home; he has gone to drive plough, and to day labouring work.

Mr. *Willes.* Has he been a dutiful ſort of a boy, or one that you can ſay much in his favour?

E. Headland. I have no occaſion to give the boy an ill word.

Mr. J. *Clive.* When did he come home from ſervice?

E. Headland. He has not been out theſe three years, till within this half year; he has been at home a year and half, I believe, but uſed to be out at hay-making, and harveſt-work.

Mr. J. *Clive.* How long had he lived at home with you before the people were taken up at Wells's?

E. Headland. He had been at home all the winter long, and I believe, from the Michaelmas before.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Where was the laſt hired ſervice he was in, before January was 12 months?

E. Headland. Upon my word, I can't tell, he was 2 years ago with a gentleman at Hackney; but he did not live there above two months.

Samuel Story ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you of any buſineſs?

S. Story. I live upon my fortune, at Waltham Abbey, in Eſſex.

Mr. *Nares.* Look at that old woman (meaning Mary Squires) Did you ever ſee her before?

S. Story. I have divers times, that is the gipſey. I don't know her by name.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell us, when you think you firſt ſaw her?

S. Story. I have ſeen her ſeveral times at a houſe in White-webbs-lane; that is ſince pulled down, going to the Chaſe; that uſed to be my conſtant road to ride out, 2 or 3 times a week. Then I lived in Turkey-ſtreet, Enfield-waſh; I have been moved from thence about a year and half. I have ſeen her both before and ſince I removed; the laſt time I ſaw her, was on the 23d of December, 1752, except the time I ſaw her in Newgate.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her?

S. Story. She was ſtanding within the door of Mrs. Wells's houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* What reaſon have you to think it was on that day?

S. Story. It was the Saturday before Chriſtmas day, a very fine froſty morning; which induced me to take a walk to ſee Mr. Howard, who lives directly over againſt Mrs. Wells's. I walked the horſe-pad, becauſe it was better beaten; and my feet are a little tender. When I came over againſt Mrs. Wells's houſe, I ſaw the gipſey at the door; curioſity led me a little out of the path, to ſee if it was the ſame gipſey I had ſeen in this houſe in White-webbs-lane.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go cloſe to her?

S. Story. Not very cloſe; I might go, perhaps, within 10 yards of her.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you ſo near her, as to form any judgment, whether it was the ſame perſon?

S. Story. I was; I was certain it was the ſame perſon.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after that?

S. Story. No; I never ſaw her afterwards, till I ſaw her in Newgate, about the 14th or 15th of March.

Recorder. Upon the oath you have taken, is this the ſame perſon?

S. Story. Upon my oath it is. When I came to ſee her in Newgate, it was on a Friday; I was denied admittance then, but I went to Alderman Glynn, and begg'd the favour of an order; and then I ſaw her.

Mr. *Nares.* Who denied you?

S. Story. The keeper did.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you then ſatisfied it was the ſame woman?

S. Story. I was then, and am now, well ſatisfied, that this is the ſame woman.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you any other reaſon, ſo as to be certain, it was the 23d of December you ſaw her?

S. Story. I have. I obſerved, it was a hard froſt in the morning; and the weather altered about noon to ſleet and rain by which it was very wet, and the wind and weather drove on my right ſide, as I was going home, and I being ſubject to the rheumatiſm, was taken with it; and the St. Anrhony's fire ſeized me about the Monday or Tueſday following; then I ſent for an apothecary, and he attended me afterwards. So I am very poſitive as to the day, for I never went out after that Saturday, when I came home, for near 2 months after.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you find Mr. Howard at home?

S. Story. I did.

Mr. *Willes.* How long did you ſtay there?

S. Story. I believe, I might ſtay beſt part of an hour there.

Mr. *Willes.* While you was there, did you hear there were any gipſeys at that time there?

S. Story. No; we had no talk about them, as I remember.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it in your going there, or return, that you ſaw her?

S. Story. It was in my going there.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe ſtanding without the door, or within?

S. Story. She was juſt within at the threſhold of the door.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you look fronting or ſideways?

S. Story. The door is oppoſite to Mr. Howard's. I went a little farther out of my way, to ſee whether it was the ſame gipſey that I had ſeen in White-webbs-lane.

Mr. *Willes.* How long was it before this, that you had ſeen her before?

S. Story. I ſaw her when I lived in Turkey-ſtreet, and I moved from thence on the Michaelmas before; I had ſeen her at times for three years together.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you name any particular time before this?

S. Story. I remember I had ſeen her in the ſpring of the year.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever converſe with her?

S. Story. No; I never did, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever in the ſame room with her?

S. Story. No.

Mr. *Willes.* At this time, you went a little out of your way, did you ſay any thing to her, or ſhe to you?

S. Story. I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* What did ſhe appear to be doing?

S. Story. Nothing at all.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe a pipe in her mouth?

S. Story. No; ſhe had not. She had a dirty clout or handkerchief over her head.

Mr. *Willes.* Who uſed to be with her in White-webbs-lane?

S. Story. There uſed to be 2 younger women with her at times, which I have heard ſince, are her daughters.

Mr. *Willes.* Was there a man?

S. Story. Yes; there was.

Mr. *Willes.* At this time, at Wells's, did you ſee any of theſe young people with her?

S. Story. I did ſee a young girl with her.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at theſe 2 young people, and ſee whether either of theſe are them.

S. Story. I can't ſwear to their faces. The girl's back was towards me then, talking to the old woman; ſhe ſtood without the houſe. I can't ſwear to the girl.

Mr. *Willes.* When was it you firſt recollected theſe circumſtances of having ſeen her there.

S. Story. In my illneſs, the apothecary told me, what had happened at Mrs. Wells's houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you tell what day it was?

S. Story. That I cannot, to 2 or 3 days, it was after they were taken up.

Mr. *Nares.* It comes out now, which I did not know before, that you had ſeen this woman 2 or 3 years before that.

S. Story. I had, and took notice of them as a parcel of gipſeys. They uſed to have 2 aſſes and a little horſe; I have ſeen the horſe grazing in White-webbs-lane, as I have rode through there, and the 2 aſſes, I have met with them on the road, and the 2 young women and a man; but their dreſs is ſo altered now, that I could not know them. They uſed to have a perfect gipſey's dreſs, with blankets over their ſhoulders, and handkerchiefs over their heads, (you might ſee their black locks through them,) following the 2 aſſes. The laſt time I met them, I believe, might be at the beginning of December, juſt againſt Durant's houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* I believe, you was rather too ill to go out, to be a witneſs when the trial of Squires came on?

S. Story. I was, I thought I ſhould have died.

Recorder. Was you ever of any buſineſs?

S. Story. I was a finiſher of clock dyal-plates.

Recorder. Was you acquainted with Mr. Lion before?

S. Story. I have ſeen him before at Newington-green; I rented a houſe that he built.

William Smith ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Where do you live?

W. Smith. I live in Ranton-row, at Enfield; I am a farmer.

Mr. *Nares.* What do you rent per year?

W. Smith. 105 *l.* per year, and have theſe 20 years; it belongs to the Duke of Portland.

Mr. *Nares.* Look, if you ſee Mary Squires in court?

W. Smith. Yes, Sir; I ſee her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her before?

W. Smith. Yes; I have.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell us where you remember to have ſeen her, about a year and half a go.

W. Smith. I ſaw her in my cowhouſe on the 15th of December, 1752.

Mr. *Nares.* Had ſhe been about the country ſome time?

W. Smith. She had a pretty while; I ſaw her ſeveral times.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you ſeen her before that time?

W. Smith. I have.

Mr. *Nares.* How came ſhe in your cow-houſe?

W. Smith. They came to aſk for lodgings; I was not at home.

Mr. *Nares.* Who do you mean by They?

W. Smith. The company that was with her.

Mr. *Nares.* Who did they aſk?

W. Smith. My houſe-keeper; her name is Swain.

Mr. *Nares.* When did you firſt ſee them about your houſe?

W. Smith. The next day in the morning, which was the 15th of December.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any converſation with them?

W. Smith. I had none at all.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the woman?

W. Smith. I am, that was in my cow-houſe; there were 2 men and 2 women with her, ſhe called them her ſons and daughters.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you ſee any man in court that is like her ſon?

W. Smith. I did not take ſo much notice of them, as I did of her; becauſe I have ſeen her often.

Mr. *Nares.* What reaſon have you to think it was the 15th of December?

W. Smith.

W. Smith. I was out the day before at Dr. Crow's, ſtamping of apples, and when I came home my people told me, the people that had laid there before, came to aſk for lodging again. They had lodged in our cowhouſe and barn before that.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure of that?

W. Smith. They have aſked me before this; and uſed commonly to come about once a year, for a pretty many years together.

Mr. *Nares.* Has this woman herſelf aſked you for lodging?

W. Smith. She has; I have known her a pretty many years, and have ſeen them about the country; they loſt their horſe the while they were at my houſe, I think, they ſaid it was a little black one; the ſon aſked my people, in my hearing, whether they ſaw him, or no.

Mr. *Nares.* How long did you ſee them afterwards?

W. Smith. They lay at my houſe till the Sunday after. They were there 3 nights and two days, and lay in my cowhouſe; they came on the 14th, but then I was not at home.

Mr. *Nares.* How long, from that time, was it before you ſaw them again?

W. Smith. I was at home once when the ſon came, as they called him, to aſk for the horſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you examined on the trial of Mary Squires?

W. Smith. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you then ſwear ſhe was the ſame woman?

W. Smith. Yes.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you now believe ſhe is the ſame?

W. Smith. I do.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you examined when Mary Squires and Suſannah Wells were tried?

W. Smith. I was.

Mr. *Willes.* How long after Wells was taken up?

W. Smith. It was ſoon after.

Mr. *Willes.* How ſoon?

W. Smith. Within a fortnight or three weeks after.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you examined in this place, where you are now?

W. Smith. I don't know.

Mr. *Willes.* Where was it?

W. Smith. I don't know where; but I am ſure I was examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Had you any converſation with the gipſey on the 15th of December, in the morning.

W. Smith. No, I only went and looked at them; ſhe did not ſpeak to me.

Mr. *Willes.* Then you can't ſay you know the faces of the two men, and two young women?

W. Smith. No, I do not.

Mr. *Willes.* How long before that December might it be before they were there before?

W. Smith. May be it was a twelvemonth before.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever ſee them at Mrs. Wells's houſe in your life?

W. Smith. No, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* How far is your houſe from Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. It is near 2 miles diſtance.

Mr. *Willes.* What had you been doing the day they came to your houſe?

W. Smith. I had been ſtamping apples to make cyder with, at Dr. Crow's.

Mr. *Willes.* Were the apples your own apples?

W. Smith. They were. I went there for the uſe of his preſs; he gave me leave.

Mr. *Willes.* How long had theſe apples been gathered?

W. Smith. I believe, about 2 months.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you keep your apples ſo long before you grind them?

W. Smith. Yes, and longer too.

Mr. *Willes.* When did they go away?

W. Smith. On the Sunday morning, the third day.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you know where they were going?

W. Smith. No, I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee her, after that time, till you ſaw her in Newgate?

W. Smith. No, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you any time in January at Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. No, Sir, I ſeldom go by there.

Mr. *Willes.* Had they any thing to ſell?

W. Smith. No, not as I ſaw.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you aſk Dr. Crow leave to uſe his preſs?

W. Smith. He was then dead, I believe; I aſked his gardener; the family were not in the country then.

Mr. *Willes.* Why do you fix upon that day, you ſtamp'd your apples on, to be the 14th of Dec. Did you make any minute of the day?

W. Smith. I know it was that day; I did make a minute; I ſold ſome corn that week, and delivered it the ſame week, and I ſet it down in my book.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you ſell corn almoſt every week?

W. Smith. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* What day of that week did you ſell your corn?

W. Smith. It was on the Saturday.

Mr. *Willes.* Where is that book?

W. Smith. It is at home.

Mr. *Willes.* Why is it not here?

W. Smith. I did not know I ſhould have occaſion for that here.

Mr. *Willes.* Is your houſe farther from London than Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. Much about alike for that.

Mr. *Willes.* Is it in the way to Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. No, it is out of the way, on the left hand.

Mr. *Willes.* Is it in the road to Baſingſtoke?

W. Smith. I know nothing of the place.

Mr. *Nares.* You ſay you was not examined in the place you are now in, at the other trial, Do you know whether it was in this court or no, you was examined?

W. Smith. I was examined.

Mr. *Nares.* Was it when Squires and Wells were tried, or any other time?

W. Smith. I think it was then.

Mr. J. *Clive.*

Mr. J. *Clive.* Was you ever examined in this Court?

W. Smith. I never was, but once.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Was you ever examined in a Court of Juſtice, at any time, but when you was examined about the gipſey and Wells?

W. Smith. No.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Where was you examined?

W. Smith. Some gentlemen examined me about it.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Was it in this court, or at Hicks's hall?

W. Smith. I don't know Hicks's hall.

Mr. *Nares.* Was the old gipſey in Court at the time?

W. Smith. No; ſhe was then in Newgate.

Court. This muſt be before the Grand Jury, at Hicks's hall, when the bill was found.

Loomworth Dane ſworn.

L. Dane. I keep the bell at Enfield-Waſh; I have lived there 2 years and a half; but I have lived near there about 12 years and a half.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember ever ſeeing Mary Squires there? Look, and ſee if you ſee her in court?

L. Dane. That is the woman, I am ſure, (pointing to her); I can't ſay I ever ſaw her before winter was twelvemonth.

Mr. *Nares.* What part of the winter did you ſee her?

L. Dane. I can't remember the firſt time; but I am ſure I ſaw her on old Chriſtmas-day, and, I believe, I ſaw her before.

Mr. *Nares.* What reaſon have you to remember the day?

L. Dane. My man came to me, and I promiſed him a holiday on the old Chriſtmas-day.

Mr. *Nares.* When did you promiſe him that?

L. Dane. I promiſed it him on new Chriſtmas-day.

Mr. *Nares.* Had he one on the new?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir; on the old Chriſtmas-day I went up to my ſhop (I keep a collar-maker's ſhop) while I was there, farmer Norton came and aſked me, if I had ever a collar that would fit his horſe; I meaſured his horſe, and put it down in my book; he ſaid he would come and ſettle with me on the Sunday following. I fitted it, and carried it home, and left it that very day, as I went to dinner.

Mr. *Nares.* What book did you ſet it down in?

L. Dane. In my day-book; it is a piece of paper ſewed together.

Mr. *Nares.* Could you have remember'd it without that circumſtance?

L. Dane. I cannot ſay I could.

Mr. *Nares.* Where is that book?

L. Dane. I believe I can produce it; it is not here, but I am ſure it was old Chriſtmas-day.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you take particular notice of her that day?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I did. I was filling a barrow of gravel, from a heap at my door, to lay down in the yard; I ſtood reſting myſelf; ſhe came by me, and I look'd very wiſhfully at her. As ſhe went by me the wind blowed up her gown, and there was a great hole in the heel of her ſtocking. I ſaw her till ſhe got to go into the field.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her when ſhe was in confinement?

L. Dane. I did; and when ſhe was taken up, and ſaw her go into the cart.

Mr. *Nares.* From what you obſerved on her going by, did you believe it was the ſame perſon?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir; I am ſure of it.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure now this is the ſame perſon?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I am. I ſaw her in Newgate, and was ſure of it then.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever converſe with her?

L. Dane. No, never at all.

Mr. *Willes.* How near was ſhe to you when ſhe walked by?

L. Dane. I believe it might be 2 or 3 yards off.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you a coach road goes by your houſe?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, the York road.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know Will. Headland, that has been examined?

L. Dane. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee any body with her?

L. Dane. No; I ſaw nobody with her.

Mr. *Willes.* Was that the only time?

L. Dane. I believe I ſaw her ſeveral times, but can't fix upon the days.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee any young people with her?

L. Dane. I ſaw her ſon ſeveral times.

Mr. *Willes.* How long after?

L. Dane. I cannot ſay how long.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever ſee her daughters with her?

L. Dane No, only when they were taken up.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it a very high wind that day?

L. Dane. It was.

Mr. *Willes.* What had ſhe on her head?

L. Dane. I can't tell.

Mr. *Willes.* Was her face covered over?

L. Dane. No; it was not.

Mr. *Willes.* How did ſhe walk;

L. Dane. She went crouching and ſkringing.

Mr. *Willes.* Which way was her face?

L. Dane. It was then towards the town; I looked at her very wiſhfully.

Mr. *Willes.* Then you can't ſay you ſaw her before?

L. Dane. I believe I did.

Mr. *Willes* Do you know Eliz. Headland? what is her character, a good or bad one in the neighbourhood?

L. Dane. I never heard ſhe robbed any body.

Mr. *Willes.* Is it as good as the reſt of her neighbours?

L. Dane. I can't ſay that; her's is not ſo clear as ſome peoples are; but I never heard ſhe was a thief.

Mr. *Willes.* What is her ſon's character?

L. Dane. I know no ill of him.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know David Dyer?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I do.

Mr. *Willes.* What is his character?

L. Dane. He is a very honeſt man.

Mr. *Nares.* I own the boy has given a ſtrange account; but did you ever hear any harm by him?

L. Dane. No; never in my life.

Mr. *Nares.* In what particular is the mother's character ſuppoſed to be bad?

L. Dane. I don't know, not I.

Mr. *Nares.* How far does David Dyer live from you?

L. Dane. He lives oppoſite me.

Mr. *Nares.* What is his buſineſs?

L. Dane. He is a ſhepherd.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever hear any harm of him?

L. Dane. No; never in my life: he has a good character.

Samuel Arnott ſworn.

S. Arnott. I live at White Webb's, on Enfield chace; and have lived there theſe 14 years.

Mr. *Nares.* What are you?

S. Arnott. I am a labouring man.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know ſuch a perſon as Mary Squires?

S. Arnott. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Look, and ſee if you ſee her.

S. Arnott. That is the woman (pointing to her.)

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you known her?

S. Arnott. The firſt of my ſeeing her was on a Friday morning; ſhe aſked me if I ſaw a little brown horſe: this was, as near as I can gueſs, about 9 or 10 days before new Chriſtmas day.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to fix upon that time?

S. Arnott. I had been at a place called Clay-hill, and met her in the buſhes; and ſhe aſked me if I ſaw this horſe, and ſaid his legs were tied, and he had a clog upon him: then I turned back again, and aſked, what ſort of a clog? She ſaid her name was Squires.

Mr. *Nares.* For what reaſon did ſhe tell you that?

S. Arnott. Becauſe I might give her an account of the horſe, if I light of him.

Mr. *Nares.* Upon your oath, are you ſure this is the woman?

S. Arnott. Upon my oath, I am, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her any time but that?

S. Arnott. I never ſaw her after that time till I ſaw her in Newgate, but don't know the particular day I ſaw her there.

Mr. *Nares.* How long was it after you had ſeen her before?

S. Arnott. It was, I believe, a quarter or half a year after.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you certain then it was the ſame perſon?

S. Arnott. I was, Sir; and, to the beſt of my knowledge, I believe now it is the ſame.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* What is your employ?

S. Arnott. I follow labouring work: I work ſometimes at Cheſhunt, and ſometimes at other places.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you any family?

S. Arnott. I have a wife and 3 children.

Mr. *Willes.* Why are you poſitive as to the time?

S. Arnott. Becauſe it was on a Friday morning that I ſaw her: and on the Sunday following I met her again, and aſked her if ſhe had found her horſe; and ſhe ſaid, No.

Mr. *Willes.* Why do you apprehend it was 9 or 10 days before new Chriſtmas you had this converſation with the gipſey?

S. Arnott. I think new Chriſtmas was the Sunday ſevennight following.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſure Chriſtmas-day was on a Sunday that year?

S. Arnott. No; it was on a Monday. I ſay, it was the Sunday was ſevennight before new Chriſtmas that I ſaw her.

Mr. *Willes.* Were there any body with her at that time?

S. Arnott. There were a man, 2 women, and 2 children with her, this ſecond time; there was nobody with her the firſt time.

Mr. *Willes.* Had ſhe either of the times a horſe or aſs with her?

S. Arnott. No; neither.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Who carried the children?

S. Arnott. They walked on foot.

Mr. *Willes.* How old might they be?

S. Arnott. 4, or 5, or 6, or 7 years old.

Mr. *Willes.* What was the colour of the horſe ſhe enquired after?

S. Arnott. A little brown one, with his legs tied together.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know farmer Smith?

S. Arnott. I do; his houſe ſtands about 2 or 3 pole from mine.

Mr. *Willes.* Did theſe two children ſeem to be gipſey children?

S. Arnott. I did not obſerve their colour; they ſeemed to belong to that gang.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know of their lying in farmer Smith's cow-houſe?

S. Arnott. I do; they did to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Willes.* If thoſe people had lain there, do you think he would not have remembered there being two children with them?

S. Arnott. His remembrance is nothing to me.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee them at farmer Smith's?

S. Arnott. I never ſaw them in the cow-houſe: I know no otherways, than as I met them on the chaſe, and heard they lay there; and it being ſo near my houſe, I could hear them talk in the cow-houſe. On the Sunday morning I met her betwixt Clay-hill and White Webb's; I aſked her, whether ſhe had found the horſe or not? ſhe ſaid, ſhe had not.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Was it then that the man, 2 women, and 2 children, were with her?

S. Arnott. It was.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Look about the court, and ſee if you ſee the 2 women that were with her.

S. Arnott. I can't ſwear to any perſon beſides ſhe, really: I did not take notice of the 2 women; I did not converſe with them.

Mr. *Nares.* Did the notice you took of her, the

the firſt time you ſaw her, give you ſuch an idea of her perſon, as to aſk her, of your own accord, whether ſhe had found her horſe?

S. Arnott. It did.

Recorder. What particular reaſon have you to imagine, that theſe 2 children were with them at farmer Smith's?

S. Arnott. I don't know that: I heard a noiſe of the voices of ſmall people; I can't ſay they were children young or old.

Recorder. Could you diſtinguiſh the voice of children?

S. Arnott. I could, to be ſure: but I did not ſee the old woman.

Baron *Legge.* You ſay, you firſt of all ſaw the woman on a Friday; when was it you ſaw her next?

S. Arnott. On the Sunday after the Friday.

Baron *Legge.* Did you ſee her the next Sunday after that Sunday, again?

S. Arnott. No.

Elizabeth Arnott ſworn.

E. Arnott. I am wife to Samuel Arnott: we have lived where we do 14 years.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

E. Arnott. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court, and ſee if you can ſee her.

E. Arnott. There ſhe is; I am ſure it is her.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you remember to have ſeen her?

E. Arnott. It was about a week before new Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to fix upon that time?

E. Arnott. To the beſt of my knowledge it was: I know it was about a week before the firſt new Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her?

E. Arnott. I ſaw her lying in farmer Smith's cow-houſe, cloſe to my houſe: I ſaw her come out of the cow-houſe into the lane on the chaſe. She aſk'd me, if I ſaw a little horſe of hers? I ſaid, I had not. This is the truth.

Mr. *Nares.* Was your huſband with you at that time?

E. Arnott. He was not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee any others in company with her?

E. Arnott. I ſaw ſeveral more, but I did not take notice of them: I ſaw her ſon on the Chaſe, whiſtling for his horſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after that?

E. Arnott. No, never, only in Newgate, till now.

Mr *Nares.* What time was that you ſaw her in Newgate?

E. Arnott. I don't know the time; I never kept the account of that.

Mr. *Nares.* Was it before or after her trial?

E. Arnott. It was after her trial.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Should you know the ſon if you was to ſee him?

E. Arnott. I took ſo little account of him, I can't ſay whether I ſhould know him or not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee a woman like the old woman in your life?

E. Arnott. No; never before I ſaw her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you think the woman you ſaw in Newgate, is the ſame perſon you ſaw inquiring for her horſe?

E. Arnott. The very ſame perſon.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you think this is the ſame perſon here, you ſaw there and in Newgate?

E. Arnott. The very ſame.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* How long was ſhe with you inquiring for her horſe?

E. Arnott. It might be ſome minutes, before ſhe turned her back, and went to look for him.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee her in the cow-houſe?

E. Arnott. No; I did not. I ſaw her coming out of it.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe mention the colour of the horſe?

E. Arnott. She did not.

Mr. *Willes.* What did you ſay to her?

E. Arnott. I told her I had not ſeen him.

Mr. *Willes.* Was this the only ſpace of time you had to ſee her face, till you ſaw her in Newgate?

E. Arnott. It was.

Mr. *Willes.* How long were you talking together?

E. Arnott. It might be 2 or 3 minutes.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you ſwear abſolutely that was the perſon?

E. Arnott. I do, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you change a word with the ſon?

E. Arnott. I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you near the cow-houſe?

E. Arnott. My houſe joins almoſt to it: ſhe came out of the farmer's yard, and ſaid, Good woman, did you ſee a little horſe of mine?

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe come towards you before ſhe ſpoke to you?

E. Arnott. No; I was going for a pail of water: and ſhe came out to go to look for her horſe.

Mr. J. *Clive.* How came you to ſay that man was her ſon?

E. Arnott. She ſaid, it was her ſon that was calling her horſe.

Sarah Starr ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Starr. I do; that is the gipſey, (pointing to her.) I live next door to Mrs. Wells's houſe at Enfield-waſh: my huſband rents a farm there.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you lived there?

S. Starr. I have lived there 3 years this May.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw the gipſey?

S. Starr. She was at my houſe on the 18th or 19th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. *Nares.* By what do you recollect the day?

S. Starr. My huſband was gone to Hertford for a load of peaſe, for a gentleman in town: the note is in court, as far as I know, with the date on it: Mr. Miles, the former attorney, had it of me.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her at any other time?

S. Starr. I never ſaw her before or after, till ſhe was taken up.

Mr. J. *Clive.* How near do you live to Mrs. Wells's houſe?

S. Starr. My houſe is as near to her houſe, as it is a-croſs the ſeſſions-houſe yard.

Mr. *Nares.* What converſation paſſed between you?

S. Starr. At firſt ſhe came and aſked at the door, if I had any delft to mend, or china? My man and boy were at dinner; I bid them give her an anſwer, becauſe I was buſy. Then ſhe came into the kitchen to me; then ſhe aſked to buy ſome pork of me, and brown bread: I ſaid I had but that piece of bread in the houſe, and more need to buy than to ſell. Then ſhe aſked me to ſell her ſome chitterlings, I having ſome, and black puddings, lying on the table: I gave her a good piece of chitterling to get rid of her.

Mr. *Nares.* How long might this converſation take up?

S. Starr. I had rather ſet a leſſer time than it was. I do believe ſhe was 3 quarters of an hour with my men and me; that is, in my ſight and hearing. She offered to tell my ſervants their fortunes, and offered to tell me mine. She was ſome time in the porch with my ſervant; but, I believe ſhe was in my ſight 3 quarters of an hour.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe tell any of them their fortunes?

S. Starr. After ſhe found ſhe could not tell me mine, ſhe ſaid, don't be ſcared at me; for I have been before dukes, lords, and earls, and I hurt nobody, madam; I will not hurt you. She did not tell any of my ſervants their fortunes, in my hearing. I wanted to get rid of her, for I was terribly ſcared, ſeeing ſuch a ſtrange gipſey woman; though I have ſeen hundreds of gipſeys at one time or another: the man took her into the porch, then the boy bolted the door, ſo we got her out. I ſaw her when ſhe was taken up and put into the cart; and I ſaw her in Newgate after that.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the ſame perſon?

S. Starr. Yes, Sir.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* How are you certain as to time, ſo as to fix it to be the 18th or 19th of January?

S. Starr. Upon this account; my huſband was gone for a load of peaſe, and the note was dated the 18th or 19th of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Where is that note?

S. Starr. It was delivered into Mr. Miles, the attorney's hands, and I have not ſeen it ſince.

Mr. *Willes.* How long is it ago ſince you delivered it to him?

S. Starr. I believe it may be above a twelvemonth ago.

Mr. *Willes.* What did you look upon him to be at that time?

S. Starr. I took him to be a lawyer, concerned for Elizabeth Canning.

Mr. *Willes.* Where was your huſband when you gave him that note?

S. Starr. I can't tell.

Mr. J. *Clive.* When did you deliver this note to Mr. Miles?

S. Starr. Indeed I can't tell. I know my huſband took the peaſe up one day, and delivered them the next; that is the reaſon I ſay the 18th or 19th of January.

Mr. *Nares.* We have not got the paper to produce.

Baron *Legge.* Did you deliver that before or after the trial of Mary Squires?

S. Starr. After, a great while.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you not to appear here on Squires's trial?

S. Starr. They did not require it.

Daniel Vaſs ſworn.

D. Vaſs. I am a day labouring man; and live in Turkey-ſtreet in Enfield pariſh, and have lived there almoſt 14 years.

Mr. *Nares.* How near is that to mother Wells's?

D. Vaſs. About a quarter of a mile, as near as I can gueſs.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you ever ſeen Mary Squires?

D. Vaſs. I have ſeen that woman that was in Newgate; I don't know her name.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about you, and ſee if you can ſee her.

D Vaſs. There ſhe is (pointing to her); ſhe is remarkable enough: ſhe has now a red cloak on.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her firſt?

D. Vaſs. The firſt time I ſaw her going along the cauſeway, behind my houſe; it was on old Chriſtmas day, by the new ſtyle the 5th of January, 53. I was then in my own yard.

Mr. *Nares.* How near was you to her?

D. Vaſs. Perhaps I might be 4 or 5 yards from her.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any converſation with her?

D. Vaſs. I never ſaid any thing to her, or ſhe to me.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to take ſuch notice of her?

D. Vaſs. By reaſon ſhe ſtopped; and I thought ſhe would have come into the yard, but ſhe did not; if ſhe had, I ſhould have told her there was nobody in the houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Was there any body in the houſe then?

D. Vaſs. No, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you a full ſight of her face at that time?

D. Vaſs. I had, certain.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe alone?

D. Vaſs. She was; without ſhe had got any body under her cloak: I ſaw nobody with her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any time elſe?

D. Vaſs. Only in Newgate.

Mr. *Nares.* Did theſe obſervations you made of her, furniſh you with a ſufficient remembrance of her perſon, to recollect ſhe was the ſame?

D. Vaſs. I am ſure ſhe is the ſame; now I am ſure of it, Sir. It is the ſame perſon, but not the ſame cloaths.

Mr. J. *Clive.* What coloured cloaths had ſhe on then?

D. Vaſs. She had a brick-coloured gown on, an old red cloak, and a whitiſh-coloured one over that, and an old black beaver hat; it was not a black hat as women commonly wear.

Mr. Nares. What reaſon have you to fix upon old Chriſtmas day?

D. Vaſs. By reaſon I went to work with a maſter I have worked for almoſt eleven years, and he did not chuſe I ſhould work on that day.

Mr. Nares. Why did he not chuſe you ſhould work?

D. Vaſs. By reaſon he thought it was Chriſtmas-day, and ought to be kept.

Mr. Nares. Are you certain that was the ſame day you ſaw this woman?

D. Vaſs. I am, ſir; that was the ſame day; my door was locked when I came home, and I did not know where my wife was gone with the key, and at that time the woman came by.

Croſs examined.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever ſee her before?

D. Vaſs. No, ſir, nor never ſaw her again, 'till I ſaw her in Newgate.

Mr. Willes. How long did ſhe ſtop there?

D. Vaſs. Perhaps a minute, or half a minute.

Mr. Willes. When you went into Newgate, did you go by yourſelf, or with other perſons?

D. Vaſs. I did not go by myſelf, if I had, I ſhould not have found her; but we went but one at a time up to her.

Mr. Willes. Was ſhe brought out among a number of other perſons, or was ſhe ſingled out?

D. Vaſs. She ſat upon the bed, but I knew her long before I came at her.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other priſoners there?

D. Vaſs. I did not know who were the priſoners.

Mr. Willes. Was ſhe ſitting by herſelf?

D. Vaſs. She ſat by herſelf on one ſide the bed.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other people ſhewed to you in that corner of the room, beſides the gipſey herſelf?

D. Vaſs. There was no other perſon ſitting on the bed, nigh her, as I know of.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other people in the room?

D. Vaſs. There were a great many; but I knew the woman when I ſaw her, and ſhould from a thouſand.

Mr. J. Clive. Who deſired you to go into the room?

D. Vaſs. I don't know who it was; it was by the gentlemen.

Mr. J. Clive. Did any body come up from the country with you?

D. Vaſs. Yes, there were nine or ten of us came up in a coach together.

Mr. Willes. Did you all go into Newgate together?

D. Vaſs. I don't know how many did when I did, or how many went in together.

Mr. Willes. Was not the purpoſe of your going up, to ſee if you could find out the gipſey?

D. Vaſs. No, no, I was cartied up to ſee if I could find out the ſame woman that I had ſeen before—A blind-man can't ſee her, but a man if he has but half an eye might know that woman if he ſees her again.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, did any body point out to you that this was the gipſey?

D. Vaſs. No, no, I did not want them to do that.

Mr. Nares. Did any body tell you how ſhe was dreſſed?

D. Vaſs. No, certain.

Mr. Nares. Was there any other woman there?

D. Vaſs. There were in the room.

Mr. Nares. Did you, of your own accord, ſay which was the woman?

D. Vaſs. Certain.

Mr. J. Clive. How near do you live to mother Wells's?

D. Vaſs. As near as I can gueſs, about a quarter of a mile off.

Mr. J. Clive. Have you ever been in her houſe?

D. Vaſs. I have ſeveral times.

Mr. J. Clive. Was you there the beginning of January?

D. Vaſs. No, nor I had not been in the houſe above two years, 'till they were taken up.

Mr. Willes. Had you uſed to go there at any time?

D. Vaſs. I have been in the houſe divers times formerly, then ſhe ſold beer, then a poor man might take a pint of beer there, as well as at another houſe.

Recorder. Who was the firſt perſon that applied to you to go to Newgate?

D. Vaſs. I am ſure I don't know the gentlemens names, one from another.

Recorder. Have you heard their names?

D. Vaſs. I have heard a good many of the gentlemens names that are on the girl's behalf; if I were to hear their names, perhaps I might know them.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know farmer Smith?

D. Vaſs. I do, very well.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know his cow-houſe?

D. Vaſs. I never was in his yard.

Jane Dadwell ſworn.

J. Dadwell. I live in Turkey-ſtreet, at Enfield-Waſh.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

J. Dadwell. I have lived there two years?

Mr. Nares. What is your buſineſs?

J. Dadwell. I keep a ſhop, I ſell butter, cheeſe, coffee, and tea, and thoſe ſort of things.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

J. Dadwell. I do, this is the woman, (*pointing to her*).

Mr. Nares. When did your firſt ſee her?

J. Dadwell. The firſt time was at our ſhop; the time I can't tell; but I can tell one day in particular, that was the Thurſday in Chriſtmas week.

Mr. Nares. Which Chriſtmas?

J. Dadwell. The new Chriſtmas week.

Mr. Nares. Upon what account did ſhe come to your ſhop?

J. Daawell. She came for coffee, tea, and butter; but I can't tell what particular weight ſhe had any one day.

Mr. *Nares.* Had ſhe been at your ſhop before that?

J. Dadwell. She had ſeveral times before that.

Mr. *Nares.* Why do you fix upon that day?

J. Dadwell. We dreſs'd a piece of meat for our cuſtomers, as I uſually do at Chriſtmas: this was dreſs'd on Chriſtmas-day, the cuſtomers came on Tueſday night and Wedneſday night; and this of her coming was after my cuſtomers had been there.

Mr. *Nares.* What reaſon had you to think it was after they had been there?

J. Dadwell. I was in my back houſe waſhing my diſhes (that had been us'd when my cuſtomers were there) when ſhe came in.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any time after that?

J. Dadwell. I can't ſay particularly whether ſhe was or not at my houſe after that.

Mr. *Nares.* From her coming ſo often to your ſhop can you be certain of her face?

J. Dadwell. I know it very well.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her in Newgate?

J. Dadwell. I did.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe ſhewn you there, or did you know her of yourſelf?

J. Dadwell. I knew her immediately, and then ſhe owned ſhe had been at my ſhop.

Recorder. Did ſhe own ſhe had been at your ſhop that Thurſday?

J. Dadwell. No: ſhe knew me, and own'd ſhe had been at my ſhop, but did not fix upon any time.

Mr. *Nares.* I need not aſk you any more as to your certainty of the perſon then: are you ſure now this is the perſon?

J. Dadwell. Yes, Sir, I am.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever examined before?

J. Dadwell. I was.

Mr. *Willes.* By what perſon was you examined?

J. Dadwell. I don't know the gentleman.

Mr. *Willes.* How long is it ago?

J. Dadwell. It is a twelve-month ago laſt Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Willes.* How long is it ſince you was examin'd before the grand jury?

J. Dadwell. I don't know.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you ever examin'd upon oath?

J. Dadwell. I was, but not upon ſuch things as theſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Was it upon the Abbotſbury men for perjury?

J. Dadwell. I don't know what it was about, it was about this affair.

Mr. *Willes.* When did you recollect any of theſe circumſtances, about your waſhing your diſhes?

J. Dadwell. I gave this account to the grand jury, and told the ſame as I have now.

Mr. *Nares.* Is the account you tell now true?

J. Dadwell. I am ſure it is.

Mr. *Willes.* When was it you firſt recollected it to tell thoſe circumſtances of her being there?

J. Dadwell. I can't recollect the day of the month, after they were taken up the lawyer came to me, and I told it him.

Mr. *Willes.* Don't you waſh your diſhes every day?

J. Dadwell. No, I do not; but I know in particular it was that day: one of my neighbours came in, and aſked me, what ſtrange woman that was.

Mr. *Willes.* Did ſhe ſtay any time in your ſhop?

J. Dadwell. She ſat down and ſmoaked a pipe there.

Mr. *Willes.* At the time you ſaw her in Newgate, what day did Squires ſay it was that ſhe was at your ſhop?

J. Dadwell. She did not ſay what day, but ſhe ſaid ſhe knew me: I aſked her whether ſhe knew me.

Mr. *Nares.* Then this affair had made a great deal of noiſe in the country.

J. Dadwell. Yes, it had.

Mr. *Nares.* And the lawyer deſir'd you to recollect the time, did he not?

J. Dadwell. Yes, he did.

Mr. *Nares.* You ſay ſhe ſmoak'd a pipe, where did ſhe ſit?

J. Dadwell. She ſat down by the fire.

Mr. *Nares.* Who is that neighbour that came in, and aſked about the ſtrange woman?

J. Dadwell. She was one of the witneſſes, but is ſince dead.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe examin'd when you was before?

J. Dadwell. She was; her name was Ann Parſley.

Mr. *Willes.* Was you by when ſhe was examined?

J. Dadwell. No, I was not; there was but one examin'd at a time.

Recorder. How old are you?

J. Dadwell. I am three-ſcore years of age.

Recorder. Are you no more?

J. Dadwell. I am not.

Recorder. Have you ſeen gipſies at Endfield-Waſh before this?

J. Dadwell. I have, ſuch as are called gipſies.

Recorder. Had any of them uſed to come to your ſhop?

J. Dadwell. No, none of them.

Mr. *Willes.* Were they and this woman alike that you had ſeen before?

J. Dadwell. No.

Recorder. What was her errand the firſt time ſhe came to your ſhop?

J. Dadwell. She came and aſked if we had any china to mend.

Recorder. Had ſhe any body with her?

J. Dadwell. I never ſaw any body with her.

Recorder. Did ſhe tell you where ſhe liv'd?

J. Dadwell. She ſaid ſhe liv'd up yonder, and ſaid no more.

Tobias Kellog ſworn.

T. Kellog. I am a huſbandman, and live at Endfield in a little houſe of my own.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you liv'd there?

T. Kellog.

T. Kellog. Twenty-ſix years come Michaelmas.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

T. Kellog. I have ſeen her.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and ſee if you ſee her now.

T. Kellog. I ſee her, ſir.

Mr. Nares. When was the firſt time you ſaw her?

T. Kellog. The firſt time was in January, ſomething better than three weeks in January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. What day in January?

T. Kellog. I cannot ſay to the day.

Mr. Nares. Have you any reaſon to ſay you ſaw her before?

T. Kellog. I have not.

Mr. Nares. Where did you ſee her?

T. Kellog. She was on the other ſide the way, where I was at work in Mr. Fletcher's barn, at Bulls-Croſs; ſhe was walking up Turkey-ſtreet-green, in the foot-path.

Mr. Nares. What have you to charge your memory with, as to the day?

T. Kellog. I can't ſay but it may be a day or two before old Chriſtmas day.

Mr. Nares. Was it before old Chriſtmas, or after?

T. Kellog. It was rather before old Chriſtmas.

Mr. Nares. Are you certain of it?

T. Kellog. Yes, I am.

Mr. Nares. What day of the month was old Chriſtmas day on?

T. Kellog. It was on a Friday, and I believe I ſaw her on the Thurſday; but I can't ſay to the day of the month.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure it was three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I mean ſo, and better.

Baron Legge. From what period, or time, do you reckon your three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I ſay, near a month.

Baron Legge. Was it the beginning of January?

T. Kellog. No, there were two or three days paſt the beginning.

Mr. Nares. What do you mean by three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I ſaid three weeks, very near a month in January.

Baron Legge. How long was it before Squires was taken up?

T. Kellog. I reckon it about a month before the time ſhe was taken up.

Mr. Nares. When you ſay, better than three weeks, or near a month, do you mean before Squires was taken up?

T. Kellog. I mean ſo.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure you ſaw her then?

T. Kellog. I am ſure.

Mr. Nares. How far is Mr. Fletcher's barn, from mother Wells's?

T. Kellog. His houſe is very near a mile from it; but the barn is about a quarter of a mile.

Mr. Nares. Did you ſee her face then?

T. Kellog. I did.

Mr. Nares. Did you ſee her after that?

T. Kellog. I did, twice, walk by my barn-door; ſhe aſked me for a bit of tabacco; I ſaid, I uſed none, and away ſhe went: I ſaw her four times in all, with the time ſhe was taken up; ſhe was at my barn-door the day before ſhe was taken up, about one o'clock, and aſked the man that was in the barn with me, (whoſe name is John Rowley) for a bit of tobacco: then ſhe came into the barn, and ſaid to him, Young man, I'll tell you your fortune; and told him, there is one young man has a very great enmity to him, and aſked him to croſs her hand with four halfpence to tell him his fortune; he ſaid, if I do, I muſt go on the highway for it: then ſhe turned her leg over the board, and away ſhe went.

Mr. Nares. Is John Rowley here?

T. Kellog. No, he is not.

Mr. Nares. Where does he live?

T. Kellog. At Endfield-highway.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure this is the woman that aſked you for tobacco, and that afterwards offered to tell Rowley his fortune?

T. Kellog. It is the ſame.

Mr. Nares. Have you ſeen her ſince that time?

T. Kellog. No, I have not 'till now, but ſhe is a very remarkable woman.

Mr. Nares. What makes you fix it to be the day before old Chriſtmas day?

T. Kellog. I have no particular reaſon.

Croſs examined.

Mr. Willes. Had you any converſation with her the firſt time?

T. Kellog. No, I had none at all.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever in your life ſeen her before?

T. Kellog. No, ſir.

Mr. Willes. Did ſhe continue walking when you ſaw her?

T. Kellog. She was walking along.

Mr. Willes. Did you ſee any gang of gipſies about the town, beſides her?

T. Kellog. No, I did not ſee any.

Mr. Willes. How long was the ſecond time after the firſt?

T. Kellog. It was about a week after.

Mr. Willes. Had you ſeen any gipſies with her at any time?

T. Kellog. No, ſir.

Mr. Willes. Should you have recollected the perſon of that gipſey, if it had not been for that of coming in the barn and aſking for tobacco?

T. Kellog. Yes, if I had not ſeen her a ſecond time I ſhould have remembered her face.

Recorder. Was you in Newgate to ſee her?

T. Kellog. I was not.

Mr. Willes. How long is new Chriſtmas day before the old?

T. Kellog. Eleven days.

John Frame ſworn.

J. Frame. I lived with 'ſquire Parſons, and have a year and half, but I am out of place at preſent.

Mr. Nares. Where does he live?

J. Frame. He lives in James's-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare; but he lived in Turkey-ſtreet,

ſtreet, Endfield, in the country; and I lived with him there as a footman and gardiner.

Mr. Nares. During the time you was there, did you ſee Mary Squires there?

J. Frame. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Nares. Do you think you ſhould know her now?

J. Frame. There ſhe is, I am ſure, *(pointing to her.)*

Mr. Nares. When did you firſt ſee her?

J. Frame. On the 11th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. Where did you ſee her?

J. Frame. I was at work in maſter's garden, and ſhe came and talked with me through the palaſadoes, pretending to tell me my fortune.

Mr. Nares. How come you to think it was the 11th of January?

J. Frame. Becauſe my maſter and miſtreſs went to town on the 9th of January, and this was after they went.

Mr. Nares. Tell us the converſation as well as you can.

J. Frame. She ſaid a great many things to me. She told me I little thought of coming into that country once; and ſhe wanted me to give her three-pence: I gave her three-halfpence, but ſhe did not tell me what ſhe would have told me if I had given her more. When I gave her the three-halfpence, ſhe bid me put it in my hand and put it through the pales. She took it out and went away.

Mr. Nares. How long might you converſe with her at this time?

J. Frame. It might be four or five minutes.

Mr. Nares. Was your fortune good or bad?

J. Frame. She told me it would be good fortune.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure this is the woman?

J. Frame. I am ſure it is.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever ſee her before?

J. Frame. I had ſeen her about a year before: I lived then at one Mr. Woodcock's at Enfield Clay-hill; he is ſince dead; I had then but very little talk with her, maſter was at dinner, and I could not ſtay.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever ſee her at any other time?

J. Frame. Not to take much notice of her: I ſaw her two or three times between that and ſeeing her in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure the woman you ſaw at Mr. Woodcock's, is the ſame woman that told you your fortune at Mr. Parſons's?

J. Frame. I am very ſure of it.

Mr. Nares. And are you ſure this is the ſame woman, that is here?

J. Frame. I am very ſure of it: I ſaw her ſeveral times after the time I mentioned, but not to take notice of her, any farther than ſeeing her walking in the ſtreet: I knew ſhe was in that part of the country from that time, to the time ſhe was taken up.

Mr. Nares. You ſay you ſaw her in Newgate.

J. Frame. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was you certain of her then?

J. Frame. I was very certain, and I am ſure this is the ſame now.

Mr. Nares. Was you before the grand jury?

J. Frame. I was.

Mr. Nares. How long is that ago?

J. Frame. I can't tell; it was about this time twelvemonth I think.

Mr. Nares. Did you give the ſame account before the grand jury, as you have now?

J. Frame. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was that true?

J. Frame. It was, and ſo is this.

Croſs examined.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other gipſies with her?

J. Frame. No, ſir.

Mr. Willes. When you ſaw her about a twelvemonth before, were there any others with her?

J. Frame. No, none as I ſaw; ſhe then only juſt opened the gate.

Mr. Willes. Was ſhe in company with any others in Newgate, or ſhewed by herſelf?

J. Frame. By herſelf.

Mr. Willes. How long had your maſter and miſtreſs been down at that time?

J. Frame. I can't tell; they were up and down very often.

Mr. Willes. If they have been up and down very often, how can you fix upon their going up this time, more than any other?

J. Frame. By reaſon my maſter and miſtreſs gave me and my fellow-ſervant leave to go out on the 1ſt of January.

Mr. Willes. Had not your maſter and miſtreſs been in town between the 1ſt of January, and the 9th?

J. Frame. Yes, they had.

Mr. Nares. Have you reaſon to believe it, becauſe your maſter and miſtreſs were down at Chriſtmas?

J. Frame. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Nares. How long had they been there at that time?

J. Frame. I believe a month; and I am ſure they gave me leave to go out on the 1ſt of January.

Recorder. How was the gipſey dreſs'd?

J. Frame. She had a reddiſh ſort of a gown on, I think, to the beſt of my remembrance.

Mr. J. Clive. What other cloaths?

J. Frame. A lightiſh colour'd cloak.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know Mary Jewell?

J. Frame. She ſaw her ſomething before me the ſame day; her fortune was told her; ſhe gave her ſome boiled beef: ſhe is gone away from thence.

Joſeph Gold, ſworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

J. Gold. I live in Turkey-ſtreet, in the pariſh of Endfield: I am a day-labouring man.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

J. Gold. Thirty-ſeven years.

Mr. Nares. Tell me whether you know Mary Squires?

J. Gold. That is the woman that ſits there.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure of it?

J. Gold.

J. Gold. I am.

Mr. Nares. When did you firſt ſee her?

J. Gold. To the beſt of my knowledge it was the 8th or 9th of January 1753, that is, a year ago laſt January.

Mr. Nares. Where did you ſee her?

J. Gold. I ſaw her in a walk, we call Trotts-walk, leading up to Bulls-Croſs, about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Wells's houſe, or ſomething better.

Mr. Nares. Had you any converſation with her?

J. Gold. No: I took notice of her; I thought I never ſaw ſuch a woman in my life before for features.

Mr. Nares. Had you heard mother Wells had gipſies lodg'd at her houſe?

J. Gold. I had.

Mr. Nares. Did you ſee her after that?

J. Gold. Yes, I ſaw her twice afterwards.

Mr. Nares. About what time?

J. Gold. As nigh as I can gueſs, about eight or nine days before ſhe was taken up; and another time, about four or five days before ſhe was taken up.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure the priſoner is the ſame perſon you ſaw on the 8th or 9th of January, and the other times after that?

J. Gold. I am, ſir.

Mr. Nares. By what do you remember the time?

J. Gold. Mr. Parſons, and his lady, went to town on the 9th, (I live next door to him) and my wife was at work there on the Monday.

Mr. Nares. What day of the week was the 9th?

J. Gold. It was on a Tueſday; I knew of their going.

Mr. Nares. By what did you know of that?

J. Gold. It was the time they went away after Chriſtmas.

Mr. Nares. Did you ſee the old woman in Newgate after this?

J. Gold. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was ſhe ſhewed you, or did you find her out?

J. Gold. She was ſhewed me: there were a great many people in the room; ſhe was by the fire-ſide.

Mr. Nares Do you mean any body pointed at her, and ſaid that was the woman?

J. Gold. No, ſir, on the firſt ſight, at coming into the room, I knew her again, without being told.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure the woman, you ſaw in Newgate, is the ſame you ſee now?

J. Gold. Yes, ſir.

Croſs examined.

Mr. Willes. How far was you off from her when you ſaw her on the 8th or 9th of January?

J. Gold. Cloſe by her.

Mr. Willes. Was it the ſame day that Mr. and Mrs. Parſons went to town?

J. Gold. I cannot tell whether it was the ſame day or no.

Mr. Willes. Was any body with her at that time?

J. Gold. No, ſir.

Mr. Willes. Had you any converſation with her?

J. Gold. No, ſir.

Mr. Willes. When was you told that mother Wells had got gipſies lodged at her houſe?

J. Gold. That was before I ſaw her the firſt time.

Mr. Wills. Who told you ſo?

J. Gold. To the beſt of my remembrance Virtue Hall did: I heard her tell other people ſo.

Mr. Willes. What day was this?

J. Gold. I can't tell the very day.

Mr. Willes. When did you firſt recollect this of Mr. Parſons's going to town, in order to aſſiſt your memory?

J. Gold. After I had ſeen the old gipſey in Newgate.

Mr. Willes. When you ſaw her there, were there no other people in that part of the room but her?

J. Gold. Upon my word, I don't remember there were any, beſides the people that went with me.

Mr. Willes. When you ſaw her, four or five days before ſhe was taken up, were there any body with her then?

J. Gold. She came into a publick-houſe where I was.

Mr. J. Clive. Where did you ſee Virtue Hall, when ſhe was relating this?

J. Gold. At a place called the two bridges; there were ſeveral people there then.

Mr. J. Clive. Can you tell any of their names?

J. Gold. I cannot: then they told me that perſon was Virtue Hall, and they called her by her name: I did not know her before.

Mr. Willes. How long was this before the people were taken up?

J. Gold. It was ſome time before.

Mr. J. Clive. Did you uſe the houſe of mother Wells?

J. Gold. I never did uſe it; I kept a farm, (fifteen years) next door to it.

Mr. Nares. What is the two bridges? a houſe of that name, or what?

J. Gold. No, it is in the ſtreet.

Recorder. How was the gipſey dreſſed?

J. Gold. Upon my word I can't certainly tell: ſhe had a cloak, and a hat tied over her head, and ſmoaking a pipe.

Mr. J. Clive. Was ſhe briſk and nimble, or was ſhe feeble?

J. Gold. No, not briſk.

Mr. J. Clive. Was your wife with you when you ſaw Virtue Hall?

J. Gold. No.

Mary Gold ſworn.

Mary Gold. I am wife to the laſt evidence, and live in Turkey-ſtreet.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

M. Gold. I know the gipſey-woman. I did not know her name when I ſaw her.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and ſee if you ſee her.

M. Gold. Yes, ſir, there ſhe ſits; I am ſure that is the woman.

Mr. Nares. When did you ſee her at Endfield?

M. Gold. I ſaw her on the 11th or 12th of January 1753, at my door in Turkey-ſtreet: I am not certain which day of the two; it was either on a Thurſday or Friday I am ſure.

Mr. Nares. In what manner did ſhe come?

M. Gold. My door was bolted; ſhe called at it, and I opened it; ſhe aſked me if I had any china to mend; I ſaid no: ſhe ſaid, directly, You will not live long; I ſaid, Miſtreſs, I ſhall not give any thing, for I don't want to hear my fortune told: I ſhut the door and watched her out at the window, and ſaw her go into Mr. Harrington's yard and out again: I was a little ſurprized at her, becauſe I thought ſhe was a very ordinary woman. I ſaw her another time before ſhe was taken up, and that was as I ſat at work at my own window; that was the week before ſhe was taken up; ſhe aſked me if I had any china to mend then, and I told her no.

Mr. Nares. Are you ſure it was the ſame perſon that ſpoke to you thoſe two times?

M. Gold. I am very ſure.

Mr. Nares. What reaſon have you to think the firſt was the 11th or 12th of January?

M. Gold. By reaſon, 'ſquire Parſons went to town on the Tueſday that week; I uſed to be there almoſt every day; I was there on the Monday, the day before they went, which was the 9th.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, was it in that week Mr. Parſons went to town?

M. Gold. I am ſure it was, and I am ſure this here is the ſame woman.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever ſee her before that time?

M. Gold. I don't particularly know that I have.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. Willes. How do you know Mr. Parſons went to town on the 9th?

M. Gold. Becauſe I was much there: I was there on New-year's day; they were to have gone on that day, but Madam was not very well, ſo it was put off till Tueſday.

Recorder. Did you know Virtue Hall?

M. Gold. I had ſeen her, but I had but little knowledge of her.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever in mother Wells's houſe?

M. Gold. I have.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever ſee the old gipſey there?

M. Gold. No; I never did.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you remember when your husband ſaw Virtue Hall near the two bridges?

M. Gold. I told him, I had been affrighted by a gipſey; and he made anſwer and ſaid, Virtue Hall told him, there were gypſies at mother Wells's houſe.

Mr. J. Clive. How was ſhe dreſs'd when you ſaw her?

M. Gold. She was dreſs'd in the very ſame dreſs as ſhe was when I ſaw her in Newgate, with a clout about her head, and a plain cap under it, a brown ſort of a gown, I can't tell the colour of it, but it was not a ſnuff-colour; it was a yellowiſh ſort of a gown; ſhe was in a very tight ſort of a dreſs conſidering her trade.

Humphry Holding ſworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

H. Holding. I live in Turkey-ſtreet, and have theſe eighteen years: I am a gardiner.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires, the gipſey?

H. Holding. I do.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about and ſee if you can ſee her.

H. Holding. There ſhe is.

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw her?

H. Holding. It was on the 8th of January, 1753.

Mr. *Nares.* Why do you think it was on that day?

H. Holding. Becauſe a gentleman, whom I work for, came home on the 9th.

Mr. *Nares.* What gentleman is that?

H. Holding. That is Mr. Parſons: the gipſey came and aſked me if the family was at home, I ſaid, Aye.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any other converſation with her?

H. Holding. No, I had not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any other time after this?

H. Holding. I ſaw her on the 11th of January, that was on a Thurſday in the ſame week, then I was nailing up vines for Dr. Harrington.

Mr. *Nares.* What converſation paſſed?

H. Holding. She aſked me if there was any china to mend; I told her to aſk at the door; ſhe aſked at the door, and ſomebody ſaid, no; I can't ſay who, but I heard the words very plain; I was then at the end of the houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* By what do you remember this to be the day?

H. Holding. I remember it, becauſe I was not paid for that work, and it was ſet down in my book.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after this?

H. Holding. I ſaw her again when ſhe was carried away to juſtice Taſhmaker's.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the ſame woman you ſaw before?

H. Holding. It is the very ſame woman, I am certain of it; I could pick her out of a thouſand.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* What did you ſet that work down in?

H. Holding. In my pocket-book.

Mr. *Willes.* How came you not to bring your book here?

H. Holding. I had not preſence of mind to bring it with me.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you work for 'ſquire Parſons then?

H. Holding. No, I did not, becauſe he had hired a perſon in the houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſure Mr. Parſons went away on the 9th?

H. Holding. I live, as it were, on the ſpot; I know he went away on the morrow after I ſaw her.

Mr. *Willes.* How long might the gipſey be in aſking thoſe queſtions?

H. Holding. She was not long with me.

Mr *Willes.*

Mr. *Willes*. How near might you be to her, when you was nailing up the vines, on the 11th?

H. Holding. About half the length of this court.

Mr. *Willes*. Was there any fence parted you?

H. Holding. No, none but the gate, and I believe that was open.

Mr. *Willes*. Before that time had you heard of any other gipſies being at mother Wells's?

H. Holding. As to that, I can't ſay, for I never was at mother Wells's in my life.

Mr. *Willes*. Were there any body with her then?

H. Holding. No, there were not.

Mr. *Willes*. How long had 'ſquire Parſons been in the Country that Chriſtmas?

H. Holding. I don't know; but I know when he came out of the country.

Mr. *Willes*. How come you to remember the day of going out of the country, better then when they went down?

H. Holding. By reaſon they are very good to the poor people when they are in the country.

Mr. *Willes*. Are you uſed to work for Dr. Harrington? what is his method of paying?

H. Holding. He pays ſometimes in a quarter of a year, and ſometimes in half a year.

Mr. *Willes*. Don't he pay you the day you do his work?

H. Holding. He very ſeldom does; and if I am not, I book it.

Mr. *Willes*. How came you to remember this particular minute of the 11th, more than any other minute? Was this any uncommon thing?

H. Holding. No, it is what I did always, when I was not paid.

Mr. *Willes*. Was you ever examined upon oath before?

H. Holding. Yes, but I could not fully give an account, becauſe, then, I could not reſolve myſelf of the time.

Mr. *Willes*. How long, after this time, did you work for Dr. Harrington?

H. Holding. Not for a conſiderable time.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you work there the next day, or the day before?

H. Holding. No, I did not.

Mr. *Willes*. How many months, after this time, was it that you was examined, and could not recollect yourſelf?

H. Holding. I can't juſtly ſay how long it was after.

Mr. *Willes*. Can't you tell the day of the month you was examined at the manſion-houſe?

H. Holding. I can't tell the month if I was to die.

Mr. *Willes*. Was you ever examined, upon oath, any where elſe?

H. Holding. I was, at the Fleece in Edmonton, by the juſtices.

Mr. *Willes*. Can you remember the day you was examined there?

H. Holding. I cannot.

Mr. *Willes*. Had you any friend with you when you was at the manſion-houſe?

H. Holding. I had a ſcrub lawyer with me, and, I believe, there are a great many of them in town.

Mr. *Willes*. What was his name?

H. Holding. The man is dead.

Mr. *Willes*. In what way do you make your minutes in your book?

H. Holding. I write ſo much per day.

Mr. *Willes*. Tell us the little line you make on the 11th of January?

H. Holding. I put down the day of the month, ſo much per day; that is, my wife puts it down, as ſoon as I come home: I can read, but I can't write.

Mr. *Willes*. Were there any other perſons with you when you was examined at the manſion-houſe?

H. Holding. There were, may be, half a dozen.

Mr. *Nares*. Upon your oath, was it the 11th of January you worked for Dr. Harrington?

H. Holding. Upon my oath it was put down that very night.

Mr. *Nares*. Does your wife always ſet down your work in the book?

H. Holding. She always does.

Mr. *Nares*. When you was examined before my lord-mayor, at the manſion-houſe, had you ſeen your book to refreſh your memory?

H. Holding. I told them, there, I could not recollect it 'till I ſaw my book.

Mr. *Nares*. Was you deſired to recollect, the day you was examined before my lord-mayor?

H. Holding. No.

Mr. *Nares*. Nor before the commiſſioners neither?

H. Holding. No, ſir.

Baron *Legge*. When you could not recollect that, for want of your book, at that time, how came you not to bring it now?

H. Holding. Upon my oath, I had no preſence of mind to bring it: I did not know it would be looked into.

Baron *Legge*. Do you remember how this woman was dreſſed, when you ſaw her?

H. Holding. I can't ſay as to particulars; ſhe was dreſſed very poorly.

Baron *Legge*. Give the beſt account you can.

H. Holding. She had a hat on her head, and a ſort of a darkiſh yellowiſh gown; but, as to her face, I know it from five thouſand.

Baron *Legge*. What ſort of a hat?

H. Holding. A ſtraw hat.

Mr. J. Clive. Was it a ſtraw hat, or a bonnet?

H. Holding. I can't ſay which.

Baron *Legge*. Was it a black, or white one?

H. Holding. Blackiſh it looked to be.

Baron *Legge*. How near was you to her?

H. Holding. As near as I am to your honour.

Baron *Legge*. Had ſhe a cloak on?

H. Holding. She had a ſhort one, but I can't tell the colour.

Baron *Legge.* What ſort of health did ſhe appear to be in: did ſhe appear to be a ſtrong or weak woman?

H. Holding. She did not appear to be very ſtrong.

Baron *Legge.* Did you ſee her in Newgate afterwards?

H. Holding. I did, and knew her again: ſhe was ſitting on the feet of the bed.

Baron *Legge.* Were there any other women with her?

H. Holding. I ſaw none, but us that went from Endfield, as I remember—We were admitted in by order of Sir Richard Glynn.

Sarah Vaſs ſworn.

Sarah Vaſs. I am wife to Daniel Vaſs: I live at Endfield, in Turkey-ſtreet.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you lived there?

S. Vaſs. Either thirteen, or fourteen years, come Michaelmas.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Vaſs. I do, that is the woman, *(pointing to her.)*

Mr. *Nares.* When did you ſee her?

S. Vaſs. I ſaw her on the 11th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her?

S. Vaſs. At my own houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* What was her buſineſs there?

S. Vaſs. She came to tell me my fortune at the door.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe tell you your fortune?

S. Vaſs. No, I would not let her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her at any other time?

S. Vaſs. Yes, ſeveral times.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to think this was the 11th of January?

S. Vaſs. I can give you a good reaſon for it: I chare, at 'ſquire Parſons's, in waſhing and ironing; they took coach and went to London on Tueſday the 9th of January, and I returned home directly when they took coach, and I ſaw the gipſey two days after that?

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure of it?

S. Vaſs. I am certainly ſure I did: after that I ſaw her ſeveral times.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe ever aſk you to tell you your fortune after this?

S. Vaſs. Yes, ſhe did the day before ſhe was taken up: then ſhe came into my houſe; I was drinking a diſh of tea; ſhe came in and ſat down by me, and aſked me for a pipe of tobacco; I went to my huſband's mug in which he keeps his tobacco; ſhe took hold of my hand, and aſked me to tell me my fortune, but I refuſed her: then ſhe aſked me for a diſh of tea, and I gave her two diſhes of tea.

Mr. *Nares.* How long did ſhe ſtay?

S. Vaſs. I believe ſhe might ſtay about a quarter of an hour; ſhe aſked me what gentleman's houſe that was over the way; I ſaid, madam Gibſon's; ſhe aſked me whether they would admit her; I told her, I thought they would not.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you very certain, that is the ſame woman you ſaw before, on the 11th of January?

S. Vaſs. I am ſure ſhe is the ſame.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her when ſhe was taken up?

S. Vaſs. I did not, but I ſaw her in Newgate.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you certain this woman, that ſits here, is that woman?

S. Vaſs. I am certain that is the ſame woman, I am poſitive of it.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee any gipſey at Endfield-waſh, like her?

Sarah Vaſs. No.

Mr. Davy. Do you think it poſſible for any perſon that has good eyes in his head, to miſtake her for another woman?

S. Vaſs. No, indeed, I ſhould think not.

Mr. Davy. How often have you ſeen her?

S. Vaſs. Twice at my houſe, and ſeveral other times; I ſaw her twice ſitting in a chandler's-ſhop.

Mr. Davy. By what name was ſhe called?

S. Vaſs. She went by the name of the gipſey woman.

Mr. Davy. Where did they ſay ſhe lodg'd?

S. Vaſs. At mother Wells's.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear ſhe lodg'd there on the 11th of January?

S. Vaſs. No, not till afterwards.

Mr. Davy. How long afterwards?

S. Vaſs. As nigh as I can gueſs, it was three or four days after.

Mr. Davy. Was you at home when they were taken up? before that time did you hear ſhe lodg'd at mother Wells's?

S. Vaſs. Yes, before that.

Mr. Davy. Who told you where ſhe lodg'd?

S. Vaſs. I went to a ſhop, and inquir'd of the woman (her name is Mrs. Dadwell) who ſhe was, and where ſhe lodg'd, they ſaid at mother Wells's.

Mr. Davy. When did you hear this?

S. Vaſs. As nigh as I can gueſs, it was three or four days, or a week, after the firſt time I ever ſaw her.

Mr. Davy. What is 'Squire Parſons?

S. Vaſs. He is a gentleman that took a country-houſe, and he was there all the ſummer to and fro; now he lives in town; he had lodgings in town, and uſed to be backwards and forwards pretty often in the ſummer, in the winter he was at London pretty much.

Mr. Davy. How long does he uſually ſtay in the country?

S. Vaſs. He very ſeldom comes down in winter, ſometimes may be he'd ſtay a month or ſix weeks.

Mr. Davy. Who does your huſband work for?

S. Vaſs. He works for farmer Yarrow, and has a good many years.

Mr. Davy. Does he work for him every day of the week?

S. Vaſs. He does, except it happens to be a holy-day.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee the gipſey go in or out of Wells's houſe?

S. Vaſs.

S. Vaſs. No, I never did.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee any body with her?

S. Vaſs. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee that young man or woman? (meaning George and Lucy Squires)

S. Vaſs. I ſaw them once ſince this.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Fortune Natus?

S. Vaſs. Yes.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Virtue Hall?

S. Vaſs. I do.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee them going into Wells's houſe?

S. Vaſs. No, never.

Mr. Davy. Nor coming out?

S. Vaſs. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Did Natus and his wife, lodge at mother Wells's?

S. Vaſs. I heard afterwards they did, but not before.

Mr. Davy. Did you ſee Natus and his wife, in January?

S. Vaſs. I don't know that I did.

Mr. Davy. Nor in the December before?

S. Vaſs. No, ſir.

Mr. Davy. Then, when did you ſee them?

S. Vaſs. Since the great hurliburly.

Mr. Davy. Did you not ſay, you ſaw them often?

S. Vaſs. Yes, but never before that time.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee Virtue Hall, before ſhe was taken up?

S. Vaſs. No, I never did.

Mr. Nares. Did your huſband work on old Chriſtmas-day?

S. Vaſs. No Sir, he went to work, and his maſter refus'd him and would not let him work.

Baron Legge. How long have you known Natus and his wife?

S. Vaſs. Now I know them, but I did not before this thing happen'd.

Baron Legge. How was Mary Squires dreſſed?

S. Vaſs. She was in a light colour'd cloak, a beaver hat, and a brick colour'd gown.

Ann Johnſon ſworn.

Ann Johnſon. I live at Endfield.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd there?

A. Johnſon. Going on to twenty-ſeven years.

Mr. Nares. What do you do for your living?

A. Johnſon. I ſpin for my living, ſince my huſband died.

Mr. Nares. What was his buſineſs?

A. Johnſon. He uſed to ſell fiſh,

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

A. Johnſon. I do, I ſaw her at my door.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and ſee if you ſee her?

A. Johnſon. There ſhe ſits, (*pointing to her*) I am ſure that is ſhe.

Mr. Nares. When did you firſt ſee her?

A. Johnſon. It was at my door, January was a twelve month.

Mr. Nares. How come you to think it that time, more than any other time?

A. Johnſon. I am ſure of it, it was the 18th of January.

Mr. Nares. How do you know it?

A. Johnſon. By carrying home my work, I carried it home two days before, which was the 16th.

Mr. Nares. Who do you work for?

A. Johnſon. Mr. Smitheram; I have work-ed for him many pounds.

Mr. Nares. How do you know by carrying home that work in particular?

A. Johnſon. That was the firſt I carried home in the new year, which is the reaſon I remember when it was.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee Mary Squires, on the 18th of January?

A. Johnſon. She came to my door, and aſked me if I had any china to mend, I told her I had not, then ſhe aſked me if I had any blue and white ware to mend; I ſaid, I had none but what I could mend myſelf, then ſhe aſk'd me for ſome victuals.

Mr. *Nares.* Was ſhe alone?

A. Johnſon. Yes, I ſaw no-body with her.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you give her any victuals?

A. Johnſon. No, I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her any time after this?

A. Johnſon. I ſaw her twice after, ſhe was four times at my door in all.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her all the four times?

A. Johnſon. I ſaw her three of them, the next time ſhe begged for ſome victuals and to light her pipe; I gave her no victuals.

Mr. *Nares.* What the next time?

A. Johnſon. She aſked me the next time, to let her light her pipe.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the ſame perſon?

A. Johnſon. I am ſure it is.

Mr. *Nares.* How ſoon was it you ſaw her after?

A. Johnſon. This was all in ten or eleven days; I think, the laſt time I ſaw her, was two days before ſhe was taken up to be brought away.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her when ſhe was taken up?

A. Johnſon. No, I did not.

Mr. *Nares,* Did you ſee her in her confine-ment in Newgate?

A. Johnſon. I did.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you know her then?

A. Johnſon. I did, and I am ſure ſhe is the ſame woman.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. *Willes.* How many years have you ſpun for Mr. Smitheram?

A. Johnſon. Two years and a half.

Mr. *Willes.* How often in a year did you uſe to carry home your work?

A. Johnſon. I don't know, I ſpin for ano-ther man; ſometimes him and ſometimes the other.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you always ſet it down?

A. Johnſon. No, but they ſet us down.

Mr. *Willes.* Is Mr. Smitheram here?

A. Johnſon. I don't know.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever ſee his book?

A. Johnſon. Yes I have, that day I am ſure

to be the 16th of January; and he ſet it down.

Mr. *Willes.* What day of the week do you carry home your work?

A. Johnſon. I don't know that, ſometimes one day and ſometimes another.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you tell what day of the week this 16th of January was?

A. Johnſon. I can't ſay whether it was Tueſday or Wedneſday, but it was a ſnowy day.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ever heard there were gipſies at mother Wells's?

A. Johnſon. I have ſeveral times.

Mr. *Willes.* What ſort of a dreſs was ſhe in?

A. Johnſon. She had a light colour'd cloak on and a red one over that, and an old black hat, and a thing pin'd cloſe to her face, it was a clout or handkerchief, and an old brown gown.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you heard of gipſeys being at Endfield, before ſhe came to your houſe?

A. Johnſon. I had, I had been aſked if ſhe had been at my houſe, and told my fortune.

Grace Kirby ſworn.

Grace Kirby. I live at Endfield.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you liv'd there?

G. Kirby. I have liv'd a twelve month laſt Chriſtmas, or a little after, about a week or a fortnight.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

G. Kirby. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court, and ſee if you ſee her?

G. Kirby. That is ſhe, Sir *(pointing to her.)*

Mr. *Nares.* Do you remember ſeeing her there?

G. Kirby. Yes, ſhe came to my door about a fortnight before he was taken up at Mrs. Wells's.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure it is ſo long as a fortnight?

G. Kirby. There-abouts, it may be a day over or under; I believe it was no more then that either way.

Mr. *Nares.* What did ſhe come to your door for?

G. Kirby. She aſked me if I ſold potatoes, I told her I had none, nor did not know where they were ſold.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you take much notice of her?

G. Kirby. I did, ſo much that I knew her again when I ſaw her.

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her again?

G. Kirby. The next time I ſaw her was in Newgate.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you know her then?

G. Kirby. Then I was certain ſure ſhe was the ſame perſon.

Mr. *Nares.* And are you certain ſure this is the ſame perſon here?

G. Kirby. I am Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* What reaſon have you to think it was about the time you have mention'd?

G. Kirby. Becauſe I had been but a very little time in my houſe; I had liv'd in the ſame pariſh, about half a mile further.

Mr. *Nares.* What time did you come to that houſe?

G. Kirby. It was ſometime after Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Nares.* Were there any body with her?

G. Kirby. No, there were none.

Mr. *Nares.* How was ſhe dreſs'd?

G. Kirby. I don't know that.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. *Davy.* How ſoon after your coming to that houſe, did you ſee her?

G. Kirby. I can't ſay to any time.

Mr. *Davy.* How ſoon after Chriſtmas did you come to live there?

G. Kirby. I cannot ſay; it might be a week, or it might be a fortnight.

Mr. *Davy.* Why do you believe this?

G. Kirby. Becauſe I have recollected my memory.

Mr. *Davy.* How ſoon after did you recollect your memory?

G. Kirby. The next day.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you deſired ſo to do?

G. Kirby. I was conſidering with myſelf when it was that I ſaw that woman.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you conſider?

G. Kirby. I don't know: I did conſider it.

Mr. *Davy.* How far do you live from Mrs. Wells's houſe?

G. Kirby. About half a mile?

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure it was eight days before they were taken up, that you ſaw her?

G. Kirby. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell as near as you can.

G. Kirby. As nigh as I can gueſs it was a fortnight, within a day over or under.

Mr. *Nares.* How many days is a fortnight?

G. Kirby. There are fourteen.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you believe what you have ſaid, that about a fortnight was the time?

G. Kirby. Yes, Sir.

Wife Baſſet ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* What is your huſband's name?

W. Baſſet. It is John; we live in Green-ſtreet, at Endfield, and have lived there 21 years.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

W. Baſſet. I do; I have ſeen her twice.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court, and ſee if you ſee her.

W. Baſſet. That is ſhe.

Mr. *Nares.* When did you ſee her before?

W. Baſſet. She came to my houſe, and aſk'd me to let her light a pipe, and I gave her a breakfaſt.

Mr. *Nares.* When was this?

W. Baſſet. It was either the 21ſt or 22d of January was Twelve-months.

Mr. *Nares.* What do you recollect the day by?

W. Baſſet. Becauſe I killed a hog on the Thurſday before new Chriſtmas, and that day a young woman that lived with me went to ſervice; and that day month I ſaw the gipſy.

Mr. *Nares.* What do you compute your time from?

W. Baſſet. I take the account day by day from the killing the hog.

Mr. *Nares.* What day of the week do you reckon it was?

W. Baſſet. It was of a Monday to be ſure; that I am very certain of.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any converſation with Mary Squires?

W. Baſſet.

W. Baſſet. She came and open'd the door, then came in, and aſk'd me to let her light her pipe: I gave her a penny for telling me my fortune.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe offer to tell you your fortune?

W. Baſſet. She began to tell me.

Recorder. Are you a married woman?

W. Baſſet. I am; it was a little fooliſhneſs that belongs to womankind.

Mr. *Nares.* Then ſhe offered to tell you; you did not offer it.

W. Baſſet. I did not: ſhe ſaid, if I would croſs her hand with a penny, ſhe would tell me my fortune.

Mr. *Nares.* Upon my word that is cheaper than ſhe has done to any body elſe as we have heard of: did ſhe tell you your fortune?

W. Baſſet. I had a little of her nonſenſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Was it good or bad?

W. Baſſet. I don't know; I cannot ſay for that.

Mr. *Nares.* How long was ſhe about telling your fortune, and lighting her pipe?

W. Baſſet. I can't tell the exact time: I gave her ſome tea, and let her ſit down and warm herſelf.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you take ſo much notice of her as to know her again?

W. Baſſet. I did; and this is the woman.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after this?

W. Baſſet. I ſaw her in Newgate, and told her the ſame that I do now; and ſhe ſaid, what ſignifies that, did I wrong you of any thing?

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſay to her what time you ſaw her at your houſe?

W. Baſſet. Yes, I did; and ſhe ſaid it was not the right time: but I ſaid it was, and I ſtood to that time.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure it was that day?

W. Baſſet. It was that day indeed.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. *Willes.* Is that the only reaſon you have to remember it, becauſe you kill'd a hog on the day you mention?

W. Baſſet. That is the only reaſon.

Mr. *Willes.* In what manner was you introduc'd into her preſence in Newgate, and how was ſhe ſitting?

W. Baſſet. She was ſitting ſmoaking her pipe by the fire ſide.

Recorder. Was it a month, before you ſaw her at your houſe, that you killed a hog, or not?

W. Baſſet. I kill'd my hog on the Thurſday before new Chriſtmas, and that day my ſervant went to her place, and I ſaw the gipſey, a month after I kill'd my hog, at my houſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Was ſhe alone, or in company, when you ſaw her in Newgate?

W. Baſſet. There were a great many people with her, her two daughters, and ſeveral people that were carried up to ſee if they knew her or not.

Recorder. Are you ſure ſhe told you it was not right, when you mentioned the day?

W. Baſſet. I am.

James Pratt ſworn.

J. Pratt. I live at Cheſhunt, about two miles from Endfield, but I did live at Endfield.

Mr. *Nares.* What are you?

J. Pratt. I am a day labouring man.

Mr. *Nares.* Have you ſeen Mary Squires?

J. Pratt. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about and ſee if you can ſee her.

J. Pratt. Yes, that is ſhe, *(pointing to her)*

Mr. *Nares.* When was the firſt time you ſaw her?

J. Pratt. The firſt time I ſaw her was in William Smith's cow-houſe, on a Thurſday; when ſhe came there ſhe aſk'd me leave to lay there, (I work there as a day man) I told her to go to the houſe and aſk leave there; ſhe went up to the door.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you hear her aſk leave?

J. Pratt. No, I did not hear her, but ſhe lay there.

Mr. *Nares.* How long did ſhe continue there?

J. Pratt. Three days; ſhe went away on the Sunday.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her in the time?

J. Pratt. I did ſeveral times.

Mr. *Nares.* What day of the month did ſhe come there?

J. Pratt. To the beſt of my remembrance, (I cannot be poſitive no longer than as to the houſe I liv'd in: I went out of it three days before new Chriſtmas:) it was before I went out of the houſe to go to Cheſhunt, where I now live, but I cannot recollect any day of the month.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure it was before you went to your new houſe?

J. Pratt. I am ſenſible it was.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you ever any converſation with her?

J. Pratt. I can't ſay but I had.

Mr. *Nares.* Were there any other perſons with her?

J. Pratt. There were a man and two woman-kind, one a young girl like, and the other may be 30 and better.

Recorder. Were there any children?

J. Pratt. I can't tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Can you tell the time of the day you had this converſation?

J. Pratt. It was on a Friday ſome time of the day, but can't tell the hour; ſhe complain'd that ſhe loſt a horſe, a little poney, and aſked me whether I ſaw it; but I had not ſeen him.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe any otherwiſe deſcribe the horſe but by a little one?

J. Pratt. Yes, ſhe did; but I have forgot: I remember ſhe ſaid, he had a clog on, and that her name was on the clog.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe tell you, upon your oath, what her name was?

J. Pratt. Yes, ſhe did; but I did not take much notice of it.

Mr. *Nares.* Should you know it when you hear it?

J. Pratt. I believe I ſhould; I think ſhe ſaid her name was Mary Squires, and that that name was on the clog.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any other converſation with her?

J. Pratt. Yes; on the ſame day ſhe told me

me it was her belief, I was the man that had the horſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Why did ſhe ſay ſo?

J. Pratt. Becauſe I work'd in the yard and the horſe was miſſing, and I happen'd to ſpeak a word to the man that was with her: I aſked him what he would give me to help him to his horſe again, ſo he went and told her directly.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you think you ſhould know that man?

J. Pratt. I can't be poſſitive.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about, and ſee if you ſee any body like him?

[*He looks round, and as his eye paſs'd over George Squires backwards and forwards, George held down his head.*]

A Juryman. I ſee George hold his face down as the witneſs looks towards him.

Mr. *Davy.* George, when witneſſes are ordered to look for you hold up your head, I myſelf ſaw you this time, it does not look well.

J. Pratt. It is hard ſaying, I will not ſwear in that.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you any other talk with her?

J. Pratt. Yes, Sir; after ſhe told me about having the horſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had got a very good friend not far off, and ſhe would go to him, and if ſhe wanted a guinea or two ſhe could have it; and ſhe would go to the cunning man, and would have the horſe if he was above ground.

Mr. *Nares.* How came ſhe to talk of going to a cunning man, when ſhe would be look'd upon to be a cunning woman herſelf?

J. Pratt. I don't know that.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe ever undertake to tell you your fortune?

J. Pratt. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Nares.* Upon your oath is this the woman you ſaw at that time?

J. Pratt. Upon my oath, that is the woman, that is the woman.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her after that, before you ſaw her in Newgate?

J. Pratt. No; when I ſaw her in Newgate I was turn'd up ſtairs; the door was open'd, there were ſeveral people at the door, they bade me look in, I knew her immediately, the very ſame moment; I ſaid, that is the woman that I came after.

Croſs Examin'd.

Mr. *Davy.* Was there any other woman in Newgate but her?

J. Pratt. Not that I ſaw; I ſaid, that is the woman, and ſo it was certain.

Mr. *Davy.* Were there other people at Endfield with her, when you ſaw her there?

J. Pratt. There were.

Mr. *Davy.* Were any of them like her in the face?

J. Pratt. No, none of them.

Mr. *Davy.* Something like her.

J. Pratt. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever in a court of juſtice before?

J. Pratt. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you ever upon your oath before?

J. Pratt. No, Sir.

Mr. *Davy.* Will you venture to ſay, as you are upon your oath, that this is the woman, and no other, and you are not miſtaken?

J. Pratt. Upon my oath this is the woman, I am poſitive in my conſcience, and I am ſure that was no other woman; this is the woman I ſaw at that bleſſed time.

Mr *Davy.* Did you ever ſee a woman like her in your life?

J Pratt. No; never in my days.

Mr. *Davy.* How came ſhe to tell you her name was upon the clog?

J. Pratt. Becauſe ſhe had loſt the horſe; and ſhe deſired me, if I ſhould ſee the horſe, or find the clog, to let her know; and told me, her name was Mary Squires, and that it was upon the clog.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know how large the clog was?

J. Pratt. No; I never ſaw it.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you remember ſhe told you the name was Mary Squires?

J. Pratt. I am certain of it.

Mr. *Davy.* Was it not Sarah?

J. Pratt. I am ſure it was Mary Squires.

Lydia Farroway ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Where do you live?

L. Farroway. I live at Endfield-Waſh with Mr. Howard.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you lived there?

L. Farroway. I came there on the 1ſt of Auguſt was twelve-month, and liv'd with them a year and quarter and upwards.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you there on Chriſtmas was 12 months?

L. Farroway. I was.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell us as near as you can when you firſt ſaw the gipſy.

L. Farroway. I ſaw her more than once or twice.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell us the firſt time?

L. Farroway. I will as near as I can; but I muſt begin with another time, not the firſt: I was going with my young maſter to ſchool about the latter part of January was 12 month, I ſaw her at a gentleman's houſe talking to the maid, to ſay to the day of the month I cannot.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know when the gipſy woman was taken up?

L. Farroway. That was on a Thurſday to the beſt of my remembrance; and the Tueſday was ſe'nnight before I ſaw her.

Mr. *Nares.* Name the gentleman's name that belongs to that houſe?

L. Farroway. It was Mr. Mackhouſe's, a quaker, juſt on this ſide the Bell.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her before that?

L. Farroway. I ſaw her once or twice before; but how long before I can't ſay.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you poſitive you ſaw her once or twice before?

L. Farroway. Upon my oath, I am poſitive I ſaw her once or twice before.

Mr. *Nares.* Look about the court, and tell me if you ſee her any where here?

L. Farroway. That is the woman, I am poſitive to her. *(pointing to her.)*

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſee her after that?

L. Farroway.

L. Farroway. I did; I ſaw her get into the cart when ſhe was carried away, and I ſaw her after that in Newgate.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you think that was the ſame woman when you ſaw her get into the cart?

L. Farroway. I did; ſhe was the firſt woman that got into the cart.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure the time, you mention you ſaw her talking to a maid ſervant, was in January?

L. Farroway. It was, I am ſure.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure that woman is the ſame which you ſaw in the cart?

L. Farroway. I am ſure of it.

Mr. *Nares.* Was that the ſame perſon which you ſaw in Newgate?

L. Farroway. It was; and this is the woman ſitting here.

Mr. *Nares.* How came you to fix upon the Tueſday was ſe'nnight before ſhe was taken up?

L. Farroway. Becauſe I had been making ſome pyes againſt my young maſter's birth-day, which was the 29th of January, and we made them before the time that they might be cold to be heated again.

Mr. *Nares.* Did they come to your maſter's pump at all?

L. Farroway. One of the daughters did; I ſaw her there two or three times.

Mr. *Nares.* About what time?

L. Farroway. About the time I ſaw her mother.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you the perſon that went and told your miſtreſs that the gipſy girl was in the yard?

L. Farroway. I am, Sir; and my miſtreſs went to the parlour window to ſee her.

Mr. *Nares.* What day of the month was this?

L. Farroway. I can't tell that, nor I can't tell the week.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you ſure your young maſter's birth-day is on the 29th of January?

L. Farroway. I am ſure it is.

Mr. *Willes.* What pyes were you making?

L. Farroway. Mince pyes.

Mr. *Willes.* Why did you make them ſo long before hand?

L. Farroway. I made them ſo long beforehand, that we might warm them by the fire on his birth-day.

Mr. *Nares.* Had you ever ſeen Mary Squires in any body's ſhop at any time?

L. Farroway. I can't ſay I had.

Mr. *Willes.* When was the firſt time you ſaw her?

L. Farroway. To ſay the firſt time I can't, but the time I can be poſitive of, was the 23d of January.

Mr. *Willes.* Is the birth-day the 29th by old ſtile or new?

L. Farroway. It was on a Monday and by the new ſtile.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ſee the gipſey firſt, or her daughter come for water firſt?

L. Farroway. To the beſt of my memory, I ſaw the gipſey firſt.

Mr. *Willes.* Which of her daughters was it that came to the pump?

L. Farroway. I can't ſay which.

Mr. *Nares.* You ſay you ſaw the gipſey before you ſaw the daughter, but can't fix upon that time?

L. Farroway. No, I can't indeed.

Margaret Richardſon ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Where do you live?

Margaret Richardſon. I live in Green-ſtreet now, but did live in Turky-ſtreet, Endfield.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you liv'd in Green-ſtreet?

M. Richardſon. Ever ſince laſt Michaelmas; I lived in the other thirteen years.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

M. Richardſon. I know this woman *(pointing to Mary Squires.)*

Mr. *Nares.* Where did you ſee her?

M. Richardſon. I ſaw her at Mrs. Waterhouſes, in Turky-ſtreet, in the new Chriſtmas week, as near as I can gueſs.

Mr. *Nares.* What is her buſineſs?

M. Richardſon. She ſells butter, cheeſe, flower, and all manner of things for poor folks.

Mr. *Nares.* What did ſhe go to buy there?

M. Richardſon. I can't ſay nothing to what ſhe came to buy, ſhe was ſmoaking a pipe when I went in there.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this is the ſame woman?

M. Richardſon. I am ſenſible and certain ſure this is the ſame woman.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you long in that ſhop?

M. Richardſon. I ſat down there I believe a quarter of an hour; and I took particular notice of her, becauſe I never ſaw the like before, and I was ſurpriz'd.

Mr. *Nares.* Was you in the ſame room with her?

M. Richardſon. The ſhop and houſe is all one room, the fire place is there; I left her there when I went away.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her at any other time?

M. Richardſon. I ſaw her come by my door in Turky-ſtreet, on old Chriſtmas-day; my dog had like to have fell upon her, but my huſband was in the yard, and he prevented him.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure that was the ſame woman you ſaw in the ſhop?

M. Richardſon. I am poſitive it was.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure this was on old Chriſtmas-day?

M. Richardſon. I am.

Mr. *Nares.* Did your huſband work on old Chriſtmas-day?

M. Richardſon. No, as he play'd the new Chriſtmas-day, he was reſolved to make holyday on that; ſo he was at home.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ever ſee her after?

M. Richardſon. Not till ſhe was out of Wells's houſe and put into the cart, then I ſhook hands with mother Wells, and told her ſhe had done for herſelf: my huſband was the man that drove the cart; the gipſey was the

firſt that got into it, and Wells the next, and Virtue Hall the next; I ſaw them all go off.

Mr. *Nares*. Did you ever ſee her in cuſtody?

M. Richardſon. No, I did not.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes*. So you told mother Wells ſhe had done for herſelf, what was her reply?

M. Richardſon. She ſaid ſhe ſhould return again.

Mr. *Willes*. Then ſhe and you are very good friends?

M. Richardſon No.

Mr. *Willes*. How came you to inſult her?

M. Richardſon. I never had a quarrel with her, upon my oath.

Mr. *Willes*. Then how came you to ſay ſo?

M. Richardſon. Becauſe ſhe had been in a great many broiles and troubles, and no body thought ſhe would have got out of them.

Mr. *Willes*. Do you know which is old Chriſtmas-day, and which is new Chriſtmas-day?

M. Richardſon. You muſt tell me, my memory cannot be ſo good.

Mr. *Willes*. Which comes firſt?

M. Richardſon. Why the new Chriſtmas-day.

Mr. *Willes*. How many days difference?

M. Richardſon. Some call it nine, but there may be more.

Mr. *Willes*. How old are you good woman?

M. Richardſon. I don't know juſtly.

Mr. *Willes*. What day of the week was old Chriſtmas-day?

M. Richardſon. It was of a Tueſday or Wedneſday, I can't remember which.

Mr. *Willes*. Is Chriſtmas-day Holy-Thurſday or Good-Friday?

M. Richardſon. I can't reſolve no ſuch thing; I am no ſcholar, I can't pretend to know ſuch things.

Mr. *Willes*. What month is Chriſtmas-day in?

M. Richardſon. I can't ſay that neither, becauſe you put me to a ſtop.

Mr. *Willes*. Is it the twenty-fifth of February?

M. Richardon. I don't know juſtly indeed.

Mr. *Nares*. You put the poor old woman in a hurry?

Recorder. Don't be afrighted; can you tell what month Chriſtmas is in?

M. Richardſon. I cannot.

Recorder. In what ſeaſon of the year is it.

M. Richardſon. To be ſure I can tell that, it is in winter.

Recorder. Don't be terrified; you are come here to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and not to tell a particular ſtory, but to anſwer all ſuch queſtions that the court ſhall think proper to aſk you.

Mr. *Willes*. Pray, why do you keep Chriſtmas holy-days?

(No anſwer.)

George Clements ſworn.

Mr. *Nares*. Where do you live?

George Clements. I live at Endfield highway with Mr. Hambleton, I entered yeſterday after I went home.

Mr. *Nares*. Did you live with Mr. Starr, any time?

G. Clements. Yes Sir, I came away laſt Michaelmas; he lives down the Marſh-lane by Mrs. Wells's.

Mr. *Nares*. How long did you live with him?

G. Clements. About a year and a quarter.

Mr. *Nares*. Do you know Mary Squires?

G. Clements. I do, that is the woman that ſits there in a red cloak.

Mr. *Nares*. Are you very ſure of it?

G. Clements. I am ſure.

Mr. *Nares*. Do you know Mrs. Wells?

G. Clements. I do, my maſter lives but about a hundred yards from her houſe.

Mr. *Nares*. Do you remember the time ſhe was taken up?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. *Nares*. How long had you ſeen Mary Squires, before Mrs. Wells was taken up?

G. Clements. I had ſeen her about a fortnight before that.

Mr. *Nares*. Where did you ſee her?

G. Clements. She came into my maſter's houſe, and wanted to tell my Mrs. her fortune.

Mr. *Nares*. Did ſhe come in of her own accord?

G. Clements. She opened the door, and came in as I was ſitting at dinner; my miſtreſs would not let her tell her her fortune, ſhe was afraid of her, and gave her a bit of black-pudding to get rid of her, ſhe aſked my miſtreſs to let her have a pound of pickled pork.

Mr. *Nares*. Did ſhe want any thing elſe?

G. Clements. I don't remember any thing elſe.

Mr. *Nares*. How long did ſhe ſtay in the kitchen?

G. Clements. I can't tell how long.

Mr. *Nares*. Did you ſee her after this?

G. Clements. I did, about two or three days after, as ſhe was going up into the walk to Turky-ſtreet; it was a very cold day.

Mr. *Nares*. Was any body with her?

G. Clements. No, nobody.

Mr. *Nares*. What do you call that walk?

G. Clements. There is no name to it as I know of, I ſaid to her it is a very cold day; I remember'd that was the woman I had ſeen at my miſtreſs's.

Mr. *Nares*. Did you ever ſee her afterwards?

G. Clements. No, only when I ſaw her in Newgate, and then ſhe know'd me.

Mr. *Nares*. How do you know that?

G. Clements. I aſk'd her whither ſhe knew me, ſhe ſaid ſhe did.

Mr. *Nares*. Did you aſk her that of your own accord?

G. Clements. I did, and ſhe ſaid to me, I aſked your miſtreſs to let me have a pound of pickled-pork, and what harm did I do you if I was there.

Mr. *Nares*. Was you before the grand jury?

G. Clements.

G. Clements. No, I was not.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* Why do you know it was a fortnight before they were taken up?

G. Clements. She came to our houſe on a Thurſday; my maſter was gone to Hertford to fetch a load of peaſe, and he carried them to London on the Friday.

Mr. *Willes.* What day of the month?

G. Clements. I can't tell the day of the month; this Thurſday fortnight before ſhe was taken up, then I was ſpreading dung in the marſh.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you ever ſlide on the ice?

G. Clements. No, I never could ſlide in my life.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ſeen boys ſlide on the ice?

G. Clements. I have.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you remember a pond near Mrs. Wells's houſe?

G. Clements. Yes, I uſed to water my horſes there.

Mr. *Willes.* Morning and night?

G. Clements. Yes.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know the window that they ſuppoſe Canning made her eſcape from?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* Could you by looking out of that window ſee that pond?

G. Clements. I could very plainly.

Mr. *Willes.* How many yards might it be from the window?

G. Clements. It may be about eight yards.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you recollect whether there were froſty weather that January?

G. Clements. Yes, there was.

Mr. *Willes.* Was that pond froze over then?

G. Clements. It was, we were forced to break the ice for the horſes to drink.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ever ſeen the boys ſlide on the ice on that pond?

G. Clements. I have.

Mr. *Willes.* How many have you ſeen there ſliding together?

G. Clements. Two or three at a time.

Mr. *Willes.* What day of the year is new Chriſtmas-day of?

G. Clements. I can't ſay that.

Mr. *Willes.* What month is it in.

G. Clements. December.

Mr. *Willes.* The beginning or latter end?

G. Clements. The 25th.

Mr. *Willes.* What day is old Chriſtmas-day of?

G. Clements. It is eleven days after.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you ſure it was on the Thurſday fortnight before Wells was taken up, that you ſaw Mary Squires?

G. Clements. I am ſure it was; and that ſame day my maſter went to Hertford.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know William Headland?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. *Willes.* Is he a ſober youth or not?

G. Clements. I know no harm of the boy.

Mr. *Willes.* Whether, amongſt the boys of the ſame age, is his character a good or a bad one; if he has a good character, upon your oath ſay ſo; if not, upon your oath ſay it?

G. Clements. I am ſure I never heard any body give him a bad character

Hannah Fenſham ſworn.

Mr. *Williams.* Where do you live?

Hannah Fenſham. I live at Endfield.

Mr. *Williams.* Are you a married woman?

H. Fenſham. I am; my huſband's name is John Fenſham; he is a gardiner.

Mr. *Williams.* How long have you liv'd at Endfield?

H. Fenſham. Fifteen or ſixteen years.

Mr. *Williams.* Look at that old woman, take a full view of her?

H. Fenſham. I know her, I have ſeen her before.

Mr. *Williams.* When?

H. Fenſham. On the 16th of January 1753; I mean after new Chriſtmas-day, I ſaw her in Trotts walk, on the ſide of madam Crow's garden, in Endfield, pretty near the high-way.

Mr. *Williams.* What was ſhe doing?

H. Fenſham. I met her in the walk.

Mr. *Williams.* What time of the day?

H. Fenſham. In the fore-part of the day.

Mr. *Williams.* What day of the week?

H. Fenſham. I can't recollect what day of the week.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you ever ſeen her ſince the 16th?

H. Fenſham. I have ſeveral times ſeen her paſs and repaſs?

Mr. *Willams.* What was her buſineſs?

H. Fenham. I don't know that, except it was going to the chandler's-ſhop.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know the time ſhe was taken up?

H. Fenſham. I was not there then.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee her often between the 16th of January and 1ſt of February?

H. Fenſham. I did divers times.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee her after ſhe was taken up?

H. Fenſham. I did in Newgate, and I recollected her then.

Mr. *Williams.* Look at her again, are you certain this is the ſame perſon?

H. Fenſham. Yes Sir, I am certain of that.

Mr. *Williams.* What may be your reaſon for recollecting the 16th of January?

H. Fenſham. There was a ſnow on the 15th at night, and the 16th it was wet; and walking along I had like to have fell, as my pattens were on: ſhe ſtop'd and look'd at me, and I at her: when I came home my neighbour ſaid, this ſnow is come in the right ſeaſon, yeſterday was the 15th, then I ſaid, this muſt be the 16th; and not only that, but I went to the almanack and look'd that very day.

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe ſpeak to you.

H. Fenſham. No, nor I to her; but her perſon is ſo particular that I can ſware ſhe is the ſame.

Mr. *Williams.* What did ſhe appear to be?

H. Fenſham. A gipſey, which I had heard of before; I was aſked if I had ſeen the gipſey,

ſey, becauſe ſhe went up and down telling fortunes.

Mr. *Williams.* Was you aſked before or after this?

H. Fenſham. It was two or three days after, and then I knew her.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Willes.* What is the reaſon you know it to be the 16th?

H. Fenſham. Becauſe it was a great ſnow on the 15th at night.

Recorder. Did you ſee any company with her at any time?

H. Fenſham. No, I did not.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you look directly to the almanack?

H. Fenſham. No, Sir, not till the 16th at night.

Mr. *Willes.* Are you very well ſkill'd in almanacks?

H. Fenſham. Why not? I can read and write a little.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you know what day of the week it is by the almanack?

H. Fenſham, I can, I think ſo; my head is good enough for that.

Mr. *Willes.* Look in this almanack, and tell me what day of the week it is?

H. Fenſham. (She takes it in her hand, which was a common ſheet almanack, folded up into a book.) I can't ſee by this it is ſo ſmall.

Mr. *Willes.* Look at it again, and take your time.

H. Fenſham. I can't ſee without my ſpectacles, *(ſhe puts them on)* you ſhall not fool me ſo.

Mr. *Willes.* Tell me by this the day of the week for the 14th of December?

H. Fenſham. This is not ſuch an almanack as I look in, I look in a ſheet almanack, I can't tell by this.

Mr. *Willes.* Give it me again if you can't tell, all the reaſon you have to fix it is, that the ſnow fell on that day, upon which you referr'd to your almanack, and now you have ſhewn your ſkill in almanacks.

Mr. *Williams.* How long was it after new Chriſtmas, was it a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month?

H. Fenſham. It was not much above a fortnight after.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know which is Sunday in the almanack? *(ſhe takes it again)*

Mr. *Williams.* Look in the month of January? *(ſhe tells down from the firſt to the 7th day, and ſaid that was Sunday, which happened to be Tueſday.)*

Elizabeth Sherrard ſworn.

Mr. *Williams.* Where do you live?

Elizabeth Sherrard. At Ponders-end, that is about a mile and half from Endfield; I keep a room, and pay my rent myſelf.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you remember ſeeing the gipſey about Endfield?

E. Sherrard. I do, I ſaw her three days running before new Chriſtmas, Thurſday, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. *Williams.* Look about, and ſee if you ſee her here? *(ſhe could not ſee her; ſhe went down and looked about, and up again twice; the laſt time ſhe pointed to her.)* why this is the woman.

Mr. *Williams.* What Thurſday, Friday and Saturday do you mean?

E. Sherrard. I mean immediately before new Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Williams.* Where did you ſee her?

E. Sherrard. In mother Wells's houſe; I went there and went into her parlour, and when I came out again, I ſaw the gipſey ſtand at the kitchen door; I turn'd back again, and aſked Mrs. Wells, who ſhe had got in her houſe, ſhe ſaid lodgers; on the Friday I went into the Marſh-lane, and ſaw her ſtanding at the window; and on Saturday I went down to Cheſhunt, and ſhe was ſtanding then at the door.

Mr. *Williams.* How did you come to go to Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. She aſked me to come in, that is, my neighbour Wells did; ſhe wanted to ſee me becauſe I had not been well.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you any acquaintance with her?

E. Sherrard. No, nor never went near her houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Have you ever ſeen the gipſey ſince that time, before to day?

E. Sherrard. No, Sir, I never ſaw her but them times, and this time.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee any body there that belong'd to her?

E. Sherrard. There were two young wenches in the parlour, and a young man in the kitchen; but whether they were her ſon and two daughters I can't tell.

Mr. *Williams.* Had you any converſation with her?

E. Sherrard. No, I never chang'd a word with her; I don't like to have to do with them, I don't like them ſo well.

Croſs Examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Look at that man, (meaning George Squires) is that the man?

E. Sherrard. I did not ſee his face.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ſee the two young womens faces?

E. Sherrard. I did, but whether I know them or not I don't know, for they have changed their habits to be ſure; that is one of them, *(pointing to Mary the daughter.)*

Mr. *Davy.* Lucy, ſhew your face.

E. Sherrard. Yes, this is the other; I think I can ſwear to them.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you ſwear they are the ſame?

E. Sherrard. They are very much like them.

Mr. *Davy.* You went down twice to look at the old woman; did you ſee her face the firſt time?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I did, but did not mind her 'till afterwards.

Mr. *Davy.* I hope you mind what you ſay; you know the conſequence of perjury: you are before God, and a court of juſtice, therefore attend to me; did you ſee that old woman upon your going down the firſt time from off the place you now ſtand?

E. Sherrard. I did not know her, becauſe ſhe is clean; ſhe is not ſo naſty and dirty as ſhe was before.

Mr. *Davy.* Then the ſecond time you did recollect her; you ſay ſhe is the ſame woman?

E. Sherrard.

E. Sherrard. Yes, I do.

Mr. Davy. Did you ſee her face the firſt time going down?

E. Sherrard. No, I did not ſee her face, becauſe I did not take ſo much notice.

Mr. Davy. Did not you ſee her face, or did not you know her face?

E. Sherrard. I did ſee her face; but being clean ſhe is quite altered.

Mr. Davy. The man that ſwore you, ſaid, you were to ſwear to the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: you have one foot in the grave, and the other out, be careful what you ſay: Was ſhe cleaner the firſt time than ſhe was the ſecond?

E. Sherrard. She is all the ſame, but I did not take ſo much notice, and being cleaner ſhe is altered.

Mr. Davy. Do you ſwear to her by her complection, or features?

E. Sherrard. By her complection and features both.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever ſee ſuch another woman in your life?

E. Sherrard. No, I never did.

Mr. Davy. What day of the month is new Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell indeed, becauſe I can neither write nor read.

Mr. Davy. What month is it in?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in June, or July?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in June?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in April?

E. Sherrard. No, no, it was not in April.

Mr. Davy. What month then?

E. Sherrard. It might be in June for what ever I know; I know that is the woman to be ſure.

Alderman Scott. Was it in winter, or in ſummer?

E Sherrard. It was in winter.

Mr. Davy. Is new Chriſtmas before old Chriſtmas, or after?

E. Sherrard. Nay, new Chriſtmas is before old Chriſtmas I am ſure.

Mr. Davy. Did you keep new Chriſtmas? where you live do you go to church?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I know it by going to church, and every thing.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to church on old Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. Yes.

Recorder. What day of the week was new Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. It was on the Tueſday, wan't it not? it was Monday or Tueſday howſoever.

Mr. Davy. Do you go to church every Sunday?

E. Sherrard. I very ſeldom miſs when it is fair weather.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to church the Sunday before new Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. I did on Chriſtmas day, and the Sunday before.

Mr. Davy. How many days were there between?

E. Sherrard You can't make it but two days be it how it will.

Mr. Davy. Are you ſure?

E. Sherrard. It was about three days, it was no more, nor could be any more.

Mr. Davy. How came you to know it was before new Chriſtmas?

E. Sherrard. Why, I'll tell you how I came to know: Mrs. Wells bid me come, and ſaid ſhe would give me ſomething for a Chriſtmas box; when I came there ſhe aſked me to come in, I did, but did not ſtay but a very little time; when I came to the parlour door I ſaw the old gentlewoman ſtanding at the kitchen door.

Mr Davy. What did ſhe give you for a Chriſtmas box?

E. Sherrard. She did not give me no great matter.

Mr. Davy. There is no harm in ſaying what it was.

E. Sherrard. It was a ſmall matter; I had but a penny.

Mr. Davy. Then ſhe gave you a penny for your Chriſtmas box?

E. Sherrard. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever a Chriſtmas box of her before?

E. Sherrard. No.

Mr. Davy. Did ſhe give it you before, or after Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. It was three days before.

Mr. Davy. Did any body elſe give a Chriſtmas box?

E. Sherrard. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever a farthing given you before Chriſtmas day?

E. Sherrard. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Davy. From whom? tell me that.

E. Sherrard. At Mr. Picket's, and all the people that are able; they always give me ſomething at Chriſtmas, and to all their poor neighbours.

Mr. Davy. What buſineſs are you?

E. Sherrard. I work for my living as other people do.

Mr. Davy. Is it uſual to give before Chriſtmas, or after?

E. Sherrard. We always go before Chriſtmas.

Mr. Davy. Do all give before Chriſtmas?

E. Sherrard. No, ſome give after Chriſtmas.

Mr. Davy. Who are they?

E. Sherrard. The gentlemen at Buſhy-hill do.

Mr. Davy. Where do the people live that give before Chriſtmas?

E. Sherrard. All the people at Endfield do.

Mr. Williams. Then you have Chriſtmas boxes given you before Chriſtmas? then, I believe, you know pretty well when Chriſtmas comes.

E. Sherrard. Yes, ſir.

Mr. Williams. What, you are a poor woman? thoſe people give it you before Chriſtmas, in order to ſpend at Chriſtmas?

E. Sherrard. Yes, ſir, only the quakers, at Buſhy-hill, give it after Chriſtmas.

Mr. *Williams.* When Chriſtmas comes you know it, don't you?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I do, Sir.

Recorder. Do you know New-year's-day?

E. Sherrard. I do.

Recorder. When does that happen?

E. Sherrard. That is the week after Chriſtmas-day.

Recorder How many days are there after new Chriſtmas-day to New-year's-day.

E. Sherrard. A week.

Recorder. Was you ever in the work ſhop at Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. No, never in my life; I never heard of it before.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you never hear there was ſuch a place as the work-ſhop at Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. No; indeed I did not.

Mr. *Nares.* On Saturday night Mr. Morton received a letter in court, giving an account that there was one Mrs. Edwards, who could give ſome light into this affair, upon that he deſir'd ſhe might be ſubpœna'd: ſhe was not in our original briefs, and, I declare, I have ſtuck to that very ſtrictly, not to admit any witneſſes that are not in the brief. We are totally in the judgment of the court, whether ſhe ſhall be called or not. The letter is anonymous.

Mr. *Davy.* The gentlemen have been ſo candid as to ſhew me this letter; I have not, to this moment, attempted to oppoſe any thing, or the aſking any queſtions. What has been done in this caſe, I have not done it. I have been in the ſearch of truth; but after your Lordſhip has tied us down very ſtrictly, without any poſſibility of releaſe, I hope the rule extends general without exceptance. I ſubmit it as an objection, with regard to the general rule of practice; but, I imagine, the court will not think it proper, conſidering what has been done.

Mr. *Nares.* Mr. Davy mentions he has not objected to any evidence; I don't know any evidence that has been called he could object to, on our ſide. We have not objected, or ſtopp'd them, in any inſtance; but here is a poor girl on her trial, I would ſubmit it, how far the court thinks this agreement binds.

Baron *Legge.* I'll tell you my opinion as to this matter; I thought it a right propoſal, when made, on both ſides, that you ſhould go on, according to your briefs, ſtated at that time, in regard to the trial; and as it has come to an unuſual length, there was an abſolute neceſſity for ſuch an agreement, and to depart from it is an unprecedented thing, therefore we muſt ward againſt all the miſchiefs that can ariſe from it; the worſt that can ariſe is a growing evidence upon an anonymous letter; there is no foundation on either ſide for it, and we are not to admit of it.

Mr. J. *Clive.* I am entirely of the ſame opinion with my brother; upon this evidence it will be left with the jury, upon which ſide the evidence is moſt concluſive.

Mr. *Nares.* It was my duty to mention it, as Mr. Morton deſir'd ſhe might be ſubpœna'd, therefore I hope the court will excuſe me We will call Mr. Salt to prove the examination of Elizabeth Canning before juſtice Fielding.

Mr. *Davy.* Mr. Salt can't explain away a written evidence taken before a magiſtrate: I object to his evidence.

Mr. *Nares.* Then we will call to the confeſſion of mother Wells.

Mr. *Davy.* My Lord, I object to that; ſhe is a very proper evidence herſelf, ſhe has been branded in the hand; if they will produce her ſhe is within a few yards of the court.

Mr. *Nares.* This girl is indicted for what ſhe gave in evidence againſt Suſannah Wells and Mary Squires; ſhe is now called upon for a perjury in ſwearing upon that particular trial. Now theſe two perſons were convicted, therefore, I take it for granted, we are at liberty to give in a circumſtance to prove what ſhe ſaid, in evidence on the indictment. All that Wells had ſaid at that time was evidence againſt Wells, and all that Squires had ſaid was evidence againſt herſelf. We are now come to eſtabliſh her evidence, ſtanding at the time ſhe was examined; and, if we can prove from their own declarations, that Canning and Squires were there, we have a proper right to call in ſuch evidence, in order to corroborate that girl's teſtimony; for it is that teſtimony that ſhe gave upon the trial that is to be admitted.

Mr. *Davy.* I will beg leave, in order to give light to this objection, to put the caſe more familiarly: Suppoſe a perſon had ſworn on a particular day that I was at York, and that I ſaid I was at York; now my ſaying I was at York, is no reaſon at all for their ſwearing I was there. I can only give them authority to ſay, I ſaid I was at York; but I am the proper perſon to be examin'd to the real fact. Mrs. Wells is here to ſwear whether ſhe was or was not in her houſe, and ſhe is a competent witneſs to that fact.

Mr. J. *Clive.* This is an indictment for perjury, for a teſtimony ſhe gave at a trial betwixt the crown and the two priſoners Squires and Wells, and in ſtrictneſs the teſtimony, to wit, Suſannah Wells's, would not in the courſe of the trial have affected Squires, or Squires's have affected Suſannah Wells; but this is an indictment for perjury, in the teſtimony that this girl, Canning, gave of them both; therefore, I think, either are proper witneſſes of what ſhe ſaid.

Baron *Legge.* To be ſure, what they ſaid is evidence againſt the perſon that did ſay it; when you have made uſe of thoſe which were not produc'd in evidence at the time, that could not have been evidence againſt the acceſſory and not the principal; how will you produce that?

Mr. *Nares.* In the firſt place their not being called as a witneſs can be no objection in not calling them now, becauſe it has been done ſeveral times; I do not call every witneſs in my brief; if I have fifty in my brief, and fifty ſwear to the fact I would call them; when that perſon which is a witneſs is called upon, ſhould not ſhe have the benefit of every circumſtance that will confirm the teſtimony? or, will the court exclude her, becauſe the perſons concerned in the

proſecution did not think proper to call the other witneſſes that they might have called?

Baron *Legge.* The perjury is laid jointly againſt Mary Squires and Suſannah Wells; was it not, Mr. *Ford?*

Mr. *Ford, Clerk of the Arraigns.* They were both tried together, and the indictment on the ſame piece of parchment.

Mr. *Davy.* This only ſets forth the indictment of Mary Squires, not a word of Suſannah Wells; ſhe is not mentioned in it.

Baron *Legge.* Would you produce that which originally had been evidence againſt Squires?

Mr. *Neres.* The ſame witneſſes were examined on the whole trial all through, and they were found both guilty at the ſame time, and the jury were charged with both at the ſame time; the aſſignment of the perjury is, that ſhe was in Suſannah Wells's houſe, and robbed in her houſe.

Baron *Legge.* Then the evidence of Suſannah Wells is evidence to that account.

Mr. J. *Clive.* This is an indictment againſt principal and acceſſary, whereby they are complicated in the ſame indictment; it is againſt Squires as principal, and Wells as acceſſary after the fact; ſo far is extremely clear, that ſhe never could have been convicted as acceſſary, unleſs there had been a robbery; and ſhe knowing of that robbery, therefore ſhe was intereſted at this trial, as it was one and the ſame indictment, and their caſe ſubmitted to the conſideration of the ſame jury. I think, that if Suſannah Wells has given in any teſtimony, that there was a robbery, conſidering the nature of the trial, as it comes before the jury, it is the ſame as if Squires had declared it herſelf.

John Ward, ſworn.

John Ward. I have known Suſannah Wells, I believe, 20 years.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you ſee her lately?

J. Ward. I ſeeing in a news-paper of her being taken up, and put into Clerkenwell Bridewell, and living in Southwark, the firſt time I came croſs the water I thought I would go and ſee her (I had had a notion that ſhe was dead, for I had not ſeen her for above twelve years.) I went to ſee her in Bridewell. The firſt word ſhe ſaid to me was, Who thought of ſeeing you here? My reply was, by ſeeing your name in the news-papers.

Mr. *Williams.* How long was this after ſhe was taken up?

J. Ward. It was juſt after ſhe was taken up; I cannot ſay to the day of the month; it was before the trial of Squires and her. I aſk'd her, how ſhe came to keep the girl there a fortnight?

Mr. *Williams.* What did you mean by *there?*

J. Ward. I underſtood by the paper the girl was kept at her houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* What was her anſwer?

J. Ward. She ſaid, ſhe was there 28 days. I aſked her, what room ſhe kept her in? She ſaid, you know the room very well.

Alderman *Dickenſon.* Had you been acquainted with her, and did you know the rooms in her houſe?

J. Ward. I had been acquainted there 12 or 13 years ago, but not ſince I have been in buſineſs for myſelf, and have been all over the houſe.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you underſtand what room ſhe meant?

J. Ward. No, Sir.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you ſee her after this?

J. Ward. I did, on the Sunday following, then I met her in the Bridewell yard. We never drank together the firſt or ſecond time. I aſked her, how ſhe thought to get off of this affair? She ſaid, ſhe muſt take her trial.

Baron *Legge.* How came you to go a ſecond time

J. Ward. Becauſe my wife had a mind to ſee her; we both lived at Waltham abbey before I married. Mr. Jones went with me the firſt time.

Mr. *Williams.* Where do you live now?

J. Ward. I live in Maid lane, St. Mary Overy's pariſh, Surrey. I am a breeches-maker.

Mr. *Williams.* Are you a houſe-keeper?

J. Ward. Yes, Sir, I have lived there near the ſpot 13 years, and have carried on buſineſs 14 years.

Baron *Legge.* So you aſked her, how ſhe kept the girl a fortnight there, without knowing in what room?

J. Ward. Yes, my Lord.

Baron *Legge.* Did ſhe form her anſwer out of the news-paper?

John Ward. Not as I know of.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* What buſineſs carried you there?

J. Ward. By ſeeing her name in the paper, I went to ſee if it was the ſame woman, out of curioſity, not having ſeen her above 12 years.

Mr. *Davy.* How far did you live from Endfield waſh?

John Ward. I liv'd at Waltham abbey.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you had a great deſire to know whether ſhe had been dead or alive, you might have gone to Endfield waſh, and have known that.

J. Ward. I wiſh I had never gone to have ſeen her.

Mr. *Davy.* Had you any other buſineſs there?

J. Ward. No, none at all, only I had ſome at Saffron-hill, with a man that works with me; and I had alſo ſome buſineſs in Shoe-lane, and Mr. Jones went with me.

Mr. *Davy.* What buſineſs had he there?

J. Ward. He went with me as a friend and acquaintance; he had never ſeen her in his life before.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not you aſk her, what ſhe was there for?

J. Ward. No, I did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not you aſk her more queſtions than that you juſt mentioned?

J. Ward. No.

Mr. *Davy.* Do not you, upon your oath, believe ſhe meant, to let you know, ſhe was charged for keeping the girl in her houſe 28 days?

J. Ward. No, I did not underſtand her ſo.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not ſhe tell you ſhe was innocent of the charge?

J. Ward.

J. Ward. No, ſir.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not ſhe, before the trial, ſay ſhe was innocent of it?

J. Ward. No, ſir, what I told you is all truth.

Mr. *Davy.* How long did you take the confinement to be, when you read the news-paper?

J. Ward. I took it to be a fortnight.

Mr. *Davy.* What are the words you made uſe of?

J. Ward. I ſaid, how came you to keep the girl there a fortnight?

Mr. *Davy.* Where did you mean?

J. Ward. I meant in her own houſe, and ſhe ſaid 28 days.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you not to give evidence of this when ſhe was tried?

J. Ward. I did not know I ſhould be wanted; the reaſon I came now was, I was with my friend drinking a tankard of beer, and he threw his ſkits, and ſaid, mother Wells had been an old procurer of mine; and the people in the houſe heard this affair talk'd over, and they went and brought ſome people from Aldermanbury, who came to me, to whom I related it again.

Mr. *Davy.* I inſiſt upon Mrs. Wells being produced to know if he knows her.

Mr. *Nares.* That you never intend.

Baron *Legge.* You ſay you ſaw it in the News-paper, and you aſked her, how ſhe came to keep the girl a fortnight; ſhe ſaid, why ſhe was there 28 days. Suppoſe it was to be ſaid, I ſaw in the News-papers you ſat 5 days in the Old Bailey. The anſwer would be, we ſat 10, if the News-papers were 10.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you aſk this with any apprehenſion of becoming a witneſs againſt her?

J. Ward. No, not in the leaſt.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever make affidavit of this before?

J. Ward. It was juſt when they were going to file a bill againſt the Abbotſbury men.

Mr. *Davy.* How long is it ago?

J. Ward. Before the trial of the Abbotſbury men; the gentlemen aſk'd me to make it, which I did before Sir Robert Ladbroke.

Mr. *Davy.* Was you examined then before the grand jury?

J. Ward. I was.

Richard Jones ſworn.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go with John Ward to Clerkenwell Bridewell?

Richard Jones. Yes, ſir, he aſked me to go with him to ſee mother Wells, and ſaid, he knew her in the country.

Mr. *Nares.* When did you go with him?

Rich. Jones. I think it was about the beginning of February was 12 month.

Mr. *Nares.* What converſation paſſed between Ward and mother Wells there?

Rich. Jones. He aſk'd her, how ſhe came to be ſo vile as to ſhut up the girl a fortnight? A fortnight, ſaid ſhe, ſhe was there eight and twenty days.

Mr. *Nares.* What did he ſay to her upon that?

Rich. Jones. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Nares.* Did he aſk her any thing more?

Rich. Jones. No, nothing more, as I know of.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Was any thing ſaid about a News-paper?

Rich. Jones. No, he told me, he had read it in a news-paper of mother Wells's being in Bridwell.

Mr. *Davy.* How came you to go with him?

Rich. Jones. I went with him to keep him company.

Mr. *Davy.* Did he ſay any thing to her about ſeeing it before in the news-paper?

Rich. Jones. Not as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* Not a word?

Rich. Jones. No, not as I know of.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not ſhe ſay ſhe was innocent?

Rich. Jones. No, nothing at all about it.

Mr. *Davy.* Did not ſhe ſay ſhe had never ſeen the girl in her life?

Rich. Jones. No, ſhe did not ſay ſhe had, or had not.

Mr. *Nares.* Where do you live?

Rich. Jones. I live in Shoe-lane, I am a braſs founder, I have a wife and family there.

Mr. *Nares.* How long have you liv'd there?

Rich. Jones. About 10 years.

Mr. *Nares.* Are you a houſe-keeper?

Rich. Jones. I keep a Houſe of 20 l. per year.

Mr. *Nares.* I have in my brief ſome witneſſes of credit and character that were near the gipſey when ſhe was tried, and heard ſome confeſſions which ſhe made at that time. How far your lordſhip thinks theſe witneſſes are proper, I leave to your lordſhip.

Mr. *Davy.* I wave that, I have no objection to that.

Baron *Legge.* Whether any thing ſaid in court is any evidence, unleſs ſaid to the court. There is here a manifeſt difference between what is ſaid in court, and to the court; for what is not ſaid to the court, is the ſame as ſaid any where elſe.

Mr. *Nares.* It is no part of the evidence given, but obſervations ſhe made upon the evidence given againſt her.

Mr. J. *Clive.* That is giving evidence of that which is no evidence.

Mr. *Nares.* We are now going, my lord, to impeach the credit of ſome of the witneſſes; we begin with Judith Natus.

Nathaniel Crumphorne ſworn.

Nathaniel Crumphorne. I live at Waltham-croſs in Hertfordſhire; I have been a houſekeeper there above 7 years.

Mr. *Williams.* What is your buſineſs?

N. Crumphorne. I am a cordwainer.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know Judith Natus?

N. Crumphorne. I do, ſhe is wife to Fortune Natus; they live at Waltham-croſs.

Mr. *Williams.* Did you know them when they liv'd at Endfield-waſh?

N. Crumphorne. No, I did not.

Mr. *Williams.* When did you ſee Judith Natus?

N Crumphorne. I ſaw her at my houſe on the 21ſt of April laſt. She came to know if one Thomas Pain wanted a perſon to pick up ſtones. I ſaid to her, Mrs. Natus, how can you have the conſcience, knowing this innocent

cent creature Betty Canning was at Mrs. Wells's houſe, that you ſhould go and be an evidence againſt her. The anſwer ſhe made me was, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot ſay but ſhe really was there, when we lodg'd there.*

Mr. *Williams.* Did ſhe come to your houſe accidentally?

Nath. Crumphorne. She came to aſk if Mr. Pain wanted a perſon to pick up ſtones.

Mr. *Williams.* Who was by at the time?

Nath. Crumphorne. My neighbour and my wife were.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Then they did lodge at Wells's, did they?

Nath. Crumphorne. She ſaid ſo.

Mr. *Davy.* When did you underſtand by her, that ſhe and her huſband lodg'd there?

Nath. Crumphorne. She told me ſo on the 21ſt of April; but I cannot tell when they lodg'd there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe tell you they all three lodged in one room?

Nath. Crumphorne. I can ſay nothing at all about that.

Mr. *Davy.* There is the little word *but*, are you ſure that was mentioned? I will read it without that word,—*Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot ſay ſhe really was there when we lodg'd there.*

Nath. Crumphorne. She ſaid the word *but.*

Mr. *Davy.* Are you ſure ſhe ſaid that word?

Nath. Crumphorne. She ſaid it indeed.

Mr. *Davy.* What did you underſtand by it?

Nath. Crumphorne. What I underſtood by it was, that ſhe really was there, when ſhe lodged there.

Baron *Legge.* When was it you had this converſation?

Nath. Crumphorne. It was on the 21ſt of April laſt.

Mr. *Nares.* Then what you charged her with was, how could ſhe in her conſcience ſwear ſo, knowing the innocency of Canning.

Nath. Crumphorne. Yes, and the words ſhe ſaid were, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot ſay but ſhe really was there, when we lodg'd there.*

Baron *Legge.* How many days before this trial began, was it that ſhe ſaid ſo?

Nath. Crumphorne. It was a fortnight ago yeſterday.

Elizabeth Crumphorne (ſworn.)

Elizabeth Crumphorne. Nathaniel Crumphorne is my huſband. Judith Natus came to our houſe on the 21ſt of April laſt.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you ſend for her?

Eliz. Crumphorne. No, I did not, nor I did not want to ſee her. She came to aſk for a perſon about picking up ſtones. My huſband ſaid to her, How could you be ſo cruel, knowing Elizabeth Canning was confined when you was there, to go to ſwear as you did? Her anſwer was, Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, really ſhe was there, when we lodged there.

Mr. *Nares.* Tell the words as near as you can?

Eliz. Crumphorne. She ſaid, Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, ſhe actually was there, when we lodg'd there.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe was confined there?

Eliz. Crumphorne. No, Sir.

John Jackſon ſworn.

John Jackſon. I have liv'd at Edmonton 14 or 15 years; I ſaw Fortune Natus lay a wager (at the four Swans at Waltham-croſs) that he was at Wells's houſe, all the time of January 1753, and it was proved he lay at another houſe one night.

Paul Stevens ſworn.

Paul Stevens. I live in New Priſon walk, Clerkenwell, I am a publican, and have liv'd there between 12 and 13 years.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Suſannah Wells?

P. Stevens. I do, I have ſeen her in Bridewell, and at her own houſe.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Mary Squires?

P. Stevens. I do.

Mr *Nares.* See if you ſee her here?

P. Stevens. That is the woman *(pointing to her.)* I ſaw her in New Priſon, about 3 or 4 days after ſhe was taken up and carried there. There was a gentleman or two and I went down to ſee the people on the common ſide, in the priſon. She was ſitting by the fire ſide in the kitchen, in the maſter's ſide. We had a bottle of wine there. She began to ſpeak and reſolve ſome queſtions; ſhe acknowledged ſhe was at Mrs. Wells's houſe, but ſaid (for what I am here for, I am innocent of, that is, cutting off her ſtays, but to be ſure the perſon was there, I believe) ſhe ſaid, ſhe never was guilty of robbing the girl.

Mr. *Nares.* How long did ſhe ſay ſhe had been there herſelf?

P. Stevens. She ſaid, ſhe had been there a fortnight and three days, I think.

Mr. *Nares.* What girl do you mean?

P. Stevens. I mean Eliz. Canning.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* Then ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not cut her ſtays off?

P. Stevens. She put her hands up and ſaid, as God is my Saviour, what I am ſent here for, I am innocent of, but ſhe ſaid, ſhe believed the perſon was there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay ſhe ſaw the perſon there?

P. Stevens. No, ſhe did not. She ſaid, ſhe herſelf was there a fortnight and three days, and the girl was there in the time.

Mr. *Davy.* Anſwer my queſtion, Did ſhe ſay ſhe ſaw Eliz. Canning at Wells's in her life?

P. Stevens. No, ſhe did not.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe make uſe of the word believe?

P. Stevens. She ſaid, ſhe was ſure ſhe was there.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe acknowledge ſhe was there?

P. Stevens. She did, ſhe came into a free way of ſpeaking at laſt, more than at firſt.

Mr. *Davy.* Did ſhe ſay, ſhe was not above a fortnight and 3 days in the whole?

P. Stevens. She did not ſay ſhe was there more.

Mr. *Nares.* Did ſhe acknowledge ſhe was there a fortnight and three days?

P. Stevens. She did.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Did ſhe ſay, ſhe ſaw her there?

Paul Stevens. She ſaid, ſhe was in the houſe ſure enough; ſhe believ'd ſhe was, and poſitively, almoſt, ſure of it.

Mr. J. *Clive.* What did you go to the goal for? was it to get this confeſſion from her?

P. Stevens. No.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Who were thoſe gentlemen that you went with?

Paul Stevens. Mr. Martin and Mr. Dudley.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Did you give evidence here upon the trial?

P. Stevens. No.

Joſeph Haines ſworn.

Mr. *Williams.* Are you a houſe-keeper?

Joſ. Haines. I live at Ware in Hertfordſhire. I have been a houſe-keeper above forty years there.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know Fortune Natus?

Joſ. Haines. I do. I have known him 6 or 7 years, or more.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know his wife?

Joſ. Haines. I do, ſhe was bred and born in the town.

Mr. *Williams.* What kind of a character does he bear? Do you look upon him to be an honeſt man?

Joſ. Haines. No.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you believe his oath is to be taken?

Joſ. Haines. I believe it is not. I know it is not fit to be taken. He is a very diſhoneſt man.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* What is your buſineſs?

Joſ. Haines. I am a barge maſter. I am an owner of part of 2 barges.

Mr. *Davy.* Did you ever hear any body ſpeak well of him in your life.

Joſ. Haines. No, not lately; when he came to our town, he turn'd a bad man, when he work'd at Fatham's hall, he went on better, but when he came to our town he deceived a great many people.

Mr. *Davy.* How long is that ago?

Joſ Haines. That is 10 or 12 years ago.

Mr. *Davy.* How long is it ſince you heard a good character of him?

Joſ. Haines. I have not heard a good one of him for almoſt three years.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think if he was to come into a court of juſtice, and not to get a farthing by it, that he would perjure himſelf?

Joſ. Haines. I think he would ſay any thing to get a ſhilling.

Mr. *Davy.* Suppoſe he could not get a ſhilling by it?

Joſ. Haines. He would try for it.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think he would rather ſwear falſe than truth, tho' he did not get a ſhilling by it?

Joſ. Haines. I think he would, he hates truth.

Mr. *Davy.* You ſay, you believe he hates truth. I do not know what you mean. Is he a ſad rogue?

Joſ. Haines. Nobody will give him a good character about us.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you know his wife, ſhe is a ſad wretch too?

Joſ. Haines. She is a ſad body.

Mr. *Davy.* A drunken beaſt?

Joſ. Haines. You have gueſſed right as any man in England. You give a very good gueſs.

Mr. *Davy.* What have you not made it up with him?

Joſ. Haines. He once brought me a forg'd note.

Mr. *Davy.* Are you at law?

Joſ. Haines. No, Sir.

Paul Chapman ſworn.

Paul Chapman. I live at Ware, and have done theſe 20 years.

Mr. *Williams.* What are you?

P. Chapman. I am a bricklayer.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know Fortune Natus?

P. Chapman. I do.

Mr. *Williams.* What is his character?

P. Chapman. He has a very bad character.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you think he is to be credited upon oath?

P. Chapman. I believe he is not to be believed upon oath.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* How long has he left Ware?

P. Chapman. I believe he has left Ware 3 or 4 years.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you ſeen him ſince he left Ware?

P. Chapman. No, I have not, till now, he behav'd very ill there.

Thomas Green ſworn.

Thomas Green. I live at Ware in Hertfordſhire. I am a farmer. I have lived there 30 years, and have been a houſe-keeper almoſt as long.

Mr. *Nares.* What do you rent per year?

Tho. Green. I rent 600 l. per year.

Mr. *Williams.* Do you know Fortune Natus?

Tho. Green. I do.

Mr. *Williams.* What is his general character?

Tho. Green. Really, in my conſcience, he has a very indifferent one.

Mr. *Williams.* Is he to be believed upon oath?

Tho. Green. I make a query whether he is—I believe not.

Mr.

Mr. J. *Clive.* Did you ever hear him forſwear himſelf?

Tho. Green. No, I never did.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Davy.* One queſtion, yes, or no. Do you believe, that in a caſe where he was not intereſted a ſingle ſhilling, he would perjure himſelf?

Tho. Green. I have reaſon to think he would ſay any thing for hire.

Recorder. Give a reaſon why he would ſay any thing for hire.

Tho. Green. He has never injured me, nor robbed me; but he was a pariſhoner of Ware, and he elop'd, and left a child to the work-houſe:

Baron *Legge.* Is his character ſo bad, he would wantonly perjure himſelf?

Tho. Green. That I cannot anſwer for.

Mr. *Nares.* My lord, I will now call juſtice Taſhmaker to ſhew, that Virtue Hall's confeſſion was taken, not in the hearing of Canning. Mr. White ſays, they were taken in the hearing of one another.

Mr. *Davy.* This is applying to the jury matter foreign to the caſe. With your lordſhip's leave, I will ſay, the jury are not to know, that ſuch a perſon ever exiſted as Virtue Hall.

Mr. *Morton.* The jury are not to take notice there is ſuch a perſon as Virtue Hall in being; but we have a right to call what evidence ſhe gave in the court here. You have heard Canning's evidence, and called the minuter here to prove it. If your lordſhip thinks I have no right to call the juſtice of the peace to prove ſhe gave her teſtimony when the parties accuſed were not by; that is, when Wells and Squires were not by, I would call juſtice Taſhmaker to prove what ſhe ſaid, who was in the room when ſhe was examined.

Mr. *Willes.* I think it would have been extremely right if Canning's evidence was not taken down in writing.

Baron *Legge.* The perjury is aſſigned upon the evidence ſhe gave at the Old Baily. The queſtion is not, who was by when the depoſition was made before a juſtice of peace? that is no way in iſſue in the caſe.

Mr. J. *Clive.* We are of opinion it can be no evidence to call juſtice Taſhmaker.

Mr. *Nares.* My lord, Ezra Whiffen ſwears, that on the 18th of January he was in the room where Canning was confined, to buy ſome ſign irons. We will call the man who painted the ſign, to ſhew that he was not there at the time.

William Metcalf ſworn.

William Metcalf. I am a glazier, painter, and plumber, and live at Endfield highway.

Mr. *Nares.* Do you know Ezra Whiffen?

Will. Metcalf. I do. I remember I carried a ſign home to his houſe, on the 8th of January 1753, old ſtile, and ſet it down directly in my book.

Mr. *Nares.* Where is that book?

Will. Metcalf. It is at home, I could eaſily have brought it, had I had an Order ſo to have done. But I can ſatisfy you another way. I have a pocket-book in my pocket, and I took it from this pocket-book, and put it in my day-book. (*He produces the pocket-book.*)

Mr. *Nares.* Tell me by looking into that book, the day you brought the ſign home?

Will. Metcalf. It was on the 8th of January, O. S. I wrote this myſelf in his own houſe, with his pen and ink.

Mr. *Nares.* Upon your oath is it your own hand-writing?

Will. Metcalf. Upon my oath it is.

Mr. *Nares.* What day was it new ſtile?

Will. Metcalf. It was on the 19th, N. S. He told me he had ſpoke to one Mr. John Garret, a blackſmith, to make the irons to hang it upon. I went directly to the blackſmith, and aſked him, whether he had done them? He told me he would not do them at all, till ſuch time as Whiffen had paid what was due already.

Mr. *Nares.* Did you go back again then to Whiffen?

Will. Metcalf. No, about ten or fourteen days after I ſaw Whiffen, and aſked him if he had got the irons? He ſaid, he had got none. Then I ſaid, you are very much to blame you did not go down to mother Wells's, to ſee for her hooks, becauſe they were the ſame that the ſign hung upon; and I thought they might be in the ſame piece of wood, which was ſawed off when the ſign was taken down?

Mr. *Nares.* Did he ſay he had been for them?

Will. Metcalf. No, he did not, but he ſaid he would go.

Mr. *Nares.* Had he the hooks when you ſpoke to him?

Will. Metcalf. That I do not know. He did not ſay he had been at mother Wells's, or that he had got them.

Mr. *Nares.* When was it hang'd up?

Will. Metcalf. I do not know.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Willes.* The 1753, which is in black figures; when was it wrote in this book? I obſerve it to be in a different ink.

Will. Metcalf. That was wrote on Saturday was 7-night, I believe; that was taken from the other book. I took that date out of my other book; for I ſet it down in my pocket-book, without the date at firſt.

Mr. Morton. I obſerve in this, here is Oct. 17, do you mean old ſtile, or new ſtile?

Will. Metcalf. I mean old ſtile; all that is ſet down, is ſet down by my clock.

Mr. Morton. When you made that entry, did you mean it according to old ſtile, or new?

Will. Metcalf. To the old.

Recorder. Why did not you bring your book here?

Wil.

Will. Metcalph. I did not know it would be wanted.

To her character.

Mr. *Marſhall ſworn.*

Mr. *Marſhall.* I have known Elizabeth Canning, the younger, almoſt ever ſince ſhe could go alone, ſince ſhe has grown up, ſhe has come to my ſhop almoſt every day. She bears a very good character; I never knew a girl behave more modeſtly in my life. I am one of her bail, and if I had not believed her to have been entirely honeſt, I would not have been bail for her.

Croſs examined.

Mr. Davy. Look at this paper, it has your name to it, was it done with your conſent?

Mr. Marſhall. It was not; but when it was done, I did not contradict it.

Mr. Davy. Here is an atteſtation of all the facts ſhe had ſworn, why did you ſuffer it to be printed?

Mr. Marſhall. I did not contradict it.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever declare that you was ignorant of the things that you here atteſt?

Mr. Marſhall. As to the facts, they put my name in to atteſt her being a harmleſs girl; the contents I never ſaw, till I ſaw them in print.

Mr. Davy. You have ſaid here, the truth of the abovementioned facts, we, whoſe names are under written, being alſo ready to atteſt. Did you ever take any pains to ſatisfy the world that you were not able to atteſt theſe facts?

Mr. Marſhall. I had nothing to do with the printing the papers. My atteſtation was only to tell of the girl's abſence.

Mr. Davy. Did you give any of theſe papers away?

Mr. Marſhall. I believe I did.

Mr. Davy. Do you know of their being ſcattered about at the time of the trial of Wells and Squires?

Mr. Marſhall. I have heard they were delivered about, but I did not do it. I ſaid it was a bad thing to diſtribute them about then.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, did you conſent to the publication of it?

Mr. Marſhall. Upon my oath I did not.

Mr. Davy. Was your name put to it without your conſent?

Mr. Marſhall. It was.

Recorder. Did you ſee your name to them before you diſtributed them about?

Mr. Marſhall. Yes, I did.

Mr. Davy. Whether the intent of publiſhing theſe papers was not to inflame the world againſt the gipſey?

Mr. Marſhall. No, I believe not.

Mr. Nares. Did you believe the truth of theſe papers that you diſtributed?

Mr. Marſhall. My belief was, that the girl had been ſo long miſſing from her friends.

Mr. Davy. I am to tell the jury from the proſecutor, I have nothing againſt the girl's character, excluſive of this fact.

Mr. Nares. Then we need call no more to her character.

Mr. Davy. I have only to call witneſſes to the ſupport of Natus's and Whiffen's characters.

Tueſday the 7th.

Mr. Morton. We laſt night finiſhed this long trial in behalf of the defendant. I am very ſenſible, that, perhaps, there never was a caſe came before a court of juſtice, in which it was more proper, I hope I need not ſay more neceſſary, for ſome of the counſel concerned to have made obſervations from the material part of the evidence given on both ſides.

That is what is the province of a counſel, to obſerve how far our evidence anſwered the evidence given on the behalf of the proſecution.

It has been among the many misfortunes of the defendant, that it has been impoſſible for any one of her counſel, to have attended thro' this whole trial. Mr. Williams, whoſe proper province it was to have replied, has neceſſarily been abſent, during great part of the evidence; therefore it is impoſſible for him to diſcharge his duty in that.

It has likewiſe been my misfortune to be abſent, and it has alſo been Mr. Nares's misfortune to be abſent, ſo that we could not attend upon that part of the evidence. I mention this, that I may lay in my claim with your lordſhip, who has been ſo very acute and attentive, that whatever obſervations are proper to be made, the jury may carry the facts along with them, as well as the proſecutor's charge; and that your lordſhip will be ſo kind to ſupply what we have been obliged to omit. I make no doubt but you will do ſo, becauſe no greater accuracy, and no greater attention can be ſhewn, than has appeared in your lordſhip through the courſe of this trial; therefore my client will not ſuffer thro' this abſence.

Recorder. You may aſſure yourſelves I ſhall, and I hope you will be preſent, when I ſum up to the jury; and I ſhall not take it in the leaſt amiſs to be inſtructed, if I make any miſtake whatſoever.

Mr. Morton. When once the caſe is in your hands, I am very ſure it is in ſafe hands.

Mr. Davy. I deſire it may be proved to the jury, that the days of the arrival of the letters from Baſingſtoke, are Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays.

Thomas Ravenhill again.

Mr. Willes. As you are an officer in the poſt-office, you can tell what days of the week the poſt comes into town from Baſingſtoke in Hampſhire?

Tho. Ravenhill. It comes in on Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays, and no other days.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morton.* What poſt road does it lie in?

Tho. Ravenhill. It comes in the Portſmouth mail; it is in the weſtern road.

Mr.

Mr. *Morton.* Does the Portſmouth bag come thro' Baſingſtoke?

T. Ravenhill. I cannot tell that.

Mr. *Davy.* Whether the Portſmouth bag does not come thro' Baſingſtoke? or, whether there is not ſome every day's poſt comes thro' Baſingſtoke.

T. Ravenhill. Upon my word I cannot tell. Baſingſtoke bag comes in three days a week.

Mr. *Morton.* That letter is not proved ever to have been in Baſingſtoke poſt-office; it remains ſtill to be proved, that there is an every day's poſt comes thro' Baſingſtoke.

Mr. *Davy.* Does the Baſingſtoke letters ever come in on any other days beſides Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays?

T. Ravenhill. No, they come in only on thoſe 3 days.

Mr. *Davy.* When does the Saliſbury poſt come in?

Tho. Ravenhill. That comes in the ſame days.

(Mr. *Davy produced the almanacks back to* 1749, *which proved the* 19*th of January was never on a Monday, Wedneſday, or Friday, ſince January* 1749, *till the year* 1753.)

Mr. *Willes.* There is one Anne Johnſon, who ſwears ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at Endfield Waſh on the 18th of January; and ſhe has ſworn, that ſhe works for Mr. Smitheram; and that ſhe carried home her firſt work for that year on the 16th of January; and that her maſter conſtantly put the work carried home, down in a book; and we have that book to prove, it was carried home on the 23d of January.

Thomas Smitheram ſworn.

Mr. *Willes.* What is your buſineſs?

T. Smitheram. I keep a boarding ſchool at Endfield highway, and I keep a ſhop likewiſe.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you employ one Anne Johnſon to ſpin yarn for you?

T. Smitheram. I did.

Mr. *Willes.* Have you a book in which you ſet down the work as it is brought home?

T. Smitheram. I have, but it is ſeldom under my management, I leave it to my family.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you, or ſome of your family, put down the time when you deliver out work to be done?

T. Smitheram. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you always put down the time when you have it brought home?

T. Smitheram. Yes, Sir, one column is to put down the delivery, and the other when brought home ſpun.

Mr. *Willes.* Look in it to the year 1753, and tell whoſe hand-writing that firſt article is?

T. Smitheram. It is my daughter's hand-writing, her name is Anne Hudgel.

Mr. *Willes.* I ſee in it, here is January 16, 1 pound S fine, delivered.

T. Smitheram. That is the work delivering out.

Mr. *Willes.* Is there a mark upon the firſt column that ſignifies it was the time of the delivery of it to be ſpun?

T. Smitheram. Yes, here is Anne Johnſon's name on the top.

Mr. *Willes.* Here is January 23, one P. S. fine, returned.

T. Smitheram. That is my hand-writing the delivering out, but the receiving is not mine.

Mr. *Willes.* Was that the ſame yarn that is returned?

T. Smitheram. I take it ſo to be. I did not receive it my ſelf.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morton.* Is this laſt entry, the word *returned*, your writing?

T. Smitheram. It is.

Mr. *Morton.* When was that word wrote?

Tho. Smitheram. The very ſame day. The reaſon of it is this, I had heard ſhe had ſworn what ſhe did, and I looked in my book, and I ſaid, you are miſtaken; and the old woman was ſo angry, ſhe brought home my work, and would ſpin no more for me; then I clap'd that mark upon it *Returned.* She returned it unfiniſhed.

Recorder. When you heard what ſhe ſwore; where did ſhe ſwear?

T. Smitheram. Before the grand jury. She came to our houſe, and I looked in the book after ſhe had ſworn. I ſaid you brought your work home on the 23d, and you are miſtaken, or to that effect.

Recorder. Was that yarn you delivered to her on the 16th, the ſame ſhe returned on the 23d?

T. Smitheram. I cannot tell that, it is poſſible ſometimes they may change it.

Alderman *Dickenſon.* Did ſhe return the ſame weight?

T. Smitheram. She did, for ought I know, I did not take it in.

Anne Hudgel ſworn.

Mr. *Willes.* What are you?

A. Hadgel. I am daughter to Mr. Smitheram, I generally keep this book; it is a day-book, I make marks when delivered out, and when brought home.

Mr. *Willes.* Look for Anne Johnſon's account.

A. Hudgel. The firſt entrance is my father's, and that of being brought home ſpun, is mine, on the 23d of January. After we heard ſhe was concerned in this affair, and had ſworn to the 18th day of the month, we told her it was the 23d.

Mr. *Willes.* Can you recollect what time it was that you told her ſhe was miſtaken?

A. Hudgel. I cannot tell.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever tell her ſhe was wrong?

A. Hudgel. No, ſir, but I heard my father tell her ſo, tho' I was not in the ſame room?

Mr. *Willes.* Had you no converſation with her about it?

Anne Hudgel. No, Sir.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morton.* Did not this woman apply to you to ſee the book?

A. Hudgel. When ſhe brought the work home undone, ſhe would ſee the book to ſee me croſs it out, tho' ſhe could not read.

Mr. *Morton.* Did ſhe ever apply to you to ſee the time when ſhe brought the work home?

A. Hudgel. I do not remember ſhe ever did.

Mr. *Morton.* She has ſworn ſhe did.

A. Hudgel. Very likely ſhe might, but I do not remember it, nor that ſhe did till after the time ſhe ſwore before the grand jury.

Mr. *Morton.* Do you think ſhe would forſwear herſelf?

A. Hudgel. I do not know that ſhe would.

Mr. *Willes.* Did not your father tell her the wool was not brought home till the 23d?

A. Hudgel. Yes, Sir.

Mr. *Davy.* My lord, we now call witneſſes to the ſupport of the characters of theſe two people which they have impeached; that is, Ezra Whiffin and Fortune Natus.

Thomas Smitheram again.

Thomas Smitheram. I have known Ezra Whiffin a year and a half.

Mr. *Willes.* What is his general character?

T. Smitheram. I never heard but he was a very honeſt man.

Croſs examined.

Mr. *Morton.* Have you not known many honeſt men miſtaken in point of time, at a year's diſtance?

T. Smitheram. I do not know but I have.

John Barnes ſworn.

John Barnes. I am high conſtable of Edmonton hundred. I know Ezra Whiffin very well, and have theſe three years and a half; he was two years a neighbour of mine. I believe him a very honeſt man.

John Smart ſworn.

John Smart. I am an attorney, I knew Ezra Whiffin all the time I lived at the Coffee-houſe at Endfield.

Mr. *Willes.* How long is that?

J. Smart. I have known him about three years. I never heard any harm of his character.

Thomas Bell ſworn.

Thomas Bell. I live at Waltham-croſs at the 4 ſwans.

Mr. *Willes.* How long have you known Fortune Natus?

T. Bell. I have known him about 15 months, he has been a ſervant to me about 13 months.

Mr. *Willes.* Did you ever know him before that?

T. Bell. No, Sir.

Mr. *Willes.* How has he behav'd ſince he work'd for you?

T. Bell. Very honeſtly, very civilly, and very induſtriouſly.

Mr. *Willes.* Do you look upon him to be an honeſt man?

T. Bell. Indeed I do. He aſſiſts to brew, and goes out with a load of hay; he always behaved very honeſtly; when I go out, if I bid him do ſuch things, I am ſure to have them done.

Mr. *Davy.* Do you think he would forſwear himſelf?

T. Bell. I do not think he would.

Mr. *Willes.* During the 13 months he has been with you, has he been faithful and honeſt?

T. Bell. During the whole time I do not know he has told me a lie. I have 8 ſervants about my houſe, and I ſhould be glad to find the fellow of him.

Mr. *Morton.* The gentlemen have called ſome freſh evidence in. I do not think to give it any anſwer; therefore it muſt reſt upon theſe people's given teſtimony.

Here the material things are, to ſupport the letter, ſuppoſed to be wrote at Baſingſtoke, and to contradict Anne Johnſon.

The endeavour to ſupport the letter by producing the man again from the poſt-office, who tells you, the poſt comes in only on Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays, from Baſingſtoke. Then they have produced ſome old almanacks to ſhew the 19th of January was never on a Monday, Wedneſday or Friday, ſince January 1749, to the date 1753. But they have not proved the letter was put in at Baſingſtoke yet; that remains to the jury, and the poſt mark, I own, my eyes are not good enough to diſtinguiſh. This might have been made clear if the man that receiv'd it had been called, and if he had ſhewed he had received that letter, at the time mentioned, that would have carried up this evidence that I could have had nothing to ſay againſt it; but whether it was ever put into the office at Baſingſtoke or not, that muſt be left to the jury; it is a very eaſy thing to have a letter dated, and it might be the 9th, or the 29th, ſtill there is no concluſion.

Now, as to contradicting Anne Johnſon, a poor old woman. What does ſhe ſwear? She ſwears ſhe did apply to theſe people to be ſet right, and ſhe was informed by their book; therefore ſhe would never have referr'd to that piece of evidence, if ſhe had been miſtaken in what ſhe ſwore; it is only a miſtake.

Now, after we are done, I do think it is a great misfortune for my client, that the other gentleman, who ſhould have made a proper reply, was obliged to attend elſewhere; and was

I to

I to do it, I muſt do it very imperfectly; and ſo I reſt it in your hands.

Mr. *Davy.*

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,

After ſo unuſual a Time taken up in this Trial, I wiſh I could diſpenſe with giving you any farther trouble.

But, Gentlemen, it is my Duty to recal your Attention to the Evidence, which was produced to maintain this Indictment—to reply to what has been urged by way of Defence—and to make ſuch Obſervations upon the whole, as may convince you, that the Evidence for the Proſecution ſtands unanſwered, and is the moſt indubitable Proof of the Defendant's Guilt.

Before I enter upon this Undertaking, which, I am afraid, will engage more of your Time than would be found neceſſary, if the Conduct of this Proſecution was in abler Hands than mine, I cannot avoid taking notice of the great Indulgence, with which this Cauſe hath been already favoured. For altho' five long Days have been employed in this Inquiry, yet hath not the leaſt Hint of Impatience dropped, either from the Court, or the Jury.

To the Honour of this Country be it remembered, it's Judges always adminiſter impartial Juſtice upon the moſt deliberate and careful Examination; and never think any time miſpent, which may conduce to the Diſcovery of Truth. There was indeed a particular Neceſſity for a very ſolemn Examination in the preſent Caſe, becauſe this was become an Affair, not only of great Importance and publick Expectation, but alſo of no leſs Intricacy and Difficulty,—ariſing, not ſo much from the Nature of the Queſtion, as from the Clouds of Darkneſs, in which it was inveloped by thoſe, who, merely in Oppoſition to the Proſecutor, adopted the Crime of Perjury, and formed a Faction to ſupport it.

But ſuch is the Force of Truth, and ſo ſtrongly does it ſhine forth in this Proſecution, that its Oppoſers muſt now hide their Faces, and reflect with Shame, that they have contaminated themſelves with the Guilt, which they are no longer able to conceal.

Gentlemen, as in the Outſet of this Cauſe I deſired you to diveſt yourſelves of all Prejudices, which you might have received in the Defendant's Favour; ſo now, out of Humanity, I would caution you againſt falling into the like Error on the other Side, on Account of ſome Accidents, which have happened during the Courſe of this Trial.

The Inſolence of Mobs about this Court, attempting to over-awe and intimidate Juſtice, you all have obſerved, and ſome of you have felt. Altho' the Deſign of theſe Outrages was eaſily diſcovered, yet it would be very hard that ſuch Misbehaviour, however occaſioned, ſhould affect the unhappy Perſon at the Bar. She has enough to depreſs her, without the additional Load of others Guilt; and God forbid we ſhould attempt to call in the Aid of Prejudice againſt her! We deſire this Cauſe may be tried ſingly upon its own Merits, and that there may be no Ingredient in your Conſideration, but what fairly reſults from the Evidence on both ſides.

You will take Care, for your own ſakes, to diſcharge your Duty, as Jurymen, conſidering the Obligation upon your Conſcience, the Notoriety of this Cauſe, and the Freedom, with which Men will hereafter deliver their Sentiments concerning it. You will conſider, the Eyes of the World are now upon you; and the Circumſtances of this Cauſe are ſo peculiar, and have been ſo much the Subject of Controverſy, that the Hiſtory of this Tranſaction hath travelled where-ever the *Engliſh* Language is underſtood. And, I doubt not, your ſerious and ſolemn Determination, upon this important Occaſion, will anſwer the Ends of Juſtice, will gratify the univerſal Curioſity, and will prove a laſting Honour to yourſelves.

Gentlemen, when you reflect upon the Nature and Circumſtances of the Offence this Woman ſtands accuſed of,—together with the Purpoſes it was intended to ſerve,—the Fulneſs of the Evidence produced to prove it,—and the weak, if not the wicked, Defence attempted in anſwer to it; you will be fully ſatisfied, how much it concerns the *Public* to bring this *Delinquent* to Juſtice.

Of all the Crimes the human Heart can conceive, PERJURY is the moſt impious and deteſtable. But the Guilt of this Perſon is ſo tranſcendent, that it ſeems even to defy Aggravation.

To call upon the GOD OF TRUTH in the moſt ſolemn Manner, and upon the moſt awful Occaſion, to atteſt a FALSHOOD—to imprecate the Vengeance of Heaven upon her guilty Head—to proſtitute the Law of the Land to the vileſt Purpoſe—to triumph in the Ruin of an innocent Fellow Creature—to commit a MURDER WITH THE SWORD OF JUSTICE;—and then, having ſtripped her own Heart of Humanity, by all the Arts of Hypocriſy, to inſinuate herſelf into the Compaſſion of others, is the peculiar SIN of this Perſon, not yet twenty Years of Age.

One would wonder, indeed, at the FOLLY of an Attempt to impoſe ſo groſs, ſo abſurd a Falſhood upon the World, if we did not live in an Age wherein nothing is too incredible and fantaſtical to be well received.—Let it be but a *Novelty*, and a Subject of Admiration, and it cannot fail to make its way with the Bulk, *the moſt ignorant Part*, of Mankind.

How this ſtrange Story obtained Credit ſo far, as to prevail with a Jury, to convict two innocent Women, you have ſeen in the Courſe of this Tryal. For that there was falſe Evidence given in that Cauſe by *one* Witneſs at leaſt, appears now confeſſed *even by his own Teſtimony*. *SCARRAT* (of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter) ſwore upon the Trial of *Squires*, that *Canning*'s Information before Alderman *Chitty*, thoroughly correſponded with her then Evidence: but he now owns, he does not know what Account ſhe gave before the Alderman; and, upon his beſt Recollection, he admits, in effect, that her Information to Mr. *Chitty* was, in many reſpects, *different* from her Evidence upon

upon the Trial. And yet this was one of the moſt *material* Queſtions in the whole Cauſe.

It is no Wonder, therefore, that this Story, with all its Abſurdities, ſo ſupported by *Prejudice* and *Perjury*, obtained Belief. And, that it was not fatal to the poor Wretch deſtined for a Sacrifice, was entirely owing to the Interpoſition of a MAGISTRATE, whoſe only *Motive* to it was Compaſſion, whoſe only *Reward*, the bittereſt Invectives.

Gentlemen, in this Indictment there are as many Aſſignments of Perjury, as there are Circumſtances in the Defendant's Evidence, from the Time of the pretended Robbery in *Moor-fields*; ſo that if any Part of her Relation is falſe, ſhe is guilty of Perjury within this Indictment. However, we do not mean to cavil, and catch at little Circumſtances; for the Proofs, we have offered, are ſufficient to ſatisfy all Mankind, that the whole of this Story is a Fiction from the Beginning to the End.

Gentlemen, as this was a Caſe of univerſal Enquiry, the Proſecutor was deſirous of giving all the Satisfaction in his Power: For tho' the indubitable Evidence of the GYPSY's Innocence, without any farther Proof, would have been ſufficient to juſtify his own Conduct, and to convict the Defendant, yet his Regard for the Public called upon him to detect the whole Impoſture; and, if poſſible, to put an End to all the Diſputes and Troubles, to which this myſterious Tranſaction hath given riſe.

To anſwer theſe Purpoſes effectually, there hath been a great Variety of Proof laid before you, under ſeveral Heads of Evidence; of which I will beg Leave to remind you, in the Order they were given.

Our firſt Head of Proof was to the ALIBI of *Mary Squires*.

With Regard to this, and the Anſwer attempted to be given to it, by the Defendant's Witneſſes, you will be pleaſed to recollect the Certainty or Incertainty of the Evidence on both Sides, as to the Identity of the *Perſons* ſworn to, and the Exactneſs of the *Times* in which the Witneſſes ſwear to have ſeen them. For a Miſtake in either of theſe Matters will account for a Variance in the Teſtimony, without impeaching the Credit of the Witneſſes, which I am always willing, as far as I can, to avoid.

In the firſt Place as to the *Identity* of MARY SQUIRES.

She is not only ſo extreamly remarkable, that it is almoſt impoſſible to miſtake her for another, but ſeveral of the Witneſſes for the Proſecution have known her a conſiderable Time, from two to thirty Years paſt, and have often ſeen her: It is impoſſible therefore, for theſe People to miſtake with Regard to this *Perſon*, and if they did not ſee this *very* Woman, they are certainly guilty of Perjury—Beſides, the Witneſſes for the Crown ſwear *not only* to the *old Woman*, but likewiſe to her *Son* and *Daughter*, for they were ſeen *all together* through the whole Journey; by which Means they are leſs liable to Miſtake, than the Witneſſes for the Defendant.

Are all the Witneſſes to this Head of Proof, *forty one* in Number, wilfully and corruptly foreſworn?

Through the whole of this Cauſe hath the leaſt Reflection been thrown upon the Character of any one of them?

Has it been even ſuggeſted, that they have any Intereſt to ſerve, or any Paſſion to gratify, which could lead them to ſo much Wickedneſs and Danger?

Are they not Strangers to the Defendant, and moſt of them to one another, living at remote Diſtances?

They have all been ſeparately examined; and I refer to your own Obſervation, whether effectual Care has not been taken, to prevent any Communication between them, ſo as that any one Witneſs could poſſibly know another's Teſtimony.

And yet what an amazing Congruity is there in the whole of their Evidence!—Not a material Circumſtance varied from!—But the Teſtimony of each Witneſs correſponds ſo exactly with what went before it, that it demands Credit, and authenticates the Evidence of the former.

Conſider too the Variety and Weight of the Circumſtances ſworn to, and the Correſpondency of Events happening in Conſequence of them.—The Dancing at *Abbotſbury*,—the Fidler there,—who and who were Partners,—the wet Night at *Porteſham*,—the heavy Rains that fell the next Day,—and the Waters being out at *Dorcheſter*, two Days after.

How notorious are theſe Facts, and how eaſily diſproved, if falſe!

Was it ever known that any Number of falſe Witneſſes pre-concerted Circumſtances, which ten Thouſand People were capable of contradicting?

Is it conceivable that there ſhould be a perfect Harmony in the Evidence of ſuch a Number of perjured Witneſſes, concurring in Circumſtances of public Notoriety?

Then the parting with *Clarke* at *Ridgway*,—the Piece of Nankeen pawned with the Landlord for a Reckoning, and produced in Evidence with the Man's Name upon it,—the ſkinning the dead Horſe, mentioned by ſeveral Witneſſes,—the Letter from *Lucy Squires* at *Baſingſtoke*, alluding to the Particulars of the Journey with *Clarke*, and to the Weather, "*hoping he received no Illneſs from it.*"—

Were theſe Circumſtances all pre-concerted, or did they really happen at ſome other Time, than that to which they have been applied by the Witneſſes?

Examine then into the Certainty of the Evidence with Regard to *Time*.

Beſides the Impoſſibility, that all the Witneſſes, ſpeaking with ſuch abſolute Certainty, and referring to collateral Matters incapable of miſleading them, ſhould miſtake in this Reſpect; there are two Facts before you, which prove the Times of the Gypſies being at *Abbotſbury* and *Baſingſtoke* to Demonſtration.

The Time, referred to by the *Abbotſbury* Witneſſes, is aſcertained by the BOOKS belonging to the EXCISE OFFICE. Every one knows with what Preciſeneſs theſe Books are kept,—that not only the Days, but the very Hours

Hours of each Officer's Viſits, are regularly entered in his Accounts;—that all his Acts and Entries are ſcrutinized and chequed by a Superviſor,—and the Books tranſmitted to the *general Exciſe Office* in LONDON.

Now the Book of *January* 1753, belonging to the *Exciſe* at ABBOTSBURY, has been produced in Evidence from the *general Exciſe-Office*; by which it appears, that *Andrew Wake* was placed at *Abbotſbury* in the Room of *Ward*, the Officer ſtationed there, who was ill and incapable of Duty; and that *Wake* began to officiate in the *Exciſe-Office* at *Abbotſbury* on the firſt of *January*, and continued to the fourteenth.

Wake ſwears, and is confirmed in it by all the Witneſſes from *Abbotſbury*, that he came to *Gibbons*'s Houſe, to officiate as Exciſeman in the Room of *Ward*, on the *very Day* the GYPSIES came there.

Here then is no Poſſibility of *Miſtake*; and if the *Abbotſbury* Witneſſes are perjured, all the reſt of the Witneſſes muſt be ſo too; for the whole Evidence refers to the Journey from *South Perrot* to *Abbotſbury*, and from *Abbotſbury* to *Endfield-Waſh*; and all the Facts ſworn to are like ſo many Links of a Chain, depending one upon another.

It is alſo remarkable, that this very *John Gibbons*, who has *now* given Evidence of this Fact, was produced as a Witneſs upon the Trial of *Mary Squires* in *February* 53; and he *then* gave the *ſame Evidence* he has given now, and *with the ſame Circumſtance relating to the Exciſeman*. For, being aſked, on that Trial, by what Circumſtance he recollected the Day of the GYPSIES coming to *Abbotſbury*, this was his Anſwer, "There "came an Exciſeman, one *Andrew Wicks* or "*Weeks*, to officiate there for one *John Ward*, "who was ſick, and I put the Day of the "Month down, when he came there; for the "Exciſe-Office is kept at my Houſe."

It is alſo obſervable, that *Gibbons* was indicted for Perjury in that Evidence. What but the Conſciouſneſs of Truth could now encourage him to repeat the ſame Evidence, and run the Hazard of a ſecond Proſecution?

Another Circumſtance equally demonſtrates the Time of the Gypſies being at *Baſingſtoke*.

The Letter wrote there by the Witneſs, Mrs *Morris* for *Lucy Squires* to *Clarke* bears Date the 18th of *January*, and ſhe ſwears *that* was the Day, on which it was written.

On the *Outſide* there appears the *Mark* of the *General-Poſt-Office* in LONDON; and if this Letter went from *Baſingſtoke* on the 18*th*, it muſt come to *London* on the 19*th*, for there is no Poſt-Road from *Baſingſtoke* to *Abbotſbury*, but by way of *London*. But the Poſt-Mark not being very legible, the Clerk of the Weſtern Mail, belonging to the General-Poſt-Office, is called to clear up this Matter.

He tells you, that the Poſt comes in from *Baſingſtoke* on no other Days, but *Monday*, *Wedneſday* and *Friday*;—that by the niceſt Obſervation he is able to make (and he produces ſome Stamps belonging to the Poſt-Office to verify his Obſervation) this Letter came into *London* on the 19*th* or 29th of *January*, and he gives you his Reaſons for ſaying ſo.—The only remaining Doubt then is, as to the Year; for the laſt Figure being torn off, there being only three Figures 175-, the Council for the Defendant have thought fit to rely upon it as a capital Objection, inſinuating as if it had been torn off on Purpoſe to miſlead you; but at the ſame Time they admit, that, if the *whole Date* had appeared perfectly, the Fact intended to be proved by it would have concluded irreſiſtibly upon them.

Now it happens very fortunately, that this Defect can be ſupplied by another Evidence, which proves itſelf; and that is the *Almanack*.

I have all the *Almanacks*, ſince 1749, now in my Hand, which I deſire you will examine yourſelves, and by them it appears, that no 19*th* of *January*, ſince *January* 49, has happened upon a *Monday*, *Wedneſday* or *Friday*, except in 1753, when it happened on a *Friday*, and by the three Figures, which remain in this Letter, the Year's Date muſt be either 1750, 51, 52, 53, or 54.

To this Circumſtance you will be pleaſed to add another,—that all the Witneſſes mention the Days of the Week, as well as the Days of the Month, and if you trace them in all their Teſtimony, from *Friday* the 29th of *December*, at *South Perrot*, to *Wedneſday* the 24*th* of *January*, at *Endfield-Waſh*, you'll find the whole Evidence refers to the Gypſies being at *Baſingſtoke*, on *Thurſday* the 18*th of January*.

This Obſervation will entirely remove the only Doubt of the Poſt-Officer, whether the Poſt-Mark is the 19*th*, or 29*th* of *January*. For the Days of the Week, ſworn to by all the Witneſſes, correſpond exactly to their being at *Baſingſtoke* on a *Thurſday*, and the *Almanacks* will inform you, that the 29*th* of *January has not happened* on a FRIDAY for ſeveral *Years paſt*.

From all which it appears, that the Witneſſes are as little liable to Miſtake in Point of *Time*, as in Reſpect of the *Perſon* of *Mary Squires*. And therefore, upon the whole of this Evidence I will venture to ſay, no Man living can doubt that theſe Gypſies were at *Abbotſbury* on the *firſt* of *January*.

For through the whole Chain of Evidence to prove it, I appeal to your own Obſervation, whether all the Circumſtances have not been ſupported by the beſt Teſtimony and the cleareſt Proofs, in their Nature they are capable of receiving? And whether it would not be as unreaſonable for one to doubt the Fact, they conduce to prove, as it would be to believe the Story, they are intended to contradict?

Surely there never was ſuch a Variety of Circumſtances ſo clearly and compleatly proved in any Caſe,—ſurely there never was a Caſe ſtanding ſo little in need of it.

But ſufficient as it may be thought for the Defendant's Conviction, this is far from being the beſt Part of the Caſe. For though this fully proves the Defendant was not robbed by *Mary Squires*, yet it goes no farther. But the reſt of the Evidence for the Crown entirely overthrows the Defendant's whole Story, and evinces, to the utmoſt Degree of Certainty, that ſhe is an Impoſtreſs.

To the Evidence of Mr. Alderman *Chitty*, Mr. *Naſh*, Mr. *Aldridge* and Mr. *Hague*, you'll be pleaſed to apply an Obſervation, I took the Liberty to mention in the opening, and which I apprehend to be very reaſonable, that, if the Defendant was *really confined* in this Room at *Wells*'s twenty-eight Days, there being Light enough to ſee every Part of it, ſhe could not poſſibly *fail* of giving an exact *Deſcription* of it; much leſs could ſhe mention Things, that were not there.

Now the Account ſhe gave, before ſhe was carried down to *Endfield* on the *1ſt* of *February*, is liable to Objection both in reſpect to its *Defectiveneſs*, and its *Falſity*.

To try the Truth of any Relation, when its Authenticity muſt depend upon the Credit of the Relator, we ſhould enquire whether at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Occaſions, he tells the ſame Story, with all its Circumſtances, in the ſame uniform, invariable Manner.

The Gentlemen of Council for the Defendant, aware of the Force of this Obſervation, have, with great Judgment, endeavoured to apply it in their Client's Favour, in Reſpect to ſome few Particulars pretended (but far from being ſufficiently proved) to have been deſcribed by her, upon the *29th* of *January* at her Mother's, and upon the *1ſt* of *February*, with regard to the Proſpect from the Window.

In the firſt Place, her Deſcription is extremely *defective*.

When ſhe was aſked by Mr. Alderman *Chitty* to enumerate all the *Particulars* in the Room, by which her Veracity was to be tried, and when it ſo much concerned her to recollect the Whole, ſhe *omitted* ſeveral material Things which could not poſſibly eſcape her Obſervation for a *whole Month* together.—The *Jack Line* and *Pulley*, and the *broken Caſement* over the Chimney, entirely forgot.—The *three Saddles*, are not one of them mentioned,—nor the *Cheſt* of *Drawers*. And inſtead of mentioning half a *Load of Hay*, ſhe in Effect *denied* there was *any*; for Part of her Complaint, which melted the Hearts of her Friends, as they themſelves have ſworn, was the Want of any Thing, but the cold, bare Floor, to lie upon.

Can it be pretended, that any Alteration had been made, between the Time of her pretended Eſcape, and her going there again in three Days after? On the contrary, is it not fully proved, that all theſe Things had been there, unmoleſted for a very long Time? Had they not Marks of Antiquity,—Marks which could not be made, but by PROVIDENCE ITSELF, or by the *Creatures* he formed for the Purpoſe? When the *Cheſt of Drawers* was removed, in order to ſee if it had been newly put there, it rended from the Wall a thouſand Cobwebs, covered with Duſt.

The ſame Obſervation occurred, upon removing the broken Caſement from off the Chimney Ledge;—*that* alſo appeared to have been fixed there by many Generations of *Spiders*.

And it is remarkable, that the Defendant herſelf was ſo ſtruck with the Force of theſe Objections, and found herſelf ſo much in Danger of immediate Detection, that ſhe *then* pretended to recollect ſome of the Things,—particularly *one* of the Saddles, which you are to ſuppoſe ſhe had forgot.

This proves, at leaſt, that the Things had not been put there to deceive her. And to ſatisfy you that her not having mentioned them, in her Information, did not proceed from Hurry, or Surprize, Mr. Alderman *Chitty* ſwears, ſhe was under Examination *above an Hour*, with all her Friends, and none elſe, about her—and that after recounting all the Particulars, ſhe thought fit to mention, ſhe, apprized of the Danger of omitting any Thing, was again aſked, "whether there was any Thing "elſe in the Room?" To which ſhe cooly and deliberately anſwered,—"NOTHING BUT THE THINGS IN THE PAPER."

But, what Excuſe ſoever may be invented for the *Defectiveneſs* of her Deſcription, who can account for its *Falſity?* How came ſhe to ſwear to an *old Stool* or two, an *old Table*, *old Pictures* over the *Chimney*, and a *Grate* in the Chimney?

Is it not moſt certain, none of theſe Things were, or had been, in the Room? The Proofs, that ſome of 'em had not, are ſo ſtrong, and of ſuch a Nature, that one is tempted to ſay, The Finger of God points out the Diſcovery of this Impoſture.

Had this Woman been *once* in this Room, even five Minutes together, could ſhe poſſibly have miſtaken it for a *little*, *ſquare*, *dark Room?* She might as well have called it an Amphitheatre, or a Ship; for no Deſcription could be more unlike. And yet, you muſt either think ſhe was actually there, with her Eyes open, Light ſhining through two Windows and a thouſand Holes, and a Month's Leiſure for Obſervation, or elſe that ſhe is guilty of Perjury. For no Charity can impute *all this* to Miſtake.

Gentlemen, the pretended *Manner* of her *Eſcape*, is another Proof of her Guilt.

At firſt ſhe ſwore ſhe eſcaped, "by mak-"ing a Hole, and removing a Pane of Glaſs, "and ſo *ſliding* down over a *Penthouſe*." But when ſhe afterwards went down to make Obſervations, ſeeing the *Wall perpendicular* from both Windows, and that there was no *Penthouſe*, or *Shed* near it, ſhe cut the Knot, ſhe could not untie, and *boldly ſwore*, "SHE JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

Was there no other Evidence in the Cauſe, *this alone* would be ſufficient to falſify her whole Story.

But ſhe was ſo unlucky, as to give ſtill further Proofs of her own Guilt; and not only contradicted herſelf, but aided the Detection of her Mother's Evidence.

Her Account of being carried between two Men, one at each Arm, through *Biſhopſgate Street*, is totally *irreconcileable* with her being *ſtunned* by a *Blow* in MOOR-FIELDS, *which* "*threw her into a Fit*, *wherein ſhe remained* "*inſenſible for four Hours after.*"

The *Mother* had *adverti*ſ*ed* her being heard to *ſcream* in *Biſhopſgate Street*.

Is it not marvellous that *Biſhopſgate-Street* ſhould be mentioned by both Mother and Daughter upon the ſame Occaſion, when they

had *not* ſeen each other, and this too merely by the Force of Imagination! For the *Daughter* you ſee, had no Foundation for ſaying it; and *what* led the *Mother* to it, I ſhall ſpeak of, when I come to obſerve upon her Evidence.

The multiplying *four, five, or ſix Pieces of Bread* into *four and twenty*, will not be thought a trifling Miſtake, when we are tracing the ſeveral Marks of Falſehood, to detect ſo ſtrange a Tale.

When ſhe applied for a Warrant againſt the Woman, who had taken her Stays, did ſhe give any Deſcription of *Mary Squires*, who, you ſee, is marked ſo, as to diſtinguiſh her from all the Reſt of the Creation? The Defendant had told her whole Story in the Hearing of *honeſt* Mr. SCARRAT, who had been acquainted with Mrs. *Wells*, but did not diſcover by any Deſcription of the Defendant's, that *Wells* was not the Woman who had robbed her. For *Scarrat* was preſent, when a Warrant was granted againſt *Wells* for the Felony.

By what Name will you call him, if he knew this to be a Miſtake, without attempting to rectify it?

One of her own Witneſſes proves, that when ſhe was going up the *great Stair-Caſe*, ſhe ſaid, "THESE ARE THE STAIRS, UP WHICH "I WAS CARRIED."

This was *after* ſhe had been in the *Kitchen*; for they all agree ſhe was firſt carried into the Kitchen, but took no Notice there, that it was the Place, wherein ſhe had been robbed of her Stays, or that it was contiguous to the Room, in which ſhe had been confined.—They all agree likewiſe, that ſhe went up the great Stair-Caſe, into all the Rooms of the Houſe, to which it led, without the leaſt Intimation, that the Room, ſought for, was upon a *lower* Floor, and but *ſix* or *ſeven* Steps from the *Ground*.

Her Behaviour upon this Occaſion, ſtaggered the faith of her Friend ADAMSON. Even *He* thought it a ſtrange miſtake.

Gentlemen, the next Evidence we troubled you with, was out of her *own Mouth*. That Witneſs, though unfit to be believed in any Thing elſe, may fairly enough, be admitted to give Teſtimony againſt *herſelf*; for the beſt Kind of Evidence is Confeſſion.

Before Mr. Alderman *Chitty* ſhe ſwore, ſhe had not drank up all the *Water*, even at her coming away, but left ſome of it behind her.

Before Mr. *Fielding* ſhe ſwore, ſhe drank it all up on the *Friday*.

In this Court ſhe ſwore that ſhe drank up the laſt Drop about *half an Hour*, before her *Eſcape*.

Let Faction, in the Maſk of Charity, ſuggeſt Miſtake and Inadvertency, to palliate theſe Self-Contradictions as much, as the Defendant can wiſh; yet what Regard is due to *her* Oath, who can be drawn in to ſwear ſo raſhly?

Shall one, detected of ſo groſs Prevarication, be believed, upon her ſingle Teſtimony, in the moſt marvellous Tale, which was ever heard!

Shall *that Tale*, patched up with irrelative Circumſtances, ſtand a Moment in Competition with the indubitable Proof of its Falſity?

Our next Evidence was the poſitive Teſtimony of *eleven* Witneſſes, in abſolute Contradiction to the whole Story of the Defendant's Confinement.

It was proved by moſt of thoſe Witneſſes, each Witneſs referring to ſeveral Circumſtances, and each Circumſtance ſupported by other Teſtimony, that *Natus* and his Wife lay in this very Room every Night of the Month of *January*, 53.

Is it even attempted in the Defence to deny this? No other Anſwer is given to it than by attacking the Characters of *Natus* and *Whiffen*, which I ſhall obſerve upon hereafter, though it does not depend merely upon their Credit.

White, the Officer, ſwears he ſaw *Natus*'s Wife, coming out of this Room, as if juſt out of Bed in the Morning, when he went down with Mr. Alderman *Chitty*'s Warrant to apprehend the People of the Houſe. The Bed of Straw, with a Sack of Wool for the Bolſter, was particularly deſcribed by him, and many others.

Is there any Anſwer given, or even attempted, to any Part of the Evidence, which relates to the cutting the *Trees?* and yet that Evidence is totally incompatible with the Truth of the Defendant's Story. So is the Evidence with Regard to the Sign-Iron bought by *Whiffin*, and taken out of this very Room, while *Natus*'s Wife lay in the Hay-Bed; which alſo ſtands clear of Contradiction.

Permit me now, Gentlemen, to make a general Obſervation, which goes to all the Witneſſes for the Crown;—*that their Behaviour*, and the *Manner* of their giving Teſtimony, from firſt to laſt, carries with it the Air of Sincerity and Candour.

Was there a ſingle Witneſs produced, who ſeemed in the leaſt inclined to ſuppreſs the Truth, or who heſitated, prevaricated, or was pinched at any Queſtion? Did they not, every one of them, ſpeak out fully, clearly, and openly, ſo as even to force your Aſſent to the Evidence? But to how few of the Defendant's Witneſſes may the like Obſervation be applied? I appeal to your *Senſes*, whether Truth is not viſibly marked in this proſecution.

This, Gentlemen, I think, is in general the Subſtance of the Evidence for the Crown.

I have recollected it as well as I could, without troubling you with every minute Circumſtance, which might poſſibly loſe its Force by a tedious Repetition. And when I reflect that all this Weight of Evidence is to prove *that* falſe, which, in itſelf is impoſſible to be true, I have more Need to apologize for having already taken up ſo much of your Time.

But, Gentlemen, how well ſupported ſoever this Charge againſt the Priſoner is, ſhe had yet a Right to give the beſt Anſwer to it in her Power; to which you have attended with unwearied Patience. And this Defence, if what has been attempted deſerves to be ſo called, I muſt now beg leave to conſider and reply to:

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In order to beſpeak your Approbation of what was to follow, the Gentlemen, who are of Council for the Defendant, were pleaſed to make their firſt Addreſs to your Paſſions; they hope, that if this Caſe ſhould appear doubtful, if you can impute the Defendant's Evidence to a *Miſtake* with Regard to the Perſon of *Mary Squires*, your Compaſſion will incline you to acquit her.

In this I agree with them moſt heartily; and ſo far as your Humanity, under the Regulation of Reaſon, can afford her any Aſſiſtance, I wiſh her the full Enjoyment of it. If it ſhould lead you to acquit her, I ſhall, for my own Part, and I hope every body elſe will, chearfully acquieſce under your Verdict..

But you will remember, that when Men ſuffer their Compaſſion to ſilence the Calls of Reaſon and Juſtice, they proſtitute the brighteſt Ornament of human Nature;—that the moſt *deſerving* Object of our tendereſt Concern is the Common-wealth;—and that whenever we extend Compaſſion to any one, at the Expence of the PUBLIC, we are guilty of the higheſt Injuſtice, and anſwerable for it to Society.

I could wiſh indeed, for her own Sake, that the Defendant's Title to Humanity from others, had received no Interruption from the Want of it in herſelf.

When a poor, friendleſs Wretch, the Object of no one's Pity, ſtood at this Bar, upon Trial for her Life; the leaſt Remains of Humanity would have ſuggeſted to this Defendant to relax a little of her Severity towards her.—If there was a *Poſſibility of Miſtake*, Compaſſion would have inclined her to doubt at leaſt; but if there was no Poſſibility of it at that Time, why ſhould it be ſuggeſted *now?*

Surely, the Defendant can have no Pretence to this Plea, having diſowned it herſelf, upon the moſt ſolemn Occaſion.—She ſwore *poſitively* to take away an innocent Woman's Life; and being now called upon to anſwer for it, in a criminal Proſecution, *'tis too late to pretend ſhe was miſtaken.*

It is objected, with an Air of great Seriouſneſs, that the Evidence for the Proſecution is inſufficient, becauſe there is no Proof *where the Defendant really was* during the Month of *January*.—An Objection which has been ſounded in the Ears of the Multitude, who have been fooled into a Concluſion, that if the Proſecutor could not prove this, ſhe muſt have been confined at *Wells*'s.

I am ſorry the Defendant's Council have no better Opinion of this Jury than to imagine, that *they* are to be captivated by ſuch an Objection.

It was incumbent on the Proſecution to prove ſhe was *not* at *Well*'s; and if ſhe was *not* there, it is of no Conſequence where ſhe was.

However, if it could be fully proved, tho' it be merely a Queſtion of Curioſity, I ſhould be glad of it, for the Sake of ſilencing every Clamour. But her Friends, to do them Juſtice, have been ſo faithful to her, that this Secret is yet impenetrable.

I am ſtrongly inclined to include Mr. *Scarrat* in this Compliment; though I cannot conceive ſo highly of him, as to ſuppoſe he would retain this Secret at the Expence of his Intereſt; and therefore, when he finds the divulging it, conſiſtent with his own Safety, he may, perhaps, chuſe to oblige the Public with this Diſcovery, rather than ſatisfy Juſtice in a *Way*, that may be more inconvenient to him.

This Man's Behaviour, throughout the Whole of this Affair, according to his own Account of it, will ſave me from the Imputation of a raſh Suggeſtion. He, who thought fit, at firſt, to help her to a Deſcription, by which her Evidence was afterwards to be authenticated, and to perjure himſelf in order to corroborate *that* Evidence, may fairly be preſumed a *Principal Agent* in the whole Contrivance.

Where was ſhe, is a Queſtion we are not concerned to reſolve: But if you deſire to be further ſatisfied in it, aſk *Scarrat:* if he refuſes to inform you—aſk the *Mother:* If ſhe too refuſes it—I would refer you to her *Conjurer:* And if he would reveal ſo much of his Art, as to inform you what led him to tell Mrs *Canning*, that her Daughter was *in the Hands of an old Woman, and would ſoon return*, you would not be far from unravelling this Myſtery.

But, in all likelyhood, the Time is not far off for an ample Diſcovery.

The Defendant has been hitherto very *well* ſupported by her *Managers* (that being the Name by which her Friends have thought fit to call themſelves in their late Advertiſement.) But when ſhe ſhall be delivered up to Juſtice, and find, that thoſe People can no longer protect her; when ſhe ſhall ſeriouſly reflect upon the Diſtreſs, to which her Guilt has reduced her, Conſcience, perhaps, may prompt her to attone in ſome Meaſure for the Miſchiefs ſhe has occaſioned, and ſhe may, at the ſame Time, hope to obtain ſome Remiſſion of Puniſhment, by the Gratification of an univerſal Curioſity.

But, ſay the Gentlemen, why not call *Lucy Squires* to confirm her Brother's Evidence? She was a Fellow Traveller with him and her Mother through the whole Journey; and therefore they inſiſt, that our not producing her, which they call a *Concealment*, is the ſtrongeſt Proof in the World that the Evidence of her Brother was falſe.

Was ſhe concealed? You ſaw her every Day during the whole Trial; ſhe is yet in Court; and if you think it would be material, in a Caſe of ſo much Conſequence, you have a Right even now to her Evidence.

But the true and only Reaſon of our not calling her, is her groſs Stupidity: Before her Brother was examined, I confeſs it was our Intention to have called her to the ſame Facts; but finding that in the Courſe of his very long Croſs-Examination, he had fallen into many Blunders, and being told that *Lucy* was, if poſſible, ſtill more ſtupid than him, we did not think it prudent to riſque the Credit of any Part of our Caſe upon the Evidence of ſuch a ſilly Creature.

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The Objection to the Brother's Evidence from his being ſo much more exact in the Particulars of his Journey from *South Perrot* towards *London*, than from *London* downwards, will have no Weight, when you conſider that his Memory, as to the former, has been refreſhed by his having ſince travelled that Road with Mr. *Willis*, and others, *five Times*, in order to aſcertain the Places particularly; and that his not having retravelled any Part of the Road through which he had gone before he reached *South Perrot*, is the probable and natural Reaſon of his Incapacity to deſcribe the other Parts of his Journey.

You may eaſily conceive in what an irregular Manner, *Gypſies* dealing in ſmuggled Goods, traverſe the Country. They avoid Market Towns, as much as poſſible; for being Vagabonds, they are aware of the Danger of falling into the Hands of the civil Magiſtrate.

But why not call Virtue Hall, in order to ſupport her Recantation from her Evidence againſt *Squires?* The learned Gentleman, who made that Objection, ſuppoſes the Omiſſion to ariſe from our Apprehenſion ſhe would have *relapſed.* If that be really his Opinion, I ſhould be glad to know why ſhe was not called for the Defendant? For, they know, ſhe has attended the Tryal every Day.

There are two Reaſons why *we* did not produce her as a Witneſs. One of which has been mentioned by the learned Recorder; that by Law ſhe was not admiſſable as a Witneſs to retract her own Evidence on the Trial of *Squires.*

Upon the Trial of *Titus Oates* in the firſt Year of King *James* the Second (I mean his firſt Trial) the Council for the Crown would have produced one *William Smith*, in order to prove, that what he had ſworn at a former Trial was falſe, and that he was perſwaded to it by *Oates* the Defendant. My Lord chief Juſtice *Jefferyes* (who would have been glad to have hanged *Titus Oates*, and who of all Men living could leaſt be ſuſpected of Partiality towards him) rejected the Evidence; and being told by Sir *Robert Sawyer*, the then Attorney General, that the like Evidence had been admitted in former Trials, the chief Juſtice (who, with all his Faults, has been ever eſteemed a great Lawyer, and, I am ſure, in this Inſtance did no Diſhonour to his moral Character) ſaid, "*he hated ſuch Precedents in all* "*Times,—that he could not believe a Villain* "*in one Word he ſaid, when he owned that* "*he forſwore himſelf, and that he ought ne-*"*ver to be received as a Witneſs.*" And in his Opinion all the Judges of the King's Bench concurred.

But I had another Reaſon for not calling *Virtue Hall*;—as an honeſt Man I dared not; nor could I reconcile it to the Hopes of ſupporting my own Character an Hour longer. For how immoral and treacherous would it have been, to produce a Witneſs, to prove ſhe had been perjured in a former Trial; when by that very Evidence, ſhe would have expoſed herſelf to Puniſhment!

Beſides, what Degree of Credit could be given to a Witneſs offering ſuch Teſtimony?

Gentlemen, there is a Reflection thrown upon Mr. *Naſh*, Mr. *Hague* and Mr. *Aldridge*, for their not appearing on the Trial of *Mary Squires*; as their Teſtimony would have been extremely material upon that Occaſion, and, in all Probability, would have prevented her Conviction.

I muſt confeſs that their Conduct, in this Reſpect, is not ſtrictly juſtifiable; nor are the Reaſons aſſigned for their Abſence ſufficient. *This* ſeems to be their own Judgment afterwards, when, ſenſible of their Neglect, they made the beſt Attonement in their Power. Mr. *Naſh* was ſo affected when he found the Woman was convicted, contrary to his Expectation, that he declares he was very uneaſy, and ſhould never have forgiven himſelf, if ſhe had been executed.

Finding ſhe was convicted, what was the Behaviour of theſe Gentlemen? they readily aſſiſted in an Application to the Throne for Mercy; and in all Likelihood the Facts diſcloſed in their Affidavits materially contributed to the ſaving the Convict's Life.

The Council for the Defendant have thrown another Reflection on Mr. *Naſh*, on account of the Letter, which he wrote on the 10th of *February* to Mr. *Lyon*. Theſe are the Words of that Letter;—"Mr. *Lyon*, I am "informed by Mr. *Aldridge*, who has been "at *Enfield*, that if a Perſon be appointed "there to receive Contributions, ſome Mo-"ney may be raiſed in that Place for the "unhappy poor Girl. I wiſh you Succeſs, "and am yours."

The Gentlemen, by Miſtake, (for I dare ſay they would not miſrepreſent it knowingly) have taken Notice of this, as propoſing Contributions to carry on a Proſecution. But you ſee there is not a Word about a Proſecution, for it is only to raiſe Money for the unhappy poor Girl.—What does this prove, beſides Mr. *Naſh*'s Compaſſion and Friendſhip to the Defendant, in diſtreſs'd Circumſtances, whether her Story were true or falſe? She was poor, and under Affliction; and whether that Affliction was the Conſequence of Guilt or Innocence, Humanity felt for her.

But there is a wide Difference between aſſiſting the Girl, and aſſiſting to carry on a Proſecution. This Letter ſhews, at leaſt, that Mr. *Naſh* did not then bear the leaſt Ill-will either to her, or her Mother; and ſeeing there is no Evidence, that he has ſince had any reaſon to alter his Sentiments; What, but his Duty to the Public, brings him here? What ſhould induce him to appear in a Court of Juſtice, and perjure himſelf, to ruin a poor, unhappy, innocent Creature who never offended him?

It is not pretended, that he can propoſe any Sort of Intereſt to himſelf, or the Gratification of any Paſſion whatever, by ſo foul a Villainy. And I defy Malice itſelf to ſuggeſt any Thing to the Prejudice of his Character. He, as well as Mr. *Hague*, and Mr. *Aldridge* being Citizens of extenſive Acquaintance, it is very likely their Characters are not unknown to you—and if ſo, their Credit muſt remain unſhaken.

Gentlemen, having now gone through the ſeveral Objections, which were made by the Defendant's Council, I muſt intreat your Patience while I obſerve upon the Evidence, which hath been offered on her Behalf.

Through the whole Defence, they have not attempted to prove a ſingle Fact in expreſs Contradiction to any Part of our Evidence, except to the Alibi of the Gypſy.

Neither have they attempted to impeach the Character of any one of our Witneſſes, except *Natus* and his Wife, and alſo *Ezra Whiffen*, by a little Side-reflection which is now wiped away. — All the other Witneſſes for the Crown ſtand clear of Imputation.

It is alſo obſervable, upon conſidering every Part of the Defence, that the Defendant may be guilty of the Perjury charged in this Indictment, if all her own Witneſſes ſpeak Truth; but that ſhe cannot be innocent, unleſs *fifty of ours* are perjured.

For is there one Circumſtance in the whole Defence, which neceſſarily infers a Belief of her Story? Or is there one in the Charge, which does not clearly infer the Contrary? So that if you convict this Woman, you find a Perjury upon the fulleſt Proof, that ever came before a Court of Juſtice; but if you acquit her, you muſt diſbelieve Facts uncontradicted, yet ſworn to by Witneſſes of irreproachable Characters.

If theſe general Obſervations are not juſtified by the Evidence, you have heard on both Sides, I ſhall be very ready to retract them; for nothing is more remote from my Intention, than to miſlead you.

All the Evidence for the Defendant tends to prove,—That ſhe was miſſing from the firſt to the twenty-ninth of *January*—That ſhe was in good Health on the firſt, and very ill on the twenty-ninth—That ſhe was ſeen upon the Road, between *London* and *Enfield-waſh*, on the firſt of *January* at Night, between two Men—That ſhe was ſeen in the ſame Road upon her Return Home—That on the Night of her Return, and three Days afterwards, when ſhe went down to *Enfield* with her Friends, ſhe told her Story with ſuch Clearneſs and Conſiſtency, as ought to induce a Belief of it—That *Mary Squires* was really at *Enfield-waſh* on the firſt of *January*—That *Squires* and *Wells* have confeſſed both the Robbery and Confinement—That *Natus* and his Wife, and *Ezra Whiffen* are a ſet of Wretches not fit to be believed—And laſtly, That the Defendant herſelf bears an exceeding good Character.

What of all this is material, namely, the Defendant's being met upon the *Enfield* Road,—the *Contra-alibi* (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion) of *Mary Squires*,—the Confeſſion of *Squires* and *Wells*,—and the Defendant's Account of herſelf, I ſhall take notice of, when I apply myſelf to the Witneſſes produced to prove theſe ſeveral Matters. And you will find, upon Conſideration, that it was not the Defendant but other Perſons, who were met upon the Road the firſt and twenty-ninth of *January*, ſuppoſing their own Witneſſes ſwear truly;—that the Evidence to encounter our Proof of the *Alibi*, is extremely weak, uncertain and improbable;—that the pretended Confeſſion of *Squires* and *Wells* was neither more nor leſs than a Declaration of their Innocence;—and that the Defendante Behaviour upon her ſuppoſed Return, and afterward at *Enfield*, is a further Confirmation of the Charge againſt her.

As to the reſt of the Evidence;

Whether the Defendant was miſſing from the firſt to the twenty-ninth of *January*, concludes nothing to the Purpoſe, unleſs it be proved ſhe was at *Wells*'s. Nor is it material to this Cauſe, that the Defendant was in an ill State of Health on the twenty-ninth of *January* and afterwards, unleſs it were alſo ſhewn, that her Diſorder was the Effect of ſuch Ill-uſage, as ſhe pretends to have endured.—But you obſerve by the very Witneſs, the Phyſician, produced for that Purpoſe, that her Illneſs might proceed from other Cauſes.

The Characters of *Natus* and *Whiffen*, I ſhall take notice of, when I come to that Part of the Caſe.

The only remaining Evidence for the Defendant, was to her own good Character, to which ſeveral Witneſſes appeared;—but, thinking it immaterial, and for the ſaving Time and Trouble, I was ready to admit it. And becauſe ſuch Admiſſion ſhould be taken in the ſtrongeſt Terms againſt us, I am willing this young Woman at the Bar ſhould be conſidered (*excluſive of the preſent Charge*) as a modeſt, virtuous, honeſt, creditable Girl, fit to be believed in any thing, *as far as* any Body ſhould be believed upon the like Occaſion.

But there is a Time, Gentlemen, wherein People begin to be wicked; with ſome it happens early, with others late: Some are miſled by ill Example and bad Education, and others by various Accidents.

What was the Cauſe of this unfortunate young Creature's deviating from the Path of Virtue, ſo far, as at laſt to plunge her into all this Guilt and Miſery, does not clearly appear: She was meanly, though not wickedly, brought up, and had lately, you ſee, been a Servant in an *Ale-houſe*, where we may ſuppoſe, at leaſt, that ſhe was not much ſtrengthned in Virtue. I don't pretend to ſay, there is any direct Proof of her want of Chaſtity; but I think it may fairly enough be conjectured as the incentive of her preſent Guilt; but whatever has been the Cauſe of it, ſhe has been proved guilty of Perjury, and as ſhe once bore a fair Character, it is probable that ſhe did not fall into this Sin at once. Which, I think, is all that can be inferred from her good Character.

I have no Objection to the Evidence of Mr. and Mrs. *Colley*, the Uncle and Aunt; For the Defendant might have parted with them at *Hounſditch* in good Health on the firſt of *January*, and theynot ſee her again till the 29th.

But Mrs. *Canning*, the Defendant's Mother, who is called to prove ſeveral Circumſtances, has ſaid enough to create a Jealouſy, at leaſt, that neither her Daughter's Perjury, nor the *Motives* to it are *unknown* to *her*.

Firſt, with regard to the Papers, that were ſent to the Office, in order to be printed in Advertiſements; in one of which it was ſaid, that the Defendant had in her Pocket *Twelve*

Shillings and Nine Pence Half-penny. She tells you, that in the Morning her Daughther had half a Guinea three Shillings and a Farthing —That ſhe lent her a Box to put the half Guinea in, and that the Girl took her Money out, and ſhewed it her. Why then did the Mother propoſe to advertiſe as if her Daughter had juſt Twelve Shillings and Ninepence Half-penny? Why not inſert Half a Guinea, three Shillings and a Farthing? Becauſe the little Brother had told her, ſhe had changed ſome Money, and had given to each of the Children a Penny; and ſo computing what remained of the thirteen Shillings and Six-pence Farthing, ſhe reckoned that the Girl muſt have twelve Shillings and Ninepence Half-penny in her Pocket when ſhe parted with her Uncle at *Hounſditch*. Now, if this be true, the Defendant's Account of the Money is falſe: She ſwore that the Men robbed her of half a Guinea and three Shillings. The Farthing, you obſerve, was not taken from her, for ſhe brought it home, and gave it, the ſame Night, to one of her Brothers. The Mother being pinched at this obvious Objection, endeavoured to remove it by leſſening the Force of the Evidence, ſhe had given before; and by way of Recollection ſays, ſhe is not poſitive whether the Thirteen Shillings and Six-pence Farthing were not ſhewn to her *after* the Half-pence had been given to the Children. And if it was *after*, then the Mother is in Hopes ſhe has entirely removed the Objection, and left the whole Sum of Thirteen Shillings and Sixpence in the Daughter's Pocket, which was the Sum ſhe ſwore to have been robbed of. But with all the Mother's Cunning and ſudden Recollection, Truth is too hard for her; for by forgetting a little Circumſtance (Mr. *Fielding*'s "pretty Incident of the Penny "Mince-pye") ſhe is in the ſame Dilemma, as before. For, ſuppoſing the Half-pence had been given to the Children, before ſhe had ſhewn the half Guinea Three Shillings and a Farthing, yet the Mince-pye was bought, after ſhe parted with her Uncle, as was ſworn by the Defendant: Now, out of what Money was the Pye paid for? And if ſhe had no Half-pence, and only Half a Guinea, Three Shillings and a Farthing, before ſhe bought the Pye, then how could ſhe be robbed of Half a Guinea and three Shillings in *Moorfields* afterwards? Thus that *pretty Incident*, "*which*," her learned Advocate, in his Pamphlet, ſays, "*poſſibly ſaved this poor Girl's Life*," leads to a Detection of her Guilt upon the Evidence of her own Mother.

The Mother mentions another ſtrange Circumſtance. "She thought the Girl had been "murdered by the *Jews* and thrown into "*Houndſditch*." Why then did ſhe advertiſe her loſt, ſtrayed, or miſſing by her Friends? Why no ſearching for the Body? Was there a human Creature ſent to enquire about it? Beſides too, the very next Witneſs, the Apprentice ſwears what ſtands in flat Contradiction to the Miſtreſs; "That Mrs. *Canning* "told him ſhe thought her Daughter had been "ſnapped up by ſome rakiſh young Gentle-"man."

The ſcreaming out of a Coach, in *Biſhopsgate-ſtreet*, ſeems to be one of the *wandring Thoughts* ſhe ſpeaks of; for though it is pretended ſhe received Information of that Matter by the Woman of the Oil-ſhop, yet they have not thought fit to produce this Perſon; which, in a Caſe where every Circumſtance is material, is an Omiſſion one cannot account for to the Credit of the Defence.

But it ſeems, as if the Thoughts of both Mother and Daughter *wandred* towards the ſame Objects; for the Daughter dreamt of *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, while ſhe was in a Convulſive Fit.

Then as to the *CONJURER*; to whom, by the bye, there was not a Word mentioned about being murdered by the *Jews*.

She was introduced to this illuſtrious Perſonage with great Solemnity: the Lights, the Skeleton, the Magic Inſtruments, the Wand, the Circle, and all the Apparatus proper to inſpire a poor ignorant Woman with Awe, and engage her to a *Diſcovery* of what ſhe wanted to know, were all before her.

She was ſo terrified, that, you find, ſhe hardly remembers one Word, ſhe ſaid to him; and yet ſhe muſt have ſaid *ſomething*, very material, inſtructing him to give her ſo good an Account of her Daughter.

At laſt ſhe recollects, that ſhe did tell him ſome thing about BISHOPSGATE-STREET, though ſhe does not remember the Particulars. But ſhe muſt have gone much further, before the Doctor could have found out, her Daughter was in the Hands of an old Woman; that ſhe ſhould advertiſe her once more, and ſhe would come again. Whether ſhe really had this Intelligence from the Conjurer, or, in order to carry on the Plot, thought fit to invent it for the Amuſement of her credulous Friends, who had lent her Money for his Fee, is not eaſy to ſay: But either way the Inference is, that ſhe knew *more* of her Daughter, than is conſiſtent with the Defendant's Innocence.

For, if what the Daughter ſwore had been true, how could the Mother, at one Time believing her murdered by the *Jews* at *Houndſditch*, and at another, that ſhe was ſnapped up by ſome rakiſh young Gentleman, be ſo ſuddenly undeceived, and diſcover ſhe was in the Hands of an old Woman, and would return?

When one conſiders the whole of this Woman's Evidence together,—the ſeveral Advertiſements,—the Conference with this pretended Conjurer, — her wandring Thoughts, — the putting up Bills in the Church, and the Meeting-houſes of Preſbyterians and Methodiſts, to pray for her Daughter's ſafe Return (by which the piousCongregations were prediſpoſed to Charity)—the nightly repeated Prayers to the ſame Purpoſe with the Apprentice at home,—particularly the praying with him on the twenty-ninth of *January* for the Daughter's Apparition (never mentioned till that very Evening)—That Prayer anſwered in the ſame Moment by the Daughter's ſuddenly ruſhing into the Room,—Her Mother's pretended Surprize at ſeeing her, "*Feel her, feel her, 'tis an Apparition!*" and then fainting away; —all theſe things put together, together too with the Account the Daughter gave before Mr. Alderman *Chitty* about *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, though

though they do not directly prove, yet ſurely, they create ſomething more than a Suſpicion that the whole was a Contrivance.

To ſupport the Defendant's Evidence, as to the Manner of her Eſcape out of Window, Mrs. *Canning* the Mother, *James Lord* the Apprentice, and Mrs. *Meares* have ſworn, that her Ear (which the Defendant ſaid was ſcratched in breaking out of the Window) was bloody, when ſhe returned home. The Mother ſays, the "Ear was then bleeding." *James Lord* ſays, "it was all over bloody, "and the Handkerchief bloody," and Mrs. *Meares* ſays, "the blood then dropt from "her Ear upon her Shoulder."

This was ſix Hours after the time of her leaving *Endfield-waſh*, and according to the Defendant's own Evidence, ſhe wrapped a white Linnen Handkerchief round her Head, which ſhe found in *Wells*'s Room, and wore it, inſtead of a Cap, all the way to her Mother's: Now, if her Ear bled at the Rate, thoſe Witneſſes would have you believe, the Handkerchief muſt have been extreamly bloody in *one* particular Place. That Handkerchief has been produced to ſhew to the Witneſſes under another Head of Evidence, and is now before you. Does it not give the Lye to theſe three Witneſſes? It has indeed the Marks of *little* Spots of Blood upon it, but in *different* Places, all over the Handkerchief, and not at all correſponding with their Teſtimony, but rather like Dots made by a Finger on purpoſe.

But it being a good while ſince Mrs. *Canning* had the Poſſeſſion of this Handkerchief, I do not wonder at her forgetting in what manner ſhe had dreſſed it up, ſeeing her want of Memory has betrayed her into a flat Contradiction to the Evidence ſhe herſelf gave upon the Trial of *Squires*. For ſhe now ſwears her Daughter came home with two Handkerchiefs on her Head, and that "ſhe had no Cap on;" but upon that Trial, ſhe ſaid nothing of the Handkerchief, but ſwore, that upon her Return "ſhe had a Cap on."

Gentlemen, it is an Objection to the Credit of the Apprentice, that he has been hid, till he is brought here as a Witneſs, leſt he ſhould make Diſcoveries; for when Mr. *Biddulph* went to the Houſe in order to aſk him a few Queſtions, another Perſon was impoſed upon him in his Stead.

It will be material to another Part of the Evidence afterwards, to recollect *Lord*'s Deſcription of the Defendant upon the 29th of *January*, that "ſhe was black and blue as "if beaten," and that "her Arms and Face "were as black as his Hat." He alſo tells you, what is contradictory to all the reſt of the Evidence, that on her firſt coming home, before Mr. *Scarrat* or any Body came in, ſhe ſaid ſhe had been confined at *Enfield-waſh*. If you conſider the whole Tenor of the Evidence for the Defendant, you muſt be convinced that this Lad has ſwore falſly, and that he was hid for a very iniquitous Purpoſe.

The Name of Mr. *Scarrat*, the next Witneſs, I have had Occaſion to mention once or twice already, in Terms not much to his Advantage.

He came to the Defendant, *before* ſhe was *aſked* any Queſtions; one of the Witneſſes ſays, it was *before* ſhe *anſwered* any Queſtions.

What brought *him* there, a total Stranger both to the Mother and Daughter? for, if you can believe him, he had never ſpoke to either of them in his Life.

He ſays, he was prompted merely by Curioſity, upon hearing, in the Neigbourhood, that *Betty Canning* was returned home: And the Moment he came in he aſked her, "*where* "*ſhe had been confined!*"

Ready to ſatisfy this *Stranger* at once; ſhe told him ſhe had been confined ſome where on the *Hertfordſhire* Road, for ſhe remembred the Coachman's going by.

The next Queſtion was "how far from *Lon-* "*don?*" ſhe anſwered, "near *nine or ten Miles.*"

Without further Inquiry, SCARRAT *inſtantly* replied, "I'll lay a Guinea to a Far- "thing ſhe has been at Mother *Wells*'s;" ſhe immediately ſaid, "I think I did hear the "Name of *Wills* or *Wells*:" And he then *helped* her to a perfect *Deſcription* of *Wells*'s Houſe, and the Places about it.

Mr. *Scarrat* proceeds to aſk her various Queſtions, in order (as he ſays) to be ſatisfied, whether ſhe really had been there. He aſked her about the Proſpect from the Window,—the plough'd Land,—the Brook,—the Tanners,—and every remarkable thing he could recollect; and to every Queſtion ſhe anſwered in the Affirmative.

If *Scarrat* really meant to be ſatisfied, whether ſhe had been at *Wells*'s, ſeeing ſhe anſwered affirmatively to every Queſtion, why did he not put *one Queſtion* at leaſt, to which her anſwering *yes* would have convinced him, ſhe had *not* been there? The Reaſon of that Omiſſion may be eaſily collected from the reſt of his Behaviour.

Being aſked, whether he knew Mrs. *Wells*'s, he would have you think he only knew her Houſe by paſſing and repaſſing. Was you never there? Why, "he *believes*—he is not ſure—he has been there *once or twice.*" No oftner?—Upon your Oath have not you been there more than twice? "I *believe* I have been there *two or three times.*"—Four times, Sir? "He *might* have been there *three or four times.*" At *laſt* it came up to *ten*. "He could *not* ſay *but* he had been there *ten times!*" But, ſays he, I had never been in the Hay-loft. In this I believe him, becauſe the Defendant appears to have been helped to no Deſcription of it.—If he had been there, he might have aſked ſome Queſtions about that too, which ſhe would alſo have anſwered in the Affirmative; but though he might have never been *in* this Hay-loft, yet he had been all round the Houſe, and muſt have known by the Outſide, that there was ſuch a Room, and where the Windows were.

He ſwears further, that as ſoon as the Defendant went into the Kitchen at *Wells*'s, ſhe pointed to the Door leading to the Workſhop, though it was ſhut, and ſaid, "This is the "Door leading to the Room in which I was "confined." But *Scarrat*, not knowing what the

the other Witneſſes had ſworn, after having outrun them all, was reduced to the Neceſſity of giving Evidence againſt the Defendant, by anſwering this Queſtion, *viz.* If ſhe had ever been before in the Kitchen with the Door of the Workſhop open, and yet had taken no Notice of it, and had never pretended to recollect the Place till after ſhe was in the Workſhop, and this too after ſhe had been in every other Room of the Houſe, ſuppoſing all this, what he would have thought of her. Little dreaming of what had been proved, he anſwered, it would have led him to diſbelieve her whole Story.

This is the Man, who was preſent at Mr. Alderman *Chitty*'s granting a Warrant againſt Mrs. *Wells* for a capital Felony; who knew by the Deſcription ſhe could not be the Perſon meant, and yet he never dropt the leaſt Hint to prevent it: And now he denies bearing any Ill-will to Mrs. *Wells*, his old Acquaintance, or that he ever vowed Revenge againſt her.

This is the Man, who, though an entire Stranger to *Canning*, firſt helpt her to a perfect Deſcription of the Places about *Wells*'s Houſe, which gave Credit to her Story; and afterwards, in order to give her Credit with a Jury to convict two innocent Women, by way of *Corroboration*, as he terms it, committed Perjury.

Mary Myers and Mrs. *Woodward* ſay, the Defendant's Shift was neither draggled, nor dirty. Yet this was the *Shift*, you are to ſuppoſe ſhe had on, when two Men had drag'd her twelve Miles, for ſix Hours together, through dirty Roads, in *January*—which Shift ſhe wore for a Month in a filthy Room, and upon her Return through the ſame dirty Road.

Had this been true, not only the Shift would have been draggled and dirty, but her Petticoat, Shoes, and Stockings muſt have been extreamly ſo—why were they never produced?

Mr. *Lion*, Mr. *Wintlebury*, and Mr. *Adamſon* are next called to prove what paſſed at *Endfield-Waſh*.

The firſt of theſe Witneſſes, being an exceeding honeſt Man, and cautious of what he ſwears, has done the Defendant ſo little Service by his Evidence, that he might very well have been ſpared. He tells you, that he himſelf has no other Reaſon for believing what the Defendant ſaid, than becauſe ſhe ſaid it; for that he never made the leaſt Enquiry about it, but ſwallowed the whole Story at once upon the Credit of this Servant of his, without ſuppoſing it poſſible, ſhe ſhould tell him a Lye. Had his Head been as good as his Heart, he would certainly have required ſome Reaſon for aſſenting to the moſt wonderful Story, he ever heard in his Life.

But as much as I admire his Goodneſs, I cannot help being ſorry for his Credulity; becauſe I am apprehenſive, his being ſo eaſily to be impoſed on, might have encouraged the Defendant at firſt to invent this ridiculous Excuſe for abſenting ſo long from his Service.

Mr. *Wintlebury* endeavours to account for the Defendant's ſaying there was more Hay in the Room, than when ſhe had been confined there; by ſwearing that it appeared to have been toſſed up, and hollow towards the North Window. But this ſtands contradicted by almoſt every Witneſs.

He ſays alſo, That *George Squires* endeavoured to go away in a Hurry, and that he would have avoided an Examination. Tho' this is not much to the Purpoſe, yet it is a very ſuſpicious Evidence; for, *Squires* was ſo well guarded, it was hardly poſſible for him to eſcape, and, there being no Charge againſt him, nor the Defendant ſo much as pretending to have ever ſeen him before, what had he to apprehend, which ſhould make him attempt it? Beſides, you find, he voluntarily and readily gave a full Account of himſelf and his Mother, the Moment his Mother was charged with the Robbery, by declaring that they were at *Abbotſbury* on the firſt of *January*, and for ſeveral Days after.

Mr. *Adamſon* owns the Defendant made no Obſervation in the Kitchen: And yet you find even by her own Witneſſes, that ſhe could have ſeen near two Thirds of it from the Room, in which ſhe is ſuppoſed to have been confined. None of them deny this; and ſome admit, that the Hole between the Hay-loft and the Kitchen was ſo large, that ſhe might have looked through the Kitchen into the Road. Now if ſhe had been in this Hay-loft for a whole Month together, was it poſſible, when ſhe was brought to the Kitchen again, ſhe ſhould forget, that it was contiguous to the Hay-loft, and leading to it by only five or ſix Steps? Whereas you find by this Witneſs, that when ſhe was firſt brought into the Houſe, ſeeing the Stair-caſe which faces the Street-door, ſhe immediately ſaid, ſhe believed, "that was the Stair-caſe ſhe was "carried up."

It appears inconteſtably, that this Stair-caſe is at a conſiderable Diſtance from the Hay-loft, and has no ſort of Communication with it. And *Adamſon* himſelf allows it is not at all like the little flight of Steps leading from the Kitchen;——that it ſtruck him, for he thought it *ſtrange* ſhe ſhould make ſuch a Miſtake. How contradictory to each other are the Teſtimonies of this Man and *Scarrat!* Obſerve here the good Effects of a ſeparate Examination.

When ſhe was carried into the Hay-loft, did ſhe immediately ſay (what ſhe muſt have known before ſhe got up three of the Steps, if ſhe had ever been there before) this is the Place? No.—But when ſhe was in the Room, and *after a Pauſe*, ſhe recollected (having ſeen every other Room of the Houſe) "this is the Room, but there is more Hay in it." *Adamſon* tells you, it occurred to him to ſearch about the Houſe whether there had been any Hay lately carried there; but that there was no Appearance of any,—not a ſingle Blade could be found.

Not recovered from the Amazement into which her owning the Stair-Caſe had thrown him, and having yet received no Proof of her Sincerity, he deviſed a moſt ingenious Trial, to ſatisfy himſelf that the Defendant had been really confined in the Hay-loft. And this was by aſking her concerning the *Proſpect from the Window*. But this ſagacious Gentleman had not thought of the Experiment, until ſhe had

had been in the Room for the Space of five or ſix Minutes, to furniſh herſelf with Obſervations.

And after all, what was her Anſwer? "*Hills and Trees at a Diſtance.*" The Chances were ſo many in her Favour, that Hills and Trees might be ſeen from any Country Window, that ſhe might have ventured this, *before* ſhe was carried there. But if Mr. *Adamſon* had not been over-fond of removing doubts, he would certainly have required a more ample Deſcription of a Proſpect ſhe pretended to have had for a Month together. The Trees were almoſt peeping in at the Window, and muſt have been ſeen by her, as well as the Hills, as ſoon as ſhe entered the Room.—But beſides theſe, there were many other Things (as you find by the Witneſſes) obſervable from the Room. A Hedge, and a Ditch broad enough for a Foot-Way, juſt under the ſame Window,—ſeveral Fields both plowed, and in Graſs, and a Variety of other Things proper to be mentioned in Anſwer to ſuch a Queſtion of ſuch a Tendency. And yet, you obſerve, the Anſwer of "Hills and Trees at a Diſtance", was ſufficient with Mr. *Adamſon* to deſtroy the glaring Proof, ſhe had juſt before given him of her Inſincerity.

He alſo ſwears, he helped to pull down the Boards from the Window, and that Mr. *Colley* aſſiſted in it. This was a Fact ſo very material, tending to deſtroy one of the capital Objections to the Defendant's Credit, that one ſhould have expected the fulleſt Evidence to prove it. *Colley* had been before called to Facts infinitely leſs material, but he has not mentioned a word of this. From whence one might fairly conclude, that *Colley*'s Account of this Matter, would have done the Defendant or Mr. *Adamſon* no Service.

The Willingneſs of *Adamſon* to reconcile all Difficulties, and regain for the Defendant a forfeited Credit, appears by his riding back to aſk her about the Hay. To obviate this Objection to himſelf, he has ventured to deny even his ſaying to her, "What! *Hay*, "*Bett!*" But he dares not diſown his riding back to inform himſelf about it; and another of the Defendant's Witneſſes, who was then with her, ſwears to the very Words. That other Witneſs was material to ſeveral Facts, as well as Mr. *Adamſon*; and as one of them muſt be foreſworn (unleſs the *Doctrine of Miſtake* is to prevail univerſally) it will be of equal Advantage to the Proſecution, give up which you pleaſe.

Beale, the Turnpike-Man, was the next Witneſs to prove his ſeeing the Defendant on the *1ſt* of *January*, carried by two Men in the Road towards *Enfield*. But what does he prove? Moſt clearly, that he never ſaw her there; which appears, paſt all Doubt, even by the Defendant's own Teſtimony. *She* ſwore ſhe was ſtripped of her Gown and Apron in *Moor-fields*, and had neither of them on, when ſhe arrived at *Wells*'s; but *Beale* ſwears, the Woman, he ſaw, had a light coloured Gown, and an Apron, on: So that, of all the Women in the World, whoever it was, certainly it was *not Elizabeth Canning*.

There is another Reaſon, why ſhe could not be the Perſon. *Canning* was inſenſible, in a convulſive Fit, and therefore unable to walk a Yard; but the Woman, *Beale* ſaw, ſo far from being borne by two Men, was walking very faſt, "*nimbly going along the Road*, "*ſobbing and crying*," whilſt one of the Men was pulling her on, ſaying, "Come "along, you are drunk;" the other following, "Lord, how drunk ſhe is!"—Could this be *Elizabeth Canning?* Were the Cries he heard, like the Screams of a Woman in a convulſive Fit? Could *Elizabeth Canning*, in her then Condition, without either Gown or Apron, be the Perſon this Witneſs deſcribes? How many Impoſſibilities muſt be ſwallowed to ſuppoſe this Woman guiltleſs!

But even theſe are not the only Proofs it was not the Defendant, whom *Beale* is ſuppoſed to have ſeen on the Road. For, if you conſider the Place and Time of the Night, you'll find another Impoſſibility to contend with.

What *Beale* has given an Account of, was at *Stamford-Hill*-Turnpike, about four Miles from *Moor-fields*. According to the Defendant's Evidence, ſhe was robbed in *Moor-fields* between Nine and Ten, and ſhe arrived at *Wells*'s about Four in the Morning: So that this Journey of Eleven Miles (the Diſtance between *Moor-fields* and *Wells*'s) muſt have taken up above ſix Hours. At which Rate of travelling, ſhe could not have reached this Turnpike till almoſt twelve o'Clock. But what *Beale* ſaw, was betwixt Ten and Eleven, which was but an Hour after the Defendant was firſt attacked in *Moor-fields*. Is it poſſible that two Men could have carried her, in ſuch a Condition, four Miles in one Hour?

Beſides, the Witneſs is uncertain as to the Day of the Month. He ſwears only to the "*fore-end of January*", but is not able, by any Circumſtance whatever, to fix it to the firſt Day of the Month. Whereas *New-Year's Day* being a very remarkable Time, it is probable he would have been able to recollect it particularly, had that been the Day.

Such was the Evidence of the Defendant's being ſeen upon the Road, between *London* and *Enfield-Waſh*, on the *1ſt* of *January*. Let us now examine the Proof of her being ſeen in her return Home upon the *29th*.

Thomas Bennet, the firſt Witneſs called to this Fact, ſays, that about a quarter of a Mile from Mrs *Wells*'s, and twenty Poles below the ten Mile Stone, he met a Woman, "miſerably poor, without either Gown, "Stays or Hat, yet with ſomething about "her, not a Gown".—That ſhe appeared to be a Stranger to the Road, for ſhe enquired the Way to *London*, and told him, "*She* "*had heeu frightened by a Tanner's Dog.*"

Had he omitted this laſt Circumſtance, there had been nothing to detect him of Falſehood by; and the Fact would then have depended merely upon his Credit, which, *probably by Appearance*, could not have weighed much, unſupported by other Proofs. But the Incident of the Tanner's Dog, has quite defeated his Evidence, for it was impoſſible

ſhe could tell him of this, in her Way from *Endfield-Waſh* to *London*, before ſhe was come ſo far as the Tanner's. She might, indeed, have met a Dog, and been frightened by him, but how could ſhe, a perfect Stranger, know he belonged to a Tanner? This Witneſs tells you, the Tanner's is an hundred Yards on this Side of the ten Mile Stone, but he met the Woman twenty Poles below the ten Mile Stone:—And it was not the Witneſs, but the Defendant, who called it a *Tanner's* Dog.

This will not be thought too nice an Objection to the Credit of one depoſing a Fact, not very credible in itſelf, and which you will find to be falſe, when coupled with the Evidence of the ſubſequent Witneſſes. And in a Caſe of this extraordinary Nature,—where the Defendant's Attorney (not the preſent Attorney to give him his Due) had adverti ſed for Evidence, it became neceſſary narrowly to watch every Circumſtance coming from the Mouth of a Witneſs in ſo low a Station of Life.

The next Witneſs was *David Dyer:* He ſays he ſaw a "poor diſtreſſed Creature" paſs very ſlowly by him on the 29*th* of *January*;——that he ſaid to her "Sweetheart, do "you want a Huſband?" Being aſked to give an Account of her Cloathing, he ſays, *ſhe had a white Handkerchief on her Head.* In this he goes too far; for according to her Mother's Account the white Handkerchief was covered by a coloured one, which ſhe had taken out of her Pocket, and which from the Smallneſs of the white one, muſt have totally concealed it.

Willing to fix every Circumſtance, he ſwears to ſomething that may anſwer to the Bed-Gown,—"A ſhortiſh Thing about her, "that did not come very low"; and that he ſaw the Woman ſoon afterwards, and took her to be the ſame Perſon with the Priſoner at the Bar. But being called upon to deſcribe her, as ſhe appeared to him upon the Road, this Witneſs, unacquainted with what the reſt had ſworn (another good effect of a ſeparate Examination) proves moſt clearly, that the Perſon he ſaw, if any one he ſaw, was not *Elizabeth Canning*. Her *Face*, ſays he, was very *pale*,—not black, but *whitiſh*.—He looked earneſtly at her, and particularly obſerved her, and did not only admire her Face, but her *Hands* too—they were *delicately white.*

Refer yourſelves to the Deſcription given of her at her Return Home, particularly by the Apprentice, "*She was black and blue*, "*as if beat, her Arms and Face as black as* "*his Hat.*" Could this be the *pale Woman with a white Hand*, whom *Dyer* met upon the Road?

Mary Cobb, the only remaining Witneſs to the Defendant's being on the *Enfield* Road on the 29*th* of *January*, ſwears ſhe met her *creeping along*, in the Middle of the three Duck Fields, between the five and ſix Miles Stones. This is ſaid to be a Miſtake, and that it is between the ſix and ſeven Mile Stones. Take it either Way: if ſhe met her between the five and ſix Mile Stones, it was near five Miles from *Wells*'s,—if between the ſix and ſeven Mile Stones, it was near four Miles from thence; for *Wells*'s Houſe is about the Midway between the ten and eleven Mile Stones.

Now by comparing this Woman's Evidence with what the Defendant has ſworn, you will find it impoſſible to be true.

The Defendant ſwore ſhe ſet out from Mother *Wells*'s at four o'Clock, and that the Clock ſtruck Ten, as ſhe was going over *Moorfields:* So ſhe was ſix Hours travelling eleven Miles (the Diſtance between *Wells*'s and *Moorfields)* which is leſs than at the Rate of two Miles an Hour.

Reckoning from the Time the Defendant herſelf has fixed for her ſetting out, it muſt have been paſt ſix before ſhe had *crept* to the Middle of the Three Duck-Fields, ſuppoſing it to be but four Miles from *Wells*'s, and if five Miles, then it muſt have been half an Hour later. Now, at what Time did this Witneſs ſee her? She ſays it was duſkiſh. The 29*th* of *January* was the Day after a new Moon, ſo there could be no Moon-Light; and if it was duſkiſh, it could not be ſo late as five o'Clock. A great deal of Pains was taken in the Croſs-Examination of this Witneſs, to fix the Time of her being at the Place, where ſhe is ſuppoſed to have met the Defendant. At three o'Clock ſhe left her own Houſe,—ſhe had a Mile to go to one Mrs *Carter*'s,—She had been there, but I think ſtaid not a Minute,—She called no where on the Road,—ſhe might indeed be detained a little by Acquaintances, who met her, but made no conſiderable Stop any where,—and met *Canning* within a quarter of a Mile of her own Houſe, on her Return Home;—ſo then ſhe muſt have walked a Mile and three Quarters, and no more from three o'Clock, and make very little Stay. How late could it poſſibly be then? Let this Woman creep as ſlow as ſhe pleaſes, let her be as ſlow in walking, as ſhe appears in Invention, ſhe could not eke out the Time ſo as to meet the Defendant. Even five o'Clock will not do——duſkiſh will not anſwer——It muſt have been paſt ſix before *Canning* could poſſibly come to that Place, by her own Calculation. But this Mrs *Cobb* has even ventured to ſwear to a perfect, an abſolute Remembrance of the Defendant's Face, *By the Tip of her Noſe!* By what Light could ſhe make ſo nice an Obſervation after ſix in the Evening, on the 29*th* of *January?*

Upon the Teſtimony of theſe three laſt Witneſſes, I ſhall only make this further Obſervation, that, if it were poſſible to admit, they ſaw any Perſon in the Manner they have ſworn, it appears, by every Circumſtance, they all ſaw one and the ſame Perſon, and the Evidence of *Dyer* fully proves, that Woman was not the Defendant.

Theſe, Gentlemen, are the Objections which have occurred to me on that Part of the Caſe, relating to the Defendant's having been ſeen on the *Endfield* Road on the 1*ſt* and 29*th* of *January:* By which it appears, that her Friends have reaped no great Benefit from their advertiſing for Evidence.

The next Attempt was to anſwer the Proofs we gave of the Gypſies being at *Abbotſbury* on the 1*ſt* of *January*; in my Obſervations upon which, I ſhall not take up much of your

your Time. Indeed I cannot take upon myſelf to enter minutely into the Evidence, becauſe I was unavoidably abſent Yeſterday, when moſt of the Witneſſes to it were examined. But from the Notes of my learned Friend, the Gentleman, whom I have the Honour to aſſiſt, I am authoriſed to ſay, the Defendant has had no better Succeſs in this Part of her Caſe, than in the reſt.

Are the Witneſſes to prove the Gypſy's being at *Enfield* before the 24*th* of *January* ſo very certain, both as to the *Perſon* of *Mary Squires*, and the exact *Times* of ſeeing her there, as to leave no *Poſſibility* of Miſtake? If ſo, this will reſt merely upon the Credit of the Witneſſes; otherwiſe it will not admit of Diſpute. For it is moſt certain, that the Witneſſes for the Crown cannot poſſibly be miſtaken in either of theſe Reſpects.

It is obſervable, that none of the Defendant's Witneſſes pretend to have ever ſeen *Mary Squires* with either of her two Children; whereas every one of our Witneſſes, ſwears directly to all their Perſons.

With what Uncertainty do the Defendant's Witneſſes ſpeak alſo to Point of Time! Some of them do not know one Day, and ſome not one Month from another, and ſome are ignorant whether *Chriſtmas* is in *June* or *January*.—One keeps the Day of the Month by his Clock,——another refers herſelf to the Almanack, without being able to diſtinguiſh by it what Day of the Week ſuch a particular Day of the Month was. The Experiment was made upon her Croſs-Examination, and an Almanack was put into her Hand,—ſhe underſtood nothing by it. But, ſays ſhe, I ſwear from the Aſſiſtance of a *Sheet* Almanack; yet what had been ſhewn her, was the ſame cut into Leaves and bound up.

Gentlemen, thoſe, who pretend to be poſitive as to Time, either refer to Circumſtances inconcluſive, or to Papers and Books, not one of which has been produced. It was material for them to be exact, and they ſaw the Neceſſity of being ſo. Why then did they produce no written Evidence to aſcertain Facts of ſuch Conſequence, ſince by their own Account this was to be had?—Is it not apparent, no Diligence has been wanting in this Defence to lay before you every Circumſtance that could be conſtrued in their Favour? To what Cauſe can ſuch Omiſſion be aſcribed? Perſons ſpeaking merely upon Memory are very liable to miſtake; and in a Cauſe of ſo much Spirit, the Zeal of Witneſſes may urge them to ſtrain the Truth at leaſt, even where they would not venture at direct Perjury. Falſhood is gloſſed with Doubtfulneſs, and Doubts are raiſed to Certainty.

An Inſtance of this was exemplified in the Evidence of *Anne Johnſon*, who ſwears ſhe ſaw *Mary Squires* at *Enfield* on the 18*th* of *January*. Was it poſſible for any Witneſs to be more poſitive than this Woman? She remembers the Time perfectly, it was juſt two Days after ſhe carried her Work Home to Mr. *Smitham* her Maſter, who entered in his Book the Time of its being both delivered out, and returned.

Here was a Reference to a written Memorandum, and the producing it would have fixed the Time paſt doubt. Yet this, like all the reſt, was thought proper, by thoſe concerned for the Defendant, to be left merely upon the Credit of Memory. But, by Accident, We got Acceſs to Mr. *Smitham*'s Book of Accounts, and he and his Daughter, in whoſe Hand-Writing the Entries were, have been ſo kind this Morning, as to produce the very Book, which *Anne Johnſon* referred to; by which it appears, that the Work was carried Home on the 23*d* of *January*. So that the Time of her having ſeen *Mary Squires*, two Days after, muſt have been on the 25*th*, which was the Day after *Squires*'s coming to *Enfield*, according to the Account of all our Witneſſes.

I do not mean by this to impute any Thing more than Miſtake to this *Anne Johnſon*. But it ſhews how uncertain Memory is, how poſitively Witneſſes, warmed into a Contention for Victory, will depoſe Facts, which they ſhould relate with ſome Degree of Doubtfulneſs, and ſhews indeed the Reaſon, why no Books or Papers are produced.

Sarah Star ſwears to the 18*th*, or 19*th* of *January*, and refers to a Note of Hand of the ſame Date, which ſhe delivered to Mr. *Miles*, the Defendant's then Attorney. But neither the Note itſelf, nor Mr. *Miles*, nor the Perſon, who, *Star* ſays, brought the Note to her, is produced.

In ſhort, for 'tis Time to make an End, nothing concluſive appears.

Grace Kirby, another Witneſs, ready as the reſt, to fix an early Time of ſeeing *Squires*, upon her Croſs-Examination is not certain of having ſeen her, till within eight Days before *Squires*'s being apprehended, which was on the 1*ſt* of *February*.

Wife Baſſet, is ſure of the Time, becauſe ſhe killed a Hog, on the *Thurſday* before new *Chriſtmas-Day*; and ſhe has no other Reaſon for fixing the Time, but becauſe it was the *Monday* was a Month after; which brings it to the 22*d* of *January*.

How vague and uncertain is all this Evidence, compared with the clear, determinate, poſitive, abſolute Teſtimony, that *Mary Squires* was at *Abbotſbury* on the 1*ſt* of *January!* I ſhould be aſhamed to take up more of your Time in Obſervations upon this Part of the Defence.

They next call *Ward* and *Jones* to prove, that *Suſanna Wells* confeſſed the Defendant's Confinement.

Ward, having juſt read the News-Paper relating the Particulars of the Defendant's Story, went to ſee Mother *Wells* in *Clerkenwell-Bridewell*, and *Jones* went with him as his Friend. One of them (*Ward*, as I recollect) aſked *Wells* "*How came you to keep* "*the Girl a Fortnight?*" To which *Wells* anſwered, "*It was twenty-eight Days.*" The next Queſtion was, "*In what Room was* "*ſhe?*" The Anſwer was, "*You know* "*the Room very well.*" This was the whole Converſation tending to a Confeſſion. But ſuch a Confeſſion, I may venture to ſay, was never before given in Proof.

Wells,

Wells, at every other Time, both before and after this pretended Confeſſion, ſtoutly denied every Article of the Charge. It is therefore moſt likely ſhe did not mean, at this Time, to admit it. And if you conſider the Occaſion of *Ward* and *Jones* going there, and the very Words of the Converſation, you will find that *Wells* really confeſſed nothing, but only corrected *Ward*'s Miſtake by the Charge againſt her. The News Paper had mentioned, that *Wells* had confined the Girl twenty-eight Days, *Ward* had miſtaken it for a Fortnight, and *Wells* ſet him right: The Whole of which, taken together, amounts to juſt as much as if *Wells* had more fully anſwered, *viz.* you are miſtaken as to Time, for I am charged with having confined her twenty-eight Days.

Her Anſwer to the other Queſtion naturally bears the ſame Conſtruction,—"*you know the* "*Room very well.*" What Room did he know? That which he had read an Account of, and in which the Girl had ſaid ſhe was confined.

This is the natural and the only ſenſible Expoſition of the Words. If *Wells* intended to confeſs the Crime ſhe was accuſed of, ſomething more would have been ſaid explaining the Motives and Deſign of ſuch an extraordinary Tranſaction. The ſame Curioſity which carried theſe two Witneſſes to Bridewell would certainly have urged them to further Queſtions; and the ſame Candour, which this pretended Confeſſion ſuppoſes at this Time in *Wells*, would as certainly had led her to explicit Anſwers.

If, on the Contrary, *Wells* did not intend a Confeſſion, how infamous was it in theſe Men, by a pretended Miſtake of a Fortnight inſtead of twenty eight Days, to enſnare her into an Anſwer, which by an equivocal Interpretation ſhould amount to a Confeſſion, and leave it unexplained, in order to be furniſhed with Evidence?

If this was the only ſcandalous Part of the Defence, it would require more Obſervation than I ſhall trouble you to make.

To as little Purpoſe was the Attempt by *Daniel Stephens*, a Publican, to prove the Confeſſion of *Mary Squires* in *Clerkenwell* Priſon. This Witneſs went there with two or three Gentlemen to ſee her, about three or four Days after her Commitment. But who theſe Gentlemen are, or why they do not appear to ſupport this Man's Evidence, we know not. The whole Confeſſion amounts to no more than this, namely, "*What I am here for, I* "*am innocent of*;" and afterwards ſpeaking of being at *Wells*'s Houſe, "*I believe whilſt* "*I was there*, Elizabeth Canning *was there.*" This, and this alone, they call a Confeſſion; to procure which, they treated her with a Bottle of Wine. Severities had been tried before to no manner of purpoſe: ſhe had been complaining, that they had buffetted her about, becauſe ſhe was not willing to anſwer Queſtions. But good Words and a Bottle of Wine opened the old Woman's Heart, and ſhe frankly confeſſed to theſe civil Gentlemen, What?—that ſhe was innocent of the Charge againſt her. But ſhe *believed*, whilſt ſhe was there, *Elizabeth Canning* was there. She never ſaid ſhe *knew*, but ſhe believed. It is plain ſhe never ſaw her, for if ſhe had ever ſeen her, it could not reſt upon her Belief. And the Witneſs himſelf is ſo doubtful of the Words ſpoken, that nothing, beſides the Innocence of *Squires*, and the Perjury of *Canning*, can be collected from it. At firſt, *Stevens* was poſitive, that the Words were "I "I believe, while I was there *Canning* was "there." Then the Witneſs *believes* theſe was the Words—and then the Words were, "to be ſure *Canning* was there, *as I believe.*" And ſeveral Times afterwards, the Witneſs varied the Expreſſion, and could never fix it.

What a Confeſſion is here proved! A ſteadfaſt Declaration of her own Innocence, coupled with a Belief, touching a Tranſaction, which if innocent ſhe muſt be ignorant of.

This poor Woman was a Stranger to *Wells*, having never ſeen her till the twenty-fourth of *January*, when ſhe came to lodge in her Houſe. Eight Days after, ſhe (with all the People of the Houſe) was apprehended on the Accuſation of *Canning*, that ſhe had been robbed and confined there—*Wells* bore an infamous Character univerſally;—*Canning*'s Complaint was favoured by ſeveral Perſons of Credit and Reputation, and therefore *Squires* was inclined to believe the Girl had been robbed by ſome body, and that her Story might be partly true. But her own Innocence ſhe perſiſted in;—ſo there's an End of all Pretence of Confeſſion.

They next call Witneſſes to impeach the Evidence of *Natus* and his Wife.

Nathaniel Crompton ſays, that *ſo lately* as laſt *Friday* Fortnight, the twenty-firſt of *April*, he aſked *Judith Natus* "How came "you to have the Conſcience, knowing this "poor, innocent Creature was at Mother "*Wells*'s, to go and be againſt her?" And that *Judith Natus* anſwered, "Indeed, Mr. *Crompton* I cannot ſay, *but* ſhe really was there, "when we lodged there."

Conſidering theſe Words, as an Excuſe, in anſwer to *Crompton*'s Reproach for giving Evidence againſt *Canning*, you will have no Difficulty in believing the very Reverſe of what that Witneſs intends; and conſidering the Time of this Converſation, it looks as if this *Crompton* was tampering with the Witneſs to ſwear what in Truth ſhe could not. *Crompton* is certain to every Word ſpoken, and indeed it was very material he ſhould be ſo; for by ſtriking out the ſingle Word *(but)* the Senſe would be intirely altered, and then the Anſwer would be proper to the Queſtion. And that *Crompton* goes too far in ſwearing to the very Expreſſion appears by the next Witneſs, his Wife, who gives Evidence of theſe Words only, "Indeed Mr. *Crompton* ſhe "really was there, when we lodged there." The former Part of the Words "*I cannot* "*ſay but*" is intirely left out. So that it remains doubtful what were all, and the particular, though few, Words made uſe of upon this Occaſion. You will therefore apply your Attention to the Subſtance of this Converſation, that *Judith Natus* was reproached with giving falſe Evidence, and that ſhe was juſtifying herſelf.

That *Natus* and his Wife lay at *Wells*'s during the Month of *January*, is ſuppoſed even by this very Witneſs. Now I ſhould be glad to know in what Part of the Houſe they lay. It appears that every other Room in the Houſe, except the Hay-loft, was wholly occupied by the reſt of the Family. And if they lay in the Hay-loft, it could not be, while the Defendant was there, becauſe *ſhe* ſwore, "ſhe did not ſee a human Creature during "all the Time of her Confinement, but once "through a Crack of the Door."

Further to diſcredit *Fortune Natus*'s Evidence, one *Jackſon* is called to prove the Propoſal of a Wager by *Natus*, at the three Swans, whether he had not lain out of *Wells*'s Houſe a ſingle Night during the Month of *January*. This was intended to contradict *Natus*, as having, in his Evidence, denied propoſing any ſuch Wager. But in Reality *Natus* was ſo far from denying it, that he himſelf gave an Account of his having lain out of the Houſe *one Night, and no more.* And his Wife, you may remember, gave the ſame Account. This Circumſtance, ſo confirmed by the Defendant's Witneſs, would add Credit to *Natus*, if he ſtood in need of it.

The next Evidence is to the Impeachment of *Natus*'s Character, by three Perſons ſwearing with ſuch Rancour and Malice, as is ſufficient to overthrow all Pretence of Credit in themſelves.

One of them, in effect, ſays, he believes *Fortune Natus* is ſo infamous a Fellow, that without the Temptation of Intereſt, or any Paſſion to indulge, but merely for the ſake of giving falſe Teſtimony, and from his Propenſity to lying, he would perjure himſelf in a Court of Juſtice.

But let not human Nature bear the Reproach of ſuch a Character. There cannot be a Man on this Side Hell ſo abandoned by his Maker, as that raſh Witneſs would have you to think. The Earth has never bore ſuch a Monſter, as to fall in love with naked Falſhood. What Devil incarnate was ever heard of, who did not incline to Truth, till he was warped by ſome particular Temptation to leave her? For has not the Author of Nature created her lovely in the Eyes of all Mankind? Let any Man breathing aſk his own Heart, whether he was ever perſwaded to embrace a Falſhood, till ſhe was robed in the Garb of Truth to deceive him? It would be a Contradiction in Terms to ſay otherwiſe. The Witneſs, who is capable of repreſenting *Natus* in ſuch Colours, muſt be conſcious of the Truth of this Obſervation, and feel himſelf impelled to ſuch a horrid Miſrepreſentation either by Avarice or Revenge, or ſome Paſſion, which he dares not avow.

But ſee the real Character of this *Natus*, by one, who knows him better.——Mr. *Bell*, his Maſter, ſays, he has known him very well for fifteen Months paſt, and that he is his Servant—that he is a very honeſt, civil, and induſtrious Man——that he never once caught him in a Lye in his Life——that he has now eight Servants, and would be glad to have his Fellow.

The ſame Man may indeed have ſeveral Characters, as different People are differently affected to him. And perhaps it would be a good general Rule to take the Medium betwixt the two Extremes of any Character whatever. But ſurely there never were two ſuch Extremes as theſe concerning the ſame Character before; and conſidering the Nature of the Evidence, and who are the Witneſſes, I may very ſafely reſt upon the Credit of *Natus*'s Teſtimony, eſpecially as it has been ſo well ſupported by many other Witneſſes, atteſting ſuch a Number of Circumſtances to confirm it.

Another Witneſs, Mr. *Metcalf*, was called to contradict Mr. *Whiffen*, as to the time of his receiving the Sign-iron. But *Metcalf*'s Evidence is ſo very uncertain and indeterminate, that it proves nothing. He ſwears to a Tranſaction upon the *8th* of *January*; but when he is called upon to aſſign his Reaſon for being particular to the Day of the Month, all he can ſay is, that he keeps his Reckoning by his Clock, and is ignorant whether his Account is according to the old Stile, or new.

But Mr. *Whiffen*'s Evidence is ſufficiently ſupported by ſeveral Circumſtances, the time is fixed beyond all doubt, and there now remains no Stain upon his Character.

Gentlemen, I think I have taken Notice of all the material Circumſtances on both Sides, two only excepted, which I did not ſooner recollect.

One is, the Defendant's claiming the Bed-Gown, before ſworn by her to have been found at *Wells*'s, in the Grate in the Chimney. This then lay, together with the Pitcher, on a Table at the Manſion-Houſe; and ſhe would have taken them both away; but that was objected to, becauſe they did not belong to her, and that they might be depoſited in ſome public Place, for the ſake of further Diſcoveries: Upon this (relinquiſhing the Pitcher) ſhe inſiſted on taking away the Bed-Gown, for "*That was her Mo-*"*ther's*".—It has been proved, that there was no Grate in the Chimney at *Wells*'s.

And I ſhould have added to the Obſervations upon the Evidence of the Mother, who proved the Defendant's Hand-Writing to ſome Papers now before you, that the Innocence of the Defendant having been moſt cogently inferred from her ſuppoſed Simplicity, and ſhe having been repreſented as a poor, ſilly, illiterate Creature, incapable of inventing ſuch a Story, to furniſh her Advocates with ſo excellent an Argument, ſhe ſett her *Mark* to her Information before Mr. *Fielding*, as if unable to write her Name; which Information is alſo before you. I dare ſay it was not *then* imagined that this *Marks-Woman* had received ſo good an Education. Who would have thought, upon reading the Pamphlet, which that good Magiſtrate was pleaſed to oblige the World with, containing the Information at large, with ſuch ingenious Remarks upon her Stupidity; ——who would have dreamt, that this "*Child* "*in Years, more ſo in Underſtanding*," was able to write a very fair, legible Hand?

And this may ſerve as a Specimen to ſhew what mean Artifices have been made uſe of to deceive Mankind.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, you have now before you the whole Merits of this Cauſe; the Subject of univerſal Controverſy, which it is hoped your Verdict will put an End to.

Permit me, therefore, to remind you briefly of what you muſt neceſſarily believe, in order to acquit the Defendant of the Charge againſt her.

In the firſt Place, you muſt believe a moſt aſtoniſhing Story of ſeveral Incidents, every one of which is, to the higheſt Degree, improbable. You muſt alſo believe, that above forty Witneſſes to the *Alibi* of the Gypſy are all guilty of Perjury, although there is a greater Combination of Circumſtances to add Credit to their Evidence, than was ever before required to ſatisfy a human Enquiry. To this End, you muſt alſo believe, that all theſe Witneſſes conſpired to this Perjury, and preconcerted every Circumſtance with ſo much Art and Contrivance, as to defeat the Poſſibility of Detection upon a ſeparate Examination; and all this you are to ſuppoſe, although the Evidence to contradict them is infinitely leſs clear, leſs certain, and leſs concluſive.

But if, notwithſtanding, you can prevail upon yourſelves to ſuppoſe *Mary Squires* to have been at *Endfield*, when we proved her elſewhere, or (which is as hard to ſuppoſe) that the Defendant miſtook her for another, you have yet more Difficulties to reconcile: For you muſt further ſuppoſe, either that Mr. Alderman *Chitty*, Mr. *Naſh*, *Hague*, *Aldridge*, together with many of the Defendant's own Witneſſes, to ſeveral Circumſtances, are abſolutely perjured; or elſe you muſt yield your Aſſent to a new Train of Events, as many and as wonderful, as thoſe in the Defendant's Story.

You muſt, moreover, believe all the ten Witneſſes, confirming *Natus*'s Evidence likewiſe guilty of Perjury; although no Attempt has been made to diſprove their Teſtimony, except only (what I hope is ſufficiently anſwered) with Reſpect to *Natus* himſelf, and alſo as to the Time of *Whiffen*'s buying the Sign iron.

And upon what Foundation are you to ſuppoſe all this?——Upon the Credit of *Elizabeth Canning*, proved to be ſelf-contradicted in no leſs than three Inſtances, relative to a ſingle Fact; or, upon the Evidence of her Witneſſes, who have given no Anſwer to the Charge. For it is obſervable, that not one of the Witneſſes for the Crown, except to the *Alibi* of *Squires*, is contradicted by thoſe for the Defendant; and yet, if their Evidence be true, ſhe muſt be guilty.

Theſe, Gentlemen, are the Remarks occurring to me upon the various Circumſtances in this very long Trial. Many of them may, perhaps, have been unneceſſary, or improper, whilſt ſome, which I may have omitted, ſhould have been enforced; but whatever Errors are imputable to me in the Courſe of this Proſecution, I ſolemnly proteſt, that the mis-ſtating or miſapplying any Facts, has been intirely foreign to my Intention throughout the Cauſe; in the Merits of which I have at no Time been ingaged, otherwiſe than, as I conceived, the Duty of my Profeſſion directed me: And this Duty I have diſcharged to the beſt of my Abilities.

Mr. *Nares*.

I only beg leave to mention one Thing. There has been one Reaſon attempted to be given, why a very material Witneſs is not produced, the want of which Witneſs is attended with the utmoſt Inconveniency to the Priſoner at the Bar; that is, *Virtue Hall*, by her not being called we can give no Evidence relative to her; that is, as to what ſhe has ſaid, and the Means uſed in her Recantation. Mr. *Davy* has given this as a Reaſon (becauſe ſhe is not in Law a Witneſs) but I beg leave to ſay, that according to all the Caſes and common Practice every Day, ſhe is a Witneſs; it only goes to her Credit, and that goes to the Jury. You know the Caſe of *Cartwright* at *Hertford*, he confeſſed he had perjured himſelf in four or five different Courts; I ſhould be glad if the Court would deliver their Opinions on it.

Mr. Baron *Legge*.

I believe Witneſſes have very often been called, that have declared they have been perjured in other Inſtances; but I will never admit or ſuffer a Perſon, that will ſay they have been perjured in another Affair, and I knew it before they were ſent for. When ſhe ſwears true I cannot tell; but that ſhe has ſware falſe once, I muſt know.

Mr. *Nares*.

In the Caſe of Subornation of Perjury they are admitted every Day.

Mr. Baron *Legge*.

They are admitted, but it goes ſo much to their Credit.

Mr. *Recorder*.

I remember that in the Trial of *Titus Oats*, Lord Chief Juſtice *Jefferys* would have been glad to have hanged him, but would not ſuffer a perjured Perſon to be examined againſt him. What muſt ſuch Set of Witneſſes ſwear? Why, they muſt ſet out in ſaying they have been purjur'd before. Then what is the Conſequence? but that they muſt deſtroy their own Credit.

Mr. Baron *Legge*.

When a Witneſs ſtands up and tells us ſhe has once ſwore falſe, what Credit can be given to her Teſtimony?

Mr. *Davy*.

I have known ſuch Witneſs examined more than once; the Jury have a Right to call and examine her, but I have no Right to call her, neither has the Defendant.

Mr. *Recorder*.

Gentlemen of the Jury, *Elizabeth Canning*, the Priſoner at the Bar, ſtands indicted for Perjury, in ſwearing that *Mary Squires*,—— [*See the Indictment, the Perjury aſſigned, and the Averment mentioned before in this Trial.*]—But as this is a Trial of unuſual Length, and of great Expectation, I ſhall ſtate the Evidence in the cleareſt Manner I have been able to collect it, and if, in the ſtating the ſeveral Facts which

have

have been laid before you, during the Courſe of this long Proceeding, I ſhould accidentally diſcloſe my own Opinion, I muſt deſire that it may have no Weight, or make the leaſt Impreſſion on you, in determining your Verdict otherwiſe than as the Weight of the Evidence juſtifies it. As this Indictment is founded upon the Evidence given by *Elizabeth Canning* againſt *Mary Squires*, on whoſe Teſtimony ſhe was capitally convicted, *Thomas Gurney*, the Short-Hand-Writer is called, who ſays, that upon the 22d Day of *February*, *Mary Squires* was tried *in* this Court; and upon that Trial, *Elizabeth Canning* ſwore, *That on the firſt Day of* January, *in the Year* 1753. *ſhe had been at* Salt-Petre-Bank *to ſee her Uncle and Aunt, and ſtaid there till about nine at Night*;—*that her Uncle and Aunt came with her to* Aldgate, *when they parted*;—*that ſhe was then alone, and ſo came down* Houndſditch *and over* Moorfields *by* Bedlam *Wall, where two luſty Men, both in great Coats, laid hold of her, and took Half a Guinea in a little Box out of her Pocket, and three Shillings that were looſe*;—*that they afterwards tied her Hands behind her, and dragged her to* Wells's *Houſe at* Endfield-Waſh, *where they arrived about four o'Clock in the Morning*;—*that ſhe ſaw there the ſaid Gypſey Woman* Squires *ſitting in a Chair, who took her by the Hand, and aſked her if ſhe choſe to go their Way, ſaying, that if ſhe did ſhe ſhould have fine Cloths*; *but ſhe refuſing*, Mary Squires *then took a Knife out of a Dreſſer Drawer, and cut the Lace of her Stays, and took them from her*;—*that* Mary Squires *gave her a Slap on the Face, and puſhed her up Stairs out of the Kitchen into a Room called the Hay-loft, and ſhut the Door, and threatned her if ſhe ſtirred or moved to cut her Throat*;—*that when Day-light appeared ſhe could ſee in the Room a black Pitcher not quite full of Water, about twenty-four Pieces of Bread, a Fire place and a Grate*;—*that ſhe continued there a Month by the Weeks, all but a few Hours*;—*that ſhe broke down a Board that was nailed up at the Inſide of the Window, and got out on* Monday *the twenty-ninth of* January *about four o'Clock in the Afternoon*;—*that ſhe took out of the Grate in the Chimney an old ſort of a Bed-gown and Handkerchief, which ſhe tied over her Head inſtead of a Cap*; *and got to her Mother's Houſe in* Aldermanbury *about a Quarter after ten o'Clock at Night.*

In order, therefore, to prove that the Evidence ſhe then gave was falſe, a great Number of Witneſſes have been called to prove *Mary Squires* at a different Place at the Time on which *Elizabeth Canning* has ſworn to her robbing her at *Wells*'s at *Endfield-Waſh.*

The firſt of theſe Witneſſes is *Heſter Hopkins*, who ſays, that ſhe keeps a Publick-Houſe at *South Parrot*, which is ſome Miles beyond *Abbotſbury* in *Dorſetſhire*, is poſitive ſhe ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at her Houſe on the 29*th* of *December* 1752; that they lodged at her Houſe that Night, the Reaſon of her remembering it, that two Gentlemen that Day had been there, left their Reckoning unpaid; that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter went away next Morning, is particularly poſitive to *Mary Squires*, having never ſeen ſuch another remarkable Woman; that ſhe is more poſitive to the Son than to the Daughter, for he had a Bag which he carry'd under his Arm; they all travell'd on Foot.

The next Witneſs was *Alice Farmer*, who lives at *Wynhiard*'s Gap, ten Miles beyond *Abbotſbury*, ſays, that ſhe ſaw *Mary Squires* at *Wynhiard*'s Gap, about eight or nine o'Clock on the *Saturday* Morning next after New *Chriſtmas*, with her Son and Daughter; the Reaſon of her being ſo poſitive to *Mary Squires* is, that having ſeen the Picture of Mother *Shipton*, ſhe thought ſhe reſembled that Picture. They all ſtaid about an Hour at her Houſe, and had a Quart of Beer, and ſome Bread and Cheeſe, and when they parted with her, ſaid, that they would come and ſee her again at old *Chriſtmas*; that they all went towards *Abbotſbury*, which is 10 or eleven Miles from *Wynhiard*'s Gap; that ſhe had ſeen them come into *South Parrot* the Day before, and ſeeing they were Gypſies, her Mother aſked if ſhe was not frightened, this ſhe remembers was on a *Saturday* was, becauſe ſhe had a Mind to have gone that Day to *Crewkhern*-Market to buy ſome Things againſt Old *Chriſtmas*, but her Mother would not let her go; ſhe ſaw a Bag under the Son's Arm, and the Daughter dreſs'd very neat in a white Holland Gown, has never ſeen them ſince; but is very poſitive to them, that they had a Mug of Beer, and paid for it.

The next Witneſs who undertakes to prove the whole Journey to *Endfield-Waſh* is *George Squires*, who is Son to *Mary Squires*, who ſays he was at *South Parrot* on *Friday* next after new *Chriſtmas Day*, and they put up at the *Red Lion* there, ſtaid one Night only, that (they ſet out from *Newington* near *Southwark* about ſeven or eight Weeks before *Michaelmas* preceding) from *South Parrot* they all went to *Whinyard*'s Gap, and then to *Litton*, that they lay there upon *Saturday*, and he left his Mother and Siſter there, and went to *Abbotſbury* on *Sunday*, to ſee ſome Friends he had there, and particularly to ſee *William Clarke*: That He and *Clarke* went to *Litton*, for his Mother and Siſter, the *Monday* following, and at *Litton* the Siſter, *Clarke* and he dined together. His Mother being gone towards *Abbotſbury* to ſee for *Clarke* and him; but upon her Return dined with them. After Dinner they all ſet out for *Abbotſbury*, and arrived there upon the *Monday* Night, being the 1*ſt* of *January*, and lay there, at the Sign of the *Ship*, at one *Gibbons*'s; they danced 'till twelve o'Clock at Night, and ſeveral People were with them. His Partner was *Gibbons*'s Siſter, and having been at *Abbotſbury* before, he knew ſeveral there. *Clarke* danced with his Siſter, and that his Mother, his Siſter and himſelf ſtaid at *Abbotſbury* from the 1*ſt* to the 9*th* of *January*; that the 1*ſt* of *January* being a wet Day, one *Andrew Wake*, who was then an Exciſeman at *Abbotſbury*, borrowed his Great Coat of him, in order to make his Survey. That on *Tueſday* the ninth of *January*, his Mother and Siſter and himſelf left *Abbotsbury*: *Clarke* went with them, and went to a Place called *Potſham*, about a Mile and a half from *Abbotsbury*. The next Day they went to *Ridgeway* about

five or ſix Miles from *Abbotsbury*, *Clarke* and he lay together, and lay there at the Sign of the Ship, at one *Bewley*'s, where there happened to be a Horſe which had juſt died, and his Money being ſhort, left a Piece of Nankeen for his Reckoning, his Mother and Siſter being then with him. From thence on *Thurſday* the eleventh, they all went to *Dorcheſter*, and there they had an Account of his Siſter *Mary*'s Illneſs, and then they determined to haſten to her, and the Waters being very much out, he carried his Mother upon his Back, and a Miller took his Siſter on a Horſe behind him through the Water; they travelled on foot almoſt the whole Night, and arrived at a Village called *Chadley*, which is four Miles beyond *Blandford*, and on the *Saturday* following, they all lay at *Marten* in a Barn belonging to Farmer *Thane*; on the *Sunday* after they all went to *Coombe* and lay there at one *Greville*'s, the Sign of the Lamb, who is ſince dead: On the *Monday* following he does not recollect where they lay, neither can he recollect where they all lay till his Arrival at *Baſingſtoke*, and when they got there they put up at the Spread Eagle, where the Woman of the Houſe, at his Siſter's Requeſt wrote a Letter to *Clarke* at *Abbotsbury*; they lay that Night at a Place called *Old Baſing* (their uſual way of travelling being about ten Miles a Day) from thence they went to *Bagſhot*, and lay at the Sign of the Grey-hound there, and from thence to *Brentford*, where they all arrived and lay there upon the *Saturday*, and on the *Sunday* he went to *London* to ſee his Siſter *Mary*, and on the *Monday* he brought her to *Brentford* to one Mrs. *Edwards*'s, where they all ſtaid till *Tueſday*, and on *Tueſday* they all went to the Sign of the Seven Siſters at a Green near *Tottenham*, and on *Wedneſday* they all arrived at Mrs. *Wells*'s at *Endfield* (whom he never ſaw before), but was recommended there. That before they went to Mrs. *Wells*'s they called at another Houſe, where they were recommended to a Houſe at *Cheſhunt*, but that being too far they went to *Wells*'s, where he left his Mother and Siſters; that in two or three Days after he went to *London* to receive ſome Money and returned next Day, and found his Mother and Siſters at *Wells*'s. His Mother and Siſters lay in the Room over the Parlour, and he lay in a little Room fronting the Stairs, and *Wells*, her Daughter, and *Virtue Hall* lay in a Room on the left Hand, and one *Fortune Natus* and his Wife lay in a Room ſome few Steps out of the Kitchen; that during the Time they were at *Wells*'s they bought their chandlery Ware of one *Larney*, and it being Herring Time they lived very much upon Herrings, which they bought of an old Man who carried them about to ſell. That during the whole Time he was at *Wells*'s he never ſaw the Priſoner *Canning*, neither had he ever ſeen her before his Mother was arreſted, which was on *Thurſday* the firſt of *February*. Upon his croſs Examination he ſays, that he cannot recollect where he was the *Chriſtmas* before he ſet out towards *Dorſetſhire*, neither can he recollect the ſeveral particular Places through which he travelled, except *Lewis* and *Salisbury*, and ſome other principal Towns in the Weſt of *England*. He gives an Account of the whole Journey from *South Perrot* to *Enfield*, except four Days, which is from their Arrival at *Coombe* till they got to *Baſingſtoke*.

Then to confirm the Account which *George Squires* has given, they call a great many Witneſſes, the firſt is *John Iry*, who is a Tyler, and Plaſterer, lives at *Lytton* in *Dorſetſhire*, he ſays, that he ſaw a Gipſey the 30th of *December* at one *James Hawkins*'s a Publick-houſe, that it was on a *Saturday*; he remembers it becauſe it was new *Chriſtmas* Time, and the *Monday* following was New-Year's-Day; is very poſitive both to *Mary Squires*, her Son, and her Daughter, the Part of the Houſe he ſaw them in was the Kitchen, and has known *Mary Squires* for thirty Years.

Francis Gladman is called next, is ſure that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Litton* in the Morning on the firſt of *January*, for he ſhaved *George Squires* the *Sunday* before, he remembers the Day particularly becauſe he was one of the Ringers who rung in the New-Year. That *Mary Squires* was asked whether ſhe could tell Fortunes, and ſhe ſaid no. Then he asked her, whether ſhe could ſpeak *Spaniſh* or *French?* who anſwered, ſhe could not. The next Witneſs is

James Angel, who ſays, that he ſaw *Mary Squires* and her Daughter at *Hawkins*'s at *Litton* on the Thirty-firſt Day of *December*: But he did not ſee *George Squires* becauſe he was gone to *Abbotsbury*; he remembers it becauſe the *Monday* following he was called to ring in the New-Year; He did not ſee *Mary Squires* in the Evening becauſe ſhe was gone to *Abbotsbury*, which was three Miles from *Litton*. The next Witneſs is

James Hawkins, who remembers that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter came to his Houſe at *Litton* on *Saturday* the thirtieth of *December*, and they ſtaid there all *Sunday*, except *George*, who went to *Abbotsbury* on the *Sunday*, and that *George Squires* and *William Clarke* returned from *Abbotsbury* about ten or eleven o'Clock on *Monday* Morning, and after they had dined they all ſet out for *Abbotsbury* about two o'Clock the ſame Day.

William Clarke is called next, who lives at *Abbotsbury*, is very well acquainted with *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter; that *George Squires* came to him at *Abbotſbury* on *Sunday* the thirty-firſt of *December*, he ſtaid with him there till *Monday* Morning, that he aſked *George* after his Siſter *Lucy*, who told him, that his Mother and ſhe were at *Litton*; that they both together went to *Litton* next Morning where they arrived about three o'Clock, *Mary Squires* was not there upon their firſt Arrival, becauſe ſhe went towards *Abbotſbury* to meet her Son *George*, that upon her coming back to *Litton*, they all dined together upon a boiled Fowl, and after Dinner he went with them to *Abbotſbury*, and it being the firſt of *January* they had a Dance at *Gibbons*'s the Sign of the Ship there. That *Lucy Squires* was his Partner, and one *Arnold* play'd on the Muſick; is very ſure, that both *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter were at *Abbotſbury* upon that Day, and is as ſure that they all continued there till *Tueſday* the ninth of *January*, for he ſaw them there every Day,

and upon that *Tueſday* he ſat out with them on their Journey, and went with them to *Potſham*, and then to *Ridgeway*, where he left them at one *Bewley*'s Houſe there; that they had Beef Stakes for their Supper, and when he parted with them, *George* borrowed ſix Shillings of him; that he, the Witneſs, defired *Lucy* to write to him, and told her how to direct to him; that he has known *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter four Years.

The next is *John Gibbons*, who keeps the Sign of the Old Ship at *Abbotsbury*, knows *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter; has known *Mary Squires* for three Years, is very poſitive they were all at his Houſe the firſt of *January*, 1753, in the Evening, dancing; that *George* danced with his Wife, *Lucy* with *Clarke*, that they all ſtayed at his Houſe from that time till *Tueſday* the ninth of *January*, and remembers that while they were there the Exciſeman borrowed *George*'s Great-Coat to go his Rounds; that they and *Clarke* went away together on *Tueſday* the ninth of *January*. He was a Witneſs at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, but doth not remember he was aſk'd about the Dancing on the firſt of *January*.

George Clements is called next, who confirms what the other Witneſſes have ſworn about the Dancing at *Gibbons*'s, in every Circumſtance; that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son, and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the ſecond and third of *January*; the *Sunday* following he dined with them at *Gibbons*'s, that *Clarke* and they ſet out together the *Tueſday* following, that he knows them all very well, remembers *Mary Squires* forty Years. The next is,

Melchizedek Arnold, who is a Blackſmith, lives at *Abbotsbury*, he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the firſt of *January*, at the Old Ship there; remembers the Dancing that night, played on the Fiddle, that *Clark* was *Lucy*'s Partner, and *George* was *Mary Gibbons*'s Partner, that he ſaw them all ſeveral times during the Week they were there, and remembers all the ſeveral Circumſtances mentioned by the other Witneſſes.

John Ford is called next, who is a Carpenter, and lives at *Abbotsbury*, is Uncle to *Gibbons*, who keeps the Old Ship, which is the Exciſe-Office, ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there every Day during their Stay there, which was from the firſt of *January* to the ninth, knows *Mary Squires* as well as his own Mother; that he ſells Bread, and they bought their Bread of him during the whole Time they ſtayed. The next is,

Daniel Wallice, who a is Mercer at *Abbotſbury*, is very poſitive that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* on *Sunday* the ſeventh of *January*, and that *George Squires* bought Sugar of him; that ſeeing *Mary Squires* at the Day of his having bought a new Jack, ſhe aſked him to dine with her that Day. Then they call

Hugh Bond, who is a Schoolmaſter at *Abbotſbury*, who ſays, that on the thirty-firſt of *December*, being Holiday-time he went to ſee his Wife who was ill in *Devonſhire*, and he returned to *Abbotsbury* on *Monday* the eighth of *January*; that he lodged at the Old Ship, is very poſitive that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there that Night, and ſaw them there next Morning, the ninth of *January*; that he had ſome Converſation with *George Squires* along with one *Wake* an Exciſeman, who officiated for one *Ward* an Exciſeman who was then ſick, and *Wake* lay at the Ship in the ſame Bed where *Ward* us'd to lye, and that *George Squires* lay in another Bed in the ſame Room. Then

John Bayly is called, who is a Carpenter at *Abbotsbury*, he ſays he has known *Mary Squires* ten or fifteen Years, and has known *George* and *Lucy* three Years; is very poſitive that he ſaw them all at the Old Ship there on *Monday* the firſt of *January*, that they continued there from that Time till *Tueſday* the ninth, and that he ſhaved *George* twice within that Time, and remembers it particularly by his Brother's ſetting out on the firſt of *January* for *Briſtol*, in order to go to Sea. The next is

Thomas Hauſon, who lives at *Abbotsbury*, has known *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter about four Years, and is very ſure he ſaw them at the Old Ship there on *Friday* the fifth of *January*, and is ſure they are the ſame Perſons he had ſeen four Years before, that *Clark* was with them, and it was reported that *Clark* and *Lucy* were Sweethearts. Then they call

James Hawkins, who is a Weaver at *Abbotſbury*, who remembers ſeeing *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the firſt of *January* at *Gibbons*'s, is certain that they all continued there from the firſt to the ninth of *January*, having ſeen them every Day, and he particularly remembers the Dancing, and *Arnold*'s playing on the Fiddle. Then

Andrew Wake the Exciſemen, is call'd (who is mentioned by ſome of the former Witneſſes) he ſays, that he was order'd to officiate as Exciſeman at *Abbotſbury* during the the Illneſs of one *Ward*, who was taken ſick there, that he went to *Abbotſbury* on *Sunday* the 31ſt of *December* to *Gibbons*'s the Sign of the Ship, which is the Exciſe-Office, was in Company with *George* and *Lucy Squires*, and *Clarke* at that Houſe, and on that Day; and that *George* and he lay in the ſame Room; and that he ſaw *Mary Squires* was in Company with her and *Lucy*, and in the ſame Houſe on the *Wedneſday* following; he alſo remembers the Dancing at *Gibbons*'s on the firſt of *January*, and that *George* and *Lucy Clarke* danc'd there on that Evening, and particularly remembers that *Arnold* played on the Fiddle, and he being a Dealer in Cyder he ſurvey'd him, and this Witneſs being at that Time out of Order he borrowed a great Coat of *George*, and that *Ma y Squires* order'd ſomething for him to take, and ſays that he left the Exciſe-Books with *Ward*, when he went away from *Abbotſbury*; which was on the 14th of *January*, he then refers to thoſe Books and ſwears to the Entries and the Journal, ſays that when he went to bed at *Abbotſbury* he always went to his own Room thro' that where *Mary Squires* and *Lucy* lay, and that he generally ſaw them every Night during his Stay there, he afterwards went to *Dorcheſter* where he ſaw in the News an Account of *Elizabeth Canning*'s being robbed by *Mary Squires* on the firſt of *January*, and that ſhe was found Guilty of, and that he then immediately ſaid, ſhe could not be the

Woman becauſe he ſaw her on that Day at *Abbotſbury*; he then went to *Lewes* and there he received the Commiſſioners of Exciſe Orders to attend the then Lord Mayor in *London*, and upon his Arrival there he went to *Mary Squires* then in *Newgate* who immediately knew him, and ſeemed rejoiced to ſee him, and put him in Mind of all the ſeveral Circumſtances beforementioned, and concludes with ſaying, that ſhe is ſame Perſon that he ſaw at *Abbotsbury* at the Time he has ſworn to—The next is

Francis Allwood (who is produced to confirm the Evidence of the laſt Witneſs, with Reſpect to the Entries in the Books return'd to the Exciſe Office by the Exciſe-Officers out of the Country, and he produces the Books, by which it appears that the laſt Witneſs *Andrew Wake* officiated for *John Ward* (who was ill) during that Time of which *Wake* has given you an Account. The next Witneſſes are

William Hayne, and *John Hayne*, his Son, who both prove that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter were all at *Potſham* (which is a few Miles off *Abbotsbury*) on the ninth of *January*, and that *William Clark* was with them, and that they lodged at the Sign of the Chequer there; that he invited them to his Houſe, which they refuſing, he and one *Chippenham*, who was with him, went to them at the Chequer; that the Reaſon of the Father's being ſo certain of the Day of the Month is, that becauſe he went to *Abbotsbury* the Day before, which was the eighth, he is very poſitive to *Mary Squires*, and has known her for thirty Years. —The Son confirms the Teſtimony of his Father, in remembring them at *Potſham*, and remembers alſo his ſeeing *Mary Squires* at *Abbotsbury* on the ſixth of *January*, that it was wet Weather. From *Potſham* they went to *Ridgeway*, which is four or five Miles from *Potſham*; to prove their Arrival at *Ridgeway*, *Francis Bewdley* is called, who keeps a publick Houſe there, who ſwears, that he ſaw this Family at *Ridgeway* on *Wedneſday* the tenth of *January* about ten or eleven o'Clock in the Morning; that they had Beef Stakes there, that he remembers a Woman whoſe Horſe died there, that he ſupplied her with another in its Place, and remembers this particular Circumſtance of the Horſe being drawn out of the Stable to be ſkinned, and that at that Time *Mary Squires* came into the Yard, and it was a remarkable wet Day, that *Clark* bargained with a Turnip-man for an Horſe to carry her back to *Abbotsbury*, remembers that *Mary Squires* and her Family being ſhort of Money, deſired he would take a Waiſtcoat they had for the Reckoning, which he did, and which Witneſs produc'd it, and has kept it ever ſince, and that he remembers them both by thoſe Circumſtances, as well as by the dead Horſe, the Wetneſs of the Weather, by its being *Blandford* Seſſions, which is always held on the tenth of *January*. Then they call

Thomas Mocheridge, who is the Man that ſold Turnips, and whoſe Horſe *Clark* hired to return to *Abbotsbury*, and he remembers all or moſt of the above mentioned Evidence; as to *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter being at *Ridgeway* on the tenth of *January*, that they were at one *Bewley*'s the Sign of the Ship there, that he remembers *Mary Squires* above three Years before that time, and is very poſitive as to the Circumſtance about ſkinning the Horſe. The next is

John Taylor, who lives at *Fordington* near *Dorcheſter*, who ſwears that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter, there on *Thurſday* the eleventh of *January*, remembers that the Rains had been ſo great on the tenth, that they could not go along the High-road, but were obliged to go through his Yard; remembers that a Miller's Boy carried the Daughter through the Water on his Horſe, and that *Mary Squires* walked through the great Part of the Water, and there were three little Rivers to croſs; they all told him they lay at *Ridgeway* the night before, and aſked him their Way to *Cheatle*. The next Witneſs is,

Thomas Hunt, who was threſhing in a Barn at *Cheatle* on the 12th of *January*, and ſays, that he knows, and ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there on that Day, that there being no Publick-houſe there, he, at their Requeſt got them lodgings in an Out-houſe belonging to Mr. *Watts*, where they lay on Straw, and ſtay'd there till between nine and ten o'Clock next Morning, it was very wet Weather, and it was on, or about old New-year's Day. From *Cheatle* they went to *Martin*, to prove which

John Elderton is called, who ſays, that he is Servant to one Farmer *Thane*, who lives at *Martin*, and is poſitive that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter, by Conſent of his Maſter, lay in an Out-houſe belonging to his Maſter; that he ſaw them all there at four in the Afternoon on the *Saturday* ſeven-night after old *Chriſtmas* Day, and he ſaw them about eight o'Clock next Morning, and that his Maſter ſaw them at the ſame time, of which he would have given Evidence, but was prevented by his being taken ill at *Salisbury*. This laſt Witneſs is confirmed by

William Hart in the Circumſtances and Facts before mentioned, with this further, that *Lucy* was next Morning mending ſome China. The next is

John Blandford, who is a Blackſmith, works for Farmer *Thane*, is poſitive that he ſaw *Mary Squires* at Farmer *Thane*'s Barn at the time the other Witneſſes ſwear to. Then

Joſeph Hayter is called, who is a Malſter at *Coomb*, who ſays, that he met them all upon the Road between *Martin* and *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January*, being the *Sunday* next after old *Chriſtmas*, is poſitive to *Mary* and *George Squires*, having ſeen them before, he met them about eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, and upon his Return to *Coomb* the ſame Day, he ſaw them all at one Mrs. *Grant*'s the Sign of the Lamb there. This laſt Witneſs is confirmed by

Mary Greville, who was Siſter to *Thomas Greville*, who was proſecuted for Perjury, for what he ſwore at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, but is now dead, and ſhe ſwears that ſhe ſaw them all at *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January* at her Mother's Mrs. *Grant*'s, the Sign of the Lamb there, and that they lay there that Night and went away the next Morning. They are alſo proved to be at *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January* by four other Witneſſes, the firſt of them is

George

George Stowel, who ſaw them there on the Fourteenth of *January* at Mrs. *Grant*'s the Sign of the Lamb.

Richard Amor, who ſaw them at Mrs. *Grant*'s the Morning they went away, which was the Fifteenth of *January*: And by

Thomas Mertin, who ſaw them there the Fourteenth of *January*: And by

Martha Walter, who ſaw them there the ſame Day, and that ſhe aſked them to tell her Fortune. From thence they went to *Baſingſtoke*, which was about forty Miles, and that they were four Days in travelling thither; but there is no Evidence laid before you of the ſeveral Places through which they went in getting there, but this Chaſm will not be very material if you give Credit to the ſeveral Witneſſes whoſe Evidence I have already laid before you, for if ye believe that *Mary Squires* was at *Abbotsbury* on the firſt of *January*, which is the Day on which the Perjury is aſſigned, it is impoſſibie that ſhe could have been at *Enfield* on the ſame Firſt of *January*, which the Defendant ſwore ſhe was.

Mary Morris is called next, who ſays, that ſhe lives at *Baſingſtoke*, and is poſitive that ſhe ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at her own Houſe there, the Sign of the Spread Eagle on the Eighteenth of *January*, and has this particular Reaſon for remembring it, which is, that *Lucy Squires* deſired ſhe would write a Letter for her to one *Clark* at *Abbotsbury*, the Letter was produced, and ſhe ſwears it was the ſame ſhe wrote, and which ſhe ſent by her little Boy to the Poſt-office; ſhe ſays, that they ſtayed at her Houſe about four or five Hours, and from thence they ſet out for *Old-Baſing*, which is about two Miles from *Baſingſtoke*; ſhe is very certain as to their Perſons, ſays that *Mary Squires* had lain once at her Houſe; from thence they went to *Brentford*, and to prove them there,

Elizabeth Edwards is called, who ſays, that ſhe lives at *Brentford*, that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter came to her Houſe there on *Saturday* the Twentieth of *January*, is ſure they came on that Day, recollects the Time, becauſe one of her Neighbour's Children was chriſtened on that Day, and on the next Day, being *Sunday*, *George Squires* went to *London* to fetch his other Siſter, and brought her on *Monday*, and on *Tueſday* they all went away; is poſitive to *Mary Squires*, becauſe ſome time after ſhe ſaw her in *Newgate*. The next is,

Suſanna Burwin, who is Daughter to the laſt Witneſs, and confirms her Mother's Evidence in every Particular. From thence they went to a Place called *Page-Green*, to prove which they call

William Threadget, who keeps the Seven-Siſters a publick Houſe at *Tottenham*, four Miles from *London*, is very ſure that he ſaw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Page-Green* on the Twenty-third of *January*, who told him they wanted Lodgings; that his Wife and he were together, ſhe recommended them to lodge at a Farm-houſe in that Neighbourhood, and ſays, that he is certain as to the Perſon of *Mary Squires*, having ſeen her three Years before, and had taken Notice of her as the moſt uncommon Face he had ever ſeen, and went to ſee her when in *Newgate*. They then call

Mary Threadget his Wife, who agrees with her Huſband in every Circumſtance of his Evidence, and the next Day, as appears by the Evidence of *George Squires*, they all arrived at *Enfield*. The next Piece of Evidence is to prove the Letter ſent by the Poſt which *Mary Morris* ſays in her Evidence ſhe wrote to *Clarke* at the Requeſt of *Lucy Squires*, and to prove this they call

Thomas Ravenhill, who is Clerk of the Weſtern Road, and he proves the Letter to be ſent from *Baſingſtoke* to *London* by the Mark of the Poſt-Office in *London*; it was ſent to *Dorcheſter* which is the Poſt-Town to which *Abbotsbury* is neareſt, and that the whole Poſtage through *London* from *Baſingſtoke* to *Abbotsbury* amounted to Seven-pence.

The Evidence next proper to be laid before you is that of Mr. Alderman *Chitty*'s who was the ſitting Alderman at *Guildhall* upon the 31ſt of *January* 1753, which was the Day on which *Elizabeth Canning* laid her Information before him of the Treatment ſhe had met with at *Wells*'s, the Account ſhe then gave, appears by the Notes he took, which he produced, and which have been already read in Evidence, ſo that by comparing the Information ſhe laid before him, and the Evidence ſhe gave at the Trial of *Mary Squires* you will find they differ in many remarkable Circumſtances, both as to the Size of the Room ſhe was confined in, the Furniture of it, as well as the Bread and the Water ſhe ſwears ſhe found left there; as to the Size of the Room ſhe ſwore before him that it was a ſquare, dark, or darkiſh Room, furniſhed in the Manner you have heard; that there was ſome Water left in the Pitcher when ſhe made her Eſcape, and that ſhe found in the Room no more that four or five Pieces of Bread amounting to the Quantity of about a Quartern Loaf, ſo that by comparing the Information ſhe then gave with the Evidence ſhe gave at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, you will find that there is a manifeſt Contrariety in thoſe two Accounts in many Particulars. The next Witneſs is

Mr. *Gawen Naſh*, who ſays, that upon ſeeing a very extraordinary Paragraph in the News-Paper relating to *Elizabeth Canning*, and being an intimate Acquaintance of Mr. *Lyon* (who was her Maſter) he went to Mr. *Lyon* on the 31ſt of *January* 1753, and hearing that *Elizabeth Canning* was to be examined before Alderman *Chitty* that Day, he went with Mr. *Lyon* to hear the Account ſhe gave, and remembers that ſhe was aſked by the Alderman what ſort of a Room ſhe was confined in; her Anſwer was, That it was a little ſquare, dark, or darkiſh Room, and that there were ſome Boards nailed before the Windows, through which ſhe ſaw the *Hertford* Stage-Coachman who us'd to carry her Miſtreſs; that there was in the Room a broken Stool and an Iron-Grate in the Chimney, and a few old Pictures over it; ſhe ſaid that ſhe lay on bare Boards, and that there were ſeveral Pieces of Bread which were blue and mouldy, and amounted to about the Quantity of

of a quartern-loaf; the account ſhe gave of her eſcape was by pulling down a board nailed on the window, and that ſhe hurt her ear by a nail, in getting out; ſhe ſaid, ſhe heard the name of mother Wells during her confinement, and therefore concluded ſhe had been at her houſe; but ſhe never mentioned the name of Virtue Hall before alderman Chitty. Upon this, the alderman granted his warrant, which being backed by a Middleſex juſtice, Aldridge, Lyon, Hague, and himſelf went to Enfield, to ſee it executed; that when they went to Wells's, they ſaw ſeveral people in the parlour there, and having taken a view of ſeveral rooms in the houſe, they ſaw a labouring man there, and aſking him if there were not ſome other rooms in the houſe, he pulled a button off a door, and opened it, which led up ſeven or eight ſteps into the hay-loft or work-ſhop; he is very confident that there was no lock on the door, or even the marks of one, when he went into the room: it appeared a very long one, and not reſembling the deſcription which Canning had given of it, wondered where the room was in which ſhe was confined, and upon acquainting his companions with the variety of things he had obſerved there (and of which ſhe had not made the leaſt mention) particularly of the quantity of hay, the neſt of drawers, the tub of pollard, the three old ſaddles, the bed made of hay, where ſome poor people ſeemed to have lain, together with the jack-lines and pullies, the little chimney, where there did not appear to have been either hearth or grate, nor any pictures over the chimney, nor the appearance of any; though he ſays there was a window which commanded the great Hertford road through which might be ſeen a great watering-pond which was within nine or ten feet of the window, and that this window was in the eaſt-part of the room, but had not (as he could obſerve) the leaſt appearance of ever having been boarded up, and was large enough for him to get out of, and was ſo near the ground, that he ſhook hands with his wife out of it when ſhe ſtood on the ground, the caſement of which opened and ſhut very eaſy, and the room was light; and if he had hung his body out of that window, his feet could have been at moſt not above three feet from the ground. The eaſt-window looks over a lane, and trees grow within reach of it; and then obſerving that there was a good deal of hay, which Elizabeth Canning had not mentioned, he told the company with him, that he was ſure that could not be the room. Afterwards they had an account brought them, that Wells, and Mary Squires, and the reſt, were ſecured; upon which, they went to Wells's, and being impatient for the arrival of Elizabeth Canning, who was then on the road, Adamſon went to meet her, and aſked her upon the road, whether there was any hay in the room? Who anſwered, there was a little hay there; at which he ſeemed very much pleaſed. And a very little time after this, Elizabeth Canning was brought to Wells's, and being brought into the parlour where the priſoners then were, ſhe was deſired to fix on the perſon who robbed her, and ſhe inſtantly fixed on Mary Squires (but at this time Mary Squires was in ſuch a ſituation in the room, that neither Canning nor he could ſee her face). Upon which, Lucy Squires ſaid to her mother, that the young woman (meaning Elizabeth Canning) charges you with robbing her. Mary Squires, upon that, came acroſs the room to her, and ſaid, madam, do you ſay I robbed you? Pray look at this face; for if you had ſeen it before, you muſt have remembered it: for God Almighty never made ſuch another. And upon Canning's ſaying that ſhe robbed her on New-year's-day, Mary Squires ſaid, Lord! madam, I was on that day an hundred and twenty miles off. Upon which the witneſs aſked, Where? Her anſwer was, That ſhe was at Abbotſbury in Dorſetſhire, and that ſhe could bring a hundred people to prove it, who had known her for twenty, thirty, and forty years. There was one Judith Natus then in the room, who ſaid, that ſhe, Judith Natus, had been in the houſe ten or eleven weeks, and that Mary Squires had been in the houſe but a very little time; and that Judith Natus then ſaid, that ſhe had never ſeen Canning before. When ſhe was taken into the room called the hay-loft, ſhe ſaid, ſhe remembered a little hay there, the pitcher, and a tobacco-roll; but being aſked about the cheſt of drawers, the tub wherein the pollard was, and ſeveral other things in the room, ſhe made no anſwer. And being aſked, why ſhe did not endeavour to eſcape out of the eaſt-window, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought it was faſtened. And upon the whole, this witneſs tells you, that upon comparing what he had obſerved at Wells's, with the account which Canning gave before alderman Chitty, he was of opinion, that her evidence was deſignedly falſe, or at leaſt that ſhe was groſly miſtaken. On his being aſked, why he did not give this evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, his anſwer was, That he was that day obliged to leave the Old-Baily, to attend the goldſmiths company (having an employment under them); and being fully ſatisfied of the innocence of Mary Squires, concluded that ſhe could not be found guilty; and that he declared the ſubſtance of what he has now ſworn to ſeveral people before that trial; and being extremely uneaſy after her conviction at his not giving evidence upon her trial, he went to Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, then lord-mayor, to whom he diſcloſed the whole or the ſubſtance of the evidence he has now given. The next witneſs is

John Hague, who went with the laſt witneſs to Enfield, and having told him what paſſed before alderman Chitty, agreed to go with him, Aldridge, and Lyon, to Enfield. He confirms the account which Naſh has given them in every particular; but with this addition, that during the time that Elizabeth Canning was in the houſe till ſhe was carried into the parlour (where Mary Squires, Wells, and the reſt were) ſhe never mentioned her being robbed. He ſays, indeed, that Elizabeth Canning, on being aſked whether ſhe ſaw the perſon who robbed her, pointed to Mary Squires; but he was ſurpriſed at her doing ſo, becauſe in the ſituation Mary Squires then was, he thought it impoſſible ſhe ſhould ſee her face. Says, he heard Mary Squires expreſs herſelf (when ſhe was charged with the robbery) in the manner Naſh has mentioned: he deſcribes the room in the ſame manner Naſh has done; that there was not the leaſt appearance of a grate ever having been

 there,

there, or pictures over the chimney. Agrees with Naſh as to the windows, trees, hay, and bed there, and likewiſe the cheſt of drawers, &c. which appeared to have been above a year there, and that there was only a button on the door, and no lock, no penthouſe under either of the windows; and then finding that what he ſaw did not correſpond with the account which Canning had given, ſaid to her with ſome warmth, zounds, child, I can't think you have been here at all. Upon which Naſh, Aldridge, and he told Lyon, that they thought her whole ſtory was falſe, which he thinks to be the reaſon they were not ſubpenaed to give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, though he owns he was in court during the whole trial. He ſays, that Elizabeth Canning charged Virtue Hall and Lucy Squires as being preſent when her ſtays were cut off; but they both very ſolemnly affirmed at that time, that they never ſaw her in their lives before ſhe ſo charged them. He ſays, he was ſo greatly affected by the evidence which Elizabeth Canning had given, that he had not ſpirits to deſire to be called to contradict her. And ſays farther, that upon Mary Squires being convicted, he could not reſt till he applied to the late lord-mayor, to acquaint him with the account he has now given; and that his only motive in ſo doing, was that of reſcuing the innocent from oppreſſion.

The next is Edward Aldridge, who is a ſilverſmith in Foſter-lane, who went with Naſh, Lyon, and Hague the 1ſt of February, 1753, and who agrees with the two former witneſſes in every particular as to the deſcription of the room, and is of opinion, that when Elizabeth Canning was firſt carried there on that day, that ſhe did not ſeem to know where ſhe was; and that when ſhe was firſt taken into the parlour, Wells aſked her, If ſhe knew her? Her anſwer was, That ſhe did not. And that George Squires aſked her the ſame queſtion as to her knowing him; to which ſhe gave the ſame anſwer; but ſays, That ſhe charged the old woman in the corner of the chimney (meaning Mary Squires) as the perſon who cut off her ſtays; but is of opinion, that Elizabeth Canning could not at that time ſee her face; and is poſitive in remembering what Mary Squires ſaid as to her being very remarkable in her perſon, and of her being at Abbotſbury at the time when Elizabeth Canning ſwore ſhe was robbed. He then made his obſervations on the room called the hay-loft, and recollects ſeeing all the particulars there which Naſh and Hague have mentioned in their evidence, and ſays, that from all the obſervations he could make, he is convinced that it was not a place of confinement. He ſays, that he went to Wells's as a friend of Canning's, at his own expence, and after laying all the circumſtances attending this extraordinary caſe together, he ſaw one Mr. Hall, of Tibbalds, and told him, that he thought Elizabeth Canning was miſtaken; for he was ſure ſhe never had been at Wells's. He ſays, he was at the Old-Baily part of the time of the trial of Mary Squires, but went away to dine with the goldſmiths company. Concluding, that ſhe muſt have been acquitted, as being quite innocent of the robbery with which ſhe was charged. The next witneſs is

William White, one of the marſhal's men, who is one of thoſe who went to Wells's, in order to execute the warrant, took Wells, Mary Squires, and the reſt into cuſtody; when they were ſecured, they deſired they might look over their goods, which they did in his preſence: but he ſaw no ſtays amongſt them. He then went into the hay-loft, where he obſerved about twelve or fifteen truſs of hay, which ſeemed to have been there a conſiderable time; and he alſo obſerved all the other things in the room, which the other witneſſes have mentioned, concluded as they did (for the reaſons you have heard from them) that Elizabeth Canning was miſtaken. He went under the north-window, out of which ſhe ſays ſhe eſcaped; but there were not the leaſt marks or footſteps to be ſeen of any body's getting out of that window, neither was there the appearance of any ſhed or penthouſe. Was preſent when Elizabeth Canning fixed on Mary Squires, and heard both Mary Squires, her ſon, and her daughter ſay, that they were at that time in Dorſetſhire; and the other daughter ſaid, that ſhe was at that time at her uncle's in the Borough. The next witneſs is

Fortune Natus, who is a poor labouring man (and is mentioned by ſome of the other witneſſes), ſays, that he came to lodge at Mrs. Wells's about a fortnight after Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne was ſworn lord mayor, and that he and his wife lay in the room called the workſhop or hay-loft, that his bed was made of hay and ſtraw, and his bolſter a ſack of wool, and deſcribes the ſituation of both windows in the room, and that one of them looked into the great road. He ſay that he and his wife continued in that room from the 27th of November to the 2d of February following, except one night, during which time he had a very good opportunity of obſerving every thing in it; and ſays, that there was no grate in the chimney, but remembers the neſt of drawers, the ſide-ſaddles, the tub with pollard, and many other things, which he ſpecifies particularly in his evidence; he mentions the ſign of the crown, which was at the feet of his bed, which he ſays was bought by Whiffin; but is poſitive that there were no pictures over the chimney; and ſays, that he is ſure that he lodged there the whole month of January, and continued there till the warrant was executed on the 2d of February, and after: and that he never ſaw Elizabeth Canning there, or any where elſe, before that day. He ſays, that during that month of January, Wells's ſon and daughters uſed frequently to go into this hay-loft, where he and his wife lay, for hay and pollard as they wanted; and ſays, that during his ſtay there, Virtue Hall was a lodger in the houſe; and ſays, that Mary Squires, her ſon, and daughters had been there no longer than a week and a day before they were taken up; and when he is aſked why he is ſo particular, his anſwer is, That Mary Squires's perſon was ſo remarkable, that it ſtruck a ſort of terror in him. He remembers the pitcher, and ſays, that his wife, and all Wells's family, uſed to bring water in it from Mrs. Howard's, which was oppoſite to Wells's; but ſays, that he never ſaw a bed-gown at Wells's. He was ſubpenaed to give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires

Squires and Wells, and attended in the yard at the Old-Baily; but was aſſaulted there, and was (with ſome other witneſſes, who attended there on the ſame occaſion) turned out of the yard three or four different times. Then

Judith Natus (who is wife to the laſt witneſs) is called in, who agrees with the evidence her huſband has given in every particular; that they lodged at Wells's ten weeks all but three days, and continued there till they were all taken up, which was on the 2d of February. She is rather more exact than he is as to the ſigns; for ſhe ſays there were two ſigns, one the ſign of the fountain, and the other was the ſign of the crown; and that Whilfin bought the ſign of the crown ſome time (as ſhe believes) before old Chriſtmas, and afterwards bought the irons of both the ſigns, which were not taken away till about a week before Mary Squires and the reſt were taken up. When ſhe is ſhewn the bed-gown and handkerchief, ſhe ſwears that ſhe never (to her knowledge) ſaw them before. She remembers all the ſeveral things in the room, of which her huſband has already given a very exact account; and ſays, that ſhe gave the ſame account ſhe does now before Mr. Fielding; but was ſo inſulted by the mob at the time when ſhe attended at the Old-Baily upon the trial of Mary Squires and Wells, that ſhe was not able to give evidence. The next is

Mary Larney, who keeps a chandlers-ſhop at Enfield-waſh, who ſays, that ſhe remembers the two laſt witneſſes lodging at Wells's about the time they have told you. She ſays, that the firſt time ſhe ſaw Mary Squires was on Wedneſday the 24th of January, and ſhe did not ſee her after till the Thurſday ſe'nnight following; and that during the time that Mary Squires was at Wells's, Lucy Squires uſed to buy chandlery ware of her.

Sarah Howet is the next, who is Wells's daughter, and ſwears that ſhe lived with her mother that ſame month of January which Elizabeth Canning has fixed on to be the time of her confinement; and ſays, that Mary Squires and her family came to her mother's on Wedneſday the 24th of January, and remained there till they were taken up. She is poſitive that Fortune Natus and his wife lodged at her mother's, in the hay-loft, both before and after they were all taken up; and that they had been there conſiderably above two months in the whole; mentions the hay and pollard there, and the uſe they were put there for. She is very certain that ſhe lay at her mother's the whole months of December and January, during which time, Virtue Hall and ſhe went very frequently into the hay-loft; remembers a particular circumſtance of trees growing againſt the eaſt-window of that room, and that upon the 8th of January, Edward Allen, Giles Knight, and John Larney lopped them, and at that time Virtue Hall and ſhe both looked out of the window, the caſement of which ſhe, the witneſs, opened, and that the trees belonged to one Richard Allen. She was preſent when Elizabeth Canning fixed on Mary Squires as the perſon who robbed her; but ſays, that at that time Mary Squires was in ſuch a ſituation, that it was impoſſible for her to ſee her face. The next witneſs is

John Lafney, (who is produced to give an account of the lopping the trees mentioned by the laſt witneſs) who ſays, that he very well remembers that he, Allen, and Knight went together on the 8th of January, 1753, for that purpoſe; and that Knight lopped them, and told him, that he ſhould have the lops; and that at the ſame time Sarah Howet, and Virtue Hall were looking out of the window of the work-ſhop, and that Allen flung dirt at them, which they deſired he would not do; he ſays, he had the arms of the trees, and Wells had the ſpray. He ſays, that he plaiſtered up two of the four windows in the work-ſhop; and there remained only two, viz. one on the eaſt, and the other on the north; that the window on the eaſt was not above ſeven or eight feet from the ground, and that the wall was ſo very thin, being only lath and plaiſter, that any one might have puſhed it down. He is very poſitive to the 8th of January being the day on which the trees were lopped, becauſe his child was chriſtened, and he ſet his chimney on fire with the lops which he burnt on that occaſion. He lives oppoſite to Wells's, and gave this account before the trial of Mary Squires.

Giles Knight is called next, who ſays, that he lopped the trees mentioned by the former witneſs, and is very poſitive that he lopped them on the 8th of January. Remembers that circumſtance of Virtue Hall and Sarah Howet looking out of the Window of the work-ſhop at the ſame time, and of dirt being flung at them, and that Larney had the lops, and Wells the ſpray, for which ſhe gave them ſome beer. Remembers an accident of one Mr. Piggot's cart breaking down that day; and ſays, that the window out of which the women looked at that time was large enough for him to get out of. The next witneſs is

Edward Allen, who (as the two former witneſſes ſwear) was with them at the time of the lopping the trees which were near the work-ſhop, and is very poſitive to the 8th of January, as the other witneſſes have ſworn; and particularly remembers that Virtue Hall and Sarah Howet looked out of the Window of the work-ſhop or hay-loft at the ſame time, and confirms what they have ſaid in every circumſtance.

Edward Cantrell is called next, who keeps a public-houſe a little diſtance from Wells's, and ſays, that upon this 8th of January, Knight and Allen came to his houſe, and ſaid they had been at play, throwing clods at Sarah Howet and Virtue Hall, who were looking out of a caſement that day at Wells's: he is very particular to that day, becauſe it happened on a Monday, and the Tueſday following he had a piece of beef, which he intended to roaſt for his cuſtomers, being Chriſtmas-time; and ſays, that he remembers that Fortune Natus and his wife lodged at Wells's between two and three months. The end of producing this remarkable piece of evidence as to that circumſtance of lopping the trees on the 8th of January is, that (if theſe witneſſes ſwear true) it is impoſſible that Canning could have been alone, or even at all in the work-ſhop, or hay-loft, at Wells's, upon the 8th of January, 1753, which ſhe ſwore ſhe was, upon the trial of Mary Squires and Wells. The next witneſs is

Iſrael Whiffin, who is referred to by ſome of the former witneſſes, as being the perſon who bought Wells's ſign-irons; he lives at Enfield-waſh, and having occaſion for ſome ſign-irons, and hearing that Wells had ſome to diſpoſe of, he went to her on the 18th of January, 1753, who told him they were in the room called the hay-loft; he went with her there, and looking about for the irons, Wells ſaid, now I recollect, the irons are under the feet of this poor creature's bed (pointing to the bed where Natus's wife then lay). She then took up from under the bed a piece of wood, to which the irons were then fixed; he agreed to buy the irons, which his ſon took out of the wood, and brought the wood back to her. He gives you a reaſon for his remembring the day ſo particularly, becauſe he was on that 18th of January going to a place called Wambly, to borrow five guineas of a man who kept a public-houſe there, in order to make up a ſum he then owed his brewer (for which he had given a note, in which one Levingſton joined with him, who had arreſted him for it. Then Levington is called, who confirms Whiffin in that circumſtance of the note.

John Whiffin, the ſon of Iſrael Whiffin, is called next, who ſwears that he went with his father to Wells's on the 18th of January; and is poſitive to his taking the ſign-irons out of the wood by his father's orders, and returned the wood to Wells in about three or four days after. The next witneſs is

Elizabeth Long, who is one of Wells's daughters, and lives only three doors from her mother, and uſed to go there every day, is very certain that her ſiſter, and Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus and his wife, lived at her mother's the whole month of January, 1753. She ſays, ſhe has known the room called the work-ſhop above twenty-two years, and believes ſhe went into it almoſt every day during that whole month. She is very poſitive to the hay-bed, the chimney (in which there was no grate) the pollard, and the reſt of the things mentioned by the other witneſſes; ſwears to the pitcher being her mother's, but as to the bed-gown and handkerchief, ſhe never ſaw them till ſhe ſaw them at the lord-mayor's. She was in the parlour at her mother's when Canning was brought in, in order to fix on the perſon who robbed her, and gives the ſame account of her behaviour there which you have heard from the other witneſſes. She ſays, ſhe was in the Old-Baily yard, together with Larney and Knight, when her Mother and Mary Squires were tried; but they were not ſuffered to continue there, or give their evidence. The next is

John Howet, who married Wells's daughter, and is very poſitive that he was in the work-ſhop on the 19th, 20th, and 21ſt of January, 1753, having ſome tools there which he had occaſion to make uſe of; remembers Fortune Natus and his Wife lodging there at that time, but never ſaw Canning till the trial of Mary Squires. He was at the Old Baily at the time of that trial, but was very near being killed there by the mob.

Robert White is called, who very well remembers Fortune Natus and his wife lodging at Wells's about the time you have heard.

The next piece of evidence laid before you, is the model of this hay-loft, or work-ſhop, (to ſhew you that it is not a little ſquare room, as Canning deſcribed it before alderman Chitty) which is produced by John Donnavell, who is a ſurveyor, and it appears to be thirty-five feet three inches long, and nine feet three inches over.

Elizabeth Male, a midwife, is called next, who ſays, that in the beginning of February (being a few days after Elizabeth Canning came home) ſhe went to make her mother a viſit, and ſeeing Elizabeth Canning lying on her bed there, and to all appearance very ill; and inquiring into the cauſe of her illneſs, her mother told her the condition her daughter came home in. Elizabeth Canning then told her the whole which had happened to her; and on the witneſs's aſking her whether ſhe had been debauched, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had loſt her ſenſes, or was in fits, and could not tell. Upon which ſhe inquired for the ſhift ſhe came home in, and upon its being produced, ſhe aſked if that was the ſhift ſhe went away in; and upon being told it was, ſhe immediately ſaid, that ſhe ſuppoſed it had been waſhed ſince it came home; but the mother's ſaying it had not, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought it appeared a good deal too clean to have been worn ſo long; for it was uncommonly clean for ſo long wearing: that upon looking on the ſhift, ſhe aſſured the mother, that her daughter had not been debauched, if ſhe had worn no other ſhift; but ſhe ſays, that in her opinion, the ſhift could not have been worn three weeks; nay, thinks that a week's wear would have made it as dirty as it then appeared; for it was not the leaſt draggled. That there was only three little ſpots upon it, which appeared to be excrement. She ſaid ſhe made her a few viſits after, and ordered her a glyſter; and on the laſt viſit ſhe made her, ſhe mentioned the three ſpots on her ſhift as having the appearance of excrement: at which her mother was very angry, and told her, that ſhe came to ſet her friends againſt her. On being aſked the character of Elizabeth Canning, ſhe gave her a very good one. The next witneſs is

George Brogden, clerk to Mr. Fielding, and he is produced only to prove the information, which ſhe ſwore to before Mr. Fielding, and to which ſhe ſet her mark; and by that information it appears, that the water in the pitcher was conſumed on the Friday; but in her evidence ſhe ſwears it was conſumed the ſame day ſhe eſcaped.

Deputy Mollineux is called next, who ſwears, that being with Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, then lord-mayor, at the manſion-houſe ſome time after Mary Squires was convicted; that Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall were there together; and after Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne had examined Virtue Hall, he aſked Elizabeth Canning if ſhe had any thing to ſay? Who anſwered, No. And the bed-gown and pitcher being then upon the table, Elizabeth Canning was rolling up the bed-gown, in order to take it away. My lord-mayor then ſaid, ſhe muſt not take it. Upon which, Elizabeth Canning ſaid, it is my mother's. This ſurpriſed the witneſs very much, becauſe he had heard, that, upon the trial of Mary Squires, ſhe ſwore, that ſhe had found

found it in the chimney at Wells's. The next and laſt witneſs is

Mr. Read, who ſwears, that he was preſent at the Manſion-houſe at the ſame time which the laſt witneſs mentions, and remembers the ſeveral circumſtances mentioned by him as aforeſaid.

Here concludes the Evidence given in ſupport of this indictment.

The council for the defendant have made many obſervations upon the evidence you have heard, which it is unneceſſary for me to repeat; but, upon the whole, inſiſt upon it, that as this matter has undergone a very ſtrict examination by a ſolemn trial, that therefore any future inquiry is unprecedented, and conſequently improper: however, in order to oppoſe or contradict a good deal of the evidence you have already heard, they have called ſeveral witneſſes, the firſt of whom is

Edward Lyon, who ſays, that Elizabeth Canning was his ſervant, and continued in his ſervice till the 1ſt of January, 1753; that he has known Elizabeth Canning above ſixteen years, and that ſhe always behaved well; that the firſt time he miſſed her was on the 1ſt of January, 1753, and that ſhe never had been abſent before; upon which he went to her mother's, but could hear nothing of her. The firſt time he ſaw her after that was upon the 31ſt of the ſame month, when ſhe was under examination before alderman Chitty; but being thick of hearing, did not know what had paſſed. He ſays, that a warrant being granted, he went to Enfield-waſh, with Hague, Naſh, and Aldridge. When they arrived there, he was told, that ſeveral perſons were ſecured at Wells's; and when he came to Wells's, he ſaw ſeveral women in the parlour there. That ſome time afterwards Elizabeth Canning arrived there, ſhe was ſet upon the dreſſer in the kitchen. He ſays, he cautioned her very particularly not to charge any one but thoſe ſhe was very ſure of. She promiſed him ſhe would not. She was ſoon afterwards carried into the parlour, where they all were. She ſaw Mrs. Wells firſt, and ſaid, ſhe had nothing to charge her with; but upon ſeeing Mary Squires, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was the woman who cut her ſtays off. He believes ſhe ſaw her face before ſhe charged her (becauſe otherwiſe he thinks ſhe hardly would have charged her.) Upon this, Mary Squires came up to her, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſhe would not ſwear her life away, for ſhe never ſaw her before; but ſays, that Elizabeth Canning did not at that time mention the day upon which ſhe was robbed. She ſaid, that Lucy Squires and Virtue Hall were in the room at the ſame time ſhe was robbed; and that when ſhe ſaw George Squires, ſhe ſaid, he looked very like the man who robbed her in Moorfields; but ſhe would not ſwear to him. At this time he had no great-coat on; but when he was with his great-coat on at Mr. Taſhmaker's, ſhe was more poſitive to him, ſaying, that was the great-coat, under which he put her gown when he robbed her in Moorfields. He ſaid, for his part, he never had any doubt of the Truth of what Canning had ſworn at the trial of Mary Squires; and ſays, that he ſeveral times, and with the utmoſt ſerioufneſs, deſired Elizabeth Canning would tell the truth, and not deceive him; and owns that this affair has been the means of his breaking off his acquaintance with Naſh, Hague, and Aldridge. He denies his contributing any thing towards the proſecution of Mary Squires. The next witneſs is

Thomas Colley, who married Elizabeth Canning's aunt; and ſays, that upon the 1ſt of January, 1753, Elizabeth Canning dined at his houſe upon mutton, and drank tea in the afternoon, eat toaſt and butter, and ſupped upon cold roaſt beef. She lived at that time with Mr. Lyon, and that he and his wife went with her at nine o'clock that night, and left her at the end of Houndſditch; and about twelve o'clock at night, her mother's apprentice came to his houſe, to inquire for Elizabeth Canning, which made him conclude ſhe did not get home.

His wife, Mrs. Colley is called next, who gives the ſame account that her huſband has, with this addition, that ſhe did not ſee her from the 1ſt of January till the 30th, when Elizabeth Canning was at her mother's, and complained ſhe was very ill. The next witneſs is

Elizabeth Canning, the mother of the defendant, who ſays, that her daughter had been ſome time in Mr. Lyon's ſervice, and that upon the 1ſt of January, 1753, ſhe called upon her in her way to her uncle Colley's; and that pretty late that evening Mr. Lyon called upon her, to inquire for her daughter. This ſurpriſed her a good deal, upon which ſhe ſent to Colley's, who ſent her word, that they had parted with her at Houndſditch at nine that night, and ſays, that ſhe never heard of, or ſaw her from that time till the night before the 30th of January, when ſhe came to her houſe about a quarter after ten that night (though ſhe advertiſed her three ſeveral times). She ſays, that when ſhe came into her houſe, ſhe was in a moſt deplorable condition, her hands black and blue, and her face bloated, had on the bed-gown now produced, and two ragged handkerchiefs on her head, neither of which ſhe had ever ſeen before; her ear was bloody; that ſhe ſent for Mrs. Woodward, and ſome other neighbours, who came to her; and on her daughter's being aſked where ſhe had been, ſhe anſwered, ſhe could not tell, but had ſeen the Hertford coach from the place where ſhe was. She ſaid, that ſhe remembered an old woman and two young women. She gave an account of her being robbed, and carried away, and her confinement; and ſaid, ſhe had nothing at all to ſupport her from the Friday before ſhe made her eſcape. She gives an account of her daughter's illneſs, and that ſhe ſent for a phyſician and an apothecary. She remembers that her daughter, on the night ſhe came home, mentioned the name of Wells or Wills. She mentions the money her daughter had in her pocket at the time of her going to Colley, which I think was between twelve and thirteen ſhillings. She ſays farther, that during her daughter's abſence, ſhe was adviſed to go to a conjurer, who bid her be eaſy, for ſhe would certainly come home again, and believes he told her ſhe was in the hands of an old woman; but ſays that her own apprehenſions were, that ſhe was mur-

dered by the Jews, and thrown into Houndſditch. She ſays, that ſhe told her ſhe lay in hay during her confinement; that ſhe has only a very moderate ſtomach, and has known her frequently to be fourteen days without going to ſtool. Upon this witneſs's being aſked, whether ſhe did not ſwear, at the trial of Mary Squires, that her daughter had a cap on her head when ſhe came home, ſhe anſwered, ſhe did not; but upon the ſhort-hand-writer's being aſked that queſtion, his anſwer was, that ſhe did, at that trial, ſwear, that her daughter had a cap on her head at that time. At this time ſome notices were produced, and proved to be ſigned by the defendant, ſignifying her intention to take her trial at ſome of the times mentioned in ſome or one of their notices, and her name wrote in a very legible hand; tho' in the information before Mr. Fielding, nothing more appears but her mark. After this, a witneſs is called, who ſpeaks only to the ſeveral advertiſements in the news-papers. The next witneſs is

James Lord (who is apprentice to Elizabeth Canning's mother) who agrees as to the time of her being miſſing, and was ſent to ſeveral places to inquire for her; but he did not ſee her from the 1ſt to the 29th of January, 1753, and on that very night his miſtreſs went upon her knees, to pray that ſhe might ſee even the apparition of her daughter: and very ſoon afterwards the latch of the door was lifted up, and Elizabeth Canning came in; when he firſt ſaw her, he did not know her, ſhe was in ſuch a miſerable condition, much the ſame as her mother has mentioned, and particularly her ear bleeding freſh (though ſhe had then walked ten miles) and was almoſt ſpent; he went for Mrs. Woodward, and others of the neighbours, and ſhe then told them, that ſhe had been at Mrs. Wells's at Enfield-waſh, and ſaid, that ſhe had heard people go to and fro in the houſe, and mention the name of Wells or Wills. Then

Robert Sherrat is called, who ſays, that hearing, on the 29th of January, 1753, that Elizabeth Canning was come home late that night, he went to her mother's, late as it was, to ſee her; ſhe had a bed-gown on her, and having heard her aſked where ſhe had been, and hearing her anſwer, that ſhe had been at a place from whence ſhe had ſeen the Hertford coachman, and about nine or ten miles from London. He immediately ſaid, he would lay a guinea to a farthing that he gueſſed where ſhe had been, and then ſaid, he was ſure ſhe had been at mother Wells's; upon which ſhe ſaid, ſhe was ſure ſhe had heard that name mentioned in the houſe where ſhe was confined. She then deſcribed the room to be a longiſh and darkiſh room (which does not agree with her deſcription of it before the alderman). She then deſcribed the fields through which ſhe paſſed in her return home, a little brook, and a tanner's yard; ſaid that ſhe met a man, who directed her in her road to London; and deſcribed the woman who cut her ſtays to be a tall, ſwarthy, black woman, and two young women in the room at the ſame time. He ſays, that he went to Enfield-waſh the 1ſt of February, and was preſent when Elizabeth Canning was brought into the parlour, and ſaw her point to Mary Squires, ſaying, that is the woman who cut my ſtays off; upon which Mary Squires ſaid, dear madam, take care how you ſwear my precious life away; to which Elizabeth Canning ſaid, I know you too well to my ſorrow; and on being aſked whether ſhe knew any other in the parlour, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe did not know George Squires; but that Lucy Squires and Virtue Hall were in the room when her ſtays were cut off. He ſays, that ſhe mentioned ſome of the things which were in the room ſhe was confined in, and pointed to the window out of which ſhe eſcaped. Upon his croſs-examination, he ſays, he never was in the work-ſhop at Wells's till this 1ſt of February; but owns (with ſome difficulty) that he might have been in the houſe near ten times, and that he has known Wells's for about three or four years. He ſays, that he heard Canning give her information before alderman Chitty, and heard her give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, and thinks that her evidence on the trial did not vary from her information before the alderman; but will not take upon him to give an account of the particulars of her evidence before the alderman. He owns, that when he was in ſervice at Edmonton, that he rode his maſter's horſes to Wells's; but diſowns his having any quarrel with her, or ſaying that he would be revenged on her. And ſays, that he believes there was no lock on the door of the room called the work-ſhop. The next is

Mary Myers, who ſays, that ſhe has known Mrs. Canning and her daughter ſome time, and that the daughter is a very ſober girl. She gives an account of the time when Elizabeth Canning was miſſing, and of her return to her mother's between ten and eleven o'clock at night on the 29th of January. She tells you the company ſhe ſaw there, and the condition ſhe was in, which was very bad; ſhe ſays, that ſhe gave the ſame account of her being robbed in Moorfields, and her being carried to Wells's, and of her treatment there, which you have already heard, and is much the ſame account which ſhe gave at the trial of Mary Squires. That ſhe then gave a particular account of her eſcape, which you have alſo heard; and that ſhe tore her ear, and the blood dropped upon her ſhoulder after ſhe returned to her mother's. This witneſs ſays, that ſhe went with Canning to Wells's on the 1ſt of February, and gives you an account of her fixing on Mary Squires as the perſon who robbed her; and what Mary Squires then ſaid, as is before mentioned by the other witneſſes then preſent; that ſhe fixed on the work-ſhop as the place of her confinement; but ſaid, there was at that time more hay in it; and that Adamſon put his back againſt one of the windows there, to try if ſhe could give an account of the proſpect, which ſhe did, by deſcribing hills at a diſtance. She ſays, that ſhe looked at Canning's ſhift, and that it was dirty. Cannot tell the reaſon of Sherrat's being at Mrs. Canning's the night her daughter came home; but ſays he lived in that neighbourhood. The next witneſs is

Mrs. Woodward, who ſays, that ſhe was at Mrs. Canning's the night that Elizabeth Canning came home, and was the firſt Perſon that came there. She came home about half an hour paſt ten, the 29th of January, on Monday at night, and ſaw Sherrat and Windlebury there;

there; and at Elizabeth Canning's requeſt, ſhe ſent for her maſter and miſtreſs Lyon, and that Elizabeth Canning ſaid to the witneſs, Oh! Mrs. Woodward, I have been almoſt ſtarved; I have had only bread and water, and have not had even water ſince laſt Friday. She was aſked where ſhe had been, and ſaid ſhe had been confined in a room on the Hertford road. She then gave a very particular account of her being robbed, and of the treatment ſhe met with from Mary Squires at Wells's, and of her being confined there. She agrees with the other witneſſes in the account they gave of the deplorable condition ſhe was in, and believes her to be as ill as ſhe then appeared to be. That ſhe went with Elizabeth Canning to Enfield-waſh on Thurſday the 1ſt of February; and upon Tueſday after that, ſhe was ſo ill, they were forced to put her in a chair, to carry her to Mr. Fielding's. The next witneſs is

Thomas Windlebury, who has known Elizabeth Canning's mother about fourteen or fifteen years; ſhe is a very honeſt woman, and that her daughter Elizabeth lived with him as a ſervant about eighteen months; that he ſaw her the night ſhe came home, when ſhe was in a very bad condition, and had nothing on but a bed-gown, and a piece of a handkerchief upon her head; that her ear was bloody; that upon taking her by the hand, ſhe ſaid, Lord! ſir, you do not know what I have undergone; that then ſhe gave an account where ſhe had been, by ſeeing the Hertford ſtage-coach-man; that he was with her when ſhe gave her information before alderman Chitty, but cannot be particular as to what paſſed there; that he went on the 1ſt of February to Wells's at Enfield-waſh, and went into the room called the work-ſhop, and obſerved a good deal of hay there, which appeared to be freſh toſſed up; and ſays, he arrived there at leaſt an hour before Aldridge, Hague, or Naſh; that upon Elizabeth Canning's being carried into the parlour, ſhe fixed upon, and charged Mary Squires as the perſon who cut her ſtays off; to which Mary Squires made no anſwer; but on the contrary, denies that Mary Squires even deſired her not to ſwear her life away (which is a circumſtance the other witneſſes have very particularly ſworn to). That when Elizabeth Canning ſaw the door of the work-ſhop opened, ſhe ſaid, this is the room I was confined in. He was preſent when Adamſon ſet his back to one of the windows of the room, and examined her about the proſpect; and ſays, that the north-window ſeemed to be freſh boarded up. That when he obſerved George Squires in the parlour, Elizabeth Canning thought he was very like one of the men who robbed her in Moorfields; and among eight or nine women then in the parlour, ſhe fixed upon Virtue Hall and Lucy Squires as being preſent when her ſtays were cut off. He ſays, he cannot be ſo particular as to the account ſhe gave before alderman Chitty, as to that which ſhe gave before Mr. Taſhmaker; and thinks that the account ſhe gave before Mr. Taſhmaker correſponded exactly with the evidence ſhe gave at the trial of Mary Squires. Upon his croſs-examination, he owns, he did not give ſo particular an account at the trial of Mary Squires as he does now; and ſays, he took little obſervation of the evidence given by her before alderman Chitty. The witneſs called next is

Joſeph Adamſon, who has known Elizabeth Canning for eleven years; but had not ſeen her for three months, till he went to meet her going to Enfield-waſh. He denies his giving her any information of there being any hay in the room; but that ſhe of her own accord ſaid there was. That when ſhe was taken into the parlour, ſhe fixed upon Mary Squires as the perſon who cut off her ſtays; and when ſhe was carried into the work-ſhop, ſhe ſaid, the eaſt-window was faſtened up, and ſhe could not open it; and that he made the experiment by ſetting his back to the window, to know whether ſhe could give any account of the proſpect, and he obſerved that the wood which covered the north-window ſeemed to be freſh cracked. The next witneſs is

Southerland Backnor, apothecary, who ſays, that he ſaw Elizabeth Canning on the 30th of January; that ſhe was in bed, and in a very low condition; that he adminiſtered ſome medicines to her, being glyſters; and then Dr. Eaton, a phyſician, was ſent for; but before the medicines which the doctor preſcribed had any effect, ſhe went to Enfield-waſh, which was on the 1ſt of February. He ſays, ſhe appeared to be half ſtarved, and ſhe did not make water till after the 6th of February. And then they call

Dr. Eaton, who ſays, that he attended Elizabeth Canning on the 6th of February; that he found her very weak, and that ſhe complained of a cholic in her ſtomach and bowels; that he thought her in danger ſeven or eight days, but upon the 4th of March ſhe was quite recovered; and thought the ſymptoms of her illneſs proceeded from hunger, thirſt, cold, and great hardſhips; though he ſays, that her diſorder might have proceeded from other cauſes, and thinks ſhe had a bad habit of body. The next witneſs is

Robert Beal, who, upon the 1ſt of January, 1753, kept the turnpike on Stamford-hill, which leads from Moorfields to Enfield, who ſays, that he was very ill the Chriſtmas before; and that the February following, his two children, which are very young (not above eight or nine years old) told him, that a woman had been forced away from Moorfields to Enfield-waſh, and had been confined there above a month; upon which he ſaid, Lord! I was at the gate when ſhe was carried through; and ſays, that about ten or eleven o'clock at night, the beginning of January, he heard a ſobbing ſort of a cry about three hundred yards diſtant from him; that there appeared to him to be two men and a woman; that they did not come through the gate, but as they were going over the ſtile, heard one of the men ſay, come along, you bitch, you are drunk; and the woman ſeeming very unwilling to go over the ſtile, one of the men attempting to lift her over, ſhe fell down, and cried bitterly, but never ſpoke; one of them held her, and the other puſhed her along. She appeared to be a woman in great diſtreſs, and ſobbed and cried bitterly; but, notwithſtanding this diſtreſs, he never mentioned it for above ſix weeks; and he ſays, he durſt not venture to ſtop the two men, becauſe he was alone. He cannot take upon him particularly to ſay that this was upon New-

year's-

year's-day; but ſays the gown the woman then wore was white, though he ſays there was no moon that night. The next witneſs is

Thomas Bennet, who lives at Enfield, oppoſite to the ten mile ſtone, and he ſays, that upon the 29th of January, coming towards London between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, he met a woman, who appeared miſerably poor, at a gateway between Wright's and Ginger's, about a quarter of a mile on this ſide Mrs. Wells's; that ſhe had neither gown, ſtays, cap, or hat on; that ſhe inquired the way to London, which he directed her: he remembers it by a circumſtance of binding an apprentice that day; but ſays, that he never mentioned this till the March following.

David Dyer is called next, who ſays, that about the ſame time he met a poor diſtreſſed creature, and aſked her, if ſhe wanted a huſband? and looking upon the defendant, believes her to be the ſame perſon; that he ſaw her about four of the clock in the afternoon. She did not appear black in the face, or at all bruiſed; but on the contrary, very pale and thin. Then they call

Mary Cobb, who ſays, that about three miles on this ſide Wells's, in a field called Duck's-field, juſt ſhutting in of day-light on the 29th of January, ſhe met a woman in a miſerable condition, dreſſed in a poor dirty bed-gown, a black petticoat, and a bit of an handkerchief on her head, who was near falling as ſhe was getting over a ſtile; that ſome time afterwards, hearing of this affair, and recollecting the perſon ſhe had ſo met, ſhe concluded that ſhe muſt be Elizabeth Canning; and now, upon looking at her more minutely, believes it was her; for ſhe then obſerved ſomething particular about the tip of her noſe, by which ſhe is more certain of her now; that juſtice Taſhmaker aſked her about this affair, to whom ſhe gave the ſame account ſhe now does. The next witneſs is

William Howard, who is produced in order to ſhew, that the witneſs Aldridge had once a different opinion of Elizabeth Canning to that which he has now diſcloſed in his evidence; he ſays, that Aldridge and his brother, a little time after Mary Squires was taken up, brought him the caſe of Elizabeth Canning, and recommended her as an object of compaſſion, and propoſed a ſubſcription to ſupport her; and that he came to him a ſecond time on the ſame ſubject; but when he came the ſecond time, he ſays, that the girl (meaning Elizabeth Canning) was not ſo clear in her deſcription of the room where ſhe ſaid ſhe was confined. Then

Mrs. Howard, his wife, is called, and confirms what her huſband has ſaid as to Aldridge's deſiring him to ſubſcribe. She lives oppoſite to Wells's, and believes that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires paſs and repaſs ſeveral times in the month of January; and thinks, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires and her family at Wells's door the Sunday ſe'nnight before they were taken up, and believes her to be the ſame woman now in court. She owns that ſhe is ſhort-ſighted, and that Mary Squires and her Family might be fifty yards diſtance from her, when ſhe firſt ſaw them; but ſhe thinks that ſhe has ſeen them paſs by her houſe within the diſtance of thirty yards. The next witneſs is

William Headland, who ſays, that, to the beſt of his memory, he was with his father (who lives at Enfield-waſh) ſome time before January was twelve-month, and was there when Wells and the reſt were taken up; and ſays, that he took a piece of lead up, which lay under the window from whence Elizabeth Canning eſcaped: it was bloody, and he heard that it was the lead which tore her Ear when ſhe eſcaped. He cannot tell the exact day he took it up, but he gave it to his mother. He ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires the 9th of January at Enfield-waſh, telling fortunes; and alſo ſaw her there on the 12th, doing of the ſame, and her two daughters were with her at Wells's; remembers it by its being market-day; he ſaw her get into the cart when ſhe was taken away, and ſaw her in court, and believes her to be the ſame woman he ſaw there. He ſays, that he is twenty-one years old; but though he is ſo particular in his account of Mary Squires, &c. he gives but a very uncertain account of himſelf: for he can ſcarce (if at all) give an account with whom he has lived for ſeveral months paſt before he returned to his father; neither can he tell us in what month Chriſtmas is; he ſays indeed, that he lived with one Allen as an hired ſervant ten or eleven weeks.

Elizabeth Headland, the laſt witneſs's mother, is called, who only proves, that her ſon gave her the piece of lead at or a little after the time that Mary Squires and the reſt were taken up, and the blood on it was dry; but ſhe has now loſt or miſlaid it. The next witneſs is

Samuel Story, who (upon looking at Mary Squires) ſays, that he knows her very well, and has ſeen her ſeveral times, and particularly at an houſe in Whiteweb's-lane, near Enfield-chaſe; and that he ſaw her on the 23d of December, 1752, at Wells's door; and ſays, that his curioſity led him to ſee if ſhe was the ſame woman he had ſeen before, and therefore he went within ten yards of her, and thinks her the ſame; and afterwards went to ſee her in Newgate, and is ſtill of the ſame opinion; and ſays, that he has occaſionally ſeen her for three years together, but never ſpoke to her. He ſays, that he has ſeen two young women with her, and that they all uſed to wear blankets, and travel with two aſſes and a little horſe. Then

William Smith is called, who lives at Enfield, and is a conſiderable farmer there; he ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires in his Cow-houſe on the 14th of December, 1752, and has ſeen her and her family about the country ſeveral times. They came at that time to inquire for a lodging. He ſaw Mary Squires next morning, and there were two young men and two young women with her, whom he cannot remember. They lay in his barn, and were there three nights and two days, and had a little black horſe with them, which they loſt. He afterwards ſaw her in Newgate, and is poſitive to her. He is poſitive that he ſaw her the 14th of December, becauſe he ſold ſome corn on the 16th. The witneſs called next is

Loomworth Dale, who keeps the bull at Enfield-waſh, and ſays, that he never ſaw Mary Squires till winter was twelve-month, and that upon old Chriſtmas-day, which was the 5th of January, as he was ſtanding on an heap of gravel. He is ſure he ſaw her at Enfield-waſh;

waſh; for his ſervant having an holiday that day, he kept ſhop; and one Norton bought a collar of him for his horſe, which he entered in his book (which book is not produced) and that is the reaſon which he gives of his remembering the time. He ſaw her when taken up and put into the cart, and alſo in Newgate, and is ſure ſhe is the ſame woman. She is aſked about Mrs. Headland's character (whoſe evidence you have heard) which, ſhe ſays, is not a very good one. The next witneſs is

Samuel Arnot, who is a labourer, and lives on Enfield-chaſe, and ſays, that upon a Friday, about nine or ten days before new Chriſtmas, Mary Squires aſked him (telling him her name) for a little brown horſe, which ſhe had loſt; and ſays, that he ſaw her the Sunday after, and that a man, two women, and two children were with her, which children were not above four or five years old, and he believes they all lay at William Smith's; that he afterwards ſaw Mary Squires in Newgate, and is of opinion that ſhe is the ſame he then ſaw. Then they call

Elizabeth Arnot, wife to the laſt witneſs, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires in farmer Smith's cow-houſe at Enfield, about a week before new Chriſtmas, and that ſhe then inquired about her horſe, which ſhe had loſt, and that ſhe ſaw her afterwards in Newgate. The next is

Sarah Starr, who lives next door to Wells's, and ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at her own houſe on the 18th of January was twelve-month; but had never ſeen her before; that ſhe then offered to mend china, and ſtaid at her houſe three-quarters of an hour, and wanted to tell her and her ſervants their fortunes, and terrified her very much. She afterwards ſaw her in the cart when taken up, and in Newgate, and believes her the ſame perſon. She believes ſhe ſaw her on the 18th of January, becauſe ſhe thinks that her huſband ſold a load of peaſe that day, and that there was a note given on that account; but that note has not been produced. Then

Daniel Waſs is called, who ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires go by his houſe near Enfield on old Chriſtmas-day; ſhe went the foot-way, and he was then in his own yard; he looked pretty much at her, and ſhe ſeemed ſurpriſed at his doing ſo. He did not look at her above a minute, and never ſaw her before; but he went to her when in Newgate, though in a different dreſs; yet is ſure ſhe is the ſame perſon he ſaw go by his yard. The next is

Jane Dadwell, who keeps a ſhop at Enfield, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at her houſe on Thurſday the 28th of December, knew her very well, for ſhe had been there ſeveral times before; is particular to that day, becauſe ſhe dreſſed meat on Chriſtmas-day for her cuſtomers, and ſhe was then in her back-houſe waſhing her diſhes. She went to ſee her in Newgate, when ſhe owned that ſhe had been at her ſhop. The next called is

Tobias Keller, who lives at Enfield, and ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires at Enfield ſome time before old Chriſtmas (though he is ſo ignorant, that he cannot tell on what day of the month old Chriſtmas-day was) but ſays, he believes he ſaw her there a month before ſhe was taken up; he thinks that he ſaw her three or four times; that ſhe aſked him for tobacco, and would have told him his fortune; and that ſhe told one John Rowley his fortune. Then one

John Frail is called, who, in January was twelve-month, lived as a ſervant with Mr. Parſons in St. James's-ſquare, who had a country-houſe at Enfield, and being at work in the gardens there on the 11th or 12th of January was twelve-month, Mary Squires ſpoke to him thro' the paliſadoes, and wanted to tell him his fortune, which ſhe told him; he is poſitive to the time, becauſe his maſter and miſtreſs went to London on the 9th of that month, and ſays, that he ſaw her about a twelve-month before at Enfield, and ſaw her in Newgate, and thinks her the ſame perſon. The next is

Joſeph Gould, who lives at Enfield, and ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires on the 8th or 9th of January, 1753, about a quarter of a mile from Wells's, and hearing from Virtue Hall that there were gipſies at Wells's, he took particular notice of her; and he ſaw her afterwards in Newgate. Then

Mary Gould, his wife, is called, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires the 11th or 12th of January was twelve-month, who aſked her, if ſhe had any china to mend, and told her ſhe would not live long. She ſays, ſhe ſaw her about a week before ſhe was taken up, and ſaw her when ſhe (the witneſs) was at work at Mr. Parſons's; and alſo ſaw her in Newgate, and believes her the ſame. The next witneſs is

Humphrey Holden, who ſays, that the firſt time he ſaw Mary Squires was on the 8th of January, 1753; that he is a gardener, and was at work at Mr. Parſons's, and that the family went to London on the 9th of January; and that he ſaw Mary Squires the day before, who aſked him if the family were at home? who anſwered, that they were; and ſays, that he ſaw her afterwards on the 11th, when he was pruning Dr. Harington's vines, and he ſet down his day's work in a book, becauſe he was not paid for it. She alſo inquired if the family had any china to mend. He is deſired to produce his book, which he had not about him; and ſays, that he was examined two or three times, but could not poſſibly recollect the time of ſeeing her, becauſe he had not his book wherein he ſets down his work. He ſays, that he ſaw her at Mr. Taſhmaker's, and in Newgate. Then

Sarah Waſs, wife of Daniel Waſs, a former witneſs, is called, who was a charwoman at Mr. Parſons's, and ſaw Mary Squires on Thurſday the 11th of January, 1753; ſhe fixes on that day, becauſe Mr. Parſons went to London on the 9th, which was on Tueſday; and that ſhe would have told her her fortune. She alſo ſaw her paſſing by the day before ſhe was taken up, ſhe then aſked her for a pipe of tobacco, and had then ſome converſation with her, and afterwards ſaw her in Newgate, and is certain ſhe is the ſame perſon. The next witneſs (whoſe evidence is ſomething particular) is

Ann Johnſon, who has lived at Enfield ſome years, and gets her living principally by ſpinning, ſhe ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires on the 18th of January, 1753, at her door. The

reaſon of her fixing upon that day is, becauſe ſhe ſpins for one Mr. Smitherham, and ſwears that ſhe carried her work to him two days before ſhe ſaw her (which was the 16th). She ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires three ſeveral times before that, and in the compaſs of ten or eleven days; and afterwards ſaw her in Newgate. This witneſs has alſo told you, that when her work was given her to do by Mr. Smitherham, and alſo when ſhe carried it to him after it was done, that it was entered into a book kept by Mr. Smitherham, or by ſome of his family for that purpoſe. It was therefore thought proper to call Mr. Smitherham, and to inquire whether a book was kept for that purpoſe; and he tells you, that he did employ the witneſs Ann Johnſon in the buſineſs ſhe has mentioned, and he produces a book, in which are two columns, in one of which is entered the yarn which he delivers out, and in the other, that which he receives after it is ſpun; and upon producing that book, it is obſervable, that it is entered, that on January the 16th, one pound of yarn is delivered to Ann Johnſon to be ſpun; and in the ſecond column in the ſame book, one pound of yarn is entered to be returned on January the 23d, by the ſame perſon, Ann Johnſon, who ſpun it; ſo that it is impoſſible (if credit is to be given to this book, to which ſhe herſelf refers) that ſhe could have ſeen Mary Squires on the 18th of January; becauſe ſhe did not carry home her work (as appears by the book) till the 23d of that month, which is an obſervation you will think worthy your notice, and eſpecially as this is the only written evidence referred to by the defendant's witneſſes which has been produced. They then call

Wiſe, the wife of John Baſſet, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at Enfield-waſh on the 21ſt or 22d of January, 1753, and remembers it by a circumſtance of killing an hog, and of a ſervant's leaving her ſervice at that time; that ſhe ſaw her in her own houſe, and gave her a penny to tell her fortune. She ſaw her afterwards in Newgate, and upon a converſation with Mary Squires there, about ſeeing her, Mary Squires told her, ſhe wronged her. The next is

James Pratt, who ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires, a man, two women, and ſome children in farmer Smith's cow-houſe, about three days before new Chriſtmas, as near as he can remember, where they continued about three days, and that Mary Squires then complained of the loſs of her horſe. Then they call

Lydia Farraway, who was a ſervant to Mr. Howard at Enfield-waſh, and ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires there upon the Tueſday ſe'nnight before ſhe was taken up, and remembers it by this circumſtance, that ſhe was on that day making pies for her young maſter's birth-day; and ſaw her afterwards in Newgate, and thinks ſhe can be certain to her. The next is

Margaret Richardſon, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at Enfield laſt January was twelve-month, in a chandler's-ſhop there, and ſtaid with her a quarter of an hour, and left her in the ſhop; and ſhe alſo ſaw her on old Chriſtmas-day; remembers it, becauſe her dog was going to lay hold on her, which her huſband prevented. She appears to be very ignorant; for being aſked in what month Chriſtmas is, ſhe ſays, ſhe does not know. Then

George Clements is called, who is ſervant to Mr. Star, at Enfield, and ſays, that he ſaw Mary Squires there a fortnight before ſhe was taken up, and that ſhe wanted to tell his miſtreſs her fortune, which frighted her; and ſays, that he ſaw her two or three days after, but no body was with her either of the times. He afterwards ſaw her and knew her in Newgate, and ſhe aſked, what harm had ſhe done him? The next is

Hannah Fincham, who ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires alone at a place near Enfield on the 16th of January, 1753, and ſaw her ſeveral times afterwards paſſing and repaſſing; and ſaw her afterwards in Newgate.

Elizabeth Sherrard is the next, and ſhe ſays, that ſhe ſaw Mary Squires at Wells's on Wedneſday, Thurſday, Friday, and Saturday next before new Chriſtmas, and ſays, that ſhe ſaw a young man and two women with her, which ſhe believes to be her ſon and daughters. She appears very ignorant, and can ſcarce give an account at what ſeaſon of the year Chriſtmas is. The next witneſs is

John Ward (who is produced in order to prove a confeſſion made by Suſannah Wells, at the time of her confinement in Bridewell, before ſhe and Mary Squires were tried) who ſays, that he went to ſee her in Bridewell; upon her ſhewing ſome ſurprize at ſeeing him, he told her, that he ſaw her name in the news, and then aſked her how ſhe came to keep the girl a fortnight? She, upon that, ſaid, ſhe was there twenty-eight days. He then aſked her what room ſhe was in? Her anſwer was, that he knew the room very well (though he ſays, that he had not ſeen it for twelve years before). You will conſider in what light this evidence appears; for as it is laid before you by the defendant to prove Wells's confeſſion of the fact charged upon her, the queſtion is, whether it can have that effect? And in order to determine that, you will obſerve, he tells her, that the reaſon of his viſit was, becauſe he ſaw her name in the news-papers, and then aſked her how ſhe came to keep the girl a fortnight? Upon which ſhe ſaid, it was twenty-eight days; (now it is very notorious that the account which the defendant herſelf gave of her confinement, as well as the account given of it in the news-papers was twenty-eight days); ſo that you will take it into your conſideration, whether you will believe this to be a confeſſion, or whether ſhe ſpoke from the news-papers, in order to rectify the witneſs's miſtake in charging her with confining the girl (as he then called the defendant) a fortnight, when it appeared by the news-papers to be twenty-eight days. Then

Richard Jones is called, who was with the laſt witneſs to ſee Wells in Bridewell, and agrees with him as to the converſation which paſſed relating to the defendant's confinement in the terms you have heard. The next witneſſes they call, are

Nathaniel Cramphorn, and Elizabeth his wife, and they are produced to prove a converſation between thoſe witneſſes and Judith the wife of Fortune Natus, relating to the preſent defendant, which ſeems very extraordinary; for they

they tell you, that upon the 21ſt of April laſt, Judith Natus was at their houſe, and that Nathaniel Cramphorn ſaid to her, that as ſhe knew that Elizabeth Canning was at Wells's, how ſhe could go againſt her? And that the anſwer ſhe made was, Indeed, Mr. Cramphorn, I can't ſay but ſhe really was there when we lodged there. I mention this as a very extraordinary piece of evidence, becauſe if what is ſworn by this evidence is true, the conſequence muſt neceſſarily be, that not only this Judith Natus and her huſband, but many witneſſes, whoſe evidence I have already ſtated to you relating to that fact of her being there, muſt be abſolutely and wilfully perjured. The next is

Daniel Stevens, who is called to prove a confeſſion which he ſays Mary Squires made in New-priſon, and there he ſays, that Mary Squires owned ſhe had been at Wells's; but at the ſame time ſaid, that ſhe neither cut the defendant's ſtays off, or robbed her; but ſaid, that Betty Canning was at Wells's about a fortnight and three days, and that ſhe was there at the ſame time. Now this, as well as all other confeſſions, muſt be taken intire; and if ſo, it is certain that Mary Squires diſowns the robbery, though ſhe owns (if ſhe made this confeſſion) that Betty Canning was at Wells's at the time ſhe was there. This confeſſion alſo (if ſhe made it) muſt appear ſomething wonderful when you conſider the former evidence. Then, in order to diſcredit Fortune Natus, they call three witneſſes, viz. Joſeph Haines, Daniel Chapman, and Thomas Green: The firſt of them ſays, that he has in general a bad character; the ſecond ſays, that both he and his wife have but very indifferent characters, and ought not to be believed upon oath; but it ſeems that there has been ſome difference between Chapman and him about a note: And the laſt witneſs ſays, that he believes Fortune Natus would ſwear any thing for hire. Then, to diſcredit Iſrael Whiffin, they have called

William Metcalf, who is a glazier and painter, and he ſays, that upon the 8th of January, old ſtile, which is the 19th, new ſtile, Whiffin having employed him to paint his ſign, it was brought home that day, and then the witneſs told Whiffin, that Mrs. Wells had got her ſign-irons to ſell, and therefore concludes, that if Whiffin had bought her ſign-irons on the 18th, which he ſwore he did (which was the day before) he would naturally have told him ſo. Upon his croſs-examination, he tells you, that he remembers this circumſtance by an entry in a book, a copy of which he produced; but he owns, that the figures 1753 in that copy were wrote ſo late as laſt Saturday. Now to eſtabliſh the characters of Whiffin and Fortune Natus, the council for the king have called ſome witneſſes. The firſt is

Mr. Smitherham (who has been called before), who ſays, that he has known Whiffin a year and an half, and that his general character is a very good one, and that he does not believe he would forſwear himſelf. Then

Mr. Barns and Mr. Smart are called, who both have known him between three and four years, and agree in giving him the character of a very honeſt man. As to Fortune Natus's character,

Thomas Bell is called, who ſays that he has worked for him about fifteen months, and that he has always behaved honeſtly and well, and does not believe he would be guilty of perjury; and ſays further, that he has eight ſervants, and does not think he has ſo good a ſervant, or one he values ſo much as he does Fortune Natus.

I have now laid before you the evidence given both on one ſide and the other, with all the exactneſs I have been able: and as the verdict you are to give is attended with great expectation, you will weigh and conſider the evidence you have heard with the utmoſt care and impartiality, and not ſuffer yourſelves to be influenced either by popular clamour, or by any apprehenſions of the conſequence of doing the public and yourſelves that juſtice which is expected from you. 'Tis certain that this trial has been carried on by different ſets of people, who have intereſted themſelves in it with uncommon zeal, and whoſe paſſions have led them into the greateſt extremities, as well as the higheſt extravagancies, according to the part they have ſupported, which has drawn it into an unuſual length, and has given it the appearance of greater intricacy and difficulty than otherwiſe it could have met with. As you have heard all the witneſſes examined with the utmoſt accuracy, and carefully attended to their evidence; your verdict will, at leaſt it ought, to give a general ſatisfaction in clearing up thoſe doubts, which this extraordinary affair has occaſioned.

I believe there never happened a greater contrariety of evidence (not to give it a worſe name) during the courſe of any trial, than there has in this: however it is generally ſo ordered by providence, that truth is attended with ſo ſtrong a connection and ſuch an invincible uniformity, that it ſeldom, if ever, fails in having its due weight.

It may not be amiſs juſt ſhortly to recapitulate, and take a view of the evidence as it has been given, and how it has been applied.

The firſt fact they, who are concerned for the proſecution, undertake to prove, is, that Mary Squires, her ſon and daughter were, upon the 29th of December, at a place called South Barrot in Dorſetſhire; and that ſhe and they traveled from thence through Abbotſbury, (where they ſtaid from Monday the 1ſt of January to the Tueſday ſe'nnight following) then arrived at Wells's on Wedneſday the 24th of that month, and their whole journey through the ſeveral counties they paſſed, proved by thirty-eight different witneſſes, confirmed by many circumſtances, who don't appear to have the leaſt correſpondence together, or to act in concert on this occaſion; but on the contrary, moſt of them utter ſtrangers to each other.

You will then compare Elizabeth Canning's information before alderman Chitty, with the evidence ſhe gave at the trial of Mary Squires, as to her deſcription of the room, as well as the account ſhe gave of what was in it, and conſider how, and in what particulars, ſhe differed. Then the principles upon which Naſh, Aldridge, and Hague went upon; firſt in giving her credit, and then in diſbelieving her whole ſtory after they had taken a view of the room, and conſidered the different accounts ſhe gave, as well as their opinion

opinion how eaſily ſhe might have eſcaped, if ſhe had been there. There is another very remarkable circumſtance, which you muſt remember is proved by four witneſſes, I mean that of lopping the trees which grew at the window of the room ſhe ſwears herſelf confined in, which was done on Monday the 8th of January, at which time ſhe ſwore herſelf in that room. There is alſo ſomething very particular as to the ſhift ſhe had on, in which ſhe ſwore ſhe was, at that ſeaſon of the year dragged to Wells's, and worn twenty-nine days. Beſides this, her ſetting her mark only to the information ſhe gave before Mr. Fielding, and writing her name in a fair legible hand to the notices ſhe gave of taking her trial. And added to all this, her attempting to take away the bed-gown at the time of her being at the then lord-mayor's, inſiſting upon its being her mother's. When you have laid this evidence together, and weighed it with proper attention, you will then take her defence into your conſideration, and determine whether ſhe has anſwered the crime with which ſhe is charged to your ſatisfaction. In the firſt place, you will conſider, whether the evidence ſhe gave againſt Mary Squires can poſſibly be true; and in the next place, whether you think it probable. As to the firſt, there is no ſort of evidence even to aſſiſt you in determining whether it is poſſible for human nature to ſubſiſt for twenty-nine days together upon no more than a quartern loaf and a pitcher of water of the ſize you have ſeen. If you ſhould think this poſſible, you will then take the probability of her defence into conſideration. Her maſter Lyon tells you, that he differed from the reſt of his companions who went with him to Enfield, and that for his part, he had no doubt of the truth of what ſhe had ſworn; and many other witneſſes ſhe has called are of the ſame opinion, for the reaſons you have heard them give. Then her mother, and the neighbours whom ſhe ſent for upon her daughter's return, have deſcribed her dreſs, and have given you an account of the miſerable wretched condition ſhe was then in, as well as the account ſhe then gave of her confinement, and the place where ſhe was. The evidence of Beal, who kept the turnpike at Stamford-hill, is very obſervable, who ſays, that he believes Elizabeth Canning was dragged through the turnpike on the 1ſt of January; yet ſays, that he never ſpoke of it till ſix weeks after; and then cloſes this part of her defence with the evidence of three witneſſes, who ſwear that they met her on the road (as they believe) on her return from Enfield-waſh; and then, to induce you to believe that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſon of Mary Squires, from whom ſhe ſwore ſhe met with this ſevere and cruel treatment, ſhe has called twenty-ſeven witneſſes, who all ſwear, that they ſaw Mary Squires in and about Enfield in the months of December and January; which, if true, thirty-eight witneſſes, who poſitively ſwear to her being in other places, muſt be wilfully perjured; but you muſt remember, that ſome few of thoſe twenty-ſeven witneſſes have appealed to written evidence, ſuch as entries in books, none of which (as I recollect) have been produced, except that of Smitherham's, which was referred to by Ann Johnſon, by which it manifeſtly appears how greatly ſhe was miſtaken in her evidence; and it is very remarkable, that there are not two of theſe twenty-ſeven witneſſes who can ſwear they ſaw her at the ſame time. And laſt of all, you will conſider the confeſſions of Wells and Mary Squires after they were in cuſtody; and what Judith Natus ſaid a few days ago relating to this affair, on which I made ſuch obſervations as have occurred to me.

And now, gentlemen, the whole reſts for your determination; and as it is very obſervable that you have attended to the evidence with the greateſt application, and your characters being ſuch as will not ſuffer you to deviate from the paths of truth and juſtice, I can make no doubt but that you will acquit yourſelves as honeſt men. If therefore you are of opinion that the defendant is guilty of this perjury, you will find her ſo; if innocent, you will acquit her.

The jury withdrew at twenty minutes after twelve o'clock in the morning, and returned at fifteen minutes after two, and brought in their verdict, Guilty of Perjury, but not Wilful and Corrupt. They were ſent out again at twenty-five minutes after two, and returned at forty-one minutes after two, and brought in their verdict, Guilty of Wilful and Corrupt Perjury.

The defendant was thereupon committed by the court to his majeſty's gaol of Newgate, and the judgment reſpited till the next ſeſſion.

At the ſeſſion of oyer and terminer holden for the city of London at Juſtice-hall aforeſaid, on Thurſday the 30th day of May, 1754, before the Right Hon. Thomas Rawlinſon, Eſq; lord-mayor of the ſame city; Sir John Willes, Knt. chief juſtice of his majeſty's court of Common-pleas; Sir Thomas Denniſon, Knt. one of his majeſty's juſtices of the court of King's-bench; Edward Clive, Eſq; one of the juſtices of his majeſty's court of Common-pleas; Henry Legge, Eſq; one of the barons of his majeſty's court of Exchequer; Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Knt. one other of the barons of his majeſty's court of Exchequer; Sir John Barnard, Knt. William Benn, Eſq; Sir Robert Ladbroke, Knt. Francis Cokayne, Eſq; Robert Alſop, Eſq; aldermen of the ſaid city of London; William Moreton, Eſq; recorder of the ſame city; Stephen Theodore Janſſen, Eſq; Marſhe Dickinſon, Eſq Robert Scott, Eſq; Sir Richard Glyn, Knt. and William Alexander, Eſq; other the aldermen of the ſame city; the defendant was brought to the bar, to receive judgment.

Mr. Recorder.

Elizabeth Canning, you now ſtand convicted (upon the cleareſt proof) of Wilful and Corrupt Perjury; a crime attended with the moſt fatal and dangerous conſequences to the community, though (as yet) it is not puniſhed with death. Your trial has taken up a great deal of time, and the ſeveral witneſſes have undergone the ſtricteſt examination; and I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not one unprejudiced perſon, of the great numbers who have attended it, but muſt be convinced of the juſtice and impartiality of the jury in the verdict they have given.

It is with horror I look back, and think of the evidence you gave at the trial of Mary Squires, whom you knew to be deſtitute and friendleſs, and therefore fixed upon her as a proper

proper object to make a ſacrifice of, at the dreadful expence of a falſe oath; this you preferred to the making a plain diſcovery to thoſe who had a right to know where you really were thoſe twenty-eight days of your pretended confinement at Wells's; and in this you were encouraged to perſiſt, as well by that miſapplied charity, which was bountifully given you in compaſſion to your ſuppoſed ſufferings, as by the advice of your miſtaken friends, whom you had deluded and deceived into a belief of the truth of what you had falſely ſworn.

This audacious attempt, and that calm and deliberate aſſurance with which you formed a ſcheme to take away the life of one (though the moſt abject of the human ſpecies) together with your youth, and the character you then had, as well as your ſeeming inexperience, impoſed upon many, and gained you a credit which muſt have exceeded your higheſt expectations; and being thus abandoned, and thus encouraged, you not only wickedly perſevered, but even triumphed over thoſe who would not ſuffer their judgments to be miſled by ſo groſs an impoſition.

But when at laſt people had a little recovered their ſurprize, and this almoſt miraculous tale of yours came to be temperately canvaſed and tried, by comparing your own original information with the evidence you had given at the trial, and found to vary in ſo many material and ſignificant circumſtances; then that reſentment you had raiſed began to ſubſide, and give way to that moſt neceſſary inquiry (which the worthy magiſtrate who then preſided in this court ſo charitably undertook, and) which in its conſequence not only ſaved that life, which by your falſe teſtimony was intended to be taken away, but gave riſe to this proſecution, which muſt both expoſe the guilty, and convince the doubtful. And as evil actions have ſometimes been productive of unforeſeen, nay, even good effects; ſo this iniquity of yours will, I hope, inſtruct mankind not to ſuffer their credulity to get the better of their reaſon, by giving way to thoſe very early impreſſions, which the artifice of falſhood too often makes.

I ſhall add but very little more; for I would avoid aggravating your guilt, which is ſufficiently manifeſt by your trial, or ſaying any thing which may increaſe the affliction of one whom I muſt call unfortunate: but as I attended both your trial, as well as that of Mary Squires, it may be expected that I ſhould declare my thoughts as well of one as the other; I therefore, in the moſt ſolemn manner, affirm, that I always thought your evidence falſe, and that the witneſſes produced in your defence were moſt groſly miſtaken.

The policy of foreign countries puniſhes offences of this magnitude with death, and upon this moſt rational principle, that when a life is attacked by a falſe oath, maliciouſly and deliberately taken, the puniſhment to which ſuch a ſuppoſed criminal is thereby expoſed, falls upon the perſon guilty of ſo horrid an attempt: but it is your particular happineſs that you are in a country, where ſevere and ſanguinary laws are not ſo familiar; and though many may expect, and the court ſurely could, in this caſe, juſtify the moſt ſevere and exemplary puniſhment which the law can inflict; yet you will ſoon be convinced, that your ſentence is in no degree adequate to the greatneſs of your offence. The judgment therefore of this court is,

That you ſhall be impriſoned in the gaol of Newgate for one month; and after the expiration of your impriſonment, you ſhall be tranſported to ſome of his majeſty's colonies or plantations in America for the term of ſeven years; and if within that term you return, and are found at large in any of his majeſty's dominions of Great-Britain or Ireland, you ſhall ſuffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page i, line 6, for 6th of May, read the 29th of April.—Page xxiv, line 33, read, we traveled about 10 miles a day.—Page xxxi, line 30, read, Mr. Davey, did you lie with George Squires at Ridgeway? Clark. No.

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